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WILLIAM PENN, THE FOUNDER OF PENNSYLVANIA—Scenes in his Life.

WILLIAM PENN.

The Founder of Pennsylvania.

Birth in 1644—Early Religious Impressions—His Career at Oxford University—His Continental Tour—Attacked by a Desperado—Becomes a Quaker and a Preacher—His Imprisonment—Before Lord Mayor Starling—Penn's American Colony Founded—His Visit to It, and Interview with the Indians—Peter the Great in England—Penn's Illness, Death, and Interment.

It is now more than two hundred years ago that William Penn first set foot on American soil. The house at New Castle, in the State which bears his name, is still pointed out where he slept on the night of the day he landed. Why he came here, what he hoped to accomplish, the motives which influenced him, and the principles on which he conducted his management of the province given to him, are matters of history with which our school boys are acquainted. It may, however, be well to give here a short sketch of them of a more personal bearing, with the object of showing how persecution and love of religious freedom are the basis on which was founded the great State of Pennsylvania, as it also was of New England.

BIRTH AND PARENTAGE.

William Penn was born, in 1644, on Tower Hill, London, a spot which has been the last on which have gazed the eyes of many illustrious men and women, as the headman's axe hangs bright beside them. His parents were young, energetic, and talented, his father, afterward Admiral Sir William Penn, being one of the greatest sea-captains of the age, taking a place among the Drakes, Frobishers, Howards, and the roll of brave seamen whose exploits raised the power and glory of their country to the proud position it occupied at the commencement of the eighteenth century. Carlyle describes the old admiral as a thorough sailor in disposition, with the virtues and the faults of his profession—"a man somewhat quick of temper, like to break his heart when affairs went wrong; unfit to right them again." His mother was Margaret Jasper, the daughter of a rich Rotterdam merchant. Thus the union of British energy and Dutch shrewdness, which surrounded Penn's childhood, contributed to the formation of the boy's character, giving it elements which constituted at once its strength and weakness. Afterward, when the Spirit of God took possession of him, the same elements were still there operating under the control of the divine power.

EDUCATION AND RELIGIOUS IMPRESSIONS.

During his childhood his father was often absent, on his country's service, on far-off seas; and upon the faithful Dutch mother devolved the nurture and training of the bright young boy. During these early years the family resided chiefly at Wanstead, a few miles out of London, on the outskirts of the beautiful Epping Forest. At Chigwell, also on the outskirts of the Forest, Penn's school-days began, in the picturesque, low-roofed, ivy-covered grammar-school which still stands. During his stay at Chigwell, young William Penn became the subject of serious religious impressions, having been attracted by the preaching of George Fox, who, like a second John the Baptist, went through the country, often barefoot, calling upon men to repent. "Woe, woe!" he cried on one occasion, as he walked through the streets of Lichfield; "woe, woe to the bloody city of Lichfield!" Fox was often in prison, often publicly beaten, but he still persevered, and crowds were drawn to him, and were induced to leave their sins and believe on Jesus. Among them was William Penn.

At the age of fifteen he was sent to study at Oxford University. Here, at first, his stay was marked by his proficiency in classical studies and in many sports and exercises. But an humble individual in the town—a Quaker, named Thomas Loe—who also had become a disciple of Fox, was preaching, and was followed by Penn and other students; and, by fervent exhortations to a life of spiritual religion, succeeded in

giving several of them a distaste for some of the arrangements ordained by the University authorities. Not only did young Penn and some companions withdraw themselves from the services of the College Chapel, but when an order came down from the King, prescribing the wearing of surplices by all the students, the young men not only refused to obey the mandate themselves, but set violently upon some of the collegians, and tore their surplices off their shoulders. Such procedure could not, of course, be justified, especially in William Penn, who was expelled the University.

A FAMILY QUARREL.

A glimpse of the Penn household as it was when the expelled undergraduate returned to it in disgrace may be gained from the quaint pages of Pepys's Diary. The naval hero, the head of the house, had won a grand victory, and Mr. Pepys called at the Penn mansion, where, he says, "they are all joyed and not a little puffed up at the good successes of their father; and good service indeed is said to have been done by him. Had a great bonfire at the gate . . . and I did give the boys four shillings among them, and mighty merry [they were] . . . the consideration of the victory is too great for me presently to comprehend." Admiral Penn was now in high favor at court, and high in favor with the King and his brother, afterward James II.

It was to meet this irascible old sailor that the young man went home guilty of an offence beyond all others to him heinous—open disobedience of the King's commands. Confronted with his son, the Admiral was in a furious rage. There was a most distressing scene, "My Lady Penn and Mistress Peggy wept sore," and the Admiral bade his son quit his house and never show his face in it again. But the paternal anger did not last long. Sir William was not a vindictive or bitter man. His wife's pleadings for her son soon induced him to try gentler means with the lad of eighteen. Accordingly, young William was sent to the Continent for a while, in the hope that the gay scenes of foreign life might dissipate his serious impressions.

The scheme succeeded temporarily, for the young man plunged into the vortex of fast life, became a backslider, with a backslider's usual desperation and recklessness. It was during this visit to Paris, where society was as profigate as in London, that Penn became involved in a street fight, in which swords were drawn, and young Penn and a formidable antagonist were doing their best to kill each other. (*See frontispiece*.) Penn disarmed his antagonist, and was praised for his courage and forbearance.

A MOMENTOUS JOURNEY.

The young man now proposed to his father that he should enter the army, but the Admiral was bent on his following his own career of the sea; and while the question was still pending, he requested William to proceed to the South of Ireland and look after some landed estates, including Shangarry Castle, which the Admiral had recently acquired by exchange for another estate, which had been presented to him by Oliver Cromwell in return for services rendered to the Commonwealth. The old Admiral shrewdly thought that a title based on a gift of the Protector was not a particularly safe one, and he had accordingly shifted the risk to other shoulders.

While thus resident in South Ireland, and one day visiting Cork, young Penn heard that his old Oxford friend, the Quaker preacher, Thomas Loe, was about to deliver an address. Penn attended and listened, with emotion, to an eloquent sermon on the faith that overcometh the world. After the sermon the Quaker privately pleaded with the young backslider, who was brought to his knees in tears. He then boldly took his place as

A MEMBER OF THE SOCIETY OF FRIENDS.

William Penn began at once openly to assemble with the despised sect, and, in consequence, was promptly committed to jail at Cork. Through the influence of the noble family of

Ormonde he was soon liberated, and proceeded to London, on the summons of his father, who could hardly believe the astounding intelligence. But William's arrival proved it true; and he added to his father's fury by refusing to put off his hat, in honor to his father, or even to promise this mark of respect if admitted again to the presence of royalty. He objected to uncover his head as a token of honor to any man however exalted, the Quaker principle being that such reverence was due to God alone, and should not be offered to a mere man. But the admiral despised the explanation as fanatical and nonsensical, and once more he turned his son out of doors. For awhile William became dependent upon the private bounty of his mother and of a few members of the Quaker body, by whom he was welcomed. He became

A PREACHER.

at their meetings, and entered heartily into their polemics. A controversial pamphlet, published by him at this time, alarmed the minds of a number of religious persons by his strictures on the doctrine of the Trinity, as held by the orthodox. The Bishop of London and other authorities procured his imprisonment, for eight months, in the Tower, for writing this work. During this incarceration he actively employed himself in preparing a larger volume,

"NO CROSS, NO CROWN."

which has become one of the classics of Quakerism, and so continues down to the present day. The quiet hours in his solitary chamber in the Tower gave him leisure for thought, and he was led to see the mistakes of his previous pamphlet; he therefore wrote a sequel, entitled "Innocency with her Open Face," which, being regarded as a sort of retraction of at least the bolder portions of his "Sandy Foundation," he was liberated.

In 1670 William Penn again got into trouble; for in August he and Captain William Mead and others went to the Quakers' Meeting House in Gracechurch Street to worship, but found it closed by the military. They therefore gathered at the door, and Penn began to preach; whereupon he and Mead were taken before the Lord Mayor, Sir Samuel Starling, who committed them for trial at the Old Bailey. The Recorder expressed a wish that the Inquisition could be revived in England! The jurors, however, were men of the people, among whom the impression was growing that the Quakers were doing a good work in reviving religion and checking the vice which was prevalent, and which was calling upon God for vengeance on the land. They were kept for fifty hours without food, bed, or tobacco, and at length, weak and famished, handed in their final verdict—"Not guilty!" Penn, on demanding to be set at liberty, was sent back to the filthiest part of old Newgate Prison, with heavy fines upon him for appearing in court with his hat on, although, when first placed at the bar, he was bareheaded. But the Lord Mayor ordered his hat to be placed on his head, and immediately afterward fined him forty marks for "contempt of court." (*See frontispiece*.)

Penn's fines were paid for him by his father, who was now near his end, and was so solemnized by the approach of death that he too began to look with favor on the revival of religion. Shortly before his death the admiral said: "Son William, if you and your friends keep to your plain way of preaching and living, you will make an end of priests to the end of the world." He added: "Live all in love. Shun all manner of evil. I pray God to bless you all; and He will bless you." With these words Sir William Penn passed away, leaving his Quaker son his executor, and the personal possessor of estates worth \$7500 a year, and with claims upon the King for \$80,000, which had been promised him as reward for his distinguished services, but had never been paid.

THE GRANT IN AMERICA.

Howard Pyle, in his excellent work on this subject, published by Messrs. Harper & Brothers,*

* In Harper's Magazine.

describes the origin of the negotiations which led to Penn's grant of land in America: "William Penn became the trustee of Byllinges and Fenwicke, who held under grant from the Duke of York, afterward James II., the whole of the land now comprising the State of New Jersey, to whom it had been given by his brother, King Charles II., when it was conquered from the Dutch. Byllinges and Fenwicke became involved in financial difficulties, and their estates passed into the hands of trustees, one of whom was William Penn. In this position he became deeply interested in the country; he devoted his attention wholly to the settlement and improvement of this part of the Jerseys, and, as his letters afterward showed, thereby made himself well acquainted with the resources of that which was to him heretofore an almost unknown world. He saw at a glance the vast possibilities it held forth to such a one as would undertake the development of them, and finally determined to found a province there, not in the loose, unsystematic way in which West Jersey was being peopled, but endowed with a good internal government for its foundation and support."

Penn saw that such a country might be a refuge for the Quakers, who, persecuted, beaten, and imprisoned in England, had in large numbers fled to America, where in some parts they were hanged. The eighty thousand dollar claim on the King was an opportunity for realizing his scheme, and he accordingly petitioned the King to liquidate his claim by a grant of the land he had chosen as a suitable place for his colony.

The poor, shiftless, impetuous King was willing to make any grants whatsoever if he could thereby escape the payment of his just debts. He would doubtless have granted the whole of North America if he could have done so. There seems to have been no trouble in that direction; the greatest difficulty arose from the conflicting claims of the Duke of York and the delays incident upon the unraveling of an almost interminable tangle of red tape connected with a transfer of such extent. But even the delays of the law must have an end some time, so at last the matter was brought to satisfactory conclusion, and William Penn, the Quaker pamphleteer, who had suffered imprisonment at Newgate, and insult and obloquy at the hands of magistrates and people, found himself the most considerable private landed proprietor the world ever saw. The royal signature was affixed to the patent that thus granted him his province under date of March 4th, 1681.

THE STATE NAMED

It was the King himself that endowed the territory with the name that it yet bears. Penn, in a semi-apology, thus describes the manner which it came about, in a letter written immediately after his grant had been finally commended to him, and while he was still warm and bliant over his success. He says:

"For my business in hand here, know that I spent many waitings, watchings, solicitings, and sputes in council, this day my country was confirmed to me under the great seal of England, with large honors and privileges, by the name of Pennsylvania: a name the King would give it in honor of my father. I chose New Wales, being, as this, a pretty hilly country, but on being the Welsh for a head—Penmaenawr in Wales, and Penrith in Cumberland, and Penn in Buckinghamshire, the highest land in England—called this Pennsylvania, which is high or head woodlands; for I proposed, when a secretary, a Welshman, refused to have it called New Wales, *Sylvania*, and the King ordered Penn to it; and though I much opposed and went to the King to have it struck out and altered, he said it was passed, and would keep it upon him; nor could twenty guineas over the under-secretary to vary the name; for I feared lest it might be looked upon as vanity. It is a clear and just thing, and my God at hath given it to me through many difficulties will, I believe, bless and make it the seed of

a nation. I shall have a tender care to the government that it will be well laid out at first."

His first care was to direct a letter to the inhabitants of Pennsylvania apprising them of his grant from the King. At the same time he assured them of his intention of dealing honestly and justly with them. In one passage of the communication he says: "*You shall be governed entirely by laws of your own making, and live a free, and, if you will, a sober and industrious people.*" After dispatching this notification, together with certain letters of authority from the King, he set himself vigorously to work framing a constitution, and forwarding prospectuses to various influential members of the Society.

FAIR DEALING.

In his letters and prospectuses the most liberal terms were offered to all who desired to purchase land in the new province. No flaming inducements were set forth to cajole people into securing shares in his country. He stated precisely, and with a knowledge acquired by long experience in business connected with the New World, just what they might expect if, giving up their lands in England, they sought a new home for themselves across the ocean. He says, for instance: "I know how much people are apt to fancy things beyond what they are, and that imaginations are great flatterers of the minds of men, to the end that some may delude themselves with an expectation of an immediate advancement to their conditions, so soon as it shall please God that they arrive; then would I have them understand they must look for a winter in their affairs before a summer comes; they must be willing to be two or three years without some conveniences that they enjoy at home." Further, he says, expressing his design in obtaining the grant: "As for my country, I eyed the Lord in the obtaining of it, and desire that I may not be unworthy of His love, but do that which may answer His kind providence, and serve His truth and people; that an example may be set to the nations. *There may be room there, though not here, for such an holy experiment.*"

SETS SAIL FOR AMERICA.

In the autumn of 1682 he and a number of his friends sailed for America, and, after a six weeks' voyage, landed near the mouth of the Delaware. One of his first proceedings was to summon a general assembly of the Indian tribes of Pennsylvania, for the purpose of ratifying the celebrated treaty, whereby he desired to be honorably confirmed, by the aborigines, in possession of the soil. A copy of the treaty was then solemnly handed to the chiefs by Penn, whose genial presence, gracious manners, and dignified demeanor made a most favorable impression on the Indians. In their turn, they promised to live in love with William Penn—or Father Onas, as they called him (Onas signifying, in their tongue, a pen or quill)—and his children, so long as the sun and moon should endure. (*See frontispiece.*)

William Penn's first visit to America was cut short by pressing requests to return which reached him from England. His beloved wife was ill; his enemies were diffusing all manner of evil reports against him; and the Quakers were being persecuted more violently than ever, and urgently needed his powerful intercession at Court on their behalf. Penn therefore made arrangements with the colonists to carry on some, at least, of the good works which he had inaugurated. He also summoned another large gathering of the Indians, and bade them farewell, with much kindness and good advice. He especially counselled them earnestly to abstain from "fire-waters," and endeavored to prohibit the colonists from selling to them brandy or rum. He then returned to England, having already spent upon Pennsylvania, for its benefit, \$6000 more than he had received for the lands (nearly equivalent to \$100,000 of modern money).

About this time (1696) there might be seen

working in the Royal Dockyard, at Deptford, no less a person than Peter the Great, Emperor of Russia. He went there to learn ship-building with a view to the foundation of a navy of his own. Two Quakers visited his Imperial Majesty, in York Buildings, where he took up his abode, and had through an interpreter a conversation, in which he inquired about hat-worship, as he called Quakerism. (*See frontispiece.*) Penn presented His Majesty with some books, which were graciously accepted, and so pleased was Peter with the interview that he actually attended a meeting at Deptford, where he conducted himself with decorum, "copying the rest in their manner of worship, sitting and standing as he could best accommodate others."

On one occasion in his life Penn paid a visit of two years' duration to his colony, but the minister of the Gospel was not merged in the governor. Subsequently, on the service of his Divine Master, and riding along the road, he pulled up his horse on seeing a poor little Quaker girl, without shoes or stockings, bent on hearing him at the meeting whither he went. "Where art thou going?" he asked. On being told, he bid her get up, and bringing his steed to a place where she could conveniently mount, off he trotted with his youthful disciple behind him. (*See frontispiece.*)

Penn's latter days were days of trouble and sickness. For six years longer he led a dreary life, worried with political complications and bodily illness. At last he sank into a condition of painful mental prostration, though he continued, to the last, kind and gentle to all around him. But the fine intellect, the bright and lively genius, had departed. He was the wreck of his former self.

DEATH AND INTERMENT.

At length, on the 30th of July, 1718, at the age of seventy-four, death released him from his pitiable condition, and he quietly passed away into a better world, "where the wicked cease, from troubling, and the weary are at rest."

His body was laid in the peaceful rural burial-ground of Jordans, near Uxbridge, where, after "life's fitful fever," near his varied experiences of bitter persecution and royal favor, after long voyages and arduous travels, after a noble career of splendid philanthropy, all that is mortal of William Penn peacefully awaits a glorious resurrection to eternal life, through the grace and merits of Jesus Christ our Lord.

Mission Work in Japan is Making Encouraging progress. At a meeting held last week in the Church of the Holy Trinity, in New York, Mr. J. McD. Gardiner, the head master of St. Paul's School at Tokio, gave a brief summary of the work done in Japan by Bishop Williams and nine assisting clergymen, among Japan's population of forty million of people. Although work was begun twenty-five years ago, practical results date only from 1873, when the three edicts—a penalty of death to native Christians, the banishment of foreign missionaries, and the recall of the natives who were in foreign lands—were annulled. The speaker predicted that at no distant date the Government would proclaim Christianity as the national religion of Japan. The inhabitants are just beginning to recognize, said he, that missionaries go to Japan not for selfish reasons. The favorable attitude they manifest makes the present the very best time for the advancement of the Christian religion. Mr. Gardiner said: "Food for the Japanese costs about three dollars per month, and it will probably astonish you to learn that a Japanese girl can be clothed, fed, and educated for forty dollars a year. The principal of the male school at Osaka asks but for forty-five dollars to pay the expenses of one of his pupils for the same time." Mr. Gardiner stated that one hundred and sixty converts had been made, and there was a great literary field for those who would translate religious works into the language, and thus reach the minds of the people who did not come into the churches.

CHRISTMAS IN AMERICA.

Dr. Talmage's Sermon Preached Last Sunday Morning, Dec. 28, 1884.

"Then shall the lame man leap as a hart, and the tongue of the dumb sing: for in the wilderness shall waters break out, and streams in the desert."—Isa. 35: 6.

Temporal Blessings from Christ's Birth—Merry Christmas—The Trouble in the Nation—Temporary Plethora—Two Duties—Help and Good Cheer—Experiments on the Nerves—The Encouraging Signs—Settlement of the Colored Question—The Colored Race in the South—Better off than in the North—Contrasted Legislatures—Gov. Colquitt and the Colored Clergyman—Among the Prophets—Encouragement from Contrast—The Burdens in Europe—Royal Burdens—Titled Land Monopolists—Ecclesiastical Rapacity—Dense Populations—National Jealousy—American Happy Homes.

FOR fourteen Christmas seasons I have spoken to you about the spiritual benefits of Christ's nativity. To-day, I speak of the temporal benefits of the Saviour's birth. Fertility to the land, health to the body, manumission to serfs, good government for the barbaric, blessing for this life as well as blessing for the life to come. Christ's cradle was as wonderful as His cross. Persuade me of the first and I am not surprised of the last. The door by which He entered was as tremendous as the door by which He went out. Through that one stable gate of Bethlehem have come in more

TEMPORAL ADVANTAGES

than the world has ever celebrated in song, or sermon, or picture, or cathedral arch. "Then shall the lame man leap as a hart, and the tongue of the dumb sing, for in the wilderness shall waters break out, and streams in the desert." In that one passage promised banished crutch, accentuation of speechless tongue and irrigated Sahara.

Amid a thousand mercies we give each other holiday congratulations. By long established custom we exhort each other to healthful merriment. By gift, by Christmas-trees which blossom and fruit in one night, by early morning surprise, by clusters of lighted candles, by children's procession, by sound of instruments sometimes more blatant than musical, we wake up the night and prolong the day.

I am to speak this morning more especially of Christmas times in America. In no land are there so many

HAPPY HOMES

as in America, such varieties of food on the table, such appropriateness of wardrobe, such healthfulness of domestic architecture. At the same time, we have to-day in America a great many without work, without food, without shelter. There is something awfully wrong, as you will see when I put two facts parallel: In Dakota and Minnesota and Michigan, more wheat than they know what to do with. In the Southern States more cotton than they know what to do with. Plenty of bread, plenty of clothing, and yet, multitudes half fed, and half sheltered, and to hundreds of thousands of people it is a hungry and starving and

SHIVERING CHRISTMAS.

The trouble is, this nation has had to take too big a dose of politics. Our public men have spent too much time in destroying the equilibrium of public affairs, and business staggers and stops. The eloquent campaigners have tried to make out that the success of their party decided the fate of everything, when the fact is that with the vast multitude of us it will not make two cents' difference for the next four years who is President. But this great surplus of wheat and rice and cotton and flax must, after a while, better the condition of this nation. The national depression now is not like that which comes from deluge or drought or plague. It is more like the depression of a man who has plenty of money in the safe, and of a woman who has plenty of food in the pantry and they have lost the keys, and though it is an impatient and irritating search, the looking for the keys, they will find them, and there will be plenty to

eat, and there will be plenty to wear, and there will be plenty to read and there will be plenty of all styles of comfort.

I enjoin upon all those whom these holiday times find in comfortable circumstances two things: First, helpfulness to the helpless—and the next,

CHEERFUL TALK.

This experiment has been made by medical scientists. A dozen men conspire to tell a well man he looks sick. They are to meet him on a journey and by the time the fourth man is giving him melancholy salutation, he feels he is doomed; and the twelfth man comes up with his melancholy salutation just in time to help carry him home on a stretcher. Then twelve men conspire that they will meet a man in uncertain health and tell him how well he looks. By the time the fourth man has met him with a cheerful salutation, his nervous system is all toned up, and by the time the twelfth man has met him with his cheerful salutation, he says to his wife: "Throw out that apothecary shop from our shelves: I don't want any more medicine."

Now, the nation is only a man on a larger scale. If you want to prostrate business and keep it prostrated, talk in dolorous tone and keep on talking. Let all the merchants sigh and all the editors prognosticate a hard winter, and all the ministers groan in the pulpit. In the great

ORCHESTRA OF COMPLAINT

those who play the loudest trombones are those who have the fullest salaries and the completest wardrobe. They are only mad because they have to fall back upon the surplus resources of other years, or because they cannot make as large investments as they would like to make. Did you have your breakfast? Yes. Did you have your supper last night? Yes. Did you have a pillow to sleep on? Yes. What are you complaining about? The genuine sufferers, those who are really in destitution for the most part suffer in silence; but the loudest cries against hard times are by the men to whom the times are not hard. Artists tell us it is almost impossible to sing well on a full stomach, but it has been demonstrated over and over again that it is possible for men to *groan well on a full stomach!*

Now, in these holidays let all the comfortable classes exchange the Lamentations of Jeremiah for the exultant Psalms of David. "Praise ye the Lord, let everything that hath breath praise the Lord," and we will have a different state of things in this country. I wish there might be a conspiracy formed—I would like to belong to it—a conspiracy made up that all the merchants and editors and ministers of religion in this country agree that they would have faith in God and talk cheerfully, and there would be a revival of business immediate and tremendous and glorious. Stop singing Naomi and old Windom, and give us Mount Pisgah and Coronation. Merry Christmas!

There is a very cheerful Christmas thought at this time in the fact that the great question which for sixty years has been dominant in politics, in philanthropy and in religion is coming to a righteous solution. What of

THE COLORED MAN

in this country? You know that that question put a million men into the grave trenches and ever since the war closed it has kept our national finances in a jangle. Through the five thousand miles of my recent journey up and down the South and up and down the South-west I kept asking that question, and I kept getting an answer from all classes of persons and from both colors, and I believe I can give you the right impression this morning when I say I believe the black man is better treated at the South than he is treated at the North.

In Montgomery, Alabama, the day I spent there, the Legislature of the State passed a law for the full and complete education of colored people, making it a specialty. Colored mechanics have large wages and plenty of employ-

ment all though the South. The colored men of New Orleans have their three dollars a day and are expecting more wages. The colored people have the preference in the South service in all the hotels and boarding-houses and in the railroads and in the steamers. They are represented

IN THE STATE LEGISLATURES.

The eloquent and accomplished United States Senator Bruce, whom I met on my journey, only an illustration of the possibilities of colored men of the South. In how many of the Legislatures of the North are there colored men? How many are there in the Legislature of New York? How many in the Legislature of Massachusetts? If in the North a colored man come into any kind of service all the other servants run—all the other servants resign. There is a more kindly and Christian feeling among the white people of the South toward the black people than there is at the North. If we were a black man and had a family and we determined to be industrious and sober, would go to the South. I have noticed the treatment of colored men in the North and have noticed the treatment of colored men in the South, and I believe justice will come to the black man at the South sooner than will come at the North. We cannot at the North teach the South how to treat the black man until we treat him better ourselves.

I will imagine a scene. A Northern Legislature assembles. White men take the oath of office, as legislators they take the oath. A colored man has been accidentally elected. He passes in to take his seat, what do the white members of the Legislature say? "Put the colored gentleman near me?" No. "I made God cut in ebony?" No. "Downcast race come to justice at last?" No. They all snarl the breeze, and their hair rises in indignation and they say, "Nigger!" There is a more Christian and kindly feeling among the white people of the South toward the black than the is at the North.

As for myself, I am so peculiarly constituted that I have not in my nature one particle of race prejudice, and I could sit in church perfectly contented, with a colored man before me and a colored man behind me, and a colored man at the right, and a colored man at the left and a black man in the pulpit, and a black man to lead the music. But we are not all constituted alike. But you may depend that among the merriest Christmas thoughts to-day, America, ought to be the consideration that there is coming a more Christian feeling between the races.

A DRAMATIC SCENE.

Some years ago, in the State House of Georgia, at Atlanta, this scene occurred: A colored minister, standing in the State House said he was thirsty, and he was looking something to drink. A white gentleman staring by, said, "I'll get you a drink," and departed the room. As the white gentleman was coming back with a glass of water for this black clergyman some one said to the clergyman, "Do you know who that is who is bringing you a glass of water?" No, who is it?" "That is Governor Colquitt." Then the black man took the glass of water and said, "Thank you, Governor, but I cannot drink this under such circumstances," and he poured it out on the floor, saying: "I pour this out as a libation to the altar of Christian feeling between the races." Dramatic? Yes, but glorious Christian.

It is among the merriest of thoughts this morning, that this awful question that has been agitating politics and agitating religion North and South is coming to a Christian solution. Come now.

I WILL PROPHECY.

The land is full of prophets, and I have as much right to prophecy as any one. I prophecy that we are coming on toward the grandest temporal prosperity we have ever witnessed in this country. Mechanics are going to have larger wages

capitalists are going to have larger dividends. The factories that are now closed are going to be open day and night to meet demands. Stores are going to be crowded with customers, jostling each other and impatient to get waited on. Amid the rapid strides of business, attorneys will be called in to interpret legalities, and merchants overworked will want medical attendance, and the churches are going to be abundant with men and women anxious to consecrate their gains to the Lord.

You prophecy midnight. I prophecy mid-noon. You pitch your tent toward universal bankruptcy. I pitch my tent toward national pulchre. "What are your reasons?" you say. Give you

ONE DOMINANT REASON, God's evident determination to shower prosperity on this nation. Five years of unexampled harvests. Five years of unprecedented health. Five years of unfeigned amity. Northern Pacific Railroad apocalypse, in one direction. New Orleans Exposition apocalypse in another direction.

When at New Orleans week before last, I saw dark-skinned Mexican flutist thrill fifteen thousand people into transport and ecstasy. I said to myself: "You are just in front of a great host of the southern republics and of the southern empires that are going to join us in a march of commercial prosperity which shall surpass anything that the most optimistic capitalist ever saw in his most enchanted midsummer night's dream. While I am fully sympathetic with the

DEPRESSION ABROAD, and no man in this audience has a heart that throes thoroughly bleeds for the people of this country who are out of work and out of bread, I prophecy national rescue, and just as it is faithful to a man when he is depressed about himself just to walk about amid the destitution and the suffering and he will come back thankful to God for all the mercies He has, just as it would do this nation good if it would ask across the water and see how other nations are off. So many men in this country out of employ, and yet, there is not a land on earth where so many people have productive work as this country.

After wages have been cut down as they have been, to the lowest point of reduction, that lowest point is higher than the highest on the other side the seas. *Eight cents a day for work in Ireland.* One dollar in England good wages for a day. The laboring classes of this country have it ten per cent better than they have in any other country, twenty per cent, thirty per cent, fifty per cent, seventy-five per cent. The editor of an important paper in London, told me his salary was seven hundred and fifty dollars a year.

Stand in front of the factories on the other side the sea, observe the people coming out and follow them to their homes and see what they suffer. The stone-masons and the carpenters and the plumbers and the shoemakers in our land, and all styles of mechanics and artisans have finer residences than some of the professional men in England. We go into the house of a mechanic on this side the sea, and he has pictures and he has upholstery and he has an instrument of music. He has his children educated in the best schools of Brooklyn and New York. He has his life insured so that in case of his sudden death, his family will not be left homeless. While all my sympathies are roused in behalf of the laboring classes, to-day, I want all the men who toil to understand that America is the paradise of industry.

So also, these Christmas times in America find in a

POLITICAL QUIET that characterizes no other nation. A gentleman in a railroad in England said to me "I don't understand how you endure a revolution every four years in America. You ought to have a queen as we have, or a king, and have things settled. Why, the administration changes very often on the other side the sea, and

it changes just as radically. There is an advisory vote and Disraeli goes and Gladstone comes in, and then, after a while, there will be another advisory vote and Gladstone will go and somebody else will come in. A change perhaps will be effected in a year or six months while in our land the administration starting must go on for four years unless some great disaster happens. Political quiet. No outcry of hatred or contempt. No threat of assassination. Peace, complete peace all over the land.

I never remember such a time of peace in America as we have to-day. There are people who say: "Oh, there is so much stealing on the part of public men in this country," and they say it is so much better on the other side the sea. The reason is a few people on the other side the sea steal everything, and there is nothing left for the great masses to steal! After the government has paid the large

SALARIES OF THE RULERS

of those lands there is nothing left upon which one can commit larceny. The Emperor of Russia eight million dollars salary a year. Emperor of Austria four million dollars salary a year. Queen of England two million two hundred thousand dollars salary a year. Master of the Buckhounds eight thousand a year. So on all down, and the expenses are made in this way. Do you not think it is really better that we be overtaxed, and then that money be divided up among the Congressmen and the legislators and the lobbyists, rather than that people should be overtaxed and the whole result of it piled up in a palace? I think in our land there is more probability that the money will get back again to its legitimate channels.

And then, while we have so many wrong things on this side the sea, and there is so much complaint about

MONOPOLISTIC OPPRESSION

—and it is bad enough—it is not half so bad here as it is in other lands. I know the air is full of fear about the great fortunes gathered by some individuals or great commercial houses. As a great protuberance on the neck means sickness to the whole body, so these disproportioned estates mean sickness to the body politic, and these enormous fortunes mean pinchedness of want somewhere. And yet, it is not half as bad here as it is in other lands. Ireland one vast

MONOPOLISTIC DEVASTATION.

Thirty-two million people in England, and yet thirty-two thousand own all the land. Duke of Devonshire owning ninety-two thousand acres of land at Derby. Duke of Richmond owning three hundred thousand acres at Gordon Castle. Marquis of Breadalbane riding one hundred miles in a straight line and all on his own property. Duke of Sutherland owning a farm—an estate as wide as Scotland, one side of the estate dipping into the sea on one side and the other side dipping into the sea on the opposite side. Great ecclesiastical monopolies. Cathedrals with stately and braided arch and walls covered with masterpieces of Rubens and Raphael and Michael Angelo; against all the sides of them the great seas of want and woe and filth and abomination dashing. It is bad enough here; it is worse elsewhere!

Beside that, on the other side the seas they are!

ALL CROWDED UP

—cities crowded together, the populations crowded together, institutions of learning crowded—packed, everything between the Pyrenees and the Alps—packed, everything between the Rhine and the Danube—packed, everything between the English Channel and the Adriatic. If the fortunes are to be gathered there they must be gathered out of somebody else's fortune, while in this land we have illimitable prairie, illimitable forest, inexhaustible mine. Eight million square miles in North America.

PLENTY OF ROOM.

The State of Texas larger than France, larger than Germany. Four great basins emptying into the Atlantic, the Pacific, the Arctic and the Mexi-

can Gulf. We have only just begun to spread our Christmas table. We have only put on it the first silver fork and the first salt-cellar and the first loaf of bread and the first smoking dish. Wait until the fruits come in from all the orchards, and the vegetables from all the gardens, and the meats from all the markets, and the silver from all the mines. Then the great national bell will be rung, and it will call millions of people from between ocean and ocean, and it will say to all the millions between the Thousand Isles and the Gulf of Mexico, "Come and dine." While there are so many things in these holidays to depress us, there are a thousand things to rejoice us.

Then look at the

COMPLETE PEACE

of this country. No war with foreign land. No war with ourselves. Fifteen million men belonging to the standing armies of Europe to-day. Since our war ended, over there the Zulu war, the Afghan war, the Egyptian war, the Russo-Turkish war, the Franco-German war. Peace not a certainty for another year. Nation watching nation suspiciously, lest it get the balance of power. Four nations month after month watching the Suez Canal as four cats might watch one rat. Royal marriages to keep the balance of Europe. Bright princess compelled to marry some disagreeable foreign dignitary, the ill-matched pair fighting out on a small scale what would have been international contest.

In this land all at peace. I cannot think of anything now that could possibly bring on a war. We have all had enough of that. Fort Sumpter, Fort Moultrie, Fort Pulaski, Fort Lafayette, Fort Warren, the lions of war sound asleep on their iron paws. Gunpowder out of fashion, only used to blast rocks, or for pyrotechnic display, or to shoot reed birds down on the flats. Inter-marriage between North and South—Northern men marrying Southern wives, Southern men marrying Northern wives. The consanguineal ties multiplying, the children half Mississippian and half New Englander, so if there should be an attempt to make war between North and South you would have to do as Solomon proposed to do with the child that was brought to him, cut it in twain by the sword, and give half to the North and half to the South. *The hardest thing on earth to split is a cradle.* "Glory to God in the highest, on earth peace, good will to men."

I have seen this spirit of kindness and AMITY ALL THROUGH THE LAND. You and I in this respect never saw such a Christmas. While there are so many things we deplore, there are so many things about which to thank God. But while amid so many alleviating circumstances the nation keeps the holiday, I wish especial

HAPPINESS FOR YOUR HOUSEHOLDS.

Let middle-aged men and the aged men during these seven or ten holidays rally all their sprightliest feeling and put themselves in accord with the young. Make this a bright memory. They will very soon have to put their shoulder under the burden of life and harness themselves for the world's battle. Father, mother, help them now to get a surplus of exuberance that will last them when life has become a serious thing to them, as it has become to us. When you and I have gone out of the struggle, and in the far distant holidays they think of us, as they will think of us, do not let them think of us as grumpy and dull, sitting around discoursing about our aches and pains when we ought to have been sympathetic with their merriment, and after all this gift bestowing has ceased, and all these family unions have ceased, and after we no more light the Christmas candles, and we no more on earth rejoice in the children's glee, may it be because we are all together in our Father's house keeping the eternal celebration. May we all be there, not one of our households absent, all there, saved and blessed through birth and death of Him who was the Son of Mary and the Son of God.

GATHERING STORM-CLOUDS IN GERMANY.

STUDENTS of prophecy have long realized that in the last days there will be an outbreak of socialist communism in its fiercest and most uncontrollable shape. Indications abound that the forces of this frog-like spirit are growing. The following report from a press correspondent in Germany, who is usually well informed, describes the ominous character of the situation there.

The language employed by Prince Bismarck, while opposing a bill for the payment of members of the Reichstag, clearly denotes the gravity with which he views the recent successes of the Social Democrats. This danger the Chancellor has never denied, and his personal dealings with the Socialists in former times, prove how anxious he has been to reconcile this element of the population. His efforts in this direction have, however, never proved successful; and the return of twenty-four Social Democrats at the last general elections implies even more than can be inferred by the figures given.

On referring to the map of Germany, it will be seen that the strength of the Socialists is concentrated principally in *strategical positions*. Should a popular revolution occur the revolutionary party would be best able to act precisely where the railways converge; and if successful in these various centres could easily *paralyze the entire country*. Such important stations on the main channels of communications as Frankfurt, Dresden, Berlin, Breslau, Magdeburg, Dusseldorf, and Hamburg, if seized by the leaders of a popular rising, would render them in a great measure *masters of the situation*. At Hamburg, for instance, the Socialists represent the absolute majority of voters, and, judging from past experience, their numbers will continue to increase. *Sooner or later matters must come to a climax*, for a compromise is almost out of the question.

Against the formidable growth of Socialism in 1876 Prince Bismarck declared himself powerless, unless the Socialists were outlawed. At this word Liberals and Catholics coalesced to pass the Socialist law, which was brought into operation in 1878. Yet this enactment, in spite of its Draconian character, served, at best, but as a temporary check, and now

THE SOCIALISTS ARE STRONGER

than ever. With twenty-four members in the Reichstag they can hope occasionally to hold the balance of power, and are legally qualified to introduce bills. This great success has been achieved without surrendering any part of the revolutionary programme, and of course puts the feasibility of compromise almost out of question.

The object steadily held in view is Communism—that is to say, the *nationalization of the land, of the railways, mines, factories, ships, machinery—in fact, all the implements of production*. Every one would thus be compelled to work; no rich classes, living in idleness, could be tolerated; money, if possible, might be abolished; and, in any case, the power of hoarding or capitalizing money rendered illegal. Every one would be called upon to work to the best of his ability, and be paid, not according to what he did, but whatever was judged necessary for his existence. It is only after the necessities for a healthy and rational life had been provided for every living person that society would be allowed to work to secure ease and then luxury. None but the producers themselves can be entrusted to realize such a scheme; and therefore, while this is held up as the ideal, all action for the present is restricted to acquiring that power without which the economical emancipation of the proletariat is impossible.

Thus, the principle proclaimed by the *International* in 1867 is re-echoed throughout Germany to-day by more than half a million electors. With so large a number of men advocating emphatically opinions of so subversive a nature, the prospect of a peaceful settlement is not very

promising; and the fact, pointed out in the first instance, that Socialism is strongest in strategical centres of the Empire, is therefore of ominous import.

ANECDOTES RELATED AT THE EVANGELISTIC MEETINGS IN SCOTLAND.

The Ewe Following the Lamb.—An Evangelist, at a recent meeting, related the following incident: "A shepherd was once driving his flock over a stream. He got them all over but one. He tried in every possible way to get that one over, but it would not move. While he stood wondering how he should get it across, he noticed a lamb not far away, and going to it, he lifted the little creature in his arms, and carried it across the stream; and now the ewe ran after him. This is the way the Lord sometimes deals with His children. When they rebel, and are disobedient, perhaps He takes a little child from them, lifts it up in His arms, and carries it home to induce its parents to follow it 'across the stream into heaven.'"

Playing Cards in a Burning House.—"I read lately of a fire which took place in a large house in London. There were two young men in the house playing cards, when the cry arose, warning all in the house to escape. But the two players heeded it not. One of them looking said, 'Oh, we have time to play a little yet,' and they settled themselves again to their game. Again the warning cry was heard. One rose, opened the door, and looked out. This time the smoke was leaping up-stairs, but going back into the room, he said: 'We will have time to finish our game; three minutes will do it.' And they continued to play, and finished the game. Now they made haste to escape; but, alas! it was too late. The staircase had already given way, and there was no other means of escape. The flames reached the room in which they were standing, and they perished there. Oh, how can people from day to day shut their ears to the cry that is rising all around them to escape for their life!"

Light Found at Last.—A Christian Sister related: "I once knew a young girl who was very anxious about her soul. She went into a meeting one night, and the minister read out the text, 'He is able to save unto the uttermost, all that come unto God through Him.' I saw that the girl was weeping bitterly, and at the end of the service I spoke to her. She told me she had to be home at a certain hour, and therefore could not wait. She gave me her address, and I called upon her the following day. I found her still anxious. She said she could not find the light. I thought, 'I'll put myself in the girl's place and ask her to take mine.' I did so, and asked her to pray; but she said, 'If you will pray, I will repeat what you say.' We knelt down together, and she repeated each word as I prayed. I said: 'Lord, I believe,' and she repeated, 'Lord, I believe.' I shall never forget the scream of joy which she uttered when she received this unspeakable gift. She is now living a happy, earnest Christian life."

A Tragic Family Story.—The Rev. Mr. Pugh said: "A beautiful young lady married a handsome and wealthy young gentleman. Two years afterward they had to leave their fashionable house and go into small apartments. He had taken to drinking, and brought his young wife down lower and lower in the social scale. One night while she sat sewing to earn her bread, she thought, 'I wish I were dead; oh, if I were only lying in the church-yard beside my mother and father, and this miserable life ended!' While she was thinking, her husband entered the house and said, 'I have gained twenty pounds (\$100) to-day, and I am going out again; who knows but I may gain as many more to-night, and make you comfortable once more.' 'O Willie,' she said, 'do not go out again, but stay in the house for one night!' But he went out, telling her not to give him any of her lectures. She sat there quietly sewing until past midnight. The hours went slowly by, and at half-past three she heard a great noise on the stairs;

and rising hastily, she opened the door, when her husband rushed past her into the room, crying, 'I have murdered him! Oh, I have murdered a man for calling me a thief, and the policemen are in search of me!' While he thus spoke, two constables entered the room, and arrested him. On his trial he was found guilty and condemned to death. His wife, when she heard of it, became hopelessly insane, and had to be taken to a lunatic asylum, and their only child was taken to the almshouse. Thus ended what might have been a happy family circle but for the use of strong drink."

A Visit to City Slums.—Mr. Peden Says: "A Christian gentleman was once on a visit among the lowest slums of one of our great cities. Entering one of the houses he saw a man in a very dejected state of mind, and, after a little conversation, the gentleman opened to him the way of life through Jesus Christ. When he had finished, the man said: 'It is impossible that I can be a Christian in the midst of such surroundings.' But the gentleman assured him that it was possible to testify for Christ in the very lowest parts of the earth. The man replied, 'I believe you feel an interest in us at heart when you came to speak to us but would you come and live among us?' The gentleman at once shrank from that, and confessed that he could not. And then thought arose in his mind, 'I cannot have the spirit of Master; He did not shrink from living with the greatest sinners. I can go among them and speak to them, but I cannot live with them.' How very imperfect the very best of God's people are! Christ took His place among the lowest of the land, administering comfort and blessing to all around Him."

Saved from a Suicide's Doom.—A Christian worker related: "I knew of a woman who had a very cruel and ungodly husband. He was much given to strong drink, and often beat and ill-used his wife. One night coming home intoxicated, he beat her, and putting her out of the house, said if she dared to return to it he would take her life. She wandered she knew not whither. She did not know Jesus, and had not a single friend to whom she could go in her grief. It was a dark, stormy night, but no and again the soft moon shone out from behind the heavy cloud. The poor creature was weary of life, and resolved to put an end to it; and with these thoughts in her mind, she made her way to the water. Just as she was about to throw herself in, the moon shone out, and a piece of white paper fluttered at her feet. Scarcely noticing what she did, she bent down and picked it up. It was the leaf of a Bible, and looking at it, she read these words: 'Take heed what thou doest.' She rushed from that dark river and went home. Her husband was lying in a drunken stupor. She threw herself at the feet of Jesus, and asked, and received forgiveness of all her sins; and then she rested with childlike trust, upon Him. She now had a friend to whom she could tell all her trouble. He could sympathize, pity, and help her as no other one could."

THE MILLENNIAL AGE.

By Mr. C. Russell Hurditch.

THE Millennium is not a symbolical statement. How can men say so with the open Bible before them? "They lived and reigned with Christ a thousand years." These words describe a fact, not a symbol. Then it is not a symbolical reign of Christ, it is a *personal* reign of Christ over this earth, the scene of His rejection and suffering and death.

Again, it is a *distinct dispensation*, differing from all that have gone before. We are not under the dispensation of the Spirit. But though it is a distinct dispensation it will in some respects be like this, for the Gospel will be preached and the Holy Spirit will carry on His work more widely than ever before.

Another thought is that during the Millennium there will be communion interchanged between heaven and earth, such as cannot be in

joyed now. There will be some such blessed fellowship between the heavenly and earthly Jerusalem as obtained in Eden before man's fall. Then the glorified people of God, the Bride, the Lamb's wife, shall reign with Him over the earth; "they live and reign with Him a thousand years." Then it will be the final dispensation. God has manifested Himself in divers ways, but in this final dispensation God's covenant with His people will be carried out.

IN ALL ITS LITERAL FULLNESS.

Now it is blessed to think that soon Christ shall be manifested and this Millennial day shall dawn. How it rejoices our hearts, cast down by the rising tide of infidelity and lawlessness, discouraged by the slow progress the Gospel is making. In view of all this we remember that Jesus Christ shall yet be welcomed and exalted, and His name held in reverence forever. Read Isa. 9 and Ps. 45, and see the glowing description given of that kingdom where the King shall reign in righteousness.

That age will be ushered in by the first resurrection and a widespread judgment on Christendom and Israel. The time of the tribulation is coming rapidly on us, the time when God's people will be driven together, if they will not draw together. These events will be accompanied by a multitude of conversions, the Spirit of God sending out His servants with marvellous power. I believe Jerusalem, not London, will then be the headquarters of the great missionary societies. Then love as well as power shall be manifested. Victor Hugo, the great Frenchman, said, at the time of the French collapse, after the German war, "The need of the day is a man of marvellous genius, able to take the reins of this world, and rightly lead and govern." These words are true; they shall be fulfilled in a sense we never thought of. Then Satan shall be bound, evil checked, and we shall see the development, during the thousand years, of everything that is good. No wonder, in view of these things, the Old Testament is full of glowing descriptions of the joy, peace, comfort, prosperity, and contentment of that blessed time, when creation itself shall share in the glorious liberty of the sons of God.

A FAITHFUL MINISTRY.

S. S. Lesson for Jan. 11, Acts 20: 17-27. Golden Text, ver. 20. By Mrs. M. Baxter.

Paul's Purposes—In the Spirit—Independent of Man—The Testimony of the Elders—A True Pastor's Life—Serving in Humility of Mind—The Teaching of a Pastor's Life—Paul's Service of Tears and Trials—Close Communication with Souls—Farewell Words.

PAUL in his journey toward Jerusalem did not touch at Ephesus, "because he would not spend the time in Asia." He knew full well how many hearts there would welcome him, and how almost impossible it would be for him to pass rapidly away from them. "He hastened, if it were possible for him, to be at Jerusalem the day of Pentecost." Nearly a year before, while he was still laboring at Ephesus, "Paul purposed in the Spirit, when he had passed through Macedonia and Achaia, to go to Jerusalem, saying, After I have been there, I must also see Rome" (Acts 19: 21). No niere thought of what was most convenient led him to think thus. Paul's purpose was "in the Spirit." Consequently he did not take into account how many at Ephesus among his converts might be hurt and wounded in spirit that he should pass them by, although so near their city. Paul saw his responsibility to God, and referred to Him all which man expected from him. This made him what he was,

"THE SERVANT OF ALL."

while he still was free "from all men" (1 Cor. 9: 19). He was not playing a game of chance; and being by his very faith in God independent of circumstances, circumstances did not trouble him. He detected everywhere, and at all times, an overruling hand, and gloried in the fact that "all things work together for good to them that love God."

Arrived at Miletus, he sent for the elders of the Ephesian Church. Any messages which they may have brought him, any entreaties to visit their city, would be only met in one way, "The Lord does not permit." When the elders were come to him, Paul called on them to bear witness to his ministry among them. On another occasion, when speaking of himself, he said, "I speak foolishly," and "I speak as a fool" (II Cor. 11: 23). Paul had no other apostle of Christ to whom he could point as an example of what Christ could be and could do in an elder of His Church. Thus he speaks of himself: "Ye know, from the first day that I came into Asia, after what manner I have been

WITH YOU AT ALL SEASONS."

A pastor who lives his life among his people is always highly valued by them. Jesus lived our life in all things; in the home, in the workshop, at the marriage feast, by the grave of Lazarus, there was Jesus. Never in the midst of worldly pageants, but in every circumstance of domestic life. And a pastor of our own day in whom Christ lives out His life is just as full of interest for His people, just as forgetful of self; for where Jesus is He cannot be hid.

Paul says how he served the Lord "with all humility of mind, and with many tears and temptations [or trials] which befel me by the laying in wait of the Jews." Paul's humility of mind was the same as Peter speaks of when he says, "Humble yourselves therefore under the mighty hand of God" (1 Pet. 5: 6); it was the constant acknowledgment of God in all which happened. True humbleness of mind is to know that God knows best, and does best. Paul saw God in all the annoying thwarting of his work by the unbelieving Jews, and he could rejoice in these "reproaches," "persecutions," and "distresses" for Christ's sake (II Cor. 12: 10), for only so could "the power of Christ rest upon him" to remain unmoved while under them, or to be delivered out of them. Nothing teaches a people so much as

THE LIFE OF THEIR PASTOR.

If they see that he sees the hand of God in all which occurs in his family, in all his relations with other men, then they can believe in all which he teaches them about trusting God. If they see that he takes to God all the troubles about which they tell him, and that he falls back upon God, it strikes them much more than any words could do which he might speak. If they see that God answers his prayers, they have an evidence that God is the Answerer of prayer. Then, if in anything he has wronged them, and he confesses and owns it to them, this teaches them the grace of confession as nothing else can. I remember when a girl at school, one day my music master saying to me, "I was out of temper with you when I gave you the last lesson; will you forgive me?" It is now thirty-five years since, but the respect, almost reverence, I have had for that man ever since I could not easily describe. I had never before heard any one own a fault to an inferior. A pastor who will do so serves the Lord with "all humility of mind." But Paul served the Lord with

TEARS AND TRIALS.

His heart was in his work—he was no machine—his whole soul was engaged in it; and thus, whether laughing with joy or weeping with sorrow, he did it unto the Lord; he was "sorrowful, yet always rejoicing" (II Cor. 6: 10). To serve the Lord with temptations [or trials], is to let Him accomplish His purpose through them. His purpose in permitting a trial is increased blessing to His tried child, and through him to others, as in the case of Abraham, Joseph, Moses, and many others. So, to serve God with trials, we cannot be in a hurry to get rid of them, but rather "count it all joy when [we] fall into divers temptations; knowing this, that the trial of [our] faith worketh patience" (James 1: 2).

Then Paul said, "I kept back NOTHING THAT WAS PROFITABLE unto you." "I dare not preach as you do," said a minister one day, "for if I did, I should

lose half my salary." It was a poor reason for keeping back that which was profitable; surely, God was equal to the charge of caring for his salary! Paul's teaching was "publicly, and from house to house." Public preaching, without any close dealing with individual souls, always becomes more or less theoretical. Nothing makes a preacher so practical as a real knowledge of the spiritual needs of his people, and this he can only get as he becomes acquainted with them individually. It was this personal acquaintance with them which he mentions to the Thessalonians, "We exhorted and comforted, and charged every one of you, as a father doth his children" (I Thess. 2: 11).

What, then, was

THE BURDEN OF HIS TEACHING?

"Repentance toward God, and faith toward our Lord Jesus Christ." Repentance means "a change of mind or will; all which was turned against God now turned to Him; the stubborn, perverse will which refused His mercy, now bowed to Him in true submission. This is repentance toward God. The fool says, 'No God,' the repentant sinner says, 'I want God, I must have God, and at any cost.' Then 'faith toward our Lord Jesus Christ' comes in as the life power. Maintaining always the true position of repentance toward God—i.e., God first in everything—faith toward our Lord Jesus Christ makes all the life of holiness to which He calls us, possible and practical. 'I will serve God,' is the word of repentance; 'I can serve God' is the utterance of faith." Paul's preaching was not of one kind to the Jews and another kind to the Greeks; he had the same Gospel for all. And his Gospel was not a mere logical conclusion; he testified it as being himself a witness of it.

And having thus spoken, he broke to the Ephesian elders the fact that this was a farewell meeting. "And now, behold, I go bound in the Spirit unto Jerusalem, not knowing the things that shall befall me there; save that the Holy Ghost witnesseth in every city, saying that bonds and afflictions abide me." Should Paul draw back? Should he doubt the leading of God? Could it really be God who guided him to go forward into imprisonment, and thus to be hindered from the preaching which, more than that of any other man, had been used to establish the kingdom of Christ on earth; could it be God's leading? Paul did not doubt it for a moment; God spoke to his soul, and wherever He led, there His servant was ready to follow. "But none of these things move me," he said; "neither count I my life dear unto myself, so that I might finish my course with joy, and the ministry which I have received of the Lord Jesus to testify the Gospel of the grace of God." "Joy," when only bonds and afflictions awaited him! Paul speaking ironically? No, no; far from it. Paul's joy, like our Lord's, was to do the will of God. He had had proof of the power of God in a prison from his experience at Philippi, and all the past dealings of God with him were only a strong encouragement to trust more for the future.

A LAST FAREWELL.

Paul had many sorrows, but he was *always* rejoicing; his joy was never suspended, because the Lord's own joy was in him (John 15: 11); and very truly the joy of the Lord was his strength. Paul never worried over plans upset, for he never made any; he had no trouble about funds for his work; the Lord was his banker, cashier, and treasurer, and it was impossible ever to have his account overdrawn. The things which vex most men could not touch Paul, because he saw God in everything, and so every step forward toward persecution and prison was just "joy." "And now, behold," he says, "I know that ye all, among whom I have gone preaching the kingdom of God, shall see my face no more. Wherefore I take you to record this day, that I am pure from the blood of all men. For I have not shunned to declare unto you all the counsel of God." How many of God's working children can say the same?



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CURRENT EVENTS.

A New Year's Greeting to all its Readers. THE CHRISTIAN HERALD cordially tenders on this new year's day, 1885. It wishes them, in the best sense of the words, a happy new year. To many of them it is becoming an old and valued friend. It is gratifying to learn that it has also been a useful friend as is proved by the large numbers of letters which during the past few weeks have been received from every State in the Union, every Territory, every Province of Canada, from the West Indies, China, Africa, Australia and other distant lands. Correspondents say that God has blessed the paper to the conversion of members of their own families or friends, sometimes under very remarkable circumstances, and many of God's people acknowledge with thankfulness their indebtedness to it for comfort and support in trial. These letters afford great encouragement to those engaged on the paper, and will stimulate them to new effort. May it be still more useful in the future to its old and to its new friends. The editor, personally, takes this opportunity of gratefully acknowledging the kindly words in which so many subscribers, in renewing their subscriptions, express their appreciation of his work. It is impossible to reply individually, but he here thanks them heartily for their commendation and good wishes. More than six years ago, he had the privilege of editorially introducing THE CHRISTIAN HERALD to the public, and he is humbly grateful to God for the blessings that since then have been so manifestly bestowed in answer to prayer. It is hoped that the readers of the paper will continue to pray that God will use the paper during this year, as in the past, for His glory and the public good.

Subscribers whose Terms expired with last week's number will receive their copy as usual this week. This is done because, during the holidays, renewals are often postponed, and many who intend to renew, do not send until after New Year's. At the end of this week, the list will be corrected and the names dropped of all whose subscriptions have expired and from whom we have not heard. *A wrong date* will appear on many labels this week. During

the past few days, so many renewals have been received that it has been impossible in some cases to change the date in type to that covered by the renewal.

The Treaties Waiting for Ratification by the Senate were the most prominent subject of interest in political circles last week, apart from speculations about the new Cabinet and the New York Senatorship which were in the main idle ones. The Nicaraguan treaty is regarded with some favor, though there are many drawbacks which will cause some doubt and hesitation. These are chiefly that the cutting of a canal is likely to cost nearly one hundred and fifty millions and will in the hands of the Government be liable to lead to wasteful expenditure; also that the maintenance of a force to guard the canal will be a heavy burden. The treaty will probably involve anxious consideration and an exhaustive discussion before it is ratified. *The Spanish Treaty* has less favorable prospects. The New York Chamber of Commerce last week deliberated on its provisions and condemned it. The business men doubted whether the country would regain in future years the thirty million dollars it would lose to the Cuban sugar planters in the first year of the operation of the treaty. Opinion in Congress appears to be on the same side.

Another Attempt to have a Liquor Commission appointed was made by the Senate on December 22d. It passed for the fourth time the bill "to provide for a commission on the subject of the alcoholic liquor traffic." It provides for the appointment of a commission of seven persons, not more than four of whom shall belong to the same political party nor be advocates of Prohibition. They are to serve without salary, but are to have their expenses paid. The work is not to occupy more than two years, and is to consist of an investigation of the relations of the liquor traffic "to revenue and taxation and its general economic, criminal, moral, and scientific aspects in connection with pauperism, crime, social vice, the public health, and general welfare of the people." They are also to inquire as to the practical results of license and prohibitory legislation in the several States. Ten thousand dollars is appropriated to cover the expenses of the commission.

A Civil Action in the Star Route Cases has been commenced. The suit was instituted in the United States Circuit Court in California, by the District Attorney against William Henry Forse, to recover sixty-one thousand, seven hundred and eighty-two cents. In the complaint it is alleged that Forse contracted to carry the United States mails between Cloverdale and Eureka, Humboldt County, for a term of four years, commencing July 1st, 1878. For carrying the mail six times a week he was to receive eleven thousand dollars a year. In October, 1879, the contract was so amended that Forse was allowed three thousand, five hundred and eighty-one dollars and fifty-five cents a year additional for increased expenses in hiring men and horses for carrying the mails seven times a week. It is claimed that for this service he was paid one hundred and nineteen thousand, four hundred and thirty-seven and one cent, which was sixty one thousand, seven hundred dollars and eighty-two cents more than he was entitled to, as he ran the mails through seven times a week with the same force of men and horses which he had employed in carrying them six times a week.

Gloomy Reports of the Number of Unemployed men are published by *Bradstreet's*. It gives information received from four thousand correspondents throughout Maryland, Virginia, West Virginia, Kentucky, Missouri, and all States north of them. These twenty-two States employ nine tenths of the wage earners in mechanical pursuits reported in the census. Thirteen per cent three hundred and sixteen thousand, two hundred and forty-nine, are reported unemployed, and wages have been reduced from ten to thirty per cent. In detail, it appears that eighty thousand iron workers are idle, as are

also thirty-five thousand makers of clothing, twenty thousand cotton operatives, and twenty four thousand woollen. There is no work for eighteen thousand makers of boots and shoes, nor for thirteen thousand cigar makers, four thousand seven hundred glass makers, and two thousand silk weavers.

A Wonderful Ice Palace is in Course of Erection in Montreal. The structure is round, tapering to a point, its base diameter measuring fifty feet. Its height, to which will be added a colossal statue, is seventy-five feet, built in a series of seven stories, finished up with a crown, and is intended to represent one of the old Egyptian castles, which were named condoras. In the construction of this cairn twelve thousand blocks of ice will be used. On the top-most block a colossal figure will be placed, about eleven feet in height, and holding in one hand a torch, the latter lighted at night by electricity. The electric light will also be used to illuminate the cairn from the inside. The structure is flanked with eight turrets bearing the flags of various nations.

A Gloomy Christmas in England and France is reported by the cable despatches. A depression of trade almost unprecedented is said to exist in both countries, and the poor and the lower middle classes are suffering severe distress. In England a popular clamor against the costly Egyptian war is being raised, and much resentment is expressed against the Government, which is charged with mismanagement of its foreign relations. The French people are protesting against the Chinese complication, from which they expect neither glory nor profit. The Communists have issued huge red placards demanding of the Government bread and lodgings. These proclamations end by casting the blame for what may some day happen upon the shoulders of the Ministers and Deputies, who refuse to listen to the voice of the hungry.

Spain was Shaken by an Earthquake on December 26th. In the capital the shock was felt but slightly, and only a few buildings were damaged. Some alarm was caused at the Opera House and in the populous quarters of the city. The shocks were felt at Gibraltar and were severe in the southern provinces. They caused great alarm among the people at Granada. Numerous towns are reported as having suffered. Several houses, including the telegraph station, at Velez Malaga, were badly injured and the terrified inhabitants encamped in the outskirts of the town during the night. Many persons were injured at Loja, Motril and Alhama, and the convent at Seville was partly destroyed. The people were greatly alarmed. An official in the Velez telegraph office was killed. It is reported that several other people were killed there. One person was killed and many were injured at Motril. The village of Albuñuelas in Granada was nearly destroyed. The provinces of Malaga and Granada were the scene of the severest disturbance. Several places were partially destroyed. The mayor reports that many parts of Albuñuelas are in ruins, and that as many as one hundred and fifty persons are believed to have perished. At Arenas del Rey forty persons were killed.

The American Plenipotentiaries at the Congo Conference have labored for the benefit of the inhabitants of the Congo region without regard to the jealousies of European nations. The result has been a bitter feeling against them on the part of France. A prominent French journal, commenting on the Conference, says: "The circle within which subjects are to be discussed by the Berlin Conference was strictly limited at the outset, but is now broken and is widening out and continues to embrace more and more ground until it is impossible to predict where the Conference may lead to. The American plenipotentiaries are principally responsible for this. We do not insist upon the answer why America was invited to take part in the Conference, but it seems that a nation which applies on its own side of the world the Monroe doctrine with such vigor should at least act with due reserve on our side of the water."

An Explosive Machine was sent to the American Tract Society's depot in New York on December 26th. A boy twelve years of age took a package into the store and gave it to a clerk. On being opened it was found to contain gunpowder and nitric acid, and an ingenious arrangement for driving a piece of emery paper across matches fixed in the box. The emery paper just missed the heads of the matches when the removal of the lid set the arrangement in motion, and no explosion occurred. No arrests have yet been made, and there is no clue to the motive of the miscreants who sent the package.

The Death of Dr. George W. Blagden, Pastor emeritus of the Old South Church in Boston, occurred December 17th. Dr. Blagden has been residing in this city during the past two years at the house of his son-in-law. He was born in Washington City, D. C., October 3d, 1802. He attended Yale College and graduated in 1823; he studied theology at Andover Seminary, completing his course in 1826. He was ordained and settled at Brighton, Mass., in 1827, and three years afterward was placed over the Salem Street Church in Boston. In 1836 he was called to Old South, in Boston, and there remained as pastor and pastor emeritus until his death. Dr. Blagden resigned the pastorate of Old South Church in 1872, on completing his seventieth year. His death was very sudden. Only two days before he departed he was in his accustomed health and attended a meeting. At his funeral in Boston, on December 20th, the clergymen of all denominations attended to show respect to his memory.

Miss Laurie McLatchie, the Scottish Evangelist, has found it necessary to return to England. Our readers who were looking forward to the pleasure of hearing her will naturally regret this sudden termination of her work here. Her departure was wholly unexpected, and was caused by circumstances over which she had no control, and which were unknown to her when she commenced her tour in this country. Her visit, brief as it was, will long be remembered with pleasure by all who were privileged to listen to her earnest sermons and eloquent lectures.

The Opening of the New Orleans Exposition on Sundays is a cause for deep regret to Christian people throughout the country. On December 21st it is reported that ten thousand persons visited the building, and that "the Mexican band gave a concert in the Music Hall. The work of preparing the exhibits went rapidly on; about fifty-six car-loads of freight were unloaded, though work was partly suspended. The weather was pleasant and warm, and the man who paid over \$50,000 for the privilege of selling beer on the grounds did a good business."

Mr. Moody's Christian Convention in Milwaukee was one of the largest religious meetings ever held in that city. Mr. Moody thus defined the "Qualifications of Successful Work for the Lord." 1. Faith in God, an honest conviction that God will do as He says He will. 2. Courage to do what faith declares. God doesn't use cowards or faint-hearted men to do much for Him. He told Joshua to be of good courage. 3. Perseverance. Keep right on in the place God gives you to work for Him. Many men fail right on the eve of battle. The best silver mine in England was worked for a long time by a man who became discouraged just before it yielded the richest ingots of choicest silver, and he sold out for a song and lost a princely fortune. Keep on. Keep at it. Get others to help, and work and plod and win success. 4. Enthusiasm is a valuable element, and one that most men need. Too many are afraid of enthusiasm, but all of us need to put more fire and feeling in what we do for the Lord.

The Christian Churches of Denver, Col., have taken into consideration the question of the condition of the poor, in energetic Western fashion. They called a mass meeting of churches and benevolent societies at the Grand Opera House, to consider ways and means of provid-

ing for the city's poor during the coming winter. An admission fee of twenty-five cents was charged, and at half-past seven o'clock every seat in the house was taken, and every foot of standing room was occupied. Fully sixteen hundred people were in attendance. The receipts were four hundred dollars. A committee of prominent business men volunteered to solicit contributions for a fund for the poor. That committee raised six thousand dollars in one week.

A Sunday-Observing Lord Mayor is the one recently inaugurated in London. Mr. Nottage, whose portrait and life appeared in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD of December 11th, in declining a clergyman's request to attend his church in state on a recent Sunday, declared his intention not only to avoid state attendances at church on the Lord's Day, but also to abandon the practice of "state luncheons" on that day. He added: "I cannot see why a Lord Mayor, who is admittedly one of the hardest worked men in London, should be deprived of a day of rest, and I shall certainly secure it throughout my year of office, both for my servants and myself."

The Theatre Comique in New York was Destroyed by fire on December 23d. Happily, the fire broke out in the morning when the theatre was empty, or there might have been many lives lost, as the building burned very rapidly and was wholly consumed. This is the fourth large theatre burned in this city within the short space of two years. The fire has aroused a discussion in the secular press about the best ways of making theatres fire-proof. One of the dailies observes: "Our places of public amusement, which are wont to be filled nightly with large audiences, seem to be mere tinder boxes, which are quickly reduced to ashes when attacked by flame. Is it possible to make a playhouse fireproof? Can these structures be made more secure against danger to life than they now are? These are timely questions of vital concern to the public." Those who are concerned about the morals of the people would add another question also of "vital concern to the public," "Can these places be so conducted that the young people who attend them will not have their minds corrupted by what they see and hear there? Experience so far, answers the question in the negative. (Job 21: 11-14).

The Success of a Boston Tailor's Motherly way is described in the *Youth's Companion*. The tailor gave out some work in the busy season to a smart Irish workman named Tim. He was usually punctual, but on this occasion, he was behind time. Tim had been on a spree, and when he had sobered off, he brought back the work. But his face and manner were hard as of one prepared to receive sullenly the scolding he merited. The tailor, however, received him kindly. Tim's face softened, and soon he burst into tears, sobbing out with comical pathos—"Ah, misther! ivery sowl of the ither's of them jawed me up hill and jawed me down dale, but you—ye've sich a kind, motherly way wid ye, I'll never dissapint ye agin—never!" During the years which have passed since that promise, Tim has never once failed to keep his plighted word. The tailor's kindness made a man of him. The incident is commended to those who for erring brothers and sisters have only harsh words. (Eph. 4: 32).

A Strange Instance of a Dog's Sagacity, which would be incredible were it not reported on unimpeachable evidence, is printed in the *London Times*. Mr. Arthur E. Reade, Secretary to the Charing Cross Hospital, writes to the *Times* to say that at 10.30 on the previous Sunday night a rough terrier barked outside the door of the hospital till he was let in. When admitted he limped in, squatted on the mat, and held up an injured forepaw. The house surgeon came, whereupon the dog followed him at once across the hall to the accident room, jumped at once, when invited to do so, on the chair, and again held out the injured paw. It was dressed, when the dog licked the hand of the surgeon and loudly barked its gratitude till it had to be turned out, showing great reluc-

tance to leave. Mr. Bellamy, the house surgeon, confirms this statement, and adds that the next day the dog came, like any other out-patient, to have his paw dressed. It is not known to whom the dog belongs. The dog had evidently had some previous experience in some way through its owner or another person of the benefits to be derived from an hospital in cases of injury, and applied on its own account for the help given to others. It is strange that men have not sagacity equal to this dog. They see others made happy for time and eternity by faith in Christ, yet do not seek the blessing for themselves (John 9: 27, 28).

A Bride's Superstition Delayed a Wedding ceremony in New Jersey recently. While a couple were being united in Newark a pause occurred at the moment when the bridegroom was putting the wedding-ring on the bride's finger. The young man tried to get it on again and again and failed. Do what he would he could not succeed in passing the ring over the second joint of the finger. The ceremony was at length concluded, and the guests sympathized with the young bride upon the delay in the proceedings. With a merry twinkle in her eye and her face brightening up with smiles, she told the secret. She wanted to be "the boss," it appears. She explained that a married lady friend had told her not to permit the groom to pass the ring over the second joint, because if he succeeded he would then be the "boss," and she desired that distinction reserved to herself. The superstition was silly, but the motive was worse than silly. The desire to rule on the part of the bride argued ill for the future happiness of the pair. It is with a bride as with the Church, the bride of Christ; loving subjection is the virtue that is fitting (Eph. 5: 24).

A Fatal Epidemic in a Prison was Reported from Kansas a short time ago. A despatch to the *New York Times*, from Leavenworth, says that there is a terrible disease raging in the Kansas penitentiary, four miles south of that city, where eight hundred prisoners are confined. The disease is pronounced malignant typhoid fever by the physicians who have investigated it. Its prevalence has caused no little consternation among the people, between whom and the penitentiary constant communication is kept up by persons passing to and fro. Sixty convicts are sick and ten have already died. The penitentiary has been turned into a great hospital, all the attendants and some of the prisoners being employed as nurses and in burying the dead. The condition of the incarcerated sufferers may well excite our pity. Their misery is twofold. They are in need of pardon and healing. Their condition is a type of that of our race. It is the glory of Christ that He can supply all our need—pardon for past offences and remedy for the sin-sickness of the soul (Ps. 103: 3).

An Ingenious Contrivance which may Prevent accidents, was patented last week. It is designed to register at one end of an electric wire the temperature of the place where the other end is fixed. The inventor, explaining its uses, said: "Suppose that a man has an immense cold storage warehouse, like that in connection with Fulton Market. It is desirable and even necessary that he be able to sit in his office and tell at a glance just what the temperature is in each room and closet of that warehouse, and whether his refrigerating machinery is working evenly, for a rise of temperature at any one point might spoil thousands of dollars' worth of provisions stored there. Take the case of a ship with a cargo of fruit, grain or vegetables. Fermentation setting in at any one point would produce heat. Heat, reacting, would accelerate fermentation, and soon half the cargo is ruined." The invention will automatically register the exact temperature in any of these cases. If such an instrument could be applied to show the temperature of the spirituality of churches, what a variable record it would register! We are apt to forget that such a record is kept. (Rev. 3: 15, 16).

ALL JOY IN ALL TRIALS.

A Sermon by Pastor C. H. Spurgeon.*

"My brethren, count it all joy when ye fall into divers temptations; knowing this, that the trying of your faith worketh patience. But let patience have her perfect work, that ye may be perfect and entire, wanting nothing."—JAMES 1: 2, 3, 4.

The Brotherhood of the Converted—Brotherly Sympathy in Trial—I. The Point Assailed by Temptation—Your Faith—Why Faith is Tried—How it is Tried—By Different Troubles—The Shapes They Take—Wrong Judgments of Others—II. The Blessing Gained by Trial—James's Ready Reckoner—How to Count—III. The Virtue Produced—Tests of Patience—Two Little Words—IV. Promotion of Spiritual Completeness—All-Round Men—Cautious and Humble—Grateful and Useful Men.

JAMES calls the converted among the twelve tribes his brethren. Christianity has a great uniting power; it both discovers and creates relationships among the sons of men. It reminds us of the ties of nature, and binds us with the bonds of grace. Every one that is born of the Spirit of God is brother to every other that is born of the same Spirit. Well may we be called brethren, for we are redeemed by one blood; we are partakers of the same life; we feed upon the same heavenly food; we are united to the same living head; we seek the same ends; we love the same Father; we are heirs of the same promises; and we shall dwell forever together in the same heaven. Wherefore, let brotherly love continue; let us love one another with a pure heart fervently, and manifest that love, not in word only, but in deed and in truth. Whatever brotherhood may be a sham, let the brotherhood of believers be the most real thing beneath the stars.

Beginning with this word "brethren," James shows a true

BROTHERLY SYMPATHY

with believers in their trials, and this is a main part of Christian fellowship. "Bear ye one another's burdens, and so fulfil the law of Christ." If we are not tempted ourselves at this moment, others are; let us remember them in our prayers; for in due time our turn will come, and we shall be put into the crucible. As we would desire to receive sympathy and help in our hour of need, let us render it freely to those who are now enduring trial.

Remembering the trials of his brethren, James tries to cheer them, and therefore he says, "My brethren, count it all joy when ye fall into divers trials." It is a part of our high calling to rise ourselves into confidence; and it is also our duty to see that none of our brethren despond, much less despair. The whole tendency of our holy faith is to elevate and to encourage. Grace breeds no sorrow, except the healthy sorrow which comes with saving repentance and leads to the joy of pardon; it comes not to make men miserable, but to wipe all tears from their eyes. Our dream is not of devils descending a dreary staircase to hell, but of angels ascending and descending upon a ladder, the top of which leads to the shining throne of God. We are able in sober earnest to speak with the afflicted, and bid them be patient under the chastening hand of God; yea, to count it all joy when they fall into divers trials because those trials will work out for them such signal, such lasting good. They may be well content to sow in tears since they are sure to reap in joy.

I. First, let us think a little upon the essential POINT WHICH IS ASSAILED

by temptation or trial. It is your faith which is tried. It is supposed that you have that faith. You are not the people of God, you are not truly brethren unless you are believers. It is this faith of yours which is peculiarly obnoxious to Satan and to the world which lieth in the wicked one. The hand of faith is against all evil, and all evil is against faith. Faith is that

blessed grace which is most pleasing to God, and hence it is most displeasing to the devil. By faith God is greatly glorified, and hence by faith Satan is greatly annoyed. He rages at faith because he sees therein his own defeat and the victory of grace.

It is by our faith that we are saved, justified, and brought near to God, and therefore it is no marvel that it is attacked. It is by our faith that we live; we began to live by it, and we continue to live by it, for "the just shall live by faith." Once let faith go and our life is gone; and hence it is that the powers which war against us make their main assault upon this royal castle, this key of the whole position. Faith is your jewel, your joy, your glory; and the thieves who haunt the pilgrim way are all in league to tear it from you. Hold fast, therefore, this your choice treasure. It is by faith, too, that Christians perform exploits. If men of old wrought daring and heroic deeds it was by faith. Faith is the fighting principle and the conquering principle; therefore it is Satan's policy to slay it even as Pharaoh sought to kill the male children when Israel dwelt in Egypt. Rob a Christian of his faith and he will be like Samson when his locks were cut away; the Philistines will be upon him and the Lord will have departed from him. Marvel not if the full force of the current shall beat upon your faith, for it is the foundation of your spiritual house.

Now, think of

HOW FAITH IS TRIED.

According to the text we are said to fall into "manifold temptations" or into "divers temptations"—that is to say, we may expect very many and very different troubles. In any case these trials will be most real. Our temptations are no inventions of nervousness nor hobgoblins of dreamy fear. Ye have heard of the patience of Job—his was real patience, for his afflictions were real. Could each tried believer among us tell his own story, I do not doubt we should convince all who heard us that the troubles and temptations which we have endured are no fictions of romance, but must be ranked among the stern realities of actual life.

Ay, and note too, that the trials of Christians are such as would in themselves lead us into sin, for I take it that our translators would not have placed the word "temptation" in the text, and the Revisionists would not have retained it, if they had not felt that there was a coloring of temptation in its meaning, and that "trial" was hardly the word. *The natural tendency of trouble is not to sanctify, but to induce sin.* Because our nature is depraved it makes occasions for sin, both out of our joys and our trials, but by grace we overcome the tendency of nature, and so derive benefit from tribulation. Do I not speak to many here who at times feel strong impulses toward evil, especially in the darkness hour when the spirit of evil walks abroad? Have you not been made to tremble for yourselves in seasons of fierce trial, for your feet were almost gone, your steps had well-nigh slipped? Is there any virtue that has not been weather-beaten? Is there any love that has not at times been so tried that it threatened to curdle into hate? Our way is up the river; we have to stem the current, and struggle against a flood which would readily bear us to destruction. Thus, not only trials, but black temptations assail the Christian's faith. As to

WHAT SHAPE THEY TAKE,

we may say this much: the trial or temptation of each man is distinct from that of every other. When God did tempt Abraham he was bidden to take his son, his only son, and offer him upon a mountain for a sacrifice. Nobody here was ever tried in that way; nobody ever will be. We may have the trial of losing our child, but certainly not the trial of having a command to offer him in sacrifice. That was a trial peculiar to Abraham; necessary and useful to him, though never proposed to us. In the case of the young man in the gospels, our Lord Jesus tried him with, "If thou wouldst be perfect, go and sell that thou hast, and give to the poor,

and thou shalt have treasure in heaven." Some have dreamed that it must therefore be the duty of everybody to part with their possessions; but this is idle. It would not be the duty of any man to offer up his only son; and it is not the duty of every man to part with all his goods. These were tests to particular persons; and others equally special and searching have been applied in other cases.

We are not to try ourselves, nor to desire other men's trials; it will be well if we endure those which the Lord appoints for us, for they will be wisely chosen. That which would most severely test me would perhaps be no trial to you; and that which tries you might be no temptation to me. This is one reason

WHY WE OFTEN JUDGE ONE ANOTHER

so severely, because feeling ourselves to be strong in that particular point we argue that the fallen one must have been strong in that point too, and therefore must have wilfully and earnestly have determined to do wrong. This may be a cruel supposition. We hastily conclude that the temptation must have been as feeble in his case as it would have been in our own; which is a great mistake, for a temptation which to you or to me would be no temptation at all, may be to another individual, of a peculiar constitution and under singular circumstances, a most fierce and terrible blast from the adversary, before which he falls mournfully, but not with malice aforethought. "Divers trials," says the apostle, and he knew what he said.

At times temptation comes suddenly upon us, and so we fall into it. When we were at rest, and were quiet, suddenly the evil came, like a lion leaping from the thicket. When Job's children were eating and drinking in their elder brother's house, then suddenly a wind came from the wilderness, and the patriarch was bereaved; the cattle were ploughing, the sheep were grazing, the camels were at their service, and in a moment, by fire from heaven, and by robber bands, the whole of these possessions vanished. One messenger had not told his story before another followed at his heels; Job had no breathing time, the blows fell thick and fast. The trial of our faith is most severe when divers trials happen to us when we look not for them. Is it not strange in the light of these things that James should say, "Count it all joy when ye fall into divers trials"? You see, then, the main point of attack is our faith, and happy is the man whose shield can catch and quench all the fiery darts of the enemy.

II. That we may make the text more clear we shall next notice the invaluable blessing which is gained by the trial of our faith.

THE BLESSING GAINED

is this, that our faith is tried and proved. The way of trying whether you are a good soldier is to go down to the battle; the way to try whether a ship is well built is, not merely to order the surveyor to examine her, but to send her to sea; a storm will be the best test of her stanchness. They have built a new lighthouse upon the Eddystone; how do we know that it will stand? We judge by certain laws and principles, and feel tolerably safe about the structure; but, after all, we shall know best in after years when a thousand tempests have beaten upon the lighthouse in vain. We need trials as a test as much as we need divine truth as our food.

Now, when we are able to bear it without starting aside, the trial proves our sincerity. Coming out of a trouble the Christian says to himself, "Yes, I held fast mine integrity, and did not let it go. Blessed be God, I was not afraid of threatening; I was not crushed by losses; I was kept true to God under pressure. Now, I am sure that my religion is not a mere profession, but a real consecration to God. It has endured the fire, being kept by the power of God."

Next, it proves the truthfulness of our doctrinal belief. "Oh, yes," you may say, "I have heard Mr. Spurgeon expound the doc-

* The advance sheets of Mr. Spurgeon's latest sermon have not arrived this week, doubtless owing to the westerly gales and fog, which have delayed all European mails. We therefore publish in this number an excellent sermon which he preached a few months ago.—Ed.

trines, and I have believed them." This is poor work; but if you have been sick, and found a comfort in those doctrines, then you are assured of their truth. If you have been on the borders of the grave, and the Gospel has given you joy and gladness, then you know how true it is. Experimental knowledge is the best and surest. If you have seen others pass through death itself triumphantly you have said, "This is proof to me; my

FAITH IS NO GUESS-WORK; I have seen for myself." Is not this assurance cheaply purchased at any price? May we not count it all joy when the Lord puts us in the way of getting it? It seems to me that doubt is worse than trial. I had sooner suffer any affliction than be left to question the Gospel or my own interest in it. Certainly it is a jewel worth purchasing even with our heart's blood.

Next, *your own faith in God* is proved when you can cling to Him under temptation. Not only your sincerity, but the divinity of your faith is proved; for a faith that is never tried, how can you depend upon it? But if in the darkest hour you have still said, "I cast my burden upon the Lord, and He will sustain me," and you find He does sustain you, then is your faith that of God's elect. If in temptation you cry to God in prayer that you may keep your garment unspotted, and He helps you to do so, then also are you sure that yours is the faith which the Spirit begets in the soul.

James says "Count it." He gives us

A READY RECKONER.

and teaches us in our troubles how to count. He sets before us a different kind of measure from that which carnal reason would use; the shekel of the sanctuary was very different from the shekel in common commerce, and so is the counting of faith far other than that of human judgment. He bids us take our pen and sit down quickly and write at his correct dictation. You were going to write down, "Manifold temptations;" that would be so much on the wrong side; but instead thereof he bids you set down the proving of your faith, and this one asset transforms the transaction into a substantial gain. Trials are like a fire; they burn up nothing in us but the dross, and they make the gold all the purer. Put down the testing process as a clear gain, and, instead of being sorry about it, count it all joy when ye fall into divers trials, for this bestows upon you a proof of your faith. So far there is sufficient ground for counting all trials joy. Now, let us go a little further.

III. Let us think of the priceless

VIRTUE WHICH IS PRODUCED

by trial, namely, patience; for the proof of your "faith worketh patience." Patience! We all have a large stock of it—until we need it, and then we have none. The man who truly possesses patience is the man that has been tried. What kind of patience does he get by the grace of God? First, he obtains a patience that accepts the trial as from God without a murmur. Calm resignation does not come all at once; often long years of physical pain, or mental depression, or disappointment in business, or multiplied bereavements, are needed to bring the soul into full submission to the will of the Lord. The next kind of patience is when experience enables a man to bear ill-treatment, slander, and injury without resentment. He feels it keenly, but he bears it meekly. Like his Master, he opens not his mouth to reply, and refuses to return railing for railing. Contrariwise he gives blessing in return for cursing, like the sandalwood tree, which perfumes the axe which cuts it. Blessed is that holy charity which hopeth all things, endureth all things, and is not easily provoked. Ah, friend, if the grace of God by trial shall work in you the quiet patience which never grows angry, and never ceases to love, you may have lost a trifle of comfort, but you have gained a solid weight of character.

The patience which God works in us by tribulation also takes another form, namely, that of *acting without undue haste*. Before wisdom

has balanced our zeal we are eager to serve God all in a hurry, with a rush and a spurt, as if everything must be done within the hour or nothing would ever be accomplished. In proportion as we grow like the Lord Jesus we shall cast aside disturbance of mind and fury of spirit. His was a grand life-work, but He never seemed to be confused, excited, worried, or hurried, as certain of His people are. He did not strive nor cry, nor cause His voice to be heard in the streets. He knew His hour was not yet come, and there were so many days in which He could work, and therefore He went steadily on till He had finished the work which His Father had given Him to do. That kind of patience is a jewel more to be desired than the gem which glitters on the imperial brow.

That is a grand kind of patience, too, when *we can wait without unbelief*.

TWO LITTLE WORDS

are good for every Christian to learn and to practise—pray and stay. Waiting on the Lord implies both praying and staying. What if the world is not converted this year! What if the Lord Jesus does not come to-morrow! What if still our tribulations are lengthened out! What if the conflict is continued! He that has been tried and by grace has obtained the true profit of his trials, both quietly waits and joyfully hopes for the salvation of God. Patience, brother! Is this high virtue scarce with thee? The Holy Spirit shall bestow it upon thee through suffering.

This patience also takes the shape of *believing without wavering*, in the very teeth of strange providences and singular statements, and perhaps inward misgivings. The established Christian says, "I believe my God, and therefore if the vision tarry I will wait for it. My time is not yet come. I am to wait for my worst things first and my best things afterward, and so I sit me down at Jesus' feet and tarry His leisure." When trial worketh patience we are incalculably enriched. The Lord give us more of this choice grace. As Peter's fish had the money in his mouth, so have sanctified trials spiritual riches for those who endure them graciously.

IV. Lastly, all this works something better still, and this is our fourth head: the

SPIRITUAL COMPLETENESS

promoted. "That ye may be perfect and entire, wanting nothing." Brethren, the most valuable thing a man can get in this world is that which has most to do with his truest self. A man gets a good house; well, that is something; but suppose he is in bad health, what is the good of his fine mansion? A man is well clothed and well fed; that is something; but suppose he shivers with ague, and has no appetite through indigestion. That spoils it all. If a man is in robust health this is a far more valuable boon. Health is far more to be prized than wealth, or honor, or learning; we all allow that; but then suppose that a man's innermost self is diseased while his body is healthy, so that he is disgraced by vice or fevered with passion, he is in a poor plight, notwithstanding that he has such a robust frame? The very best thing is that which will make the man himself a better man; make him right, and true, and pure, and holy. "When the man himself is better, he has made an unquestionable gain. So, if our afflictions tend, by trying our faith, to breed patience, and that patience tends to make us into perfect men in Christ Jesus, then we may be glad of trials.

Afflictions by God's grace make us *all-round men*, developing every spiritual faculty, and therefore they are our friends, our helpers, and should be welcomed with "all joy." Afflictions find out our weak points, and this makes us attend to them. Being tried, we discover our failures, and then going to God about those failures we are helped to be perfect and entire, wanting nothing.

Moreover, our trials, when blessed of God to make us patient, ripen us. I do not know how to explain what I mean by ripening, but there is a sort of mellowness about believers who have

endured a great deal of affliction that you never meet in other people. It cannot be mistaken or imitated. You must have known such men and such women, and have said to yourselves, "I wish I could be like them, so calm, so quiet, so self-contained, so happy, and when not happy, yet so content not to be happy; so mature in judgment, so spiritual in conversation, so truly ripe." This only comes to those in whom the proof of their faith works experience, and then experience brings forth the fruits of the Spirit. Dear brothers and sisters, there is a certain all-roundness of spiritual manhood which never comes to us except by manifold temptations.

Sanctified trials produce a chastened spirit. Some of us by nature are rough and untender; but after awhile friends notice that the roughness is departing, and they are quite glad to be more gently handled. Ah, that sick chamber did the polishing; under God's grace, that depression of spirit, that loss, that cross, that bereavement—these softened the natural ruggedness, and made the man meek and lowly, like his Lord. Sanctified trouble has a great tendency to breed *sympathy*, and sympathy is to the church as oil to machinery. A man that has never suffered feels very awkward when he tries to sympathize with a tried child of God. He kindly does his best, but he does not know how to go to work at it; but those repeated blows from the rod make us feel for others who are smarting, and by degrees we are recognized as being the Lord's.

ANointed COMFORTERS.

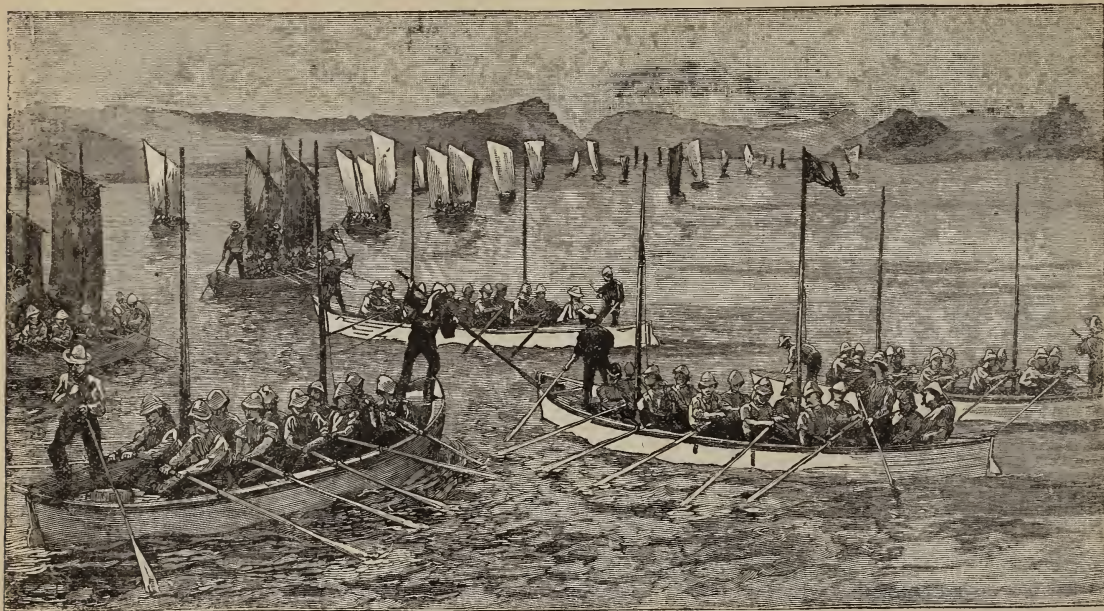
made meet by temptation to succor those who are tempted. Have you never noticed how tried men, when their trouble is thoroughly sanctified, become cautious and humble? They cannot speak quite so fast as they used to do; they do not *talk of being absolutely perfect*, though they are the very men who are Scripturally perfect; they say little about their own doings, and much about the tender mercy of the Lord. They recollect the whipping they had behind the door from their Father's hands, and they speak gently to other erring ones. Affliction is the stone which our Lord Jesus throws at the brow of our giant pride, and patience is the sword which cuts off its head.

Those, too, are the kind of people who are most *grateful*. I have known what it is to praise God for the power to move one leg in bed. It may not seem much to you, but it was a great blessing to me. They that are heavily afflicted come to bless God for everything. I am sure that woman who took a piece of bread and a cup of water for her breakfast, and said, "What, all this, and Christ too!" must have been a tried woman, or she would not have exhibited so much gratitude. And that old Puritan minister was surely a tried man, for when his family had only a herring and a few potatoes for dinner, he said, "Lord, we bless thee that Thou hast ransacked sea and land to find food for us this day." If he had not been a tried man, he might have turned up his nose at the meal, as many do at much more sumptuous fare. Troubled men get to be grateful men, and that is no small thing.

And these much-tempted ones are frequently the most spiritual men, and out of this spirituality comes usefulness. Mr. Greatheart, who led the pilgrims up to the celestial city, was

A MAN OF MANY TRIALS,

or he would not have been fit to lead so many to their heavenly rest; and you, dear brother, if ever you are to be a leader and a helper, as you would wish to be, in the Church of God, it must be by such means as this that you must be prepared for it. Do you not wish to become a perfect man in Christ Jesus? If so, welcome with all joy divers trials and temptations; fly to God with them; bless Him for having sent them; ask Him to help you to bear them with patience, and then let that patience have its perfect work, and so by the Spirit of God you shall become "perfect and entire, lacking in nothing." May the Comforter bless this word to your hearts, for Jesus Christ's sake. Amen.



Canadians Guiding the Gordon-Relief Expedition on the Nile.

A REMARKABLE FAITH CURE.

THE Rev. A. B. Simpson, pastor of the Twenty-third Street Tabernacle, New York, has received a narrative of a remarkable case of healing through faith and prayer, which he publishes in his magazine, *Word, Work and World*. The following is an abstract of the narrative: Mrs. M. E. Hall, of New Haven, Conn., was suffering from lung fever with diphtheritic symptoms. She was staying in the country at the time and was carried home in an easy carriage, being unable to bear the motion of the cars. On her arrival she lay for many days hovering between life and death, but eventually partially recovered, leaving her, however, suffering, in addition to her other ailments, with a severe spinal disorder. She had a relapse, and thus writes of her condition then:

"My physician remained with me several nights, thinking I could not live. I was given up twice by the doctors, who thought I should choke to death, but as warm weather came the ulcers did not break as often; I was worse in spring and fall (as is the case with consumption) one or two ulcers breaking daily, then I would have a nervous spasm and suffer most intensely. My spine was severely affected with two curvatures, which prevented me from sitting up or getting any better. My back was so sensitive that it touched it seemed as though it would take my life. Even a soft pillow, if dropped on the floor or near me, would cause severe pains like needles in the spine between my shoulder blades, opposite my lungs. I could only be bolstered up in an easy-chair, once a week or ten days, to have my bed made. I was not able to help myself at all or be placed upon my feet; and was exhausted when put back on my bed."

Mrs. Mix, of Torrington, Conn., visited the sufferer and prayed with her, urging her to trust Christ wholly for healing. A marked improvement followed, but it was not until nearly four months afterward that she was enabled to take firm hold of the promise and rejoice in perfect recovery. She says: "For the first time in over five years I arose and dressed myself, bathed, and combed my hair unassisted. I cannot begin to tell you the joy it gave me when I

went out to the breakfast-table. My dear mother stood arranging my waiter for my sick room; she raised her hands in amazement and fixed the place at the table for me. I went down to the sea-shore without leaning on any one. Not long after I was able to take the cars alone with God and go to Miss Jennie Smith's home, about one hundred miles or more. I returned home to New Haven 'safe and sound,' to the surprise of my neighbors and friends."

THE GORDON-RELIEF EXPEDITION ON THE NILE.

(See Illustration.)

THE expedition under Lord Wolseley sent out by the British Government to relieve General Gordon, who is still in Khartoum surrounded by the Mahdi's troops, is not expected to reach its destination before next March. Lord Wolseley apparently finds this the most formidable task he has ever undertaken. It was his own choice to conduct it by the Nile instead of across the desert. It is evident, however, from the reports he sends home of his progress, and from the letters of newspaper correspondents that whatever the difficulties of the desert route might have been, those of the Nile route are enormous. They are increased by official mismanagement. The time of setting out was delayed until the Nile had subsided so low that it is only by great skill that the boats are prevented getting aground. Even after the troops arrived on the banks of the Nile they were delayed by the non-arrival of provisions, and day after day of valuable time slipped away.

Our illustration represents the starting of the Thirty-eighth Regiment of the army. The men are expected to row themselves, while a Canadian boatman stands at the bow and the stern of each boat to manage the steering and direct the rowers. As each rowboat carries only twelve men all told, it is easy to realize how slow must be the progress made. It is not, therefore, surprising that Lord Wolseley has decided, according to cable reports, to make a dash across the desert with the view of hastening to the relief of General Gordon. The cost of

the expedition will, it is stated by competent authorities, be \$75,000,000, and if to that is added the expenses of the bombardment of Alexandria, the total reaches the prodigious sum of \$1,100,000,000.

PHIL ROBSON, THE SINGING CARPENTER.

(See illustration on page 13.)

THE following interesting story of the conversion of a village carpenter is related by a Christian minister, who heard it from the carpenter's own lips. The minister says: "Phil Robson was, better known as the 'Singing Carpenter.' Phil sang like the lark. 'It does me good, sir, to sing,' said Phil to me one day as I entered his shop and saw the plane going briskly, and Phil singing as he worked; 'it cheers me and makes life pleasant.' And then off started Phil with another of his songs.

"In a few moments Phil stopped work to have a talk with me, and sat down beside me in the sun.

"'You are a happy man, Phil,' I said; 'it makes one feel good to listen to you. You are a living proof that religion is not a depressing thing. Were you always as fond of singing?'

"'Yes, from a child,' Phil answered, 'but I have good reason to be fond of it now. You see, I was converted through singing.'

"'Indeed, Phil, how was that?' I asked.

"'I'll tell you, sir. As I said, I was always fond of singing. My mother—yonder she is in the garden, with my pet Lily—says I used to sing in my cradle. Anyhow, I remember singing as long as I remember anything at all. Well, sir, when I was younger I used to go to the saloon, and drink and sing for hours together.'

"'What did you sing then, Phil?'

"'Well, sir, I was fond of 'Hail Columbia,' 'Auld Lang Syne,' 'Home, Sweet Home,' and things of that kind. I never would sing a bad song. I always liked anything that touched the heart a bit.'

"'And what about the preacher, Phil?'

'Oh, he was called "Canaan." That wasn't his real name, you know. His proper name was John Wilson, and he used to go through the

villages singing; and here Phil sang himself:

"Oh, what has Jesus done for me?

He came from the land of Canaan."

"Well, sir, as I was saying, I was sitting in the bar-parlor one summer night, a-singing and drinking with a lot more, when we suddenly heard some one outside in the road singing too. So we listened, and couldn't make it out. Then the voice came nearer and nearer, and one of them threw open the window, and we heard some one singing:

"Canaan, bright Canaan."

"Why," said Joe, the miller, "it's Canaan, sure."

"So I looked, and there he was. I think I see him now. A plain man with a coat like a Quaker's, a walking-stick over his shoulder, and a bag hanging at the end of it, and his broad-brimmed hat in his hand. When he saw us all at the window, he gave us a lively sort of look, and says he, 'I am going to preach on the green about happiness and heaven. Come and hear the good news, and we'll have some singing. Praise the Lord!' And then away he went, singing 'Canaan.'"

"This," Phil said, "was too much for me. I wasn't fond of preaching, but the way that man sung fetched me. He had the most wonderful voice I ever heard. I wanted to hear him some more. Up I got and started off after the preacher. I found him under the oak. That very tree over there," said Phil, pointing. "He was singing:

"Come, sinners, to Jesus, no longer delay,
A free, full salvation is offer'd to-day."

"When he had gone through two verses of the hymn, he said, 'Let us pray,' and down he went on his knees, and began to pray for us all. About a score of us—for people had followed him from the cottages—were beside him, and most of us knelt down. 'Lord,' he said, 'save all these sinners—save them, Lord—save them, Lord.' He was very earnest, but it was all for us begging the Lord to save us. Then he sang another hymn and we joined in the chorus. Then he opened his Bible to read. Just then it began to rain, when the preacher said: 'Will any of you good folks lend me your kitchen to preach in?' Nobody answered him. I remember Bob, the smith, laughed at him. As for me, his prayer made me feel good to him, but I was kinder shy; but I managed to say: 'You may preach in my shop,' pointing to this shed of mine."

"Thank you, friend," said he, "that will do very well," and he put his arm through mine, and marched me off across the green, singing as he went."

"Well, sir, we got into the shed, and the preacher began to preach. His text was: 'Be ye reconciled to God.' What a sermon it was! I have heard a good many since then, but I shall never forget that. I had been a careless fellow up to then; not worse than the rest, I suppose, but pretty bad, especially when I had drunk much. The preacher seemed as if he knew us and just how we felt. When he was nearly through he said: 'Jesus died for you—died for you, for you, and for you,' and then he pointed at us with his finger, so that he made us feel as though each of us had been the one the Saviour had in mind when He died. I stood beside him



Phil Robson, the Singing Carpenter.

all the time listening for my life. So did others, ay, even Bob, the smith was broken-hearted, and when we knelt down to pray, Bob said, 'Oh, pray for me.' 'Praise the Lord,' said the preacher. He prayed for Bob, and then he suddenly began to pray for me. Then I prayed for myself, and as I prayed, oh, sir, light and joy came to me, and I cried out, 'Lord, I am saved!' and from that hour, sir, I have had my heart full of happiness. There have been dark times occasionally, but they never last long. I always feel like singing. When I think as it was through the singing I first came to know religion, then I love it most, and I guess I shall sing as long as there's any life in me."

SINNERS AND SUFFERERS.

A SERIAL STORY.

Summary of the Story.

ITS object is to show how sin may bring consequences on the head of the sinner, which make him regret bitterly that he sinned, even if he does not regard God but is simply concerned with his own happiness or misery. In fact, that sin is folly as well as rebellion against God. Robert Waldron, the son of a wealthy aristocrat, returning to his home after an absence, finds a young lady (Rose) living in the same village, whom he knew when he was at college. She had married since then a pious and learned bookseller, John Morley, a widower, with one daughter, Hester. Mr. Morley, though loving her dearly, lamented that she was not a Christian, but overcame his scruples so far as to marry her. Rose found her home dull, though she loved her little step-daughter, Hester, deeply. Robert Waldron eventually persuades her to desert her husband for his sake. She did so, and John Morley and his daughter were stricken down with sorrow. After nine years the two sinners separated, and Robert Waldron returned home. While walking at night near John Morley's house he was attacked murder-

ously, and being found by Grant, a physician, bleeding to death on the sidewalk, was carried into John Morley's house, that being the nearest shelter. There he was carefully nursed by Hester, who concealed his identity from her father lest it should agitate him. Both she and Robert Waldron supposed that John Morley had struck the almost fatal blow in a moment of uncontrolled anger. During the illness that followed, Robert Waldron becomes passionately attached to Hester, who returned his love, but was repelled from him by horror of the sin which he committed, and which ruined her father's life. They frequently met at the home of Madame Lawson, an aged Frenchwoman, whose son, a skilful but moody, eccentric man, was in the employ of John Morley and deeply attached to that injured man. Eventually Rose returns to the village, penniless and in rags, and entreats Hester to shelter her. Hester obtains her father's consent to allow a poor woman, whose name she does not disclose, to live in an unused building attached to the house, and Rose lives there in bitter repentance, unknown to her husband. Rose reveals to Carl Bramwell, a clergyman who visits her at Hester's request, that she has a

child whom she keeps at school. Hearing that the child is ill, Hester goes to see her, and, while she is away, John Morley, wandering about the house, finds his sinful wife lying nearly murdered in one of the rooms. Realizing that he would be suspected of murdering her, he follows Hester, and they both fly to France, where they hide themselves in a village in Burgundy. Robert Waldron obtains a clue to their retreat, and follows them with the news that Rose is recovering. From this point the story proceeds.

(Continued from page 890.)

The Cost of Sin.

Robert Waldron lingered a day or two, lounging about the dull little town, but not daring to force himself again into the presence of John Morley, unless he gave some sign that a second interview would be welcome. He had expected that they would have returned at once to England, but no places were taken in the diligence; and he could not make up his mind to leave them there with an uncertainty as to what they meant to do. He wished to see Hester alone, but now she was accompanied by her father everywhere she went.

The sultry heat of the summer was quite gone, and the clear bright autumn air breathed fresh exhilaration into veins which had grown languid through the fervor of the sunshine. Robert could see them from his window at the hotel whenever they quitted the house: John Morley, with a new vigor and strength, his white head held erect, his tread firm and steady; and Hester, herself again, yet more than her former self, hopeful, bright, and courageous, ready to face any future, now that the heavy pressure of exile was passing away. What could they be about to do? He was undergoing a sore travail of heart, crucifying his best and most cherished hope. The gulf between him and Hester was too wide now, even to his own eyes, for it ever to be bridged over; and he was striving to look across it, with a willingness to

see her happy in an Eden to which he could find no entrance.

At last he bethought himself that he must go. The Hester who belonged to him was pining away in Little Aston, and he knew that she would soon be lost to him forever. Every hour that he wasted here, he lost some small tender trace of his child's character, which would be all that remained to him of her in a little while. Carl would be with her, he thought, bitterly, and Carl was loved more dearly than he was. Yet for his own sake he should be near her, to work out the whole of the heavy penance. But he could not leave without one effort to see Hester again, and to ask if he could render no help to her or her father. Fortunately, he saw John Morley start out alone, the third evening after his interview with him, and make his way toward the rock which overlooked the town; and in a few minutes afterward he presented himself at the Widow Limet's door.

The Widow Limet was giving Hester a lesson in spinning, in the dark cool room at the back of her shop, and the burr of the wheel made his step inaudible. He trod cautiously, and looked in through the half-open door for some time, glad to see Hester, while he remained unseen. Her face had caught a tinge of color, the rich bloom of a warm climate, and her eyes had brightened from their long period of gloom. She smiled more readily, and talked more gayly, but still with an air of gravity, as if laughter had been too long a stranger to her lips to play about them as about other girlish faces.

He fancied, but it could only have been fancy, that she had borrowed some of the coquettish graces of the countrywomen about her; her dress, the slight toss of her pretty head, the movement of her little foot upon the treadle, her whole attitude, had just the touch of careless consciousness of beauty which was the only charm she had needed. He knew now how well she would have played her part in his life of luxury and elegance; and he stood watching her, his heart contracting with a very bitter regret when the widow Limet caught sight of him, and betrayed his presence by a little vivacious shriek.

"I am about to return to England," he said, advancing with the pleasant graciousness of manner which he had at command; "and I called to inquire if mademoiselle or her father have any commission there. For mercy's sake, Hester," he added, addressing her in English, "let me speak to you once more before I go. I cannot leave you thus."

"You can speak to me here," she answered; "no one will understand you but me."

She had pushed aside her spinning-wheel, and risen to offer him her hand, which he had not touched for so long a time, and which he held in his like a treasure he would not willingly relinquish, though he was compelled to preserve an outward calmness.

"Come at least with me into yonder garden," he urged. "I cannot speak to you freely, and I dare not look at you while this woman is standing by."

The garden was a small square space, inclosed on every side, with the high wall of a convent at the end throwing one half of it into shadow; a little green secluded spot, left to the wild luxuriance of growth under those warm skies. Without a word Hester stepped out of the dark room into the glow of the evening sun, walking at his side with a measured step, and a grave set face, looking steadily forward, without a glance up into his eyes.

"You hate me, Hester," he said. It was his first and chief thought when he saw how quickly her sunny grace had fled at the sight of him.

"No," she answered, gently, but without raising her eyes to his as he hoped; "no, I could never hate you."

"Yet it is I who have brought all the sorrow into your life," he continued.

"Yes," she said.

"Then you must hate me," he persisted.

"If I had never lived, if I had died years ago,

your life would have been as smooth as the life of other girls."

"Yes," said Hester.

"Yet you loved me once," he went on. "Do you remember how you sat on a footstool at my feet, holding my hand in yours, and slipped off my ring to try it on your own little fingers? It is this same ring, Hester."

He stretched out his hand to her, and she bent her eyes for a moment upon the diamonds flashing in the sunlight; but she looked away again steadily and sadly, her lips trembling, and a nervous quivering in her half-closed eyelids.

"Do you remember it?" he asked, thinking, not of the ring, but of the love she had borne for him.

"I remember it well," she murmured.

"O God!" he said, reverently, "what a miserable fool I have been! You loved me then, little Hetty?"

"Yes," she said; "dearly."

"Dearly!" he echoed; "she loved me dearly; and it might have been, it might possibly have been, that she would have grown up loving me with her true, tender, faithful heart. Would that have been possible?"

"Yes," she answered, her voice faltering, and the tears standing in her steadfast eyes. Robert Waldron's passion, and the pain born of it, had been poignant enough before; but now it had reached a point when all further pain is akin to rapture. His martyrdom was awakening within him a heroism which was stirring with sharp blissful pangs of life through his whole spirit. Hester fixed her searching yet tender gaze upon him, with no deepening color on her cheeks, or look of shyness in her eyes.

"Yes," she said, softly, "I loved you dearly, and I can never hate you. I will not pretend to misunderstand you. You wish to know if that little child's love would have grown with my growth, had no barrier of your own raising come between us. I think it would. If there be any consolation or strength to you in the thought, I know that I should have loved you. Let that suffice for you. Be sure that I can never, never hate you."

Was it any consolation to him? It was a pain so exquisite at the moment, that he could not have answered the question to himself. They strolled together along the grassy walk of the garden, he wondering what words from his lips or hers would next stir the quiet air which seemed listening to them. The convent-bell rang for vespers, and a little babble of women's voices in the convent-garden followed it.

"Hester," he said, dropping his voice to a whisper, "I will make myself worthy of the love that might have been. Give me but one token of that old, childish love of yours."

"What token can I give you?" she asked, her clear eyes meeting his, frankly.

"This ring," he answered, "which you have so often slipped on to your own finger, let me put it on your hand now, and wear it for the sake of what might have been. Nay, I do not wish to trouble or frighten you, my darling. Do not turn away from me."

"I am not afraid of you," she answered, giving him her hand, which he held in his own for a moment or two, as he tried the ring upon her fingers, wondering all the while if it could be true that he was shut in there, in the small, sunny, silent garden, with no one near to him but Hester, and yet that for his very life he dare not press to his lips the small hand on which he left his ring. Hester was looking at him, not at it.

"Now," he said, pushing back his disordered hair from his burning forehead, "let me tell you all that I have to say to you. Sit down here beside me, for I have very much to say."

She sat down at his side on a bank of turf under one of the walls, and he told her all that had befallen him from the moment when Lawson's mother summoned him and Grant to the help of Rose. He spoke very mournfully of his little child.

"I am very sorry for you," sobbed Hester,

laying her hand, upon which glistened his ring, on his arm.

"I must go home to-morrow," he said; "and you, Hester, when shall you come?"

"I don't know," she answered; "my father and I have talked about it these three days, but he cannot resolve to return to the old life. You see how changed he is? How could he go back to his gloomy work, which is no real work at all, but a dreary idleness? Yet we must go back some time."

"You wish to come home," he said.

"Oh, with all my heart!" cried Hester, clasping her hands with girlish earnestness.

"Hester," he said, "I am much older than you. You may speak to me as you would speak to my father, or yours. Do you love Carl Bramwell?"

"Yes," she whispered, her face flushing into a deep crimson.

"God bless you both!" said Robert, after a moment's pause. "You will be very happy. Yes, you must come home again, and it must be soon. Leave it to me, Hester. Do not be troubled by your father staying here a while longer."

He loitered yet a few minutes, with Hester beside him, but neither of them said many words. Then she trod step by step with him down the soft grassy walk and through the house, standing at the door to look after him as he went his lonely way down the street. He turned to see her, and lifted his hat to her, with a forced smile which she was too far off to catch.

"It is very hard upon me!" he said to himself, with a groan.

John Morley had desired to be alone, that he might confront a thought which had been haunting him ever since he had learned that Rose was not dead. His mind was no longer warped and blinded. With the vigor which had returned to his frame, there had come a clearness of judgment to his reason. Yet the sudden news that Rose lived had probed the old wound to its depths. As long as he had believed her dead his pardon of her transgression against him had been simple. Now a serious complication came into it. She was alive, and dwelling in the home she had forsaken—the home to which he must soon return.

His duty to Hester required that he should not keep her in this exile, to which she resigned herself through devotion to him. That his daughter loved Carl was apparent to him, and he had but little doubt that Carl loved her. Even if Robert Waldron did not disclose the secret of their hiding-place, which need be kept as a secret no longer, it was his duty to return to his own town, and appear again among his townsmen.

But Rose was there! And there too was the dreary life which had fallen from him suddenly as a burden loosened from his weary shoulders. Must he stoop to pick it up again? Must he keep Rose in his house and upon his hearth? He could not do that. He felt that though he might forgive her—though he did forgive her with all his heart—though there was still in the depths of his nature a profound passion for his young wife who had been unfaithful to him, he could never suffer her again to be to him what Hester's mother had been. There was an awful sadness in this. Rose dead had not been to him the terrible grief which Rose living would be. If he returned, he must look upon her fair face again, listen to her sweet voice, be shaken like a reed before her, yet put her away inexorably, against all tears, all pleadings, all contrition.

He could not ask Hester what he must do. How could his daughter understand this? There was no alternative offered to him, except the selfish one of staying where he was in this pleasant retreat. But that would be unjust to Hester, whose home sickness was known to him. A sharp conflict, quickly ended, was fought in his spirit. When he returned to the house of the widow Limet, he told Hester that they would start for England in a few days.

(To be continued.)

THE CHRISTIAN ALMANAC FOR 1885.

JANUARY.

1 Tu From this day will I bless you. Hag. 2: 19.
2 F For Thy name's sake lead me. Ps. 31: 3.
3 S All things are yours. 1 Cor. 3: 21.
4 W The Lord will be with you. Ps. 148: 1.
5 M By faith ye stand. 2 Cor. 1: 21.
6 Tu A new heart will I give you. Ezek. 18: 31.
7 W Salvation is of the Lord. John 2: 9.
8 F His God doth teach him. Isa. 28: 26.
9 M The meek will He guide in judgment. Ps. 25: 10.
10 S Ask, and it shall be given you. Mat. 7: 7.
11 Tu I will not, that ye be not judged. Mat. 7: 1.
12 F He keeps the feet of His saints. 1 Sam. 22: 40.
13 Tu I give unto them eternal life. John 10: 28.
14 W He gives His beloved sleep. Ps. 127: 2.
15 M Peace I leave with you. John 14: 27.
16 F Before they call I will answer. Isa. 65: 24.
17 S Strengthened with all might. Col. 1: 11.
18 Tu The patient waiting for Christ. 2 Thes. 3: 5.
19 M Occupy till I come. Luke 19: 13.
20 Tu Be not weary in well doing. Gal. 6: 9.
21 W Whatever he doth shall prosper. Ps. 17: 35.
22 F My cup runneth over. Ps. 23: 5.
23 S Faithful is He that calleth you. 1 Thes. 5: 9.
24 W Rejoice before the Lord. Deut. 12: 12.
25 M To me to live is Christ. Phil. 1: 21.
26 F No good thing will He withhold. Ps. 84: 21.
27 Tu Who gave Himself a ransom. 1 Tim. 2: 6.
28 W I have heard his voice. Ps. 138: 1.
29 M Follow after righteousness. 1 Cor. 14: 21.
30 F Be Thou my strong rock. Ps. 31: 2.
31 S Believe on the Lord Jesus. Acts 16: 31.

MAY.

1 F Be strong in the Lord. Eph. 6: 10.
2 S To love. 1 Cor. 13: 1.
3 M Turn ye unto Me. Ps. 25: 16.
4 Tu The Lamb's Book of Life. Rev. 21: 27.
5 W The fear of the Lord is life. Prov. 19: 23.
6 F I shall be whiter than snow. Ps. 51: 7.
7 M Justified freely by grace. Rom. 3: 24.
8 Tu Follow me. Mat. 16: 24.
9 W Let the world say. John 15: 20.
10 S Search the Scriptures. John 5: 39.
11 Tu Consider your ways. Hag. 1: 5.
12 F Be faithful unto death. Rev. 2: 10.
13 W Take heed how ye hear. Luke 8: 18.
14 M Joint heirs with Christ. Rom. 8: 17.
15 S Who can be against us? Rom. 8: 31.
16 Tu Without me ye can do nothing. John 15: 5.
17 W Watch and pray. Matt. 26: 14.
18 F I have chosen thee. Isa. 43: 10.
19 M He shall call them by their surnames. 1 Cor. 13: 12.
20 W Ask, and it shall be given you. Mat. 7: 7.
21 Tu He will not fail thee. Deut. 31: 6.
22 F I will come to you. John 14: 18.
23 M I have overcome the world. John 16: 33.
24 S **White-Sunday.** I have prayed for thee. Matt. 6: 7.
25 Tu A few things against thee. Rev. 2: 14.
26 W Undertake for me. Isa. 38: 14.
27 F Hosanna in the highest! Mark 11: 9.
28 Tu O Lord, I am oppressed. Isa. 38: 14.
29 W Give me peace I give unto you. John 14: 27.
30 F **Decorated Day.**
31 S With His stripes. Isa. 53: 3.

SEPTEMBER.

1 Tu Jesus only. John 17: 8.
2 W Looking unto Jesus. Heb. 12: 2.
3 F He came to Himself. Luke 15: 17.
4 M Let no man seek his own. 1 Cor. 10: 24.
5 S Be ye steadfast. 1 Cor. 15: 58.
6 Tu For Thy name's sake. 1 Kings 8: 47.
7 W He cometh with clouds. Rev. 1: 7.
8 M Stand fast in the faith. 1 Cor. 16: 13.
9 F Waiting for Christ. 2 Thes. 3: 5.
10 Tu Grace I leave unto you. 1 Cor. 13: 13.
11 W Be not weary in well doing. Gal. 6: 9.
12 S The comfort of the Holy Ghost. Acts 13: 31.
13 Tu The good fight of faith. 1 Tim. 6: 12.
14 F I have overcome the world. John 16: 33.
15 M Who gave Himself for me. Gal. 2: 20.
16 W Gave Himself a ransom for all. 1 Tim. 2: 6.
17 S I have heard his voice. Ps. 138: 1.
18 Tu It is good to sing praises. Ps. 147: 11.
19 F Watch thou in all things. 2 Tim. 4: 5.
20 W He shall glorify me. John 16: 14.
21 S O Lord, I have loved thee. Jer. 10: 24.
22 Tu Thy word is truth. John 17: 17.
23 F He is altogether lovely. Cant. 5: 16.
24 M He satisfied the desire of His soul. Rev. 17: 17.
25 W The Lord bless thee. Numbers 6: 24.
26 S The Rock that is higher than I. Ps. 61: 2.
27 Tu Teach me to do Thy will. Ps. 143: 10.
28 F O Lord, I have loved thee. Jer. 10: 24.
29 M Lay hold on eternal life. 1 Tim. 6: 12.
30 W Abide in Me, and I in you. John 15: 4.

ECLIPSES.

In the year 1885 there will be four Eclipses, two of the Sun, and two of the Moon.
I. An Annular Eclipse of the Sun, on March 16, visible as a Partial Eclipse over the United States generally, and as an Annular Eclipse from Hudson Bay to Cape Horn, in a northeasterly direction, to Hudson Bay in latitude 75 degrees.
II. A Partial Eclipse of the Moon, March 30, invisible in the United States.
III. A Total Eclipse of the Sun, September 8, invisible in the United States; visible in the southern part of South America, and in a part of Australia.
IV. A Partial Eclipse of the Moon, September 23 and 24, visible generally in the United States, local astronomical mean.

FEBRUARY.

1 S Behold the Lamb of God. John 1: 29.
2 M We shall see Him as He is. 1 John 3: 2.
3 Tu Ye were the servants of sin. Rom. 6: 17.
4 W The darkness is past. 1 John 2: 8.
5 F Christ died for the ungodly. Rom. 5: 6.
6 Tu Wait on thy God. Hos. 12: 6.
7 W Put on the armor of light. Rom. 13: 12.
8 M My soul thirsteth for God. Ps. 42: 2.
9 F The Lord reigneth. 1 Chr. 16: 31.
10 Tu He giveth power to the faint. Isa. 40: 29.
11 W Watch and pray. Matt. 26: 41.
12 F Return unto the Lord. Isa. 55: 7.
13 Tu In the Lord put I my trust. Ps. 11: 1.
14 W Ye are the body of Christ. 1 Cor. 12: 27.
15 M Not slothful in business. Rom. 12: 11.
16 F Ye must be born again. John 3: 7.
17 S Ye are Christ's. 1 Cor. 3: 23.
18 Tu Thou maintainest my lot. Ps. 16: 5.
19 M Ye shall have tribulation. John 16: 33.
20 Tu I am the door of the sheep. John 10: 7.
21 W It is better to seek the Lord. Ps. 101: 12.
22 F **George Washington's Birthday.**
23 M Teach me Thy paths. Ps. 25: 4.
24 Tu Trust in the Lord. Ps. 37: 3.
25 W I will help thee. Isa. 47: 10.
26 F I am with thee. Gen. 26: 24.
27 S Fear thou not. Isa. 41: 10.
28 Tu Do all to the glory of God. 1 Cor. 10: 31.

JUNE.

1 M Him whom they pierced. John 19: 37.
2 Tu The Eternal God is thy refuge. Deut. 33: 27.
3 W The Lord is my rock. 2 Sam. 22: 32.
4 F This Jesus hath God raised up. Acts 2: 32.
5 M The fear of the Lord. Prov. 1: 7.
6 Tu The beginning of wisdom. Ps. 111: 10.
7 W Spare Thy people. Luke 2: 27.
8 F The word of God. John 8: 21.
9 M He that shall live. Heb. 10: 37.
10 Tu His way is perfect. 2 Sam. 22: 31.
11 W No Saviour beside Me. Hos. 13: 4.
12 F The God of my salvation. Ps. 117: 5.
13 M I lay down My life. John 10: 17.
14 Tu I delight in Thy law. Ps. 119: 70.
15 W He instructed him. Deut. 32: 10.
16 F As thy days, thy strength. Deut. 33: 25.
17 M In Me is thy help. Hos. 13: 9.
18 Tu Yet learned He obedience. Heb. 5: 8.
19 W He finished his work. 1 Sam. 26: 23.
20 F A better country. Heb. 11: 16.
21 M The Lord is great. Ps. 96: 4.
22 Tu Wait on the Lord. Heb. 12: 6.
23 W God is my strength. Hab. 3: 19.
24 F Him shall ye hear. Acts 3: 22.
25 M I am He that comforteth you. Isa. 51: 12.
26 Tu Who giveth us richly. 1 Tim. 6: 17.
27 W Let us return unto the Lord. Hosea 6: 1.
28 F Thy gentleness. 2 Sam. 22: 36.
29 M Thou hast received sinners. Luke 15: 14.
30 Tu The Lord is very pitiful. Jas. 5: 11.

OCTOBER.

1 F Continue ye in My love. John 15: 9.
2 Tu He knoweth thy walking. Deut. 4: 27.
3 W The beauty of holiness. 2 Chr. 20: 21.
4 M Thy sheep hear My voice. John 10: 27.
5 S My God helpeth thee. 1 Chr. 12: 18.
6 Tu Holy, holy, holy is the Lord. Isa. 6: 3.
7 W Let us adore thee. Rev. 4: 11.
8 F What He hath done for my soul. Ps. 66: 6.
9 M Slow to wrath. James 1: 19.
10 Tu Keep the commandments. 1 John 2: 3.
11 W Ponder the path of thy feet. Prov. 4: 26.
12 F Thy Salvation, O Lord. Gen. 49: 18.
13 M Remember the Sabbath day. Exod. 20: 8.
14 Tu We are a shield. Prov. 30: 23.
15 W Hear my prayer, O Lord! Ps. 39: 12.
16 F He hath dealt bountifully. Ps. 136: 6.
17 M He hath chosen us in Him. Ps. 101: 17.
18 Tu I cried unto Thee. Ps. 130: 1.
19 W Thou hast healed me. Ps. 30: 2.
20 F Under the law. Rom. 6: 14.
21 M Under Grace. Rom. 6: 15.
22 Tu So great a God as our God. Ps. 77: 13.
23 F Ask what I shall give thee. 1 Kings 3: 6.
24 W He that winneth souls is wise. Prov. 11: 30.
25 M All my desire is before Thee. Ps. 38: 9.
26 Tu Remove thy feet from evil. Prov. 4: 27.
27 F The Lord is our refuge. Ps. 33: 22.
28 M I am with you. Ps. 48: 20.
29 S Bure your sin will find you out. Num. 32: 23.
30 Tu God is not mocked. Gal. 6: 7.
31 S Give us help from trouble. Ps. 60: 11.

MORNING STARS.

Mercury, from January 3 to March 13, and from April 27 to June 1, and from September 2 to October 16, and from December 11 to the end of the year.
Venus, until April 27.
Evening Stars.
Mercury, from March 13 to April 27, and from June 27 to September 2, and from October 16 to December 11.
Venus, from April 27 to the end of the year.
Mars, Jupiter, and Saturn.

MARCH.

1 S Charity suffereth long. 1 Cor. 13: 4.
2 M Wilt thou be made whole? John 5: 6.
3 Tu The Lord will give grace and glory. Ps. 84: 5.
4 W Hear me when I call, O God. Ps. 4: 1.
5 F Thine speak evil of no man. Titus 3: 2.
6 Tu The very God of peace sanctify you. 1 Thes. 5: 23.
7 W Put on the armor of God. Eph. 6: 11.
8 M I will greatly rejoice in the Lord. Isa. 61: 1.
9 F Search the Scriptures. John 5: 39.
10 Tu Rejoice evermore. 1 Thes. 5: 16.
11 W My words shall not pass away. Luke 21: 32.
12 F In I, I am not afraid. Matt. 14: 27.
13 Tu His truth shall be thy shield. Ps. 91: 4.
14 W I stand at the door and knock. Rev. 3: 20.
15 M The Lord will provide. Gen. 22: 14.
16 F Be swift to hear, slow to speak. Jas. 1: 19.
17 S Gather up the fragments. Matt. 9: 12.
18 M Come unto Me, all ye that labor. Matt. 11: 28.
19 F Ye serve the Lord Christ. Col. 3: 24.
20 Tu Lord, to whom shall we go? John 6: 28.
21 W Enoch walked with God. Gen. 5: 22.
22 F Love one another. 1 John 3: 11.
23 M Be clothed with humility. 1 Peter 5: 5.
24 Tu Gather up the fragments. Matt. 9: 12.
25 S Ye serve the Lord Christ. Col. 3: 24.
26 M Lord, to whom shall we go? John 6: 28.
27 W Enoch walked with God. Gen. 5: 22.
28 F Quit you like men, be strong. 1 Cor. 16: 13.
29 Tu Be sober and watch unto prayer. 1 Pet. 4: 7.
30 W Awake to righteousness and sin not. 1 Cor. 15: 5.
31 S The Lord is our shield. Ps. 33: 20.
32 M I am the Good Shepherd. John 10: 11.
33 Tu The blood of Jesus cleanses us from all sin.

JULY.

1 W I will give thee rest. Ex. 33: 14.
2 Tu They shall call on My name. Zach. 13: 9.
3 F The full assurance of hope. Heb. 6: 11.
4 M Independence Day.
5 W The kingdom of God. Isa. 42: 6.
6 S Judge not, that ye be not judged. Mat. 7: 1.
7 Tu Let my heart be sound. Ps. 119: 80.
8 F He redeemed them. Ps. 106: 10.
9 M Enter in at the strait gate. Matt. 7: 13.
10 Tu I pray without ceasing. 1 Thes. 5: 17.
11 W I am the Lord: I change not. Mal. 3: 5.
12 F The kingdom of God. Isa. 42: 6.
13 M Salvation is of the Lord. John 1: 9.
14 Tu The day of the Lord cometh. Joel 2: 1.
15 W My times are in thy hand. Ps. 31: 15.
16 F Have mercy on me. Ps. 4: 1.
17 M Show me now Thy way. Ex. 33: 13.
18 S Because I live, ye shall live also. John 14: 19.
19 Tu I have finished my work. 1 Sam. 26: 23.
20 F Before they call, I will answer. Isa. 65: 24.
21 M The Hope of His people. John 3: 16.
22 Tu The God of my salvation. Ps. 45: 5.
23 W The Lord your God. Deut. 10: 17.
24 F Look unto Me and be saved. Isa. 45: 22.
25 M In everything give thanks. 1 Thes. 5: 18.
26 Tu Freely ye have received. Matt. 10: 8.
27 W Freely give. Matt. 10: 8.
28 M The Lord hath need of him. Matt. 21: 8.
29 F This is not your rest. Matt. 11: 28.
30 Tu Show me Thy ways, O Lord. Ps. 25: 4.
31 S Walk circumspectly. Eph. 5: 15.

NOVEMBER.

1 S The hope of righteousness. Gal. 5: 5.
2 M Hope of the glory of God. Rom. 5: 2.
3 Tu Be strong in the Lord. Eph. 6: 10.
4 W Support the weak. 1 Thes. 5: 14.
5 F Be ye all of one mind. 1 Pet. 3: 8.
6 Tu I saw no temple therein. Rev. 21: 22.
7 W This is my beloved Son. Matt. 3: 17.
8 M He giveth power to the faint. Isa. 40: 29.
9 F He increaseth strength. Isa. 40: 29.
10 Tu Keep the commandments. 1 John 2: 3.
11 W He hath borne our griefs. Isa. 53: 4.
12 F He shall direct thy paths. Prov. 3: 6.
13 M God is able to make him stand. Rom. 14: 4.
14 Tu He hath chosen us in Him. Ps. 101: 17.
15 W He giveth more grace. James 4: 6.
16 F Ask in faith. James 1: 6.
17 M He ever liveth. 1 John 1: 9.
18 Tu He hath done all things well. Mark 7: 37.
19 W He delighted in mercy. Micah 7: 17.
20 F Baptized with the Holy Ghost. Acts 1: 5.
21 M He shall stand by you. 1 Cor. 15: 58.
22 Tu Thou standest by faith. Rom. 11: 20.
23 W We are not of yesterday. Job. 8: 9.
24 F Labor to enter in at the strait door. Luke 13: 24.
25 M The day is at hand. Rom. 13: 12.
26 Tu **Thanksgiving Day.**
27 F Not ashamed of the Gospel. Rom. 1: 16.
28 M It is the power of our God. 1 Cor. 1: 16.
29 S The day is Thine. Ps. 74: 16.
30 Tu The night also is Thine. Ps. 74: 16.
31 S

APRIL.

1 W If ye love Me keep my commandments. John 14: 15.
2 F Peace be unto you. John 20: 26.
3 Tu **Good Friday.** He died for us.
4 W Thy faith hath saved thee. Luke 7: 50.
5 S **Easter-Day.** He is risen.
6 M There is no fear in love. 1 John 4: 18.
7 Tu Thy faith hath saved thee. Luke 7: 50.
8 F I believe, help Thou mine unbelief.
9 M He first loved us. 1 John 4: 19.
10 Tu Cast by the power of God thro' faith. 1 Pet. 1: 12.
11 W Now are we saved by His blood. 1 Pet. 1: 12.
12 F Lay aside every weight. Heb. 12: 1.
13 Tu My love is better than mine. Cant. 1: 4.
14 W Follow thou Me. John 21: 22.
15 M Notes I will, but as Thou wilt. Mat. 14: 36.
16 F The Lord made it to prosper. Gen. 29: 24.
17 S Thou art my helper and deliverer. Ps. 20: 1.
18 M Keep thy soul diligently. Deut. 4: 9.
19 F In due season we shall reap. Gal. 6: 9.
20 Tu Just and true are Thy ways. Rev. 15: 3.
21 W Not rendering evil for evil. 1 Peter 3: 9.
22 F Unto Thee will I cry, O Lord, my Rock.
23 M The Lord is my Shepherd. Ps. 23.
24 Tu All ye that love the Lord. 1 John 2: 15.
25 S Quicken me, O Lord, for Thy name's sake.
26 F Teach me Thy statutes. Ps. 119: 12.
27 M My cup runneth over. Ps. 23: 5.
28 W Thou art my Father. 1 John 3: 1.
29 F He that calleth you. 1 Thes. 5: 25.
30 Tu Ask, and ye shall receive. John 16: 24.

AUGUST.

1 W We are bought with a price. 1 Cor. 6: 19.
2 F Order my steps in Thy Word. Ps. 119: 133.
3 M He shall sustain thee. Ps. 55: 22.
4 Tu Let Thine hand help me. Ps. 119: 173.
5 W Our sufficiency is of God. 1 Cor. 1: 21.
6 F Walk before Me, and be thou perfect.
7 S Draw nigh to God. Jas. 4: 8.
8 M He will draw nigh to you. Jas. 4: 8.
9 Tu Turn to the Lord, He will save you.
10 F Trust in Him at all times. Ps. 62: 8.
11 M God that giveth the increase. 1 Cor. 3: 7.
12 W Long to see His face. Luke 17: 5.
13 F Teach us to pray. Luke 11: 1.
14 Tu Fervent in spirit. Rom. 12: 11.
15 S Ye are not your own. 1 Cor. 6: 19.
16 M He that loveth Me, and ye shall live. Amos 4: 5.
17 F Born of God. 1 John 4: 7.
18 Tu Of Him are ye in Christ Jesus. 1 Cor. 1: 30.
19 W He shall be faithful to you. 1 Cor. 1: 30.
20 F My beloved is mine. Song 2: 16.
21 S Your sins are forgiven. 1 John 2: 12.
22 Tu Thy name's sake. 1 John 2: 12.
23 F Followers of God. Eph. 5: 1.
24 M Be patient toward all men. Thes. 5: 14.
25 Tu Thy light and Thy truth. Ps. 43: 3.
26 F Preserve thy heart. Christ.
27 M The coming of our Lord. 1 Cor. 1: 7.
28 F Swear not at all. Matt. 5: 34.
29 W Lay up treasures in heaven. Matt. 19: 21.
30 M I go unto the Father. John 14: 28.
31 S The God of Jacob. Ps. 20: 21.

DECEMBER.

1 Tu We have known the Father. 1 John 2: 13.
2 F I have called daily upon Thee. Ps. 88: 9.
3 M He knoweth their works. Job. 34: 25.
4 Tu Thy judgments are right. Ps. 119: 75.
5 S My Redeemer liveth. Job 19: 25.
6 M I can do all things through Christ. Phil. 4: 13.
7 W God knoweth their hearts. Luke 16: 15.
8 Tu Our Father, who art in heaven. Matt. 6: 9.
9 F Thou triest the heart. Jer. 17: 20.
10 M He knoweth the hearts. Jer. 17: 20.
11 W I know how to abound. Phil. 4: 12.
12 F Thy kingdom come. Matt. 6: 10.
13 S Thy will be done. Matt. 6: 10.
14 M He shall be faithful to you. 1 Cor. 1: 30.
15 Tu Abstain from fleshly lusts. 1 Peter 2: 11.
16 F Mine iniquity have I not hid. Ps. 32: 5.
17 W Christ shall be faithful to you. Ps. 61: 7.
18 M Faith without works is dead. James 2: 17.
19 S Love your enemies. Matthew 5: 44.
20 Tu Ye must be born again. John 3: 7.
21 W He shall be faithful to you. 1 Cor. 1: 30.
22 F The Lord was my stay. Ps. 135: 18.
23 M Do not your aiums before men. Cant. 6: 11.
24 W He shall be faithful to you. 1 Cor. 1: 30.
25 F **Christmas Day.**
26 S I was in the spirit on the Lord's day.
27 M Hold Thou me up and I shall be saved.
28 W My heart is as the heart of a child. Ps. 132: 1.
29 Tu Make me to know mine end. Ps. 39: 4.
30 W God and sin no more. John 8: 11.
31 F As a tale that is told. Ps. 90: 9.

RATES OF POSTAGE.

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A SONG OF CONSECRATION, FOR THE HAPPY NEW YEAR.

BY MRS. J. H. KNOWLES.

The bells of my heart are ringing,
Happy bells,
Ringing a shout of thanksgiving,
Ringing a psalm of praise;
Up to the skies doth the melody rise,
This happiest day of my days.

The bells of my heart are ringing,
Thankful bells,
For the Spirit reveals this truth to me,
That wholly unworthy though I may be,
A wonderful price has been paid for me,
And therefore, my Lord, I belong to thee.

The bells of my heart are ringing,
Grateful bells,
This is the song of their musical chime,
Lord, I am thine, entirely thine,
Thy name is written on all I call mine,
For all eternity and all I call mine.

Ring on, ring on, sweet spirit bells!
Blessed bells!
Ring on forever, and nevermore cease,
In my inmost being thy chimes of peace—
Ring joyful peals! for this day so blest,
Dawns on my soul her Sabbath of Rest.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

For the New Year.

THE COMMON SENSE HOUSEHOLD CALENDAR FOR 1885, by Marion Harland, appeals to every housekeeper. There have been now about 200,000 copies of the author's book on household and culinary matters sold, and this calendar contains on its daily leaflets information, advice and receipts, as good as any given in her "Common Sense in the Household," which has been used in more than 100,000 families.

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"THE DICTIONARY MAKER."

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On Sunday, December 14th, in the church of St. Clement Danes, London, a conspicuous object was a *violet velvet pall*, which completely covered one of the pews. If any of the congregation present did not understand its significance, the preacher's sermon enlightened them. The pall covered the pew in which, above a hundred years ago, the great scholar, Dr. Samuel Johnson, used to worship regularly, and the pall was placed there as a mark of respect to his memory, on the hundredth anniversary of his death. The preacher dwelt on some striking contrasts between the man whose memory was thus honored and philosophers of the present day, not very favorable to the latter. He commended him as a firm believer in Christianity in an age of unblushing scepticism; said that he attended the services of the old Church regularly, and was noted for his meek, quiet, devout behavior in the house of God; that his kindness to the poor led him to give away £1000 out of an income of not more than \$1500 a year, and that the closer his character was considered the more it must be regarded with admiration and reverence.

Another eminent man, referring to the celebrations which were taking place in honor of the day, drew a graphic picture of Dr. Johnson's character. He said: "He was thoroughly true, thoroughly heroic in all that relates to his family and the circle of his friends. The penance to which he subjected himself on account of the *one breach of filial duty* which he could recall, is a proof that his general performance of home duties was exemplary. It would be difficult to name a man of genius whose affections were more home-bred and sincere. If he had too much of the insular contraction of his countrymen, he possessed also that sense of the importance of morality which is a characteristic of the English race. Throughout all his books Johnson never palter with moral truth. Indeed, we do him less than justice if we do not recognize more in them than this negative merit—namely, a positive enthusiasm for all that is true, honest, lovely, and of good report. His books are sound, also, in respect of literary workmanship. But it is when we accompany him into his home that we see what he really was. A regular menagerie of queer human creatures, whose only claim upon him was that he alone would help them, there shared his bounty. Rough and gruff as he was, his heart was of heaven's finest gold."

Samuel Johnson was born in Lichfield on September 18th, 1709, and died on December 13th, 1784, in the seventy-fifth year of his age. His father was Michael Johnson, a bookseller and stationer, who was highly respected by the cathedral clergy, and for a time sufficiently prosperous to be a magistrate of the city, and, in the year of his son's birth, sheriff of the county.

Johnson very early began to manifest both his peculiar prejudices, and his peculiar powers. For many years he associated with his childish days a faint but solemn recollection of a lady in diamonds and long black hood. The lady was Queen Anne, to whom, in compliance with a superstition, prevalent then and for more than fifty years afterward, he had been taken by his mother to be

TOUCHED FOR THE KING'S EVIL.

This disease scarred his features and seriously impaired his sight.

He learned to read at the school of Dame Oliver, a widow, who thought him, as she well

might, the best scholar she had ever had. He then passed into the hands of one Tom Brown, who once published a spelling-book and dedicated it "to the Universe." He began to learn Latin, first with a Mr. Hawkins, and then with a Mr. Hunter, head master of Lichfield Grammar School—a petty tyrant, although a good scholar. At the age of fifteen he was transferred to Stourbridge School, and to the care of a Mr. Wentworth, who "taught him a great deal." There he remained a year, at the close of which he returned home, and for two years lived in his father's house in comparative idleness, loitering in the fields, and reading much, but without any plan or purpose.

In 1728, being flattered with some promises of aid from a Shropshire gentleman named Corbet,

HE WENT TO OXFORD UNIVERSITY,

and was entered as a commoner in Pembroke College. About this time the hypochondriac affection, which rendered Johnson's long life a long disease, began to manifest itself. In the vacation of 1729 he was seized with the darkest despondency, which he tried to alleviate by violent exercise and other means, but in vain. It continued to recur at frequent intervals till the close of his days.

While he was at Oxford he met with Law's "Serious Call," and the reading of this book produced the strongest religious impressions, which remained through life. When told in after years that he had been described as a "gay and frolicsome fellow," he replied, "Ah! sir, I was mad and violent." It was bitterness which they mistook for frolic. He had begun to feel the pressure of poverty. His father's affairs were getting into disorder. This fact rendered his stay at Oxford very difficult. It is related that

HIS SHOES WERE WORN TO TATTERS,

and his feet appeared through them, to the scandal of the Christ Church men, when he occasionally visited their college. A compassionate individual laid a new pair at his door, but he tossed them away as an insult. At last, his debts increasing, his supplies diminishing, and his father becoming bankrupt, he was compelled, much against his will, to leave college without a degree. In December, 1731, his father died.

Perhaps there was not now in Britain a person apparently more helpless and hopeless than this tall, half-blind, half-mad, and wholly miserable lad with ragged shoes, and no degree, left suddenly fatherless in Lichfield. But he had some warm friends in his native place who would not suffer him to starve outright. He had learning and genius, and he had, moreover, under much natural indolence and strengthening melancholy, an indomitable resolution, which needed only to be roused to make all obstacles melt before it. At first, however, nothing offered save the post of

USHER IN A SCHOOL.

at Market Bosworth, which he occupied long enough to learn to loathe the occupation, with all his heart and soul, but which he soon resigned, and was again idle.

He was invited next to spend some time with an old schoolfellow named Hector, practising as a surgeon in Birmingham. Here he became acquainted with a mercer, named Porter, who, with his wife, befriended young Johnson. The youth became deeply attached to them both, and when, three years later, Mr. Porter died Johnson married the widow. Her age at the time was forty-six, the bridegroom being not quite twenty-six. Johnson loved his wife devotedly during life, and clung to her memory during a widowhood of more than thirty years as fondly as if they had been hero and heroine of a romantic fiction.

In 1736 there appeared in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, to which Johnson afterward became a leading contributor, an advertisement as follows: "At Edial, near Lichfield, young gentlemen are boarded and taught the Latin and Greek languages by Samuel Johnson." It, as seems probable, Mrs. Johnson's fortune, worth £1000, supplied the money for the venture, it was lost

in the speculation. He obtained only three pupils, and at the end of a year and a half, annoyed alike with the duties of the office and with his want of success in their discharge, Johnson left for London, and reached it, with coins worth just seven cents in his pocket.

The principal habit of needy, struggling authors in London, in Johnson's age, was Grub Street.

THE ORIGINAL GRUB STREET.

It is said, first became associated with authorship during the increase of pamphlet literature, produced by the civil wars. Fox, the martyr, was one of its original inhabitants. In fact, it was a region of holes and corners, calculated to illustrate that great advantage of London life, which has been described as a place where a man could be always "close to his burrow." It was of this Grub Street that Johnson became an inmate, and here, until he became famous, he is described as "attired in threadbare clothing, and working at translations for various booksellers, seated behind a screen at the back of a bookseller's shop" (see *frontispiece*).

Johnson formed a resolution soon after he went to London, that, whatever might be his weekly engagements, his oppressive toils in literature, or his relaxations, he would go to

CHURCH EVERY SUNDAY,

in his own words, "that he might learn how to purify and fortify his soul and hold real communion with the Highest;" and St. Clement Danes was the church he attended, and where, fifty years later, he was seen at the age of seventy-five publicly returning thanks to God for his recovery from a long illness. His attendance there was as remarkable for its quiet modesty and humility as his frequent appearances among his friends were for the impression he gave as a rugged dogmatist.

In March, 1738, he began to contribute to the *Gentleman's Magazine*. Among the variety of his contributions, the most remarkable were his "Debates in the Senate of Lilliput,"* which it was unlawful to report, but which the members would carry away as much as they could remember, and Johnson would then clothe in the sonorous, powerful language of which he was a master. One day, at a dinner at Foote's, Francis (the father of "Junius") mentioned a speech of Pitt's as the best he had ever read, and superior to anything in Demosthenes. Hereupon, Johnson replied, "I wrote that speech in a garret in Exeter Street."

LITERARY BEGINNINGS.

In May of the same year appeared his noble imitation of Juvenal, entitled "London," which at once made him famous. After it had been rejected by several publishers, it was bought by Dodsley for ten guineas (\$52.50). It came out the same morning as Pope's great satire, entitled "1738," and excited a much greater sensation. The buzzing question ran, "What great unknown genius can this be?" It reached a second edition in a week. But though the author had become famous he continued poor, and tired almost to death of slaving for the booksellers, he applied, through the influence of Pope and Lord Gower, to procure a degree from Dublin that it might aid him in his application for a school at Appleby, in Leicestershire. In this, however, he failed, and had to persevere for many years more in the

ILL-PAID DRUDGERY

of authorship. In the year 1745 appeared the prospectus of his most laborious undertaking, the "English Dictionary." This continued his principal occupation for eight years. In 1749 he published his "Vanity of Human Wishes," for which magnificent composition he received the miserable sum of fifteen guineas (\$76.75). The next year he commenced the publication of his famous periodical, the *Rambler*, and carried it on with but small success till 1752. It is from this work that he is chiefly remembered as a great practical moralist. While he was writing it he never spent a single day of which he could

* The British Parliament.

said that he was entirely well and free from pain; and his spirits were often so depressed that he was more than once seen on his knees, praying God to preserve his understanding.

In 1755 Johnson visited Oxford, and was presented by acclamation with that degree of M.A. which he had left twenty-four years before without receiving; he also issued his "Dictionary," the work of eight long years, and for which he obtained the sum of \$7875; but as he drew this in small sums while the work was in progress, it was all spent before the book was printed, and Johnson was as poor as before. How poor that was may be inferred from the fact that he was

ARRESTED

shortly afterward for a debt of twenty-eight dollars. His friend Richardson kindly came to his rescue, and paid the debt. In 1758 he began the *Idler*, which reached the 103d number.

The following year his mother died at the age of ninety—an event which deeply affected him. Here is his last letter to her:

"DEAR, HONORED MOTHER: Neither your condition nor your character makes it fit for me to say much. You have been the best mother, and, I believe, the best woman in the world. I thank you for your indulgence to me, and beg forgiveness of all that I have done ill, and of all that I have omitted to do well. God grant you His Holy Spirit, and receive you to everlasting happiness, for Jesus Christ's sake, Amen. Lord Jesus receive your spirit. I am, dear, dear mother, your dutiful son,

"SAMUEL JOHNSON."

He managed to raise twelve guineas, six of them borrowed from his printer, to send to his dying mother. In order to gain money for her funeral expenses and some small debts, he wrote the brilliant story of "Rasselas."

A great change, however, was approaching in Johnson's circumstances. When George III. came to the throne in 1760, it struck some of his advisers that it would be well "to open a new and brighter prospect for men of literary merit." Consequently, in 1762, the Earl of Bute bestowed on Johnson a pension worth \$1500 per annum for life. In 1765 he was created LL.D. by Trinity College, Dublin. In 1767 he had an

INTERVIEW WITH THE KING

(see *frontispiece*). "I find," said Johnson, afterward, "that it does a man good to be talked to by his sovereign." The King asked whether he was writing anything, and our author excused himself by saying that he had told the world what he knew for the present, and had "done his part as a writer." "I should have thought so too," said the King, "if you had not written so well." "No man," said Johnson, "could have paid a higher compliment; and it was fit for a king to pay—it was decisive." When asked if he had replied, he said, "No, sir. When the King had said it, it was to be. It was not for me to bandy civilities with my sovereign."

Johnson was fond of a liberally-supplied table, and liked coarse, satisfying dishes; and in regard to wine he seems to have accepted the doctrine of the critic of a certain fluid professing to be port, who asked, "What more can you want? It is black, and it is thick, and it makes you drunk." He could, however, refrain, though he could not be moderate, and for all the latter part of his life, from 1766, he was a total abstainer. Nor, it should be added, does he ever appear to have sought for more than exhilaration from wine. His consumption of tea, however, was prodigious, and beyond all precedent. "A hardened and shameless teadrinker," Johnson called himself, who "with tea amuses the evenings, with tea solaces the midnight, and with tea welcomes the mornings." One of his tea-pots contained two quarts, and he professed to have consumed five and twenty cups at a sitting. Mrs. Thrale, a lady in whose house he lived in Southwark, complained of the fatigue of making tea for him, which he would sit and drink by the hour together (see *frontispiece*).

Among the number of Dr. Johnson's friends must be mentioned

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

He, like Johnson, had tasted the bitterness of an usher's life, and escaped into the scarcely more tolerable regions of Grub Street. After some years of trial he was becoming known to the booksellers as a serviceable hand, and had two works in his desk destined to lasting celebrity. His landlady, apparently in 1764, one day arrested him for debt. Johnson, summoned to his assistance, sent him a guinea (\$5.25), and speedily followed. The guinea had already been changed, and Goldsmith was consoling himself with a bottle of Madeira. Johnson corked the bottle (see *frontispiece*), and a discussion of ways and means brought out the manuscript of the now well-known "Vicar of Wakefield." Johnson looked into it, took it to a bookseller, got \$300 for it, and returned to Goldsmith, who paid his rent and administered a sound rating to his landlady. The great, uncouth doctor *delighted in performing deeds of kindness to others*. Often when going home at one or two in the morning, he saw poor children asleep on thresholds and stalls, the wretched "street Arabs" of that day, and he was fond of putting pennies into their hands that they might be able to buy something for their breakfast (see *frontispiece*). In 1773 he fulfilled a long-cherished purpose of visiting Scotland and the Hebrides, the story of which trip he told afterward in his usual rotund and massive style. Two years later the University of Oxford conferred on him the degree of LL.D.

Boswell, the biographer of Johnson, met the great man at the house of the publisher Strahan. Johnson was asking to see a country lad whom he had recommended to Strahan as an apprentice. He asked for five guineas on account, that he might give one to the boy. "If a man recommends a boy and does nothing for him, it is sad work." A "little, thick, short-legged boy" was accordingly brought into the courtyard, whither Johnson and Boswell descended, and the doctor, bending himself down, administered some good advice to the awestruck lad, with slow and sonorous solemnity, ending by the presentation of the guinea (see *frontispiece*).

PRAYER WITH THE DYING.

The following is a touching instance of Dr. Johnson's *piety and tenderness*. In his Diary he notes the fact that he took leave of his "dear old friend, Catherine Chambers," who had been for about forty-three years in the service of his family. "I desired all to withdraw," he says, "then told her that we were to part on earth, and, as Christians, we should part with prayer, and that I would, if she was willing, say a short prayer beside her. She expressed great desire to hear me, and held up her poor hands, as she lay in bed, with great fervor, while I prayed kneeling by her. She then told me that to part was the greatest pain that she had ever felt, and that she hoped we should meet again in heaven. I pressed, with great emotion of kindness, the same hopes. We parted—I humbly hope to meet again and part no more."

BENEVOLENCE.

Mrs. Thrale, in her reminiscences of Dr. Johnson, tells us that he loved the poor as she never saw any one else love them, with an earnest desire to make them happy; his charity was wonderful. She declares that of the \$1500 he received every year as a pension he gave away all but \$400, and sometimes he did not spend even so much as \$400 on himself. He had numerous dependants, abroad as well as at home. Several instances are given of his judicious charity. When, for example, a Benedictine monk, whom he had seen in Paris, in 1775, became a Protestant, Johnson supported him for some months in London till he could get a living. Once coming home late at night, he found a poor woman lying in the street. He carried her to his house on his back, and found that she was reduced to the lowest stage of want and disease. He took care of her until she was restored to health.

A SINGULAR PENANCE.

Once while he was staying at Lichfield, where a few old friends survived, he was missed one morning at breakfast, and did not return till supper time, when he told how his time had been passed. On that day fifty years before, his father, confined by illness, had begged him to take his place to sell books at a stall in Uttoxeter. Pride made him refuse. "To do away with the sin of this disobedience I, this day, went in a post-chaise to Uttoxeter, and going into the market at the time of high business uncovered my head and stood with it bare for an hour before the stall which my father had formerly used, exposed to the sneers of the standers-by and the inclemency of the weather; a penance for my boyish contumacy of my father" (see *frontispiece*).

In 1783 he had a stroke of palsy, which deprived him for a time of speech. That returned to him, however, but a complication of complaints, including asthma, sciatica, and dropsy, undermined his frame. Death had all along been a great object of dread, and its fast approacher was regarded with terror. "Cut deeper!" he cried to the physicians who were operating on his limbs, "Cut deeper! I don't care for pain, but I fear death." He fixed all his dying hope upon the cross, and, at last, on December 13th, 1783, this great man, whose fears had now subsided, and who had become as a little child, fell asleep in Jesus. He was interred in Westminster Abbey on December 20th, and his funeral was attended by the most distinguished men of the day.

The Natives of British India are Taking a significant method of displaying their dislike of British rule. They are feting the English viceroy, the Marquis of Ripon, whose policy the English Government does not approve. On November 30th two monster meetings of natives were held in Bombay—one at the town hall, and an overflow meeting outside, attended by twenty thousand persons—at which resolutions were adopted to present an address to the Marquis of Ripon, and sixty thousand rupees (\$30,000) were subscribed on the spot to found an industrial institution as a memorial to the Marquis. The speakers warmly praised his moral elevation, practical good sense, and statesmanship. No white man in India ever before had an ovation approaching this one in magnificence or fervor, all of which may well arouse English suspicions of Indian loyalty. There is a report that Lord Ripon will succeed Earl Spencer as Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, and already there is heard a vigorous protest on the ground that Lord Ripon is a Roman Catholic. The law prohibits the appointment of a Roman Catholic to the Lord Lieutenancy of Ireland, so that it will be necessary to repeal the law.

The Impudence of Liquor Dealers in Europe has been illustrated in a singularly marked manner. The Lord High Chancellor appoints the judges in England instead of their being, as with us, elected by the people. The chairman of a brewers' association has written to the newspapers complaining of the Lord Chancellor's action in appointing to a vacancy in the magistracy of Lincoln a gentleman who holds pronounced views on the question of total abstinence. This apologist for the traffic thinks that on the question of licenses such a magistrature is incapable of acting impartially, and, therefore, it is unjust to the interests of his class for such an appointment to be made. The complainant seems wholly oblivious of the fact that drinking customs have long had a monopoly of protection, and undue representation in the magistracy, and that in granting or refusing to grant new licenses, which is an important part of their duties, they, being interested parties, are not likely to be impartial. Another difficulty which must render the position of a liquor dealer acting as a judge somewhat delicate, is that a prisoner might plead that the beer manufactured by his judge was the cause of his crime.

ACCELERATION.

Dr. Talmage's Sermon, Preached Last Sunday Morning, January 4, 1885.

"I have neither brought my sword nor my weapons with me, because the king's business required haste."
—1 SAM. 21: 8.

Every one on King's Business—A Universal Need—God's Leisurely Work—Christ the King—His Palace—His Army and Navy—His Business—Important and Urgent—A Curious Swiss Custom—A Reaper with only One Sheaf—Fatal Deliberation—A Ruinous Fall for Adjournments—Facilities may Fail—Why Pythagoras Tied his Hair—Remorse in an Asylum—God's Patience may be Exhausted—Earthly Stay is Uncertain—Dr. Schenck's Death—The Dead Line Final—Aaron Burr's Opportunity—The Fatal Opalette.

The cradle of 1885 rocked on the grave of 1884. All intelligent people, whether Christian or unchristian, thoughtful about the closing of one volume of time and the opening of another. The striking of a clock is always suggestive, but the most tremendous stroke of the clock is on the night of the 31st of December, striking twelve. All of us reminded of the fact that we ought to swifter our pace. Acceleration.

In my text David comes before Abimelech without sword or food, and he apologizes for his unseemly appearance by the fact that he is on imperial and

URGENT BUSINESS,

and has had no time properly to equip or accoutre himself. "I have neither brought my sword nor my weapons with me, because the King's business required haste." My friends, we are all on some part of the King's business, and our great need is to have our step accelerated.

God seems to be a Being of infinite leisure. He takes sometimes twenty-five hundred years to do one thing, although He took only six days to put the finishing touch on this world in order to make it habitable for the human race; yet geologists tell us that millions of years passed between the laying of

THE WORLD'S CORNER-STONE

and its final completion. And all that unimaginable reach of time to do that which He might have done in three months or three minutes! The fact is, that God has plenty of time. Eternity behind Him, and eternity before Him. No haste, no flurry, no precipitation. But we are so short lived, and the years so soon get away, that what we do we must do in shortest time and in quickest way. Acceleration. "The King's business required haste." And while at this juncture I speak to you, it seems as if the past hovered. One of the ministers of a former century said that when he stood in the pulpit it seemed as if the spirits of other worlds were hovering about the altar rails; and standing here at this crisis of the years, it seems to me as if all the past years hovered over us, and as though along all these walls we might see the faces of the past—a great picture gallery of souls. And so with earnestness I present the thought of the text when I say that "the King's business requires haste."

CHRIST IS OUR KING.

King of Zion, King of glory, King of earth, King of heaven. He is a King that always lives. Where is Louis XIV.? Dead. Where is Richard III.? Dead. Where is Henry VIII.? Dead. Where is Peter the Great? Dead. There is a whole sheaf of sceptres at the door of the tomb. Death is an old monarch, and his palace is a sepulchre, and the kings of the earth are his cupbearers; and the old blind monarch, walking around in the palace of sepulchres, ever and anon stumbles over a newly-fallen coronet. Charlemagne after death was set on a throne, and a crown was put upon his pulseless temples and a sceptre was put in his lifeless hand; but these things did not bring back his kingdom. But our King always lives. He lived before the world was made. He will live after the world is buried up. King immortal!

France has had a great deal of pride in the

number of her palaces—St. Cloud, Versailles, Tuileries, Palais Royal, Luxembourg; but our King has the whole earth for

HIS PALACE.

The mountains the picture gallery. The sun the chandelier. The midnight heavens its candle-lab. The forests its illimitable park. All the upholstery of the sunrise and the sunset the tapestry of its windows. The storms the lightning-hoofed couriers dashing up and down the sky. The flowers of the field its conservatory. The fish of the sea its aquarium. The splendors of land and sea and sky its wardrobe. The birds of a spring morning its orchestra. But better than all, the souls of His children on earth and the souls of His saints in heaven are the palace in which He loves to dwell. King universal. Ay, our King has, like other kings,

HIS ARMY

and His navy. The tempests, as when they whelmed the Spanish armada. The volcanoes, as when they buried infamous Herculaneum. The fires, as when they struck Sodom into conflagration. The rocks, as when they crashed their terrors about the crucifixion. David counted the artillery as they came rolling down the sky, and he said: "The chariots of God are twenty thousand." Elisha's servant caught a glimpse of them amid the mountains, and they were a cavalcade of flame. Cherubim on His side. Seraphim on His side. Archangel on His side. King omnipotent!

Yes, our King is merciful. The Sultan of Turkey arranged that whenever he rode out on horseback his subjects might come up to him and tell their sorrows and tell their wrongs; and when the Sultan rode the crowd came up, and after a while his progress was impossible. But more merciful is our King, for at any hour of the day or night we may come up to Him and tell all our wants and all our sorrows and get relief. To come to other courts we must have a court dress rightly cut and rightly adorned; but to come into the presence, into the court of our King, we need no such preparation, and the beggar may come with his rags, and the prodigal from the filth of the swine-trough, and be without introduction immediately ushered. Merciful King! Pardon King! Sympathetic King! Oh, Jesus, live forever!

It is on the business of such a King you and I have come. That is

THE KING'S BUSINESS

which calls us here. All other business compared with it is the sport of a holiday. If a man go into a business operation and he lose \$100,000, and his house go down, and his estate perish, and this defalcation takes down another and another and another, until the whole land quails under the panic, the disaster is not so great as the ruin of that man who bankrupts his own soul, and the example takes down another and another and another, until all worlds feel the defalcation. William the Conqueror had forty-six churches torn down and swept away in order that he might have his park for game enlarged. There are men now who sweep away all their spiritual interests in order that they may enlarge their amusements and enlarge their worldly gains, but the day of eternity will reveal that the most important business on earth and the most important business in heaven is the King's business.

But, my friends, this business of the King is not only important, it is

URGENT.

In other words, if not attended to right away, it may never be attended to at all. There are those, for instance, who propose—Christian people who propose—that after a while they will be consecrated, after a while they will be diligent students of the Scriptures, after a while they will be importunate in prayer. Oh, what good Christians you and I mean to be after a while! Meanwhile our day of grace is going. Meanwhile our opportunities are going. Out with your Bibles and begin to read! Down on your knees and begin to pray! The business of the store, the office, the shop, the street, is interfer-

ing with the King's business. Up, man, the King's business requires haste—haste!

In Berne, Switzerland, it was the custom for many years to have the clocks one hour ahead of the real time, and it came from this fact: many years before an army had besieged the city, and they had the stratagem that when the cathedral of that city struck twelve all the forces from all sides should advance. And so they waited for the hour to come. After a while the cathedral tower by mistake struck one instead of twelve, and the surrounding enemy thought they had lost their opportunity, they were an hour short the time. They felt it too late to start, they gave up the stratagem, and the city was saved. And then by public decree, and for many years, in remembrance of that deliverance, all the clocks of the city were kept one hour ahead of time, and they struck one when it was twelve, and they struck twelve when it was eleven. Oh, Christian men and women, set your clocks on, set your clocks on! Better come too early than come too late. "The King's business requires haste—haste!"

In the great day of eternity what will be the position of that Christian man who comes up to the gate, and he has

ONLY ONE SHEAF

when he has spent his entire life in a golden harvest field? There is a work of comfort to be done. Go to-day with the balsam of the Gospel. To-morrow will not do as well. Now, O Christian man, is your time. It is now or never in that particular case. Yesterday you met a man upon whose soul you might have wrought graciously. You said: "Not now; I'll meet him next week, I'll meet him next year, or I'll meet him next summer at the seashore, and that particular opportunity went away never to come back. To-morrow you will meet some one with whom you will have an opportunity of usefulness. You will say: 'I had better wait until the next time.' It may be at ten o'clock, it may be at twelve o'clock, it may be at three o'clock, it may be at six o'clock, and deciding not to do the work for God at that moment, you will never do it at all. "The King's business requires haste."

We have—I am speaking of Christian people now—we have a

FATAL DELIBERATION.

We sit in church wondering how the world is to be saved. We fold our hands in great and protracted thought. We really wonder how we and how the church of God had better go to work. Meanwhile we decide that after a while the millennium will start. If the millennium starts next year there will be six millions of people that it will not touch—six millions of people who will die this year. All the influence that you and I and Christian people have upon the six million people who will die this year, must be exerted within twelve months. The work with some of them must be within one month, within one week, within one day, within one hour. So that I feel flashing upon my soul this idea, that this opportunity never returns. We might attend together again in some other service, but it would not be just this opportunity. Then there are those to whom I come this morning to whom I will never come again. And this is the hour. I cannot say to-morrow, I cannot say to-night, I cannot say this afternoon.

NOW IS THE TIME.

Have you never heard that your neighbor was sick and afterward you said within yourself, "Now, that man has made no preparation for the eternal world, and we are good friends, and I must go over and talk to him about his soul?" But that day you were busy and could not go, you thought. The next day you were busy and could not go, and third day you went and you pulled the bell at the door, and the door was opened, and you said: "How is he to-day?" and the servant replied, "He is dead." "Oh," you say, "that can't be possible! How long has he been dead?" "Five minutes!" May God have mercy on that Christian man who comes five minutes too late.

But that is a very unfaithful sermon which has not something for all people present. I would never go to church, I would never enter any house of God if I did not think I could get help—help for my soul, help in the conflicts of life, help to get my sins conquered and my sins slain. And so I suppose we all feel here this morning, and I have been preaching up to this point exclusively to those who profess to be Christian; but if I could go through these aisles and through these galleries and ask you in a gentlemanly way, "What is your spiritual condition?" you would frankly, and in a gentlemanly way, answer, "I am not a Christian; although I regard these things, I am not yet a child of God." That would be your frank utterance. And so I could not let the opportunity, my brother, my sister, pass without speaking to you just as a brother talks to a brother—not perfunctorily, or as a man might formally preach because he is invested with authority, or because he has had Presbyterian hands upon his head, but as a brother talks to a brother. And I am your brother, and so I accost you, and I accost you with the interests of your soul.

Now, a case comes on in court, and sometimes the witnesses are not ready, and it is adjourned. The same case comes up again, and the plaintiff is not ready. The case is adjourned. The same case comes up again, and the defendant is not ready. The case is adjourned. The same case comes up again, and perhaps the judge is not ready. The case is adjourned, until after a while there is

A RUINOUS BILL

of costs to pay. Oh, how ruinous! And so, my brother, you have taken this case of the soul, your own soul, and you have adjourned it from youth to midlife, or you have adjourned it from health to sickness, or you have adjourned it from prosperity to adversity, until I fear there is going to be an infinite bill of costs to pay. Oh, deliberating, halting, procrastinating soul, "the King's business requires haste!"

Do you not realize—the thought sometimes comes upon me oppressively—that your mental FACULTIES MAY FAIL

after a while, before you had attended to the things that pertain to your soul's welfare? The ratio of ruined intellects in this country is increasing year by year. There is something in our climate that urges people to such extremes, and there is such a pressure upon our active business men, that sometimes mental disorders come and put an end to the man's prospects of repentance. He had plenty of time of illumined mental faculty to attend to the matter, but he procrastinated until his mental faculties fell from the throne. *Pythagoras* had such a morbid idea about the importance of studying philosophy, that he with a string tied the hair of his head to a beam, so that if at any time he began to slumber and his head nodded, the pain would awaken him. So there are now men who have such a morbid idea that they must be busy and attend to this, and attend to that, and the other thing, and the strain is too great for them, and the most brilliant men of business, and the most brilliant men of professional life, are finding their intellects giving way.

Now, suppose that while a man has the opportunity of attending to the great work for which his mind was given him, suppose he neglects that, and suppose his mind perishes—what then? A slip, a fall, a sudden stroke on the head, some affliction for which you are not ready may destroy the intellect. And do you really think if your intellect perished that you would have no responsibility in the fact that for many years, with an unclouded mind, you rejected God? Among the vast populations in the asylum, or carefully guarded in private abode, there are those who for twenty, thirty, forty, fifty years expected to be Christians, but after a while mental disorders fell upon them, and though now they are not responsible, and though they should not be brought into account for anything they do while under mental eclipse, do you not really think they will be brought

into an account for the long years when they were not under mental eclipse? Oh, while you have your full reason, put it to the grandest use in weighing eternity against time! While you have your will, put it to the grandest use in coming to God. While you have your brilliant imagination, put it to the grandest use in bringing around you the realities of the eternal world. Do not let that brilliant torch go out until you find the road to heaven. "The King's business requires haste."

REMORSE IN AN ASYLUM.

In one of the asylums of Massachusetts there is a man who for many years was wrought upon by the Holy Spirit of God and refused to yield his soul to the divine service. His mental faculties failed after a while, and now, week after week, and month after month, and year after year, I am told, he says only one thing, and he says it day and night: "If I only had!"

Beside that, the text comes upon us with great force when we have the consideration that you all must admit, that after a while

GOD'S PATIENCE MIGHT BE EXHAUSTED.

It is indisputable that there are men in midlife, or in early life, or in old age who so aggravatingly reject the Gospel that God lets them alone. They slam the door of the soul in God's face, and tell Him to begone. Eternal affront is given, and in the book from which no erasures are made their name is recorded among the doomed. Let a man cross the line which separates God's mercy from His indignation—let a man cross that line one inch, and he is as badly off as though he had gone ten thousand furlongs beyond. Oh, before the door is shut, enter! Before the ship sails, get on board! "The King's business requires haste—haste!"

Beside that, my subject comes upon me with the greater force when I remember that our

EARTHLY STAY IS UNCERTAIN.

How I was thrilled when that little piece of paper (exhibiting a slip announcing the death of Rev. Dr. Schenck) was handed to me this morning, announcing the departure of one who only a little while ago had as much life and health as we have! We are all living on borrowed capital, and know not when it may be called in. There is no map of the great future into which we are travelling. No explorer has gone there and come back to tell us how it is. We feel our way along, knowing not when the lion may spring upon us from the jungle.

There are so many ways of getting out of life—by fall, by assassination, by overwork, by malaria, by insidious disease, by misplaced railroad switch, by rotten bridge, by fractious horse, by falling wall. Suddenly the curtain falls and the lights are put out, and we go so quickly. Our passage from this life to the next is quicker than I could drop my handkerchief from one hand to the next. The clock ticks one moment and we are here. The clock ticks the next moment and we are in eternity. And what if we die not prepared? Can there be any sorrow greater than that? Who can imagine the horror of that undoing? If I have had—for I make it a personal matter with myself—if I have had twenty, thirty, forty years of opportunity for repentance, and have not genuinely repented, what then? There can be no rectification of blunders beyond.

THE DEAD LINE.

There is no place in the grave to pray. The rider of the pale horse spurs on his steed, and we know not at what moment he may be pounding at the gate for admittance. "What thy hand findeth to do, do it with all thy might." "The King's business requires haste."

Do you know how near Aaron Burr came to being a Christian? While in Princeton College a revival of religion came, and Aaron Burr, powerfully wrought upon by his sense of sin, was about to fly to God for refuge and pardon, when he happened to meet one of those ministers of the Gospel who do not believe in revivals, and the minister said: "Oh, that is all fanaticism—that you get in the college there is all fanaticism!" And Aaron Burr shook off his

religious impressions, and went that dreadful path of ruin and licentiousness and abomination that has been conspicuous to all the years since, and is as infamous as anything in American history. Almost in the kingdom of God, but not quite. One little push in the wrong way sent him down. There is a sea-flower called

THE OPALETTE.

It is very beautiful, it is exquisite in color and shape, it is as beautiful as anything that ever bloomed, but it is poisonous, and the little fish comes and touches it, and struggles and dies. And then there are other petals to the flower that sweep around and take the fish down into the dead bosom. Oh, sin is beautiful sometimes—exquisitely beautiful! Oh, how attractive sin is, how it puts forth an exquisite bloom! But it is poisonous, and if it touches a soul, the soul is poisoned. And those petals of sin reach out after my soul, and reach out after your soul, and only this glorious net of the Gospel sweeping around can take us out and take us up. Hear you not the music drop from the throne? "Come unto me all ye who are weary and heavy laden, and I will give you rest." Oh, that is what we want! Rest, rest!

"Art thou weary, art thou languid, art thou sore distressed?"

Come to me, saith one, and coming be at rest.

If I ask Him to receive me, will He say me nay?

Not till earth and not till heaven pass away.

Finding, following, struggling, keeping, is He sure to bless?

Saints, apostles, prophets, martyrs, answer, Yes."

The Island of Madagascar is to be Used by France as a penal settlement. The intelligence of this decision has awakened strong indignation in Europe, where it is regarded as an outrage without justification. The French claim upon the island has no basis in right, and now that it is decided to send there the dregs of French society the conduct of the Government is unanimously condemned. It will probably do the cause of missions there irretrievable injury.

The Superiority of the Shoeblocks and newsboys in Detroit, Mich., to those of other cities, caused inquiries to be made as to the reason. A prominent citizen said that the date of the improvement corresponded with a new regulation requiring each boy to wear a badge issued by the mayor, and which he would retain only during good behavior. He said: "We have found that the badges identify the boys, and give them a feeling of self-respect and accountability which they never possessed before. The badges have made the boys self-respecting and honest. They are little business men, and are as dignified as you please. Their names are in the Mayor's office and their numbers on their breasts, and they feel that the eyes of the city are upon them." A similar sense of individual responsibility, in a far higher degree, ought to influence the Christian in daily life. His name is written in heaven, and the eyes of his Father are constantly upon him (Luke 10:20).

What to Do with Old Tenement Houses was a subject discussed by the New York Commissioners, recently. A report was presented to them by their inspector. Among the representative houses which he described was a large house in Frankfort Street, where there is a constantly changing population, and the tenantry is composed of the lowest and most degraded order of society. The prevailing type is the "swamp angel." The janitor is forced to carry a revolver, and every spring it is necessary to build new stairways. In the winter all the woodwork is used for firewood. The only way in which that place could be made habitable, said the inspector, is to tear the old house down and build a new one. Those who have seen the building are likely to agree with the sensible advice. It is a pity that men who are trying to reform themselves by leaving off bad habits and are discouraged by their lack of success do not adopt the same principle. Only by the new birth is there hope of permanent reformation (II Cor. 5:17).

THE RETURN OF CHRIST.

By Mr. D. L. Moody.

The Quickening Influence of the Doctrine—Paul's Frequent References to it—The Promise of Change without Dying—Christ's Return will be Sudden and Unexpected—Exhorted to Watch—Our Hope—God's Chronology—A Stimulus to Holy Life and to Work.

I WANT to call your attention this morning to the return of our Lord. Now, there are two classes in the church at the present time. Some take the ground that He is to come before the Millennium, and others take the ground that He is to come after the Millennium. All agree that He will come—that point is not disputed, but the division of opinion arises whether He is coming before the Millennium or after it. We want to hold the truth as we see it in love, and not harshly insist on controverted points; but I say if ministers would only preach His coming either before or after the Millennium,

IT WOULD QUICKEN THE CHURCH.

Indeed, I don't know of anything that would take the Church out of the world quicker than this blessed doctrine of Christ's return. For my part, I believe the Scriptures teach that He is going to come *before* the Millennium—that is, from my standpoint—but I don't like to be dogmatic and blame other men that don't see exactly as I do, for I think harm is done by some taking up this doctrine and finding fault with others because they do not see as they do.

I know there is a class of people who say, "You ought not to bring this subject up before young converts, because it is so dark, and mysterious, and so prophetic that the young disciples cannot understand it." Now, in Paul's epistles—thirteen times in his different epistles—he refers to baptism, and fifty times he refers to our Lord's return. Now, there is no church but what makes a very great deal of baptism—it is one of the foundation stones; but so little is said about Christ's coming. It is said this doctrine will get the young converts into a fog; but why was it that Paul, writing to young converts, brings it in in nearly every epistle? There are two hundred and sixty chapters in the New Testament, and three hundred and eighteen different passages about our Lord's second coming. Now, what makes the fifteenth chapter of first Corinthians so sweet to the Church of God? What makes it one of the most precious chapters in the whole of the Bible? When we have lost our friends, how we turn to that chapter! What is it there that gives us such comfort? It not only speaks of His death and burial and resurrection, but it tells us He is going to come again, and with Him He is going to bring our friends. In the fifty-first verse it says, "Behold, I show you a mystery; we shall not all sleep, but we shall all be changed." Glorious thought! that we shall be

CHANGED EVEN WITHOUT DEATH

—there will be some that will never taste death. When He comes His people will be caught up and changed without death. As Enoch escaped death, and Elijah did, we shall do the same—those that are living when He returns.

Now, I have got the same authority that He is coming back as I have for His birth—angels announced His conception and birth—and for His resurrection. Angels also announced His return. When He went up those men stood there gazing up at Him as He went up through the clouds, and the clouds received Him out of their sight; and two angels, or two men—perhaps it was Enoch and Elijah—dropped down by their side and said, "Ye men of Galilee, why stand ye gazing up into heaven? This same Jesus who is taken up from you into heaven, shall so come in like manner as ye have seen Him go into heaven." He went up unexpectedly; He is going to

RETURN UNEXPECTEDLY.

He tells us we are to be ready. I know some people say that this means death; but if you will notice carefully, there is not a place, I believe, in the New Testament where a man is told to be watching for death. He is to be

watching for his Lord. People say, what is the difference? There is a good deal of difference between watching for life—or translation—and watching for death. There is not much comfort in watching for death and the grave, but there is a good deal of comfort in watching for our blessed Master's return. Now, to see that death and the second coming of our Lord and Saviour are different, will you turn to the fourth chapter of the first Thessalonians, fourteenth and eighteenth verses; we read, "For if we believe that Jesus died and rose again, even so them also which sleep in Jesus will God bring with Him." They are going to accompany Him when He comes back.

The story of the Coming of the Bridegroom and of the Ten Virgins is told to bring out this very thing. The Bridegroom is going to come, and the bride shall be taken off into the bridal chamber. The early Christians not only believed this, but taught it, and urged the people to be

WATCHFUL FOR HIS COMING.

Now, if God tells us to watch, it is always safe to do what He says. If He tells us to run, run. If He tells us to stand still, stand still. If He tells us to leap, leap. Do just what He tells us. Now, over and over again the Master has left us word, Watch! Watch!! Watch!!! and if we do not watch, and He comes unexpectedly, and we are not ready, we shall not meet Him with joy and gladness—we shall not be glad to see Him.

And He

HAS PROMISED TO COME.

His word has gone out. Did He ever break His word? Didn't He promise the Saviour, and didn't the Saviour come? Didn't devil and man try to prevent Him? But He came, and did the work God had for Him to do. Then, when He went away, He said He would send the Holy Spirit, and the Holy Spirit came some days afterward; and hasn't He been here ever since? Then He said, "I will come again." What makes the fourteenth chapter of John so precious? Is it because of those precious mansions He has gone to prepare? I will tell you what makes it so precious, "I will come again;" He is coming back. In Luke 21:34 the same promise is repeated with a warning. There again we are told to watch. He has to be up and watchful that sees the morning star. You won't see the morning star unless you are watching, and if we are watching we shall be ready when Jesus comes; and although He may come suddenly and unexpectedly, we shall meet Him with joy and gladness, like a wife who has had a husband off on a sea voyage. He has been gone a long time, and there has been no means of communicating with him; but the last communication she received said he was coming, and he might come unexpectedly. She would therefore be watching, and how gladly she would receive him. So our absent Lord has said, "Be watching, I will be back again." It

SEEMS A LONG TIME,

but you know a thousand years is as one day in God's sight; and it is only the afternoon of the second day, after all, with the Lord. It may be very soon now; He may come suddenly at any time. The true attitude of the believer is to be looking, to be watching, to have our conversation in heaven. We are aliens down here. We ought to be like sentinels in an enemy's camp, on the alert all the while—watching. I can imagine some men saying, "What are you going to do with those people who have died during the past eighteen hundred years, that expected the Lord to come in their day?" I am going to say they died doing what the Master told them to do. He told them to watch. That was enough; and though death overtook them while they watched, they must have had a glorious end, because they were obeying the Master.

The true attitude for every child of God on this earth for six thousand years, except for thirty-three, has been to look for a Man from heaven. When Adam fell in Eden he was promised, "The seed of the woman shall bruise the head of the serpent;" and for four thousand years

the Promised One was expected; Eve's daughters were looking for the Man from heaven. Now, when Christ had been here for thirty-three years, He said, "I will come back," and He sent those angels to tell them that He was coming back. And from that day to this the true attitude of every child of God is to be watching—look for the Man from heaven; and I don't know of anything that will take a man out of the whirlpool of this world sooner than this doctrine. I will tell you, bonds and stocks will look very trifling compared with it; they will look like dust in the balance—the things of this world will be very small—it lifts a man outside of himself. You let a man get up in a balloon; the higher he goes the smaller the earth looks. So when our life is hid in Him, and when we are constantly thinking about Him, things will look pretty small down here, and heaven will be very near and will be very precious.

Some of the objectors to this doctrine say, if you teach it you discourage work, and these young converts won't work. For my part, I have done three times as much work since I saw this doctrine. I never met with anything before that so stimulated me to work. I look upon this world as an old, wrecked vessel, bound to go down, and God has given to me a lifeboat, and said to me, "Rescue every man you can; get them out of the perishing world." The world may say what it likes about this, but God is going to destroy it.

ANNIVERSARY OF MR. SPURGEON'S PASTORS' COLLEGE.

THE College Anniversary at the Metropolitan Tabernacle, always popular and attractive, was this year more so than ever; for not only was it the pleasant reunion yearly looked forward to, but it was also the occasion upon which farewell was taken of the pastor's son, Rev. Thomas Spurgeon, who is now on his way back to his New Zealand pastorate. The young minister must have found it no easy task to submit to all the hand-shaking, and to receive all the expressions of good-will which came upon him from every side. To be the son of a father so much beloved, and to be at the same time as much beloved for his own sake, must have proved for once rather a burdensome advantage.

Mr. Spurgeon, alluding to the arrangement that all the speeches of the evening except his son's were to be short, said they would all agree with that, for, as they would not be troubled by his son again for so long, they might bear with a double quantity now. In his usual strain he referred to the kindness shown by friends in their support of the College, Orphanage, and other institutions. In the matter of statistics he mentioned that during the twenty-eight years in which the College has been in existence, six hundred and eighty-eight men had been received, and had gone forth as pastors and missionaries, forty-seven had fallen asleep, and five hundred and seventy-two were still engaged in the work of the Lord. Fourteen had settled in pastorates since their last anniversary, and during the same period, those who had been trained in the College reported the baptism of fifty-eight thousand, one hundred and seventy-three persons, and an increase in church membership of fifty thousand nine hundred and twenty-four.

Mr. Spurgeon said that in religious work their reliance was upon the Eternal Arm, that would not fail them until the very end. Many preached, he said, for whom it would have been better if they had never preached at all. They were like the parson at Oxford, who preached a sermon which did not satisfy anybody, and when he had done some one said he did better last year. "What do you mean?" he asked. "You must be mistaken, I did not preach last year." "Ah," replied the first speaker, "that is what I mean!"

A MAN IN AN IRON SAE.

One more characteristic anecdote must be mentioned. Mr. Spurgeon said he could almost

wish that he could escape from the position that he now occupied, with so many institutions hanging upon him. He certainly would if he could, for he felt very feeble now; but he was something like the man he spoke to last Monday. This man was a jute manufacturer in Dundee. He had made a great room in which to keep his iron safe, and one of his workmen went into the iron safe to dust it, and let the door go bang, and he had not got the key and was in there yet. According to the last report it would take three days to get him out. There was a grating through which they fed him through a tube, and he (Mr. Spurgeon) thought he had got into the "safe" condition very much, and it did not seem possible for him to get out.

The last speech of the evening was from the Rev. Thomas Spurgeon, who said he had no cause to regret that seven years ago he sailed to the Antipodes, or that five years ago he took his second voyage across the world. God had greatly blessed him, and friends in Tasmania had greatly assisted him. During his present visit to England he had received contributions to the extent of two thousand five hundred dollars. Besides financial help, he had received a present of a clock from his brother's congregations at Greenwich, and his beloved father had given him what he should prize more than anything else, and that was the Bible from which he used to preach in New Park Street Chapel. Friends of the Tabernacle had given him what he greatly prized: viz., a Communion service. There was, he said, a hearty welcome waiting him on the other side, and it was simply like sailing from one sunshine into another.

A REMARKABLE FAITH CURE.

IN *Triumphs of Faith* the following testimony is given by Miss Carrie B. Bates, who dates from 69 Second Avenue, New York:

"When in my third year, I fell from a carriage, and my mother always thought I must have received an internal injury, for very soon after I commenced having severe trouble in my back and left limb, which left me quite lame, and with spinal disease.

"I never knew what it was to feel entirely rested, and do not remember a day without pain, although at some periods in my life having considerable strength. I was never more than two thirds well and often much worse than that. Walking was always hard for me. I never, in my best days, could walk more than a quarter of a mile without feeling ill effects. I was very ambitious, and was constantly overtaxing myself. In the fall of 1875 I was completely prostrated. What I suffered none but the dear Father will ever know. I received benefit at a sanitarium, but could not be cured.

"For several years I had not improved, and during the winter of 1882 was more poorly than usual. Some days could work or read a little; other days not. Went out occasionally; could not visit much without injury. The last physician that examined me did not want to treat my case; said he felt sorry for any one in the condition I was in. I was considered a harder subject than many who were entirely confined to their beds. I had been thinking, reading and praying about faith-healing for nearly six years; but did not see it was my privilege to reach forth my hand and accept it of the Lord. The next March I went with my father to dear 'Faith Rest Cottage,' in Buffalo. I was suffering from a severe attack of dyspepsia at the time, and was so weak that it seemed a great undertaking for me to go.

"I believe my friends will bear me witness that I was not a gloomy, discouraged invalid, unwilling to exert myself; but that I was very apt to go beyond my strength. I had through suffering and trials of various kinds, been brought where I could put my trust in God and say, 'Thy will be done.'

"Soon after this, the thought came to me that I had obeyed all God's commands in reference to sickness. The prayer of faith had been

offered for me, and if God's Word were true I would be healed. I said, 'Lord, I will believe, whether I feel it or not.' Just then God graciously gave me the positive assurance.

"I want to add that my back did not trouble me any after I was healed and has ever since been the strongest part of my body. I am not nearly so lame as formerly, and know I shall be 'every whit whole.' Am now by faith. I have led an extremely busy life since my healing. Am this year at Bethany Institute, in New York, a mission training school for ladies. I study part of the day and do city mission work in the afternoon. I do not mind climbing stairs, and have often walked two miles without resting. For years previous to my healing I did not have a day without headache."

ANECDOTES RELATED AT THE EVANGELISTIC MEETINGS IN SCOTLAND.

The Writing in the Prisoner's Cell.—At a recent meeting the Rev. Mr. Ross said: "I was speaking to a young man, and he told me that at one time he had been one of a gang of thieves in Glasgow, and was caught in their company, taken to prison, tried, and was found guilty, and got twelve months' imprisonment. One day while he was sitting in his cell he saw some writing scratched on the wall, and rising, he read, 'Oh, that thou wouldst trust in the Lord.' 'That is what I have never done yet,' thought the young man; but now he has accepted the Lord Jesus as his Saviour, and has lately been received back again into his mother's house."

An Ambassador's Trouble Removed.—The Rev. Mr. Ross said: "At one time Queen Elizabeth sent for one of her subjects, and desired that he would go as her ambassador in a matter that exposed him to great danger. On hearing the Queen's commands, the man, usually brave, faltered and looked very uncomfortable. 'What is the matter?' asked the Queen. 'Do you fear to go?' 'No, your Majesty,' he replied; 'but I fear for my wife and children. Who will care for them if I do not return?' 'I will take care of them,' replied the Queen; 'I never neglect the interests of those who serve me.' This is just what the Lord does. When He sends any of His children on a message for Him, we may rest assured that He will take care of all their interests, and assume all responsibility."

A Noble-hearted Bride.—A Christian Worker tells us that at the time of the civil war in America a young man was asked to join the ranks, but he thought of one whom he was soon to marry, and love made him hesitate; but at length he was persuaded, and went into battle. The girl wondered what kept him from writing to her, and grew very anxious about him. She went to the battle-fields in search of him, but failing to find him there, she went to the places of the wounded; and as she was passing through one of them she heard a deep moan, and, looking in the direction from which it came, she saw her lover. After the first greeting was over, he said: "My poor girl! I must part forever; I have lost both my arms, and I do not know how I shall be able to earn my bread." The young girl, uncovering her fine strong arms, said, "Do you see that? I will find bread for both of us; will you trust me?" Jesus is asking wounded and helpless sinners if they will trust Him; His arm is strong. Will you lean upon it?

A Self-Deceived Sister.—"I Went to Visit a woman of whose salvation I was doubtful. She had a brother who was away from home ill of a fever. After we had conversed for a little I tried to open the subject of religion, but it was rather difficult, for she did not seem inclined for such conversation. I tried to introduce it by asking how her brother was. She informed me that she was just going to meet him at the station. I then asked God to give me grace to ask her how it was with her soul, which He did. She grew very angry, and said: 'I am just as good as my neighbors; I do more than any of them; I am a Sabbath-school teacher, I go to church every Sunday, and I read my Bible, and what more can I do, I should like to

know?' I told her all these things were very good in their way, but that nothing which she could do would ever save her. She would not stay to talk with me, but went away to meet her brother. I left the house with a very sad heart. When the woman returned home, she took the same fever as her brother had, and died suddenly and without hope in Christ as her Saviour. She refused to listen to the only means by which she could be saved, and went from the world to reap the terrible harvest."

A Stableman's Conversion.—Captain Hatfield related: "One Sunday morning, before seven o'clock, as I was walking along one of the streets of our city, I passed a young man standing at a stable door. Turning back I asked him if his soul was saved. He answered in the affirmative, and then I asked him how long it was since he had given himself to Christ. 'Last Tuesday night,' was his reply. 'I went into a meeting, and some one asked all those who wished to be saved to come to the front. I among many others went. We were then asked to kneel, which we did, and earnest prayers were offered on our behalf. While I was on my knees God changed my heart, and I gave myself to Christ as my Saviour.' 'Have you confessed Christ to your companions and at home?' You must witness for Him, I said. 'Yes,' the young man replied; 'I told my companions, but I did not tell mother until last night.' 'And what did she say?' 'She was very glad to hear it, and told me to keep in the narrow path which leadeth to everlasting life.' This convert's position in life is a humble one, but men take knowledge of Him that he has been with Jesus, and learned of Him."

A Wealthy Farmer's Folly.—The Rev. Mr. Puget related the following: "A well-to-do farmer went into an evangelistic meeting; he was a genial, hearty man, and he had a godly wife. At the end of the meeting he said to his wife, 'I have a good mind to return and surrender myself to God.' 'Oh, do!' urged his wife; but just then the devil met him, and the farmer said, 'No, I think I will not go to-night'; but his wife tried to persuade him to give himself to the Saviour. 'No, Mary, do not press me; some other time will do. I will not go to-night.' They went out, and got upon a dog cart which was waiting for them at the door. On their way home they came to a turn in the road where there was a precipice, and here the horse stumbled and fell, and the man was thrown over the precipice into the chasm beneath. Very much alarmed, his wife called to him, 'Are you very much hurt?' but there was no reply. Again she cried, 'Oh, speak to me; are you very much hurt?' No answer. A third time she called to him; 'Are you very much hurt?' 'Yes,' he said; 'I rejected salvation when I might have had it, and now it is too late.' With these words his soul passed away."

A Youthful Pickpocket.—Dr. Cameron remarked: "I like to think of the boy who, one Sunday, when coming out of church, tried to pick a gentleman's pocket; but he was just caught in the act, for the gentleman noticed him, and got hold of his hand. He did not call a policeman, but took the little fellow to the Sunday-school, and put him in his own class. One day the boy said to him: 'Sometimes I feel awfully wanting to steal again.' 'Well,' said the gentleman, 'if I took hold of your hand, and went all your messages with you, would you feel like wanting to steal?' 'Oh, no,' replied the lad, looking up into his face; 'I would never want to steal if you were with me.' 'I cannot always be with you, but one who is better than I am can always be with you, if you will let Him. Jesus will always be with you, my boy.' 'Will He?' inquired the boy; 'well, I will take Him.' And he did take Him, and as long as he was conscious that Jesus was by his side he never felt inclined to steal. It is just when we lose sight of the Saviour that the tempter comes to us and prevails; but Jesus makes the weakest strong to resist the most powerful temptation."



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CURRENT EVENTS.

An Increase in the Public Debt is Recorded for the month of December. The announcement is so unusual as to have caused some excitement. The public have been accustomed to read, with unvarying regularity, the monthly statement of a large reduction, and now that an increase is reported, a general feeling of uneasiness has been produced. The Treasury statements show a decrease in the receipts for the month and an increase in the expenditure as compared with the corresponding month of 1883. The decrease in the public debt in December a year ago was less than \$2,000,000 and the expenditures were \$12,000,000. This year the increase is \$500,000, but the expenditures are \$22,000,000. In reply to inquiries on the subject, Secretary McCulloch said that the increase of the debt is due not so much to any unusual expenditures during the month as to the fact that there has been a *great falling off in the receipts*. For the past two months the Treasury, he says, has been feeling the effect of the general depression of business all over the country, and the revenues have generally decreased.

The President-Elect Defined his Attitude respecting the civil service in an important letter published last week. It was addressed to Mr. George William Curtis, President of the Civil Service Reform Association, and was written in reply to a letter from that gentleman. Governor Cleveland, in the course of his letter, referring to the Pendleton law, says: "I regard myself pledged to this because my conception of true Democratic faith and public duty requires that this and all other statutes should be in good faith and without evasion enforced, and because in many utterances made prior to my election as President, approved by the party to which I belong and which I have no disposition to disclaim, I have in effect promised the people that this should be done." As to the *superior grades* of the service, the Governor says: "There is a class of government positions which are not within the letter of the civil service statute, but which are so disconnected with the policy of an administration that the removal therefrom of present incumbents, in my opinion, should not be made during the terms for which they were

appointed, solely on partisan grounds and for the purpose of putting in their places those who are in political accord with the appointing power." An exception, however, is likely to be made in the case of those employes who have taken a prominent part in politics, some of whom, the Governor thinks, "have forfeited all just claim to retention, because they have used their places for party purposes in disregard of their duty to the people; and because, instead of being decent public servants, they have proved themselves offensive partisans and unscrupulous manipulators of local party management." In conclusion, the Governor reminds his own party, though his administration is to be Democratic, a due regard of the people's interests does not permit faithful party work to be always rewarded by appointment to office. The publication of this letter has attracted wide attention, and has allayed apprehensions of a disturbance of public business as a consequence of wholesale removals.

The Danger of Cholera Visiting this Country next summer has stirred up the tenement-house commissioners in New York to a more thorough examination of the tenement-houses of the city. The report of the inspectors, published last week, shows the necessity for prompt and decisive measures. The report deals with 968 houses, occupied by 881 families, or 37,114 persons, representing all the conditions of tenement-house life. The report stated that forty-seven of the houses were so hopelessly bad that they should be condemned to destruction. There are about 26,000 tenement-houses in the city. Nearly twenty-five per cent of the cellars examined were in bad condition, and less than forty per cent were paved. Tidewater and filth soaked into many of them. Fire-escapes were found on forty-nine per cent of the houses. Many of the escapes were useless because the balconies were used as storage places.

The Enforcement of Prohibition in Iowa is said by the anti-temperance journals to be a failure. A very different report, however, is given by a correspondent of *The Christian at Work*, who writes from Postville, Iowa. He says: "In every town under ten thousand population the saloons are closed. The brewery in our town has closed up its business entirely. Four saloon-keepers out of five have gone into other business. The fifth one has ostensibly closed. In some of our neighboring towns the change is even more complete. Of course liquor is imported and liquor is sold in these towns, but it is done so cautiously that it is almost impossible to get evidence. Habitual drunkards seldom get a drink, and minors are not let into the secret, and the generous custom of treating is hardly known. A man who employs on his farm continually from twelve to fifteen men, mostly foreigners, tells me he can see a vast difference in his men since we have this law. These same men opposed bitterly its adoption, but now, as they see the benefit of it upon their homes, speak favorably of it. In other counties of the State the law is even more rigorously enforced."

Successive Earthquake Shocks Occurred in Spain nearly every day last week. They caused a large loss of life and heavy damage to property. It is estimated that since Christmas at least *two thousand persons* have perished through the earthquakes. At Nerja, a town of five thousand people, in the province of Malaga, the earthquake was followed by a hurricane. This finished the destruction of many houses which had already been brought to the brink of ruin by the previous shock. The inhabitants fled in terror from their houses and camped outside the town. At Priego, in the province of Cordova, the shocks came while the theatre was crowded with people. A terrible panic followed. Many persons jumped from the galleries and from the windows upon the crowd below. Two were killed outright, and forty were more or less seriously injured. In Alhama a thousand houses are in ruins. At Granada there were ten shocks in four days. There was a general panic, the people being afraid to remain in their houses,

Ten thousand quitted the city in one day. A correspondent of the New York *Herald*, who visited Alhambra on January 1st, describes it as presenting an appalling sight. He says: "Half of the town is completely ruined. The churches, the convent, and the Town Hall were thrown to the ground. The inhabitants are huddled together in carts and wagons. Sixty wounded persons are in a temporary ambulance. One hundred and ninety-two corpses have been taken from the ruins, and active efforts are being made to recover the others. The mayor and several wealthy residents are among the victims. The mayor's wife remained buried waist deep in the ruins for eighteen hours. Many persons were rescued alive after being partly buried with fright. Piteous cries were heard in the ruins for twenty-four hours, but it was impossible to render any assistance."

Another Dynamite Outrage was Perpetrated in London on January 2d. The underground railway was the scene of the crime. About half past nine in the evening a train was passing through the tunnel near Gower Street, when there was a terrific explosion. The windows of the train were broken and the lights extinguished. A few passengers were cut by the broken glass, but otherwise no personal injury was inflicted. The shock overthrew several persons walking on the street above. It was with great difficulty that horses on the road were restrained from running away. The ticket collector in the station was thrown from his box and the engineer working the incandescent electric light machinery was thrown from his seat a distance of three or four feet, landing on his face. The lights in other trains in the tunnel were extinguished by the explosion. The passengers were greatly alarmed, and many ladies fainted. The Gower Street platform was literally strewn with forms of persons prostrated by the shock. An examination of the masonry of the tunnel showed that a piece about four feet square and six inches thick had been blown out. The agent used was dynamite or gun-cotton. It is, of course, supposed that the plot was contrived and executed by Irishmen from America. No clue to the perpetrators was discovered.

One Division of the Egyptian Expedition, under General Sir Herbert Stewart, commenced its march across the desert on December 30th on its way to Khartoum. It consists of one thousand one hundred men and one thousand eight hundred camels. Each man carries seven gallons of water and provisions for seven days. There is much anxiety about this small force, which expects to encounter the Mahdi on its way. But for General Wolseley's uniform success in all he has yet undertaken, this plan of the campaign would be condemned. It is considered bold to the verge of recklessness.

Four Large Steamers have been Engaged by the French Government to convey troops to China. They are expected to sail on January 15th, and arrive early in March. It is intended to attack Canton and to occupy Pakoi. The French newspapers indicate that the war is unpopular in France, and that the people are dissatisfied with the government. M. Rochefort, who was the most implacable critic of the Emperor Napoleon III., writes in his journal: "This year has cost us as much money and greater loss of life and more shame than the year of the German war. These twelve months have been traversed by all kinds of plagues, by the cholera, by the Congress of Versailles, by massacres in Tonquin, by defeats in Formosa, and by financial ruin. Never at any time, under any government and in any country, have such masses of crimes, impostures, piracy, and assassinations taken place between January 1st, 1884, and Saint Sylvester's; but no nation, unless on its death-bed, can consent any longer to breathe an air so reeking with putrefaction; and if 1884 ended in mud, there are heavy odds that 1885 will end in blood."

Princess Beatrice, the Youngest Daughter of Queen Victoria, is to be married to Prince Henry of Battenberg, whose brother recently married the niece of the princess. He will consequently become the uncle of his sister-in-law. The proposed marriage is not regarded with favor in England, as the prince is poor and the Parliament will be expected to provide an income for the couple, and they will live in England. The princess is twenty-eight years old, and the prince two years younger.

Mr Gladstone Celebrated his Seventy-fifth birthday on December 29th. He declined a public ovation, and spent the day quietly at home with his family. The newspapers, however, devoted long editorials to congratulations, and a large number of presents were sent to his residence at Hawarden Castle. One report says the Prime Minister received no less than one hundred and fifty telegrams from all points of the compass, from the Cape of Good Hope to the Rocky Mountains. His congratulations came from all conditions of mankind, from the Prince of Wales to the dock laborers at Holyhead. The greater part came from the political clubs and reform organizations of all kinds. A noteworthy exception was that of the Queen, who sent no word. He had his rooms littered with birthday gifts of every description from some two hundred and twenty correspondents, from a pen-wiper to a silver axe. Every country of the world seemed to have chosen a representative article as a tribute to his genius and courage.

The Terrible Fate of a Blaspheming Infidel is described in a brief despatch from Toronto. It states that on December 24th a Frenchman named Paquet, a professed infidel, while denying the doctrine of eternal punishment in a discussion with his fellow-boarders, was stricken with paralysis, the whole of one side, from head to foot, including the tongue, losing vitality. He was taken to the hospital, where he died on December 27th.

Further Trouble in Connection with the Mormons is apprehended in the South. A despatch from Raleigh, N. C., states that three Mormon elders are preaching in Rutherford County, near the South Carolina line. They brought with them twenty-three converts from Rock Hill, South Carolina. They are holding meetings, and are preparing to build a church. Their accessions are mostly from the Baptists, and they have nearly exhausted the membership and congregation of the New Pleasant Baptist Church. There is considerable excitement in the community, and a number of citizens are preparing to prosecute the elders for violation of the Seventh Commandment if they don't leave the county.

An Earthquake Shock was Felt in Frederick, Md., on the night of January 2d. It was also felt in Washington to a slight extent. In Frederick City it was so severe as to break the windows in the houses and public buildings. The residents, recalling the terrible loss of life by the recent earthquakes in Spain, ran around the streets in excitement and terror. The shock was of only half a minute's duration, but during that time the earth rocked perceptibly, and there was a faint rumbling sound. At Frederick Junction, on the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, the shock was so great that the engineer of one of the trains passing at the time put on the air-brakes and stopped, thinking that an accident had occurred.

Three Answers to Prayer in One Day were received recently by a faithful Christian worker in Brooklyn, who is able to furnish large numbers of such incidents, which have occurred in his own experience. Money was needed to pay the rent of a house occupied by an elderly Christian lady, whose circumstances of late years have been straitened. A boy in need of clothes had appealed to the missionary for help, and money was urgently needed to provide a Christmas dinner for some poor people who seldom enjoy a really good meal. All three matters were carried by the missionary to the Lord. He

has for many years so dealt with his difficulties, finding that help always comes. It was not until December 24th, and when every one else who knew of the difficulties had given up hope, that the money was received. In each case the need was supplied, and that without a single application having been made to any human being.

The Cooper Union Meetings now Being Conducted in the Annex Hall at Fourth Avenue and Seventh Street, by Rev. E. W. Oakes, are growing marvelously in interest and spirituality. Mr. Oakes has again proved his wonderful adaptation for work of this character, and God is blessing his efforts in a signal manner. Large meetings are held three times in the week, and on Sunday the building is crowded to overflowing. Lively spirited singing and the heartiness and friendliness of Mr. Oakes' preaching render a visit to the Annex Hall a pleasant and profitable experience.

An Interesting Ancient Document was Discovered in Connecticut recently. It was found by some workmen who were engaged in remodeling an old house between Millville and Plattville. The document is written in a good hand, and has but little appearance of age. It appears to have been intended to serve as a pass or certificate of good character. It is signed by one Major Chris. French, and is dated "Darby, December 29th, 1776." The following is a true copy of the document: "The Bearer *hereof* Mr. Timothy Cande is a Man of intrinsic Worth as Such I take the Liberty to recommend him to the protection of any of His Majesties Officers into whose Hands he may happen *to fall*." We may hope that the certificate proved useful, if there arose need for its presentation, especially as, according to the major's avowal, Mr. Timothy Cande was "a man of *intrinsic worth*." Earnest Christians who are working for the salvation of the most degraded specimens of humanity regard all men as of intrinsic worth, even those who have sunk to the level of beasts. In this they show that they are disciples of Christ, who came to save the lost (Luke 15 : 10).

Why the Stars and Stripes were Hung on a school-room wall was revealed in the course of an examination of the pupils at a certain reception. The examination was conducted by a clergyman, who endeavored to impress the children with the importance of being patriotic citizens when they grew up. "Boys," he said, pointing to the national banner which decorated the wall, "why is that flag hung there?" The reply, which was disconcerting, was given by a lad who had assisted in decorating the school-room. He said, "Please, sir, *to hide the dirt*." The beauty and moral significance of the decoration, it appeared, had no effect on that boy's mind. He saw in it only a means of hiding dirt. Recent events have tended to give the world the same view of religious profession. Defaulting cashiers and other unfaithful officials have used it so frequently to conceal their moral corruption that unthinking men are apt to forget how often the best things are put to ignoble uses (Matt. 23 : 14).

An Unexpected Meeting in a Police Court occurred in New York last week. An intelligent, refined lady, poorly dressed, entered the court, leading a child about four years of age. She wanted the judge to commit the child to some charitable institution. Her husband had deserted her, and she found it impossible to support herself and the child too. The mother was evidently much distressed at the approaching parting. She took a seat on the benches set aside for the spectators, and had been there only a few minutes when she fainted. The child cried, "Mamma! mamma!" and hugged her mother in a manner that drew sympathy even from the hardened habitués of the court room. The rough court officers handled the poor woman as they would a babe, and in a few minutes restored her to consciousness. She thanked them for their trouble, and said it was only a weak spell. Just as the woman fell in the faint a tall, well-dressed man, with gray hair, entered the court-room. He took no notice of

the woman until she spoke, thanking the officers for their kindness, when he looked her straight in the face and said: "That must be my daughter!" The woman looked up. She sprang to her feet and cried, "Father!" The old man clasped her in his arms and took her and her child to his home. She had married in opposition to her father's wishes, and did not think he would receive her in her trouble. The providential meeting proved that she had undergone torture she might have been spared if she had gone to her father earlier. So sinners who repent and go to God for pardon always wish they had not delayed so long (Luke 15 : 20).

A Town is Being Sued for the Loss of a Son in New York State. The plaintiff, whose son was drowned recently in the Hudson River, alleges that the fatality was due to the negligence of the town of Catskill. The boy was walking on the ice, and he went close to the sunken piers of an old bridge which had not been in use for several years. The boy broke through the ice, and getting into the current, he was drowned. The plaintiff claims that the town of Catskill has no right to allow the old bridge foundations to remain in their present position, and that owing to their existence the ice was rendered much thinner in that particular spot than elsewhere. The boy thus broke through and lost his life without any fault on his part. The damages claimed amount to \$5000. What the defence of the town authorities will be has not been made known. It will probably be ingenious, and may be successful. So much cannot be said, however, of the answer that will be required from certain officials in the day of final judgment. There are in all our cities treacherous places, where young men are led to eternal death; officials who have the power to close them and do not use it incur a fearful responsibility (11 Sam. 23 : 3).

A Holiday's Fun was Spoiled Last Week in a very happy way. A young man travelled three hundred miles to spend New Year's in New York. He came, as he said, to have "a good time." The very first night he was in the city he wandered into the Annex Hall, where Rev. E. W. Oakes conducts evangelistic meetings while Cooper Union is undergoing repairs. There he was converted, and in giving his testimony, he said: "I am going back home on the first train to-morrow morning. My fun is spoiled, thank God." He is not the first man who was glad to relinquish fun in exchange for enduring happiness (Eccles. 7 : 6).

Eighteen Days in a Snow-Drift had been spent, at the close of last week, by a number of railroad passengers. A despatch to the New York *Sun* from Portland, Oregon, says: "On December 16th a passenger train left here over the P. & O. road. It has got as far east as Bonnaville, about forty miles. It has been there packed in the snow for eighteen days. Doubts are expressed whether the train will get out from the thirty-foot drifts before spring, for at present there has been no progress made in the work of extricating it. A hundred and fifty men from the Puget Sound division of the Northern Pacific are now at work behind the blockaded train. A hundred of them shovel and operate the machinery and the rest cut wood for the engines and for the open fires that are necessary to protect the men while they work. But the snow-drifts back behind the men, and the work has to be done over again in the most hopeless fashion. Happily, the number of people on the train is not large, only about twenty-five. Food has been regularly and abundantly sent to them. They have also been supplied with fuel cut from the surrounding forests. The blockade is considered unprecedented in the history of American railroading." It would seem as though the men trying to rescue the passengers might themselves need rescue, if there come no change in the weather. Such a hopeless situation is a type of the still more hopeless spiritual condition our race would have been in if God had not rescued it. The strongest men, like the weakest, needed deliverance (Isa. 59 : 16).

A WONDER EXPLAINED BY GREATER WONDERS.

A New Sermon by Pastor C. H. Spurgeon.

"Thou dwrest near in the day that I called upon Thee: Thou saidst, Fear not."—**LAMENTATIONS 3: 57.**

Misapprehensions Corrected—Records of Mercy Should be Made—Jeremiah's Mission and Persecution—The Time when the Lord Draws Near—A Great Wonder—I, an Explanation of it—Men Have Ever Been in God's Thoughts—He Took Their Nature—The Most Cosmopolitan Man—Near to Man in His Life—Nearer in Death—Nearer Still in Heaven—The Mystical Union—II. The Wonder Itself—Not Contrary to Expectation—How God Draws Near—By Support—By Sympathy—By Deliverance.

How different are our experiences from our fears! This man of God had said, "When I cry and shout He shutteth out my prayer." He had said again, "Thou hast covered Thyself with a cloud, that our prayer should not pass through." He had added even to that, "Surely against me is He turned." But now he corrects his misapprehensions. Neither was prayer shut out, nor had God turned against him; for he joyfully confesses, "Thou dwrest near in the day that I called upon Thee: thou saidst, Fear not." As much as to say, "Not only didst Thou hear me, but Thou didst come to me; not only didst Thou hear me speak, but Thou didst speak Thyself, and I heard Thee say, Fear not." Not only wast Thou not turned against me as an enemy, but Thou didst prove Thyself my friend by my loving and tender Comforter.

Brethren, if our experiences have so far exceeded our expectations and belied our doubts, let us take care that we record them. Do not let us suffer our lamentations to be written in a book and our thanksgivings to be spoken to the wind. Write not your complaints in marble and your praises upon the sand. Let the record of mercy received be carefully made, accurately measured, distinctly worded, correctly dated, and so preserved that in years to come you may turn for your encouragement to it. Maybe your children and your children's children may read

THE STORY OF YOUR EXPERIENCE

for their learning, and nothing can be more fitting than that the fathers should thus lay up for their children. Even though that record should contradict yourself and bring the blush of shame to your cheek to think you should have so calumniated your God, yet write it clearly, and let it stand to the Lord's praise and glory, and your own comfort in some future hour of need.

Jeremiah seems to record this fact with a considerable amount of surprise. He marvels that God should have drawn near to him, for his condition was a very pitiful one. He was so low that life seemed ebbing out, and he groaned, "He hath set me in dark places, as they that be dead of old." In my own estimation I give one of the chief places among mortal men to the prophet Jeremiah. He was sent of God to do a most painful duty, which could not bring any honor to him, nor win for him the love of those to whom he ministered. He was sent to prophesy among a wilful and disobedient people, who would reject his admonitions. Like Cassandra, he spake true tidings and sad tidings, but he was not believed. He pleaded with erring Israel—oh, how he pleaded! No prophet is more pathetic than he. I sometimes read the book right through, and it is a good thing to do that with the books of Scripture, so as to get the run of them; and if you will do this with Jeremiah you will be borne away with the torrents of grief which swept over the prophet's soul. He was

A GRAND MAN,

that Jeremiah. He was as a mountain torrent, familiar at once with great heights and profound abysses, deriving force from his deep descents of woe. When he penned the words of our text his sorrow had come to a climax. They had put him into an underground cistern—I was about to say into a dry well, only it was not dry.

He sank in the mire up to the armpits. Reservoirs which at one season of the year were filled with water were frequently used at other seasons as dungeons, and poor prisoners were let down, far beyond all reach of light or fresh air, into such horrible pits, which were often knee-deep in miry clay.

The prophet's case was deplorable; he was cut off from all sound of human voice, and let him cry as he might there was none to have any pity upon him; he was alone, forgotten, forsaken, refused by the many and abhorred by the few who were in power. Doubtless his spirit sank, and we cannot wonder at it. A strong-minded, passionate patriot, who would have saved his country, saw himself put aside even from the opportunity to rebuke and to exhort; in the crisis of national calamity, when he felt most useful to his people, he was put away. Then it was that

THE LORD DREW NEAR

to him. When he was most reproached, and most persecuted of men, he had the sweetest sense of the nearness of the Lord whom he served. Beloved, I think we have read enough of the history of God's dealings with His people to understand that this is the way of Him—that if He ever is absent from His people, it is not in their time of direst need; and if ever He does reveal Himself to them as He does not unto the world, it is when they are bereaven of all outward consolation, and for His sake are made to bear tribulation. The tortured martyr, the banished Puritan, the hunted Covenanter, could each say, "Thou dwrest near in the day that I called upon Thee; Thou saidst, Fear not."

Whatever wonder there was in the heart of Jeremiah that God should draw near to him, you and I must have felt even greater wonder whenever God has drawn near to us. We have cried out, like David, "What is man, that Thou art mindful of him? and the son of man that Thou visitest him?" It is to us

A STANDING MIRACLE

that the great and glorious and thrice holy God should ever come and reveal Himself in a way of love to us, insignificant, dishonored, guilty sons of men.

I. Let us set forth some sort of an explanation of this wonder. God doth draw near to men. He that filleth all things communes with those who are less than nothing and vanity. The Eternal converses with the creatures of a day. He who is inconceivable in the majesty of His nature nevertheless permits us, who are but dust and ashes, to speak with Him as a man speaketh with his friend. Why is this? I shall not abate the wonder if I somewhat explain it by mentioning other facts equally wonderful—great things, and unsearchable, drawn from the vast depths of the divine working.

The first thought I would suggest to you is, that men have ever been in the thoughts of God. As we are taught by the Word of God, God has always had a very singular regard to man. In the formation of man God widened His communion with His creatures; He began for the first time to hold intercourse with a being who is only in part spiritual, and as to a part of his nature is linked with materialism. God communed with Adam, and thereby placed him in an honor, in which, alas! he continued not. It was a wonderful thing that creation of man—I shall have to tell you a little more about it before I have done—but in the very fact that man was made in so special a manner there was a drawing near of God to man.

But, secondly, remember that God hath drawn nearer to us than we have as yet hinted at, in becoming tenderly

NEAR IN NATURE.

There was a day, in the fulness of time, in the which the Son of God took our nature upon Himself. Marvel of marvels! He that made all things became a babe at Bethlehem, bore all the weakness and infirmity of infancy, passed through all the growth of boyhood, arrived at a toilsome manhood, and then finished His life-course. Jesus did not wear a nature like to

ours, but He bore our actual nature—our flesh and blood. Sin is not of the essence of manhood, and Jesus had no sin; but all that is really manhood belongs to the Son of man, who is also "over all, God blessed forever."

If I were in trouble in a foreign land, it would be pleasant to hear the voice of an Englishman; it would be even more encouraging to spy out a neighbor, a fellow-citizen of the same town; but most of all would it be cheering to perceive that a dear friend, a brother, a husband was to the front on our behalf. Such a

NEAR AND DEAR

friend is Jesus to each one of these the Father hath given Him. See, here is your brother, O believer, a brother of such tender sensibilities, and of such quick sympathies, that in every pang that rends the heart He takes His share! Do you wonder, therefore, that when you call upon Him He draws near to you?

Nor is this all. The Lord Jesus was specially near to His people in the days of His life on earth. He was no mere observer of men, passing through our midst, as an English traveller might pass through China or Tartary, seeing everything, but sharing nothing. It is very beautiful to my mind to reflect upon the nearness of Christ as man to men; for there are certain men who by temper, spirit, and behavior are a long way off from the rest of mankind. Look at your princes and your autocrats; they are scarcely to be seen with a telescope; they do not appear to be persons of like feelings with ourselves. Look at your exquisites, your men of pride, your men of pretended culture, who bear their heads above the clouds. But Jesus was the most manlike of all men.

I could propound to you to-day the theory that Jesus was an Englishman, and prove it from many points of His character, if I did not know that He was of the seed of Abraham. Jesus of Nazareth is a Jew, but there is no Jewish peculiarity about Him. He is a man in the broadest, truest sense. It matters not to you or me what nationality He actually came from, for

THE MOST COSMOPOLITAN OF MEN

was the Christ of God. I know several excellent men whom I love and revere, but I despair of imitating them; the color of their virtue has a tint in it peculiar to themselves; I am not made of such stuff as would ever work up into their fashion, admirable though it be. But I never thought thus concerning the Lord Jesus; I always feel that by His grace I can become like Him. He is infinitely superior to those admirable friends of whom I have spoken, and yet He is more imitable. The hill is higher, but in His case there are ways and steps which invite; whereas in the other case there are crags which warn us off. I have known good men with whom I shall never be thoroughly at home until we meet in heaven; at least, we shall agree best on earth when they go their way and I go mine. One never feels so with regard to the all-glorious Lord Jesus. There our cry is, "Nearer, my Lord, to Thee, Nearer to Thee." He draws us to Himself, and the nearer we come the more fully we appreciate Him. If Jesus came thus near to men in His life on earth, do you wonder that He draws near to them now?

Carefully notice that this was a nearness to *sinful* men. For, being here on earth, He did not select for

HIS COMPANIONS

persons of high religious repute, men who practised austerities, or severed themselves from common life. He went down among the fishermen of Galilee, He associated with poor people, uncultured and simple-minded. Ay, He dwelt among the sinful people; "Then drew near unto Him all the publicans and sinners for to hear Him." You and I are sinners too, and our Redeemer's nearness to the sinners of Judea meant nearness to us. Do you think it wonderful that to-day Jesus should draw near unto His own people when they are in their time of sorrow? I do not.

Further, dear friends, Jesus Christ came still nearer to us in His death. How wonderfully

near Jesus came to sinful men when He was delivered up to His enemies to suffer death! Just think of it. Would you have supposed that Christ would come so near to us that He would be found in the felon's dock? Yet there He stood. Do you seek Him? Would you speak with Him? Will you go to the palace of the king, asking for Him? If you do, you must enter the judgment-hall, for there He stands bound, accused, and tried. They charge Him with sedition and blasphemy! "He was numbered with the transgressors!" In the end of His life He draws so near us that He dies among the transgressors: "He made His grave with the wicked." When they took down the carcasses of the thieves they removed His body also, and His remains were given up to His friends as the remains of one who had paid the last penalty of the law. This is coming

WONDERFULLY NEAR TO US.

He is now in heaven; turn your thoughts up to Him there. In heaven He is still perpetually near us. Beloved, He has carried our nature into heaven. The body of the Lord Jesus in glory is the same as that which was laid in the tomb. And what is He in heaven? He is there as our Representative. He is member of heaven's high Parliament for the sons of men, and He holds His seat as such. What is He doing in heaven? He is not only representing us, but He is preparing a place for us; making a niche in heaven for you, a place in heaven for me; and all the while He is continually offering intercession for His people. Ever bearing our names upon His breastplate, ever beholding us as graven upon His hands, He is constantly so near to us that He cannot be nearer.

I have thus shown you, I think, why Jesus so readily draws near to us at the voice of our cry; but there is one more matter of which I would speak, and that is so deep and mysterious that I would specially seek the guidance of the Spirit of God before I speak upon it. Far be it from me to set forth mere imaginings. I would only speak as the Scripture warrants me. Jesus may well come near to His people, for *there is a mystical union which insures it*. A divine doctrine this, of which Paul saith, "This is a great mystery, but I speak concerning Christ and the church," and this in relation to

THE MARRIAGE

union. There is a union between Christ and His church which can only be shadowed out by the union between a husband and his bride; I scarcely dare speak of it in words, it is so holy and divine. Who shall separate what God hath joined together? Now, do you wonder that Jesus draweth nigh unto His people? I should marvel if He did not; for would any of us wish to be away when our dear spouse is suffering? When her heart is heavy is not ours heavy too? In a true, conjugal love, such as I trust many of you feel, there is a degree not merely of similarity and of communion, but even of identity between the twin that have become one. Now, we that are joined unto the Lord are one spirit, one by eternal union, and He must, therefore, draw near to us in a way of sympathy and fellowship.

If I have tried to set forth this mystery as best I can; now I ask your attention for the few minutes that remain to the wonder itself. What I have said makes it less surprising, and yet fills us with greater surprise. In one respect it makes it not wonderful, but in others it makes it more wonderful than ever, that God Himself in Christ should draw near to us.

In desiring you to notice the wonder itself I would remind you, first, that by no means is this wonder at all contrary to expectation, when expectation is founded upon an enlightened understanding. It is natural, it is necessary, that Christ should come near to a people whom He loves so well. Love is attractive. It may be that absence makes the heart grow fonder, but a fond heart hates absence as it hates the fiend; and so the heart of Christ brooks not the absence of the beloved, and will not have it either; for the blood of Christ gives access to Christ,

and the heart of Christ out of which that blood comes is never content until there is constant, intimate, unbroken fellowship between the redeemed and the Redeemer. Do you not hear Him say, "Father, I will that they also, whom Thou hast given me, be with me where I am"? I say it is a great wonder that God should dwell with men; but it is a wonder

NOT CONTRARY TO EXPECTATION.

But, dear friends, if you have ever enjoyed this communion, let me help you to describe it, that you may wonder at it. What is the manner in which God draws near to His people in their time of trouble? At times He draws near to us by a secret strengthening of us to bear up when we are under pressure. We may have no marked joys, nor special transports; but quiet, calm, subdued joy rules the spirit. To my mind, the best of states is the deep calm which comes of the peace of God which passeth all understanding. I care not so much for your brilliant and gaudy-colored joys; your neutral tints of quiet joy suit my soul's eye far better. I will not ask to see the sun above me, but I will be content to feel that "underneath are the everlasting arms."

Do you not remember that when the burden came you feared it, but did not feel it? For the shoulder had grown stronger; when the need came which you dreaded so terribly, it turned out to be no need at all; for He who refused the meal also removed the hunger, He who denied the garment took away the cold. The secret sustenance of the soul by God is very precious. It is not observed of men, but therein the saints are made to magnify their God. That unseen casting on of oil upon the fire, behind the wall, is what we need, and it is a very charming way of the Lord's drawing near to us in the time of trouble.

Furthermore, the good Lord often vouchsafes to His people in their time of great pain and weakness and weariness a doubly vivid sense of His love. It is not merely that they believe in that love as they find it recorded, though that is a very delightful matter; but they feel this love in the delight of it. They know beyond all doubt, and they feel beyond all question—"He loved me, and gave Himself for me." The alabaster box which they were accustomed to hold firmly in the hand of faith is now broken by love, and poured out by enjoyment, so that the smell which was aforesaid latent now perfumes all the soul.

At such times the Lord grants us a sensible assurance of

HIS SYMPATHY

with us. We feel that every stroke of the rod comes distinctly from a Father's hand, who doth not afflict willingly. We look up into His face, and feel that like as a father pitieth his children so doth He pity us. We enter into the sorrow of our Father's heart while He is causing us grief, with greater grief to Himself. We come to feel what it is to be bound up in the bundle of life with the Lord Himself. Extraordinary expression, is it not? where one said, "The soul of my lord shall be bound in the bundle of life with the Lord thy God." We are joined unto the Lord, and know it by feeling His heart beat with our heart. It is a high degree of grace to be so in sympathy with God in His afflicting us that we would not have Him cease for our crying; let Him continue to do His will even though He cross our wills.

The Lord draws near to His people's souls sometimes by a very speedy and remarkable deliverance out of the trouble under which they groan. He can draw near to you when you are plunged in poverty, and He can suddenly lift you to competence. When everything goes against you He can in a moment raise up a friend; when it appears that no chance nor change can set you free He can Himself be your deliverer. Did He not bring up Joseph out of the prison-house and set him on the throne of Pharaoh? He can do the like with you if He wills, ere your sun has gone down. Nothing is impossible with God. The deliverances which

He has vouchsafed to His people, not only in ancient times, but in modern times, are such as to make us feel we dare not doubt, much less despair. "Trust ye in the Lord forever; for in the Lord Jehovah is everlasting strength."

There seems to me to be

A NOTA BENE

here, a kind of hand in the margin to point out the promptness of God. "Thou dwrest near in the day that I called upon Thee"—the very day he called God came; no sooner the prayer than the answer. Oh, the blessed quickness of God! When David cried to Him he says, "He rode upon a cherub, and did fly, yea, He did fly upon the wings of the wind." No pace is too swift for God to come to the deliverance of His people. He is slow to anger, but He is swift in mercy. Try it, ye downcast, and broken-hearted ones, try it to-day, and then come and tell us if it is not so.

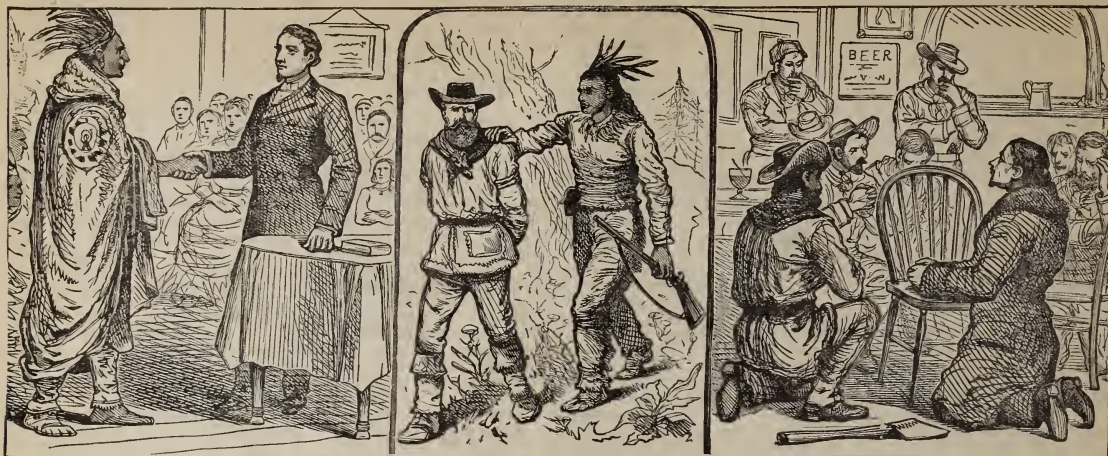
One thing more; observe the extreme tenderness of all this. "Thou dwrest near in the day that I called upon Thee, and saidst, Fear not." You remember that text, "He giveth liberally, and upbraideth not." Here is an illustration of it. Why, I should have thought that when God came near to Jeremiah He would have said to him, "O thou of little faith, wherefore didst thou doubt?" It would have been a very gentle rebuke, but I should have expected as much as that. And if the Lord had come to Jeremiah and said, "You neglected to call upon me, and therefore you fell into this trouble," who would have wondered? But no; the Lord's whole thoughts were about His dear child, and He said nothing to him to wound him, but everything to comfort him. Tenderly he cried,

"FEAR NOT!"

You mothers leave your children for a little to play together when you are at work in the house, and presently you hear a crash and a cry. One of the children has met with a heavy fall. He was climbing where he ought not to have gone and he has had a serious tumble. One child cries, "Mother, Johnny is killed!" Well, you know if you inquired into the matter you would find that Johnny deserved blame; but you do not inquire. You rush to pick him up; you notice that bruise on his forehead; you are fearful for his legs and arms, you are ready to faint as you notice that he is bleeding. Do you scold him? Ah, no; you fall to kissing the poor child; his fault is passed by, you only think of his pain, your only concern is about himself. And so with our gracious God. He comes to His poor, suffering, downcast people, and what He says to them is not—"You should not have done so and so; this is very wrong of you; I must terribly correct you." No; but He says, "Fear not, I have forgiven thee; and I will deliver thee."

Remember the father in the parable when the prodigal came back. Did he lecture him upon his immoralities? Did he say a word about his ingratitude and folly? He did not notice his pimpled face, and point to his blotches as the result of his excess in wine with his riotous companions. He did not point to his rags and tell him that these came of his profligate expenditure. No, he said not a word of upbraiding; but only, "Bring forth the best robe, and put it on him; put a ring on his hands, and shoes on his feet." That is just what the Heavenly Father will do and say if we call upon Him; therefore let us call upon Him in truth from this moment, ere we leave the pew, and may the Lord cause us ere long to say, "Thou dwrest near in the day that I called upon Thee, and Thou saidst unto me, Fear not." God bless you, dear friends, for Jesus' sake. Amen.

[The prayers of the readers of this Journal are requested for the blessing of God upon its Editors, and those whose sermons, articles, or labors for Christ are printed in it; and that its circulation may be used by the Holy Spirit for the conversion of many sinners and the quickening of God's people. Dr. Talmage and Mr. Spurgeon especially request prayer every Sunday morning on behalf of their labors.]



Scenes of Missionary Life in the North-west.

DR. TALMAGE'S BIRTHDAY.

DR. TALMAGE's fifty-third birthday was celebrated yesterday (January 7th). Among the methods adopted to cheer the eminent pastor of the Tabernacle, was the publication of a special birthday number of the *Brooklyn Magazine*, containing letters of congratulation from his brethren in the ministry and prominent public men. The following are a few extracts from the letters:

The Hon. Frederick T. Frelinghuysen, Secretary of State, writes: "It is with no little pleasure that I join the many friends of the Rev. Dr. Talmage in wishing him, upon the fifty-third anniversary of his birthday, long-continued health and happiness. Dr. Talmage and I were born in the same State and county, and I have known him personally and through his writings for many years. It is an acquaintance from which I have derived much satisfaction, and knowing as I do the great good which he has done and is now doing in the extended field to which his talents have called him, I earnestly hope that his useful life may be spared for many years to come."

General Hancock, the Democratic candidate for the Presidency in 1880, writes: "I feel kindly to Dr. Talmage, whom I personally know, and I beg you will convey to him my warmest congratulations on the occasion of his fifty-third birthday, and my best wishes for a continuance of his health and usefulness."

Senator John Sherman says: "I have been so much engaged with my public duties that I have not before been able to give my attention to the proposed tribute to Dr. Talmage, and to join in congratulating him. He is a man of remarkable powers, and is worthy of any mark of respect that his friends can show him."

General W. T. Sherman sends this characteristically laconic note: "My best compliments to Dr. and Mrs. Talmage, wishing them all honor and happiness in this vale of tears."

Ex-Governor Blackburn, of Kentucky, wrote: "I sympathize most heartily with the friends and admirers of Dr. Talmage, in their desire to make his fifty-third anniversary an occasion for congratulation, and I gladly embrace the opportunity of extending to him my most cordial greeting. . . . I pray that his life may long be spared as an ornament to his profession and a blessing and an honor to his race."

From the *Vice-President-elect*, *the Hon. Thomas A. Hendricks*, the following tribute was received: "I am gratified to learn that the admirers of the Rev. Dr. DeWitt Talmage propose to observe the fifty-third anniversary of his

birthday by suitable expressions of congratulation and friendship, and I beg to join them in such expressions."

Mr. John B. Gough writes: "With all my heart I send cordial congratulations to Dr. Talmage. I honor him for his long and faithful service for God and humanity; for his bold and fearless advocacy of righteousness; for his hearty co-operation with all moral reforms; for his many years of usefulness as a minister of Christ; not only in his own pulpit, but on all occasions he has borne faithful testimony for the truth. . . . That he may live yet many years to win souls, to lift up the down-trodden, strengthen the weak, encourage the despondent, and fulfil his mission to the end of life, and eternally reap his reward, is my sincere desire."

The Rev. Henry Ward Beecher writes: "I congratulate you most heartily on attaining to the ripe age of fifty-three! From the summit of these years nay you, like Moses, look over into fifty more, but, unlike Moses, be spared to go over and possess them. May labor sit light upon you! May your audiences grow larger and your cares grow less, until Heaven calls you home, and there, largest of all, may you find a great multitude whom you have helped on their heavenly way."

Mr. Ira D. Sankey writes: "Learning, as I have, that on the 7th of January you pass the fifty-third mile-stone of your life, allow me to send my sincere congratulations, and to express the hope that you may long be spared to preach the glorious Gospel to tens of thousands in this land, and through the medium of the press to tens of thousands in the lands beyond the sea."

Letters of congratulation, too long for insertion here, were also received from Dr. S. Irenaeus Prime, Dr. Charles H. Hall, Dr. R. S. Storrs, Bishops Fowler and Warren of the M. E. Church, Dr. C. A. Bartol, Dr. S. T. Spear, Dr. W. Ormiston, Mr. E. P. Roe, Mr. Philip Phillips, Mr. John G. Whittier, the Quaker Poet, the Hon. S. S. Cox, M.C., and many others. From across the Atlantic come characteristic letters from Edmund Yates, Esq., the novelist and editor of the *London World*, and from Martin F. Tupper, author of "Proverbial Philosophy."

HOME MISSION WORK IN THE WEST.

(See Illustration.)

It is gratifying to learn from the annual reports of the American Home Mission Society, recently issued, that the year now closed was the most prosperous as well as the most useful the Society has ever known. It is difficult to realize the hardships which the devoted men

and women have to undergo in preaching the gospel and doing pastoral work in the sparsely settled districts, where the means of locomotion are few and the climate is often inclement.

In a recently published book of reminiscences of pastoral work in the north-west, many interesting incidents are related. Among them is one of a meeting interrupted by Indians. The missionary and his wife, Mr. and Mrs. Ellburn, were holding a meeting, at which a large number of the inhabitants of the settlement were present. The hymn, "Jesus Christ is passing by," had been sung, the singing being led by one Horace Wilmer, when some seven or eight Indians stalked in. All apprehensions of their hostile intentions were quickly dissipated by the chief walking forward and extending his hand to the missionary.

"Me too Christian," he said, warmly grasping the missionary's hand.

"You are a Christian? I am glad to hear it. What made you a Christian? Did anybody tell you about Jesus?"

"Singing man tell poor Indian," the chief answered, pointing to Horace Wilmer. "Then something say inside of me, 'Indian no steal, no kill, no get drunk; Jesus know. Do well, Jesus love poor Indian.' " Then, looking over his shoulder in the direction of his friends, who had squatted on the floor by the stove, he continued. "Christians too. Singing man say, 'Squaw, love Jesus! Indian, love Jesus!'"

"Our Indian friend speaks truly," said Mr. Ellburn; "consciousness of the love of Jesus produces love to him, and sin then becomes hateful. It is the same with Indians as with white men; thank God. Let us pray now."

A MISSIONARY CAPTURED.

Among those who had rendered good Christian service in that locality was a missionary whose earnest endeavor was to carry the work farther and farther into districts not yet reached. Sometimes he commenced his journeys at night, and would be gone a week.

On one occasion, having gone farther than usual, he was taken captive by one of a disaffected band of Indians, and carried off to their camp. (See Illustration.) His captors, not being actually on the war-path, concluded to let him live; and he, seeing no way to regain his freedom just then, set about learning their language and adapting himself to their ways, for the purpose, if possible, of being useful to them.

About a month after his capture the chief's youngest son, a bright little fellow, became ill. He had been very kind to the missionary, and in his illness he begged that his white friend

might be with him. The missionary was glad to attend him, and having some little medical knowledge, he devoted himself to the boy through several days and nights of feverish pain and restlessness. When the boy recovered he spoke to his father about Jesus, the Great Spirit's wonderful Son, whose love for little children the pale-faced prisoner had described when he was well enough to listen. This excited the chief's interest, and he called for the missionary, and listened to the story of salvation that had been wrought for the red man as well as the white by the Great Spirit. The chief's heart was touched, and he ordered the missionary's release, sending him home under the guidance of three of his young braves. These young men returned subsequently to their own people, carrying with them rewards and invitations to others to come to the mission, which were accepted with blessed results.

PRAYER IN A SALOON.

A thrilling episode in the earlier stages of Christian work is depicted in the third illustration. The organization of a temperance society was among the efforts made, and the keeper of the principal tavern in the place was much annoyed at the success which crowned the attempt.

One night, the missionary passing the tavern, saw the place lighted up and full of people; he therefore entered. A few of the men who were congregated, spoke to him respectfully, and made a place for him near the fire.

The missionary was hearty in his response, entering at once into pleasant conversation.

"I heard singing; I am sure some one was singing when I came in," he remarked, after a time.

"Bre'es was singing," was said, with a laugh. "We'll hear you if you'll oblige."

"I will do the best I can," was the reply.

In a voice of great melody and richness, that commanded the attention of the listeners, the missionary commenced:

"One more day's work for Jesus;
One less of life for me!
But heaven is nearer,
And Christ is dearer,
Than yesterday to me;
His love and light
Fill all my soul to-night."

As he rendered verse after verse, there was an unmistakable change in the faces of the men, and their hands lay listless across the knees.

"Let us kneel and ask God to help each one of us to work for Jesus," said Wilmer, in the simplest and most natural way. There was a moment of hesitation, and glances from one to another; but at last every man was on his knees, with his face to the back of his chair. Then some eyes even in that room grew misty, as all listened to the pleading of a man with his Friend and for his friends, for the sake of One who had laid down his life for them all. "I never felt so in all my life," one of the men said, as he described the scene afterward. "It just seemed as if the great God was there, looking into my heart, and seeing everything that I had ever done and said in my whole life."



An Inward Struggle with the Tempter.

A BEREAVED MAN'S STRUGGLE.

(See Illustration.)

How many of the fiercest battles of spiritual warfare have been fought out in utter loneliness! Mazzini said, "When the evil one wanted to tempt Jesus, he led Him out into solitude." So he attacks Christ's followers. Seldom does a crushing calamity fall upon a child of God but Satan is at his side, tempting him to doubt the love of his Father in heaven.

Such a battle was going on one night in a little kitchen in an old-fashioned house, where a middle-aged man sat solitary. Sam Evans, a sturdy carpenter, was the hero of that fight. He wore his apron, and was in his shirt-sleeves, just as he quitted work for the day. It was not his usual habit so to sit down for the evening. But to-night he has no heart to "clean himself." His thoughts are away in the cemetery on the hill, where two days ago he laid the remains of his wife to await the resurrection morn. To-morrow he is to go to the next city to follow his only daughter, a dearly loved girl only eighteen years old, to her grave. In one week he was bereft of the two beings who were dearest to him on earth. His face swollen with weeping, he flings himself down on his chair, and wonders why such a cup has to be drained.

The problem with which Job wrestled centuries ago presented itself to him for solution. No one was there to offer him, as Job's friends did, the cold consolations of orthodox belief, or to point the lessons which it was his duty to learn from his trouble; but his own quivering heart, bleeding from the wounds he had suffered, did the work for him. Was God the good, kind, loving Father he had thought Him? That was the question which troubled poor Evans as he sat by his solitary fireside.

Instinctively he had reached down his old Bible, intending to seek consolation there; but

it had not been opened. Many a time, in sorrow and bereavement, the old Book had given relief; but then his pious wife was at his side to weep with him and encourage his faith. Now it was so utterly different.

How long he sat there, thinking his sad thoughts, doubting, questioning, he never knew. Struggle as he would, he could not say, "Thy will be done." Why had this double affliction fallen upon him? That was the question with which his untutored mind was exercised. And he gave it up. He did not know. Was it all true, that which he had heard and believed, that God really loved him and all men? That was the devil, suggesting the doubt. Evans was not conscious of the fact, but he took the very best means to conquer which he could have taken had he recognized his assailant. There is no weapon like the sword of the Spirit.

With a deep-drawn sigh he opened his Bible, and without looking for any particular passage, he read just where the leaves fell apart. It was the story of the Crucifixion, as related by the Evangelist Mark, that he read. He read on until he came to the most piteous cry that has ever risen to the ears of God, "My God, my

God, why hast Thou forsaken me?" Evans closed the book, and leaning his head on his arms resting on the table, he cried, "God forgive me for doubting. And that suffering was for me and men like me. God have compassion on my hard heart." As he told the story afterward, his doubts fled like startled birds, and he saw them no more. He went about his daily occupations after that night a chastened, but never more a doubting, man.

SINNERS AND SUFFERERS.

A SERIAL STORY.

(Continued from page 24.)

Too Late.

DURING the three past days Hester and her father had had many confidential conversations. The mystery of the attack made upon Robert, and the similar one by which Rose had well-nigh perished, had been fully discussed between them. It had not been any mystery to Hester until now. She had been as fully convinced as Grant and Robert that her father had been the stealthy assailant in the first instance; and there had been scarcely a doubt upon her mind that he had also attacked Rose in a paroxysm of madness and despair which had made him unconscious of his own deed. But now that he emphatically maintained his innocence, and narrated circumstantially the details of his finding of Rose already dead, as he supposed, she could not withhold her credence.

By repeated and strenuous efforts of his memory, the recollection came back to him of having heard Lawson closing the door, and this he told to Hester. He had not been alone in the house, then. *Lawson had been there;* and it must have been he who had been the secret and vindictive foe. No one knew as she did the profound hatred Rose had aroused in him, even before her marriage with his master.

To no one else had he displayed it. There came back to her mind his wild, half-crazy denunciations of her; his superstitious visions of her own mother's presence, which had ceased when Rose usurped her place in the household. The criminal could be no other than Lawson.

But Robert, on his part, was speeding away for England, with his conviction in no way shaken that it was John Morley's hand which had been lifted up against himself and Rose. His denial of the crime seemed perfectly natural, and almost justifiable, to him; it had been quiet and brief, a mere parenthesis in a conversation. Besides, he was convinced he had no other enemy, not merely in Little Aston, but in all England itself. He still considered himself as having been placed more on a level with John Morley by this double attempt at revenge.

He did not see any reason why, there was so much mutually to forgive, John Morley could not be fully reconciled to his penitent wife. They must leave Little Aston, of course; but London would afford them a residence, where their former life would be altogether unknown. It was in his father's power to procure a post as secretary or librarian for John Morley; and they could live somewhere near Carl and Hester, and be very happy after all. It seemed as if he were doomed to pay the heaviest penalty himself.

That seemed hard to him. But had he reflected, as he would have done had his repentance been the work of the Holy Spirit instead of merely the outburst of vexation and self-reproach that he should have done "a stupid thing," he would have seen the justice of the heaviest penalty being required of him. He had been the one to tempt Rose Morley astray. He had taken her away, heedless of her ruin, careless of the shame and sorrow that she must bear to the end of her days, and thinking nothing of the curse upon her soul. Little recked he of the sorrow of her husband or of little Hester's years of misery. Now he realized something of all this, but not sufficient to admit that he was righteously punished.

He reached Little Aston toward the close of the second day, having stopped nowhere on his journey. Grant's house was on his way to Aston Court, and he turned in to see his little Hester for a minute. It was a week since he had left her, and consumption takes rapid strides sometimes. He was afraid to inquire from the servant how the child was, but passed on quickly to the room where he had seen her last. It was empty. Even the cushions and pillows, which had been piled upon the sofa to make it solter for her feeble little frame, had been removed, as if she no longer occupied this place. His heart contracted with a terrible dread. The fatherly instinct, so strong in Mr. Waldron, had been quickly and strongly developed in himself. How dear the child had been to him, how firm and close a hold she had laid upon his affection, he had scarcely known till this moment. He turned sharply round and demanded where Mrs. Grant was. She was upstairs in the room which had formerly been Carl's study. Robert hastened there, and entered it abruptly.

Annie was not in the room, but Carl was there, looking pale and suffering, his eyes wearing an expression of a continual anxiety. He was standing at the window, which faced westward, watching the sun set, but not really seeing it; for his troubled thoughts were far away from any object his gaze rested upon. He turned as Robert entered, and came forward to greet him.

"Where is Hester?" asked Robert, in a broken voice.

"Hester!" cried Carl. "How can I tell? Would to God I knew."

"But my little Hetty," said Robert; "you know where she is, Carl. She is not dead!"

"No," answered Carl, with a look of profound sympathy; "your little girl is not dead. She is living still; but we have taken her to her mother. She pined to go to her, as soon as she knew she was in this neighborhood; and Rose

entreated to have her. She is gone to die in John Morley's house."

"Alas!" exclaimed Robert; "then I cannot see her, I cannot nurse her again."

He felt that it would be utterly impossible for him to visit John Morley's house with Rose in it; to watch with her the child's coming death. How could he bear to face Rose in the presence of their dying child? No; he had lost the little creature, so lately found, whose life had been cold and desolate through his sin. He felt a momentary anger that they should have stolen her away from him, during his absence; but it died away as Carl spoke again.

"I thought of that," he said; "but what else could we do? The mother's claim is the strongest. She has been a living child for Rose these many years; you have known her only a few months. Besides, Hetty pined and grieved about it. She would not have been living now if we had not yielded. You were gone, and we did not know when you might return."

It was done, and could not be undone, even if he had wished it. She was as surely separated from him, for the short period that still remained of her life, as if the grave had closed over her. Yet Carl had acted well; had done precisely what a true and tender nature dictated. He could not blame him. No reproval could fall upon any one except himself.

"Carl," he said, after a long silence, "I have found Hester."

"Hester?" he cried again, starting violently, and grasping Robert's arm. "What did you say? You have found Hester?"

"Yes, Hester and John Morley," he answered, almost reluctantly.

Carl could not articulate a syllable, but gazed with mingled incredulity and beseeching into Robert's face. He could not believe his own ears; yet there came a chilly recollection across him of Lawson's words, "I have a notion that Robert Waldron knows where she is." Now he said that he had found them! He had been absent for a week, and had seen Hester!

Carl scarcely knew whether to seize him by the throat, or cast himself upon his knees before him, to extort this precious knowledge from him. He knew where Hester was; she who as truly belonged to him as if he had secured her troth. For did she not belong to him? What right had this rich, prosperous man, the favorite of the world and of fortune, to come between him and her? Was not every principle of justice and fitness opposed to the possibility of his possessing Hester? Hardly a moment had passed since Robert had uttered his reluctant tidings, and these thoughts had only flashed through Carl's brain, when he spoke again.

"I discovered where they were from a hint dropped by Lawson's mother, who knew nothing herself of their place of concealment. They fled to her native place, a little town in Burgundy. I went there to make sure that my guess was correct, and found myself right. Of course they had never heard any news from England, and heaven knows how long they might have hidden there, for John Morley had no idea but that Rose was dead. He denies the crime, and he denies ever striking me; but then why did he flee? He is not quite sane yet. He is unwilling to return to England, though Hester suffers from her long trouble. She is homesick; you can see it plainly, and she is longing to come back."

"I must go to them," interrupted Carl, taking a stride toward the door, as if he would set off the same instant.

"I knew you would," said Robert, in an accent of relief and regret. "Yes; go. You will prevail with him, and take care of her. But stay; I must give you fuller directions as to how you are to find them; and you cannot leave here before the first train in the morning. What a happy fellow you are!"

He uttered the last words with a smile, sadder than many tears are. Carl was arrested and quitted by it. He descended from the height of his own unexpected joy to enter into the

desolation and loneliness of Robert Waldron. They talked together until long after the sun had gone down; and then parted with a friendship between them which would last their lifetime.

None could feel more deeply than Carl how heinous was the sin Robert Waldron had committed. His nature was singularly delicate, and it shrank in unmitigated disgust from vice. But the very studies of Christ's life and teaching which had led him to higher and still higher attainments in spiritual life, filled his heart with loving pity for the sinner. He saw more truly than Robert did how vile was the sin which had brought misery both on the guilty and the innocent. But Robert regarded it as folly, as a despicable blunder, a thing that had turned out ill, which had cost him more than it had ever given him. Misery had resulted from it to himself and others, and how poor was all the pleasure it had given him throughout! But Carl, while seeing all that, saw too, a more serious aspect of it. It was in his eyes a sin against God. Even if it had brought no evil in its train, it would still have been a hateful, a wicked thing, to be mourned over and humbly repented. Therefore, while Robert wept as a child weeps whose fault is being punished, Carl hoped yet to lead him to a better sorrow, which would issue in hope of pardon. This had formed the burden of his talk on the night before his departure, and the next morning, as he set out to bring Hester back, he prayed earnestly that the stricken sinner might be led of the Holy Spirit into the light.

With Robert's very minute directions, and with the certainty of finding Hester at the end of his journey, Carl felt no sort of hesitation or embarrassment at the idea of passing through a country, the language of which was altogether unfamiliar to him. He knew two or three dead languages, but he had no practical knowledge of French, and could not comprehend a word addressed to him by any of his fellow-passengers, or the railway officials; but as far as Paris his ignorance did not prove inconvenient. He crossed the Channel and sped up to Paris as swiftly as steamers and railways could take him; but it appeared the slowest mode of transit it had ever been his lot to experience.

An interpreter accompanied the train and expedited his passage through Paris to the Lyons Railway Station, from which was the line running through Burgundy. He knew how long it would be before he could reach the small station, which Robert had described to him, and where he would find a diligence plainly inscribed with the word "Ecqueville." He would have nothing to do but seat himself in it, put six francs into the hand of the driver; and there would be no longer any difficulty to surmount in fulfilling his mission. After that Hester would be his interpreter. But if there had been a thousand difficulties, multiplied by a thousand dangers, he was ready to confront them all to find her at the end of them.

The country through which he was passing received but small attention from him; though now and then he started, as if aroused from a slight slumber, to give a brief glance at the long valleys, and broad table-lands he was traversing. He promised himself to survey them more carefully on his return, when Hester and her father were with him. One question agitated him very greatly. Was it true that John Morley was innocent of any attempt to avenge himself either upon Rose or Robert Waldron? So far as his liability to earthly judgment and punishment was concerned, he ran no risk of being called upon to expiate his crime. Circumstances had singularly favored the criminal. But Carl longed to believe that the hand of Hester's father was free from every stain. His mind was tossed from one thought to another in a tumult of hope and apprehension, until he found that the train began to slacken speed at the time when they should be approaching the station where he was to alight.

The train had been shunted into a siding to wait until another, bound for Paris, had started

from the little station. It was passing them slowly, and his glance, now on the alert, fell upon the last compartment of a second-class carriage, as it glided by. There sat—he could not by any chance be mistaken—John Morley, but erect, vigorous, and sunburnt, with an unwonted energy in his face, and beside him was Hester, whose full face he could not see, as it was turned toward her father, but whose delicate profile was too familiar to him ever to be forgotten. An instant only did this vision of her last, for the train was getting up its speed, and almost as he saw her she was lost to his sight again.

Carl's first impulse was to thrust himself half out of the window, and to shout after the receding train; but he restrained himself, and waited until his carriage-door was unlocked. Without doubt this was the station he had booked for; the ticket was taken from him, and he alighted mechanically. He stood motionless, gazing down the long straight line of railway, narrowing to a vanishing point at a great distance off, along which he could yet see the film of smoke fading away into the blue air. A few other travellers had descended from the train, but they did not disperse hastily as in England. They lingered instead, staring hard at this handsome young foreigner, who stood immovable in an attitude of dismay. When Carl awoke to his ludicrous position, he found himself surrounded by a group of country-people, whose eyes and mouths were wide open, and seemed little likely to close again.

He lifted his hat from his beating temples, to let the cool air play about them; and the Frenchmen, not to be outdone in politeness, removed theirs, standing round him bareheaded in the glowing sunshine. Carl was half beside himself with disappointment and embarrassment.

(To be continued.)

PAUL'S FAREWELL.

S. S. Lesson for Jan. 18, Acts 20 : 28-38. Golden Text, ver. 31. By Mrs. M. Baxter.

Paul's Recognition of the Spirit's Power—The Ordaining Power—Ordination Following Usefulness—How to Feed a Church—Pastors who Impress Themselves on the People—Wolves Predicted—Warning Enjoined—Commended to God—Paul's Waived Rights—No Trace of Mercenary Motives—Contrast with Heathen Priests—Friends Given up.

PAUL'S farewell charge to the elders of the Ephesian church gathered at Miletus was truly in the power of the Holy Ghost. Paul understood the Holy Ghost, knew the language of the Spirit, was "led by the Spirit" (Rom. 8 : 14), lived in the Spirit, walked in the Spirit (Gal. 5 : 25), and prayed in the Holy Ghost (Jude 20). Consequently, we see him recognizing the Spirit in his own call to missionary life (Acts 13 : 2), in the way of guidance for his work (Acts 16 : 6, 7; 19 : 21), and as the power for preaching (Acts 19 : 6). Now, we see he recognizes the Holy Ghost as He who has the power to ordain ministers in the church. "Take heed, therefore, to yourselves, and to all the flock, over the which

THE HOLY GHOST HATH MADE you overseers." Oh, that this were recognized by the Church of God, that neither man nor church, neither learning nor university degree can make a man an overseer of the church of God! it takes the Holy Ghost to do it. God's eldership is in the Holy Ghost, whether that of apostles, prophets, teachers (1 Cor. 12 : 28), evangelists, pastors (Eph. 4 : 11), or simple elders, men (1 Tim. 5 : 1) or women (1 Tim. 5 : 2, see Gr.). In the early church a man did not choose the ministers as his profession, he was chosen of the Holy Ghost, and only ordained by man after being manifestly used by the Spirit. In those days a man proved himself the minister of God "in much patience, in afflictions, in necessities, in distress, in stripes, in imprisonments, in tumults, in labors, in watchings, in fastings; by pureness, by knowledge, by long-suffering, by

kindness, by the Holy Ghost, by love unfeigned, by the word of truth, by the power of God, by the armor of righteousness on the right hand and on the left, by honor and dishonor, by evil report and good report; as deceivers, and yet true; as unknown, and yet well known; as dying, and behold we live; as having nothing, and yet possessing all things." In all this we see that the *life* even more than the knowledge is the proof of a faithful minister—a life which is divine, under all circumstances. Such a life is a Christ life, lived by the Holy Ghost in us.

"Take heed, therefore, unto YOURSELVES."

If the life of a pastor is not deepening in God, his flock will fare badly. He may give eloquent, fervent discourses, the result of much talent, research, and learning. But while the minds of his hearers are interested, informed, and delighted their souls will not be brought into the presence of God; the preacher will have impressed *himself*, and not his *God*, upon his people. This is not to feed the flock of God. The less a teacher is perceptible the better. When God's people have really been fed, they do not come away from the service or meeting talking about the preacher, but about the Lord. His remarks are forgotten, it is the Word itself which stands out in new light and power; Jesus seems more present, more real to them. Paul says, "Feed the church of God, which He hath purchased with His own blood;" God's property is to be tended for God.

The old apostle spoke prophetically, "For I know this, that after my departing shall GRIEVOUS WOLVES

enter in among you, not sparing the flock. Also of your own selves shall men arise, speaking perverse things, to draw away disciples after them." How could God permit such things to come upon a church for which Paul prayed so wonderfully (Eph. 3 : 14-19)? God showed him "There must also be heresies (schisms or factions) among you, that they which are approved may be made manifest among you." (1 Cor. 11 : 19). And even these were among the things that Paul could glory in, that the power of Christ might rest upon him. These were among the "all things [that] work together for good to them that love God." Paul saw above and beyond all the malice of Satan, all the perversity of man—an overruling Hand, bringing good out of evil. He then gives them one counsel: "Therefore WATCH."

It was but a repetition of the Master's own. Paul did not mean to encourage suspiciousness. True watchfulness does not consist in suspecting persons or in forestalling unpropitious circumstances, but in having the eye open to see God in all things, watching *Him*. "And remember," continues Paul, "that by the space of three years I ceased not to warn every one night and day with tears." Paul had no tears to shed over his own trials; he could rejoice in the prison at Philippi, and sing praises to God; he could rejoice in the prison in Rome and cheer on his disciples (Phil. 1 : 4, 18; 2 : 2, 17, 18; 3 : 1; 4 : 4). But it went to his heart to think of what his spiritual children must suffer; he had tears to weep for them.

But his was no morbid, sentimental grief. He knew what to do with his own troubles, and what to do with theirs. "And now, brethren, I commend you to God, and to the Word of His grace, which is able to build you up, and to give you an inheritance among all them which are sanctified." "I commend you to God," was really the same as though he had said, "I put you into the hands of God." Paul expected nothing from their faithfulness; in leaving them, all his expectation was from God's faithfulness in keeping them. "I commend you to God, and to the Word of His grace." How many copies of the Scriptures he left among them we know not. Certainly, only a part of those we

now have; and if there were five copies in Ephesus of the then known Scriptures, it would be much. Some may have made copies for themselves of some portions. But Paul counted these fragmentary Scriptures, dwelling in them richly in all wisdom (Col. 3 : 16), enough to build them up, and to give them an inheritance among all them which are sanctified. The Word of God, received and *appropriated*, increases the life of God within us. It is not enough to get an idea into our heads from the Word of God, our hearts must rest upon it, so that we have no hesitation to put it to the proof, leaving all the consequences with God.

Paul thought it necessary to remind the Ephesian elders that

NO MERCENARY MOTIVES

had influenced him in his labors among them. "I have coveted no man's silver, or gold, or apparel. Yea, ye yourselves know that these hands have ministered unto my necessities, and to them that were with me." No doubt in those days, as in these, there were many ready to say to those who preached the Gospel, "You make a good thing of it," "You find it pays well," "You get an easy time of it." All of which sneers were silenced by the fact that Paul never asked money for his own need or his own work, and never had a collection, except for the poor saints at Jerusalem. Although he taught most strongly the duty of the church to support those who labored in the Gospel, he says, "But I have used none of these things."

What is my reward, then? Verily that, when I preach the Gospel, I may make the Gospel of Christ without charge, that I abuse not my power in the Gospel." (1 Cor. 9 : 14-18). Who could accuse such a man of mercenary motives? When once a man of God takes his position as a loved child of God, and learns to know the Holy Spirit's guidance, the cares of this world—how to make both ends meet—naturally fall off. With a will renounced, he is ready to take a higher or a lower place as God shall provide, to do work or not, as God shall order. Like Paul, he knows how to "be full and to be hungry, how to abound and to suffer need."

Much of the care and suffering which comes on many of the Lord's children is from having false ideas of what is due to their position, and that which is expected of them. God allows them to be pressed by poverty until these ideas are broken up, and they have given up position, reputation, and all else to Him. The apostle brought this forward, not only as an unanswerable proof of his own disinterestedness, but as an example to his converts. The heathen priests made money out of the superstitions of the people. Paul supported himself, his disciples, and also the poor. "I have showed you all things, how that so laboring ye ought to support the weak, and to remember the words of the Lord Jesus, how He said, It is

MORE BLESSED TO GIVE

than to receive." Paul was not quoting here from any recorded words of Jesus, but it was the burden of our Lord's life as well as of His teaching. To God Himself it is a joy to give, and He is in a sense kept in giving. Truly of all which we give to God we must say with David, "Of Thine own have we given Thee" (1 Chron. 29 : 14), even when it is *ourselves* we give. We must first receive of God in order to give, and then we may know the precious truth practically, that it is more blessed to give than to receive.

When Paul had thus spoken, "he kneeled down, and prayed with them all. And they all wept sore, and fell on Paul's neck, and kissed him, sorrowing most of all for the words which he spake, that they should see his face no more. And they accompanied him unto the ship." God does not call us to be stones, but it is our privilege, as no doubt Paul felt it to be his at this time, to see God's hand in all things, and even in the matter of a farewell to prove how much more blessed it is to give up our own will than to receive and retain our dearest earthly friends at the expense of the will of God.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES.

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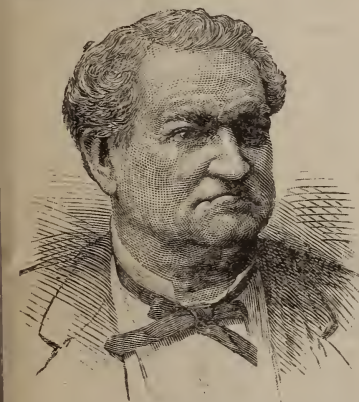
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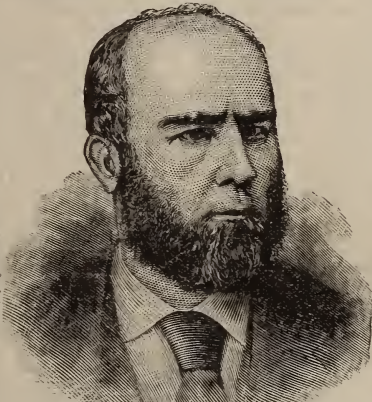
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EXPOSITION BUILDING—The World's Industrial and Cotton Centennial Exposition at New Orleans.

THE NEW ORLEANS EXPOSITION.

The Three Leaders—The Origin of the Project—Its Development—Prompt Responses—The Largest Building Ever Erected—The Opening Ceremonies—Arrangement of Exhibits.

ON the first page of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD this week is a picture of the main building of the Great Exposition at New Orleans. With it are portraits of the three men to whom, with their colleagues on the executive committee, is due in no small degree the triumphant success of this vast enterprise. To Mr. Edmund Richardson, the wealthy cotton planter, who is President of the Exposition; to Mr. Albert Baldwin, First Vice-President, and to Major E. A. Burke, the accomplished editor of the *Times-Democrat*, who is Director-General, this Exposition has been the chief business of many months. They have had the active and efficient co-operation of a band of able men whose enthusiasm was equal to their own, and the results of their arduous labors are now before the world, astonishing all beholders by their gigantic extent, and by the proof they furnish of unsurpassed administrative ability and forethought.

THE PROJECT

took rise in a desire to celebrate the centennial anniversary of the exportation of the *first bale of cotton* to England. On the appointment of Major Burke to the Director-Generalship, the first idea developed into colossal proportions. It was determined to make it an international exposition. The general government appropriated \$1,300,000; the city of New Orleans and the State of Louisiana, each \$1,000,000; the citizens of New Orleans contributed \$500,000; Mexico appropriated \$200,000, and various foreign countries and many States, counties, parishes, cities, towns, corporations, and individuals appropriated and contributed amounts aggregating hundreds of thousands of dollars. It was evident to all that if the Exposition could really be made worthy of our national character an immense impetus might be given to our trade with Mexico and the Spanish and Portuguese nationalities of Central and South America. American ministers and consuls abroad officially invited foreign governments to participate in the grand international display, while the managers of the exposition advertised the project as no other undertaking had ever been advertised in the same space of time. In many instances advertising business was transacted by telegraph, and almost every foreign journal in the world shared in the work of notification. Oriental governments, such as Persia, Siam, Japan, and China, soon manifested their interest in the enterprise, Europe promised even more than had been expected, and some twenty-four thousand applications for space were made.

It was resolved to construct

THE LARGEST BUILDING IN THE WORLD.

A most graphic letter by Lafcadio Hearn, published in *Harper's Weekly*, gives a bird's-eye view of the progress of the enterprise. He says that a remarkable Swedish architect named Torgerson undertook to construct the largest exposition building that had ever been built. Under the efforts of *three thousand laborers* the prodigious skeleton of the edifice rose into shape and day by day the fabric grew into solid beauty, like a creation of magic. Skeptics vowed that no human architect could complete it with the materials at hand, and it was triumphantly finished before their eyes, the largest single building constructed in modern times. Fancy thirty-three acres under one roof—a million six hundred and fifty-six thousand and thirty square feet under ceiling—without partitions! The Music Hall alone can seat eleven thousand people, yet the visitor who enters the gates has to ask his way thither.

THE SECTIONS.

But the Main Building is only one of many extraordinary edifices devoted to the international exhibit. That erected by the United States Government is also of uncommon magnitude (eight hundred and eighty-five feet long by five hundred and sixty-five feet wide). The

architect was the same wonderful Swede, and the style is similar to that of the Main Building, but more harmonious in its proportions. A structure intended to endure, and yielding to none in beauty, is Horticultural Hall, a vast conservatory devoted especially to the display of tropical flora, and destined, it is hoped, to form the nucleus of a New Orleans Jardin des Plantes. It has a length of six hundred feet, a width of one hundred and ninety-four, and its central part is lofty enough to shelter the tallest tropical palms. The buildings erected by the Mexican Government, under the supervision of Señor De Ybarrola, also deserve special mention in this necessarily general review. One is a Moresque octagonal building of light and fantastic style, decorated with much elegant tracery, and with strong, bright coloring in the Arabesque manner. This will be devoted to mineralogy. The other is constructed on the plan of an elegant hacienda, with a broad court beautified with Mexican flora and with fountains.

The vast space thus placed at the world's disposal seemed to many critics far too large. It was predicted that it would never be filled. Instead of that it proved inadequate. Even now, with seven large buildings and several smaller ones, covering in the aggregate more than

SIXTY ACRES OF GROUND,

the management has been compelled to restrict many of the States as to space. So popular has it become that Director-General Burke informed the Board of Management that if time and means were available to erect buildings sufficiently large to cover the entire Exposition Park of two hundred and thirty-seven acres, exhibits enough would be offered to fill them. He was compelled to reject hundreds of applications every day because there was absolutely no place for the exhibits offered.

THE OPENING CEREMONIES

took place on December 16th. It was a day never to be forgotten in New Orleans. Fully twenty thousand persons were present when the official procession reached the building. At one o'clock precisely Major-General Behan introduced Dr. Talmage, who had travelled to New Orleans expressly to offer the dedicatory prayer.

This was

DR. TALMAGE'S PRAYER:

"Lord God of Nations, hear our opening prayer. Gathered from all parts of this land, and from both sides of the sea, and from under all skies, we ask for thy blessing. Let it come upon the officers, and the directors, and the managers of this World's Exposition. May this day be the beginning of a new dispensation of national prosperity and brotherhood. May a potent influence go forth from these palaces of industry which shall result in the world's having more complete apparel, and better food, more comfortable shelter, and more thorough education. We pray Thee that this Exposition may result in spreading out the folded sails of our paralyzed shipping, in putting bands on all the silent factory wheels, and in starting the plough in longer and deeper and richer furrow; in opening the door to all the hidden treasures of coal and iron and precious metal, and in making more demand for printer's type, and painter's pencil, and sculptor's chisel, and carpenter's rule, and mason's trowel, and author's pen, and in commencing for all the land a process of Edenization. By this great gathering, day after day, and month after month, may the last feeling of sectional discord be gone, and North and South, East and West, carry the four parts of one great national harmony. May it be the unification of North and South America!"

"Gracious God! we pray Thee, by means of this Exposition, solve for us the agonizing question of supply and demand. Alas! that there should be so many hungry in a land of so much wheat, so many cold in a land of so much cotton, wool, and flax. We ask of Thee, O God, to come to the rescue of this nation. Rouse and accelerate all our financial, commercial, political, and educational interests, and as Thou hast

made of one blood all the nations of the earth, we pray that this gathering of all nationalities may impress upon us a true sense of our consanguinity. 'Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace and good will toward men.' May the clock strike 'one' upon a new day of prosperity and righteousness and plenty. Quicken all our slumbering industries, and let the hammers sound 'the anvil chorus' from sea to sea. Under thy guidance may capital and labor be crowned side by side under these arches. Give one clear command from the heavens to this nation, and say unto the agricultural and manufacturing, educational and religious interests of this country, 'Go forward!'

"Lord God of Joshua! we do not ask that the sun may stand still for a few hours in order to give our best interests an opportunity of winning the day; but we do ask that the sun may never go down on the prosperity of this people. God be merciful unto us, and bless us, and make thy face to shine upon us, so that thy name may be known upon earth and thy saving help among all nations, and as we have heard that the wealth and prosperity of nations have sometimes hastened their overthrow, and as we know that while the banqueting went on the finger of doom came out of the black sleeve of the darkness and wrote upon the wall, 'Weighed in the balance and found wanting,' we pray Thee that as our prosperity goes onward, our schools and our colleges, and our churches, and our reformatory organizations may prosper and triumph. And may our institutions thus perfected and exalted remain unmolested from internal strife and from foreign attack until that day when the angel, with one foot on the land, and the other on the sea, shall swear by Him that liveth forever and ever that time shall be no longer. And so may the world's doom and the nation's overthrow be simultaneous, and to God the only wise, the only good, the only great, be glory now and forever. Amen."

A perfect oration was accorded to

MAJOR E. A. BURKE,

the Director General, whose exertions to bring the enterprise to a successful issue had been extended over many months, and had left traces on his vigorous frame, which excited the deepest sympathy. He seemed to be worn out by his protracted labors, and to be on the verge of physical prostration. The joy of the triumph achieved, however, sustained him, and his words lacked none of the enthusiasm which has animated him throughout his arduous labors, though only those near him could hear the words his enfeebled voice pronounced. This is what he said, when the protracted cheers, renewed again and again, subsided, and the handkerchiefs the ladies were waving were returned to their places: "Mr. President. Standing, as I do, under the flags of all nations, looking into the faces of the people of every clime, surrounded by the evidences of industry, gathered from every quarter of the earth, within sight of this magnificent gathering of the resources of my own country, with the duty devolving upon me of surrendering into the hands of the management an account of the stewardship of those in whom the trust has been reposed of preparing for this great national and international Exhibition, I have no word of apology or regret to express. I have only profound gratification, profound satisfaction that the people representing the industries of the world—those representing the government of my own country, and those representing the States and Territories of the Union—have held up my hands and have held up the hands of the workers in this cause with such unanimity and spontaneity as the world has never seen before."

An address, from which the following is an extract, was then read by the chief of the exposition committee,

PRESIDENT EDMUND RICHARDSON,

"In this building to-day are the representatives of all the world, side by side with the representatives of our national government and of

Territory of the Union. All have contributed examples of their resources and of their progress in this wonderful collection of industrial, commercial, educational, and artistic objects now open to the inspection of the world.

"How much of good shall result from the means of instruction here furnished is beyond mortal power to measure. But certainly not the least benefit to be derived from the Exposition will be the closer and more friendly intercourse of our own people with those of other countries, the development of common interests, and the firmer establishment of peace. In our own country it will be a monument of the era of unity of interests, of harmony and good feeling, destined, it is believed, to endure as long as the continent itself shall exist on which these now perfectly united States are established.

"I now present to you this Exposition—ready as our best efforts with the brief period of time at our command have been able to make; and for the degree of success attained we appeal to a generous judgment."

At the conclusion of Mr. Richardson's speech there was a slight delay, during which the band rendered some excellent music. In the interval Mr. Richardson's words were telegraphed to President Arthur, who was sitting in the Executive Mansion at Washington with his Cabinet, the members of the Supreme Court of the United States, the President of the Senate, the Speaker of the House of Representatives, and a committee of each House of Congress. President Arthur telegraphed a graceful address of congratulation, which was read to the vast assemblage in the exposition. As the last words were uttered, the powerful Corliss engine, which operates all the machinery in the building, was seen slowly moving, in obedience to the electric current which President Arthur sent over the fifteen hundred miles of intervening space by simply pressing a button on the table before him. The cannon boomed around the building, and the World's Industrial and Cotton Centennial Exposition was inaugurated.

On December 30th a special commissioner from the New York Times visited the Exposition and wrote a long and exhaustive description, to which we are indebted for the following summary of the exhibits:

THE MAIN BUILDING

is near the centre of the ground, facing to the eastward, and about it are grouped the other structures. It is the largest, but by no means the most costly, building ever constructed for such a purpose. The main entrance is in the middle of the eastern front, surmounted by a bell tower containing a set of chimes. The top of the tower may be reached by an elevator, and affords a fine view of the city, the river, and the surrounding country. Over the entrance on the outside is an allegorical group in bronze in which the American bison is the most conspicuous figure. On either side in a lofty niche is a bronze statue—one of Columbus and one of Washington. Directly opposite the door as one enters, and in the very centre of the building, is the Music Hall, with a stage for six hundred musicians, backed by a large organ. The entire rear of the building back of the Music Hall and three hundred feet wide is devoted to the Machinery Department, and at the southern end of this is an extension one hundred and twenty feet wide and five hundred and seventy feet long for the mills and factories, with a long L to be devoted to saw-mills.

All the long front of the Main Building and the ends to the machinery section, a space three hundred feet or so in width, is given up to

GENERAL EXHIBITS.

These are the displays of the works of skill and industrial art and of the materials used in them which are contributed by individual exhibitors, firms, and corporations. There is the usual display of stoves and hardware, carpets and fabrics of all kinds, silks and laces, watches and jewelry, guns and pistols, marbles, porcelain and glass, organs, musical instruments, drugs and

chemicals, soaps, oils, and artists' materials, and the vast variety of articles useful and ornamental which skill and industry produce. By far the largest proportion of these are from the North, and such well-known concerns are conspicuously represented as the Pacific Mills, the Waltham Watch Company, the Remington Firearms Company, the Seth Thomas Clock Company, and so on. Many of these exhibits are tastefully and even artistically arranged.

The entire Northern cross section is occupied by multifarious appliances of machinery and implements for farming. Everything used in cultivating the soil and harvesting the crops is presented in profusion—ploughs, harrows, cultivators, sowers, planters, reapers, mowers, thrashers, etc., propelled by hand, horse power, or steam. These are calculated to open the eyes of backward cultivators of the soil, at home and abroad, to the appliances contrived by American ingenuity to save labor.

The Japanese is the most advanced of all the foreign sections, and has an attractive display of the somewhat familiar potteries, bronzes, lacquer work, silks, embroideries, fans, and gimcracks characteristic of Japanese art and taste. The Chinese section is in part occupied and is rapidly taking shape, while those inevitable bazaars for the sale of inexhaustible olive wood trinkets from Jerusalem are in full operation.

THE GOVERNMENT BUILDING

stands to the northward of the Main Building in such a position that its western side, in which is the main entrance, is nearly in line with the eastern side of the larger structure. It is eight hundred and eighty-five feet long by five hundred and sixty-five wide. The United States Government occupies a broad section across the middle of this building from east to west with the displays of the different departments. From the eastern gallery a collection of mounted animals, including the shaggy Siberian mammoth of old days, look down in solemn silence and grandeur on the multitudinous geological, ethnological, zoological, and other original specimens of the Smithsonian Institute. The Patent Office has many cases of its models here; the Agricultural Department and the Bureau of Statistics undertake to show by specimens, pictorial representations, and graphic and statistical charts something of the extent and variety of our natural resources; the State Department furnishes illustrations of the possibilities of foreign interchange, as well as portraits of official personages; the War Department sends a cheerful assortment of *hospital and surgical appliances*, lighthouse contrivances, and so on, and the Navy Department exhibits the outfit for rescuing starving and freezing mortals in the Arctic regions, cheerful to look upon. Mr. Hatton's department is building a Post Office at the end of the section opposite the mammoth, where business is to be transacted when it is completed.

On either side of the Government section are grouped those of the several

STATES AND TERRITORIES.

and here will be found one of the chief sources of interest and instruction when the displays are completed. To the north of the United States exhibits are those of most of the Northern States. Beginning at Government section, on the east side of the building, and running to the north-east corner, in the order mentioned, are Iowa, Minnesota, Dakota, Idaho, and Washington, and alongside of these in the second row Nebraska, Kansas, Wyoming, Montana, and Oregon, with the cognate displays of the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul and Northern Pacific Railroad companies adjacent. Here, then, is the great grain-growing Northwest, and a most opulent display does it make, not only of the grains, grasses, and vegetable products of the region, but of birds, animals, and minerals. Each section has some characteristic feature.

In the middle of the northern end of the building and extending to the north-west corner are the spaces of New Mexico, Colorado, Arizona, and Nevada, and in these ores and minerals come to the front with great boldness. Prod-

ucts of the soil are not overlooked, but they are eclipsed by the deeper products of the earth. Coal, iron, silver, gold, stones more or less precious are strikingly arranged amid representations of wild mountain scenery near the great divide. Turning from the corner, in which Nevada displays its mineral wealth, along the west side of the building, we come to California, no longer displaying ores as her most precious possession, but taking pride rather in her great trees and valuable timber, her luxuriant vegetation, her cereals and vegetable products, and her inexhaustible variety of fruits. Stones and minerals she shows in abundance, but they are thrown in the shade by the luxuriant display of more valued products.

Southward from California to the Government section on the west side of the building are ranged in succession Illinois, Wisconsin, Indiana, Michigan, and Ohio, with specimens of their well-known natural products, and with many indications of the later results of industry in articles of manufacture. Illinois shows specimens of the handwork of students in the Industrial University of the State, and Indiana exhibits some fine samples of tile work. The most highly developed industries of the country are presented in the group of New England States, occupying the central part of the northern area of the building and surrounded with the profuse display of nature's productions in the West. The cotton fabrics of New England are well represented, and also the varied works of skill in textile and metallic wares. Massachusetts gives special prominence to industrial art and educational appliances.

On the south side of the Government section we find the exhibits of

THE SOUTHERN STATES.

though New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Delaware, and Maryland occupy a large area at the south-eastern corner. The Maryland section is one of the most complete in the building. It exhibits systematically and with excellent arrangement specimens of its stones and minerals, its animals, birds, and fishes finely mounted, its agricultural products and manufactured articles, and the appliances and facilities for educating its people. Along the eastern side of this part of the building, between New York in the south-east corner and the Government section, are the States of West Virginia, Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina, and Florida, in the order named.

Delaware is near the middle of the south end of the building, and continuing from there to the corner we pass Arkansas, Missouri, Alabama, and Kentucky, this last in the south-west corner, and turning along the west side we come in succession to Tennessee, Mississippi, Louisiana, and Texas. In Tennessee building stone and variegated marbles are the most conspicuous feature. Mississippi is miscellaneous, like Arkansas, and shows a great variety of natural products, with fruits and wines in the foreground and cotton asserting itself prominently. Louisiana is rather a State of specialties, in which cotton and sugar are overwhelmingly prominent, but there are salt and rice and goodly variety of woods and semi-tropical vegetation. The big Lone Star State comes forward in burly fashion. It illustrates its bigness on a chart and in statistics painted on a neat but spacious pagoda, and it has a *portable house*, tastefully constructed of native woods for a headquarters.

So wonderful a display impresses the Christian spectator with the vast extent and power of this great country. While uniting with the South in prayer that the Exposition may by God's blessing lead to the development of trade and increased prosperity, he will also pray—and there is sore need that he should do so—that this great nation may live as becomes a people to whom God has given the choicest spot of the earth's surface. That a nation so blessed should abhor selfishness, should seek after righteousness, and always strive to live as in God's sight an example to all people, ought to be our unceasing prayer.

MIGHTY AWAKENING.

Dr. Talmage's Sermon, Preached Last Sunday Morning, January 11, 1885.

"Behold, I will send my messenger, and he shall prepare the way before me: and the Lord, whom ye seek, shall suddenly come to His temple."—MALACHI 3:1.

The Greatest Need of the Time—Ultimate Success Certain—Pentecost a Revival—Later Revivals—The Wondrous Time in 1831—The Revival of 1857—Why an Awakening is Needed Now—I. The Apathy in the Pulpit—Personal Examination—A Glorious Starting—Mighty Temptations—A Message from the Throne—II. Because Professors are Cold—An Imaginary Dividing Line—The Broken Oath—III. Because Progress is so Slow—IV. Because Multitudes are Perishing Unforgotten—The Lever of Prayer—The Ladder of Three Rungs—Willing to be Sacrificed—A Blood-Red Prayer.

SOMETIMES a minister's subject is suggested by his artistic tastes, sometimes by the events of the previous week, sometimes by the question of a parishioner. My subject this morning comes in no such way, but straight from the throne of God into my own heart. Give me your prayerful and intense listening. I will show you, if the Lord shall help me, that

THE GREATEST NEED

of the church and of the world at this time is a mighty spiritual awakening. An ox feeding in a pasture might conclude that the whole world is a clover field, and we, standing in the midst of great religious advantages, might think that all the world is evangelized; but if this platform were the world, so much of it as I cover with my right foot would represent the amount evangelized; or if this whole church were the world, then one pew would represent so much of it as is Gospelized.

While I am just as certain as that there is a God that the whole world is finally to be saved, and that as the world began with a garden so it is going to close with a garden, I am just as certainly impressed with the fact that there needs to be a radical change, and that the Church of God needs to get on some other tack. In the present mode and by the present way *the thing can never be accomplished.* I will show you this morning, as God may help me, that nothing will ever achieve this result but mighty and universal awakening. This is

NOT AN ABSTRACTION.

The first chapter of the Christian Church opens with the account of a revival in which three thousand people joined the church in one day. The day of Pentecost was nothing but a revival. And so the last chapter of the world's history is to be the history of a revival. Not ten thousand people converted, or a million people converted, but a nation born in a day. The millennium is only another name for a revival. So in later ages of the Church, a great awakening came when Robert McChesney preached at Dundee and Scotland was shaken; and when Richard Baxter preached at Kidderminster, and England was shaken; and George Whitefield crossed the ocean, and America was shaken.

There are those of you who can

REMEMBER 1831.

It was a great time of commercial depression in this country, and the shops were closed, and the banking institutions failed, and the whole land was in sadness, and two men appeared at the door of Chatham Street Theatre—one of the worst and most blasphemous theatres of those days—and asked the privilege of purchasing the building for a church, and the lessee said, "For what?" "For a church." He said, "You can have it, and I will give a thousand dollars toward it myself." It was opened, and at the first prayer-meeting eight hundred people were present, and the bar-room was turned into a prayer-room. Mr. Finney preached seventy consecutive nights in that place, and the whole land was shaken. Ay, more of us can

REMEMBER 1857.

All the banks of New York, or nearly all of them, closed, the commercial houses going down with a terrible crash, a time of anxiety

such as I have never seen in this country. Then the engine-houses and the theatres were opened for religious service, and James Hall prayer-meeting at noonday, Philadelphia, telegraphed greeting to the noonday prayer-meeting at New York, and the answer went back, and in my village home I waited for the morning newspapers with great and profound interest, wondering what had been done the day before in religious circles. Four hundred thousand entered the kingdom of God, and some say seven hundred thousand. Those times are coming again, my brethren. We have the same forerunner, commercial depression. We have the same anxiety on the part of Christian people who realize that something needs to be done, that this world can never be brought to God by this slow process, and that there must be great awakening.

DULNESS IN THE PULPIT.

I. I argue the need of a great awakening, in the first place, because of the lack of enthusiasm and zeal on the part of those of us who preach the Gospel. You see, this is a gun that kicks. Let the pulpit first preach to itself, and then preach to the pew. Twenty-eight years ago, in the village church, I knelt, and ten or twelve excellent ministers of religion put their hands on my head and set me apart for the holy ministry; and I declare to you to-day, as I look back, I have two emotions—one of gratitude to God, and the other of the deepest dissatisfaction with myself. The field has been so wide, the opportunity has been so magnificent. I have done so little compared with the work I ought to have done. And then I remember I had such

A GLORIOUS STARTING.

Those of you who have read the congratulatory letters of this last week * remember that Dr. Chambers, of New York, who was her pastor, says in that letter that my mother was the godliest woman he had ever known. Though my early home was very plain, and my father and mother were plain people, they lived close up to God, and nobody ever doubted where they went when they died. Oh, I had a glorious starting, and when I think of the opportunities I have had for usefulness I am amazed that I have done so little! It is in no feeling of cant that I express it, but with deep and unfeigned emotion before God. Oh, it is a tremendous thing to stand in a pulpit and know that a great many people will be influenced by what you say concerning God, or the soul, or the great future!

Suppose a man asks of you the direction to a certain place, and you, through carelessness, thoughtlessly tell him the way, and you hear after a while that he got lost on the mountains, and went over the rocks and perished. "Oh," you will say, "I never forgive myself that I didn't take more time with that man! It is my fault. If I had given him the right direction, he would have gone the right way." And oh, the greater responsibility of standing in a pulpit, and telling people which is the road to heaven! Alas! if we tell them wrong. The

TEMPTATION IS SO MIGHTY

in this day that no layman can understand it—the temptation is so mighty in this day to smooth down the truth, and hush up the alarms of the Gospel, and pat men on the shoulder, and sing them on down toward the last plunge, and tell them they are all right. Or, as the poet has put it:

"Smooth down the stubborn text to ears polite,
And snugly keep damnation out of sight."

What is the use of telling men they are all right when they know they are not all right? O brothers in the ministry—for there are many in our audiences—brothers in the ministry, we cannot afford to hold back any of the truth, and we cannot afford to lack in earnestness!

IF YOU FAIL

in this, my brethren, you had better stand away from them in the last day—you had better stand away from *that soul, that you have neglected* lest he tear you to pieces. He will say to

you, "I admired your philosophic disquisitions, and your beautiful gestures and your finely-formed sentences, multiform, and stelliform, and curvilinear, but you never helped prepare me for this judgment day. Cursed be your rhetoric. I am going down now, and I am going to take you with me. Witness, all ye hosts of light and all ye hosts of darkness, it is his fault!" And many worlds come up in chorus, saying, "His fault, his fault!"

Oh, that God with a torch would set all the pulpits of England, Scotland, Ireland and America on fire! If God will forgive me for the past, I will do better for the future.

"Tis not a cause of small import

The pastor's care demands,
But what might fill an angel's heart;

It filled a Saviour's hands.

They watch for souls for which the Lord

Did heavenly bliss forego.

For souls that must forever live

In raptures or in woe."

Oh, what pulpits we will have, and what prayer-meeting circles we will have, and what fields of usefulness we will have, what Sunday-school classes we will have when we get our message

DIRECT FROM THE THRONE!

Rev Samuel Kennedy, an eminent minister of Christ, preached at Baskingridge, New Jersey—I have often heard my father tell the story—and that minister of Christ mourned over the coldness in his church, and he resolved to give one whole week to prayer and to prepare the most powerful discourse he could possibly prepare. So the whole week was employed, and he went into the church, as he thought, thoroughly prepared. While they were singing the hymn before the sermon, he turned to the Bible to find his text, but he had forgotten the text, and he had forgotten the subject, and when the hymn closed he said: "My dear people, a strange mental accident has happened me, and I cannot preach now. You will sing another hymn." And while they were singing another hymn he took his Bible, glancing his eye from page to page, hoping he might strike upon the text and all would come back to him; but ever and anon his eye would strike upon the passage—"The wicked shall be turned into hell and all the nations that forget God." He said: "I cannot preach on that text: it is a dreadful text," and he turned over more leaves, and kept on looking, and again his eye fell upon the same passage. "Oh," he said, "I cannot preach on that text!" The hymn was finished, and he arose and announced the aforesaid text, and the place was filled with God, and a great revival of religion was started. My grandfather and my grandmother were brought in under that awakening, a line of influence coming down through our family which has blessed my soul.

II. I feel there is a need of a great awakening in the fact that the majority of religions

PROFESSORS ARE VERY COLD.

If a church have a thousand members, eight hundred are asleep. If a church have five hundred members, four hundred are asleep. A great multitude of Christians perfectly satisfied if they can only keep from dropping the wine cup on communion day, gracefully passing it along to somebody else. If there be an important religious meeting on a certain night, and that night there be an operatic entertainment of great interest, or there be a literary club, or there be a social circle, or there be an odd-fellows' lodge, or a freemasons' lodge, and the question be between this and between that, who gets it, Christ or the world?

You know, whether you are a professor of religion or not, that the dividing line between the church and the world of to-day is like the equator, or the Arctic or Antarctic circle—a mere imaginary line—and thousands of professed Christians stand discussing the infinitesimal questions, Shall we dance? Shall we play cards? Shall we go to the theatre? Shall we go to the opera? and all those questions, and there are five hundred million of the

* See last week's CHRISTIAN HERALD, page 26.

ing on toward judgment without any warning. Oh, what a thinning out the judgment will make among professors of religion! Thousands going on just touching religion with the tips of the fingers, sauntering on and sauntering on lazily, until after a while they will come in front of the swiftly-revolving mill, and find themselves the chaff which the wind driveth away.

Thousands of people who have their names on church books going on thoughtless of what shall become of the human race, and regardless of the betterment of the world's condition, until after awhile they fall off as Judas did, and as Achan did, and all those who will do not make religion the primordial thing of life.

THE FIRST AND THE LAST.

Oh, how many there are who do not realize the fact that though they are professors of religion, if they die as they are, all the communion tables at which they ever sat will, with uplifted hands of blood, cry for their condemnation, and their neglected Bible and prayerless pillows will say, "Go down, go down; you broke that sacramental oath; out of the seven days of the week you did not give five hours to God! Go down, go down!"

Oh, worldly professor of religion, compromising professor of religion, if you realized your true condition this morning you would bite your lip until the blood came, and you would wring your hands until the bones cracked, and you would utter a cry that would start this whole audience to their feet with horror! Oh, worldly professor of religion, wake up before you wake up in the barred and flaming dungeon you are to undergo eternally. Look off upon the Church to-day, and see how much somnolence, and tell me if I am not right when I say that all the bugles and cymbals and drums and trumpets of the Church need to be sounded, saying: "Awake, thou that sleepest, and Christ shall give thee life." Do I not need arousal? Do you not need it? If my heart condemns me, does not your heart condemn you, my brother?

SLOW PROGRESS.

III. I see also the need of a great awakening in the fact that the cause of God advances so slowly comparatively. I know there are more Christians to-day than there ever were, and yet the world can never come to God in this way. It is a mathematical impossibility. There are more people born into this world than are born into the kingdom of God. Now, how long would it take to bring this world to God at that ratio? Where there is one man converted to God, ten drop in dissipation. Fifty grog-shops built to one new church established. There are journals, literary journals, full of scum and dandruff and slag, controlled by the very scullions of society who pollute everything they put their hands on. Three hundred journals, magazines, newspapers in the city of New York—three hundred—and I undertake to say two hundred of them are hostile to the Christian religion and to all good morals. Churches surrendering to spiritualism and humanitarianism and to

NOTHINGNESS AND DEVILISM.

If a man stand in a pulpit and say that unless you are born again you cannot see the kingdom of God, kid gloves, diamonds bursting through, put up to the face in shame and humiliation. It is not elegant. Men in all churches who do not believe in the Bible in and out and out, from the first word of the first verse of the first chapter of Genesis down to the last word of the last verse of the last chapter of Revelation. Mighty Gospel machinery. Sixty thousand ministers of religion in America, costly music, great Sunday-schools, and yet I declare it that while the cause of God is advancing there are a great many regiments falling back and falling back, and if it does not become a complete rout, a positive Bull Run defeat, it will be because here and there a church hurls itself to the front and ministers of religion, trampling upon the favor of the world, and sacrificing everything, shall snatch up the torn and battered banner of Emanuel and rush on, crying: "This is no time to retreat—forward the whole line!"

IV. I see also a reason for a mighty awakening in the

MULTITUDINOUS GOING DOWN

of the unrepentant. Do you know since you came on the stage of action a whole generation have gone through the gates of eternity? They disappeared from the churches, from the stores, from the offices, from the factories. Some of them went out without an item of hope. Some of them never offered one prayer for their own salvation. You might have uttered perhaps a saving word, but you did not utter it, O Christian! Just think of that. Where is the fountain where, with sleeves rolled up, we may wash off from our hands the blood of immortal souls? But that forever has ended.

THE QUESTION

is now whether we are going to interrupt the other procession marching on—tens of thousands of clerks coming out of stores; tens of thousands of husbandmen coming off farms, tens of thousands of students coming from the colleges and universities, tens of thousands of operators coming from the factories. On and on, inaking no preparation for the eternal world, taking everything by storm, capturing all the obstacles put in the way of their destruction. Who will be brave enough to go out and throw himself in front of that stampede of men and women, and, swinging the sword of God's truth, cry, "Halt, halt, halt!"

O my brothers and sisters in Jesus, it seems to me the time has come for something almost desperate! Ordinary solicitations will not do the work. You want a momentum gotten by a whole night of watching in prayer with the omnipotent God. Catch that soul before it makes the plunge! Put down everything and run to the rescue! To-morrow may be too late, to-night may be too late, three o'clock this afternoon may be too late. Seize that soul now before it flashes into the great eternal world! There are houses aflame, and no ladder to the window; there are ships going down, and no lifeboat. O God, whelm us with these realities! Kill our stupidity. Take from under us our couches of ease. Hurl us into the battle.

I need no rehearse in this place what God has done for this individual church. I need not rehearse the first day we opened, the first communion season, when three hundred and twenty-eight souls stood up in these aisles and joined the Church of God. We have had a great blessing. We are going to have greater.

There are a vast multitude who are permanently connected with this church who do not profess the Christian religion. These are among my warm personal friends. They are among the most liberal supporters of the church. When the time comes next Monday night for the public rental of the pews they will do their very best for the support of all Christian institutions. Some who profess to be Christians might perhaps pride themselves on how little they can do. There are these men of the world who will rejoice in doing all they can do. If I wanted a favor they would be the first men to whom I would go. If prolonged sickness should come to my household, they would be the men and the women whom I would ask to come in, and I could trust my darling children to them, and whoever might fall asleep that night they would be wide awake until the dawn. If I were to make my last will and testament, and I had solemn distribution to make with reference to the welfare of my household, they would be the men to whom I would commit everything. Yet they are not Christians. If I should ask them, they would tell me they are not. Oh,

WHOSE FAULT IS IT?

Is it mine? I have sometimes thought it was. I have sometimes thought if I had been more earnest in my work they would have come to God long before this. Oh, they have got to be brought in! They are going to come in. I know it. I know it.

And then what about the eighty or one hundred thousand strangers who the last twelve-month floated in and out this service? How

about the eighty or one hundred thousand strangers who will float in and out the service for the next twelve months? If when John Livingston preached the Gospel in his church in Scotland five hundred received the truth in one day, why could not we be enough in prayer to have thousands in a day? It was not John Livingston that saved them; it was the Holy Spirit that is now abroad. If John Knox could put the lever of his prayer under Scotland until it shook from end to end, can you not get

THE LEVER OF YOUR PRAYER

under this city and shake everything from the East River to New Utrecht, and from New Utrecht to Long Island City? God is ready. In your prayers put your body, mind, soul, and eternal destiny into this thing.

I need not rehearse to you the stereotyped illustrations of the fact that God answers prayer. I need not tell you of Hezekiah and the restored fifteen years, or of Elijah and the great rain, or of the *post-mortem* examination of the Apostle James, who, it was found, had his knees calloused by much prayer, or of Richard Baxter, who stained the walls of his study with the breath of prayer, or of John Welch in the midnight plaid, or of Whitefield on his face before God whole nights imploring the divine mercy. I rather turn in upon yourself and have you think of the time when your soul was sinking and you cried to God and He heard you, of the time when your child was at the point of death and you cried to God and He restored the little one—or of that other time when your fortune went and God set into your empty pantry the cruse of oil and the measure of meal. Oh, we do not want any illustration! We just take

THE LADDER OF THREE RUNGS!

I put that down at your feet, and I ask you to climb up and look off and see the salvation of ten thousand of your fellow-citizens—a ladder of three rungs: "As and it shall be given you. Seek and ye shall find. Knock and it shall be opened unto you." Put your right foot on the lower rung, and that will bring your left foot on the middle rung, and that will bring your right foot on the top rung, and there hold fast—hold fast until you see the serges of the divine mercy dashing clear above the topgallants of your ship.

My brethren, I do not know how you feel in regard to this matter, but my heart breaks with the longing I have for the redemption of the people.

It seems to me if God denies me my prayer, I cannot endure it. I offer myself, I offer my life to Him. Take it, O Lord Jesus, and slay me if that be best. Whether by my life or by my death, let a multitude be brought to glory. If from the mound of my grave a greater multitude can climb into the kingdom of God, then, Lord, let me sleep the last sleep. It is sweet to live for Christ.

If eight million perished in the Napoleonic wars, if one hundred and eighty-seven million were sacrificed in the Roman wars, do you not think that ought to be some of us

WILLING TO BE SACRIFICED

for Christ? Oh, I wish you knew how to pray! I do not. I mean the prayer that always brings the blessing—always, always. Oh, that we might be so overcome with desire for the salvation of the people that from ten o'clock at night until six in the morning we might be sleepless!

If such a night as that should come, sleepless because full of prayer, let that be a night of weeping over our sin and of rejoicing in the divine mercy. Let there be wailing, wailing, wailing! Let there be shouting, shouting, shouting! But, lest we might not have such a night as that, and lest before the setting of this day's sun our accounts should be made up, let us this moment go so low down before God that there shall be no lower depth of humiliation. Oh, that we might have a *blood-red prayer*, which would bow the heavens and bring all the unforgiven to the feet of a bleeding, dying, sympathetic Jesus, and this place be shaken as with tempest and earthquake, or that it might be as solemn as though we heard the rapturous and agonizing vociferation of three worlds!

THE RESURRECTION BODY.

By Rev. G. W. Pendleton, A.M.

What Corruption Really is—The Resurrection not of the Soul—The Unclothing and Re-Clothing—The Doctrine Brought to Light—Personal Identity of the Risen—The Vitality of Seeds—When the First Resurrection will Take Place—A Glorious Rising.

In the Greek, the terms "corruptible" and "corruption," used in the familiar passage, "When this corruptible shall have put on incorruption" (1 Cor. 15: 54), imply the act of destroying, vitiation, ruin, plague, detriment, ruinous loss. Incorruptible and incorruption imply redemption from vitiation, ruin, detriment, loss—that the body shall come out of this state of depravity and decay into an imperishable, incorruptible condition. "Because the creature itself also shall be delivered from the bondage of corruption into the glorious liberty of the children of God"—a deliverance from the curse of sin and the grave—a state of imperishableness and incorruptibility. Thus "the dead shall be raised *incorruptible*." "This mortal shall put on immortality." "He that raised up Christ from the dead shall also quicken your mortal body by His spirit that dwelleth in you."

The resurrection is raising up the mortal body.

NOT A MORTAL SOUL.

The phrase, the mortal soul, is nowhere used in the Bible. The soul is not mortal, and therefore does not go to the grave or to the state of corruption. At death, the earthly house of man's tabernacle is taken down, pulled to pieces, as a tent, and in the resurrection he receives a better house, a permanent dwelling, an immortal body, with which the spirit shall be clothed.

Paul says (11 Cor. 5: 4), "For we that are in this tabernacle do groan, being burdened; not for that we would be unclothed, but clothed upon, that mortality might be swallowed up of life." The unclothing is putting off the mortal body, or the unclothing of the spirit. The unclothing of man is to put off the body, as a cloak—dissolution, death. "The dust returns to the earth, and the spirit to God, who gave it." The Christian does not anticipate this unclothing with pleasure. "Not for that we would (or wish to) be unclothed." Death is not a welcome event. Many Christians are subject to bondage all their life-time through fear of death. But the putting on of the body, or "clothed upon with our house from heaven," is a joyful event, for this is resuscitation, the resurrection of the body, and the clothing of the spirit.

What does the body clothe, if not the spirit? What does the spirit inhabit, if not the house—the body? A tabernacle is made to be inhabited. The believer is clothed upon, that mortality (the mortal body) may be swallowed up of (by) life—by means of life. When this is accomplished, we have the resurrection body—the re-union of the parts separated by death; and death, the last enemy, is destroyed. In the believer,

NATURE IS REINSTATE

to the condition it was in before sin entered Paradise. "Death is swallowed up in victory," the grave is robbed of its victim, and all things in Christ are made anew. The "vile bodies" of the saints are fashioned like unto Christ's glorious body. They will be clothed upon with their house from heaven. Thus Christ will finish the work which the Father gave Him to do; and the masterpiece—the finishing touch of this great work—will be the resurrection of the body from the grave—the clothing of the spirit of man with an immortal, imperishable, indestructible body.

This is the immortality which Christ has brought to light through the Gospel. "I am the Resurrection and the Life."

This great truth of Christianity was brought from obscurity into clear light by the resurrection of Christ. Many wise men, ages before, were unable to comprehend this truth, and give satisfactory answers to those who had consigned

friends to the grave. They made dark and mysterious blunders; struggled to apprehend the nature of this truth, but without satisfaction. "Gross darkness covered the minds of the people," until Christ opened the grave and "brought life and immortality to light."

Now, when we lay our friends in the grave, we are comforted with the truth that the mortal will put on immortality, and that we shall see them in the

MORNING OF THE RESURRECTION.

clothed upon, with their house from heaven. This truth dries up the grave's chilly dampness, and lifts the sad heart to the joys of the better life, and sends its cheering light through all the darkness of the future. Hence David said, "Then shall I be satisfied, when I awake in thy likeness."

Believers in the doctrine of the resurrection entertain different views on the subject of

THE PERSONAL IDENTITY

of the resurrected body. The Bible clearly teaches that the body raised is substantially the same body that is buried in the earth. It is not, then we must call the raising of the body from the grave not a resurrection, but a creation. If the resurrected body is not substantially the body laid in the grave, then it is another personality. Then some one else, and not ourselves, must appear for us before the judgment-seat of Christ, and give account for the deeds done in our bodies.

Some physiologists teach that the body entirely changes every seven years, so that there is nothing left of its old particles. But we do not lose our personal identity—we are conscious always that we are the same persons. If physiologists are right in their belief, the body changes so slowly and imperceptibly that it is exactly reproduced, even to the moles and scars it bore before the change, and this process, which now takes seven years, may in God's hands be so accelerated as to be done in a moment. Christ said of Himself, "Handle me, and see that a spirit hath not flesh and bones as ye see me have"—that is, I am not a spirit, but a body, with flesh and bones, raised from the tomb.

Scientists tell us that there are ten thousand species of insects and eighty thousand species of plants and seeds, and that these seeds and plants are scattered everywhere, braving the elements, the cold, and storms, and yet they never lose anything of their

GERMINATING POWER,

or of the life hidden within them. The warm sun and rains will renew them into life, after lying two thousand years. What can we say, then, of God's great power to revive and bring into life the dead body, gathering its atoms, scattered to the four quarters of the globe? He who denies this "knows neither the Scripture, nor the power of God." Is it more difficult for God to raise the dead than to renew the seeds and plants at the return of spring? Certainly not. Paul says, "And God hath both raised up the Lord, and will raise up us also, by His own power." The infinite power of God will effect the resurrection of all the dead. From the dust will come up the same body identically that went into the grave, but beautified, incorruptible, and immortalized, like Christ's glorified body.

"It is sown in dishonor, it is raised in glory; it is sown a natural body, it is raised a spiritual body"—indestructible and eternal.

When shall the

RESURRECTION OF THE SAINTS

occur? At the second coming of Christ.

"Whence we look for the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ, who will change our vile bodies," etc. When the Lord descends from heaven with a shout, with the voice of the archangel, and with the trumpet of God, and the dead in Christ shall rise first. "For the trumpet shall sound, and the dead shall be raised incorruptible, and we shall be changed." The whole family of Christ, once vile and corruptible, will be changed, physically as they have been changed spiritually—sanctified and cleansed by the wash-

ing of regeneration and the renewing of the Holy Spirit, and prepared to be presented by Christ at His coming to His Father, a glorious church, without spot or wrinkle or any such thing. "The whole spirit, soul and body have been preserved blameless unto the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ." "And so shall we ever be with the Lord." "Wherefore comfort one another with these words."

ANECDOTES RELATED AT THE EVANGELISTIC MEETINGS IN SCOTLAND.

Johnnie's Dying Creed.—At a Recent Meeting Mr. Clyde narrated the following: "Last week I went to visit a sick child. Sitting down beside him, I said, 'Johnnie, do you love Jesus?' 'Oh, yes, I love Jesus!' he replied. 'How long is it since you learned to love Him?' I then asked; and he told me that it was about two years since he had given himself to Christ. I opened my Bible, and read part of Isaiah 53. After we had spoken on the verses which I had read, he said: 'Although I cannot see Jesus, I know that He can see me. I also know that He died for me, and I love Him for it.' Now, that young and believing soul is with the Saviour whom he so dearly loved. To-day we followed to the grave all that remained of little Johnnie. Oh, that every Christian had the simple faith of that little child!"

A Drink-Slave's Confession.—At a Recent noon prayer-meeting the Rev. Mr. Haslam said: "Last night at our meeting I was speaking on pardon. At the close of the meeting I noticed a man who was sitting at the extreme end of the hall, and as I approached him I was conscious of a strong smell of drink; and when I spoke to him, he said: 'Yes, after what I have heard you say, I think that there is a little hope for me yet, but it is this love of strong drink that keeps me back; I cannot trust myself; I have no power to resist it.' But I told him that he did not require to keep himself, but to ask God to keep him, and give him liberty, and afterward just to look on the bondage in which he was now, that he might praise God for freedom. After a word of prayer he professed to give himself to Christ. Oh, may that man's profession be a true and sincere one, as I have reason to believe it to be!"

A Doubter Liberated.—A Well-known Clergyman remarked: "On one occasion I was speaking to a man in an evangelistic meeting, who was doubting Christ's willingness to save him, and said he could not believe that such as he could be saved." I said to him, "How do you know that I am here?" "Because I see you," was the amused reply. "Very good," I answered; "you believe because you see me. Now, shut your eyes, and shake hands with me," I said. He did so. "How do you now know that I am here?" I asked. "Because I feel you," he replied. "Let go my hand, and still keep your eyes closed; now," I said, "how do you know that I am here?" "Because I hear you," was the answer. "Well," I said, "always hear the voice of God, and doubt not." He doubted no longer, but by faith received Jesus as his Saviour, who had long been saying to him, "Come unto me, and I will give you rest."

A Variety Theatre Singer's Conversion.—A member of the Mizpah Band thus testified: "It is six years since the Lord saved me. I was left an orphan when a child. I grew so reckless and sinful that my relatives would have nothing to do with me. For seven years I sang at variety theatres; the voice which God gave me I used for Satan; but God in His mercy did not cast me away. One day I was walking along a street with my little boy; I had on nothing but rags; we were both very miserable. I saw a bill in a shop window telling of a lecture which was to be delivered that night; so I said to my little boy that we would go and hear the lecture; and the words spoken that night pierced me, I saw myself such a sinner before God. The preacher chose the text, 'Seek ye first the kingdom of God.' I sat there till every one had gone except

a few gentlemen. One of them came and told me that the meeting was over, and I asked him if I could see the gentleman who had spoken. I accepted the offered gift of salvation that very night. My wife too is following the Good Shepherd.

Happy Peter and the Showers.—The Rev. Mr. Haslam said: "At one time I went to visit a much-maligned and very happy man. He had been a great sufferer for many years. Amid all his sufferings and poverty he was always so happy and cheerful that he soon gained for himself the name of 'Happy Peter.' On this occasion I took a doubting friend with me, and induced Peter to talk about himself, which was sometimes very hard to do. He told us he had suffered very greatly for thirty-five years. My friend asked him if he had been always happy through all these years, and he said he had, since it was the Lord's will to afflict him. Very much astonished, my friend said: 'And have you never had a cloud through all these years?' He turned and looked at his wife, who was almost as great a sufferer as himself, and the tears came into his eyes, but he answered: 'Cloud? If I had not a cloud, where are the blessed showers to come from?'

The Dove in the Steeple.—"Dr. Todd relates the following: A steeple of an old climbing-house was to be taken down. A man climbed up toward the top, and fastened a strong rope round it. The street was full of men and boys, a great many of whom took hold of the rope to pull the steeple over. 'All ready?' cried the overseer. 'All ready,' shouted scores of voices. So they all set to work. Soon the poor old steeple began to tremble. Just then there came a beautiful solitary white dove, and flew round and round the steeple, not daring to fly into it, and not able to leave it. 'See that dove,' exclaimed a hundred voices. 'Poor thing! She must have some young ones up in the steeple,' said a few. Again they pulled, and again the old steeple reeled and tottered. The distress of the poor bird was now so great that all shouts were hushed. Again they pulled the rope, and the steeple reeled. The bird hovered a minute on her wings, and just at the instant the steeple began to fall she darted up into it out of sight. A moment later the spire fell with a crash. I went to it, and there I found the poor dove lying between her two little white children—'all three dead.' 'Alas, poor dove! You were willing to die for and with your children, but you could not save them. But oh, when Jesus Christ died for men, He saved them! He did not die in vain, like the poor dove.'

Story of a Starving Robin.—"A Lady Once came to the Rev. W. Haslam at the close of an address, and said that she did not understand, but would like to know what he meant by consecration of all to Christ. After some conversation she said: 'Well, Mr. Haslam, I'll tell you what I think is the trouble. I have got a comfortable income and a pleasant home, and have surrounded myself with all that to me makes life enjoyable, and now I fear if I yield myself wholly to Christ, that He will send me out to China.' Mr. Haslam said: 'Will you imagine the following incident? It is winter, and there has been a long frost. As you look from the window of your warm room you see a little starving robin on the branch outside your window. Moved to pity, you crumble some bread in your hand and hold it out to the starving bird. Tamed by cold and hunger, it hops on to your hand, putting itself entirely in your power. What do you do with it?' 'Oh, I would take every care of it, for it had trusted me.' And do you fear to trust Christ? Do you think He will use you hardly? If you yield your will to Him He will make it a joy to you to do His bidding.' Two years afterward a lady came to him at the end of the meeting, and, after a cordial greeting, said: 'Do you remember a lady to whom you once told a story of a starving robin?' 'Oh, yes,' said Mr. Haslam, 'and you were afraid to enter the service of Christ.' 'But not now,

Mr. Haslam,' answered the lady, 'for oh, do you know, I am going out to China!'

NOTES ON NEW BOOKS.

EVIE'S DAUGHTERS.

By Marion Harland, is a book by a lady, for ladies. Such a book was imperatively needed. Many a wife and mother who reads it will lament that the knowledge now imparted comes too late to save herself from the consequences of error, if not of sin. The question is often an anxious one for the mother conscientiously desiring to do her duty toward her daughters, how and when she shall impart to them knowledge respecting the mysteries of their physical being. It is a difficult and a delicate task, and many mothers shrink from it so long that mischief is done before the task is performed. 'Oh, if I had but known!' many a woman has said, when years of pain and life-long debility have come upon her. Our authoress makes no attempt to satisfy prurient curiosity. Her position in the religious world, her well-earned reputation as a writer of chaste and wholesome literature, are a sufficient guarantee that the product of her pen will never injure the modesty of the most pure-minded girl. But convinced, as she is, that on such a subject silence is wrong as well as imprudent, she tells what she deems it necessary to tell, and she does so with marvellous tact and with exquisite grace. Her book will encourage and assist mothers to impart knowledge to their daughters, instead of leaving them to learn the facts from servants or precocious companions; or if the mother still lacks the courage to do her duty, she may place in her daughter's hand the book itself, which is the next best thing. We may hope, too, that ladies who are interested in the welfare of girls who have been deprived of a mother's counsels, will use this book as a gift-book. Mrs. Terhune has done a courageous deed, which will shed a fresh lustre about the already well-loved name of Marion Harland, by producing this work, for which all 'Evie's Daughters' who read it will thank her. It is published by Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

AN APPEAL TO CÆSAR.

By Albion W. Tourgée, is a work dealing with the subject on which Mr. Tourgée has written so much—the condition of society in the South. The book, as the author informs us in his introductory chapter, was written at the request of President Garfield, to whom he submitted his views. General Garfield believed that the public was not prepared to indorse a policy such as Mr. Tourgée recommended, and advised him to write a book on the subject to arouse the attention of the people and to lead them to consider the question. Mr. Tourgée is concerned by the attitude of the two races in the South, and fears that the colored race, increasing, as it does, far more rapidly than the white race, will eventually organize to resist the social and political dominance of the whites, and that unless some remedial measures are promptly taken there will be a bloody and cruel war. Mr. Tourgée is evidently in earnest, and though we think some of the facts he cites would be traversed by the political leaders in the South, he presents a view of the question which demands the serious attention of Congress and the people. Published by Messrs. Ford, Howard & Hallert.

AN ILLUSTRATED COMMENTARY.

by the Rev. Lyman Abbott. Vol. IV.: The Acts of the Apostles. This volume forms part of the great work undertaken by the eminent Biblical scholar whose 'Life of Christ,' 'Dictionary of Religious Knowledge,' and other works are well known to ministers and Sunday-school teachers. The three volumes, previously issued, cover the four Gospels, Mark and Luke being dealt with in the second. The Acts of the Apostles is probably the book of all others in the New Testament, in the study of which a commentator can render useful service. We want to know all that can be told of those marvellous missionary journeys of the great Apostle

of the Gentiles and as we follow him in the inspired volume from place to place, we long to know more than is told us there of the people to whom he preached and the rulers before whom he appeared. It is with a keen sense of this general desire that Mr. Abbott has prepared this volume. His aim is to assist Christian parents, Sunday-school teachers, and lay workers, rather than to supply new information to learned men and ministers. Numerous illustrations and maps are contained in the volume, thus giving the highest degree of lucidity to the exposition. Published by Messrs. A. S. Barnes & Company, New York and Chicago.

THE LOST FOUND.

and the Wanderers Welcomed, by the Rev. William M. Taylor, D.D., minister of the Broadway Tabernacle, New York. This series of discourses covers a ground on which the Christian delights to dwell. It has been the favorite theme of preachers from the apostolic age to the present time, and will continue to call into exercise the best powers of preachers, until the last soul has been gathered out of the world. Jesus came to seek that which was lost, is the burden of each discourse, and again and again, with rich variety of illustration, this most precious truth is presented. The Lost Sheep, The Lost Coin, and The Lost Man, the Prodigal Son, are the subjects of the discourses, the last named furnishing matter for four of the six. Those who have listened to Dr. Taylor's preaching will welcome this enduring memorial, while those who have not had that privilege will be glad to learn something of the character of the preaching of a man whose name is a household word in all the religious homes of America. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. Price, seventy-five cents.

THE BOOK-BUYER.

for January completes the first volume of the new series of this excellent monthly guide to the book-market. We have in a previous number directed attention to the advantages it offers to purchasers of books. Its list of books published during each month, and its extracts from reviews of the most prominent of those works, are a valuable aid to those who are collecting a library, and are desirous of limiting it to any particular class of books. The January number now issued contains a copious index for the year. Published by Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. Price, five cents; annual subscription, fifty cents.

THE LORD'S PRAYER.

An illuminated copy of the Lord's Prayer, suitable for presents, or when framed and glazed, for an ornament for the wall, has been issued by Mr. Delvin F. Brown, of New York, who offers it free by mail securely packed for twenty-two cents. The actual engraving, which is of the much-esteemed and known as 'line' engraving, is twelve and a half inches wide by sixteen long. It is printed on fine plate paper sixteen by twenty inches. The characters are not, as is too often the case in such productions, hieroglyphics, but good plain Roman letters, which any child can understand. Beautifully engraved little pictures, eight in number, of the leading events in the Saviour's life are interspersed, and besides those there is a picture of Christ as drawn by one of the greatest masters, and the exquisite engraving of the Last Supper, described in a previous number of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

MODERN LOW-COST HOUSES.

The Co-operative Building Plan Association, of 24 Beekman Street, New York, has issued a manual for the use of persons about to build a house. It contains fifty-six pictures of residences, varying from one that may be built for four hundred dollars to one costing six thousand and five hundred. It also contains a picture of a chapel and Sunday-school to cost two thousand dollars, and of a church costing four thousand dollars. In each case a plan of the ground floor is annexed and the price stated for which full plans, specifications, and bills of particulars will be furnished. Price, fifty cents.

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New subscriptions may commence at any time. When subscribers do not indicate their wish, they commence with the first number of the month in which the subscription is received.

Renewals.—To prevent the possibility of mistake it is best to cut the address label from the paper, and attach it to the letter containing the renewal. If there is a change of address always state past, as well as present, address.

A wrong date will appear on the address label of some papers this week. A large number of renewals have been received since the commencement of the year, and it has not been possible in every case to change the date in type to that covered by the renewal.

CURRENT EVENTS.

Albany has been the Centre of Political Interest during the past week. On Tuesday, January 6th, the President-elect, in a brief note to the State Senate, resigned the governorship, and Lieutenant-Governor Hill was sworn in in his place. The question of a successor to United States Senator Lapham was the most prominent one discussed in political circles. As its settlement will indicate the progress made in the work of harmonizing the sections of the Republican party in the State, it is the subject of some anxiety throughout the country. Present circumstances afford little encouragement to those who are hoping for peace. The candidacy of President Arthur, which would apparently have afforded the best basis for harmonious action, finds few supporters. Mr. Blaine's friends have decided on supporting Mr. Everts, while the present choice of the Stalwarts is Mr. Morton, who is now our minister in France. Efforts have been made to gain Democratic votes for a compromise candidate, but the Democrats have decided to support a candidate of their own. The objection urged against Mr. Everts is that in 1882 he wounded Judge Folger by refusing to speak in the campaign for the governorship. It is a curious coincidence that in the circumstances Mr. Everts should be supported by the section which is just now so severe on bolters. No one proposes that Senator Lapham should be his own successor, which is a bad omen for Senator Warner Miller, whose term expires in 1887.

The Defections from the Republican Party which resulted in the election of Mr. Cleveland seem likely to become permanent. The Republican managers in many districts have refused to allow members of the party who did not vote for Mr. Blaine to participate in the organizations of the party. The result is that in New York, Boston, Brooklyn and other places, the "Independent Republicans" are making permanent their organizations, which were intended to be only temporary, for the purposes of

last year's campaign. *The Prohibitionists* are following the same line. The Republican journals having called them traitors and other hard names, and ruled them out of the party, they declare that henceforth they will be Prohibitionists and nothing more. A very bitter feeling prevails on both sides.

Secretary Lincoln has Formally Refused to oblige General Hazen by placing Lieutenant Garlington upon trial. His letter on the subject has not been made public, but the Associated Press has secured some of its chief points. It states that the Secretary quotes at length from the findings of the Proteus Court to show that Garlington was not so derelict in the performance of his duty as Hazen alleges, and he gives that officer several other points in the history of the case that will not be very pleasant reading for him. It seems probable that if there should be another investigation of the sad calamity, it will bear on General Hazen's own conduct.

The National Committee of the Prohibition party intend to continue the agitation on the same lines as before. A two days' session was held last week in New York, when a series of resolutions was adopted, of which the most important was the following: "The honest enforcement of law is the object of just government. The National Prohibition party has no confidence that either the Democratic or Republican party will so legislate for or administer government in behalf of citizens as to secure them in their just rights by the legal destruction of the national crime. And the purpose of this party is to exchange the present policy in administration that favors and protects crime for the right and just policy of protection to citizens against crime. The prohibition of the liquor traffic is a national issue to be consummated by amendment to the Federal Constitution; and the prohibition party is a necessity to secure such amendment, and to maintain an administration in power favorable to its enforcement." Mission work during the ensuing year will be supervised by John B. Finch, of Lincoln, Neb.; D. P. Sagendorph, of Charlotte, Mich.; A. J. Jenkins and J. A. Van Fleet, of Chicago; Samuel D. Hastings, of Madison, Wis., and Mattie McClellan Brown, of Cincinnati, who compose the Executive Committee.

The Socialists Arming and Drilling in Chicago have aroused alarm in many quarters during the past week, especially in States where wages are being reduced and large numbers of men are unemployed. The facts appear to be that in Chicago there are five companies of Socialists, with an aggregate membership of seven hundred and fifty men, of which three companies are armed with breech-loaders. It was true that the companies drilled in secret. Before the law was passed forbidding armed bodies of men, except the State militia, to drill in public without permission of the Governor, the Socialists used to drill on Sundays in the streets. Since then they appeared to have a greater desire to drill than before. Nearly all the Socialists had received more or less military training in the old country, and they kept up their military practice here partly in continuance of habits they had formed and partly because they felt themselves somewhat aggrieved by the law forbidding their drilling under arms in public here. In spite of the assurances given that no outbreak is contemplated, it has been deemed prudent to place a guard in the armory, which now patrols it night and day.

The Principles and Aims of the Socialists were authoritatively formulated at the meeting of the International Association in Chicago of January 4th. One resolution passed declares that the despotic power which the privileged class possesses is destructive of life, liberty, and happiness, and should be abolished by any and all means. The speakers took the same tone. One said that the world had been created for the people alike, and that the capitalists must take the non-capitalists into partnership or else, *with the assistance of dynamite*, leave the world. When socialism prevailed every man would be a

joint-stockholder of the entire earth, and richer than Vanderbilt. Another, an old man, said he "believed in slaughtering a few thousand capitalists." A lady said she thought she would look very charming in the good clothes and diamonds at present worn by the wife of some capitalist. She asserted herself able to throw dynamite as effectively as her husband. She closed with the expressed desire that the ministers would in the future tell their starving parishioners to "*trust in dynamite*" instead of "to trust in God."

General Wolsley Telegraphs that he Expects to reach Khartoum by January 24th. His former predictions in other campaigns, improbable as they seemed when uttered, were kept to the letter; in this case England is earnestly hoping that he may prove equally accurate. The continental powers are pressing her on all hands, and France, urged on by Bismarck, is insisting on her claims to take part in the solution of the Egyptian difficulty. Lord Wolsley requests reinforcements for himself and that another expedition be sent out to operate from Suakim to Berber, presumably in the hope that Osman Digna may be prevented attacking his flank. A decisive battle with the Mahdi is expected within a few days.

Mr. Gladstone is Suffering from Insomnia. His condition causes alarm to his friends, who fear that he will be compelled to retire from office. The worry of the Premiership, and the vexations connected with the Egyptian troubles, in which he has been forced into a course from which he recoils, are, it is believed, the cause of his illness. That his retirement is possible may be inferred from a brief speech delivered by him recently, who, replying to a toast to his father's health, said that after fifty years of arduous public service a much further prolongation of the Prime Minister's political life could not be anticipated. His father would doubtless always remain in harness, although his labors would be less arduous than those of men in the political arena.

A Female Assassin, Mme. Clovis Hugues, was tried in Paris last week, amid sensational surroundings. She had received a number of offensive post-cards, and charges of complicity in proceedings which led to the divorce of a prominent Frenchman from his aged wife were made against her; whereupon she took a revolver and deliberately shot the man she suspected of getting up the evidence against her and of writing the post-cards. At her trial she boldly avowed the act, acknowledged that she did it with premeditation, and avowed that if she could have got at his employer she would have shot her. It was also proved by experts that the murdered man did not write any of the post-cards. The jury, notwithstanding, acquitted the prisoner, who received an ovation from her friends. Such a scene was never witnessed in the worst days of the Second Empire.

A Year of Daring Events is the Prediction hazarded by a prominent European journal in describing the prospects of Europe for the year 1885. The direction which these daring events are expected to take is a general scramble for new territory by the European powers. The London correspondent of the *New York Times* thus glances over the field of battle: "Prince Bismarck has this week given currency to a rumor that Germany will shortly take Zanzibar under her protection, while the Berlin correspondent of the *Moscow Gazette*, who is very close to Prince Bismarck, writes about the duty of Russia to absorb Abyssinia and take a hand in settling the Egyptian and African questions. It is also announced that Russia is preparing to approach another step to the frontiers of British India by annexing Herat. Spain is said to be on the eve of annexing a large block of African territory, if she has not already done so, while France is more than suspected of an intention to repeat her Tunisian tactics in Morocco. Italy is getting a squadron ready for an African invasion, ostensibly to avenge the massacre of Bianchi. Truly this is an era of planetary politics."

Jerry McAuley's Cremorne Mission Celebrated its third anniversary on January 4th, when the services, both morning and evening, were crowded. Mrs. McAuley, it was stated, proposes to carry on the work of the mission, and she is encouraged by many tokens of success. About a thousand dollars is needed to clear off the debt on the place, and four thousand to meet the expenses of the current year. The friends present at the anniversary services contributed sixteen hundred dollars.

The Rev. Noah H. Schenck, D.D., Rector of St. Ann's Church, Brooklyn, N. Y., died on January 4th, aged sixty years. He was one of the most popular and useful clergymen of the Protestant Episcopal Church. He was a native of Pennington, N. J. He was educated for the legal profession, and practised for a few years in Cincinnati, O. At the age of twenty-six he abandoned his brilliant prospects, and studied for the ministry. He was ordained in 1853 and commenced pastoral work at Gambier, O. Subsequently he labored successively at Hillsborough, O., Chicago, Ill., and Baltimore, Md. In 1867 he settled in Brooklyn, where he remained until his death. In July, 1871, he went to St. Petersburg, in company with Rev. Mr. Washburn and Cyrus W. Field, as a delegate from the Evangelical Alliance of America, to present a memorial to the Czar.

Mr. Moody's Opponents have Failed in their unscrupulous scheme to interfere with his usefulness in the South. They industriously circulated the report that in a sermon in New York he had compared Generals Lee and Stonewall Jackson to the devil. When Mr. Moody arrived in Richmond, Va., on January 3d, he found that a very bitter feeling against him had been produced by this report. In a published interview with him he emphatically denied the report. "How," said he, "such a sentiment could have been attributed to me I cannot understand. I have always looked upon these two distinguished sons of the South as the highest type of the Christian and soldier. I always aim to preach what I feel, and, as I have said, I have always entertained the highest respect for those two great Southern leaders. No, I cannot think of anything that I have said that any one could possibly have understood to be an aspersion on Generals Lee and Jackson. It is hard for me to understand how these things can be said about me, when I have always shown kindness to the Southern people. During the war I visited many of the military prisons in the North and preached to the Confederate prisoners." Mr. Moody preached to very large congregations on January 4th, among which were many prominent ex-Confederates.

An Intelligent View of the Mormon Question was presented, on January 5th, to a meeting of clergymen by Rev. Dwight Spencer, who has been laboring as a home missionary in Utah. He said there are now six times as many Mormons as there were in 1850. The income of that church from tithes alone is *three million dollars a year*. More than one half the area of the United States, Mr. Spencer said, lies beyond the Rocky Mountains. Montana alone, if settled as thickly as Belgium, would absorb the present population of the entire country. This region is now but sparsely settled, and such society as there is, is in a chaotic condition. There is no Sabbath, and educational advantages, when there are any at all, are limited. It is right in the centre of this vast region that the Mormon kingdom has been set up, and from it missionaries are sent out to the mining camps and railroad towns to preach *sanctified lust* to the half civilized people. After referring to the menace to our social life, which the Mormon Church is constantly making by destroying the family, which is the unit of society, Mr. Spencer said that the women submitted to the terrible degradation of polygamy, because they have been taught that in this way only could they secure eternal life. He described the misery wrought by polygamous marriages in vivid terms. Speaking of the remedy for the evil, he said that legis-

lation might do something, but so long as Congressmen were allowed to advocate crime on the floor of Congress and go unrebuked, he had little hope from this kind of remedy. The chief remedy must be the Gospel.

A Sanguinary Attack on a Dynamiter was made last week in New York. Captain Thomas Phelan, the superintendent of the almshouse at Kansas City, Mo., who is one of the Irish Invincibles, was requested by the society of New York to explain an interview which had appeared in the *Kansas City Journal*. In that interview he was represented as disclosing the secrets of the dynamiters. Individual members of the fraternity also sent to him urging him to come to New York and expulate himself. He came on January 9th, and was taken to the office in Chambers Street, where O. Donovan Rossa edits the *United Irishman*. Rossa was not in, and Phelan sat down to wait for him. In a few minutes a man stole up behind him, having in his hand a *bowie knife nine inches long* and a quarter of an inch thick. With this he stabbed Phelan in the back, in the neck, and in the right arm, the last-named blow being of such force as to break the bone. Fourteen stabs in all were inflicted, but Phelan retained sufficient strength afterward to draw a revolver, with which he shot his assailant, wounding him very slightly. Phelan was taken to the hospital, where he lies in a critical condition, and his assailant was arrested. Phelan insists that he was inveigled into Rossa's den to be murdered. How deeply he was involved in the dynamite, Phoenix Park, and other conspiracies is not known, but he evidently took some part in arranging them, and this crime is a punishment for his supposed treachery. It is only another illustration of the truth of our Saviour's words, "They that take the sword shall perish with the sword" (Matt. 26 : 52).

An Unremunerative Occupation was Pursued by a woman, according to her son's account. "My mother gets me up, makes the fire, and gets my breakfast, and sends me off," said a bright youth. "Then she gets my father up, gets his breakfast, and sends him off. Then she gives the other children their breakfast, and sends them to school; and then she and the baby have their breakfast." "How old is the baby?" asked the reporter. "Oh, she is most two, but she can talk and walk as well as any of us." "Are you well paid?" "I get \$4 a week, and my father gets \$3.50 a day." How much does your mother get? With a bewildered look, the boy said: "Mother? Why she don't work for anybody." "I thought you said she worked for all of you." "Oh, yes! for us she does, but there isn't any money in it." As the boy grows older he will find that very many of the world's best workers toil without any prospect of making money by their labors, and very often they do not win the gratitude of those who benefit by their exertions. Missionaries, preachers, and Christian workers know that their occupation has "no money in it," but, like their Master, they will eventually be satisfied as they look back on their travail of soul (Isa. 53 : 11).

A Romantic Reunion of Husband and Wife has occurred in Wilmington, Del. In 1866 a young man of good family married a young and beautiful girl, the daughter of a wealthy merchant in that city. He fell into dissipated habits about a year after his marriage, and in a short time his young wife and her child were reduced to want. His father-in-law so severely upbraided him with his misconduct that he left home, resolving never to return until he had conquered his evil habit. The wife went to her father's house in humiliation. A year later an unknown man died in a hotel at Erie, Pa., and the published description of him so closely agreed with that of the fugitive husband that inquiries were made which satisfied the family that it was he. The body was taken to Wilmington and decently buried in the family vault. After ten years, during which the lady continued faithful to her husband's memory, a letter was received from him saying he was still living, that

he had completely overcome his dissipated habits, and was again a prosperous man. His wife and child gladly rejoined him. They had passed more than ten years of unnecessary sorrow on his account. The nian might have spared them that suffering by writing earlier, had he not been so obstinate in waiting for complete moral and financial restoration. The same mistake is often made with more disastrous consequences by awakened sinners who do not realize that Christ will accept them as they are without waiting for the slow and uncertain process of self-reformation (Matt. 9 : 11, 12).

The Fatal Blunder of a Drowning Lady Last week led to her own death and that of the man who attempted to rescue her. Two young men were drawing two ladies over the frozen surface of a lake on the Lorillard farm near New York, when the ice broke, and all four were precipitated into the water. One of the young men succeeded in saving the lady to whom he was attached, and the other young man tried to rescue his companion. She, however, was in a paroxysm of alarm, and did not heed his warning to remain passive while he saved her. She made frantic efforts to save herself, and when he approached her she grasped his arms convulsively and prevented him swimming. Both were drowned. The poor lady's mistake was a type of one often made by the sinner under conviction. He is frequently kept back from peace by his efforts to save himself. He does not even cling to the Saviour, much less rest calmly in perfect confidence in Christ's promise and power (Eph. 2 : 8, 9).

The Beautiful Tints in Autumn Leaves, which are so much admired by young collectors, are accounted for in an unpoetical way by a scientific writer. The variegated tints, he says, are merely the earlier stages of decomposition, and are due to the more or less considerable triumph of chemical forces over the weakened or destroyed vitality of the living plant. It is to be feared that the same observation may be applicable to the popular teaching of certain well-known preachers. "It is so beautiful, so poetical," say the admirers. "A great advance on the old style of preaching, when the pulpit was always threatening the pew with hell-fire." When beauty is gained at the expense of vitality and truth it is dearly purchased (Jer. 23 : 32).

The Significant Reply of a San Francisco lady to an insinuation is quoted by the *Angle-side*. She was speaking in defence of an absent friend. "Ah, madam," said one, "you speak well of him because he is your friend." "Not at all," she answered. "He is my friend because I can speak well of him." If this principle always held sway, how often we should hear Christians, now so often silent, speaking of their Saviour! But Christ adopts a still higher principle. He owns as His friends men of whom He has no reason, save in His own love, to speak well (Rom. 5 : 7, 8).

Three Treasured Letters, Framed and Glazed, ornament the wall of a humble home in Lewiston, Me. They were written by the grandfather of the present owner, who at the time of writing was fighting for his country against the British. The first letter, which is a specimen of the others, is dated "Cambridge, June 18th, 1775," the day after the Bunker Hill fight. The writer, one Jeremiah Dole, thus addresses his wife and child: "I right these few lines to let you know that I am well as I expected to be. Through good Providence God saved my life. But we expect to go to it a gin to-day very hot. I puts my trust in God. I hope to see you again. Don't send my things before you here from me again. No more at present. I hant time to write no more." It will be seen that the letters are not prized for their accurate orthography nor for their literary merit, but because the owner is proud of an ancestor who risked his life for his country's deliverance. Such relics would be treasured in any patriotic family, and even by men who hold in light esteem the words of Him who gave His life not for one country alone, but for a lost world (John 3 : 16).

JOHNAH'S RESOLVE; OR, "LOOK AGAIN!"

A New Sermon by Pastor C. H. Spurgeon.

"Then I said, I am cast out of thy sight; yet I will look again toward thy holy temple."—*JOHNAH 2:4.*

Man a Complex Creature—Faith Always to the Front—I. The Verdict of Sense—Unbelief the First to Speak—The Verdict Apparently Correct—Was Deserved—God's Hand Evident in It—A Very Bitter Punishment—It was not True—II. The Resolve of Faith—Sent him to Prayer—Led him to Quote Scripture—Dared to go to God with a Yet—Driven to do the First Acts—Self-Magnifiers.

WHAT a complex creature is man! Those who fancy that they can fully describe him do not understand him. He is a riddle and a contradiction. As says Ralph Erskine:

"I'm in mine own and others' eyes
A labyrinth of mysteries."

In the text Jonah appears to be in a despairing condition—"I am cast out of thy sight;" and still he has hope, for he resolves, "Yet I will look again toward thy holy temple." Everything seems lost, and yet as long as a man can look to God nothing is lost. God cannot see him, so he thinks; yet he talks about looking toward God; this is singular, is it not? It is as if he said, "I am cast out of thy sight, and yet thou art the object of my sight." I do not know of a more gloomy sentence that human lips can speak than this—"I am cast out of thy sight." I do not know of a more hopeful resolution that the human heart can determine upon than this—"Yet I will look again toward thy holy temple." Oh, untried and inexperienced brother, be not at all disconcerted when you cannot comprehend yourself; on the contrary, take it as

ONE OF THE EVIDENCES

that there is a divine life within you when you become a mystery to yourself! If, like a school-boy, you can draw your own likeness on a slate with a piece of pencil, and can say, "This is all myself," why, then you will be rubbed out, and your image will be forgotten; but an immortal and divinely-inhabited spirit which is to survive sun, moon, and stars is not so readily sketched. While you are brother to the worm, and akin to corruption, you are nevertheless nearly related to Him that sitteth on the eternal throne. Vast regions of wonder-land lie between your condition as the abject prey of death and your position as an heir of God by Christ Jesus. Manhood is a great deep. I set it not side by side with the fathomless abyss of Godhead, but I know of nothing else which surpasses it.

Our text next leads me to observe that faith in the child of God, whatever may be his circumstances, still comes to the front. Here is Jonah in such a wretched condition that he says, "I am cast out of thy sight;" and yet, despite this, he declares, "Yet I will look again toward thy holy temple." The huge Atlantic wave comes rolling on, it sweeps not only over the feet and breast of faith, but it rises far above her head, and for the moment faith seems to be drowned. Wait an instant, and with her face ruddy from the wave and her locks streaming from the flood, faith lifts up her head again and cries, "Yet I will look again toward thy holy temple."

Faith in weakness makes us strong, in poverty makes us rich, and in death makes us live. Get a firm confidence in God, and you need not inquire what is going to happen—all must be well with you. Winding or straight, up hill or down dale, or through the fire or through the sea, if thou believest, thy road is the King's highway. If faith does not fail, nothing fails. Faith arms a man from head to foot with mail through which neither sword, nor spear, nor poisoned arrow can ever pierce. Though it be forged upon the anvil of the devil's greatest subtlety, no weapon can prosper against thee, O true believer! Thou art as safe as He in whom thou believest; for "He shall cover thee with His feathers, and under His wings shalt thou trust. His truth shall be thy shield and buckler."

If I might at this time help any child of God who is in trouble into a solid rest in God, I should be indeed delighted. Oh, that the ever-blessed Spirit would help me to that end! Carefully note, first, the verdict of sense—"I am cast out of thy sight;" and, secondly, the resolve of faith—"Yet I will look again toward thy holy temple." These, remember, were both found in one man at one time.

I. First, here is

THE VERDICT OF SENSE.

Please notice that it comes first in the text. Sense hurriedly decides, "I am cast out of thy sight." It is noteworthy that unbelief is always first to speak. Whenever David observes, "I said in my haste," you will notice that something is to be confessed which was unwise and untrue. Unbelief cannot wait, it must have its say; it blabs out all its silly soul at its earliest opportunity. In your own case, if you can be calm and patient you will speak to God's glory; but if you are hasty and petulant, and must needs talk as soon as ever the trial comes upon you, it is almost an absolute certainty that you will say what you will be glad to unsay. Our hasty words are often dipped in wormwood and handed back to us that we may eat them.

Hold thee still a while, my brother, or, if thou must speak, speak to thy God and not against Him; speak to thy God and not to thyself. Even if thou utter hasty words, and words of unbelief, they are better uttered in His presence than muttered within thine own heart. He will hear them in any case; but when He perceives that in thy spirit there is no guile, though much impatience, He will freely forgive thee all thy childish error of too hasty speech, and help thee to bear up under thy woe. Speak, for silence slays; but speak to God, for He is full of compassion. Take the warning of the text, however, and be slow to murmur, remembering that the carnal nature is ever swift to speak and sure to speak amiss.

This verdict of sense, in the next place, was apparently

VERY CORRECT.

"I said, I am cast out of thy sight." Did it not seem so? Jonah had tried to get away from God, and God had pursued him with a tempest, and almost broken the ship to pieces in order to be at him. As the result of the tempest he had been hurled into the sea, and in the sea a great fish had swallowed him, and he had been carried down till the floods compassed him about. Did not all his surroundings confirm his suspicion that he was a castaway? He reckoned with abundant show of reason that he must be cast out of God's sight. Yet it was not so; and therefore I invite those of you who have begun to judge your God by what you feel, and by what you see, to revise your judgment, and in future to be very diffident as to your power to come to any just conclusion as to God's dealings with you. Thank God, you will be wrong if you despair. It is much better for you to show your faith by relying on your God than to display your folly by saying, "I am cast out."

As this verdict of sense seems to be correct, Jonah must have felt that it was assuredly deserved. If the Lord had dealt with Jonah according to his sins, he would have been a cast-away. He had hurried to Joppa, and taken a passage in a ship to go to Tarshish, or anywhere else, to flee from the presence of God. Now, what was a fitter punishment for him than that he should be cast out from the sight of God? Had not this been his inquiry at Joppa, "Whither shall I go from thy Spirit?" Was not this his demand, "Whither shall I flee from thy presence?" If he had been driven away as an outcast, it had but been righteous retribution to a runaway who refused his Master's service. This must have made him doubly sorrowful; a guilty conscience is the sourest ingredient of all. When each wave howled in Jonah's ear, "You deserve it," he was in an evil plight indeed.

One sharp part of Jonah's misery was that God's hand was so evidently in his misery. He sees it and trembles. Observe how he ascribes

all to God—"Thou hadst cast me into the deep, in the midst of the seas; and the floods compassed me about; all thy billows and thy waves passed over me." We can bear a blow from an enemy, but a wound from our best friend is hard. If the Lord Himself go forth against us, the war is one to tremble at. If the messenger of grief be commissioned by Jehovah Himself, and we know it, mere carnal reason concludes that all is over finally, and that henceforth all we can do is to sit down and die. Faith thinketh not so; but this is after the manner of flesh and sense.

Observe that this verdict of sense, "I am cast out from God," was

VERY BITTER TO JONAH.

You can see by the way in which he speaks that it is a heavy burden to him, and yet it seems strange that it should be so. Here is a man who, when he was in a wrong state of heart, sought to flee from the presence of the Lord, and therefore went to the seacoast on purpose, rejoiced to find a ship bound for a distant and almost unknown land, and paid the fare to sail therein of set purpose that he might get away from God; and now that he thinks he is away from God, he is filled with horror and dismay. By this we know the children of God even at their worst estate. Oh, you that are the people of God, you may sometimes in your wilfulness wish that you could get away from the all-searching eye; but if you could do so it would be hell to you.

Thus I have brought out somewhat the force of this verdict of sense—"I am cast out of thy sight;" but I want you further to notice that

IT WAS NOT TRUE.

There was ground for grief, but not for this despairing inference. Poor Jonah! the mariners cast him out, but God did not; he was cast out of the ship, but not out of the sight of God. The Lord of old was faithful, and it was His rule never to cast away His people; even as David saith, "For the Lord will not cast off forever; but though He cause grief, yet will He have compassion, according to the multitude of His mercies." So that if ever you should be in a condition which seems to you quite as forlorn as that of this prophet in the midst of the sea, you may yet be sure that you are not cast off, nor cast out. He who says he is cast out, says more than can possibly be true; since the infallible promise is, "Him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out."

II. Follow me, dear friends, and may the Lord make it profitable to you, while I dwell during the rest of my time upon

THE RESOLVE OF FAITH.

Oh, that the Holy Ghost may work in us "like precious faith" with Jonah! "Yet," says Jonah, "even if I be cast out, yet I will look again toward thy holy temple." Jonah was a man of God when he was in his worst state of mind; at no time was the eternal life quite extinct within him. An ugly kind of saint this Jonah, when he was in the sulks! A proud, self-conscious, willful, and morose being, hard to love! Yet, as an oyster may bear a precious pearl within its rough shell, so did the harsh prophet contain, within his being, a priceless jewel of faith—faith eminent, prevalent, triumphant, faith of the highest degree.

This faith put him upon prayer. The chapter begins, "Then Jonah prayed unto the Lord his God out of the fish's belly." Jonah had not prayed when he went down to Joppa. He had taken the management of himself into his own hands, and referred nothing to God as to that rash voyage. How could he pray in such a temper? He paid his fare to go to Tarshish; he did not pray God's blessing on that expenditure, I am quite sure. When the sea began to work, and was tempestuous, he was in the sides of the ship, but he did not pray; no, he went to sleep. His conscience had become stupid, and seared as with a hot iron; there was no prayer in him, but a certain numbness of mind and lethargy of heart. And now he gets into the fish's belly, a very close, dead place, where

one would think he would lie in a state of coma, or in a sort of fainting fit, if it were possible for him to live at all; yet there he begins to pray. He prays, and one of the surest evidences of a living faith is prayer. If thou canst not do anything else, thou canst pray, and if thou be a child of God thou wilt as surely pray as a man breathes or as a child cries; but thou canst not help it.

There is one thing about Jonah I want you particularly to notice, that as his faith made him pray, and made him pray to the Lord his God, his faith made him deal familiarly with holy Scripture. "What," say you; "how know you that?" He had but a small Bible compared with ours, but he had laid much of it up in his memory. Evidently he loved the Book of Psalms, for his prayer is full of David's expressions. Kindly look at Jonah's prayer. I think I am right in saying that there are no less than seven extracts from the Psalms in that prayer and its preface. A deep experience is bound to resort to Scripture for its expression. Human compositions suffice for surface work, but when God's waves and billows have gone over us, we quote a Psalm. When our soul fainteth within us, we are not to be revived by human songs, but we turn to the

GRAVE SWEET MELODIES

of inspiration. When a true child of God is in trouble, it is wonderful how dear the Bible becomes to him—ay, the very words of it. I say, the very words of it; for I care nothing about the scorn which attaches to a belief in "Verbal Inspiration." If the words are not inspired, neither is the sense, since there can be no sense apart from the words. My soul doth know what it is to hang her hope upon a single word of God; and to find her trust accepted. I would not even change the expression of our translation in many a place: not that I am bound by a translation, for God's original is that which we accept as infallible; but yet there are translations which are evidently accurate, for the Lord's own Spirit has made them unutterably dear to His saints. There are circumstances connected with the very words of many a text, and with God's dealing with us through those words, and in such instances we cling even to the English text with all our might.

I think you will find that tried saints are the most biblical saints. In summer weather we delight in hymns, but in winter's storms we fly to psalms. Your frothy professors quote Dickens or George Eliot, but God's afflicted quote David or Job. Those Psalms are marvellous. *David seems to have lived for us all:* he was not so much one man as

ALL MEN IN ONE.

Somewhere or other, the great circle of his experience touches yours and mine, and the Holy Ghost by David has furnished us with the best expressions which we can utter before the Lord in prayer.

I desire to come close up to my text, while I bid you note that faith dares come to God with a "yet." Jonah said, "Yet I will look again toward thy holy temple." Faith in her worst circumstances trusts to God. Clog her, load her, shut her up, yet she looks to God alone. According to the Hebrew, the word should be rendered "only" instead of "yet"—"only I will look again toward thy holy temple." Faith looks to God only. Faith comes alone to her God, and seeks no company to keep her in countenance. When we were first saved it was by faith only, and we must be saved in the same way still. Be it ours to believe, to believe, and yet again to believe. Jonah looked again to the place where God revealed Himself, and we look to the person of the Lord Jesus Christ, in whom dwelleth all the fulness of the Godhead bodily. He looked to the mercy-seat sprinkled with the blood of sacrifice, where the Lord was wont to pardon and bless all suppliant sinners, and we also look to Jesus as the great Propitiation. To this look we will add nothing as a ground of trust. Jesus only is our hope, and only will we look to Him. If you have lost some of your

first light, look again; look toward His holy temple at once, and the light shall surely return to you.

Do you notice here that faith is driven to do according to her first acts—"Yet I will look again." You know faith is described in other ways beside looking; it is taking, grasping, possessing, feeding; but faith first of all is looking; and so, whenever you fall into grievous trouble, it will be wise to resort to the beginning of your confidence, and hold it fast to the end. If you cannot grasp, yet look. If thou canst not go forth to fight by faith, stand still and look by faith. If thou canst not declare the glory of the Lord, yet look. If thou canst not tell what God hath done for thee, yet keep thou still looking by faith to see what God will do for thee. Do thou thy first work, and as thy first work was a simple look at the Crucified One, look again to Him.

With this I shall close, urging dear friends here present, even if they forget all the rest of my text, to remember those two words,

"LOOK AGAIN."

If any of you are in sore trouble, I will bid you go home with only these two words ringing in your ears, "Look again!" If you did look once, but have fallen into new darkness, *look again.* I did look to Christ three and thirty years ago, or more; so did some of you. But the devil may say, "Your faith was fancy; your conversion was a delusion." Be it so, O Satan; we will not dispute with you, but we will begin again from this moment. It is such a mercy that faith does not need to grow old before it saves us; the faith born this moment saves the soul in its very birth.

Is it so, that your faith is not more than five minutes old, my brother? Have you only just begun to trust Christ? Well, thy faith hath saved thee quite as effectually as the faith of a man who has believed in Christ for fifty years. We must believe anew each day; yesterday's believing will not do for to-day. Let us now look to Jesus Christ upon the cross, and trust Him this morning as if we never trusted Him before.

A person proudly said the other day that he could no longer sing—

"I'm a poor sinner, and nothing at all,
But Jesus Christ is my all in all."

He had got beyond that! Hightly-tightly, here's a fine fellow! He has just risen from the dunghill, and is come to be a grand gentleman all at once! Nothing will do for him but—

"See the conquering hero comes,
Sound the trumpets; beat the drums."

Alas, for the top-lofty hypocrite! Shame on the proud self-magnifier! If he did but know himself he would confess his nothingness with a deeper emphasis than ever, and he would, like the publican, cry, "God be merciful to me a sinner." I believe that as a child of God grows in sanctification he deepens in humility, and as he

ADVANCES TO PERFECTION

he sinks in his own esteem. Oh, that men would give over that bladder-blowing which seems to be so much admired in certain quarters! We have had much occasion to mourn over the lower life of some professors; but the higher life of others is not a bit better; it is false, proud, censorious, and unpractical.

Those who boast of perfection will have much to grieve over when once they come to their senses, and stand in truth before the living God. No man talks of living without sin till he is taken in the net of self-deception. I have walked with God for many years, and enjoyed the light of His countenance, but my experience is that I am this day obliged to take a far lower place before Him than ever I took before, while—

"Less than nothing I can boast,
And vanity confess."

Brethren, whether you will do so or not, I flee to the cross again. In the Rock of Ages I again hide myself. Who among us dares to come

forth from that divine shelter? "Jesus, lover of our soul, let us to thy bosom fly." Let all of us sing as though it were for the first time—

"Just as I am—without one plea
But that thy blood was shed for me,
And that Thou bidd'st me come to Thee,
O Lamb of God, I come."

Dear friends, it is due to God, it is due to Christ, it is due to the Gospel, that we should every day believe with like simplicity of undivided trust. Keep on believing in Christ, "to whom coming as unto a living stone." We are to live by faith. You may be quite sure that you are permitted to do this, for Christ is always a sinner's Saviour. If you cannot come to Him as saints, come to Him as sinners. If your unfitness for fellowship as a servant comes before your mind and breaks your heart, yet remember that you may always return as a prodigal son. If you cannot feed in green pastures as sheep of the fold, yet yield to the strong hand of Him who seeketh the lost sheep. If you cannot come to Jesus as you should, yet come just as you are. If your garments are not clean, as they should be, yet come and wash them white in the blood of the Lamb.

This ought to be done more readily by us every day, for it should be

A GROWINGLY EASY THING

to believe our God as experience proves His faithfulness. When we are at our worst let us trust with unshaking faith. Recollect that then is the time when we can most glorify God by faith. To trust Christ when thou hast a shallow sense of sin, when thy heart is glad and thy face is bright, is but a slender trusting Him; but to believe that He can cleanse thee when thy heart is black as hell, when thou canst not see one good trait in all thy character, when thou seest nothing but fault and imperfection about thine entire life, when all thine outward circumstances seem to speak of an angry God, and all thine inward feelings threaten thee with doom from His right hand—this is to believe indeed.

Let us believe though the trumpet sounds for judgment, and the great white throne is set in the open heaven! Wherefore should we doubt? The covenant confirmed by promise and by oath, and ratified with the blood of Jesus, places every believer under the broad shield of divine truth; and what cause can there be for fear? O my hearer, believest thou in Christ? Dost thou trust thy God? If thou canst stand to that, thou art not only a saved man, but thou already givest glory to God. So may He help thee to do. Amen.

[The prayers of the readers of this Journal are requested for the blessing of God upon its Editors, and those whose sermons, articles, or labors for Christ are printed in it; and that its circulation may be used by the Holy Spirit for the conversion of many sinners and the quickening of God's people. Dr. Talmage and Mr. Spurgeon especially request prayer every Sunday morning on behalf of their labors.]

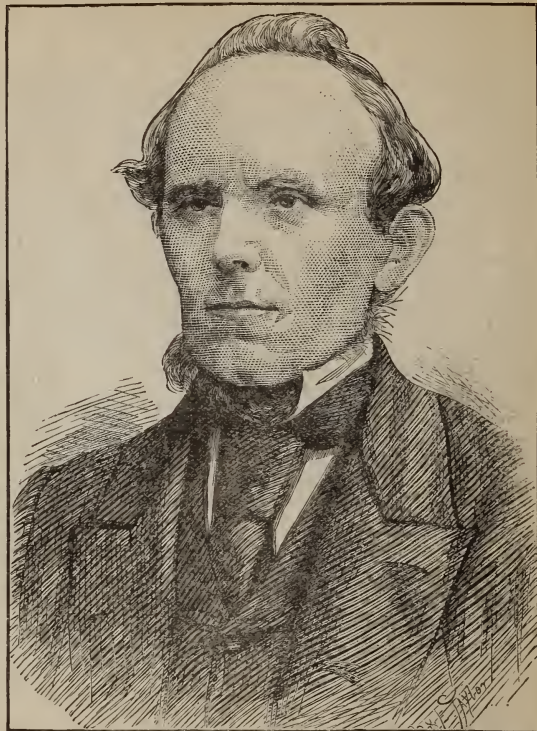
THE LATE MR. WILLIAM TWEEDIE.

(See portrait on page 44.)

The late Mr. William Tweedie, the famous English publisher of Prohibition literature, was born at Haddingtonshire, Scotland, on July 19th, 1821. When nineteen years of age he signed the temperance pledge, and in 1848 acted for a few months as agent of a temperance association. The same year he found his way to London, where he opened a temperance depot, and made temperance truths familiar to the frequenters of the busy city. As a publisher Mr. Tweedie soon became widely known. Five years after his advent in the Strand Mr. Tweedie began the issue of the *Weekly Record*, afterward called the *Temperance Record*, which he continued to publish for nearly eight years, until the end of 1863, when he handed it over free of all charges to the committee of the National Temperance League. Had the establishment of the *Record* been the total of Mr. Tweedie's labors, that would have laid the movement under



The late Mr. William Tweedie, the Prohibition Publisher.



Mr. William Hoyle, the Lancashire Prohibitionist and Manufacturer.

a lasting debt of gratitude to him. But Londoners know they did not end there. His office became a manufactory of teetotal weapons, and some of the best text-books in the science of teetotalism, as well as books which rank high in fiction, found daylight under his auspices.

But business proper occupied a comparatively insignificant portion of Mr. Tweedie's time. Before everything else he was a teetotaler, and anything likely to aid his favorite principle always commanded his earnest attention. In this spirit he assisted in forming the "Temperance Permanent Land and Building Society," of which he occupied the responsible position of chairman for nineteen years. He also became director of another and really valuable auxiliary, the "Temperance and General Provident Institution," a position he filled for twelve years. And the successful attempt to found the London Temperance Hospital found in him a wise counsellor and a zealous worker. He was a member of the hospital executive at the time of his death.

The society in which he took the deepest personal interest was the National Temperance League, which has charge of the Prohibition movement in England. In 1851 he was among the principal promoters of the London Temperance League, and when, by union with the National Temperance Society, in 1856, the former became the National Temperance League, Mr. Tweedie became one of its chief pillars. He was first one of the honorable secretaries, then became, and continued, a member of the executive until death called him home. In all the League's manifold efforts he bore an active and acceptable part.

As an advocate, Mr. Tweedie's services were in constant request. Directly he mounted the platform, his bright, intelligent eyes and cheerful face gained the attention of an audience. His

words never removed the good impression. Clearly enunciated, well chosen and directly to the point, they gave his hearers the idea that they came not only freighted with the work of a mind well stored, but softened by the influence of a heart overflowing with earnest sympathy, and sensible of the great responsibilities which rested upon him. He based his appeals on the ground of Christian expediency, but no man could more clearly show the dangers of tippling and the manifold advantages of true sobriety.

Probably his best work was done privately. His great sagacity, clearness of perception far from common, and his conscientiousness made him the safe custodian of many a confession, which he only utilized in the giving of practical aid to any desirous of leading a changed life. Not a few large houses at the West End of London, peopled by aristocratic families, have been the scene of such labors, while in his own office words of wise counsel and touching sympathy have many a time brought repentance to an erring heart. But he did not confine his care to the lost. Young men coming from the country to London found in him a warm and faithful friend, ready to counsel, to direct, and, indeed, assist from his own well-drained purse. Rich in faithful labors, in the love of his wife, and the dutiful affection of his children, and cheered by the gratitude of many whom he had helped, Mr. Tweedie has passed into eternity, leaving his family to the watchful care of those in whose service his faithful life was spent.

One of his medical attendants writes: "At few death-beds have I ever been more strongly impressed with the conviction that the life which preceded must have been one not only of purity and blamelessness, but of active, energetic love. I shall ever cherish Mr. Tweedie's memory as an example of a life spent in unselfish devotion to the good of others."

Only a few days before his departure, when the reflected light of the unseen world was beaming upon his countenance, Mr. Tweedie was overheard to pray with great earnestness and fervor that God would raise up laborers, especially young men, to carry on the work of the Temperance reformation.

MR. WILLIAM HOYLE, The Temperance Statistician.

MR. HOYLE, whose portrait appears on this page, was born in the year 1831, in Rossendale, England, and, like many other self-made Lancashire men, had little school education. He began the struggle for bread as a half-timer in a cotton mill at *eight years of age*, and the other half of the day was spent at school. When thirteen years of age he was taken from school altogether, but he used to attend a night-school after his day's work was done. One who knew him then states that he was a diligent student, "and made considerable progress in mathematics," a science which he ardently loves, and in which his proficiency is evidenced in his speeches and printed works. He signed the pledge when fifteen years of age, and immediately commenced the study of the Temperance question in order to make himself useful in the work of extending temperance principles among the people by public discussion. His energy and his determination to educate himself in spite of all obstacles carried him to success not only in commercial, but in social life. He was often at work at his books at three in the morning, and as soon as he had finished his day's work he was again poring over educational volumes. In his twentieth year he removed with his father to Crawshawbooth, where they began business as cotton manufacturers. In 1859 Mr. Hoyle married, and removed to Tottington, near Bury, where

the firm erected a new mill. Here he took a more conspicuous part in Temperance work, and devoted special attention to the economic aspect of the drink question.

An incident which occurred on Christmas Day, 1871, illustrates his manner of work. Mr. Hoyle thought he would like to go to the poor-house and see the paupers have their Christmas dinner. In one of the wards, where there were sixty or seventy men, he thought he recognized a face. He asked the man if he had not worked at Summerseat, on the Lancashire and Yorkshire Railway. He replied that he had. A voice was heard in another part of the room, "I worked there, sir, thirty years ago, and didn't we get lots of brass." A third man, holding his hand to his mouth as if drinking, said, "It's that that brings us here, sir." Mr. Hoyle then addressed the paupers, dwelling on the fact that the men who acknowledged they were earning lots of money thirty years before were then dependent upon the ratepayers for food to keep them from starving. He told them that thirty years before he lived at Summerseat, he was a poor lad earning wages worth thirty-six pence a week, but he had never spent a penny in any kind of intoxicating drink or tobacco, or wasted his time at the corners of the streets, or gazing at the bottoms of pewter pots, and, consequently, by God's blessing, he had now become a large employer of labor.

He is an ardent advocate of Prohibition, and was one of the contributors to a fund of \$300,000 raised in 1871 to promote the cause. His donation on that occasion was \$5000, and he has since subscribed \$2500 annually to the same cause. In reply to a friend who expostulated with him on gifts so lavish, which must seriously cripple him in providing for his own family, he said: "I would much rather leave my children penniless in a country without liquor-shops than leave them a great fortune as things are; a good share of my income shall therefore go toward this great movement."

Mr. Hoyle is well and widely known as a writer on economic questions. His best-known work is "Our National Resources, and How They Are Wasted," which has gone through many editions. His papers read at the Social Science Congresses, and before other societies, have all been published, and have had a large circulation. One of his papers, read before the Manchester Statistical Society, in 1876, attracted a good deal of attention. It discussed "The Prospects of the Prohibition Movement." Every year, as soon as the government returns are published, Mr. Hoyle sends to the newspapers a letter commenting on the figures, with the view of impressing the people with his conviction that the way out of national depression, and the way to raise the poor out of their poverty, is to absolutely prohibit the manufacture and sale of intoxicating liquors. In his letter on the statistics of 1883 he showed that in that year \$631,256,795 had been spent in the United Kingdom for intoxicating liquors. Mr. Hoyle is a prominent vegetarian.



A Search for a Lost Diamond.

THE LOST DIAMOND.

(See Illustration.)

THE incident depicted in the illustration on this page has been frequently described by Mr. J. B. Gough and other earnest workers in the cause of religion and temperance as a type of their work. A lady's brougham stopped in a dirty city street; the door was opened, and a lady stepped to the sidewalk. As she did so, something fell and rolled on the roadway. There was a momentary glitter as a precious stone shone in the sunlight, and then there was nothing of it to be seen. But the lady knew what had fallen. A valuable diamond ring had slipped off her finger when she took off her glove, and it was that which had shone on the paving-stones. Her eyes followed its course until it rolled into the gutter.

The gutter was one of those wide and deep ones which are needed in quarters where manufacturing and butchers' markets are numerous, and even its capacity is often fully tested. A torrent of liquid filth disgusting to eye and nostrils poured along it on its way to the common sewer, and into that tide of abominations rolled the precious circle of gold and jewels.

"I saw her," says Mr. Gough, "prodding about among the mud and filth with her delicate parasol, trying to fish up the ring, but without avail. She could not recover the ring in that way. But she did not mean to lose it. Boys and men were watching her with amusement, but she did not care. Turning up her dress sleeve and the costly laces and ruffles that covered her shapely white arm, down went the white arm into the filthy abomination, and she

felt about until her fingers grasped the gem. She held it up daintily, and I could not help laughing to see her shake off the mud and go into a store near by to get her arm cleaned."

The lesson is obvious. In the degradation, the moral filth of society, there are God's jewels, made in His image, whom Satan has cast there by his fiendish cunning. Drunkenness and vice of other kinds covers them, and will carry them away to the bottomless pit if no one rescues them. What is the worth of a single soul? Who can estimate its value? The lady knew the value of her lost diamond, and counted that contact with noxious filth a price well paid to recover it. Should the Christian shrink from contact with moral corruption if by the ordeal he can snatch a priceless soul from destruction? It is no pleasant task to go into the haunts of vice to reach the drunkard and "the strange woman," but they are worth saving even at that cost. All honor to those devoted men and women who are doing it every night in our midst, telling the wanderer and those whom Satan has bound of One who died to save them and to break hell's chains. They need our prayers and our moral and pecuniary help for their encouragement and support. They need them now in this their hour of trial, but the day is coming when they will need them no longer, for they who "turn many to righteousness shall shine as the stars forever and ever" (Dan. 12:3).

as the stars forever and ever" (Dan. 12:3).

SINNERS AND SUFFERERS.

A SERIAL STORY.

(Continued from page 31.)

Return of the Fugitives.

THE young clergyman stood on the platform of the little railroad station the very personification of vexation and chagrin. He had come so far in such haste to find Hester and her father, and had arrived a few minutes too late. Where could they be going? Perhaps the knowledge that their hiding-place had been discovered was sending them to seek one more secure. They might still be lost to Carl as completely, or even more so, than they had been during those long months of baffled search.

"Is there nobody here that can speak English?" he exclaimed, pathetically. This was an utterly unforeseen crisis, full of difficulty and anxiety; at the moment he would have exchanged all his scholarly knowledge of dead languages for as good an acquaintance with colloquial French. "What was the train that had just disappeared bound for? Was it going to Paris, or was John Morley carrying away Hester to some still more obscure hiding-place than Equemontville? This last was possible, if he was not quite sane, and was unwilling to return to Little Aston. Or perhaps they intended to go back to Equemontville. The driver of the diligence very probably knew that, and where they had taken tickets for; but how could he communicate with him? He was too deeply absorbed in these reflections to care very greatly for the breathless spectators about him, each one

of whom seemed afraid he should miss some eccentricity of the Englishman's behavior.

"How do ye do?" said a voice at Carl's side, dwelling long upon the first word and running the other three into one. He turned quickly round, and saw a bright but sorrowful face, with black hair drawn tight from it, and confined by a pretty little white cap. The eyes meeting his were dark, and smiled with a somewhat anxious expression, as the speaker awaited the effect of her salutation.

"Thank heaven, you can speak English!" exclaimed Carl, fervently, taking the little woman's hand eagerly into his, and looking down upon her with a flush of gladness upon his embarrassed face.

"How do ye do?" she inquired again, with greater confidence.

"Oh, quite well, thank you!" said Carl, rapidly. "I want to know where your train is going to."

He pointed down the line, where the last streak of smoke was quickly vanishing, and she followed the direction of his finger with her bright eyes, but there was an expression of uneasiness in them.

"I you no comprehends no," she said, shaking her head anxiously; "how do ye do?"

"I want to know," persisted Carl, "if that train is going to Paris."

He pronounced the word Paris well enough for her to understand it, and she caught at it quickly. But he had come direct from there, and could not wish to return, she thought.

He continued pointing down the line, and repeating his question, "Is it going to Paris?"

"No, no," she answered, shaking her head emphatically, and afterward waving her hand comprehensively about the surrounding country, "*non, non; pas à Paris.*"

The audience were enjoying this unintelligible interview with great zest; but Carl's hope had perished altogether. Hester was lost to him at the very time he had expected to find her. He sighed a heavy sigh of vexation and perplexity; but he could not help smiling at the solicitude of the little Frenchwoman, who looked into his face with an air of disappointment.

"How do ye do?" she repeated, with a desire to afford him a forlorn comfort by her knowledge of his language.

He answered only by another troubled smile, and broke through the circle surrounding him. There was a time-table near the window of the ticket office, and by dint of profound and repeated study Carl made sure that there was no train to Paris stopping at the little station until the same hour the next day. He pointed it out to his new friend, and made her understand that he must return to Paris by that train. In the mean time she took him into her charge, and conducted him to a hotel, where he was entertained with the utmost hospitality and curiosity. But he was too fully occupied with anxious thoughts concerning John Morley and Hester to be conscious either of kindness or inquisitiveness. His anxiety grew almost intolerable before the moment came when he seated himself in the train which was to convey him back to Paris.

John Morley and Hester were going home gladly, yet with a solemn gladness, for a dark shadow fell across the future. The thought of Rose was upon both their hearts. How could they meet her? In what relationship could she stand to them in the future?

Human nature is seldom, if ever, able to attain the full measure and perfection of forgiveness. John Morley examined himself, and found that he was not capable of it. He was careful in his self-scrutiny, and did not spare himself. Looking into his heart, he knew that he still loved his sinful wife. If the means of avenging the wrong against him lay ready to his hand, he would not punish her. By neither act nor word nor look would he show that he resented all the misery he had suffered at her hands. So far she was forgiven. But John Morley was accustomed to try himself by the highest standard,

"Forgive us our trespasses as we forgive."

How many times had he uttered those words? Yet he dare not utter them now. The forgiveness he craved for himself was a forgiveness which included the blotting out of the sin. He knew that nothing short of being taken back into his Father's heart would content him. And that forgiveness he could not yet extend to his wife. What, then, was he to do in regard to her? Could they live in the same house on such terms? Must she go away to live out her days in solitary, useless remorse? He could not say.

Even Hester felt the terrible weight and difficulty of the decision. She clung more closely to her father in this time of conflict, and scarcely gave Carl a thought as they were passing through London. John Morley left all the arrangements of their journey to her; and she, with the intolerance of suspense natural to her years, would not stop for rest on the way. But both of them shrank from the idea of being recognized at Little Aston station; so they left the train about two miles from it, at a village where neither of them was known.

It was a soft, dark, soundless night of autumn, with no breeze abroad to rustle the dying leaves. The air was heavy and scented, with a languor in it which oppressed the spirits, and caused Hester to sigh often, with a painful and unquerable depression. All the silence and utter stillness, the muteness of the quiet hedgerows, where the birds uttered no sleepy chirp as they do in the spring and summer when a footfall disturbs them in their nests, the hush of the dark funeral trees which made no stir or murmur overhead; all this silence seemed ominous. She wanted a little whisper of welcome and encouragement. If her father had been indeed a murderer, skulking under the black shadows of the trees for concealment, there could not have been a more condemning hush and dumbness of all nature as he passed by. The sky above them was shrouded by one unbroken cloud, through which neither moon nor star looked down upon them. For a hundred yards or so a little wayside brook gurgled along their path with a pleasant and soothing babble, but it also soon forsook them, and turned aside into the meadows, leaving the road more cheerless by its desertion.

John Morley was silent too; but if Hester could have seen his face she would have been alarmed at the strong passions which furrowed it. This was the walk he had most often taken with Rose; in those early days when he was lavishing a wealth of love upon her, and when he believed himself beloved again, because her treacherous blue eyes had been bent upon him, dewy with a feigned and false tenderness. Every step was bringing him nearer his home, and nearer her presence in his house. Even now he could have turned and fled again—fled back to that pleasant and sunny valley in Burgundy, where no man knew his dishonor. But Hester was by his side, though he was but half conscious of her nearness, and had but a vague sense of his complete wretchedness without her. It was when they came in sight of the town-lamps, and their own street lay before them, that he arrested his steady step for an instant, and lifted her hand reverently to his lips, murmuring, "God bless you, my daughter."

The chapel stood at their left hand, and Hester drew her father into the shadow of its great portico, where she had found Rose homeless and friendless. They stood behind the pillars, hand pressed in hand, pausing for a little while before making the last stage of their journey. Opposite to them, in the garret where Lawson and his mother lived, there twinkled the faint glimmer of a candle in the uncurtained window, which was too high to be overlooked.

"Father," whispered Hester, pressing his hand more warmly, "let me go and get Lawson's key, and then we can enter our home without going in at the house door. You can turn into your own room, while I see where she is. It is late, and she may be already asleep; or she may be gone back to the old nursery. You

need not see her to-night. Take some rest first, and you will feel better."

John Morley answered only by releasing her hand, and she left him in the chapel portico. Very quick but softly she mounted the familiar staircase, and pushed open the door of the garret. Lawson was alone, leaning back in a large old chair, and looking very ill and worn. His dark eyes burned under his gray eyebrows, and his hollow cheeks were of an ashy paleness; his hair was grayer and his eyes redder and more sunken than when she had seen him last. She had advanced half way across the room before he perceived her entrance.

"Miss Hester!" he cried, in a tone of terror. "Yes; it is Hester, dear old Lawson," she said; "Hester come back, and her father. He is waiting outside for me. I am come here for your key, so that we may get in home without letting anybody know."

"She is there," he answered, in a hoarse and hollow voice.

"We know it," said Hester; "I think I know all about it, Lawson. There is nobody in the world who knows it all as I do. You used to love me very dearly, and my mother too. But oh, how could you be so cruel, so wicked! See what sorrow it brought upon me! I think I should almost have died of home-sickness, if we had not known soon that we could come home safely."

She uttered her reproaches in a tender yet penetrating tone; and Lawson laid his palsied head upon the table before him, groaning bitterly. He made no attempt to answer her; but when he lifted his face for an instant to look at her, she was shocked at its expression of suffering and despair.

"Are you ill, dear old Lawson?" she asked.

"I have my medicine here," he answered, tapping a small box which lay close to his hand. "I cannot stay now," she said; "my father is waiting for me. I see the key is hanging up in its old place. Good-by, Lawson. Come down and see me alone in the morning; alone, you know."

She lingered for a minute to see if he would look up, or speak to her once more; but he did not, and she hurried away and out in the street again to her father.

They walked down the quiet street side by side, and in silence, for their hearts were too full for speech now. Their tread was hushed and measured, as though they formed part of a funeral procession. On either hand the tall houses were dark and full of gloomy shadows, which moved fitfully as they passed by in the flickering light of the few and feeble lamps. The strip of sky overhead was breaking into a multitude of small clouds, and the moon, which was on the wane, looked down with a pale and hurried gleam through the rifts before the clouds closed speedily again over its mournful face.

Their steps, slow before, slackened as they drew nearer to their old home, and stopped altogether as they stood opposite to it, looking up to its dark gables traced against the obscure sky. Of all who had ever gazed at the decayed and dingy dwelling, none had ever looked with such eyes as theirs. A shiver passed through them both, as if some deadly miasma had breathed upon them from the deserted and dishonored house. Yet it was their home, the only home Hester had ever known; the home to which John Morley had brought her mother, and that second wife of his, who had disgraced it by her sin. They stood opposite to it, two dark shadows in the gloom, scarcely daring to venture across the narrow street and invade the solemn solitude, if solitude indeed were there, of the empty house.

"Come," said Hester at last, grasping her father's hand again, and leading him like a child across the street. The door by which Lawson entered his workroom was gained by an outer staircase, like that leading to the nursery, and it brought them on to the second floor of the building. Hester unlocked it and threw it open,

a damp, cold, earthy air greeting them. The darkness was unbroken blackness within; but there was no danger that they should stumble upon the floor their feet had trodden so often. Yet John Morley stood within the closed door, rooted and immovable, while Hester found Lawson's match-box and kindled a light. She came back to him and looked into his face. It had quite lost its new-born air of resolve and strength; and he stood with his head drooping once more, and his shoulders bowed, an old and decrepit man. She put both her arms fondly about his neck, and forced him to look at her.

"Have we done wrong in returning here?" she asked. "Do you feel sorry we came back?"

"No, no," he answered; "we have done well. It is but a passing paroxysm, a dread which is almost over. In a minute or two I shall be myself again. I will go to my own room, Hester."

He put his arm through hers, and leaned heavily upon it as she led him across the empty workrooms. They found the door into the house unfastened, though a bolt was upon it which had never been there in their time. It opened at one end of the long, dark passage which ran in a straight line through the middle of the house. At the other end was the door of Rose's drawing-room, standing wide open, and sending a broad, bright stream of light into the darkness. Almost involuntarily Hester extinguished her candle, and drew her father's arm more closely through her own, thinking to gain his room unseen. But John Morley did not stir, and she could catch, in the glimmer which reached them, the flashing of his eyes as he gazed steadily into the lighted room. There was the sound of a footfall passing to and fro on the carpeted floor, but no one came into sight; and after a minute or two John Morley whispered into his daughter's ear.

"I must see her," he said; "let us go forward softly. Even if she discovers me here, I must see her this night."

(To be continued.)

IMPENDING DANGER.

S. S. Lesson for Jan. 25, Acts 21: 1-14. Golden Text, ver. 14. By Mrs. M. Baxter.

A Reluctant Parting—Finding a Ship—An Unknown City—The Message of the Tyrian Disciples—Apparent Contradictions—His Habit of Referring Difficulties—God's Direct Teaching—Another Parting—The Journey Continued—In Philip's House—Woman's Place in the Early Church—The Warning of Agabus—Entreaties of Companions—Paul's Answer—A Common Folly.

It was not easy for Paul and his little company of followers to leave Miletus and its gathering of Ephesian elders. "After we were gotten from them" expresses very fully how loath the parting was on both sides. "After we had gotten from them, and had launched, we came with a straight course unto Coos, and the day following unto Rhodes, and from thence unto Patara. Nothing is told us about the ship in which this voyage was taken; who knows whether it was not the property of some one of Paul's Philippian converts? But travelling in those days was quite another thing from traveling as we know it. There were neither railways, steamships, nor regular conveyances of any description. Paul had to trust God to provide a ship which should sail in the direction he was taking, as much as for any other thing in the life of dependence upon God to which he was called. Finding a ship [evidently an ordinary trading ship] sailing over into Phœnicia, we went aboard, and set forth."

The ship was bound for Tyre, and there the little company landed, and found disciples. How, in an unknown city, would this be? Paul how to trust God about everything; he, however much he might be at a loss, God was so; and thus he put everything into God's hands, the finding of a ship to carry him,

the finding of disciples to whom he might have a message from God—all was part of the life which he both taught and lived. "Be careful for nothing; but in everything by prayer and supplication with thanksgiving let your requests be made known unto God. And the peace of God, which passeth all understanding, shall keep your hearts and minds through Christ Jesus" (Phil. 4: 6, 7).

For seven days the little missionary party remained in Tyre—days, no doubt, of great blessing to the Tyrian church, which witnessed for the Lord in the midst of the merchant city, full of worldliness, as described in Ezekiel 27. Some of the Tyrian disciples said to Paul, through the Spirit, that he should not go up to Jerusalem. The apostle had before this experienced what seemed at first sight

CONTRADICTORY GUIDANCE.

"Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature" might, to a captious mind, seem warrant enough to disobey the Spirit when He forbade him to preach the Word in Asia, and when He would not suffer him to go into Bithynia. Paul knew how to refer difficulties to the Lord, without attempting to reason them out himself, and thus he was "led of the Spirit," although very likely he could no more have reduced the guidance he understood to a science than we can. He had purposed in the Spirit to go to Jerusalem (Acts 19: 21), and had testified that he went bound in the Spirit unto Jerusalem (Acts 20: 22); now disciples said to him *through the Spirit*, that he should not go there. What was the lesson to him? Surely this, to follow the leading which he understood, and not to be a servant of men. As a rule, God guides His people directly, not through a second party. And if light on our path should come through a second party, it is not safe to follow it until it has been confirmed between God and our own souls. One who walks with God understands Him better than any other, and when anything spoken in the Spirit contradicts God's guidance to him, he does not attempt to explain it to others, but just follows what he himself understands of the Spirit's teaching.

Here was another parting: the whole church, men, women and children, turned out, following the missionaries to the sea-side, where they held a meeting in the open air. "We kneeled down on the shore, and prayed," God was everywhere in the eyes of the simple believers. And, blessed be His name, the place of prayer is wherever a needy one is found; the place of praise wherever one of His children recognizes God. It was just this commending of one the other to the Lord which made parting easy. "And when we had taken our leave one of another, we took ship; and they returned home again," we did the will of God, and they too. From Tyre the travellers came to Ptolemais, where they spent one day with the brethren, necessarily unannounced, but doubtless one of conference, prayer, and praise.

From Tyre they went to Cæsarea, "And we entered into the house of Philip the evangelist, which was one of the seven; and abode with him. And the same man had four daughters, virgins, which did prophesy."

Shortly after his conversion Paul had been at Cæsarea (Acts 9: 30), and Philip, who had gone to that city when God took him away from the scene of his labors at Samaria (Acts 8: 40), was probably well known to him. Oh, how much these two men of God would have to tell one another of God's wondrous revelations to them and of His grace and power in the conversion and building up of thousands of souls! Both of them were men very full of the Spirit, both were ready to co-operate with any others—men or women—whom the Spirit used. Paul was always surrounded by his beloved sons in the faith—Timothy, Titus, Luke, Trophimus, Epaphroditus, and others. And he mentions again and again as his helpers in Christ Jesus fellow-workers Aquila, and Priscilla, Phœbe, a succorer of many, Tryphena and Tryphosa, who labor in the Lord, and many others, both "those

women who labored with me in the Gospel," "Clement also, and other my fellow-laborers, whose names are in the book of life." Paul knew and taught that in Christ Jesus "there is neither Jew nor Greek, there is neither bond nor free, there is neither male nor female; for ye are all one in Christ Jesus" (Gal. 3: 28). And Philip had been taught by the same Spirit, therefore we are not surprised to find "that the same man had four daughters, virgins, which did prophesy."

There is no doubt that in the early church the Spirit of God made use of men and women equally to proclaim the blessed tidings of salvation, to prophesy—i.e., to speak unto men, "to edification, and exhortation, and comfort" (1 Cor. 14: 3). Men were appointed to the care of churches as bishops and pastors, but women, equally with them, exercised the gifts of the Spirit. The early church had its elders,

BOTH MEN AND WOMEN

(1 Tim. 5: 1, 2); there were "fathers" of the church and "mothers" too. With the loss of power in the church of Christ has come also the prejudice against God's testimony through women. In our day, with a revival of primitive power, has come also a door open more to the ministry of women in directly spiritual work. "The wind bloweth where it listeth." It is, in a meeting, the Spirit of God impels a woman to deliver a message which He has given her, the blessing will be hindered if she is not permitted to deliver it. We have yet much to learn about following the Spirit and being led of Him, instead of superintending and limiting the Holy Ghost.

Paul was in no hurry to leave Cæsarea, "we tarried there many days." Meanwhile "there came down from Judea a certain prophet named AGABUS."

And when he was come unto us, he took Paul's girdle, and bound his own hands and feet, and said, Thus saith the Holy Ghost, So shall the Jews at Jerusalem bind the man that owneth this girdle, and shall deliver him into the hands of the Gentiles." This was no news to Paul. In every city the Holy Ghost had witnessed that bonds and afflictions awaited him; but none of those things moved him, and now the prophecy of Agabus did not move him. He had received his directions, and he abode by them, come what might.

His friends were moved; Luke, speaking for himself and for them, said: "When we heard these things, both we and they of that place, besought him not to go up to Jerusalem. Why was this? They looked at the circumstances, and not at God. God had not said to Paul, 'Thou shalt not go up to Jerusalem,' but had only shown him at what a cost his journey would be. Paul had counted the cost, and was decided. He saw the grace of God to sustain him, while they were looking at the human side." Paul answered, What mean ye to weep and to break mine heart? for

I AM READY

not to be bound only, but also to die at Jerusalem for the name of the Lord Jesus. And when he would not be persuaded, we ceased, saying, The will of the Lord be done. Oh, how often children of God have hindered one the other by themselves taking care of them rather than committing them to God! "You ought not to take that meeting; you know you are not strong enough," is so often said. What is the will of the Lord? He sends us no warfare on our own charges. But, says one, "so and so overworked herself before, and such and such consequences followed; she must not be allowed to do the same again." Then, dear anxious one, trust the Lord to prevent her, and take your hands off. None of Paul's friends loved him as the Lord loved him. Paul and his Lord understood one another, and Jesus was quite equal to take all the care of Paul which the circumstances demanded. As soon as they saw he was steadfast in his God, they saw that he was in the will of God, and acquiesced, saying, "The will of the Lord be done."

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The Late MRS. ELIZABETH PRENTISS, Author of "Stepping Heavenward," etc.—Scenes in her Life.

MRS. ELIZABETH PRENTISS,
Author of "Stepping Heavenward."

An Honored Name—Secret of her Success—
Charm of her Books—Her Family—Personal
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A Marvellous Escape—A Poor Man's Grati-
tude—Assists Mr. Moody—Illness and Death.

In almost every religious household in this land, and in the majority of those in Europe, honor is paid to the name of the lady whose portrait this week adorns the first page of this journal. Smiles and tears have come on a hundred thousand faces as the pages of "Stepping Heavenward," "Little Susy's Six Birthdays," "The Flower of the Family," "The Story Lizzy Told," and many other books from her pen have been turned by readers, young and old. How deep a debt of gratitude the world owes for those books none can tell. They have delighted, interested, amused, comforted, and encouraged the children of God under varied circumstances, and they have been blessed, as their writer hoped they would be, to the spiritual help and advancement of a multitude of souls.

Apart from their distinctly religious tendency—though Mrs. Prentiss never regarded them as apart from it—their

LITERARY MERIT

is far beyond the common standard. The children who look at us from her pages are real flesh and blood. Her heroes and heroines are not prodigies, angelic or fiendish; they are the men and women we meet with in our daily life—natural, fallible, with real cares and real troubles—in short, our brethren and sisters, whom we know and can love. Mrs. Prentiss frankly said she knew no other kind. When the Perfectionists explained their doctrines to her she quietly said she had never met any one without faults, and until she did meet them she declined to believe that any such perfect people existed. She drew characters from the life, and it is the marvellous fidelity, the naturalness of her creations which have given her books their wondrous charm. But we need to go still deeper to find

THE SECRET OF SUCCESS

so remarkable. Mrs. Prentiss, in a letter to an intimate friend, revealed the secret. She said: "I never sat down to write *without first praying* that I might not be suffered to write anything that would do harm, and that, on the contrary, I might be taught to say what would do good." Those who write for fame and those who write for wealth may think this mode of preparing for literary composition a strange one; but those who write "to do good" can find no better way of achieving the object than that adopted by Mrs. Prentiss. It may be that if some of our ablest writers had so commenced each day's work, with prayer for guidance, some pretentious books would never have found their way into type, but our literature would have been purer and more helpful.

The reader of the books Mrs. Prentiss gave to the world, fancies he catches glimpses of her in each of them. More than one mother who has passed through a trying ordeal, and has afterward read some words from the pen of Mrs. Prentiss, has said: "That woman has suffered as I have; she could not have so accurately told the sorrowful story if she had not." To some extent this is true; her life was one of physical suffering almost continuous from cradle to grave, and she more frequently than most mothers was called to endure that bitterest of all pains to a sympathetic nature, that of seeing her beloved children suffer and die, and she unable to save them. Nevertheless, her whole history appears in none of her own works. She never drew herself exactly, and the thousands of those who fancied they did know her in some exquisitely sketched heroine of one of her books will be surprised as they gain authentic knowledge of her life and character. Happily such knowledge has been imparted. Her husband,

who fully appreciated her, who watched her in loving admiration in joy and sorrow, in sickness and in health, in public and in private, has gained pathetic solace in his bereaved loneliness by writing a biography of her* so faithful and so discriminating, yet withal so affectionate that all who read it lay it beside her own works as the key and explanation of them. To that beautiful conjugal tribute we are indebted for the information we here place in the possession of our readers.

THE FAMILY

to which Mrs. Prentiss belonged traces its origin back to a source which she knew how to value. Two hundred and fifty years ago the good ship Hopewell carried among its passengers who were flying from the tyranny of the despicable Stuart, King Charles I., of England, a young man named Edward Payson and a girl, Mary Eliot, the sister of John Eliot, "the Apostle of the Indians." The two became acquainted on the voyage, and were afterward married. Their descendants to the fifth generation were all renowned for their piety, and many of them for their brilliant talents. Dr. Edward Payson, their lineal descendant, who was born in 1783, was the pastor of a church at Portland, Me., for twenty years. It was his first charge, and though repeatedly invited to more lucrative pastorates in New York and Boston, he remained faithful to his early friends at Portland until his death. There, on October 26th, 1818, his daughter Elizabeth was born.

She was the fifth child God had given to the good pastor and his wife, and the father quaintly notes in a letter to his mother that *six special blessings*, duly enumerated, crowned the happy event. The child grew up with that highly strung

NERVOUS TEMPERAMENT

which her father possessed in a marked degree. A dark-eyed, delicate little creature, of sylph-like form, reserved and shy in the presence of strangers, she had a sweet disposition, and was very intense in her sympathies. So marked was this last trait, and so prominent was it as she grew into girlhood, that her father said, "She will be in danger of *marrying a blind man* or a helpless cripple out of pure sympathy." She was, nevertheless, full of childish vivacity, in her movements light-footed, venturesome to rashness, and at times wild with fun and frolic. But her intensity was the trait every one who knew her was most impressed with. Whatever she felt, whatever she did, she felt and did as for her life.

It was a character needing the watchful care of a father for its development, but at the early age of nine years the child was deprived of the advantages of paternal love and tenderness. Dr. Payson died in 1827, and his widow and her young family had to face the world alone. Happily the widow knew the widow's God, and she gave herself and her children into His care, and, trusting in Him, was not dismayed. She removed to New York, where her eldest daughter, Louisa, a singularly gifted lady, who afterward became the wife of Professor Albert Hopkins, of Williams College, opened a school for girls. It was during this sojourn in New York that Elizabeth, then a child of twelve years, was converted, and the widow had the happiness of seeing this her youngest child

RECEIVED INTO FELLOWSHIP

at the Bleeker Street Presbyterian Church. Two years later they returned to Portland, Me., where another girls' school was opened, which eventually became very successful. Elizabeth was the life of the home, and while she studied with unremitting energy to qualify herself for the position of

A TEACHER,

she gave her hours of leisure to the cheering and helping of her mother. She remained at home until her twenty-first year, when she accepted an appointment in the school of Mr. Persico, of Richmond, Va. *The day of parting* to

* Published by Anson D. F. Randolph & Co., Broadway, New York.

one so sensitive was naturally a most trying one. It was rendered doubly painful to herself and her family by a short but intense period of physical agony, which the violence of her mental agitation produced. The physicians said it was *angina pectoris*, but whatever it may have been it was the prelude to many such attacks, which rendered her subsequent life one of frequent illness.

Two characteristic extracts from her letters from Richmond will show how her inner and outward life were being passed. She wrote to her cousin a day or two after her arrival: "I have trembled ever since I came here at the host of new difficulties to which I am exposed. Surely, I did again and again ask God to decide the question for me as to whether I should leave home or not, and believed that He had chosen for me. It certainly was against my own inclinations." It was a very pathetic and significant confession, truly Abrahamian in tone. The young girl, timid, shy, and sensitive went from Maine to Virginia against her own inclinations, simply because she believed that God had chosen the course for her. All too few are the men and women who so seek to know God's will, and obey it, rather than follow their own inclinations.

A STAMMERING CHILD

is the subject of the second of the two extracts referred to. She wrote: "This morning I had a new scholar, a pale, thin little girl, who stammers, and when I spoke to her, and she was obliged to answer, the color spread over her face and neck as if she suffered the utmost mortification. I was glad when recess came, I drew her close to my side and to tell her that had a friend afflicted in the same way, and that consequently, I should know how to understand and pity her. She held my hand fast in her and the tears came stealing down one after another as she leaned confidently on my shoulder and I could not help crying too. What a beautiful picture! It would seem that Dr. Payson had much insight when he thought his daughter might marry a blind man out of pure sympathy. The stammering child was one of many afflicted ones who in after years held her hand clasped in theirs and saw those beautiful dark eyes suffused with tears for their sufferings. It is not surprising to read of the little children that Richmond school putting their arms around her neck, as one neglected child did, and saying 'There is one in this house who loves me I know.'"

After one year in Richmond she returned home. The work had been a drain on her vital powers, pleasant and successful as it had been and she needed rest. Beside this, a strong spiritual conflict, a time of severe suffering of soul had weakened her. Satan had taken advantage of some theological teaching presented to her, suggested doubts to her own heart whether she did, after all, love the Saviour in very truth. Happily, she came out of the battle triumphant but with a body never very strong, weakened by hours of sleeplessness and mental torture. Three months were spent at home with her beloved mother and sisters, and then, at the urgent request of her Richmond friends, she returned to her duties there. One of the incidents of this second sojourn in the South was

A CURIOUS WEDDING

ceremony, which she thus described: "We had a black wedding in my schoolroom the other night, our colored cook having decided to take to herself a lord and master. It was the funniest affair I ever saw. Such comical dresses! So many heaps of cake, wine, coffee, and candy! So many kisses and huggings! The man who performed the ceremony prayed that they might *obey each other*, wherein I think he showed originality and good sense, too. Then he had a book upside down and pretended to read, he knows what! but Mrs. Persico laughed so loud when he said, 'Will you take this *wo-man* to your wedded husband?' that we all joined full chorus, whereupon the poor priest (who was only the sexton of St. James's) was so confused that he married them over twice. I never

saw a couple in their station in life provided with a tenth part of the luxuries with which they abounded. We worked all day Saturday in the kitchen, making and icing cake for them, and a nice frolic we had of it, too."

Financial troubles in the following year necessitated the breaking up of the Richmond school, and on July 18th, 1843, Miss Payson bade adieu to Richmond. Two months of quiet, restful happiness she spent at home, and then the entries in the diary she kept suddenly ceased. She gives no reason for the cessation, but Mr. Prentiss explains it by saying: "September 11th she marked with a white stone, and kept ever after as one of the chief festal days of her life." It is not difficult to follow the clue so given, for on April 16th, 1845, Miss Elizabeth Payson

BECAME MRS. PRENTISS,

the beloved wife of the Rev. George L. Prentiss, the newly-ordained pastor of a church at New Bedford, Mass. A very happy, useful life was that of the young wife in her new sphere. A nature so gentle and affectionate could not fail to find in the life of a pastor's wife innumerable opportunities for congenial work. That she devoted herself to them with the old intensity there is abundant evidence. In 1851 Mr. Prentiss accepted the charge of the Mercer Street Presbyterian Church, in New York City, and thither the pastor and his wife and their two children removed. A third child was born to them, but before many months had passed there were two gaps in the little household.

A GATHERED FLOWER

was the similitude under which the death of one child—"the Ernest" of "Stepping Heavenward"—is described in the Christian mother's diary. She wrote: "'Oh,' said the gardener, as he passed down the garden walk, 'who plucked that flower?' His fellow-servants answered, 'The Master.' And the gardener answered his peace." It would be difficult to imagine a more tender, suggestive passage in modern literature than that simple entry, so characteristic of the woman who wrote it.

When the second child was called away the mother's heart was well-nigh broken, but the Christian overcame by the power of the Saviour. The following lines, written immediately after the second bereavement, show the spirit in which she suffered:

"I thought that prattling boys and girls
Would fill this empty room;
That my rich heart would gather flowers
From childhood's opening bloom.
One child and two green graves are mine,
This is God's gift to me;
A bleeding, fainting, broken heart—
This is my gift to thee."

In her younger days, before going to Richmond, Mrs. Prentiss had frequently written verses and short sketches which had appeared in a Boston journal; but after going South she had written nothing for publication. In 1853, however, after thirteen years of literary inactivity, she produced

HER FIRST BOOK,

"Susy's Six Birthdays." "It was composed," says her husband, "with the utmost rapidity. In about ten days the work was finished. Upon its publication it was at once recognized as a work of real genius, inimitable of its kind, and neither the popular verdict nor the verdict of the children as to its merits has ever changed." In 1854 appeared the next work, "The Flower of the Family," which was translated by admirers in the respective countries into French and German. This was followed the next year by another book, "Henry and Bessie." From that time onward her pen was seldom idle.

A VISIT TO EUROPE

rendered the year 1858 a memorable one to her. The enfeebled health of Dr. Prentiss rendered absolute rest and change of scene imperative. He therefore resigned his charge, and went with his family to Switzerland. Mountain air and mountain climbing (see *frontispiece*) did much to restore the health of the devoted pastor and his wife. They passed two years on transatlan-

tic shores, visiting France and England on their way home. In London Dr. and Mrs. Prentiss went the usual round of the sights familiar to American tourists, and Mrs. Prentiss wrote home interesting letters of description. One of them narrates a visit to Hyde Park, where she stood on a camp-stool for hours to see the Queen and Prince Albert review the Volunteers (see *frontispiece*); but the pageant and the sight of royalty do not appear to have lessened her love for the simple grandeur of the republican government of her own beloved country. On September 24th, 1860, she and her husband and children were glad to set foot once more in New York.

A NEW SPHERE

of Christian work soon opened before them. A part of the Mercer Street Church were anxious, in view of the general movement up-town, to establish a congregation in a more suitable locality. This, after some delays incident to the sad national events of those years, was accomplished. The congregation met temporarily in hired buildings under the ministry of Dr. Prentiss until 1865, when the Church of the Covenant was built on Park Avenue. In all that troublous time, and in the labors connected with it and with the formation of the new church, Mrs. Prentiss, though in feeble health and tried with many bereavements, was a right hand to her husband. But throughout, her labors with her pen continued, book after book being written and finding eager readers.

In 1869 "*Stepping Heavenward*," the best known of all the works Mrs. Prentiss wrote, was published. Its sale surpassed that of any of her other works. In America alone 70,000 copies were quickly sold, and those in England, France, Germany, and Australia could not be counted. Two other works—"The Story Lizzie Told" and "Urbane and His Friends"—successively appeared, and both had an immense circulation.

A MARVELLOUS ESCAPE

of Dr. and Mrs. Prentiss from a dreadful death was an incident during those years which was never forgotten by either of them. They had found it necessary to establish a small country retreat, where they could go occasionally to recuperate, and the place selected was Dorset, Vt. During one of their sojourns there they visited some friends at East Dorset, and were returning home. Not far from that village is a dangerous railroad crossing; and, as the sight or sound of carriages so affrighted their horse as to render him uncontrollable, special pains had been taken not to arrive at the spot while a train was due. But just as they reached it a "special" train, whose approach was masked behind high bushes, came rushing along unannounced, and had they been only a few seconds later would have crushed them to atoms (see *frontispiece*). So severe was the shock, and so vivid the sense of a providential escape, that scarcely a word was spoken during the drive home. The next morning Mrs. Prentiss gave her husband a very interesting account of the thoughts that, like lightning, flashed upon her mind while feeling herself in the jaws of death.

The early months of 1876 were very busily spent, as usual, in literary work and in attendance upon Mr. Moody's memorable services at the Hippodrome, New York. In a letter to a friend, she says: "The work at the Hippodrome took a great deal of my time, and there is a poor homeless fellow, now at work in my garden, whom it was my privilege to lead to Christ there, and who touched me not a little this morning by bringing me three plants purchased out of his scanty earnings (see *frontispiece*). He has connected himself with our mission, and has made friends there."

DEATH.

During the months that followed, her friends noticed with sorrow that the health and strength of Mrs. Prentiss were rapidly declining. She, however, would not abate any of her usual activities, and long after her weakness became painful to witness she insisted on conducting her Bible readings for ladies as usual. On August

8th, 1878, the last of those Bible meetings was held. Five days afterward she peacefully entered into her rest.

Our effort has been in this brief sketch to show what Mrs. Prentiss was rather than to relate what she did. For the facts and incidents of her life—a life unusually full of incident—we must refer our readers to the book which we have before mentioned, in which her husband has lovingly gathered her letters, extracts from her diary, and his own recollections of thirty-three years of constant fellowship—"The Life and Letters of Elizabeth Prentiss," published by Messrs. Anson D. F. Randolph & Company, New York.

CHRISTMAS DAY AT THE SPURGEON ORPHANAGES.

To the delight of the children and the managers, Mr. C. H. Spurgeon was able to spend last Christmas Day at the Orphanages, where his large family gathered lovingly about him. Places were set for four hundred and twenty children, one hundred and eighty of whom are girls. A large Christmas tree, the gift of a valued friend of the institution, was set up in the covered play-ground, and was stocked with presents by a wealthy lady who takes a deep interest in the work. Through the munificence of another friend every child found on sitting down to dinner, placed in front of his or her seat, a new shilling (25c.), a box of figs, a medal, and a Christmas-card.

Mr. Spurgeon had not been able to attend the Orphanage Christmas feast since 1881, and numbers of the children had never even set eyes upon him, so that when he entered the room, accompanied by Mrs. Spurgeon, the cheering was both hearty and protracted. Dinner was then disposed of, after which Mr. Spurgeon delivered a genial address. He said that he was very, very glad to spend Christmas once again with his friends at the Orphanage. It had been a great joy to look upon the children, and to see them all so well provided for. "It was a comfort to think that none of the staff needed looking after; if they liked to neglect their duties they could, but they never did so; and thus, those who were responsible were able to feel at ease. (He Mr. Spurgeon) intended to see them oftener in the future if possible; but in point of fact, there was very little time available for such a purpose; so many works required attention that he was glad to hand over to others all that they were able to do. In any case, it was only necessary for them to go on as they had done; for no one could be served by a better staff. Turning next to the "old boys" the president said how glad he was to see their faces again; and he added, that he should like to see those who had left the Orphanage all together; and if he could live to be as old as Sir Moses Montefiore, what a sight such a gathering would then be! Something was then said to the young men respecting the advantages which came of practice in public speaking, Mr. Spurgeon humorously referring to himself as an example in point, he not having been able to speak a word of English, or, in fact, of any language, when he "first arrived in the country." He hoped that some of the young men would turn out to be preachers; but if otherwise, let each do what he could for God's glory. If any were ambitious, let the practical outcome consist in doing well what they had to do.

Mr. Spurgeon at the close of the entertainment once more expressed the gratitude he felt on account of being able to be present. When down in the dumps he always felt that something might be going wrong; if he could not actually smell a rat, his wife knew how apt he was to rummage up a mouse. But there was never anything wrong with those present, and he was grateful for their services.

Speaking on behalf of his wife, the president added how glad Mrs. Spurgeon was to be able to leave the room where she was constantly writing to ministers about books and take part, after so many years of illness, in so joyful a celebration.

GOSPEL LOOKING-GLASS.

Dr. Talmage's Sermon, Preached Last Sunday Morning, January 18, 1885.

"And he made the laver of brass, and the foot of it of brass, of the looking-glasses of the women assembling."—EXODUS 38: 8.

The Laver in the Tabernacle—Its Double Purpose—For Revealing Impurities—For Cleansing—The Mirrored Room at Hampton Court—The Fresh Water in the Laver—A Great Storm on the Atlantic—Lapsed Insurance Policies—Washing Both Extremities—Complete Surrender Required—A Large Laver—Queen Caroline Excluded from the Coronation—The Washing Imperative—A Dying Woman's Message—A Picture of a Battle-Field.

We often hear about the Gospel of John, and the Gospel of Matthew, and the Gospel of Luke. There is just as certainly a Gospel of Moses, a Gospel of David, a Gospel of Jeremiah. In other words, Christ is as certainly in the Old Testament as in the New. If after one has departed we want to get an idea of just how he looked, we gather up all the photographs—some taken from one side the face, others from the other side the face, some the full face, some the full-length portrait, and then from all these pictures we recall to our mind just how the departed one looked. And I want all the pictures of the evangelists and all the pictures of the prophets to bring before me the image of Jesus Christ. I want to know just how He looked, and the more pictures I have of Him the better I shall understand.

When the Israelites were on their march through the wilderness, they carried their church with them. They had what they called a tabernacle, a pitched tent. It was *very costly and very beautiful*. The framework was made out of forty-eight boards of acacia wood, set in sockets of silver. The curtains of the building were of purple and scarlet and blue and fine linen, and they were hung on artistic loops. The candlestick had a shaft and branches and bowls of gold, and there were lamps of gold, and tongs of gold, and snuffers of gold, and rings of gold.

Now, there is one thing in this ancient tabernacle that especially attracts my attention, and that is

THE LAVER.

It was a great basin filled with water, and the water went down through spouts and passed away, and the priests came and washed their hands and their feet as this water came down through the spouts and passed away. The laver was made out of the looking-glasses of the women who had frequented the tabernacle, and who had made that contribution to the furniture. The looking-glasses were not made out of glass, but of brass of a superior quality, polished and burnished, until just as soon as a priest looked into the side of the laver he saw his every feature and any spot of defilement that may have been on his countenance; so that this laver of looking-glasses spoken of in my text had two purposes: the first, to show those who came up the defilement upon themselves, and secondly, to offer them a place where they could get rid of it. And as everything in the ancient tabernacle was typical of something in the Gospel of the Son of God, or, at any rate, suggestive of it, I take this laver of looking-glasses in my text as all suggestive of this Gospel, which first shows me sin, and then gives me an opportunity of divine ablation.

"Oh, happy day, happy day,
When Jesus washed my sins away!"

This is the only mirror, the burnished side of this laver is

THE ONLY MIRROR—

that shows you just as you are. Some mirrors flatter the features, and they make you look better than you are. Some mirrors distort the features, and they make you look worse than you are. This mirror—this mirror of God's Word—shows you just as you are. These priests would come in, and just as soon as they confronted the burnished, polished side of this

looking glass, this metal out of which the laver was made, he saw where there was any pollution upon his countenance, where there was any spot that needed to be cleaned off.

Just as soon as we come in and look at this mirror of the Gospel of Jesus Christ, we see ourselves just as we are. "All have sinned and come short of the glory of God." That is one showing. "All we, like sheep, have gone astray." That is another showing. "From the crown of the head to the sole of the foot there is no health in us." That is another showing. Some people call these defects imperfections, or eccentricities, or erratic behavior, or wild oats, or high living; but this Book calls them filth, transgression, the abominable thing that God hates. Paul got one glance at that mirror—that polished mirror—and he cried out: "Oh, wretched man that I am, who shall deliver me?" David caught one glimpse of that mirror, and he cried out: "Purge me with hyssop and I shall be clean!" Martin Luther got one glimpse of that mirror, and he cried out to Staupitz: "Oh, my sins, my sins, my sins!"

Mind you, I am not talking about bad habits. We do not need any Bible to persuade us that blasphemy is wrong, or impure life is wrong, or evil speaking is wrong. I am now talking of the heart,

THE EVIL HEART,

the fountain of bad thoughts, of bad words, of bad actions. Here is *ingratitude*, for instance. If you hand me a glass of water, I say, "Thank you." If I hand you a glass of water, you say, "Thank you." But here we have been taking ten thousand mercies from the hand of God—our hunger fed, our thirst slaked, and we have had shelter and home, and ten thousand blessings and advantages, and yet I do not state a thing that you will not believe when I say that there are people in this house this morning fifty years of age who have never got down once on their knees and thanked God for His goodness. And here is *pride of heart*. Oh, we all have felt it, the pride that will not submit to God. Pride wants its own way. I will not quarrel with theologians about terms. I do not care whether you call it total depravity, or whether you call it something else. This evil nature we got from our parents, and they got it from their parents, and it goes down from generation to generation—a nature obnoxious to God before conversion, and after conversion there is not one in any of us except that which the grace of God planted and fostered and keeps.

It seems to me that the reason there are comparatively so few conversions in our day is to be found in the fact that the preaching of our day is so apt to persuade a man that he is almost right anyhow, he only needs

A LITTLE FIXING UP,

he only needs a few touches of divine grace, and then he will be all right; only a little out of order; only a little repair necessary to our nature, instead of the broad, deep talk which Baxter and Payson and Wesley and George Whitefield thundered in the ears of a race trembling on the verge of instant and eternal disaster. Ah! my friends, if there is any truth plainly set forth in this Book, it is that we have thoroughly gone astray, and that we are not by nature almost right, but altogether wrong. "The heart is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked." Some of us have been in Hampton Court, and we remember that room where all the four walls are covered with mirrors, and it does not make any difference which way you look you see yourself. And when a man once fully steps inside this precinct of the Gospel he sees himself on all sides, every feature of moral deformity, every spot of moral taint. The whole head is sick and the whole heart is faint. I do not care what your ancestry was, your ancestry was no better than my ancestry. But all generations have felt this touch of sin. Have you not realized it? I will tell you why. You have never looked into the looking-glass, you have never seen the mirror.

"But," says some one, "what is the use of dis-

playing our defects to us if we cannot get rid of them?" None. You say: "What is the use of showing me that I am a sinner if I cannot be anything but a sinner?" No use. I cannot imagine anything meaner than for a physician to come into a sick room and tell the patient how bad he looks, and to discourse upon his affliction, and enlarge upon the fact that his case is hopeless, and then go out with his hands behind his back, and whistling. There never has been a case like that. No physician would be so hard-hearted as that. If you cannot cure a disease you certainly will not make the matter worse by discoursing upon it, and I am the last man to stand here and talk about the sin of my heart and the sin of your heart unless there is a cure for it. There is no use for the polished side of this laver, no use for the burnished looking-glass, if there is no place for me to wash and be clean.

Now, you notice that this laver of looking-glasses spoken of in the text was

FILLED WITH FRESH WATER

every morning. The servants of the tabernacle took buckets, and they filled them with the water, and they brought this bright water and poured it into the laver; and that is a type of this Gospel of Jesus Christ, which is a fresh Gospel—fresh every year, every day, every hour, every moment. It is not a stagnant pool of accumulated corruption; it is living water breaking from the rock. Christians often make the mistake of being satisfied with old experiences. Why, my brother and sister, I do not care what your experiences were ten, fifteen years ago. Do not give us a stale Gospel. Give us a fresh Gospel. What are you *now*? Suppose a war should come and I could prove to the government that ten years ago I was loyal, would that be any excuse for my not taking the oath of allegiance? The government would not ask me what I was ten years ago, but "What are you now?" And I do not ask you whether you were loyal to Jesus Christ ten or five years, or one year ago. Are you loyal *now*? Are you fighting under the standards of Emanuel? Are you a soldier of Jesus Christ *now*? I was in a great

STORM ON THE ATLANTIC,

and the captain said: "We must go down," and the crew said there was no hope, and all the passengers expected to perish. Then I thought of home, and then I asked myself: "How about my life insurance? If I am swept off now, will my family be cared for?" And then I thought to myself: "Yes, I paid up the premiums on the life insurance," and I was content. But how if the insurance had run out? The trouble is, that a great many are depending upon old insurances against the damage of sin and old insurances against the damage of the great future—old insurances that have run out. Suppose that you allowed the fire insurance on your home to expire yesterday and to-day your home should be consumed, would you have the impertinence to go to-morrow morning with the papers to the insurance company and demand the amount of the policy? No. If you did they would say: "You have no business here, you have no right to ask that, you let the insurance expire on Saturday; this is Monday." O follower of the Lord Jesus, do not depend upon old insurances, ten, or twenty, or forty years old, as I know some of you are depending upon them! You want the policy paid up by the blood and the tears of the Son of God.

But I notice in regard to this laver looking-glass spoken of in the text that the priests there washed

THEIR HANDS AND THEIR FEET.

The water came down through the spouts from the basin, and they carefully and completely washed their hands and their feet, typical of the fact that this Gospel is to reach to the very extremities of our moral nature. Here is a man who says: "I will fence off part of my heart, and it shall be a garden full of flowers and fruits of Christian character; and all the rest shall be the devil's commons." You cannot do it. It is

all garden or none. You tell me about a man, that he is a good Christian except in politics. I deny your statement. If his religion will not take him in purity through the autumnal election, that religion is worth nothing in May, June, or July. You say that a man is a very good man, he is a Christian, he is useful, but he overreaches in a bargain. I deny your statement. If it is an all-pervading religion, if it touches a man at all at one point of his nature, it will pervade his entire nature.

It is quite easy to be a Christian, or seems to be, on Sabbath, surrounded by kindly influences; but not so easy to be a Christian when by one twitch of the roll of goods you can cover a defect in the silk. It is quite an easy thing to be a Christian with a psalm-book in your hand and the Bible on your lap; not so easy to be a Christian when telling a merchant you can get better goods at less price at another store until he lets you have the goods cheaper than he has any capacity to sell them; he is going to hurt himself when he does sell, for there are more lies told before the counter than behind the counter, ten to one. Christ will have you all, or He will have none of you. This grace must reach to the very extremities of our nature.

Suppose you have rented or purchased a whole house, and the former owner comes to you with the keys. There are twelve rooms in the house and he gives you six of the keys. You say, "Where are the other keys?" "Oh," he says, "you can't have them! There is a room on the second floor you can't have, and there is a room on the third floor and a room on the fourth floor you can't have, and there is a dark place in the attic you can't have, but here are the keys for the others." You say, "I purchased the whole house, and I want all the keys, or I don't want any of them." Here is a man who comes to God, and he gives part of his nature, and says: "You may go to this and go to that, but there is something I can't give up, there is a room in my nature

I CAN'T SURRENDER;

and this I want to keep, and that I want to keep. You can have half of the keys of my soul, but not all." Then Christ will not have any. He will take everything from cellar to attic—all of the keys to all your affections, all your hopes, all your ambitions, all your heart, all your life, or He will not take one key. The grace of God must touch the extremities, the very extremities of our moral nature. The priests when they came to this laver of looking-glasses washed their hands and washed their feet.

But I notice also, in regard to this laver spoken of in the text, it is

A VERY LARGE LAVER.

I know it from the fact that so many washed there. I know it still better from the fact that Solomon when he duplicated that laver of the tabernacle in the temple which he built, built it on a large scale. And that means pardon for all and mercy for all—a great, wide Gospel. The Bible does not say there is pardon for small sins, but it says positively there is pardon for great sins. If a sin be only faintly hued, it does not especially say there is pardon for faintly hued transgression; but if it be glaring, if it be red like crimson, it shall be as wool.

I say this not to put a premium upon crime, but to encourage that man who thinks there is no mercy because he is so great a sinner. Paul was a murderer. Did he not stand at the assassination of Stephen? and he took part in that crime, and yet Paul became the most illustrious man in the Christian church. And if Christ be at the right hand of God, I think Paul will be at the right hand of Christ. Oh, how bad he was, and how good he became! The dying thief was as bad as bad could be, and yet he was saved. Oh, *God loves to take hold of a bad case!* There are a thousand bridges in this country over small brooks and small streams. You do not know the architects, do you? But you know who built the Brooklyn Bridge. The greater the span the mightier the genius and greater the glory.

Oh, let all the penitentiaries come to this laver and wash off their crimes! Let all the almshouses come to this laver and wash off their poverties! It seems to me the round earth, if you could once grasp it, if you could once clutch it—this round earth could be bowled into it. And all you have to do is now, to-day, to get the advantage of this grace. Come down out of your pride.

QUEEN CAROLINE

wanted to see her offended husband, George IV., crowned in Westminster Abbey; and while the coronation was going on she rode up behind ten shining bays, and in great pomp, to the door of Westminster Abbey; but she had no ticket of admission, she could not go in. Then she went to another gate of Westminster Abbey, and was refused admission; and then she got in her splendid equipage, and rode home in wrath and indignation. You cannot come into the Kingdom of our God in your pomp and pretension. You will never get into the coronation unless you come afoot—unless you come on your knees.

I remember the Syrophenecian woman. She had a daughter with convulsive sickness, and she came to Christ; and Christ, just to rally her courage and test her faith, said: "It is not meet to take the children's bread and cast it to the dogs"—for you know the Jews considered the Gentiles dogs in those times—as much as to say, "We can't give this great blessing that belongs to the Jews to you, a Gentile, —not to the dogs." But the Syrophenecian woman said: "Yea, Lord, yet the dogs eat of the crumbs which fall from their masters' table; I don't pretend to be any one; I am a poor Gentile dog, but even dogs have privileges, and when the door is ajar, and through the cracks of the table some of the crumbs have fallen down, don't the dogs come in and take the crumbs? I don't ask a loaf of thy mercy, I don't even ask for a slice of thy mercy; give me just one crumb of it. I crawl at thy feet, O Master, I will just crawl at thy feet." Christ could not stand it. He said: "Woman, your daughter is well; you start for home, and you will meet her." Do not come with the pride of Queen Caroline—come with the humility of the Syrophenecian woman.

WASHING IMPERATIVE.

Once more, I notice in this laver of looking-glasses that the washing in it was not optional, it was imperative. Here the priests came into the tabernacle. Suppose now one of them should say: "I washed before I came from home; there's no use of my washing in this laver." God says: "You wash in this laver or die." But suppose the priest had said, "Why, there are other lavers just as bright as that from which this water was taken, and I might wash there just as well; why wash in the water of this laver?" God says: "Wash here or die." Not optional—imperative. Typical of the Gospel which says, "You wash in this fountain open for sin and uncleanness, or perish." We have no choice.

"But," says some one, "couldn't God have provided other ways of salvation?" Fifty of them, perhaps. I do not think that God exhausted all His wisdom when He laid out this plan of salvation. Perhaps He might have provided fifty plans of salvation. He provided only one. You say: "Might not a whole line of ships sail from earth to heaven?" Yes, but there is only one going. Are there any other trees as luxuriant as the tree of Calvary? Yes, more, for that one had neither bud nor blossom, and it was stripped and barked. But the one path to heaven is under the bare arm of that stripped tree. Not optional, but imperative.

Just before a Sunday night service I stopped to see

A DYING WOMAN,

and after I had talked with her and prayed with her, I took out my watch and said: "It is twenty-five minutes past seven, and I must leave you now: I must get to the church." And I said—for I knew I would never see her again alive—I said, "Have you any message to send to

the church to-night?" Her face was very illumined, and she said, "Yes, I have; tell them all I wish they were as happy as I am." Oh, I wish I could coax this whole audience to come up to the laver!

I cannot at the close of a sermon begin to talk about the love of Christ. You talk about a mountain; it is higher than that. You talk about the sea; it is deeper than that. A painter in his dream had a vision of the transfiguration of Christ, and it awoke him; and as he awoke he seized his pencil and said, "Let me paint this now and die." Oh, I have sometimes seen the glories of Christ and the wonders of the cross, until I have felt I should be willing to do anything almost if I could only sketch them for the world. Well might you paint that scene and die. And yet there are those unmoved by it.

Christ comes with His face wet with tears and His brow crimson with blood, and He lies down on Calvary. I mistake. He did not lie down. A stone would have been a soft pillow for Christ. He did not even lie down. He stood up when He died. He stood, that foot spiked, that foot spiked, that arm spiked, that arm spiked. Outstretched as though to invite a world, and yet I know men who are not moved by it. They say, "What is all that to me? what are those tears? what is that blood? I don't care anything about it." Lord Jesus, they will not take Thee down, they will not help Thee down. The soldiers came and tore Thee down, and with their arms they lowered Thee into the tomb. They will not help Thee down. Lord Jesus, just look at them this morning, and perhaps they will change their mind.

"I saw one hanging on a tree,
In agony and blood,
Who put His languid eye on me,
As near His cross I stood.

"Oh, never till my latest breath
Will I forget that look;
He seemed to charge me with His death,
Though not a word He spoke."

O brother, sister, come up to the laver this morning,

THE LAVER OF THE GOSPEL!

O afflicted soul, come and bathe off your wounds, and, sick one, come up and cool your hot temples! Pardon for all your sin. Comfort for all your troubles. The dark cloud that hung thundering over Sinai floated above Calvary and burst into a shower of the Saviour's tears. If you have any trouble, come to God. He will make you His darlings. He will make you His favorites. We cannot in our households have favorites, but if you have a favorite, mother, I know which one it is; it is the sick one, the crippled one, the one that coughs all night, the weary one, the wan one—that is your favorite. And God seems to have His favorites, and they are the weak and the worn and the sick and the weary. Just come up to Him to-day, and He will put His arms around you, and He will kiss your wan cheek, and He will say as He hushes you with the divine lullaby: "As one whom his mother comforteth, so will I comfort you." Come up to the laver this morning. Do not cry.

At Kensington, London, I saw

A PICTURE

of the battle-field of Waterloo years after the battle had passed, and the grass had grown all over the scarred places, and the artist—for it was a masterpiece—the artist had represented a dismounted cannon, and then a lamb which had wandered up from the pasture field, sound asleep in the mouth of the cannon. Oh, what a suggestive picture it was to me! and I thought right away that the war between God and the soul is ended, and right amid the batteries of the law that once quaked with fiery death, now you may behold the Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world.

"I went to Jesus as I was,
Weary, and worn, and sad;
I found in Him a resting-place,
And He has made me glad."

Hail! Master, hail! Hosanna to the Son of David!

ISLAM.

By Rev. A. C. Tris.

The Vanguard of Antichrist's Army—History Repeated—Mohammed's Sudden Appearance—Unexpected Exaltation—His Followers Have the Spirit of Antichrist—Their Vast Number—Objections to the Theory—I. It is not Homogeneous—Divisions Apparent, not Real—The Power of the Caliph of Mecca—II. The Decadence of Turkey—Mohammedanism not Dependent on Turkey—III. A Dying Religion—A Change of Methods—No Decrease—The Outlook.

IN a former article,* we have said a few words about "The Antichrist: His Spirit and Times." We now propose to show that Islam is the *vanguard* of that multitudinous host of which the coming Antichrist will be the leader.

THE DANGER OF ISLAMISM.

It is true that Antichrist's forces are marshalled in quietness, and that they are equipped and prepared in those regions of the globe to which Christians are not accustomed to look; and yet, by investigation, it will be found that that army is doing its work with the greatest alacrity and faith worthy a better cause.

HISTORY REPEATED.

Let us recall to memory that when, in the sixth century, the Asiatic and African churches enjoyed apparently unbounded prosperity, having worldly pomp and archiepiscopal rule, but having very little of the true spirit of the humble Master, Jesus of Nazareth, that they did not think (as little we do now) that the enemy carrying desolation and ruin was standing at their threshold; very little did they imagine that the man was already born and lived among one of the unknown Arab tribes who should be called "The Scourge of the World," and yet such was his fact; and Mohammed was preparing in quietness his plans to devastate the earth.

Like Antiochus Epiphanes before him, this *Ishmaelite* of Mecca did come as the little horn will come (Dan. 8:9-12), making an upheaval among the Eastern nations, planting his seat in Jerusalem, and was proclaimed to be "the prophet of Allah"—indeed, the forerunner and leader of the vanguard of the coming Antichrist (II Thess. 2:4-12).

ISLAMISM AN ABOMINATION.

For more than twelve centuries this religious power of iniquity has not only been the scourge of Christendom, but has set up itself as a blasphemer and defier of the great Jehovah and of the religion of Jesus Christ. To-day the *blind Muezzin* chants from the Mosque of Omar in Jerusalem, one hour before daybreak, and at other times: "Allah is most great; I testify that there is no God but Allah; I testify that Mohammed is the apostle of Allah." That chant is heard from the place where the temple and altar of Jehovah stood, and where the Shechinah dwelt between the Cherubim (Ps. 80:1).

ISLAM THE FORERUNNER OF ANTICHRIST.

The followers of Mohammed bear the marks which will distinguish the coming Antichrist. They call the followers of Jesus "infidels and dogs," and teach that to exterminate them is the duty of every Moslem. They virtually deny "that the Father has sent His Son Jesus unto the world." They have superseded the Bible by their Koran, "received," they say, "from Allah," and they have all the evidences that they belong to the Antichrist.

THEIR NUMBER

is one seventh part of the population of our globe. About two hundred millions of human beings turn their faces to Mecca, the birthplace and grave of their prophet. (The religious statistics, Leipzig, 1882. Lexikon für Theologie.) What a mighty phalanx! Two hundred millions of fanatics, whose burning zeal, if kindled, may yet, yea, will be, one of the chief factors of the coming events. What may they do under the leadership of him "whose coming is after the working of Satan with all power and signs and lying wonders" (II Thess. 2:9), united and strengthened by the army of atheists, and sup-

ported by "the kings and the rulers of the earth. Many arguments have been used against this theory that Islam stands in close connection with Antichrist as his forerunner and chiefly ally. Of those, three deserve consideration: I. The argument most frequently used, that

ISLAM IS NOT A HOMOGENEOUS POWER, but a religion, the members of which are scattered among many nations and races, without the political prestige of former ages. This objection seems at first sight to be well taken, but, examining the matter more carefully, we come to a different conclusion. There is a great difference between the millions of Mohammedans of the Soudan and the philosophical followers of Mohammed in Persia, who can be called the Moslem radicals; between the aristocratic Moslem believers of Constantinople and those children of the deserts of Arabia who are the orthodox followers of the family of Mohammed. The Sultan of Turkey calls himself the leader of the host, the caliph to whom all the Musselmans owe obedience; but it is the Caliph of Mecca who, as the descendant of Mohammed, is the spiritual chief, the very *centre of Islam*. His word is obeyed by all the faithful, and reaches the Mongolian, Tartar, and Indian races, and those of the far interior of Africa. The power of darkness is thus through him a homogeneous power, uniting the faithful. At any moment the green flag may be brought forth, and when it is seen waving over the Caaba the faithful will rise to exterminate the infidels; Islam will arise as a man, to conquer or to die.

II. A second plausible objection is THE TURK'S WANING POWER.

This objection also is apparent and not real. Mohammedanism can exist without Turkey, as Roman Catholicism would exist if the Pope were driven from Rome. Mohammedanism flourished for seven centuries before Turkey was conquered; it may flourish when Turkey is lost to us. At present only forty-four per cent of the Turks are Mohammedans, while of the inhabitants of the Sahara, of Nubia, Arabia, and the Asiatic provinces the Mohammedans are over ninety per cent.* Turkey belongs to the old Roman Empire, and its decadence, while it fulfils the word of prophecy (Dan. 2:40, 41), is also an indication that Mohammedanism is losing its hold upon it.

REVIVALS.

III. The third objection raised is, that Mohammedanism itself is dying out. That objection is based on want of true knowledge. Mohammedanism is now working less by the sword than by persuasion. Dr. Dollinger, of Berlin, says: "If we look simply at the strong, expansive force of the Arabian religion, we see that it is extending itself now almost as rapidly and as vigorously by the peaceful methods of persuasion, as formerly by the sword. We are in the presence of an historical enigma. In Africa it advances like a torrent; whole tribes in the interior, which yesterday were idolaters or fetich worshippers, being to-day believers in the Koran. In Sierra Leone, on the north-western coast of Guinea, there is a Moslem high-school with one thousand pupils. In China the Musselmans have already become so numerous that they were able recently to venture on an insurrection. Among the Malays on the islands of the Eastern Archipelago they have, for the first time in our day, made hosts of proselytes. From Sumatra Islam has spread to Java, and the whole population (nearly 8,000,000) have now, for the first time, become Mohammedan."

The Constantinople correspondent *New York Herald* writes recently: "Islam has great interest at stake in Africa apart from those connected with the Mohammedan states on the north, for the religion of the prophet has spread far and wide across the dark continent, and now counts among the adherents the whole population of the central parts, as well as several tribes on the western coasts. So marvellous, indeed, has been the progress of Islamism in Africa

within the last few years, that it would seem destined in time to conquer the whole land, and that, too, in spite of the rival efforts of Christianity. . . . This advance of Islamism in Africa is *really one of the great facts of the present age*. It is due in a measure to the fervent exhortations of the Moslem professors at the Mosque of Azar in Cairo, and the Senoussi movement in the Tripolitaine. That Mohammedanism is still a living principle, and under certain conditions is capable of producing again those great waves of human action which have left such landmarks upon history, is seen in this movement of the Soudan tribes, which is giving such trouble to the British Government."

Last week we received the information from Rev. A. Albers, Dutch missionary laboring at Tjandjour, Java, "that the inhabitants of Java and elsewhere in the Indian Archipelago, who belong to the Moslem faith, manifest a new life in their religion; it is like an upheaval; everywhere small mosques have been built, and daily the throng of the faithful can be seen in those places. A letter from the Iman of Mecca has been received, and the consequences are visible; it has stirred up the Moslem population to action, implicit reverence and obedience, and no sacrifice is too great, if it should be required; there is danger for the Dutch colonial government if that population is ruled from such religious centres."

THE OUTLOOK.

The future is ominous. European statesmen feel the weight and the prestige of the Moslem power. It has a strength which is felt in the British Cabinet, and is the essence of the Eastern question. It is not generally known that Russia in Europe has two millions and a half of Moslem believers among its inhabitants, and that the number in Siberia, Russian Central Asia, and the Caucasus, with those in Europe, make the grand total of "nine millions." Among the teeming millions of Hindoostan, the votaries of Islam are counted by many millions—the name of "Sepoy" has become a household word, and their rebellion is yet fresh in our memory. Indeed, Hindoostan, the domain of Victoria, the Empress of India, can be compared to a volcano, from which the rumblings are heard and feared by British statesmen.

The times of the coming of the Antichrist are at hand. Already the Frog-like Spirit (Rev. 16:13) of Mohammedanism is reviving. Shall we slumber when the bridegroom is tarrying? Shall we not rather give heed to the signs of the times in which we live?

RECENT PERILS OF MISSIONARIES IN CHINA.

A CHRISTIAN gentleman now residing in China sends the following account of the disturbances which occurred in his neighborhood last October: "As you know by the telegraphic reports from China the missionaries are in extreme peril. We have now experienced the first signs of this peril.

"The port of Wenchow hitherto, owing to the modesty of its character, or the poverty of its trade, has been unknown to fame, its foreign community consisting of a dozen or more inhabitants, the largest half of whom are officials, the others being missionaries, one of whom is an Italian priest of the Catholic mission. The name Wenchow in English means "Placid District," and it has always been supposed to be a quiet abode where foreigners might live without the shadow of fear or the threat of disturbance. Missionaries, too, had evidence of work marked by success. So it came to pass that while almost every other foreign port in China had a neutral man-of-war or gunboat anchored in its waters to keep the peace, Wenchow was left to the kindness of the Chinese. But, unhappily for Wenchow, it happens to be next door to Foochow, the centre of military glory for China, and eternal defeat and shame to France or foreigners.

"On Saturday evening, October 4th, at 8 P.M., the Rev. Mr. Soothill, of the Methodist

* CHRISTIAN HERALD, Nov. 13, p. 727.

* Zöpfel's Lexikon für Theologie. Leipzig, 1882.

Free Church mission, conducted the usual service with about twenty-five Chinese converts. The occasional interruption of runaway knocks, etc., was repeated with louder emphasis, and on this occasion the knockers did not run away. So a messenger was sent to the police magistrate's Yamen near to ask that means to preserve the peace might be set in motion. Meanwhile the disturbers commenced action with

SHOWERS OF STONES.

brought from a distance; then a charge was made at the 'back gate' of the premises, and an entrance speedily effected. The first object in sight was the kitchen crockery! and surely no bull in a china shop ever made more rapid or complete havoc of plates and dishes than did these warlike Celestials. Wooden partitions were torn down as easily as we tear paper; many hands make light work, and here were two hundred pairs working as if 'paid by the job.' A kerosene lamp was then called into use by the rioters, its blazing contents being poured upon the floor. From the ruins of the back door the missionary addressed the rioters, but, like savages who had tasted of the spoil, they responded with a volley of stones, which indicated to the missionary that he was helpless. He made his exit from another door, and went himself to the magistrate to ask for immediate and strong measures to repress the riot.

"In cases of riot the Chinese officials prefer to keep at a safe distance until the fury of the mob has expended itself, so the missionary was invited to remain in safety and leave his place to be wrecked. Consequently, the mob, having the power in their own hands, continued to set on fire, after extensive looting, the residences of five missionaries and several chapels and schools, one of these being the Roman Catholic mission premises, occupied by an Italian priest. "After the missions were all demolished the victory-thirsty mob thought of the residences of three European gentlemen, who manage the Chinese Custom House, and who are, indeed, the servants of the Chinese Government. They were at once attacked, and two of them had

A NARROW ESCAPE

for life. They reached the river's edge, and took a boat; the boatman, under threats of the consequences of harboring foreigners, would have turned back with his fare, but, happily, the two gentlemen were armed, and under the nearer pressure the boatman ferried his passengers across to the opposite side of the river, where the English Consul and a few other Europeans reside.

"The priest of the Roman Catholic mission was aroused from his bed by the violent demonstrations of hostility at the front of his residence. Without time for dressing, the good man passed from his bedroom window on to the roof of some outhouses, and there upon his knees, and with hands uplifted toward heaven, prayed to the Unseen; and

DID NOT PRAY IN VAIN.

A neighbor, who lived in a house only separated from the mission house by a narrow alley with a high wall at each side, saw him, and placed a door as a bridge from house to house, so that the priest might escape, and ultimately hid him behind a quantity of firewood until official power again had command. This neighborly act was wrought by one not a Christian, and it deserves to be recorded and placed to the credit of the people of China.

"Mr. Soothill and Mr. Jackson, of THE CHINA INLAND MISSION, went to the Yamen for help to protect their houses, but they were politely but forcibly detained for their own safety. I regret to say, however, that the senior missionary of the city, the Rev. Mr. Stott, who had resided there full seventeen years, and is known to every one as the veteran of the place, was much ill-treated by the mob. And when the fact that this devoted man has *lost one leg* and is only able to walk upon crutches is known, the cruelty of the mob is more unpardonable. Happily for him, another veteran—in fact, one of the best-known

men in China, Dr. Macgowan, who came to China before the writer of this account came into existence—seeing the danger, went to assist Mr. Stott to escape. Mrs. Stott had, most providentially, left the city for Shanghai only a few days before.

"Dr. Macgowan found Mr. Stott in his house surrounded by a number of little Chinese school-boys, and together they all started for the Yamen. The doctor brought up the rear, and, being a man of tact and talent, ready in speech, he, with great difficulty, and after being himself felled to the earth with a large stone, contrived to convey his company to the place of refuge. The Saturday night was one of intense and solemn emotion to these four men. The magistrate, however, did his best to entertain them, and that same afternoon each of the four, upon being sent to the English Consul, was supplied with fifty dollars to meet their immediate wants."

ANECDOTES RELATED AT THE EVANGELISTIC MEETINGS IN SCOTLAND.

A Railway Fatality Averted.—At a Recent meeting an evangelist said: "At one time, in America, two children, a boy and a girl, were crossing some very narrow railway lines. A train came up, which the children did not observe until it was quite close to them. The girl managed to get her brother pushed into the cleft of a rock, which was close at the side of the rails, and she then got up beside him just in time before the train passed over the spot where they both had been standing less than a minute before. She was heard to shout several times, 'Cling to the rock, Johnnie; cling to the rock, Johnnie!' That is what I say to all of you. Jesus is the rock of our salvation. In His wounded side, as in the cleft of the rock, every one who rests is safe. 'Cling to the Rock! Cling to the Rock!'"

The Will behind the Portrait.—"A Rich Gentleman's wife died, and not long afterward their only child, a little boy whom they both dearly loved, followed his mother to the grave. The gentleman never recovered from the shock of this double bereavement. His grief was terrible to witness; he soon died of a broken heart, and his body was interred beside those of his wife and child. After his death search was made for a will, but none could be found. At the sale of the house furniture an old domestic of the household was present for the purpose of buying a portrait of the little boy which was hanging on one of the walls. The servant had dearly loved the child when alive, and was now eager to secure the picture. It was sold to her where it hung, and on its being taken down, the will was found fastened to the back of it; and when read it was discovered that the person who, at the sale of his effects, should purchase the picture of his much-loved son should have all his property. This is what God has said to us; if we honor and love His son, He will make us inheritors of His Kingdom."

Picking up Cinders.—The Rev. Mr. Pugh said: "There was a man who was much given to strong drink; he was an excellent workman and earned good wages, but none of it went home; it was all spent in the liquor saloon, where he also spent much of his time. One morning he stayed longer than usual there, and while he was sitting enjoying himself, as he fancied, Mrs. Jones, the inn-keeper, entered the room, and looking out of the window, she called his attention to a poor, wretched woman who was picking up cinders in front of the window. This sight was enough. It went to the man's heart, for it was *his own wife*. Rising, he left the house without a word. Next morning he went home from his work without entering the saloon, and continued so to do. He signed the pledge, and kept it. Soon his home began to look more comfortable, and he had the pleasure of seeing his wife decently dressed. One Sunday on their way home from church, where he now regularly attended, he said, pointing to the saloon, 'Will you come in here for a

minute?' 'No, do not go in there,' pleaded his wife. 'Oh, we will just go in for a minute; I will take care we get no harm,' he replied. Unwillingly Mary followed him in, and he called, 'Mrs. Jones.' She remembered the voice, and was with them in a minute. 'Mrs. Jones, what do you think of Mary? Isn't she neat?' 'Yes,' answered Mrs. Jones, 'she is very neat.' 'Isn't there a difference between when you saw her picking up cinders and now?' Mrs. Jones had to admit that there was a great change. 'Well,' said the happy husband, 'it is because I give Mary the money I earn now, instead of giving it to you.'

Crushed in Body and Soul.—A Christian Minister said: 'I shall never forget a man who was accidentally crushed between two trucks on the railway, and his body was fearfully mutilated. He was carried to his lodgings by four men, and I followed to see what could be done for the poor fellow. When they reached his lodgings those four strong men could scarcely hold him, although he was so fearfully hurt. He forgot the pain of his body in the agony of his soul; he seemed to get some supernatural power, and he cried, 'Oh, my soul, my soul, what has become of my soul?' and in that way he struggled and cried until the soul was separated from the body.'

Older, but not Wiser.—The Rev. J. Hudson Taylor said: 'When I was preparing for my first visit to China, our minister, a good old man, said to me: 'How do you, without much means, propose to get out to China?' 'Well,' I said, 'I cannot tell, but I am sure God has called me to go to China, and I have no doubt He will prepare the way for me, and failing anything else I might get employment on a ship, and work my passage out.' And after you are out,' he said, 'what then?' 'Then I suppose the first thing will be to acquire the language,' I said. 'Yes, yes, but how are you to live?' 'Well,' I replied, 'when the Master sent His disciples on their first mission, He commanded them to make no provision for their needs, and we read that when they returned He inquired, 'Lacked ye anything?' and they said, 'Nothing,' and His power is as great now as then.' And the fatherly old man, laying his hand lovingly on my shoulder, said: 'Oh, my boy, you will grow wiser yet! But, thank God, I have not grown wiser yet; and never wish to.'

How the Peace Came.—Capt. Hatfield Says: "A short time ago, at a meeting, I was asked to speak to a gentleman who was waiting behind. He was a man about fifty years of age, and therefore I was a little diffident in addressing him; but after being told that it was my duty to do so, touching him on the shoulder, I asked, 'What is the matter?' 'I have no peace; I am very miserable,' he answered; 'I have been a teacher in a Sunday-school for years, and yet I have no peace, no rest.' I opened my Bible at John 3, and began to read in the 16th verse, but he said, 'I know all about that.' Handing him the Bible, I asked him to read it for himself. He was a little irritated, but took the book out of my hand, and read the 16th verse. 'For God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son,' etc. After reading it, he said, 'What are you to understand by the world?' 'Well, who is the world?' I asked. 'I suppose it means the whole world, every one in the world.' 'Yes,' I said, 'it means you and me and all the rest of the world.' I then asked, 'Do you believe that God loves us?' 'Oh yes, I believe that!' was the response. 'Will you read it this way?' I then asked: 'For God so loved, and put in your own name instead of the world.' He rather looked displeased but, nevertheless, he did it, and read, 'For God so loved so-and-so, that God gave His only begotten Son, that if so-and-so believeth in Him he shall not perish, but have everlasting life.' That man was filled with joy and happiness through a simple faith in Christ, and I went away thanking God that I had been the means of turning a soul from darkness into His marvellous light."

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Renewals.—To prevent the possibility of mistake it is best to cut the address label from the paper, and attach it to the letter containing the renewal. If there is a change of address always state past, as well as present, address.

A wrong date will appear on the address label of some papers this week. A large number of renewals have been received since the commencement of the year, and it has not been possible in every case to change the date in type to that covered by the renewal.

CURRENT EVENTS.

An Important Provision Appears in the Indian appropriation bill reported to the House on January 16th. It prohibits the introduction into the Indian country of any ardent spirits and forbids any person to sell, give or otherwise furnish to any Indian under the jurisdiction of the Indian Bureau any spirituous liquor or wine. The penalty for a violation of these provisions is a fine of not less than \$50 nor more than \$500, and imprisonment for a period of not less than six months nor more than two years. It would appear that the Appropriation Committee believes that, for the Indians, at any rate, Prohibition is a good thing.

The Edmunds Bill to Place General Grant on the retired list of the army with full pay, passed the Senate on January 14th by a vote of forty-nine to nine. The bill has been carefully worded so as to meet the objections expressed by the President in vetoing the Fitz John Porter bill. It authorizes the President to appoint and place on the retired list of the army one person from among those who had been generals commanding the armies of the United States or generals-in-chief of said army. The earnest manner in which the bill was introduced by Mr. Edmunds, who on all other occasions is so frigid and imperturbable, astonished the Senate. It elicited warm support from several Democratic Senators from the South. Mr. Maxey, of Texas, spoke of the magnanimity which General Grant had shown to the Southern people at Appomattox. He believed that there was not a man in the South who would begrudge a reasonable sum to General Grant in his declining years. It was well known that his resources had been swept away. Mr. Voorhees, of Indiana, spoke of the pleasure he would experience in voting for the measure. He also referred to General Grant's courage in time of peace as well as war, and recalled the time when Secretary Stanton wanted to imprison General Lee after the surrender at Appomattox, and General Grant said that Lee

was his paroled prisoner and not a hair of his head should be touched. The bill now goes to the House.

Mr. W. H. Vanderbilt Last Week Generously offered to present Mrs. Grant with the whole of the securities transferred to him by General Grant in May last. It will be remembered that General Grant, the day before the failure of the firm of Grant & Ward, borrowed from Mr. Vanderbilt \$150,000, which was regarded between the two as a debt of honor. When the firm failed, General Grant pledged the whole of his possessions, real estate and personal property, to Mr. Vanderbilt to make good the loss. Mr. Vanderbilt had an inventory taken of it, but bought in everything, which, in a graceful letter, he tendered to Mrs. Grant absolutely, with the exception of the swords, medals and historical trophies belonging to General Grant, which he stipulated should at the death of General and Mrs. Grant be handed over as historical relics to the national Government. Mrs. Grant felt it her duty to decline the gift. Mr. Vanderbilt then proposed to establish a trust fund with the proceeds of the estate, the income of which should be devoted to the benefit of herself and her husband, and the principal to be at her testamentary disposal. This offer was at first accepted, but subsequently declined by Mrs. Grant. General Grant has accepted the historical relics and intends to send them to Washington immediately. Mr. Cyrus Field and other capitalists recently undertook to raise a sufficient sum to discharge Mr. Vanderbilt's claim and release the securities, but that General Grant has also declined.

Statements Charging Ex-Governor St. John with having received money from the Democrats for continuing in the Presidential campaign continue to be published by the Blaine organs. Statements are also made by them that offers were made by agents of St. John to the Republicans to withdraw from the contest if a certain sum of money was forthcoming. All such statements are false. Governor St. John in a recent letter, published in a Worcester, Mass., journal says: "The whole story to the effect that I or the Prohibition Committee have received a single penny, pledge or promise from the Democratic or any other party, person or persons, directly or indirectly, in connection with the campaign, except my personal expenses paid by the Prohibition Committee, is infamously and maliciously false."

A Temperate New Year's Day was Observed at Atlanta, Ga. The *Constitution* of that city reports: "Last evening marked a notable era in Atlanta's methods on New Year's. Quite a number of the most fashionable residences were open from six until one o'clock, and at no place was wine served to the callers. It is a question if this has ever occurred in so large a community anywhere in the Union, and it is a fact alike creditable to the city and to the good taste of the people who opened their houses. The result was, not a solitary man was seen under the influence of wine, a thing unheard of on such occasions." While New York is unable to show so good a record it was remarked that the number of houses at which wine was offered was much smaller than in any former year.

Ex-Vice President Schuyler Colfax Died Suddenly in the Omaha Railroad station at Mankato, Minn., on January 13th. He had just arrived from Mankato by the Milwaukee road, and walked from the Milwaukee to the Omaha station, a distance of three quarters of a mile. The wind was extremely cold and the thermometer 30° below zero. The physicians, who arrived soon after Mr. Colfax breathed his last, believed that the air of the warm, close room after his exposure caused the fatal attack of apoplexy. Mr. Colfax was in his sixty-second year, having been born in New York City March 23d, 1823. He was a member of the Thirty-fourth Congress, having been elected by the Free Soil party. In 1863 he was chosen Speaker of the House and was twice re-elected to that office. In 1868 he was elected Vice-President on the same ticket

with General Grant. He was involved in the Credit Mobilier charges, but though his reputation suffered seriously in the country and in Congress, his friends and neighbors retained their confidence in him.

The Record of Captain Phelan, who was stabbed in O'Donovan Rossa's office in New York on January 9th, has been traced by the English detectives. They state that Phelan lived in Sheffield in 1883; and openly avowed himself an agent of O'Donovan Rossa. He always dressed well, wearing a different suit of clothes every day, and seemed to be abundantly supplied with money. He had a large quantity of luggage, including a dressing case containing silver and ivory toilet requisites. He denounced the murder of Lord Frederick Cavendish and Under Secretary Burke, saying that it was a bad plan; but when James Carey turned informer against the assassins, Phelan cursed the informer and uttered vague threats of vengeance for his treachery. Phelan's acquaintances in Sheffield remembered this fact when Carey was slain by O'Donnell, and they believed that Phelan had something to do with planning that crime.

The Progress of Socialism in England has recently been very noticeable, and it was emphasized last week by a speech made at Ipswich by Mr. Chamberlain, who, being a member of the Gladstone administration exercises a weighty influence on public affairs. He said in the course of his speech that he was not in favor of State-aided emigration. He believed it was possible to find employment for all at home. He was convinced that protection would not improve the position of farmers. The condition of farmers was never so hopeless, and the condition of laborers were never so abject as when corn was dearest. The creation of a *peasant proprietary* and permanence of occupation were the only remedies for the agricultural stagnation. *The present land system was based on robbery*, and the community was entitled to restitution and redress. Mr. Chamberlain's views are indorsed by all who know intimately the condition of the agricultural laborers and tenant farmers in Great Britain. They have been repeatedly urged by reformers, who see with indignation landowners evicting tenants and turning the land into game preserves, but it is astonishing that the colleague of the Marquis of Hartington and the Earl of Derby should utter sentiments so radical.

The French Premier Announced the Intentions of the government in reference to Tonquin in a speech in the Chamber of Deputies on January 14th. He declared that the government intended to immediately increase its energies in Tonquin, and would not stop until it occupied the entire country up to the frontier of the Chinese empire. Anticipating the objection that the campaign would dangerously diminish the army, which might be needed for European service, he said that the operations necessary to the proposed conquest of Tonquin would in no wise compromise the French military strength at home or interfere with the necessary general mobilization. There were 3,000,000 men in the Republic, the best soldiers in the world, ready to march at a moment's notice in the cause of France. The Parisians are beginning to ask whether a Republic guided by such a man as M. Ferry is much to be preferred to an empire.

An Anarchist Murder was Committed at Frankfurt-on-the-Main on January 13th. Police Councillor Rumpff, who took a prominent part in the detection and prosecution of the anarchists who tried to blow up the Niederwald monument and kill the Emperor, the Crown Prince, and the royal guests, was murdered in front of his own residence. The assassins escaped, but the general belief is that the murder was the work of anarchists, in revenge for the part the Councillor had taken in securing the conviction of Reinsdorf and his companions. The dagger with which the deed was committed twice penetrated the heart of its victim. No robbery was committed.

Special Services at the Brooklyn Tabernacle were conducted last week by the Rev. Samuel P. Jones, who preached three times each day, except Saturday. Large numbers attended the services, and there were many conversions. On Sunday last Dr. Talmage baptized by immersion four new converts. Mr. Jones is preaching this week also every morning and evening, except Saturday.

Major George A. Hilton, to whose Work in the cause of Christianity and temperance we have frequently referred, has decided on resigning his office in the Treasury Department, and devoting himself exclusively to evangelistic labor. Major Hilton has, during the past five years, been working for Christ as far as official duties would permit, and the blessing with which his labors have been attended has led him to consecrate himself wholly to the Master's service. During the next two months he will conduct services in Delaware and lower Maryland.

The Thirty-second Anniversary of the Young Men's Christian Association, of New York City will be held in Association Hall, Twenty-third Street, corner Fourth Avenue, on Monday evening, January 26th, at eight o'clock. A condensed statement of the work of 1884 in the Association building and its six branch rooms in different parts of the city will be presented, and addresses will be made by Rev. Charles H. Parkhurst, D.D., and Hon. Chauncey M. Depew. The doors will be open at 7.30. Admission will be by ticket, which can be secured free on application at the Association Rooms.

The Revival Services Mr. Moody has been conducting in Richmond, Va., were very largely attended in spite of the efforts to arouse sectional antagonism against him. A Press Association despatch from Richmond says: "At most of the meetings hundreds of persons were unable to get into the hall. So great has been the desire to hear Mr. Moody that many persons remained in the building from one meeting to another, afraid to leave the hall lest they should be unable to get in upon their return. Some took their lunches with them, and partook of them before the services opened. Mrs. Stonewall Jackson, who is visiting here with her daughter, has attended several of Mr. Moody's meetings and manifested much interest in his success here. On Sunday morning, January 11th, the revivalist preached to the colored people exclusively at the Ebenezer Colored Baptist Church. The largest gathering of colored worshippers ever seen in this State was present. Several thousand could not get in. Mr. Moody's success has been unprecedented."

The Observance of the Lord's Day on the railroads forms the subject of a circular issued by the Massachusetts State Commissioners of Railroads to the railroad managers of the State. The commissioners recommend that the number of freight trains run on the Sabbath day shall be reduced as far as possible, and that in any event one day's rest in seven shall be secured to every employe. They also recommend that where an employe has conscientious scruples against working on the Lord's day he may refrain from so doing without any fear of discharge or in any way compromising his relations with the company.

The Advantage of Using All Opportunities for religious appeals was illustrated by an incident related at the Fulton Street prayer-meeting, last week. Two gentlemen were on a boat on their way to visit Blackwell's Island. One of them felt prompted to speak to a young woman on board. He hesitated, and then, finding suggesting that he would get his trouble for his pains, or perhaps receive a suggestion to attend to his own business. But the Holy Spirit called for obedience to God, so the brother at once addressed the young woman, and for her shielding herself behind other people's failings. She attended a church where backbiting and quarrelling abounded, and she thought she was as good as these quarrelsome people. "Has that anything to do with your condition before God?" she was asked. This question, it ap-

pears, reached her heart and set her thinking. The result of the conversation has been her hopeful conversion.

Two Visits to a Billiard Room were De-scribed on December 26th at the evangelistic meeting conducted by Rev. E. W. Oakes in the Annex Hotel in Fourth Avenue, New York. A man rising in the meeting, and looking around the hall, said he knew the place well. The last time he was in it he played billiards there all day, and would have played all night, too, had he not become so intoxicated that he fell helpless under the table, where he remained until morning. On his second visit he found the place transformed into a Gospel hall, and he himself went away rejoicing in a more important transformation. Old things had passed away with him, all things had become new (John 5:24).

A Reporter's Blunder Recently Furnished matter for suggestive reflection. At a meeting of ministers in New York an address was to have been given by Dr. Cole, of Yonkers; but owing to the inclement weather the attendance was small, and the address was postponed. A reporter thereupon asked Dr. Cole what was the subject of his paper. "Exegesis of First Timothy, third and fifteenth," was the reply. "Exe-what?" queried the reporter. The answer was repeated with clearest possible enunciation. On the following morning, however, the doctor read with some surprise that he would deliver his address, on a specified day, and that his subject would be "Ecce Jesus" (Behold Jesus). The reporter wrote better than he knew. It would be well for the hearers if in the hands of all ministers exegesis meant Behold Jesus (1 Cor. 2:1, 2).

A Titled Stockman who, as Earl of Aylesford, was a member of the British House of Lords, died at Big Springs, Texas, on January 13th. He was a descendant of the great Henricus, Finch, on whom the peerage was conferred in 1714. His life in his own country was one of reckless dissipation. Though an hereditary legislator, with the right to assist in making laws for the people, he was more than once arrested as a law-breaker. His vicious habits were so notorious that when, about nine years ago, his wife abandoned him and he sued for divorce, he was refused it on the ground that his own immoral life precluded him from receiving the relief that would otherwise have been granted him. Three years ago he quitted his aristocratic friends, went to Texas, and became a stockman, and was so engaged when he died. In thus voluntarily humiliating himself and entering upon a life of hardship and privation, he may have had some vague notion of making atonement for the waste of his life and property; but if so, he died without accomplishing it. How striking a contrast, in every aspect of it, is the life of this man to that of Him whose voluntary humiliation brought hope to a lost world! To atone for sins not His own He left His high estate, endured the cross, despising the shame, and by His death purchased an eternal inheritance for all who come to Him (Phil. 2:7, 8).

A Train was Saved from Destruction by a tramp recently on the West Shore Railroad. A poor Irish boy from New York was tramping along the line, and when near Milton, N. Y., he heard something fall with a loud crash. He remembered reading accounts of land slides, so he dropped his bundle and ran back for dear life. He found tons of rock and debris on the rails. The boy started up the line, yelling as he went for somebody to come to him with a red lamp. One of the patrolmen who walk up and down the tracks all night heard the lad's voice in time to bring the rapidly approaching express to a stop before it crashed into the rock boulders. An inspection showed that the rock had fallen in such a position on the track that the locomotive was bound to strike it from the "inside," and the concussion would undoubtedly have thrown the coaches—eight in all—into the waters of the Hudson. The obstruction was cleared away, and the train passed on south

nearly two hours late. The boy was not allowed to continue his weary walk, but was taken on board the train, and the passengers made a liberal collection for his benefit. It would have been strange if the engineer had persisted in going on without heeding the boy's warning. In such cases men show more wisdom than they do in spiritual matters. The warnings of a more terrible danger, uttered by preachers and Christian workers, too often fall on deaf ears (1 Chron. 36:16).

A Fight for Poisonous Candies was Stopped by the Police on Thursday last in New York. The Health Department seized a large quantity of the injurious stuff and had it packed on a wagon for transport to the offal dock, to be dumped in the river. Some of the packages were accidentally broken, and the contents fell upon the roadway. Immediately a crowd of children collected and seized some of it. They were driven off, but a lot of bigger boys coming, the crowd overcame the men in charge of the wagon, and managed to secure several handfuls of candies. It was not until a squad of police arrived that the lads were driven off, and even then they assailed the police with stones. Wise people who condemn the foolish children for struggling to obtain that which would have done them harm, may show their wisdom by self-examination. In struggling after wealth and station and other of the world's prizes, men seek that which would often be as harmful to the soul as poison to the body (Prov. 30:8, 9).

A Governor's Dream has Led to the Release of a prisoner in Michigan City, Ind. In passing through the prison on one of his visits, Governor Porter noticed a man whose open, intelligent face impressed itself upon him as that of a man unlikely to be a criminal. He asked the warden about him, and learned that the man was serving out a sentence of sixteen years for murder. The man's face retained its place in the Governor's memory, and that night he dreamed that he saw him standing at the foot of his bed with an agonized, appealing look, beseeching mercy. The next day he made further inquiries, and found that the man had no friends to get up petitions for his pardon. The Governor resolved to investigate the case, though he had received no petition. His inquiries led to the disclosure of extenuating circumstances, which had not been brought to his notice owing to the prisoner's friendless condition. Governor Porter pardoned the man, and sent him fifty dollars to give him a start in life. The pardon of a *friendless man* is a very unusual occurrence, and is an evidence of the Governor's kindness of heart. In like manner has salvation come to our friendless race, only in that case there were no extenuating circumstances, but infinite love and compassion in the heart of God (Isa. 59:16).

How an Irate Judge was Reproved is Told in the recollections of the late Chief-Justice Bigelow, of Massachusetts. Judge Bigelow went to the president of a railroad, and complained that he had been grossly abused by one of the conductors on the road. The president summoned the conductor to his office after the judge had left, and questioned the man. It appeared that the judge was riding in a car which did not stop at Quincy, where he resided, and as it was passing by, he pulled the rope, and the train was brought to a sudden stop. The conductor rushed into the car and demanded, "Who rang that bell?" "I did," said the chief-justice. "Why?" "Because I wanted to get off," at which the railroad official made some strongly uncomplimentary remarks. Some time afterward the judge and the president met, when the former inquired of the president whether he had reprimanded the conductor. "I spoke to him," was the reply. "Well, what did he say?" "He said that he was coming up some day to adjourn your court." The irate magistrate saw the point, and did not pursue the investigation. The judge would not have laid himself open to the rebuke if he had regulated his conduct by the rule laid down by the Great Teacher (Luke 6:31).

COMING OF AGE.

A New Sermon by Pastor C. H. Spurgeon.

"Even so we, when we were children, were in bondage under the elements of the world: but when the fulness of the time was come, God sent forth His Son, made of a woman, made under the law, to redeem them that were under the law, that we might receive the adoption of sons. And because ye are sons, God hath sent forth the Spirit of His Son into your hearts, crying, Abba, Father."—GALATIANS 4: 3-6.

A Subject of Unalloyed Delight—The World's Recognition of its Blessing—Looking Forward to the Second Coming—From Childhood to Manhood—I. The Joyful Mission of Jesus—Accomplished at the Right Time—For the Church—For the World—Will Come Again when the World is Ripe—The Plenipotentiary—The Two Natures—II. The Result of the Incarnation—The Kindergarten Quitted—Not Depending on Ceremonies now—The Higher Law of Love—What is implied in Adoption.

THE birth of our Lord Jesus Christ into this world is a wellspring of pure, unmingled joy. We associate with His crucifixion much of sorrowful regret, but we derive from His birth at Bethlehem nothing but delight. The angelic song was a fit accompaniment to the joyful event, and the filling of the whole earth with peace and good-will is a suitable consequence of the condescending fact. I do not wonder that the men of the world celebrate the supposed anniversary of the great birthday as a high festival with carols and banquets. Knowing nothing of the spiritual meaning of the mystery, they yet perceive that it means man's good, and so in their own rough way they respond to it. We who observe no days which are not appointed of the Lord, rejoice continually in our Prince of Peace, and find in our Lord's manhood a fountain of consolation.

Let us consider by the light of our text the special effect produced upon the Church of God by the coming of the Lord Jesus Christ in human flesh. You know, beloved, that His

COMING A SECOND TIME

will produce a wonderful change upon the Church. "Then shall the righteous shine forth as the sun." We are looking forward to His second advent for the uplifting of the Church to a higher platform than that upon which it now stands. Then shall the militant become triumphant, and the laboring become exultant. Now is the time of battle, but the second advent shall bring both victory and rest. To-day our King commands us to conflict, but soon He shall reign upon Mount Zion, with His angels gloriously. When He shall appear we shall be like Him, for we shall see Him as He is. Then shall the bride adorn herself with her jewels, and stand ready for her Husband. The whole waiting creation which now groaneth and travaileth together in harmony with the birth-pangs of the Church shall then come to her time of deliverance, and enter into the glorious liberty of the children of God. This is the promise of the second advent; but what was the

RESULT OF THE FIRST ADVENT?

Did that make any difference in the dispensation of the Church of God? Beyond all doubt it did. Paul here tells us that the Church up to the time of the coming of Christ was like a child at school under tutors and governors; or like a young man not yet arrived at years of discretion, and therefore most fitly kept under restraint. When Jesus came His great birthday was the day of the coming of age of the Church; then believers remained no more children, but became men in Christ Jesus. Our Lord by His first advent brought the Church up out of her nonage and her pupillage into a condition of maturity, in which it was able to take possession of the inheritance, and claim and enjoy its rights and liberties.

It was a wonderful step from being under the law as a schoolmaster, to come from under its rod and rule into the freedom and power of a full-grown heir; but such was the change for believers of the old time, and in consequence there was a wonderful difference between the

highest under the Old Testament and the lowest under the New. Of them that are born of woman there is not born a greater than John the Baptist, and yet the least in the kingdom of heaven was greater than he. John the Baptist may be compared to a youth of nineteen, still an infant in law, still under his guardian, still unable to touch his estate; but the least believer in Jesus has passed his minority, and is "no more a servant, but a son; and if a son, then an heir of God through Christ."

I. I invite you to consider

THE JOYFUL MISSION

of the Son of God. The Lord of heaven has come to earth; God has taken upon Himself human nature. Hallelujah! This great transaction was accomplished at the right time: "When the fulness of the time was come, God sent forth His Son, made of a woman." The reservoir of time had to be filled by the inflowing of age after age, and when it was full to the brim the Son of God appeared. Why the world should have remained in darkness for four thousand years, why it should have taken that length of time for the Church to attain her full age, we cannot tell; but this we are told, that Jesus was sent forth when the fulness of time was come. There are no loose threads in the providence of God, no stitches are dropped, no events are left to chance. *The great clock of the universe* keeps good time, and the whole machinery of providence moves with unerring punctuality. It was to be expected that the greatest of all events should be most accurately and wisely timed, and so it was. God willed it to be when and where it was, and that will is to us the ultimate reason.

If we might suggest any reasons which can be appreciated by ourselves, we should view the date in reference to the Church itself as the time of her coming of age. There is a measure of reason in appointing the age of twenty-one as the period of

A MAN'S MAJORITY,

for he is then mature, and full grown. Now, if we were wise enough, we should see that the Church of God could not have endured Gospel light earlier than the day of Christ's coming; neither would it have been well to keep her in gloom beyond that time. There was a fitness about the date which we cannot fully understand, because we have not the means of forming so decided an estimate of the life of a church as of the life of a man. God alone knows the times and seasons for a church, and no doubt to Him the four thousand years of the old dispensation made up a fit period for the Church to abide at school, and bear the yoke in her youth.

The time of coming of age of a man has been settled by law with reference to those that are round about him. It were not meet for servants that the child of five or six should be master; it were not meet in the world of commerce that an ordinary boy of ten or twelve should be a trader on his own account. There is a fitness with reference to relatives, neighbors, and dependents. So was there a fitness in the time when the Church should come to her age with regard to the rest of mankind. The world must know its darkness that it might value the light when it should shine forth; the world must grow weary of its bondage that it might welcome the great Emancipator. It was God's plan that the world's wisdom should prove itself to be folly; He meant to permit intellect and skill to play themselves out, and then He would send His Son. Our Lord and Saviour came when time was full, and like a harvest ready for His reaping, and so will He come again when once more the age is ripe and ready for His presence.

Observe, concerning the first advent, that the Lord was moving in it toward man. "When the fulness of the time was come, God sent forth His Son." We moved not toward the Lord, but the Lord toward us. I do not find that the world in repentance sought after its Maker, No; but the offended God Himself in infinite compassion broke the silence, and came forth to bless His enemies. See how spontaneous is

the grace of God. All good things begin with Him.

Mark the divine interposition—"God sent forth His Son." I hope it may not seem wearisome to you if I dwell upon that word "sent"—"God sent forth His Son." I take great pleasure in that expression, for it seals the whole work of Jesus. Everything that Christ did was done by commission and authority of His Father. The great Lord, when He was born at Bethlehem, and assumed our nature, did it under divine authorization; and when He came and scattered gifts with both His hands among the sons of men He was the messenger and ambassador of God. He was the Plenipotentiary of the Court of Heaven. The Son doeth nothing of Himself, but the Father worketh with Him and in Him. O soul, when thou dost lean on Christ thou dost rely upon

NO AMATEUR SAVIOUR,

no uncommissioned Redeemer; but upon One who is sent of the Most High, and therefore is authorized in everything that He does.

Now run your eye to the next word: "When the fulness of time was come, God sent forth His Son." Observe the divine person who was sent. God sent not an angel, nor any exalted creature, but "His Son." How there can be a Son of God we know not. The eternal filiation of the Son must forever remain one of those mysteries into which we must not pry. He existed before He was born into this world: for God "sent" His Son. He was already in being or He could not have been "sent." And while He is one with the Father, yet He must be distinct from the Father, and have a personality separate from that of the Father, otherwise it could not be said that God sent His Son. Oh, the dignity of this, and consequently, oh, the efficiency of it! He that has come to save us is no weak creature like ourselves; He that has taken upon Himself our nature is no being of limited strength, such as an angel or a seraph might have been; but He is the Son of the Highest. Glory be to His blessed name! Let us dwell on this with delight.

"If some prophet had been sent
With salvation's joyful news,
Who that heard the blest event
Could their warmest love refuse?"
"But 'twas He to whom in heaven
Hallelujahs never cease;
He, the mighty God, was given—
Given to us—a Prince of Peace."
"None but He who did create us
Could redeem from sin and hell;
None but He could reinstate us
In the rank from which we fell."

Press on, still keeping to the very words of the text, for they are very sweet. God sent His Son in real humanity—"made of a woman." The Revised Version properly hath it, "born of a woman." Perhaps you may get nearer to it if you say, "Made to be born of a woman," for both ideas are present.

THE FACTUM AND THE NATUM,

the being made and the being born. Christ was really and truly of the substance of His mother, as certainly as any other infant that is born into the world is so. God did not create the human nature of Christ apart, and then transmit it into mortal existence by some special means; but His Son was made and born of a woman. He is, therefore, of our race, a man like ourselves, and not man of another stock. You are to make no mistake about it; he is not only of humanity, but of your humanity; for that which is born of a woman is brother to us, be it born when it may. Yet there is an omission, I doubt not intentional, to show how holy was that human nature, for He is born of a woman, not of a man. The Holy Spirit overshadowed the Virgin, and "that holy thing" was born of her without the original sin which pertains to our race by natural descent. Here is a pure humanity though a true humanity; a true humanity though free from sin.

No sooner was He born of a woman than He came under the law; this voluntarily and yet

necessarily. He willed to be a man, and being a man He accepted the position, and stood in the place of man as subject to the law of the race. When they took Him and circumcised Him according to the law, it was publicly declared that He was under the law. During the rest of His life you will observe how reverently He observed the commands of God. Even to the ceremonial law as it was given by Moses He had scrupulous regard. He despised the traditions and superstitions of men, but for the rule of the dispensation He had a high respect. His advent in human form commenced the era of spiritual maturity and freedom.

II. I ask you now, therefore, in the second place, to contemplate

THE JOYOUS RESULT

which has come of our Lord's incarnation. I must return to what I have said before—the coming of Christ has ended the minority of believers. The people of God among the Jews were before Christ came the children of God; but they were mere babes or little children. They were instructed in the elements of divine knowledge by types, emblems, shadows, symbols; when Jesus was come there was an end of that infantile teaching. The shadows disappear when the substance is revealed; the symbols are not wanted when the person symbolized is himself present. The Christ has come, and now the Kindergarten school is quitted for the college of the Spirit, by whom we are taught of the Lord to know even as we are known. The hard governorship of the law is over. Peter speaks of it as a yoke, which neither they nor their fathers were able to bear (Acts 15: 10). The law was given amid thunder and flaming fire; and it was more fitted to inspire a wholesome dread than a loving confidence. Those sweeter truths, which are our daily consolation, were hardly known, or but seldom spoken.

Methods, one day with Christ was worth a half century with Moses. When Jesus came, believers began to hear of the Father and His love, of His abounding grace, and the kingdom which He had prepared for them. Blessed were they who in their day shared the privilege of the old economy, for it was wonderful light as compared with heathen darkness; yet, for all that, compared with the noontide that Christ brought, it was mere candle-light. The ceremonial law held a man in stern bondage; you must not eat this, and you must not go there, and you must not wear this, and you must not gather that. Everywhere you were under restraint, and walked between

HEDGES OF THORN.

It was quiet right that it should be so, for it is good for a man that, while he is yet a youth, he should bear the yoke, and learn obedience; yet it must have been irksome. When Jesus came what a joyful difference was made. It seemed like a dream of joy, too glad to be true. Peter could not at first believe in it, and needed a vision to make him sure that it was even so. Prohibition upon mere ceremonial points, and commands upon carnal matters are now abolished, and great is our liberty; we shall be foolish indeed if we suffer ourselves to be again entangled with the yoke of bondage. Our minority was ended when the Lord, who had aforetime spoken to us by His prophets, at last sent His Son to lead us up to the highest form of spiritual manhood.

Christ came, we are told next, to redeem those who were under the law; that is to say, the birth of Jesus, and His coming under the law, and His fulfilling the law, have set all believers free from it as a yoke of bondage. None of us wish to be free from the law as a rule of life; we wish that we could keep every precept of the law, without a single omission or transgression. Our earnest desire is for perfect holiness; but we do not look in that direction for our justification before God. Some seem to fancy that baptism and the Lord's Supper have taken the place of circumcision and the Passover, and that while Jews were saved by one form of ceremonial we are to be saved by another. Let us never give

place to this idea; no, not for an hour. As to the moral law, which is the standard of equity for all time, it is no way of salvation for us. Once we were under it, and strove to keep it in order to earn the divine favor; but we have now no such motive. Then we strove to do the Lord's will that He might love us, and that we might be rewarded for what we did; but we have no design of purchasing that favor now, since we freely and securely enjoy it on a very different ground.

"What," saith one; "then do you not seek to do good works?" Indeed we do. By God's grace we desire to abound in works of holiness, and the more we can serve our God the happier we are. Ye that are in bondage, and feel the force of legal motives, ye cannot understand how we should serve our Father who is in heaven with all our heart and all our soul, not for what we get by it, but because He has loved us, and saved us, irrespective of our works. We are redeemed from the law in its operation upon our mind; it breeds no fear within us now. I have heard children of God say sometimes, "Well, but don't you think if we fall into sin we shall cease to be in God's love, and so shall perish?" This is to cast a slur upon the unchangeable love of God. I see that you make

A MISTAKE.

and think a child is a servant. Now, if you have a servant, and he misbehaves himself, you say, "I give you notice to quit. There is your wage; you must find another master." Can you do that to your son? Can you do that to your daughter? "I never thought of such a thing," say you. Your child is yours for life. Your boy behaved very badly to you; why did you not give him his wages and start him? You answer, that he does not serve you for wages, and that he is your son, and cannot be otherwise. Just so. Then always know the difference between a servant and a son, and the difference between the covenant of works and the covenant of grace.

I know how a base heart can make mischief out of this; but I cannot help it; the truth is the truth. Will a child rebel because he will always be a child? Far from it; it is this which makes him feel love in return. The true child of God is kept from sin by other and better forces than a slavish fear of being turned out of doors by his Father.

"Ah," saith one, "then I may live as I like." Listen! If you are God's child, I will tell you how you will like to live. You will desire to live in perfect obedience to your Father, and it will be your passionate longing from day to day to be perfect even as your Father which is in heaven is perfect. Being born again and introduced into the family of God, you will render to the Lord an obedience which you would not have thought of rendering to Him if you had only been compelled by the idea of law and penalty. Love is a master force, and he that feels its power will hate all evil.

The Lord Jesus Christ has come in human flesh that His people might to the full realize, grasp, and enjoy,

THE ADOPTION

of sons." I want you this morning to see if you can do that. May the Holy Spirit enable you. What is it to receive the adoption of sons? Why to feel, Now I am under the mastery of love, as a dear child, who is both loved and loving. I go in and out of my Father's house not as a casual servant, called in by the day or the week, but as a child at home. That is why Christ has come in the flesh—on purpose that you, His people, may be to the full the adopted children of the Lord, acting out and enjoying all the privileges which sonship secures to you.

And then, next, exercise your heirship. One who is a son, and knows he is an heir of all his father's estates, does not pine in poverty, nor act like a beggar. He looks upon everything as his own; he regards his father's wealth as making him rich. Your adoption brings with it large rights; be not slow to use them. "If children, then heirs; heirs of God, and joint heirs

with Christ." Among men, sons are only heirs, heirs in possession, when the father is dead; but our Father in heaven lives, and yet we have full heirship in Him. The Lord Jesus Christ was made of a woman on purpose that His dear people might at once enter into their heirship.

Follow me a minute a little further. The next thing that Christ has brought us by being made of a woman is, "Because we are sons, God hath sent forth the Spirit of His Son into your hearts." Here are two sendings. God sent His Son, and now He sends His Spirit. You, oh child of God, have the Spirit of God as your present Guide and Comforter; and He shall be with you forever. The life of Christ is your life, and the Spirit of Christ is your Spirit; wherefore, this day be exceeding glad, for you have not received the spirit of bondage again to fear, but ye have received the Spirit of adoption.

There we finish, for Jesus has come to give us the cry as well as the spirit of adoption, "whereby we cry, Abba, Father." According to ancient traditions, no slave might say, "Abba, Father;" and according to the truth as it is in Jesus, none but a man who is

REALLY A CHILD

of God, and has received the adoption, can truly say, "Abba, Father." He who is the Destroyer, who says, "Return, ye children of men," is my Father, and I am not alarmed at the thought that He will call me to Himself in due time. My God, Thou who shalt call the multitudes of the slain from their graves to live, I look forward with joy to the hour when Thou shalt call and I shall answer Thee. Do what Thou wilt with me, Thou art my Father. Smile on me; I will smile back and say, "My Father." Chasten me, and as I weep I will cry, "My Father." This shall make everything work good to me, be it never so hard to bear. If thou art my Father all is well to all eternity.

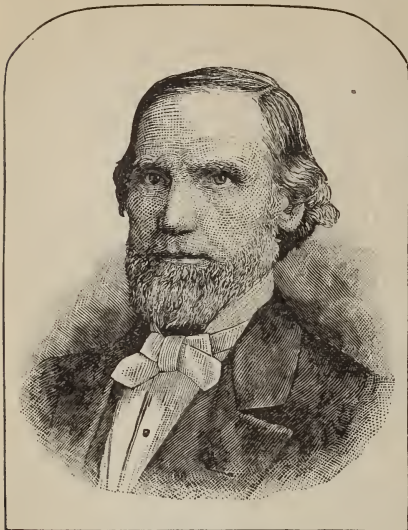
Now, dear children of God, if any of you are in bondage under the law, why do you remain so? Let the redeemed go free. Are you fond of wearing chains? Are you like Chinese women that delight to wear little shoes which crush their feet? Do you delight in slavery? Do you wish to be captives? You are not under the law, but under grace; will you allow your unbelief to put you under the law? You are not a slave. Why tremble like a slave? You are a child; you are a son; you are an heir; live up to your privileges. Oh, ye banished seed, be glad! You are adopted into the household of God; then be not as a stranger. I hear Ishmael laughing at you; let him laugh. Tell your Father of him, and He will soon say, "Cast out this bondwoman and her son." Free grace is not to be mocked by human merit; neither are we to be made sad by the forebodings of the legal spirit. Our soul rejoices, and, like Isaac, is filled with holy laughter; for the Lord Jesus has done great things for us whereof we are glad. To Him be glory forever and ever. Amen.

THE LATE REV. ISAAC W. WILEY, D.D.

(See Portrait on page 60.)

BISHOP WILEY, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, whose portrait appears on the next page, was a man highly esteemed not only in his own denomination, but by all who, having at heart the extension of Christ's kingdom, knew of the value of his labors. His death, on November 22d, while on a missionary visit to Foo Chow, China, was deeply mourned by Christians of all denominations.

Dr. Wiley was under sixty years of age when he died, having been born at Lewistown, Pa., on March 20th, 1825. He was converted in early life, and while he was still only a boy he looked forward hopefully to the possibility of serving God in the ministry. He studied, with that career in prospect, at Dickinson College, and had already, at the age of nineteen, received license to preach. Just at the moment when his usefulness seemed to be reaching fruition he was stricken down by a calamity which appeared then an insuperable barrier to preaching. A period of extraordinary activity in some revival



The Late Bishop Wiley.

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Private Brickton Offered a Substitute for the Newspaper.

meetings was followed by a painful malady of the throat, which was pronounced incurable.

In this difficulty the young man reluctantly abandoned his hopes of being a minister, and entered upon the study of medicine. He studied at the University of New York, from which he graduated with honor in 1846. He practised at Pottsville, Pa., but his mind always turned longingly to Christian labor. At length God opened the way before him. In 1850 a medical missionary was needed for China, and Dr. Wiley gladly left his native land to go forth as an ambassador for Christ. He remained four years in China, doing valuable work, but the death of his wife and the complete break-down of his own health necessitated his return home.

He became a member of the Newark, N. J., Conference, and labored successively at Newark and Jersey City. He was chosen in 1858 Principal of Pennsylvania Seminary, where he toiled successfully during the following five years. He afterward engaged in editorial work, the Ladies' Repository being placed under his charge. He was so occupied when, in 1872, he was elected Bishop.

In 1877 an opportunity occurred for a foreign tour, and Bishop Wiley eagerly seized it. He made an extended tour in China and Japan, going over the scenes of his early labors with renewed delight. On his return he published his well-known work, "China and Japan," which had a deservedly wide popularity. He was on his third missionary tour in China when he was stricken with illness. Its fatal termination was briefly cabled to New York by his friend, Rev. N. J. Plumb. Bishop Wiley's name must now be added to those whose lives he lovingly described in his "Fallen Missionaries of Foo Chow."

PRIVATE BRICKTON'S IMPRISONMENT.

(See Illustration.)

"SERGEANT, get me a newspaper or a book of some kind, or I shall go mad," said a soldier whose misconduct had secured him three days' confinement in the guard-house. He had been drunk when he was brought in, but having slept off the fumes of the liquor, had whistled all the tunes he knew, and then sung them, and finally, half crazed with the confinement and dull monotony of the hours, appealed to the old sergeant who guarded him for some occupation.

In a few minutes the cell-door was opened by

the sergeant, and Brickton stopped in his weary, restless walk up and down the cell, and held out his hand for the newspaper. But the sergeant was offering him a Bible. "This will do you more good than a newspaper," the old man said.

Brickton burst into a laugh. "No, thank you, Sergeant," he said. "My mind is running too much on that line already. I want something to put me on a different track."

"You've been on a different track too long already, young man. It's brought you here, and if you follow it, it will lead you to a worse place. You are going to the devil, Brickton, as fast as your legs can carry you. I'd advise you to try the Bible track now."

"Sergeant," said Brickton, in a bantering tone, and still refusing to touch the sacred volume the old man held out to him, "you ought to be made chaplain. I will speak to the colonel for you next time I dine with him."

"Well, I'll wait till you do dine with him, though a man of your education might have that honor, too, if you were not so fond of making a beast of yourself. I am no chaplain, but I'm an old man who would rather see a young soldier a credit to himself and the regiment, than see him ruin himself and disgrace the regiment by drinking rum."

"You're very good, sergeant, but it is too late to save me now, I guess. I am too far gone on the way to the being you mentioned just now. The devil's got me pretty tight now, and it's more than I can do, or you either, to choke him off."

"You are wrong there, Brickton; you ought to be ashamed to say so, for you know better. Anyhow, I'm going to leave the Bible. You'll get no other reading from me, and you had better take an old man's advice, and read it. It has made a man of me, and when I was your age I did not love it any better than you do." So saying, the sergeant laid the book down on the wash-stand and left the cell, carefully locking the door after him.

The prisoner sat down and looked at the book lying there, and sighed. "A sensible old man that," he muttered. "Seems kind, too, in his way. He is quite right; I am going to the devil, and very fast, too. But I've reformed and sworn off too many times now to make another beginning. It makes one ridiculous to show how weak one is." The despairing man

flung himself on the bed and tried to go to sleep. The attempt, however, was futile.

The hours rolled by slowly for the young man in his close prison. Try as he would, he could not get his thoughts into any other channel than that of self-reproach. At last, taking up the Bible in utter despair, he turned to the Book of Joshua, thinking that the description of the strange campaigns of the heaven-appointed general might interest him without arousing his conscience to increased activity. Not half a dozen verses had he read before he came to that inspiring address: "There shall not any man be able to stand before thee all the days of thy life; as I was with Moses, so I will be with thee; I will not fail thee, nor forsake thee" (Joshua 1: 5).

Brickton read the words twice. He thought if such words had been spoken to him he would have been a good fighter, and even in his despairing condition his conscience told him that he might win his moral battle under such conditions. He knew enough of religion, as his mother had taught it him, to be aware that God would even now be on his side if he cared to fight the tempter. There came to him a desperate struggle, and at its close Brickton was on his knees asking God if He would help a man too weak to help himself. He read much of the Bible during the time of his imprisonment, and prayed much. He also wrote to his mother for the first time in two years, telling her that he was making a new effort to reform. He frankly said he had no hope of its success, having learned by experience how weak he was before the enemy. But it seemed to him that God had encouraged him to make the effort, and so he was making it.

Many years afterward he used to tell others what God had enabled him to accomplish, and assure them that they might conquer, too, by faith and prayer.

YEDDIE'S COMMUNION.

(See Illustration on page 6x.)

AMONG the almost endless variety of forms in which mental aberration manifests itself, one of the most pitiful is that of semi-idiotcy. The consciousness of a deficiency of intellect is there, a constant and distressing fact. The idiot is probably a happier being. He is not tormented by a knowledge of his condition. So long as he can have his voracious appetite satisfied, and can sit in the sunshine unmolested, he is content.

But the being who has a small portion of intellect is in worse case. He becomes the butt for the ridicule of his associates, and is in continual fear of some undefined evil falling upon him. While keenly feeling unkindness, he is, as a rule, slow in resentment, and is usually eager to sympathize and help, as far as he is able, any one in trouble. It is remarkable how frequently these poor creatures are able to apprehend the truths of the Christian religion. Very often a mere lad, who has found it impossible to learn the multiplication table or to acquire even the rudiments of education, has grasped the sublimest truth the world has ever heard. The things "hidden from the wise and prudent" have been revealed to these babes of intellect. One such case, which occurred in Scotland, is a striking illustration of this fact.

Yeddie was a poor, half-witted waif, of whose parents nothing was known. He spent his childhood in the county poorhouse, and when he grew old enough to run errands he was placed with a poor old woman, whom the county paid a small sum to keep him. How Yeddie "got religion" we are not told; but as he was allowed to run around as he would on Sundays and week days, he may have gained his knowledge of divine things in some visit to a church or revival meeting. Somehow he did get the knowledge, and it filled his heart. Naturally his conception of Jesus was of a Being kind to the poor and miserable. Yeddie was poor, and often miserable, and he yearned to know more of the divine Friend. He was told that He was not on earth now, but he understood when he was told that Jesus could still love poor Yeddie and could hear his prayers. After that he seemed to be always praying as he went about, and the boys who heard him muttering said Yeddie was talking to his familiar goblin.

One day Yeddie presented himself in his coarse frock and his hob-nailed shoes before the minister, and making a bow, he said: "Please, minister, let poor Yeddie eat supper on the coming day wi' the Lord Jesus." The Lord's Supper was observed quarterly in that thinly-settled region, and was celebrated by several churches together, so that the concourse of people made it necessary to hold the services in the open air.

The minister strove to put off the simple youth as gently as possible. But Yeddie pleaded: "Oh, minister, if ye but kened how I love Him, ye wud let me go where He's to sit at table!" This so touched his heart, that permission was given for Yeddie to take his seat with the rest. And although he had many miles to trudge over hill and moor, he was the first on the ground.

As the services proceeded, tears flowed freely from the eyes of the poor "innocent," and at the name of Jesus he would shake his head mournfully and whisper, "But I dinna see Him." At length, however, after partaking of the hallowed elements, he raised his head, wiped away the traces of his tears, and, looking in the minister's face, nodded and smiled. Then he covered his face with his hands and buried it



Yeddie's Communion Night.

between his knees, and remained in that posture till the parting blessing was given, and the people began to scatter. He then rose, and with a face lighted with joy, and yet marked with solemnity, he followed the rest.

When Yeddie reached the poor cot he called "home" he dared not speak to the "granny" who sheltered him, lest he might, as he said, "lose the bonny face." He left his "porritch and treacle" untasted; and after smiling and patting the faded cheek of the old woman, to show her that he was not out of humor, he climbed the ladder to the poor loft where his pallet of straw was, to get another look and another word "fro' yon lovely Man." And his voice was heard below, in low tones: "Ay, Lord, it's just poor me that has been *sae long seeking ye; and now we'll bide together and never part more*." And then his voice grew softer and softer till it died away.

Granny sat over the smouldering peat below, with her elbows on her knees, describing in loud whispers to a neighbor Yeddie's strange words and appearance. "And besides all this," she said, "he refused to taste his supper—a thing he had never done before since the county paid his keeping. More than that, he often ate his own portion and mine, too, and then cried for more; such a fearful appetite he had! But to-night when he cam' in faint wi' the long road he had come, he cried, 'Na meat for me, granny. I ha' had a feast wi' the Lord Jesus, and noo I must e'en gang up the loft and sleep wi' Him.'"

When the morrow's sun arose, "granny," unwilling to disturb the weary Yeddie, left her poor pillow to perform his humble tasks. She brought peat from the stack and water from the spring. She spread her humble table and made her "porritch;" and then, remembering that he went superfluous to bed, she called him from the foot of the ladder. There was no reply.

She called again and again, but there was no sound above but the whistling wind through the openings in the thatch. She had not ascended the rickety ladder for years; but anxiety gave strength to her limbs, and she soon stood in the poor garret which had long sheltered the half-idiot boy.

Before a rude stool, half sitting, half kneeling, with his head resting on his folded arms, she found Yeddie. She laid her hand upon his head, but instantly recoiled in horror. The heavy iron crown had been lifted from his brow, and, while she was sleeping, had been replaced with the crown of the ransom, which faded not away. Yeddie had caught a glimpse of Jesus, and had gone to be with Him forevermore.

A deep awe fell on the parish and the minister at this strange event, and the funeral of the idiot boy was attended from far and wide. A solemnity rarely seen was noticed there, as if a great loss had fallen on the community, instead of the county having been relieved of a burden. And the minister related how eagerly Yeddie had desired to join in the communion, and what a strange heavenly light had been on his simple, usually vacant face as he smiled and nodded

to him at the close of the celebration.

SINNERS AND SUFFERERS.

A SERIAL STORY.

(Continued from page 47.)

Another Bitter Draught.

THE ordeal John Morley and Hester had dreaded during that long journey home was now at hand. Hester thought it would not come until the next day, and had borrowed Lawson's key and entered the house secretly, so that it might not take place until then. But John Morley chose to precipitate it by declaring that he must see his erring wife that night. Hester would not interfere, and advanced with him toward the room where she knew Rose would be.

With stealthy footsteps, as if they had no right to be in their own home, they crept along the passage until they could command the view of half the room within. It was many years since Hester had looked into it, and she had grown from childhood to womanhood since; but to her eye there was little change. Yet at one corner stood a little bed—she recollected it as her own—but it was not occupied. The child who had been sleeping in it was now being carried to and fro about the room, in the arms of its father, Robert Waldron.

He too had suffered severely. None could look at his face without realizing that. It was pale almost to ghastliness, and across the brow were lines deep as those on John Morley's forehead, graved there by the chisel of sorrow. Just now he was enjoying the only relief he knew, in tending his child. When Carl told him that little Hester was gone to her mother, Robert believed that she was lost to him altogether. He could not meet Rose in her husband's house; he could not even visit his child there.

Mr. Waldron went every day to spend an hour or two with the little granddaughter, whom he could not acknowledge, but who fastened the more closely about his heart. He spoke very gently to Rose, and with a reverence he had not accorded to her in the days when she had been a favorite with him, in spite of her girlish frivolity. The consecration of a great sin, purified by a great sorrow, was upon her. Now and then he addressed to her the few hearty words of fellowship and encouragement by which a true man, who is also a Christian, can bind up the broken in spirit; but they did not converse much. The thoughts of both were centred upon the child whose life was swiftly running to its close. From the moment that she entered under John Morley's roof, they saw that her days were numbered; and on the morning of this day, when John Morley and Hester were hastening homeward, Grant counted the duration of her life by hours.

It was then that little Hester, growing conscious of a change in herself, began to think of those who had made the last few months a holiday to her. Carl was gone away, and she should see him no more; but Annie could come to bid her farewell, and Robert Waldron, who had never been to see her since she had come to be with her mother. She asked Mr. Waldron himself, as he stooped over her bed, the tears in his eyes, and a strange pressure upon his throat.

"Why doesn't he come?" she said. "He used to be very kind to me. If you'd only tell him little Hester is going to die very, very soon, I'm sure he'd come. I loved him very much; almost as much as Carl."

"He shall come to see you, my little child," said Mr. Waldron.

So Robert came at last; back to the pleasant room, where pleasant and guilty hours had passed quickly for him and Rose—hours which had sown deadly seeds broadcast. He could not fly from it now; he could not make haste to leave it behind him. Hester—his child—was dying, and he was not coward enough to desert her death-bed. Rose was there, but he scarcely saw her, scarcely spoke to her. They met for the last time in the presence of their child, but they met as strangers; only one short, quick glance into one another's eyes told their tale of agony and repentance.

"Don't leave me again," moaned little Hester; "I shall die soon; and, oh, I am very tired. Could you carry me about in your arms for a little while?"

This had been her cry from time to time during the day; and Robert, cradling her tenderly in his arms, had paced about the room, gathering up all the scattered memories which lay in ambush for him behind every familiar object upon which his eye rested. How he loathed himself! How he wondered at his own idiotic sin! With what sharp, unutterable pangs every word and moan of the dying child pierced him to the heart! The martyrdom was keener to him than to Rose, whose feebleness softened the anguish of her soul. She was going to follow very quickly; but he would live for many years, with the image of a white face, and small, emaciated limbs, and the echo of a little feeble voice, dwelling forever in the depths of his memory.

It was upon this agony and passion of retribution that John Morley looked, himself unseen, and reading the whole story with his keen and quickened eyesight. There was Robert Waldron, his head bowed down over the form of his dying child, and his heavy feet treading to and fro under his burden, as his own had done in the room below, with a burden as heavy bending down his head. Rose had fallen asleep for sorrow, and was unconscious of the nearness of both of them. She was lying upon the sofa, with a shawl thrown over her; but her head was uncovered, and the light fell upon it. He could see every line traced upon her corpse-like face. If one element of repentance consists in not thinking over again the sins of the pleasant past, it was long since Rose had ceased to dwell upon

them. Her husband's heart yearned to her with a great pity, with a passionate tenderness which no other woman had ever stirred within him. She slept, and he would not have her awake. If she had been dead he would not have wished her alive again. But he had never loved her, never grieved for her, as he did now.

It might have been that the bitter sigh which was in his heart rose unbidden to his lips, or that he or Hester made some movement of which they were unaware, for Robert paused suddenly in his dreary march, and turned toward them, peering anxiously into the darkness. The child, too, lifted her feeble head and bent it forward. Hester could restrain herself no longer. With a swift and noiseless step, and with her finger raised in a gesture of silence, she glided into the room, leaving her father still standing without, and took the little child out of Robert's arms. Little Hester nestled down upon her lap, breathing a sigh of measureless content, and gazing up into the sweet face bent over her with a flitting smile upon her own. Robert Waldron knelt down before them both, and felt that the supreme moment of his martyrdom had come.

"Dear Hester," murmured the child, "you are just in time. I've been here having my holidays before I die. But I'm going to die now, very quickly. Did you know, and are you come on purpose?"

"I did not know you were here, my darling," answered Hester. "This is my own home."

"Yes, I know," she said, plaintively; "my mother told me you used to live here when you were as old as me. Was it then you knew my father?"

Hester's pitiful gaze was bent upon Robert, but he could not bear to meet it. He covered his eyes, and bowed his head until it almost rested upon her feet.

"Yes; it was then that I knew him," she answered, very softly.

"I shall know him soon," said little Hester, in a tone of exultation; "very, very soon. I am going to heaven, and I shall see God there; and Jesus Christ, who loves little children so. But He won't be jealous if I love my father very, very much; because I've never known him here, and couldn't love him. You don't think God will be angry, or Jesus Christ, do you, Hester?"

"No, no," she answered, the tears falling fast upon the child's thin hand.

"Hester! Hester!" cried Robert, in an accent of profound anguish.

"Which does he mean?" she asked, touching his bowed head playfully. "There are two of us now. Is it me or the other Hester you are calling to? I don't know what we should do if I was going to live. But I'm very glad, after all, to be going to my own father."

She lay still for a few minutes, as if exhausted, looking up to Hester with a gaze of utter satisfaction. Grant, whom Hester had not seen until then, came forward and shook his head gravely as he felt the failing pulse in the languid little wrist, which he put down gently after he had held it for a few seconds. She turned her eyes away from Hester's face for a moment to look at him.

"You've all been very good to me," she murmured. "You've given me such holidays as I never thought of; but it is too late now; and I'm not sorry. I don't want anybody to be very sorry. Shall you be very sorry?" she added, touching Robert's head again with her cold little hand.

His heart was dead within him, and he neither spoke nor lifted up his face, though she waited for an answer. Rose was awake now, and was creeping toward them, holding by the chairs to steady her failing and faltering steps; while John Morley looked on, seeing all, hearing every word of the child's dying voice, and comprehending every turn of the brief history which was ending thus.

"I don't know what to call you," said the child. "They have all names but you; and I love you very much. I think I love you as

much as Carl. If my father had not died, perhaps he would have carried me about like you've done, in your arms. Are you so tired that you cannot look at me?"

"He is not tired," said Hester; "he is too sorry to look at you."

"I don't want him to be so very sorry," she moaned, her lips quivering with grief; "nor anybody else, nor my mother. Tell him not to be like that, Hester. Tell him to look at us. I want to see his face again, because I love him."

"Robert," said Hester, "look at her."

Her voice was almost lost in sobs, and she laid her hand, as the child had done, upon his bowed head. He lifted it up then, and glanced first at her, then at his little daughter, with a look of anguish, such as she had never seen even upon her father's face.

"Why," faltered the child, in broken sentences, "do you think I love Carl the most now? I only loved him most because I knew him first. See, I love you quite as much. Kiss me, and let us be friends before I die. I wish I'd known you all my life, because then I might have loved you most of all. But it wouldn't be right now, would it?"

She had put her hand to his face, and was stroking it fondly; and Robert seized it, and held it passionately to his lips.

"You love me very much," she whispered, "very much. I wonder if my father would have loved me any more! But I shall soon know. Why, there's my mother leaning over our chair, Hester."

Hester had felt Rose beside her for the last minute, but she had not dared to stir for fear of disturbing the easy position of the dying child. Rose spoke in a shrill yet feeble voice, which smote upon John Morley's ear.

"I must tell her," she cried. "Robert! Hester! I must tell her."

"No, no! not now! never, now!" answered Robert.

"Would you like to see your father before you die?" asked Hester, bending more fondly over the little girl.

"I cannot," she said, with a bright glance; "he is waiting for me up in heaven. And my mother says she won't be very long. Let everybody kiss me quickly, for I am going."

She almost raised herself up on Hester's lap, and looked eagerly about her. Grant was standing before her, but she looked past him to the open doorway and the obscure passage beyond, where John Morley's white head stood out clearly in the gloom. She raised her head slowly, pointing toward him; and Rose, turning her eyes in that direction, saw the face of her husband looking toward her in this hour of his vengeance.

"Let him come first and kiss me," said the child, in her dying voice.

John Morley advanced steadily into the room, with every eye fixed upon him intently. Robert alone knowing nothing of what little Hester's words meant, for he had again bowed his head down almost to the ground at Hester's feet. Rose watched her husband; and Hester's imploring gaze never left his face. If there were any bitterness and rancor in his heart now, it would be there forever. No punishment, no remorse could satisfy him if he was not satisfied at this moment. He did not look at Rose, but his eyes were fastened upon the small, wan face resting upon Hester's arm. The little face smiled up at him, and the little hands were stretched out to him.

"You would love me too, if you only knew me," she said. "Kiss me once before I die."

He stood between his wife and Robert Waldron now; he could have laid a hand upon each of them. But he looked only at the child, his eyes fast growing dim, and with an unspeakable compassion in his heart. Resting his hand upon Hester's shoulder, and stooping over Rose's dying child, he laid a long, gentle kiss upon her lips—a kiss which meant more than any words could have said.

"My father will kiss me like that," murmured

the failing voice; and Robert raised himself up to look at her once more. The last moment was come. The last kiss her chilling lips could feel had been imprinted there by Rose's husband. He groped about with his hands for an instant, as if to catch at some solid support, and then he fell forward fainting at John Morley's feet.

For an instant no one stirred. John Morley leaned heavily upon Hester's shoulder; but when Grant bent over the senseless form, he pushed him gently on one side, and stooping down he raised Robert in his arms, with a woman's tenderness of touch, and carried him into his own room and laid him upon his own bed.

Grant removed the dead child from Hester's lap, and bade her take Rose down-stairs to her father's sitting-room. Rose shed no tears, but appeared calm and almost apathetic. Hester, carrying a light in her trembling hand, led the way to the gloomy room, where John Morley's life had been wasted. There was a chilly sense of vacancy about it then, for all the every-day confusion had been carefully put into frigid order by Lawson's mother. Hester set Rose down in the old chair on the hearth, and busied herself for some time in lighting the fire, while she sat by, watching her movements with dull but tearless eyes. The rare, refined beauty of Hester's face, pale with suppressed emotions, had never shown itself as it did now. When the fire had burned up, she brought a footstool to the side of Rose, and sitting down, wearily laid her head upon her lap. The fond, daughter-like attitude, the sweetness of Hester's own face, the utter oblivion of her step-mother's sin, expressed by her silence, roused Rose from her stupefaction. She laid both her hands upon Hester's head, and hiding her face upon them burst into a passion of tears.

"Why are you so good to me?" she cried. "Why was I ever born? You would have been happier if you had never seen me, little Hetty. Oh, little Hetty! little Hetty! why did I ever come into this house to be a sorrow to you? Oh, I did not think it would all end in this! And yet you love me through it all!"

"Yes; I love you dearly, poor mother," said Hester, in her softest accents.

"Then you think God will love me in spite of all," murmured Rose.

"I am sure He does," she answered.

"And my husband?" she continued, in a voice of mingled entreaty and incredulity.

"Yes; my father loves you," said Hester; "he forgives you. He has come back knowing you were here. He is taking care of Robert Waldron now. Hush! they are coming down-stairs."

(To be continued.)

PAUL AT JERUSALEM.

S. S. Lesson for Feb. 1, Acts 21: 15-26. Golden Text, 1 Cor. 9: 22. By Mrs. M. Baxter.

The New Companion—His Ministration—Paul's Arrival in Jerusalem—His Visit to James—His Wonderful Narrative—Religious Scandal-mongers—Their Identification—Duty in Regard to them—The Advice of the Elders—Their Stratagem—Its Failure.

AFTER their stay at Cæsarea, Paul and his company packed up their few possessions and went on to Jerusalem. A new member was added to their little band, "one Mnason of Cyprus, an old disciple, with whom we should lodge." One who would use what he had of this world's goods in lodging the apostle and his friends, that no burden might fall upon them, and that Paul, now getting an old man, might not lose time in his accustomed search for remunerative employment which should make him independent, and enable him to preach the Gospel without charge. Thus, while Mnason might have had neither power nor opportunity to travel and preach the Gospel like Paul and his company, he could, and did,

MAKE THEIR WAY EASY

for them. How many a daughter, whose mother is much occupied in the direct work of soul-

winning—in mothers' meetings, work among the fallen, house to house visitation, temperance work, or religious literature—may make her mother's way easy by taking all the little countless opportunities which occur in a house to save her mother's time! By going in to see a caller, by superintending the servants, or where there are none by doing all the work possible, so that the mother shall find it done—the direct work of soul-saving may be blessedly helped forward. A servant who was commended for her kind attention during a time of special services, said: "God has shown me that this is my part in the work which is being carried on." Mnason was "an old disciple." It is just those who have long known the Lord who are willing to take the lowest place, and either do or not do, as the Lord shall show them.

"And when we were come to Jerusalem, the brethren received us gladly." Many false reports had been circulated against Paul by the meddlesome Jews who dwelt in the parts of Asia and Europe where he had travelled. But the personal presence of these men of God among the brethren banished misgivings and prejudice, the presence of God and His Spirit were with them, and the elders recognized it. "The day following Paul went in with us unto James; and all the elders were present. And when he had saluted them, he declared particularly [one by one] what things God had wrought among the Gentiles by His ministry." It was

A WONDERFUL NARRATIVE.

The Lord had wrought with him and confirmed the Word by signs following (Mark 16). The daring adventurousness of Paul's faith, led as he was by the Holy Ghost, his wonderful preservations, were indeed a token of God's faithfulness to His own Word. "Nothing shall by any means hurt you" (Luke 10: 19). He would tell them of Lystra, where he was stoned; of the prison at Philippi after being beaten almost to death, besides those other occasions of which he writes to the Corinthians. "Of the Jews five times received I forty stripes save one. Thrice was I beaten with rods, once was I stoned, thrice I suffered shipwreck, a night and a day I have been in the deep; in journeyings often, in perils of waters, in perils of robbers, in perils by nine own countrymen, in perils by the heathen, in perils in the city, in perils in the wilderness, in perils in the sea, in perils among false brethren; in weariness and painfulness, in watchings often, in hunger and thirst, in fastings often, in cold and nakedness" (II Cor. 11: 24-27). Speaking afterward to Timothy about all these things, he says, "But out of them all the Lord delivered me" (II Tim. 3: 11).

And then he told of church after church founded and built up with "living stones," truly converted souls. On his former visit to Jerusalem Paul had told of God's work through him in Cyprus, Perga, Antioch in Pisidia, Iconium, Lystra, and Derbe; now he had to tell how Europe, as well as Asia, had been opened to the Gospel. He would speak of the little beginnings in Philippi, which led to the foundation of churches there; at Thessalonica and Berea, at Corinth and Athens, and finally of the glorious work at Ephesus. The elders at Jerusalem had heard one side of the story from the bigoted Jews whose commerce led them up to Jerusalem from time to time, and who from their own side of Pharisaism or Saduceism had spoken of Paul's work. They heard now the account from a man who had no interest in justifying himself or in overcoloring anything he said—a man to whom to live was "Christ" (Phil. 1: 21), and who could say with truth, "Not I live, but Christ liveth in me;" and they glorified the Lord." Of all

SCANDAL.

religious scandal is the worst. A set of busy-bodies exist in every age and in every land whose business it is to create or to foster dissensions among Christians. The Scriptural appellation of such is "diaboli" or "diabolous," translated slanderers or false accusers (I Tim.

3: 11; II Tim. 3: 3; Tit. 2: 3). The devil is the accuser of the brethren *par excellence*, but scandal-mongers, as the devil's instruments, are also called "devils" by the Holy Ghost. So far for them by whom the offence cometh (Matt. 18: 7). But the vital question for God's children is this: "Shall we undertake our defence, or shall we leave it entirely in the hands of God? We have no distinct command on this subject, but there is very much which bears upon it. Peter says, 'This is thankworthy, if a man for conscience toward God endure grief, suffering wrongfully. For what glory is it, if, when ye be buffeted for your faults, ye shall take it patiently? But if, when ye do well, and suffer for it, ye take it patiently, this is acceptable with God' (1 Pet. 2: 19, 20). He cites the example of our Lord Himself to strengthen what he says. One of our Lord's reproaches to the Pharisees was, 'Ye are which justify yourselves before men' (Luke 16: 15). Jesus, 'when He was reviled, reviled not again . . . but committed Himself to Him that judgeth righteously' (1 Pet. 2: 23). If we commit ourselves, we let ourselves go out of our own hands, we abandon ourselves. We cannot both commit our cause to another and undertake our own defence. We cannot be both in the Lord's hands and in our own. We cannot plead our own cause while we leave the Lord to plead it."

ADVICE OF THE ELDERS.

The very elders who glorified the Lord because of His wondrous works through Paul, had hardly drawn in their breath when they prescribed for him human caution, in order to defend himself against the prejudice which had been aroused against him at Jerusalem. "Thou seest, brother," they said, "how many thousands of Jews there are which believe; and they are all zealous of the law; and they are informed of thee, that thou teachest all the Jews which are among the Gentiles to forsake Moses, saying that they ought not to circumcise their children, neither to walk after the customs." Such was the charge to be met. The real truth that Paul taught was, "He is not a Jew, which is one outwardly; neither is that circumcision, which is outward in the flesh;" "There is neither Jew nor Greek . . . for ye are all one in Christ Jesus;" "In Christ Jesus neither circumcision availeth anything, nor uncircumcision, but a new creature" (Rom. 2: 28; Gal. 3: 28; 6: 15). Very likely the Jerusalem elders believed that a great deal of the prejudice was unfounded; they knew also that much of it proceeded from pride of heart among the unspiritual Jews; but they could not trust it to the Lord without putting their hands on and mixing human wisdom up with it. Thus they thought of

A STRATAGEM

by which Paul's action should justify him in the presence of the people, and their anger and indignation should be appeased. They considered the flesh in the multitude at Jerusalem rather than the present mighty power of God. They suggested that Paul should join a company of four men who had a vow that he should take the Nazarite vow, that he should purify himself and shave his head, and all may know that those things whereof they were informed concerning thee are nothing; but that thou thyself also walkest orderly, and keepest the law." Paul had no direction from God to do this—it was but the counsel of man. Probably to him it was a matter of little import whether he kept the ceremonial law or not; he would not feel condemned either in observing or not observing those rites which were typical of the real life in Christ which he knew and lived. But when it came to making use of these ceremonies to ward off persecution which the Holy Ghost had shown him was coming on him, and which he had accepted from the Lord saying he was ready to die at Jerusalem for the Lord Jesus, it looks as though he succumbed to the influence of the elders at Jerusalem, and allowed his own faith to be overpowered by their human precaution. In any case, the Lord did not allow this plan to succeed; the issue shows how futile it was.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES.

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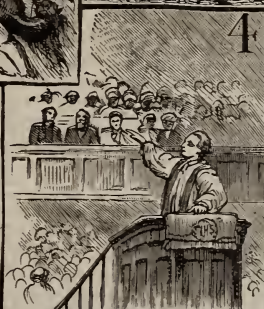
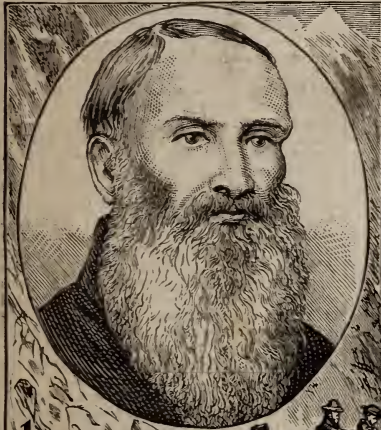
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The Late Rev. CHRISTIAN THEO. HOERNLE, Missionary in India and Persia—Scenes in his Life.

CHRISTIAN THEO. HOERNLE, Missionary in Persia and India.

Birth and Parentage — Conversion — Devotes Himself to Foreign Missionary Work—His Departure for Shusha—An Avalanche Adventure—A Midnight Scare—On Persian Territory—Guarded by a Strange Dog—Appointed to Agra, in India—Choice of a Ship Overruled by God—The Secundra Orphanage—Sermon by Bishop Wilson—The Indian Mutiny of 1857—Moonlight Visit to the Wrecked Orphanage—Last Days and Peaceful Death.

THE foreign missionary field is as varied in its characteristics, in its needs and in its difficulties, as it is in its climate and situation. A greater difference in society cannot be imagined than exists between some of the peoples to which missionaries have carried the Gospel message. In some countries the missionary has found the people so ignorant that his first labor had to be the reduction of their language to writing. In others he has found them highly educated, possessing a literature almost as ancient as the Bible. It is obvious that the style of labor demanded must be equally varied if it is to be successful. There is but one Gospel, and the Holy Spirit applies that with the same power and the same result to the heart of the benighted savage and to the cultured mind of the Brahmin; but the human work is radically different in the two cases. It is well known that the obstacles to the spread of the Gospel are far greater in the land of culture than in the land of utter ignorance. Prejudice, social standing, and family influence are strong intrenchments around Satan's citadel which do not yield so easily as do fear and reverence for gods of wood and stone, which can be proved harmless by a blow with a hammer. In Persia, the home of cultured Mohammedanism, and in India, where caste reigns supreme, the missionary needs all his intellectual vigor, all his faith and all his patience. It was to those lands and to that difficult work that God called the man whose portrait appears on our first page this week.

The late Mr. Hoernle was born at Ludwigsburg, in the little kingdom of Wurtemberg, Germany, on November 24th, 1804, and died at Cannstatt, in the same country, on June 7th, 1882, in the seventy-eighth year of his age. His recollections of his parents, especially of his father, whom he lost when he was only eleven years old, were of a sad and melancholy nature. The time when

HIS PARENTS

commenced their married life was a critical period for Germany. Napoleon I. at the head of the French army had invaded the Fatherland; disaster after disaster overtook the German armies, and wherever the French advanced, their steps were marked by burning villages and bloody battle-fields. Many families, previously in easy circumstances, were, in consequence of this French invasion, reduced to great straits; and among these sufferers were Mr. Hoernle's parents. They married young; his father being only twenty-one and his mother nineteen.

The greatest of all their trials began when, soon after their son was born, a painful illness seized Mr. Hoernle's father, lasting many years. In the beginning of 1816, when this illness had reached its height, an uncle living in the town of Cannstatt offered to receive the boy into his house. His father accompanied him a short distance on his way thither, when he was prostrated by pain. Taking his son's hands, he said, "My boy, this is a very important journey for you." These were the last words he heard his father speak. The next day he died in a firm trust in his Saviour, Jesus Christ.

The fatherless lad grew up in his uncle's house and was carefully educated. In the year 1825, when Christian was twenty-one years old, a book called "Stilling's grauer Mann" fell into his hands. In one part of it the author speaks of the solemn signs of the times and the certainty of Christ's advent, and dwells on the final separation that must take place then between the good and the evil; and to this he

adds a most powerful exhortation to the reader to decide for Christ while there is opportunity. Mr. Hoernle was deeply moved by this, and vowed to God that he would give himself entirely to the Lord. That book led by the Holy Spirit to the young man's change of heart.

No sooner did he fully realize the blessings of his new condition than he was moved, as all are, by an earnest desire to communicate it to others. With him the desire took practical shape in earnest prayer to God to open the way for him to go out as a missionary to some perishing land. For nearly two years he so prayed, hoping always within his heart to become a missionary. At Easter, 1827, a student of the Missionary Institution at Basle visited the house of Christian's uncle to drink the mineral waters of Cannstatt, and to him the young man confided his hope. The student recommended him to apply to

THE BASLE MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

Dr. Blumhardt, who was then the Principal of the Missionary Institution at Basle, and at that time staying in Cannstatt, had an interview with both the young man and his uncle, with the result that Christian sent in a formal application to the institution. So the first step was taken in that long missionary life, which, including four years' training at Basle, and one year spent in retirement, was to last fifty-four years.

In March, 1832, the young missionary

SET OUT FOR PERSIA.

After considerable difficulty he and two other young missionaries arrived at Shusha, on the Persian frontier, in November, having been eight months on the road. While crossing the River Terek, in the country of the Circassians, they encountered serious difficulties. An immense avalanche had fallen down from Mount Elbrouz, and had filled the valley for nearly a mile with snow, ice, and stones. The river had forced a way for itself beneath all this, but men, animals, baggage and wagons had to be transported over the snow, which was from thirty to forty feet deep, a work of considerable difficulty and danger. The wagons had to be taken to pieces, and every item of luggage carried over separately. The horses fell repeatedly (see *frontispiece*), and steps had to be cut for them in the ice. The poor animals were trembling with fright, but they reached the bottom safely, and all were thankful to be again in marching order and able to proceed.

Mr. Hoernle made his

FIRST MISSIONARY TOUR

in the spring of 1833, about six months after his arrival at Shusha. A friend, Mr. Wolters, accompanied him. They took neither provisions nor tents, but trusted to the hospitality of the Tartars and Armenians, and on this they did not depend in vain. Their plan was to visit all the villages and towns on the southern slope of the Caucasus. One cold night a Tartar woman entertained them in right Oriental fashion, by killing a young kid and baking "cakes," and regaling them with fruit and honey. In the Kour valley they passed one night in the open air, having arrived at the river too late to cross it before dark. The stillness of the night was broken in upon by the howling of jackals, wolves, hyenas, varied by the monotonous sound of night-birds, and the fluttering of large bats and owls. Near to the river they improvised a place to rest in, and after supper and prayer for divine protection, were soon fast asleep. The night passed safely; only once were they alarmed, and then without cause. It was soon after midnight that Mr. Wolters, awakening, saw a pair of yellow eye-balls close to him while his hand was in contact with a furry skin. He started up with the exclamation, "Hoernle! a beast! a beast!" He jumped up, his imagination full of the *wolves* they had heard in the evening, when they discovered, to their relief and amusement, that it was only a *cat* which, half perished with cold, had sought a warm quarter between the sleepers.

Mr. Hoernle, with two fellow-workers, was next instructed to remove into the interior of

Persia. He travelled in company with some Armenian merchants. They crossed the Aras and spent some months at Isphahan, where, and in the surrounding country as far as Julfa, they distributed Bibles and taught. Mr. Hoernle and his colleagues then set out for Tabreez. A remarkable incident of

A PROVIDENTIAL WATCH-DOG

occurred on the journey. After a very tiring ride they reached, one evening, a Kurdish village, intending to pitch their tent near it. But this the villagers would not allow. The travellers pleaded that it would soon be dark, and that they could not go further, but all in vain. On being asked to show them another place, they did so, but it was so lonely and surrounded by bushes and undergrowth that it looked "a murderous spot" in which to spend a night. However, they accepted it on account of the impossibility of proceeding further.

About midnight Mr. Hoernle awoke suddenly, and hearing voices speaking close to the tent looked out. He saw several men standing behind a hedge. He awakened one of his companions and was just about to step out of the tent to see what the men's intentions were, when he was startled by seeing a huge dog lying across the tent door, which growled at him so fiercely that Mr. Hoernle did not venture to step over him, or drive him away. The dog, he observed, was equally fierce in his demonstrations whenever he heard the men moving outside (see *frontispiece* picture No. 2). Somewhat reassured by this strange watchman, Mr. Hoernle sought sleep again, and when he awoke at day-break, the dog was gone. Nobody knew whence it had come nor whither it had gone. Had the Lord sent him to protect and save His servants? They were glad to believe that it was so.

In May, 1837, Mr. Hoernle left Persia, having received a call from the Church Missionary Society to labor for Christ in North India. Before taking up his new commission, however, he returned to Germany, and spent, with his relatives in Wurtemberg, nine happy months of needed rest after five years' labor. During this same interval he was married. Shortly afterward the newly-wedded couple went to England to take passage for Calcutta.

CHOICE OF A SHIP OVERRULED.

During their journey from Germany to India they saw a manifest token of God's protecting care. Two ships had been recommended to them, the Protector and the Plantagenet. They went first to the Protector. It was an old, dark-looking vessel, but as there was room and the captain seemed an experienced man they engaged two cabins, and then left the ship in the joyful hope that they would soon be able to sail. On returning to the shore, a gentleman who accompanied them pointed out the other ship, and proposed looking at that as well. They declined at first, thinking it useless, as they had taken cabins already. Being urged, however, on the score of her being a new vessel about to make her first voyage, they consented to go aboard, though more out of curiosity than with any intention of altering their plans. But hardly had they boarded the ship when they were impressed by the feeling that they ought to go in it. At once they acted upon this impression.

When the voyage in the Plantagenet was nearly over they experienced one of those sudden storms for which the coast of India is famous. It was, as usual, preceded by a treacherous calm, during which all was bustle and activity on board preparing for the approaching tempest. Hardly had the captain made the necessary preparations, when the storm broke upon them with frightful fury. The vessel was tossed about on the raging waves like a ball, every plank straining heavily, and the sea dashing over it, as if ready to swallow them up every moment. Mr. Hoernle and Mr. Schneider, a fellow missionary, with their wives, having committed themselves to God in prayer, they tried to sleep, little expecting to see another day on

earth. They were, however, mercifully delivered, the good ship nobly bearing the ordeal. A few hours later the storm abated, and a favorable wind sprang up.

When they went on deck in the morning, the sun shone down upon them gloriously, and their offerings of praise and thanksgiving arose to Him who had graciously delivered them from impending death. During the course of the day they had cause for gratitude to God for His guidance in their choice of a ship. On approaching the dreaded "Sandheads" they saw pieces of timber from a wreck floating about, and among them a *chest passed by them*, upon which they could read the name Protector (see *frontispiece picture No. 3*). The ship in which they had first intended to sail had been lost in the storm, and of more than two hundred persons on board only four or five were rescued.

Arrived at Calcutta, they proceeded up the River Ganges as far as Allahabad, thence up the Jumna, to Agra, a distance of over thirteen hundred miles, in boats, at the rate of from ten to twelve miles a day. Agra was reached on February 19th, 1839, and Mr. and Mrs. Hoernle were gladly welcomed by the Rev. Mr. Moore, of the Church Missionary Society, and they at once began the work for their Lord. First, about three hundred poor, half-starved, and diseased children were consigned to their care. Then Mr. Hoernle began to preach the Gospel to the natives, and make short missionary tours. At the end of about a year more suitable premises were found at Secundra, about four miles from Agra, and thither the children were transferred.

EPISCOPAL INDOREMENT.

During Mr. Hoernle's residence at Secundra an unhappy dispute arose among his Episcopalian colleagues. Some captious person questioned his right to preach on the ground that he had never been ordained by a bishop, he having been satisfied with his Lutheran ordination. A complaint against him was formally lodged with Dr. Wilson, the Bishop of Calcutta. His reply was an indirect reproof to the dissatisfied party and was administered publicly. Dr. Wilson visited Secundra and preached there. There was a crowded congregation. When near the close of an eloquent sermon, and when every eye was riveted on the Bishop he commended to the love and sympathy of all Christians all those who had left their native country to serve Christ in India. Then suddenly turning round in the pulpit, and pointing to Mr. Moore and Mr. Hoernle, he said, "*There are two of these holy missionaries; look at them! they are the servants of your Lord*" (see *frontispiece picture No. 4*). Of course every eye was directed toward them. The Bishop's intention was to show that though in different orders he looked upon them as fellow-laborers in the same cause, harmoniously working together to extend the kingdom of the Lord Jesus Christ.

The work of Mr. and Mrs. Hoernle at the Secundra Orphanage became a means of great temporal and spiritual blessing. Their care of the destitute ones included food and clothing, school education, instruction in useful trades whereby they might in due time earn their own living; and, lastly, but chiefly, religious teaching and training. Many of those thus trained subsequently engaged in successful evangelistic labor among their countrymen. It was congenial work and Mr. and Mrs. Hoernle worked untiringly among the poor children with much success (see *frontispiece picture No. 5*).

In November, 1848, Mr. and Mrs. Hoernle obtained permission to re-visit Europe, to recruit their strength and energies, and in the summer of 1849 they once more greeted their beloved ones in their dear Fatherland. But the holiday soon came to an end. Leaving their six children behind them in Europe to carry on their education, the devoted heralds of the cross resolutely set their faces in the direction of India, where they arrived in January, 1851, and on the 9th of March once more found themselves at Secundra.

Two years afterward it was deemed necessary that Mr. Hoernle should foster the work of the mission in Agra; and he accordingly settled there, preaching the Gospel.

IN THE BAZAARS AND STREETS

of the city, in the villages and at the melas, or fairs. He was so engaged when, in the year 1857, the dreadful mutiny broke out, which, for its cold-blooded and inhuman atrocities will stain forever the annals of the country. Happily an unexpected need had caused Mr. and Mrs. Hoernle to take a short journey, and they were temporarily absent from the city when it was seized by the mutineers.

It may be stated incidentally here for the benefit of people liable to be misled by the statements of certain popular writers of our own nationality that the English Government *did not commit* the cruelties with which it was charged in suppressing the mutiny. The provocation was intense, for soldiers and civilians who, having been absent when the mutiny broke out, saw on their return

A SIGHT NEVER TO BE FORGOTTEN.

The helpless women and children had been driven into a large building, and while they were caged there, the mutineers had employed common butchers to go in and with their axes chop in pieces the poor creatures. They did their work with fiendish cruelty, stripping the women naked before hacking off their limbs, and killing the children first to increase the agony of the mothers who witnessed the slaughter. The place was ankle-deep in blood when the husbands and fathers saw it. In spite of this agonizing spectacle there were no such acts of vengeance as have been alleged. Such of the guilty men as were caught were fairly tried, and the guilty were executed as they deserved. *We know whereof we testify*, and we explicitly state that the cruelties charged on that Government by writers who ought to know better, are *wicked falsehoods*.

No work could be done by Mr. and Mrs. Hoernle during that terrible time, for the Mission House and the Orphanages had been utterly destroyed. They therefore acceded to a suggestion of the Missionary Society that they should return to Europe to superintend the printing of a fresh edition of the Urdu New Testament. On their way to Calcutta, they again visited Agra, and, as may be imagined, longed intensely to see Secundra again. They felt, however, that the sight of the destruction of their former home would be too much for them by daylight. So they drove out one moonlight evening. They could never fully trust themselves to speak of what they saw and felt on reaching it. Silently they *knelt down on a heap of ruins and let their tears flow freely* (see *frontispiece picture No. 6*). A few days later they continued their journey, and on December 28th, 1858, after an absence of rather more than eight years, were once more surrounded by their children in Germany.

The edition of the Urdu New Testament, whose progress through the press he had conducted, having been finished, Mr. Hoernle and his wife set sail again for India in December, 1860. Calcutta was reached on January 31st. He proceeded to take charge of the Meeruth Mission, to which he had been appointed by the parent Committee, and the new scene of his work was reached toward the end of April, and into it he threw himself with characteristic energy and determination. From morning till night, day after day, and often till late at night, without any thought for himself he labored on; in the church, the school, the study, carrying on a large business correspondence, devising means and plans for extending his work, *preaching in the bazaars of the city and cantonments* (see *frontispiece picture No. 7*), visits to the outstations; keeping accounts; making plans for new churches, schools, etc.; and this for a period entirely single-handed, often almost worn out with weakness and fatigue and the growing infirmities of age, till, at last, in 1874, in his seventieth year, he was obliged to relinquish the

greater part of the Meeruth Mission to his eldest son, the Rev. J. G. H. Hoernle, who, at his request, was appointed his successor.

As years passed by, and the difficulties of his mortal pilgrimage increased, he was conscious of a deepening desire to be "absent from the body and present with the Lord." Almost the last entry which he made in his diary, in India, was this: "Oh, it is so beautiful, so cheering, to look away from all the turmoil of this life to the dwellings of peace and love. There is my home, too; thither my spirit is drawn irresistibly. Oh, that I were there already!" (See *frontispiece picture No. 8*). In the year 1881, it became evident that he had reached the last stage of his long life.

In the beginning of 1881, therefore, Mr. and Mrs. Hoernle bade farewell to India, and in course of time reached Cannstatt, in Germany, the home of their childhood. In the midst of the peaceful engagements of old age, the last summons of the Great King reached the herald of the cross on June 7th, 1882, after a short illness of only a fortnight's duration. He was not quite seventy-eight years old when he "fell asleep," having spent nearly fifty years of his life in the missionary service of his Lord.

A More Humane System of Treatment for

the insane should result from the publication of the report of the Alabama Insane Hospital, at Tuscaloosa, which recently appeared in the *New York Herald*. The superintendent, Dr. Bryce, who has six hundred and thirty patients under his care, in the course of his report mentions that two years ago, in spite of predictions of disaster, he abolished all mechanical restraints in the asylum, and did not replace them by quieting medicines, but relied solely on kind treatment. Of the system of non-restraint, Dr. Bryce now says: "I desire, after an extended trial, to record my unqualified conviction of its great value and perfect practicability, and I am fully sustained in this opinion by every physician, officer, nurse, attendant, and employé of the hospital. I can truly say that there is scarcely a feature of our general management that has not been favorably modified under its influence. Its effect upon the nurses, in making them kind, patient, and considerate, and upon the patients in making them trustful, respectful, and courteous, is simply marvellous." It may be hoped that Dr. Bryce's example will encourage other asylum managers, especially in New York State, to give the system a trial.

A Triumphant Cripple.—An Earnest Worker for the Lord narrates the following story: "One evening, as a friend and myself were sitting at our window, we noticed, coming up the street, a coarse-made two-wheeled wagon, drawn by a young girl, in which lay a crippled boy. The poor lad's whole being indicated great suffering. Day after day we watched the cripple, for every afternoon he passed our window. Several successive days passed without his coming. At last his sister came alone, and her face bore the traces of tears. We hurried to inquire what was the matter with the boy. She told us that a few days previously she had not been able to draw him, and a neighbor had offered to draw his vehicle, but not knowing how to manage it, had upset it, throwing her brother on the pavement; and since then he had not left his bed. Next morning we went to see him. As we entered the boy turned toward us with a look of the most touching gratitude. When we spoke to him he seemed too feeble to utter a word. I told him that we were not strangers, that we had a common father in heaven. 'Do you know my Saviour?' he joyfully exclaimed. We told him that we did. We visited him every day for several weeks, and one evening, his last upon earth, we went to see him. 'Lay my weary head upon your bosom, mother,' he said; 'my heart is already with Jesus.' He was calm and joyful, conscious that the hour of his departure had come. He thanked his parents for their care, and gently breathed his last. He was more than conqueror through Christ who loved him."

NOONTIDE OF LIFE.

Dr. Talmage's Sermon, Preached Last Sunday Morning, January 25, 1885.

"Tell me, O thou whom my soul loveth, where thou makest thy flock to rest at noon?"—SOLOMON'S SONG 1: 7.

The Hill-top the Best Part of the Journey—Discouragements in Climbing—Twenty-Nine Years of Abounding Mercy—The Slandered World—Not Good as a Finality—The Ship Stranded by Bad Pilotage—The Look Backward—Lessons of the Journey—Nothing Accomplished without Hard Work—A Tragedian's Secret—No Such Thing as Good Luck—All Events Connected—A Series of Picture Galleries—The Path Ahead—I Trust—Willard Parker's Successful Operation—Celestial Hill-tops—The Ship Homeward-Bound.

REFERENCE is here made to the habit of shepherds in taking their flocks about twelve o'clock of the day, under the shadow of trees or rocks, and by cool streams, for repose. It is a noon-day scene, and typical of life at the meridian. I have received about one hundred letters of birthday greeting from all professions and occupations, and from all parts of Christendom, reminding me that I am fifty-three years of age. It is with me the warmth and the light and the vigor of a July noonday.

My discourse will speak of life at the meridian. I will tell you

HOW IT SEEMS TO ME

now, and how it seems to me when I look backward and forward. The prayer of the text is appropriate for me to offer, and for many of you to offer: "Tell me, O Thou whom my soul loveth, where Thou makest thy flock to rest at noon." Noon lay privilege. Noonday joy. Noonday reflection.

If you ask me how life seems to me now, I answer, "Very bright." I have had sad days, dark days, tumultuous days, but there is now not one cloud on my sky. My surroundings suit me exactly. My friends are kind and sympathetic and indulgent. Excepting your own, I have the best family on earth! The world is to me a most agreeable abode. I have nothing against the weather; for if it be cold I have stout apparel, and if it be hot I fly to the mountains, and if it be stormy, as it is to-day, I carry my own sunshine. I have no indictments to present against anybody or anything. After all the contests in which I have been engaged, there is not a being with whom I would not willingly—ay, gladly, shake hands. It seems to me that in some respects the hill-top in the journey of life is the best part of the journey.

While in early life we are climbing up the steep hillside, we have worries and frets, and we slip, and we fall, and we slide back, and we run upon sharp antagonisms, and all the professions and occupations have druggeries and sharp rivalries at the start. We are afraid we will not be properly appreciated. We toil on, and we pant, and we struggle, and we are out of breath, and sometimes we are tempted to lie down in the bower of lazy indulgence. In addition to these difficulties of

CLIMBING THE HILL

of life, there are those who rejoice in setting a man back and trying to make a young man cowed down. "De Witt," said a man to me as we were walking the fields at the time I was in the theological school—"De Witt, if you don't change your style of thought and expression, you will never get a call to any church in Christendom as long as you live." "Well," I replied, "if I cannot preach the Gospel in America, then I will go to heathen lands and preach it." And every young man has had somebody to meet him, as he was climbing up, and say to him: "Don't, don't—you can't, you can't—quit, quit!" Every young man has twenty disheartenments where he has one round word of good cheer. But after we have climbed to the top of the hill of life, then we have comparative tranquillity and repose. We begin to look about us. We find that it is just three miles from cradle to grave: Youth the first mile, manhood the

second mile, old age the third mile. Standing on

THE HILL-TOP

of the journey of life and in the second mile, having come up one side the hill, and before I go down the other side, I want to tell you that life is to me a happiness, and much of the time it has been to me a rapture, and sometimes an ecstasy.

I would be the worst ingrate on earth if I did not acknowledge the goodness of God and tell you this morning that the profoundest emotion of my soul is one of gratitude to God for His undeserved mercy, in that in the twenty-nine years of my professional life I have missed but one day of service through ill-health, and that omission was twenty-four years ago. Oh, how good God has been to me, while I have seen others with a hundredfold more consecration than I have had, who have staggered under burdens of pain, incapacitated for work for which they were otherwise gloriously equipped; and I must this day rear a monument to the divine goodness, as did one of old, and inscribe on it: "Hitherto hath the Lord helped me." This life has been to me and is now a great happiness; and if the atheistic theory should be true that annihilation comes after death, and the sepulchre, instead of being, as we believe it to be, simply

THE WAYSIDE INN

where we rest for a night and in the morning, fully invigorated, we start out on grander journeying amid brighter prospects—I say, if the sepulchre should be the abolition of body and soul, I am nevertheless glad that I live, and that I live here, and that I live now.

There has been a great deal of wholesale

SLANDER OF THIS WORLD.

People abuse it, and the traveller on the mountain curses the chill, and the voyager on the deep curses the restlessness, and there are those who say it is a mean, old, despicable world, and from pole to pole it has been calumniated; and if the world should present a libel suit for all those who have slandered it, there would not be gold enough in the mountains to pay the damages, or places enough in the penitentiaries to hold the offenders. The people not only slander the world, but they slander its neighbors, and they belabor the sun, now because it is too ardent and now because it is too distant; but by experience coming up the hill of life I have found out when there is anything wrong the trouble is not with the sun, or the moon, or the stars, or the meteorological conditions; the trouble is with myself. Oh, I am so glad that while this world as a finality is a dead failure, as a hotel where we stop for a little while in our travelling on toward a better place, it is a very good world, a very kind world, and I am glad that the shepherd in so pleasant a place makes his flocks to rest at noon!

But having told you how life seems to me on the hill-top of the journey, you naturally want to know how it seems to me when

I LOOK BACKWARD,

and when I look forward. The first thing a traveller does after climbing up to the top of a mountain is to take a long breath, and then look about and see what is all around him. He sees out in this direction the winding road up which he came, and out in that direction the winding road down which he shall go. And so, standing on the hill-top of life's journey, I put my outspread hand to my forehead, so as to keep off the glare of the noonday's sun, and to concentrate my vision, and I look back on the winding road on which I have travelled, and I see far on down at the foot of that road, in the dim distance, something small, something insignificant, and it vibrates, and it trembles, and it rocks. I wonder what it is. I guess what it is.

A CRADLE!

Then I turn, and still keeping my outspread hand to my forehead so as to shade my eyes from the glare of the noonday's sun, and to concentrate my vision, I look on the winding road down which I shall travel, and I see at the foot

of the road something that does not tremble, does not vibrate, does not rock—something white—and then near it a bank of the earth, and I wonder what it is. Ah! I see what it is. I guess what it is. I know what it is.

A GRAVE.

So, standing on the hill-top, having come up one side the hill, and before I go down the other side, you ask me two or three questions, and I tell you that I have learned in coming up this side of life, the steep side, the first side—I have learned that *nothing is accomplished without hard work*. Although I have been prospered to the last degree, I never had any good luck. I have heard people talk a great deal about a streak of good luck. In all my life I never had one streak of good luck. But I have had a good God watching me, guiding me, controlling me, helping me, forgiving me, correcting my mistakes, and He has always blessed me when I worked hard, and He did not bless me so much when I was lazy! Whether my work has amounted to anything or not I must leave to others to judge; but during the past twenty-nine years I have worked to my full capacity of endurance, and if I have gone off to rest, it was only to qualify me for hard work, and all this against the full protest of my nature, for I sometimes have felt I was naturally the laziest man that was ever born. But I am

AFRAID OF INDOLENCE—

as afraid of indolence as any reformed inebriate is afraid of the wine cup. He knows if he shall take one glass he will be flung back into inebriacy. And I am afraid if I should take one long pull of nothing to do I would stop forever. So I keep busy all the time. And I say to the multitude of young people here to-day starting in occupations and professions, nothing is accomplished without work, hard work, continuous work, all-absorbing work, everlasting work.

A parishioner asked a clergyman why the congregation had filled up and why the church was now so prosperous above what it had ever been before. "Well," said the clergyman, "I will tell you the secret. I met a tragedian some time ago, and I said to him, 'How is it you get along so well in your profession?' The tragedian replied, 'The secret is, I always do my best; when stormy days come, and the theatre is not more than half or a fourth occupied, I always do my best, and that has been the secret of my getting on.' And the clergyman reciting it, said: 'I have remembered that, and ever since then I have always done my best.' And I say to you, in whatever occupation or profession God has put you,

DO YOUR BEST;

whether the world appreciates it or not, do your best—always do your best. Domitian, the Roman emperor, for one hour every day caught flies and killed them with his penknife; and there are people with imperial opportunity who set themselves to some insignificant business. Oh, for something grand to do, and then concentrate all your energies of body, mind, and soul upon that one thing, and nothing in earth or hell can stand before you. There is no such thing as good luck.

I have learned also in coming up this steep hill of life, that

ALL EVENTS ARE CONNECTED.

I look back and now see events which I thought were isolated and alone, but I find now they were adjoined to everything that went before and everything that came after. The chain of life is made up of a great many links—large links, small links, silver links, iron links, beautiful links, ugly links, mythical links, solemn links—but they are all parts of one great chain of destiny. Each minute is made up of sixty links, and each day is made up of twenty-four links, and each year is made of three hundred and sixty-five links; but they are all parts of one endless chain which plays and works through the hand of an all-governing God. No event stands alone. Sometimes you say, "This is my day off." You will never have a day off. Nothing is off.

Your coming here this morning, which was not long premeditated, and may seem to you only accidental, is an event which will mean more to you than any worldly event of the last ten centuries, and which will mean more to you than the final destruction of this world, because it is going to decide where you will be after all worlds are demolished, some by collision and some by explosion, some by fracture and some by hurricane, some by frost and some by conflagration—all worlds destroyed except two, and those rolling on, the one through cycles and immensities of rapture, and the other through cycles and immensities of pang—rolling up, rolling up, rolling down, rolling down. Two worlds—the one a charred and the other an irradiated sphericity! But if you continue to ask me how the past seems, I answer it seems like three or four

PICTURE GALLERIES—

Düsseldorf, Louvre, and Luxembourg—their corridors interjoining. Boyhood gallery, church gallery, home gallery.

Boyhood gallery in my memory. I close my eyes and see them coasting the hillside, and flying the kite, and trundling the hoop, and gathering nuts in the autumnal forests, and then a little while after bending in anxious study over the lexicons and the trigonometries. Where are those comrades? Most of them gone. Some are in useful spheres on earth. Some died in rapture, and a good many of them perished in dissipation before thirty years of age. The wine-cup with its sharp edge cut the jugular vein of their soul. Poor fellows! They tried the world without God, and the world was too much for them. Splendid fellows! Oh, what forehead they had for brain, and what muscle they had for strength, and what gleam of eye they had for genius, and what loving letters they got from home, and how they carried off the bouquets on Commencement Day! But they made the terrific mistake of thinking religion a superfluity, and now they are in my memory, not so much canvas as sculpture—some Laocoon struggling with snapped muscles and eyes starting from the socket for torture; struggling amid the crushing folds of a serpentine monstrosity, a repulsive horror, a Laocoon worse than that of the ancients.

Salan has a fastidious appetite, and the vulgar souls he throws into a trough to fatten his swine; but he says: "Bring to my golden plate all the fine natures, bring to my golden plate all the clear intellects, bring them to me; my knife will cut down through the lusciousness; fill my chalice with the richest of their blood; pour it in until it comes three fourths full; pour it in until it comes to the rim of the chalice; pour it until the blood bubbles over the rim. There, that will do now. Oh, this infernal banquet of great souls! Aha! aha! let the common demons have the vulgar souls, but give to me, who am the king of all diabolism, the jolliest and gladdest and the grandest of all this immortal sacrifice. Aha!"

There is another picture gallery in my mind, THE CHURCH GALLERY.

the people to whom I have administered in the Gospel, and who are gone now to the better country. Belleville gallery. Syracuse gallery. Philadelphia gallery, Brooklyn gallery. Some of those figures in the gallery have frame of hosanna and hallelujah. Sweet spirits, glorious spirits, transported spirits, blessed spirits! Dying children with faces like that in Raphael's "Madonna." Octogenarians with patriarchal demeanor, and a look which makes me think that Elijah having arrived sent back his flaming equipage to bring up another passenger. Fair maidens in death looking like a transfiguration. Young men dying with anthem on the lip and flash of pearl-line portal in the eye.

Then in my mind there is

THE HOME GALLERY.

Oh, those dear faces, old faces and young faces, faces that have lost nothing of their loveliness by the recession of years, faces into which we looked when we sat on their laps, faces that

looked up to us when they sat on our laps, faces that wept, faces that laughed, faces wrinkled with old age, faces all aflood with juvenile jocundity, faces that have disappeared, faces gone.

THE PATH AHEAD.

But you ask how the rest of the journey appears to me. As I look down now, having come up one side, and standing on the hill-top, and before I take the other journey, let me say to you, the road yet to be travelled seems to me brighter than the one on which I have journeyed. I would not want to live life over again, as some wish to. If we lived life over again we would do no better than we have done. Our lives have been lived over five hundred times before. We saw five hundred people make mistakes in life, and we went right on and made the same mistakes. Our life was not the first. There were five hundred or a thousand people living before us. We did not profit by their example. We went right on and broke down in the same place, and if we did not do any better with those experiences before us, do you think we would do any better if we tried life over again? No. I should rather go right on. If we tried life over again we would repeat the same journey.

"But," says some one, "don't you know there may be trials, hardships, sicknesses, and severe

DUTIES AHEAD?"

Oh, yes! But if I am on a railroad journey of a thousand miles, and I have gone five hundred of the miles, and during those five hundred miles I have found the bridges safe, and the track solid, and the conductors competent, and the engineer wide awake, does not that give me confidence for the other five hundred miles? God has seen me through up to this time, and I am going to trust Him for the rest of the journey. I believe *I have a through ticket*, and although sometimes the track may turn this way or the other way, and sometimes we may be plunged through tunnels, and sometimes we may have a hot box that detains the train, and sometimes we may switch off upon a side track to let somebody else pass, and sometimes we may see a red flag warning us to slow up, I believe we are going through to the right place.

I have not a fear, an anxiety, this morning that I can mention. I do not know one. I put all my case in God's hands, and I have not any anxiety about the future. I do not feel foolhardy.

I ONLY TRUST.

I trust, I trust, I trust! And—for there are those here of my own age—let me say, when we come to duties and trials and hardships, God is going to see us through.

The late Willard Parker, the eminent surgeon, had

A CASE OF GOITRE

brought to him for treatment. Those of you who have travelled in Switzerland know of the awful swelling that is called the goitre. The patient brought to Dr. Parker was a millionaire many times over, and they wanted the doctor to perform the surgery and to warrant the safety of the patient and his recovery, and they said they would give him a million dollars if he would warrant the undertaking. "Oh," said the doctor, "I cannot warrant anything, but I will do the best I can!" My friend said to Dr. Parker, "How did you feel when you were about to undertake that surgery?" "Well," said he, "my hand trembled dreadfully, because, you know, I am an old man now; my hand trembled dreadfully; but just as soon as the instrument touched the delicate place my nerves were steel, and without any excitement I went right through the successful operation, and with no anxieties; as soon as I began my hand was firm." And we may have a great many anxieties about what is to come in life, and we may tremble about the great responsibility, but when we come up to the right place God will steady our hand. He will take hold of us, He will give us courage, and without any perturbation we will go right through.

ALL I WANT TO KNOW

is, that God has my hand and is helping me on. And beside that, notwithstanding all the balderdash of infidels and atheists and free-thinkers in our time, I am quite certain—I am very certain—that right beyond this life there is another life. The three miles of this journey, from cradle to grave, are not an inch long compared with that other life which then will begin, and the picture gallery ahead is brighter than the picture gallery in the rear. Ay, we take the best of those pictures from the gallery in the rear, and on step-ladder of amethyst we go up, and with loops of celestial light we hang those pictures against the burnished wall of heaven. Look, look! There is Christ. Cuypp painted Him for earthly gallery, and Correggio and Tintoretto and Benjamin West and Doré painted Him for earthly galleries, but all those pictures are eclipsed by this MASTERPIECE OF HEAVEN.

Christ! Christ! There is Paul, the hero of the Sanhedrim, and of Agrippa's court-room, and of Mar's Hill, and of Nero's infamy, shaking his chained fist in the very face of teeth-chattering royalty. And here is Vashti, the profligacy of the Persian Court unable to remove her veil of modesty, or rend it, or lift it. And all along the corridors of this picture gallery I find other great heroes and heroines—David with his harp, and Miriam with the cymbals, and Zechariah with the scroll, and St. John with the seven vials, and the resurrection angel with the trumpet.

On lurched in the corridors I see the faces of our loved ones, the cough gone from the throat, the wanness gone from the cheek, the weariness gone from the limbs, the languor gone from eye. Let us go up and greet them. Let us go up and embrace them. Let us go up and live with them. We will! we will!

HILL-TOPS OF HEAVEN.

From this hill-top of life I catch a glimpse of those hill-tops where all sorrow and sighing shall be done away. Oh, that God would make that world to us a reality! Faith in that world helped old Dr. Tyng, when he stood by the casket of his dead son, whose arm had been torn off in the threshing-machine, death ensuing; and Dr. Tyng, with infinite composure, preached the funeral sermon of his own beloved son. Faith in that world helped Martin Luther without one tear to put away in death his favorite child. Faith in that world helped the dying woman to see on the sky the letter "W," and they asked her what she supposed that letter "W" on the sky meant. "Oh," she said, "don't you know? W stands for welcome." O Heaven, swing open thy gates! O Heaven, roll upon us some of thine anthems! O Heaven, flash upon us the vision of thy lustre!

HOMEWARD BOUND.

An old writer tells us of a ship coming from India to France. The crew was made up of French sailors, who had been long from home, years gone away from their families; and as the ship came along by the coast of France the men became uncontrollable, and they skipped the deck with glee, and they pointed to the spires of the churches where they once worshipped and to the hills where they had played in boyhood. But, the writer says, when the ship came into the port, and these sailors saw father, and mother, and wife, and loved ones on the wharf, and heard these loved ones call them by their names, they sprang ashore and rushed up the banks into the city, and the captain had to get another crew to bring the ship to her moorings. Thus, heaven, our fatherland, will after a while be so fully in sight we can see its towers, and we can see its mansions, and we can see its hills; and as we go into port, and our loved ones shall call from that shining shore, and speak our names, we will spring to the beach, leaving this old ship of a world to be managed by another crew, our rough voyaging of the seas ended forever.

"Rocks and storms I'll fear no more,
When on that eternal shore;
Drop the anchor, furl the sail,
We are safe within the vail."

ANECDOTES RELATED AT THE EVANGELISTIC MEETINGS IN SCOTLAND.

Good Company in a Hospital.—At a recent meeting Mr. Gullacher said: "I shall never forget a woman to whom I spoke in the Infirmary. I said to her, 'You must sometimes be very weary lying here, with scarcely any one coming near you.' 'Weary,' she repeated, 'weary! no; I am never weary with such good company always with me.' Scarcely understanding her meaning I asked her what company she meant. She answered, 'I have the best of company, the Lord Jesus, and with such company one need never weary, even the Infirmary ward is like a mansion in the Father's house on high.'"

A Rum-seller's Sneer.—A Christian Man thus testified: "One night I was standing at the entrance to my house debating with myself whether I should go into the saloon and spend what money I had, or whether I should go over to the temperance meeting and sign the pledge. The rum-seller passed just at that moment, and asked me if I was coming to have a glass of beer to-night. I was just about to go away with him, when the workers from an open-air meeting came up, and the rum-seller remarked, with a sneer, 'There are the reformed drunkards!' 'Well,' I replied, 'if these are the reformed drunkards, I am going to be one of them,' and with these words I ran and pushed myself in among them. I gave myself to Jesus and signed the pledge that night, and He has kept me ever since."

An Affecting Dream.—Mr. Smith Remarks: "I do not believe much in dreams, but still I believe they are occasionally sent to us by God for a purpose. The father of a friend of mine had a dream. He dreamed that he was standing in a room which was very dirty; cobwebs were hanging all round the walls and ceiling, and the floor was covered with stains, and as he looked out at the window he thought he saw Jesus standing on the other side of the road with such a pitying look in His face. The man then began to try and sweep away the cobwebs, but the more he tried the worse they became, and when he looked out at the window again, Jesus was standing close to it with, oh, such a sad face! looking at him. He began to try and remove the stains from the floor, but it was useless. What was to be done? The harder he worked the worse matters became. At last he opened the door, and Jesus walked in, and instantly the filthy room was cleansed; no stains or cobwebs remained. Oh, friends, when you are working and trying to *make yourself* better, the first thing to be done is to open the door of your heart, and let Christ in."

Nelly's Return and Welcome Home.—A Christian gentleman related the following: "One night in winter as I was hurrying to our evening meeting where I reside, I noticed a very miserable, half-clad creature shrinking into the shadow of the church. I invited her to come into the meeting, which, after some pressing, she was induced to do. Sitting down in a seat near the door, she looked fearfully round, lest any one present should recognize her. When the minister began to speak, she sat silently weeping. At the close of the meeting I asked her if she had far to go. A little startled, she answered, 'I have nowhere to go.' 'Nowhere to go in such a night?' I rejoined. Amid many tears she told me a story of loving, believing, and trusting a man who had heartlessly brought her to shame. She had left her mother's house for the purpose of getting married, and that very night he left her, and she had not seen or heard anything of him since. 'And now,' she said, 'I can never return home, because I opposed my dear mother's wish.' That night she gave her heart to Jesus. I placed her in charge of some lady friends, and in a few days she yielded to our entreaties, and was willing to go and beg her mother's forgiveness. I accompanied her to the door of her mother's house; but her heart failed her when she got there; telling her to stay behind, I knocked at the door, which was answered by Nelly's mother. I inquired

'Have you a daughter named Nelly?' 'I had a daughter,' she said, 'but I have no daughter now. Nelly is not living, or I would have heard from her long ago.' 'You never heard of her death?' I inquired. 'No, no; if you know anything about her, tell me quickly, and don't break my heart.' I opened the door, and called her. When the young woman entered, her mother screamed, and, sinking into a chair, exclaimed: 'Oh, what a Saviour! Nelly's head was in her mother's lap in a moment. The scene was too sacred to look upon, and I left them alone.'"

A Presumptuous Consumptive.—Mrs. Vans, who is well known in Scotland for her evangelistic zeal, said: "A young man used to visit at my house who seemed to think nothing of the life hereafter, although he was far gone in consumption. One day I was speaking to him of death and eternity, and of his own approaching decease, but such conversations were always distasteful to him, and he vehemently interrupted me with 'Oh, don't speak to me of that, I am getting better; don't you remember my sister?' Yes, I did remember his sister; she never thought of her soul's salvation until she was on her death-bed, and there God sought and found her, and she died trusting in Him; and now her brother was thinking that it would be time enough to repent of his sins when he was there too. He little thought how near death he was. God did not give him the chance of a death-bed repentance. He left my house, but in a few minutes he came running back and cried, 'Oh, I am bleeding to death!' It was too true; he did bleed to death. An internal artery had burst, and the hemorrhage could not be stopped. In ten minutes after our conversation he was ushered into eternity, and was face to face with God."

Dip Your Crust in Your Own Gravy.—A gentleman said: "There was a man who was much given to strong drink; he sold one thing after another of his household goods until he had nothing left. One morning he came from his work, and looked about for something to eat; but failed to find anything but a crust of bread. Taking the crust in his hand, he made his way to the saloon where he spent most of his time and where he was sure of getting warmed, at any rate. Soon he was sitting comfortably in the warm kitchen. The rum-seller's wife was busily engaged in frying ham for breakfast. She had occasion to leave him alone for a few minutes, and on her return she found him dipping his crust into her pan. 'Quit that, you loafer,' she cried, angrily. 'Go home, and dip your crust in your own gravy.' The man had spent a great deal of money there and it seemed to him a mean thing to grudge him so small a matter. He quickly left the saloon and did not enter it again for months. One day, when the rum-seller's wife was standing at her door, she saw the man whom she had ordered out of her shop coming up the street with his wife, and both were respectably dressed. 'Oh, John, where have you been? We haven't seen you for a long time; come away in.' 'Well,' replied John, 'I just did as you told me; I have been dipping my crust in my own gravy. You see, I took your advice, and, thank God, my wife and children and I have all gravy to dip our crusts in now.'"

A Text in a Birthday Book.—"A Friend of mine, a captain in the army, went to visit some friends. The daughter of the house was unconverted, and often spoke against God and His holy Book, but my friend was a true servant of the Lord, and did all he could to further His cause. One day the young lady came to him and said: 'Captain Berry, will you write your name in my birthday book?' The captain hesitated, and thought, 'Is it right to put my name in the book of one who speaks so much against my Lord and Master?' and, being a man of prayer, he appealed to God, saying, 'O Lord, teach me what to do; whether I should write in the book or not.' Taking the book from her hand, he turned to the date of his birth, and be-

neath his name he wrote, 'Luke 11: 21.' Some time afterward the young lady came to him and said, 'Thank you, so much, Captain Berry, for putting your name in my birthday book.' 'Did you look for the text which I marked for you?' he asked. 'Certainly not; you know I never read the Bible.' The young lady wished to argue, but he knew that argument would never convince her and that her need was the influence of the Holy Spirit; so he said, 'I don't want to argue with you.' A little time afterward she said to him, 'I am glad you did not argue with me when I wanted to, because I should still have remained of the same opinion, but now I know that you are right; I have gone to the Bible and proved it for myself.' That young lady has given her heart to the Lord, and is rejoicing in His love."

PROPHETIC BIOGRAPHY.

By G. B. Taylor, Esq.

Minute Descriptions of Antichrist—Identification with the Napoleons—The Two Aspects of his Career—The Partition of the Last Empire—The Retrograde Development—An Abnormal Course—His Death and Resurrection.

As the time is manifestly approaching when Antichrist, the monster of the last days, must appear, it may be profitable to examine closely the minute description of his character and career set down by the prophet Daniel and the seer of Patmos. Very clearly did both these inspired men behold him in the visions God spread before their eyes. The family from which he would spring, his manifestation to the world, his place, the growth of his power, his tortuous policy, his hellish craft, his supreme power, and his final destruction are all set forth with a force and lucidity evidently intended to arrest attention and prepare the Church to recognize him and be on his guard.

In the eleventh chapter of Daniel's prophecy the points are especially clear and distinct. Notice particularly verses 19 and 20, which indicate his family: "Then he shall turn his face toward the fort of his own land: but he shall stumble and fall, and not be found. Then shall stand up in his estate a raiser of taxes in the glory of the kingdom; but within few days he shall be destroyed, neither in anger, nor in battle." The first of these verses details the fall of no one in history so graphically as it does that of *Napoleon the First*. After the battle of Waterloo, he "turned his face toward the fort of his own land"—Paris; but he "stumbled" there, and "fell" (into the hands of the English); and he was not "found," being transported to the island of St. Helena. It must be remembered, in connection with this view, that Napoleon I. had actually become

KING OF THE NORTH

by his previous conquest of Syria. The next verse, the twentieth, describes almost perfectly the career and end of *Napoleon the Third*. He was always more a "raiser of taxes" for the "glorification of his kingdom" than a soldier bent on foreign conquest. Within a few years, however, he was deposed from his imperial dignity, and died "neither in anger, nor in battle, but peacefully at Chislehurst."

The great Antichrist next "stands up" in the "estate" in the name, prestige, and tradition of Napoleonic dynasty. And his extraordinary career is given in a remaining portion of the chapter. He will, doubtless, become King of Syria ("King of the North") before he becomes the Imperial Head of France; but in respect to both of these countries, he will, without doubt, succeed to the supremacy of the Napoleons.

THE TWO ASPECTS.

Daniel in his symbolic prophetic visions, beheld him only as a naked, unchanging, ten-horned wild-beast, careering to his end before the Son of Man and the Ancient of Days. But St. John in the Revelation beheld him in the grand state of his regalia, and with attendants; and much more minutely describes his passage through his allotted days to its fatal termination.

We may also remark that Daniel first beheld

the beast immediately on its putting forth its "ten horns," and the rising up of the "little horn" among them, previously to the commencement of its aggressive career which, of course, symbolize the predicted

PARTITION OF THE LAST EMPIRE

—the Roman—into ten confederate states, Republican or Monarchical, and the rise of Antichrist as a petty ruler among them.

But St. John does not view the beast until the last "horn," the eleventh, viz., the "little horn," has changed into the last head of the beast, viz., the seventh-eighth, that which is now the acting one, the one freshly recovered from a previously received deadly wound. This figures out the fact that Antichrist, from commencing as a petty sovereign of a small state in the eastern half of the empire, ultimately becomes the federal head of the ten-kingdomed nation.

This marvellous retrograde abnormal course to "head" empire is due to the energy of the "dragon" in the person of the "beast." I say "retrograde" because Antichrist is represented as a "horn" first and a "head" afterward; whereas all the other empires are stated to be primarily "heads," and afterward as putting forth "horns," a succession which is manifestly according to nature! But

EVERYTHING IS ABNORMAL

about Antichrist, to impress upon us the solemn fact that the "devil is come down among us in the person of a man."

Coming to the Revelation, St. John writes: "And I saw a woman sit upon a scarlet-colored beast, full of the names of blasphemy, having seven heads and ten horns." The beast is here fully developed, although he has a rider, a guider, a controller, which must be very galling to him. I think a feasible theory is, that a Napoleon having become the last Pope, and another the last Emperor, they share the rule between them, one assuming the political and the other the ecclesiastical supremacy. The bloody disposition of the last pope being accordant with that of the last Emperor, and

A PERSECUTING POLICY

being the essence of the latter's rule, he permits, for a time, the ascendancy of the papacy, in order to reduce, by the slaughter of Protestants, the volume of his foes; after which, the scarlet woman being drunk; with the blood of the saints, and with the blood of the martyrs of Jesus, and so incapacitated to do anything further in Antichrist's line, he turns round and dismounts her; and by the assistance of the ten Presidents whom he now makes Kings he slays all—a retributive judgment in kind—who will in turn renounce their religion, Roman Catholicism, and own Him their only God and King!

In the (perhaps very near) upheavals which will develop the ten-horn or toe-kingdoms and Antichrist as the "little horn," the papacy will have managed to obtain the ascendancy. The possessing, therefore, of that ascendancy will explain the position of the papistical woman dominating (for the time being) over the atheistic, blaspheming "beast"—Antichrist.

The Sanguinary Woman who guides the monster, for the time being, virtually Empress. We see she is not only scarlet-colored, to portray her sanguinary temper, but also "arrayed in purple," as indicative of her supreme imperial power; the forfeited temporal sovereignty of the Pontifical states being by this time reclaimed.

THE SCARLET-COLORED BEAST

is emblazoned with the "names of blasphemy," which names are soon to be transferred to the heads of the Beast, in the singular number, as "the name of blasphemy." The "names of blasphemy" on the body of the beast perhaps represent Romish and Communistic assumptions of titles that are only legitimately applied to Christ or God, while "the name of blasphemy" assumed by the seven heads, which represent Antichrist in the sevenfold Satanic might of his person and office, signifies one appalling class of thunder of blasphemy, in some as yet

unheard-of-title, that completely eclipses and swallows up all the rest.

Truly the sacred word respecting Antichrist is a mystery! He shall ascend out of the Bottomless Pit, the Abyss, the abode of Demons, and shall go into perdition at the Battle of Armageddon, according to the showing of the sacred texts. No wonder that blind, carnal, rationalistic "dwellers on the earth," in contrast to "pilgrims through the earth," will wonder "when they behold the beast that was, and is not, and yet is." He (Antichrist) was when he was existing in his natural normal life. He was not, after his death by a literal sword. And he yet is after his Satanically-wrought resurrection in imitation of that of Christ, whom he will parody in every conceivable particular possible; thus becoming Christ's antithesis—the Antichrist! and thus, necessarily, a man!

NOTICES OF NEW BOOKS.

EGYPT AND BABYLON!

From Sacred and Profane Sources. By George Rawlinson, M.A. Students of the Bible will derive much assistance from this able work. Professor Rawlinson's doctrine has always been that religion is the true key to history, and that doctrine is the basis of his work on Egypt and Babylon. He deals with the two countries separately, reversing the order of his title-page. He first notices the references to Babylon in the Book of Genesis and Kings and Chronicles. Then five chapters are devoted to the references in Daniel, and four to those of the other prophets. Egypt is dealt with in like manner, except, of course, that the Pentateuch furnishes the bulk of the most important references to that country. Professor Rawlinson has, with considerable learning and much research, furnished from profane historians and from the recently deciphered tablets the parallel accounts of the events recorded in the Bible, and has thus thrown on many passages hitherto obscure a flood of light. In these days, when the historical veracity of the Old Testament is being so virulently assailed, this testimony from independent sources, all of unimpeachable authority, is extremely valuable. To the earnest Christian the question of the truth of God's word is determined on grounds independent of human evidence, but it is exceedingly gratifying to find that even when tried by that test it stands firm and uncontradicted. Published by Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons, pp. 329. Price, \$1.50.

GOD AND A FUTURE LIFE:

The Reasonableness of Christianity. By Charles Nordhoff. The object this popular author had in view in writing his treatise is one that in the present state of society cannot be too earnestly sought. "Young people and many older ones, too," says Mr. Nordhoff, "are worried with doubts and fears which did not trouble the Christian world half a century ago. Science has been popularized, and some men assert, and many ignorantly believe, that there has arisen a conflict between science and religion, which is as though one should assert that there is a conflict between the multiplication table and the higher geometry." For these, and for the still larger class of the community who are engrossed in the mere worldly struggle for existence, or for wealth, and think little and seldom of religion, Mr. Nordhoff writes. He is not a theologian, but a journalist and a writer of books, a man of strong common-sense, feeling deeply that in Christianity is to be found the highest blessing attainable in and for this life, as well as for the life to come; and he possesses above most men the faculty of presenting his convictions forcibly, clearly, in the language of the day, free from pulpit phraseology, and such as a wise friend—a man of the world—would use in giving counsel on some worldly topic. Young people will like his book. It is vigorous, manly, frank, and sensible. There are in it few appeals, no threatenings, no abusive words, which are too often used in cases in which young people honestly doubt the doctrines of the pulpit.

Mr. Nordhoff treats his readers with respect, frankly prefers that they should doubt rather than be indifferent or careless. He writes for thoughtful, reasonable, intelligent young folks, on the assumption, which is a tribute to their capacity, that they only need to be convinced of the truth and value of Christianity to open their hearts to it. Commencing at the beginning with the question, "Is there a future life?" he proceeds, step by step, through the journey of doubt, which so many young people have sorrowfully travelled in the opposite direction, to the firm ground of Christian faith as the controlling and energizing principle in the conduct of life. It is long since we have seen a book so well adapted to convince an honest doubter that Christianity is the greatest and best blessing God ever gave to the world. It is published by Messrs. Harper & Brothers, pp. 228. Price, \$1.

"ALONE WITH GOD:"

Studies and Meditations of a Sick-Room," by the Rev. Joseph Cross, D.D., LL.D. There is a markedly hallowed tone pervading these meditations which tells of a soul very near to the Master. The aged servant of the Lord, who penned them, has words to speak which are full of the spirit that pain and suffering bring when they fulfil their intended mission. In singularly sweet and chaste language he gives expression to the thoughts which one who has long walked with God finds refreshing in hours of solitude. A strangely soothing, solemnizing influence comes over the spirit almost unconsciously as one reads these meditations, as if one were in the very presence of God. They breathe a spirit of simple, trusting faith, full of intelligence as of one who says: "I know in whom I have believed." The section on "The Christian surrendering his will" and that on "The Christian drawing nearer to Christ" are especially beautiful. We can imagine no book of modern time more fitted for the sick room, or one more adapted to the condition of the Christian sufferer nearing the grave. It speaks of peace, resignation, of acquiescence in the divine will, a calm, loving trustfulness which few in the heyday of health and strength ever attain. Published by Mr. Thomas Whittaker, 2 and 3 Bible House, New York. Price, \$1.50.

THE ANCIENT HEBREWS,

by Abraham Mills, A. M., is a book probably well known to our elder ministerial readers. The later generation of Biblical students have seen little of it, for it has been many years out of print. The publishers, in an introductory note, explain how the plates from which it is printed were found by the author's widow after being so long lost that it was supposed that they had been destroyed. Some important additions, including an introductory chapter on "The World before the Flood" were then made, and ten new charts prepared, showing in parallel columns, and with a distinction of coloring, the contemporary secular events of the various periods of Jewish History respectively under consideration. The history is carried forward to the final dispersion of the Jews after the capture of Jerusalem, in August A.D. 70. The Bible narrative was followed wherever it supplied the facts, and when an hiatus occurred, the best secular authorities were examined and used, the names of the authorities being given. The object was to present in clear and connected form, such as modern historians adopt, a history of the Jewish people, with dates and names of places omitted by the sacred writers, and continuing the narrative from the point where they leave it to the close of the national life. We may say, for the benefit of those who will approve, as of those who will condemn, that there is no trace in this book of the doctrines of the new school of Biblical criticism, of which Ewald was the leader. The Biblical narrative is accepted literally, even the six days of creation being evidently regarded as six natural days of twenty-four hours, a position which Pye Smith and some other learned men abandoned. It is published by Messrs A. S. Barnes & Company, New York and Chicago.

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Renewals.—To prevent the possibility of mistake it is best to cut the address label from the paper, and attach it to the letter containing the renewal. If there is a change of address always state past, as well as present, address.

A wrong date will appear on the address label of some papers this week. A large number of renewals have been received since the commencement of the year, and it has not been possible in every case to change the date in type to that covered by the renewal.

CURRENT EVENTS.

Legislation Intended to Prevent Foreign capitalists from acquiring land in the United States was recommended last week by the Committee on Public Lands of the House of Representatives. The Committee advises the passage of a bill providing "that no alien or foreigner or persons other than citizens of the United States and such as have legally declared their intention to become citizens thereof shall acquire title to or own any lands anywhere within the United States of America and their jurisdiction; and any deeds or other conveyances acquired by such after the approval of this act shall be void." It is time some such measure was passed to protect the country from the rapacity of these land monopolists who have done so much to pauperize their own country. Already twenty-one million acres of land in this country are owned by titled nobles, most of whom are Englishmen. Those who know to what straits the English rural districts have been reduced by the selfish greed of these men will heartily approve this attempt to keep their clutches off the soil of America.

The Contest for the Position of Senator for New York ended on January 21st, by the election of the Hon. William M. Everts. The caucus in which the matter was practically settled, gave Mr. Everts sixty-one votes, and his chief rival, Mr. Morton, thirty-one. The nomination was afterward made unanimous. The result is chiefly due to the bad odor of Mr. Morton's supporters. Ex-Governor Cornell and ex-Senator Platt are not popular with the bulk of the Republican party just now. Some members of the Legislature who preferred Mr. Morton to Mr. Everts voted for the latter in order to humiliate Cornell and Platt. They, uniting with the Blaine men, who were solid for Everts, sufficed to secure his nomination and election. Mr. Everts is sixty-seven years of age, having been born in Boston, Mass., in 1818. He was counsel for President Johnson in his impeachment

trial and subsequently became his Attorney-General. He was counsel for the United States in the Alabama arbitration and was President Hayes's Secretary of State.

Elections of United States Senators were held in several States last week. Rhode Island selected Congressman Jonathan Chace to fill out the term of the late Senator Anthony. Mr. Chace is a Quaker and dresses in Quaker garb. He is a lineal descendant of Gov. Winthrop's secretary who came from England in 1632. In Pennsylvania, Mr. Cameron was re-elected. The Colorado Legislature elected Mr. Teller, who is now Secretary of the Interior. Mr. Vest was re-elected in Missouri. Mr. O. H. Platt in Connecticut, Mr. Voorhees in Indiana, Mr. Z. B. Vance in North Carolina, and Mr. Wilkinson Call in Florida. California elected ex-Governor Leland Stanford.

An Important Step in Relation to the Indian problem was taken by the House on January 22d. It added to the Indian bill an amendment which provides that an Indian, either on or away from an Indian reservation, who shall commit a crime against the person, or property of another Indian or any other person shall be subject to the same laws and penalties, and tried by the same courts and in the same manner as a white person who commits a like offence. The crimes named in the amendment are murder, manslaughter, rape, arson, assault with intent to kill, burglary and larceny. The amendment also provides that an Indian, whether belonging to a reservation or not, may bring suits at law or equity in civil cases in the same manner as a white person, and that Indians shall be competent witnesses in the trial of civil as well as criminal causes. This equality before the law has long been advocated by those who have most closely studied the Indian question.

An Anti-Dynamite Resolution was introduced in the Senate on Saturday morning by Senator Bayard. When the news of the dynamite explosion in London was received in Washington Senator Bayard rose and moved the following resolution: That the Senate of the United States has heard with indignation and profound sorrow of the attempts to destroy the Houses of Parliament and other public buildings in London, and hereby express its horror and detestation of such monstrous crimes against civilization. *Senator Edmunds* also introduced a bill to punish dynamiters in this country. The bill was prepared some time ago, but Senator Edmunds intended to revise it before introducing it to the Senate. The news of the attempt to blow up the Houses of Parliament, induced him to introduce it at once, leaving the work of revision to the Senate Committee, of which he is chairman. The bill, which is at present only a draft, makes the manufacture and exportation of explosives for use against public or private property in any other country a felony. As O'Donovan Rossa openly invites subscriptions for the purpose, this law, if passed, will render his acts punishable.

A Dynamite Outrage Surpassing all its Predecessors in boldness and recklessness of human life was perpetrated on Saturday last in London. About two o'clock in the afternoon there was an explosion in the House of Commons, quickly followed by a second in Westminster Hall, which adjoins the House, and almost simultaneously an explosion took place in the Tower of London, about four miles away from the Houses of Parliament. A lady who was visiting the Houses of Parliament, which on Saturdays are thrown open to strangers, noticed on the stairs leading to the crypt a package wrapped in an old dress, from which smoke was issuing. She called a policeman's attention to it, and he picked it up to carry it out of the building. It burned his hands, and he dropped it, when it exploded, injuring him and another policeman fatally, and inflicting serious hurts on the bystanders. Three minutes later the second explosion occurred, destroying the lobby and completely wrecking the western extremity of the House. It appeared to proceed from under the

gallery set apart for the accommodation of peers when they visit the House of Commons. The greatest injury was done to the seats Mr. Gladstone and his colleagues occupy. Every window in the side of the house was broken, the glass roof was shattered, several statues were overturned, and a large hole was torn in the flooring. The historic building known as the Tower was the scene of the third explosion. The dynamite was deposited in the White Tower, which at the time of the explosion was fairly filled with visitors among whom were many children. A large hole was made in the flooring and the roof by the explosion, and a large number of the visitors were thrown down, and many of them seriously, if not fatally, injured. The children were cut about the head and face by splinters and broken glass, and presented a most pitiable spectacle. The utmost excitement prevailed. Threats were freely made of lynching the Irishmen in London, but no riot was apprehended. A few arrests were made, but it is believed that the guilty parties escaped. It is thought that they went to the Tower and the Houses of Parliament as sight-seers. If the Houses had been in session, two hundred members must have been killed.

A Desperate Battle was fought by the British forces under General Stewart and the Arabs, on January 16th, near Metemneh. The Arabs were collected at the wells of Abu Klea, and numbered about ten thousand. General Stewart's force did not exceed fifteen hundred men, all told. They formed in a square, as usual, and the Arabs charged it. For the first time the square was broken, and about two hundred Arabs penetrated it. The slaughter at that point was terrible. The men fought hand to hand, and there were heaps of slain and wounded men on the ground. Finally the Arabs retired in good order, and were not pursued. The British lost several of their finest officers, including Colonel Burnaby, the famous hero of the ride to Khiva, whom the Queen's cousin, the Duke of Cambridge, has persistently persecuted. Majors Carmichael, Atherton, and Gough, one captain and four lieutenants were among the slain. Up to Saturday, January 23d, no further intelligence had been received from General Stewart, and grave apprehensions are entertained about his safety.

The French Campaign in Tonquin is Threatened with disaster. In an important despatch received in Paris on January 23d, the Commander-in-Chief in Tonquin announces that he has before him at least eighty thousand Chinese troops, so strongly intrenched as to render any direct attack utterly hopeless. Moreover, the nature of the country to be passed over before reaching Lang-son and the Chinese frontier is such as to compel the French to attack the Chinese in front if the original plan is to be continued. Such an attack, says General Briere de l'Isle, would involve an enormous sacrifice of men with no result, and would require material of war, artillery, and means of transportation far more complete than anything the general has at hand. He asks that the troops be sent to make a diversion in his favor, which implies that his position is more serious than he reports.

A Melancholy Destruction of Life is reported from Rome, Italy. A dispatch from that city states that several villages in Piedmont and Savoy have been devastated by avalanches. Three villages in Piedmont, including the important village of Frassinio, have been buried under avalanches from the Piedmontese Mountains. The town of Chaumont, in France, capital of the Department of Haute Marne, at the foot of the Vosges Mountains, is partly overwhelmed with snow and many people there have been killed. Another fatal avalanche has occurred at Sparone, on the Dora Baltea River, a few miles south of Irrea. Fifteen persons are known to be buried under the snow at Sparone, and most of the other inhabitants are engaged in digging out the survivors. The villagers who have been made homeless are in great distress.

Dr. Talmage has Written a Letter to the editor of the Brooklyn Magazine acknowledging the birthday testimonial of letters and verses printed in the January number of that periodical. The letter will appear in the February issue of the magazine. The testimonial will also be continued in the forthcoming number, including letters which arrived too late for insertion in the January number. Among these are the names of Rev. Newman Hall, of England, Governor St. John, Rev. S. D. Burchard, Hon. A. S. Hewitt, Mr. Anthony Comstock, Rev. Charles Cuthbert Hall, Senator A. H. Colquitt, Rev. George H. Hepworth, and others.

The Thirty-eight Missionaries for the Congo, completing Bishop William Taylor's party, left New York on Thursday last by the steamer City of Montreal. One of them, Dr. Mary R. Myers, after she was on the steamer, received a telegram announcing the death of her father. The tears filled her eyes, showing how acutely she felt the bereavement, but she unhesitatingly said, "I cannot turn back." The party carried a printing-press and type and five thousand Bibles printed in phonetic text. They also take axes and tools to construct huts, a quantity of cotton cloth, and some harmonicas. A photographer went on board the vessel and took a picture of the group. The prayers of Christians of all denominations follow them in their perilous mission, in which God alone can protect them.

Mr. Moody's Convention of Christian Workers in Washington, D. C., on January 16-19, was a scene seldom witnessed in that city. Miss Lucy E. Sanford, writing to the *Observer*, says: "After thirty-six hours of rain, Friday morning the streets were mud, the heavens clouds, the air dense fog, and yet before nine o'clock the steps and sidewalk were packed, many leaning on canes and some even on crutches. After the long standing in the dismal dampness and rain the doors were opened and a rush made into the church. That as many church-members as possible might hear him, each week-day had three services, and fifteen hundred tickets (the seating capacity of the largest Congregational church) were given for each service. Our fire commissioners are very strict, and allow no passage to be obstructed; but, wherever possible, benches were put in, and doors were open to non-ticket holders ten minutes before service. Thus, at least, fifteen thousand different persons heard him, and the full number could not have been less than twenty-five thousand on those three days."

The Society for the Suppression of Vice held its annual meeting in New York on January 20th. The progress made during the year, as shown by Mr. Comstock's report was unusually good, especially in the field of objectionable literature. It was stated in the course of the report that since the organization of the society its officers have seized thirty-four tons of obscene matter and eight tons of gambling implements, and the report congratulated all good citizens that the year 1884 had been "an uncommonly hard one for gamblers in New York City." The aim of the society, it was stated, was to suppress and repress all evils which attack the morals of the young. There were excellent laws in existence, and the society's representatives have found but little trouble in enforcing them whenever the District Attorneys have been honest and faithful.

Christian Work in Colleges has Received an impetus during the past year from the efforts of the Young Men's Christian Associations, which have operated through the college department of the International Committee. There are, we learn from a circular recently issued by Mr. Morse, one hundred and eighty-one associations in as many colleges. During the past year, mainly through the prayers and labors of the members of the associations, seventeen hundred students made a profession of religion. Eighty-three young men converted since entering college are now candidates for the ministry, twenty-five of them having been converted during the

past year. Twenty-six young men of the one hundred and eighty-two who are training for the foreign missionary field, report that they were led to decide on that sphere through their College Y. M. C. A. Pastors interested in holding meetings for prayer who would like more information on this subject, will have it cheerfully sent them from the office of the International Committee of Young Men's Christian Associations, Y. M. C. A. building, corner Twenty-third Street and Fourth Avenue, New York City.

An Involuntary Voyage of Ten Miles was made by the whaling crews of East Hampton and Amagansett, Long Island, on January 20th. A school of nine whales was sighted off the coast, and the crews succeeded in harpooning three of them in the same day. The chase is said to have been one of the most dangerous and exciting ever known in the experience of the whalemen along that coast. The whales were harpooned close to shore, but, making a desperate fight for life, towed the boats fully ten miles to sea before spouting blood. Two of the boats narrowly escaped being stove. The aggregate value of the three whales is estimated at \$4000. Happily, all engaged returned safely with their prize. This does not always happen in whaling or in the pursuit of other prizes; sometimes the crew of a boat has to decide whether they will cut the rope by which they hold their prey, or be dragged down. It is so in business life. A nian eagerly pursuing some coveted prize is dragged against his will into a dangerous current, when he must either relinquish his prize or go down into the world's vortex and lose his soul. Too many choose the latter course, and so prove their folly (Matt. 16: 26).

An Eagle Attacking a Boy was Killed in the fight that ensued, at Xenia, Ohio, on January 16th. A boy about fifteen years old was sent into the fields near the Soldiers' Orphans' Home to look after some cattle. He saw a large eagle perched on a tree, and being afraid of an attack from it started on a run for the institution. The bird gave chase, and soon overtook the youngster. It buried its talons in the fleshy part of his leg, but the boy was able to shake his assailant off. It then jumped upon the little fellow and bit him severely upon the arm. The boy commenced to fight the eagle, and went at it with his bare fists. He succeeded in getting a good hold upon the eagle's neck, and choked and crushed it to death. The boy was exhausted after the conflict, and had to be taken to the hospital, where it was found that he had received many scratches and bites. The body of the eagle measures four feet from tip to tip. The boy showed prudence as well as courage. He tried to avoid the encounter, but when it was forced upon him he fought bravely. In the Christian's conflicts with the evil one and with his own besetting sins that is the wise policy, and victory is assured (1 Peter 5: 8, 9).

A New Remedy for Cancer is Described in a despatch from Washington, D. C. It states that Captain John A. Duble has been treated for a cancer of the face with an application of "aveloz," a Brazilian remedy, to which the attention of the State Department was some time ago directed by Consul Atherton, of Pernambuco. Captain Duble's cancer affected the side of his nose, and, in giving the history of the case, he said his father and grandfather had both died from cancers affecting the same part of the face. When presented to the examining physicians, Duble's cancer was healed, and he was believed to be permanently cured. An eminent physician is to watch the case and make a report for a medical journal, if it turns out to be a case of true cancer. Several physicians are in doubt as to whether the trouble was cancer or lupus, an affection said to be almost as intractable as cancer. The rapidity of the apparent cure, whether of cancer or lupus, is admitted to be extraordinary. The report will be looked for with interest by the public. Sufferers from cancer, however, will feel more than ordinary interest in it. If it is efficacious they will

want to use it. That is the difference between speculative and saving faith. There are many in the world who though believing that Christ is the Saviour, will be lost because they do not apply to Him. Those who know and feel their danger go to Him and are saved (Mark 2: 17).

A Lover's Timidity Lost him his Affianced wife in San Francisco recently. The *Alta* of January 8th reports that the preceding day a young man and the lady to whom he was engaged were driving in Golden Gate Park, when the horses took fright and rushed along the drive in frenzied speed. A bad accident was evidently in prospect, and the young man, instead of trying to check or guide the maddened horses, or even to soothe the agitated lady at his side, raised a wild clamor. "Save me! save me!" he cried, "I shall be killed;" and he became hysterical with terror. The buggy was overturned, and the lady sprained her ankle, but the young gentleman escaped uninjured. A gentleman who came to the rescue and righted the buggy was requested by the lady to drive her home, she indignantly refusing to have anything more to do with her former lover. She appears to have reasoned that it would be unwise to intrust her future to a man unable to protect her in her hour of danger. It may be hoped that, in thinking of her life beyond the grave, she may be equally careful. One who is mighty to save invites her to put her trust in Him (Isa. 63: 1).

A Despised Farm in Pennsylvania has Suddenly become the subject of eager litigation. Thirty years ago the owner of a farm in Butler County gave it to his brother on the sole condition of his living there and paying the taxes. The brother accepted it, and paid the taxes; but after residing on the farm a short time, he removed to Pittsburg, still continuing, however, to pay the taxes on the farm. No deed of gift of the farm was ever issued, and the original owner in making his will did not mention it. Both brothers died, and the heirs of the original owner of the farm made no claim to it. If they had done so, the heirs of the other brother would not have considered it worth contesting. Recently, however, oil has been found there, and one well alone is turning out nine thousand gallons a day. The question of ownership is, therefore, now an important matter, and a suit about it is being vigorously prosecuted. Both parties regret that the value of the once-despised farm was not understood earlier, when a peaceable possession of it might have been easily secured. So when the day of probation is ended will men curse their own blindness to the value of the possession God offers them now without money and without price (Luke 19: 42).

An Aristocratic Stone-Breaker was Working last week at a town in Indiana, a short distance from Indianapolis. A man was needed to break stone there on a section of the railroad, and on January 15th the section boss was surprised to see a young man arrive with authority to do the work. He wore a silk hat, varnished boots, a diamond breast-pin, and carried a gold-headed cane. The boss looked at him in astonishment, but the young man gave no explanation. However, he set to work with a will, and every day he fully performed his two dollars' worth of work. Some curiosity was aroused about his work, and inquiries were made which elicited the fact that he belonged to a wealthy and aristocratic family, but having married contrary to the wishes of his father, he was without funds to support himself and his wife, except those he might earn. He had tried in vain to get suitable employment, so had taken such as he could get, which was breaking stone. Wealth and a luxurious home were at his disposal if he would abandon his wife, but he preferred to work for her. Undutiful conduct is not to be commended, and it generally leads to misery; but we cannot help admiring the devotion of the young husband in making sacrifices for his wife. They were a proof of his love. It is such a love that Christ demands of His followers (Luke 14: 26, 27).

SERMON FOR NEW YEAR'S DAY.

A New Sermon by Pastor C. H. Spurgeon.*

"And he that sat upon the throne said, Behold, I make all things new."—REVELATION 21 : 5.

Common Love for New Things—The New Year's Feast—I. The Great Transformation—The New Covenant—A New Way of Life—A New Relationship—A New Life—Response of Hallelujahs—II. An Earnest Call—A New Birth Possible—Leads to a New Life—Includes Daily Renewing—New Surroundings—Heart-Breakers at Home—Not Surprised at a Brother's Conversion.

How pleased we are with that which is new! Our children's eyes sparkle when we talk of giving them a toy or a book which is called new; for our short-lived human nature loves that which has lately come, and is therefore like our own fleeting selves. In this respect, we are all children, for we eagerly demand the news of the day, and are all too apt to rush after the "many inventions" of the hour. The Athenians, who spent their time in telling and hearing some new thing, were by no means singular persons; novelty still fascinates the crowd. As the world's poet says:

"All with one consent praise new-born gauds."

I should not wonder, therefore, if the mere words of my text should sound like a pleasant song in your ears; but I am thankful that their deeper meaning is even more joyful. The newness which Jesus brings is bright, clear, heavenly, enduring.

We are at this moment specially ready for a new year. The most of men have grown weary with the old cry of depression of trade and hard times; we are glad to escape from what has been to many a twelve-months of great trial. The last year had become wheezy, croaking, and decrepit, in its old age; and we lay it asleep with a psalm of judgment and mercy. We hope that this new-born year will not be worse than its predecessor, and we pray that it may be a great deal better. At any rate, it is new, and we are encouraged to couple with it the idea of happiness, as we say one to another, "I wish you a happy New Year."

"Ring out the old, ring in the new;
Ring, happy bells, across the snow;
The year is going, let him go;
Ring out the false, ring in the true."

This is the first day of a new year, and therefore a solemnly joyous day. Though there is no real difference between it and any other day, yet in our mind and thought it is a marked period, which we regard as

ONE OF THE MILESTONES

set up on the highway of our life. It is only in imagination that there is any close of one year and beginning of another; and yet it has most fitly all the force of a great fact. When men "cross the line," they find no visible mark; the sea bears no trace of an equatorial belt; and yet mariners know whereabouts they are, and they take notice thereof, so that a man can hardly cross the line for the first time without remembering it to the day of his death. We are crossing the line now. We have sailed into the year of grace 1885; therefore, let us keep a feast unto the Lord. If Jesus has not made us new already, let the new year cause us to think about the great and needful change of conversion; and if our Lord has begun to make us new, and we have somewhat entered into the new world wherein dwelleth righteousness, let us be persuaded by the season to press forward into the centre of His new creation, that we may feel to the full all the power of His grace.

I. Briefly, then, here is one of the grandest truths that ever fell even from the lips of Jesus: "Behold, I make all things new." Let us gaze upon

THE GREAT TRANSFORMATION.

This renewing work has been in our Lord's hands from of old. To-day believers are not under the covenant of "If thou doest this thou shalt live," but under that new covenant which

says, "Their sins and their iniquities will I remember no more." It is not now "Do and live," but "Live and do"; we think not of merit and reward, but of free grace producing holy practice as the result of gratitude. What law could not do, grace has accomplished. We ought never to forget this bottom of everything, this making of all things new by the fashioning of a new covenant.

The foundation being made new, the Lord Jesus Christ has set before us

A NEW WAY OF LIFE,

which grows out of that covenant. The old way of life was, "If thou wilt enter into life, keep the commandments." There they are, perfect, and holy, and just, and good; but, alas, dear friends, you and I have broken the commandments. We dare not say that we have kept the ten commands from our youth up; on the contrary, we are compelled by our consciences to confess that in spirit and in heart, if not in act, we have continually broken the law of God; and we are therefore under sin and condemnation, and there is no hope for us by the works of the law. For this reason the Gospel sets before us another way, and says, "It is of faith, that it might be by grace." Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved.

I trust you will accept this most gracious and suitable way of salvation. It is most glorious to God and safe to you: do not neglect so great salvation. After you have believed unto life you will go and do all manner of holy deeds as the result of your new life; but do not attempt them with the view of earning life. Prompted no longer by the servile and selfish motive of saving yourself, but by gratitude for the fact that you are saved, you will rise to virtue and true holiness. Faith has brought us into the possession of an indefeasible salvation; and now for the love we bear our Saviour, we must obey Him and become "zealous for good works."

By grace every believer is brought into

A NEW RELATIONSHIP

with God. Let us rejoice in this: "Thou art no more a servant but a son, and if a son, then an heir of God through Christ." Oh you who are now children, you were servants a little while ago! Some of you, my hearers, are servants now, and as servants I would bid you expect your wages. Alas, your service has been no service, but a rebellion; and if you get no more wages than you deserve you will be cast away forever. You ought to be thankful to God that He has not yet recompensed you—that He has not dealt with you after your sins, nor rewarded you according to your iniquities. "Behold, I make all things new," says Jesus, and then He makes His people into sons. When we are made sons do we work for wages? We have no desire for any present payment, for our Father says to us, "Son, thou art ever with me, and all that I have is thine;" and, moreover, we have the inheritance in reversion, entailed by the covenant. He will never drive us from His house. Never has our great Father disowned one of His sons.

There has also been wrought in us by the work of the Holy Spirit

A NEW LIFE,

with all the new feelings, and new desires, and new works which go therewith. The tree is made new, and the fruits are new in consequence. That same Spirit of God who taught us that we were ruined in our old estate, led us gently by the hand till we came to the New Covenant promise and looked to Jesus, and saw in Him the full atonement for sin. Happy discovery for us; it was the kindling of new life in us. From the moment that we trusted in Jesus, a new life darted into our spirit. I am not going to say which is first, the new birth, or faith, or repentance. Nobody can tell which spoke of a wheel moves first; it moves as a whole. The moment the divine life comes into the heart we believe: the moment we believe the eternal life is there. We repent because we believe, and believe while we repent.

We have, of course, that natural life which is sustained by food, and evidenced by our breath; but there is another life within which is not seen of men, nor fed by the provisions of earth. We are conscious of having been quickened, for we were dead once, and we know it; but now we have passed from death into life, and we know it quite as certainly. A new and higher motive ways us now; for we seek not self but God. Another hand grasps the tiller and steers our ship in a new course. New desires are felt to which we were strangers in our former state. New fears are mighty within us—holy fears which once we should have ridiculed. New hopes are in us, bright and sure, such as we did not even desire to know when we lived a mere carnal life. We are not what we were; we are new, and have begun a new career. We are not what we shall be, but assuredly we are not what we used to be.

I believe that Jesus Christ has in some of you not only made you new, but made

EVERYTHING NEW

to you. "Ah," said one, when she was converted, "either the world is greatly altered, or else I am." Why, either you and I are turned upside down in nature, or the world is. We used to think it a wise world once, but how foolish we think it now! We used to think it a brave gay world that showed us real happiness, but we are no longer deceived, we have seen Madame Bubble's painted face in its true deformity. "The world is crucified unto me," said Paul; and many of you can say the same. It is like a gibbeted criminal hung up to die. Meanwhile, there is no love lost, for the world thinks much the same of us, and therein we can sympathize with Paul when he said, "I am crucified unto the world."

A person shook hands with me one day this week who does not often hear me preach, and he expressed to me his unbounded delight in listening to the doctrine of the grace of God, and he added, "Surely your people must be made of stone." "Why?" said I. "Why!" he replied, "if they were not they would all get up and shout 'Hallelujah' when you are preaching such a glorious Gospel. I wanted to shout badly on Sunday morning; but as everybody else was quiet, I held my tongue." For which I thought he was a wise man; but yet I do not wonder if men who have tasted of the grace of God, and feel that the Lord has done great things for them, whereof they are glad, do feel like crying out for joy. Let us have a little indulgence to-night. Now, you that feel that you must cry aloud for joy, join with me and cry "Hallelujah." [A great number of voices cried, "Hallelujah!"] Hallelujah, glory be to our Redeemer's name. Why should we not lift up our voices in His praise?

The process which we have roughly described as taking place in ourselves is in other forms going on in the world. The whole creation is travelling, all time is groaning, providence is working, grace is striving, and all for one end—the bringing forth of the new and better age. It is coming. It is coming. Not in vain did John write, "And I saw a new heaven and a new earth; for the first heaven and the first earth were passed away; and there was no more sea." What a prospect does all this open up to the believer! Our future is glorious; let not our present be gloomy.

II. But now, in the text there is

AN EARNEST CALL

for us to consider this work of our Lord. He that sitteth on the throne saith, "Behold, I make all things new." Why should He call upon us to behold it? All His works deserve study: "The works of the Lord are great, sought out of all them that have pleasure therein." Whatsoever the Lord doeth is full of wisdom, and the wise will search into it. But when the Lord Himself sets up a light, and calls us to pause, and look, we cannot help beholding. I think that the Lord Jesus Christ especially calls us to consider this, that we may, according to our condition, derive profit from it.

* Mr. Spurgeon being laid aside by a severe cold, we publish this week his sermon delivered on New Year's night.

First, if the Lord Jesus makes all things new, then a new birth is possible to you, dear friend, though you have come here to-night in a wrong state of heart, with your sins upon you, binding you fast. There is enough of light in your soul for you to know that you are in darkness; and you are saying to yourself, "Oh, that I could reach to better things!" Why should He not make *thee* new? Let every thief know that the dying thief entered heaven by faith in Jesus. Let every one that has been a great transgressor remember how Manasseh received a new heart, and repented of his evil deeds. Let every one who has left the paths of purity remember how the woman that was a sinner loved much, because much had been forgiven her. I want, then, to drop into your ear—and may the Spirit of God drop into your heart—this word, you may be born again. The Lord can work

A RADICAL CHANGE

in you. He that sitteth on the throne can do for you what you cannot do for yourself; and, as He made you once, and you became marred by sin, He can now make you; for He saith, "Behold, I make all things new."

Furthermore, you will say to me, "I desire to lead a new life." To do this you must be new yourself; for as the man is, so his life will be. If you leave the fountain foul the streams cannot be pure. Renewal must begin with the heart. Dear friend, the Lord Jesus Christ is able to make your life entirely new. We have seen many transformed into new parents and new children. Ask those that have had to live with converted people whether the transformation has not been marvellous. Christ makes new servants, new masters, new friends, new brothers, new sisters. The Lord can so change us that we shall scarcely know ourselves; I mean He can thus change you who now despair of yourselves. Oh, dear hearts, there is no absolute necessity that you should always go downward in evil till you descend to hell. There is a hand that can give you a gravitation in the opposite direction. He can stay the tide of your raging passion; He can make you, who were like a devil, become as an angel of God; for thus He speaks from the throne of His eternal majesty, "Behold, I make all things new." Come and lay yourself down at His feet, and ask Him to make you new. I beseech you, do this at once! "Well, I am

GOING TO MEND MYSELF,"

says one; "I have taken the pledge, and I am going to be honest, and chaste, and religious." This is commendable resolving, but what will come of it? You will break your resolutions, and be nothing bettered by your attempts at reform. I expect that if you go into the business of mending yourself, you will be like the man who had an old gun, and took it to the gunsmith, and the gunsmith said, "Well, this would make a very good gun if it had a new stock, and a new lock, and a new barrel." So you would make a very good man by mending, if you had a new heart, and new life, and were made new all over, so that there was not a bit of the old stuff left. It will be easier, a great deal, depend upon it, even for God to make you new, than to mend you. What is wanted is that you should be made a new creature in Christ Jesus.

But now, beloved, farther than this. There are children of God who need this text, "Behold, I make all things new," whose sigh is that they so soon grow dull and weary in the ways of God, and therefore they need

DAILY RENEWING.

A brother said to me some time ago, "Dear sir, I frequently grow very sleepy in my walk with God. I seem to lose the freshness of it; and especially by about Saturday I get I hardly know where; but," he added, "as for you, whenever I hear you, you seem to be all alive and full of fresh energy." "Ah, my dear brother," I said, "that is because you do not know much about me." That was all I was able to say just then. I thank God for keeping me near Himself; but I am as weak, and stale, and unprofitable as any of you. I say this with very great shame—

shame for myself, and shame for the brother who led me to make the confession. We are both wrong. With all our fresh springs in God, we ought to be always full of new life. Our love to Christ ought to be every minute as if it were new-born. Our zeal for God ought to be as fresh as if we had just begun to delight in Him. "Ay, but it is not," says one; and I am sorry I cannot contradict him.

Well, now, dear friends, why do you and I ever get stale and flat? Why do we sing,

"Dear Lord, and shall we ever live
At this poor dying rate?"

Why do we have to cry:

"In vain we tune our formal songs,
In vain we strive to rise;
Hosannas languish on our tongues,
And our devotion dies?"

Why, it is because we get away from Him who says, "Behold, I make all things new." The straight way to a perpetual newness and freshness of holy youth is to go to Christ again, just as we did at the first. A better thing still is never to leave Him, but to stand forever at the cross-foot delighting yourself in His all-sufficient sacrifice.

And, further, dear friends, there may be some dear child of God here who is conscious that he lives on a very low platform of spiritual life, and he knows that the Lord can raise him to a new condition. Numbers of Christians seem to live

IN THE MARSHES

always. If you go through the valleys of Switzerland, you will find yourself get feverish and heavy in spirit, and you will see many idiots, persons with the goitre, and people greatly afflicted. Climb the sides of the hills, ascend into the Alps, and you will not meet with that kind of thing in the pure fresh air. Many Christians are of the sickly-valley breed. Oh that they could get up to the high mountains, and be strong!

I want to say to such, if you have been all your lifetime in bondage, you need not remain there any longer; for there is in Jesus the power to make all things new, and to lift you into new delights. It will seem to be a dead lift to you; but it is within the power of that pierced hand to lift you right out of doubt, and fear, and despondency, and spiritual lethargy, and weakness, and just to make you now, from this day forward, "strong in the Lord, and in the power of His might."

Another application of this truth will be this: "Oh," says one, "I do not know what to make of myself. I have had a weary time of late. Everything seems to have gone wrong with me. My family cause me great anxiety. My business is a thorny maze. My own health is precarious. I dread this year. In fact, I dread everything." We will not go on with that lamentation, but we will hear the cheering word—"Behold, I make all things new." The Lord, in answer to believing prayer, and especially in answer to a full resignation to His will, is able to make all providential

SURROUNDINGS NEW

for you. I have known the Lord on a sudden to turn darkness into light, and take away the sackcloth and the ashes from His dear children, for "He doth not afflict willingly, nor grieve the children of men." Sometimes all this worry is more discontent; and when the child of God gets right himself, these imaginary troubles vanish like the mist of the morning; but when they are real troubles, God can as easily change your condition, dear child of God, as He can turn His hand. He can make your harsh and ungodly husband to become gentle and gracious. He can bring your children to bow at the family altar, and to rejoice with you in Christ. He can cause your business to prosper; or, if he does not do that, he can strengthen your back to bear the burden of your daily cross.

Come, there is one more application, and that is that the Lord can convert those dear friends about whose souls you have been so anxious. The Lord who makes all things new can hear your prayers. One of the first prayers that I

heard to-night in the prayer-meeting was by a dear brother that God would save his relatives. Then another with great tenderness prayed for his children. I knew it came from an aching heart. Some of you have

HEART-BREAKERS AT HOME;

the Lord break *their* hearts. You have grievous trouble because you hear the dearest that you have blaspheming the God you love. You know that they are Sabbath-breakers, and utterly godless, and you tremble for their eternal fate.

I liked what a brother said at the church-meeting on Monday night, when his brother was introduced to the church. I asked about his brother's conversion, and I said, "I suppose you were surprised to see him converted." He said, "I should have been very much surprised if he had not been." "But why, my dear brother?" I said. "Because I asked the Lord to convert him, and I kept on praying that he might be converted; and I should have been very much surprised if he had not been." That is the right sort of faith. I should be very much surprised if some of you that come here, time after time, are not converted. You shall be; blessed be God. We will give Him no rest until He hears us.

But come! Are we to be praying for you, and you not praying for yourselves? Do you not agree with our prayers? Oh, I trust you may. But, even if you do not, we shall pray for you; and if we were sure that you opposed our intercessions, and were even angry with them, we should pray all the more, for we mean to have you won for Jesus, by the grace of God, and you may as well come soon as late. We are bound to have you in the church confessing your faith in Jesus. We will never let you go, neither will we cease from our importunate prayers until we get an answer from the throne, and see you saved. Oh that you would yield on this first night of the year to Him who can make new creatures of you. God grant you may! Amen.

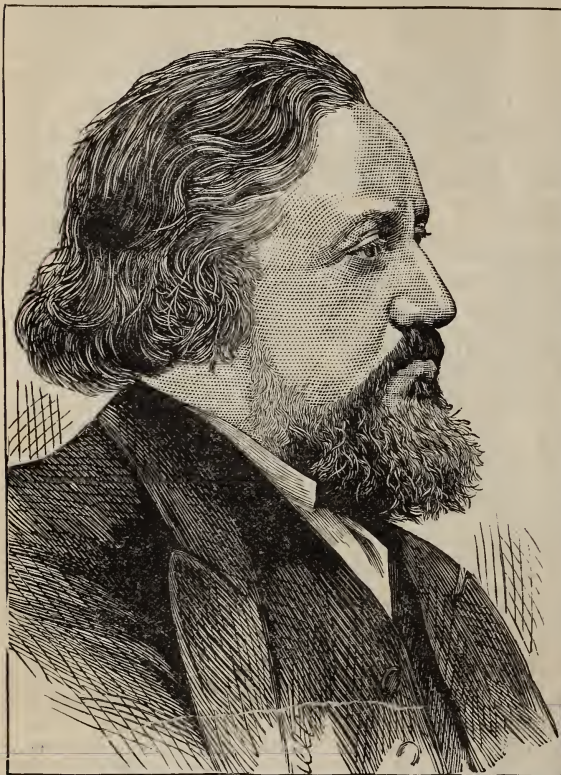
[Mr. Spurgeon would be exceedingly grateful if friends would endeavor to extend the circulation of these sermons. They have been so greatly used of God, both for the conversion and the edification of their readers, that he naturally desires more fruit of them. The introduction of the sermon into a new house might lead to the enlightenment of a family, and the salvation of many souls. The preacher has done his part of the work when he has studied, prayed over, delivered, and revised the discourse; it remains for friends to scatter it far and wide.]

DR. B. W. RICHARDSON, F.R.S.

(See portrait on page 76.)

THE great temperance physician, who has done so much to advance the cause of total abstinence, is a man whose reputation is world-wide. His profound learning and his extensive experience gave him the right to speak authoritatively on any question connected with the health of the human body and the effect upon it of articles of diet. When he became satisfied that intoxicating liquors, even in moderation, were harmful, he spoke out with no equivocal utterance, and the bottom fell out of the argument that intoxicants were necessary for health. So eminent an authority was a distinct gain to the cause, and probably there is not one of our readers who has not heard his opinions quoted by some temperance advocate. Some further knowledge of the man and his work will consequently be welcome.

Benjamin Ward Richardson is a native of Somerset, in the county of Leicester, England, and was born October 31st, 1828. He received his education at the University of Glasgow, with the view of preparing for the medical profession. In due time he graduated in medicine at the University of St. Andrew's. This took place in 1854, and it may be said in passing that, five years later, he received from the same university the honorary degree of M.A. In 1856



Dr. B. W. Richardson, the Temperance Physician.



The Widow's Ministering Angel.

he became a member of the Royal College of Physicians, by examination, and in 1861 he was elected a fellow of the college. In 1867 the coveted distinction of F.R.S. (Fellow of the Royal Society) became his, and before that date he had been elected an honorary member of the Philosophical Society of America.

The facts thus briefly stated represent on his part a vast amount of hard work and of patient study, for all his distinctions were fairly won—a clear proof of which was given in 1868, when he was presented by six hundred of his medical brethren and fellows in science with a testimonial consisting of a microscope by Ross, and one thousand guineas (\$5250). All these things, however, might have been pleasantly connected with the name of Dr. Richardson, and to them might have been added his discovery of the application of ether spray for the abolition of pain in surgical operations, and yet he would not have achieved the undoubted popularity which belongs to him but for one cause.

His reputation is largely based on the fact of his being what is generally known as a total abstaining physician, and that in the high position he has achieved as a medical man he has never concealed his principles, but has had the courage of his opinions under all circumstances.

MAMIE'S SACRIFICE.

(See Illustration on this page.)

"Is there no one but you in the house?" said a physician as he descended the stairs of a small cottage, addressing a child apparently about eleven years old.

"No, sir; mother and I live here by ourselves since father died."

"Have you any aunt or grandmother or friend of your mother's?"

"No, sir; not around here," said the child, shaking her head with its wealth of dark curls. "Aunt Leonard lives a long way off in Canada. She does not love mamma, and I never saw her but once since we came here."

"Well, we must do the best we can," said the doctor. "You seem to be a smart child, do you think you could make your mother some beef-tea?"

Mamie did not feel very confident of her powers in that direction, but she said she thought her mother would tell her how.

"Well," said the doctor, "you had better ask her, but do not worry her too much. She is very weak, and she must have some nourishment right away. Do your best, my dear. I will come and see you again to-morrow."

Mamie stole gently up-stairs to her mother's door, but not so quietly that the mother's quick ears did not hear her light step. "Come in, Mamie," she said, and the child went up to her mother and kissed her. The widow flung her arms around her neck and wept. Poverty had long pressed on the little home, and now sickness had stopped the little income the widow was able to earn and threatened to remove her altogether.

"Mamma," Mamie said at length, "the doctor says you must have some beef-tea. Do tell me how to make it."

"We cannot afford it, my child. I have scarcely any money left, and we shall need it to pay for the medicine the doctor has ordered. Bring me a little bread, I will try to eat that."

"Maybe the butcher would let us have a little meat, mamma, and you can pay him when you

get well. I know he lets some people have it without the money. I've seen him do it, and he writes it down in a book."

"He would not do that for us, my dear, I am afraid."

"I will ask him, mamma, if you will let me; the doctor said you *must* have it."

"Well, my child, that would do no harm, but I'm afraid it would do no good. It is not poor people like us that the butcher sells to without money."

"I'll try, mamma; now tell me how to cook it."

The widow told her, but had no expectation of the child getting the needed meat. She had never asked for credit, but she knew too well that her modest purchases were not such as would encourage the butcher to run any risk.

Mamie hurried away on her errand, but in a few minutes she was standing outside the butcher's store with the tears running down her face. The salt shower came when the butcher coarsely refused her modest request. She went home, crying all the way, and sat down in the lonely parlor, not daring to tell her mother of the failure.

"Oh, was there no way of getting that meat that the doctor said her mother must have?" In a little work-box, wrapped in silver paper, lay a gold eagle, the gift to her of that Aunt Leonard of whom Mamie had spoken. It was her very own. She had often looked at it and had thought of the vast treasures she would buy with it when she grew up. She had polished it many a time and wrapped it up carefully, her one precious possession. Mamie thought of it now. How better could she spend it than for her dear mother? She took it out of its hiding-place, kissed it for good-by, and hurried out

again to the butcher's. She made her purchase and strained her arithmetical powers to see that she had her right change, then gleefully hurried home to prepare the tea according to her mother's directions.

In about half an hour it was ready, and Mamie carried it up to her mother. But the widow was full of questions. "What did the butcher say? Was he willing to trust them? Was he kind?" Mamie broke down under the cross-examination, and finally, unable to keep her secret, told the whole truth. The beef-tea came very near being wasted under the widow's emotion. Clapping the child to her heart, she kissed her again and again, and thanked God for His great gift of a daughter's devotion.

The ten dollars slowly melted away under the good doctor's orders, but Mamie gladly spent them, delighted to see her mother growing stronger on the nourishment her little fortune supplied, and she counted it well spent.

Mamie had the pleasure, one never-to-be-forgotten day, of seeing her mother once more down-stairs looking thin and weak, but oh, so much better. Mamie is grown up now, with children of her own, and she has spent many a ten dollars since then, but she still holds to the belief that money can never bring to its possessor any pleasure equal to that it brings when it is spent for others. She has given her heart to Him who gave Himself to die that the world through Him might have life.

REES PRITCHARD AND THE WELSH GOAT.

(See illustration on this page.)

IN Llandoverly, in Wales, the memory of the Rev. Rees Pritchard, vicar of the parish in the seventeenth century, is still held in honor and reverence. This remarkable man was educated at Oxford, and destined for the Church. He was admitted into holy orders at the usual age, and after a while appointed to the vicarage of his native town; but his character and conduct were for a considerable time utterly unbecoming his sacred office. Drunkenness prevailed in the town at that time, and to this vice he was especially addicted.

The story of his conversion is very singular and interesting. At the tavern which he frequented a large tame goat was kept, and it went in and out among the guests. On one occasion Rees Pritchard offered some ale to the animal, which, strange to say, swallowed it greedily, and soon fell down on the floor intoxicated. All present were horrified at this conduct, but Rees Pritchard himself made the affair a subject of jest, and, continuing to drink, was as usual conveyed helpless to the vicarage. The next day he was very ill, but, on the following one, went to the tavern again, and called for some ale and his pipe.

The goat, now quite recovered, stood by. When the tankard was brought, he again offered it to the creature, which, however, turned away its head in disgust, and hurried from the room.



The Goat's Example to the Dissipated Preacher.

This incident struck Rees Pritchard forcibly. "Alas! Alas!" said he to himself, "is this poor animal wiser than I? Yes, surely, having once experienced the misery of drunkenness, it refuses to incur it again, while I, who have suffered from it a hundred times, still persist in debasing myself. If I continue my present course what can I expect but wretchedness in this world and perdition in the next? But, thank God, it is not yet too late to mend.

Leaving his ale untasted, he went home to pray, and from that hour was an altered man. For more than thirty years he preached the Gospel in his native language, and composed many devotional poems, which were collected after his death into a volume, entitled the "Candle of the Welshman," a work which has gone through numerous editions, and is to this day the companion of the Bible in most of the cottages of the Principality.

SINNERS AND SUFFERERS.

A SERIAL STORY.

(Continued from page 63.)

Reconciliation.

BOTH Hester and Rose knew that the critical moment was at hand. They sat in the little parlor holding each other's hands. Rose took courage from the scene she had witnessed to hope that for her, too, there would be forgiveness; but Hester knew that in her case her father would have a harder struggle. That one whom he had loved only too well, had cherished and treasured with all his heart, should have sinned against him, was a heavier blow than

that dealt by Robert Waldron, a comparative stranger. But still Hester, too, hoped for the best, and encouraged Rose.

They listened breathlessly to the sound of footsteps descending the staircase. Would they come in here, both John Morley and Robert Waldron, and meet Rose face to face? She pressed her hand against her heart, praying silently to God to spare her this trial. The door was open, and they could hear distinctly all that was passing in the old-fashioned entrance-hall. Grant had come down with them, and said he would walk home with Robert. Then Robert spoke, in a troubled, scarcely articulate voice.

"John Morley," he said. "I have sinned grievously against you, and I can do nothing to atone for it to you. Yet I have suffered for my sin, and repented of it with a very bitter repentance. Can you pardon me?"

"As freely as God pardons us all," answered John Morley, in a clear tone. "Yet it may be you will have to bear the consequences of your sin all your life long. But if at any time I can help you to bear that burden, by counsel, by sympathy, by prayer, come to me and let us talk together as friend with friend. You are young yet—young, enough to do good work in the world. God bless you and give you peace!"

There was a minute's silence in the outer room, and then the house-door closed upon Grant and Robert; and John Morley's foot took a step or two toward his own forsaken parlor. Hester looked up into Rose's face, and saw it flushed and kindled with a new light. He who had forgiven Robert freely and with a blessing was coming toward her, his wife, whom he had loved with a profound passion. Neither of them moved, except that Rose leaned back in the chair, with a strange flutter of hope and joy making her tremble. He came on, entered the room, and stood just within the threshold, looking sadly toward them, as they sat together in the red firelight, upon his dishonored hearth.

"Father!" cried Hester, rising from her footstool, and going toward him as he remained motionless at the door.

"Do not go," he said, laying his hand upon her arm; "do not leave us. You have ministered between us this long time past. Stay with us still."

"But speak to her," urged Hester; "tell her that you forgive her, too, freely."

She drew him on toward the hearth, her arm pressed about him with a tender force, until he stood opposite to Rose, and looked down upon her fair face, which in the red light had borrowed some of the bloom of her girlhood. Her blue eyes, glistening with unshed tears, were raised to him in speechless entreaty; and he met their gaze with an unspeakable pity in his own.

"Child," he said, in a voice of trouble, mingled with compassion, "I have just seen you pass through a woman's keenest sorrow."

"No, no," sobbed Rose, "no, no! That was not my keenest sorrow. I shall soon go to her. I am going to die."

"Yes," he said, still looking down upon her with a strange tenderness.

"Oh," she cried, with a pitiful wail in her feeble voice, "if I could only do something to atone for it, to make you believe that I love you! I was such a silly, weak creature; I did not know then how much better your love was than this. You did love me before I was so wicked, didn't you?"

"Love you!" he echoed.

"Yes, I know it," she continued, wringing her hands. "I knew it as soon as I had forsaken you. Don't think I was ever happy. He was kind, but every word he spoke was a reproach to me. I had a little child, but she scarcely belonged to me; I could not let her live with me; I never nursed her; we never played together, like little Hetty and I used to play together, just after you married me. Do you remember? Oh, that was so happy! I feel as if I had been in heaven once, and fallen down, down into a pit of darkness. Shall we know each other in heaven, do you think?"

"I think we shall," he answered.

"Is it better for me to die than to live?" she asked, imploringly.

"God thinks it best," he said.

"If I had lived," she went on, "could you so have forgiven me that you could take me back again, quite back again to you, as your wife, whom you loved and trusted, as in the time before I deceived you? I don't think anybody could love you as I would. Oh, how I would wait and watch to please you! Could you have forgiven me so?"

"No," said John Morley, his whole heart yearning toward her, yet knowing that it was her doom so plainly read upon her face, which made it possible for him to keep her under his roof during the short span still remaining to her of life. The complication which he had dreaded when he heard that Rose was living was already disentangled. He would not be compelled to put her from him, against the softening of his own love and the urgent pleas of her penitence. He could see that a few weeks, or months it might be, remained, during which she could still be with him; he could look upon her and listen to her beloved voice without any wrong done to his own conscience. It was a great boon from the God he had distrusted.

"Child," he said—and from that time he called her by no other name—"I love you wondrously, and I thank God that He is going to call you home to Himself. I could not have taken you back living to my inmost heart, and to the wifehood which was your right once. But dying, I can shelter you here, within my own house, upon my own hearth, where Hester's mother died many years ago. And in my heart of hearts I can cherish the memory of you, coming home at last, weary of your long exile and sin, comforted by my tenderness, and passing away under my protection. Give thanks, my poor child, that your probation on earth is nearly ended."

Rose had lifted herself painfully and leebly from her chair, and stood opposite to him, listening with parted lips and beseeching eyes to his words, uttered in a voice of passionate affection. She could not altogether understand him yet, any more than she had done in those far-off times when he had seemed very high above her girlish comprehension. But she knew that he loved her and had forgiven her; he would not banish her again from the home from which she had fled, being easily tempted. As a child, whose intelligence cannot grasp all the meaning of its own fault and the pardon given to it, hides its childish tears in the bosom of its mother, Rose stretched out her arms to her husband. He hesitated for a moment, a hesitation which she did not see, and then drew her toward him, and laid her head upon his breast.

It was a pathetic sight, an ending to the trouble far different to that which Carl dreaded when he set out to search for Hester and her father. He had pictured the old man demented, with Hester in his power, ready for any desper-

ate deed of violence. Could he have seen that aged Christian bending over the wicked but repentant wife, and looking at her with love in his eyes, he would have known that no man was ever farther from madness.

Carl obtained some relief to his anxiety on his hurried journey from France. At Paris he learned, through an interpreter, that two such travellers had passed through the day before, and had gone on direct for England. The station-master at Little Aston informed him mysteriously that there was a rumor in the town of Mr. Morley and his daughter having taken possession of their house again, and that there was certainly a lady with them, whom people believed to be no other than Mrs. Morley herself. Carl's anxiety fell from him in a moment. Hester was safe and at home again! He could not give a thought either to Rose or her husband.

Leaving his portmanteau upon the platform as a thing unworthy of his attention, he rushed with precipitate headlong haste to John Morley's house, haggard, dusty, and travel-stained, with eyes dull for want of sleep, and tangled hair falling in disorder about his careworn face. There was no difficulty in gaining admission; the house-door could be opened from the outside by simply turning the handle. He could not stay to knock. He paused no longer at the closed door of John Morley's parlor, but flung it open and strode in, with all the irresistible impatience which had been kept in check so long.

It had not been an idle day for Hester. There was no servant in the house, and though Lawson's mother did her best, and had been closely at work since the morning, many things had fallen to Hester's lot to do. Upstairs in Rose's drawing-room, sunny and pleasant, lay the dead form of the lonely little child, whose holidays had come too late to save her; and Hester's gentle hands had given to the room an air of soft tender repose, well suited to the peacefulness of little Hester's slumbers. Mr. Waldron and Robert had been in during the day to look at her for the last time; for to-morrow she was to be buried in a quiet churchyard a mile or two away from Little Aston, with John Morley and Grant alone to follow her to the grave.

In the dark parlor below, Rose had rested in the great chair upon her husband's hearth, waited upon by him with a marvellous carefulness and foresight. A singular and solemn satisfaction seemed to pervade the house. It was night again now; almost the hour when Hester and her father had stolen in home the evening before. Rose was in bed and had fallen asleep calmly. John Morley was gone to his own chamber; and Hester was alone in the parlor, watching the fire die out in the grate, and the light grow fainter about the crevices and corners of the walls. Robert had told her that Carl was gone to Burgundy in quest of her, and she was taking time now to follow him in his journey with somewhat troubled thoughts.

What would he do there, in that remote little town, where nobody knew a word of English? How could he find out what had become of them? Would it come into his mind that the *curé* might understand Latin, and could communicate with him in that language? Or would he wander about disconsolate and perplexed, seeking traces of her, and being unable to discover them? Of course it could not be for long; but she felt very much disturbed for him. How greatly he would be grieved that the little child had died while he was absent!

Hester's thoughts had reached this point when Carl made his abrupt entrance. He did not know what or whom he had expected to find beyond the closed door of John Morley's parlor. But he was not at all prepared to come upon Hester sitting all alone in the dim firelight, surrounded by the hush and stillness of a house which he had almost expected to find full of stir and tumult. It was several months since he had seen her, and the thought of her had grown almost a mocking and haunting fancy. Until very recently he had lived on in the belief that she was dwelling in some hiding-place very

near to him, and that he might chance to cross her path any hour of any day.

For the last few days he had been in eager pursuit of her, and had lost her like a shadow. Now she sat in the dusky light, looking into the embers, but starting to her feet the instant that he strode into the room, and seeming ready to take flight again. He forgot that no word of love had ever crossed his lips to meet Hester's ear. She belonged to him by right of his great love and his great anxiety. He clasped her passionately in his arms, and laying his head down upon hers, was speechless in his great joy.

She made no effort to withdraw herself from his encircling arms, or to affect a maidenly reserve. She knew his character too well to have any doubt as to what that embrace meant. Carl was not a man whose actions are the creatures of impulse and she was sure that his next words would justify the endearing act. Presently Carl released her himself, only keeping her hand in his, as they stood side by side on the hearth, and he looked down upon her eagerly and with restrained delight. The smouldering fire shot up a friendly little blaze, whose light played about her delicate face, now tinged with a soft flush. She trembled a little; her fingers quivered in his clasp; the breath came fluttering through her parted lips. He could not break the delicious silence which had fallen upon them. Any words of his would be poor indeed compared to it.

"Carl," faltered Hester, in a tremulous voice, "little Hester is dead!"

He understood what she told him; he even felt a passing pain at hearing that the child had died so soon; but it only gave another touch like the unison note in music, to his perfect happiness. The tears shone upon Hester's long eyelashes; and he bent down and kissed them away.

"You know I love you," he said, in a tone half of apology and half of appropriation.

"Yes, I know," whispered Hester, her eyelids closed as he had left them, when his lips had been laid against them.

"And you love me?" he said.

"Yes, I love you," she whispered again.

"Hester," he said, with a man's quick jealousy, "look me in the face, and tell me that you never loved anybody but me."

"How could I?" she asked, raising her eyelids but a little, and keeping her eyes upon the ground. "You know how few people I have ever seen. You, and Grant, and—"

"Robert Waldron," he added, as she paused. "Yes; I understand; I know. I had no chance against a man like him. But then why did you not accept him, Hester? Only a few people, like your father, and me, and those who believe that there are many better and nobler and greater things than wealth, only we should have thought you had sacrificed the higher for the lower. He loved you as passionately, nearly as purely, as I do. You are free to change yet. You may leave me, and I will not utter a reproach. You will be very grand, very rich; and he said once to me that you were born for such a lot as he can give you. I am, compared to him, a poor man, and must be always poor. I have not even a home to offer you yet. I wish I had not kissed you, Hester. I beg your pardon for taking you in my arms. It was my surprise which overpowered me. Hester, why do you neither speak nor look at me?"

She had been standing beside him as he poured out his rapid words, perfectly motionless, with her eyes still bent upon the ground. The instinctive coquetry of a woman who is sure she is beloved, was playing about her heart, and teaching her the innocent artifices which go far in befooling men. She let him run on in his jealous outpouring without interposing a glance or a word; but when he stopped, she lifted up her eyes to his face, with a glance in them which he could not misunderstand.

"How foolish you are, Carl!" were the words she uttered.

Carl was afraid of stirring, lest she should

take her hand from his, and sit down apart from him; and whenever she moved he held her more closely. The small flame died away, and the room grew very dark indeed, with no light except that which came through the open door from the lamp in the old house-place. They had said but very little to one another, when a clear, shrill, foreign voice caused Carl to start violently.

"Mademoiselle Hester, my angel," said Madame Lawson, "I must run away to my house for a little half hour. Is there anybody talking with you, my little one?"

"It is only Lawson's mother," whispered Hester. "I must go out to her for a minute."

She was away for several minutes, and came back with the lamp in her hand. Then Carl sighed a profound sigh. The exquisite moment was gone, and could never return.

"Oh, Hester!" he cried, with a sudden sorrow coming across his joy, "so that little child is dead! If I had not found you again, my dear love; if you had been altogether lost to me, little Hester would have been dearer to me than any one else in the world. Do you know that she loved you very dearly, and pined to see you once again? If you had but been at home in time to see her!"

"I did see her. She died in my arms," said Hester, in a sorrowful voice.

"God bless you, my Hester!" answered Carl. "Let me tell you all about it," she said, looking down shyly upon his radiant face, for he could not keep his grief in mind while he was gazing up at her. "My father and Rose are reconciled to one another!"

She told him the whole story in low, quiet, timid tones, with fitful blushes and tears, which she did not wish him to see, and which he appeared not to notice. He did not interrupt her, listening in a rapture and reverie of love, which made him willing to lie there for hours, hearing no sound but her dear voice, and seeing nothing but her dear face. Madame Lawson's little half hour proved to be a very long one; but neither of them was conscious of its length.

(To be continued.)

PAUL AT JERUSALEM.

S. S. Lesson for Feb. 8, Acts 21 : 27-40. Golden Text, I Cor. 9 : 22. By Mrs. M. Baxter.

Jewish Opposition Manifested—Their Accusations—Grounds of Superiority—Direct Communication with God—Not Descent nor Custom—Paul Appears in the Temple—The Signal for Attack—The Persecuting Spirit—Varied Manifestations—Paul Rescued by the Roman Captain—His Request.

THE expedient devised by the elders of the church at Jerusalem to appease the indignation of the Jews against Paul was entirely unsuccessful. There was nothing of God about it; it was a mere human plan, and, as such, came to naught. Paul's enemies were on the alert, "certain Jews from Asia" (Acts 24 : 18) were busy circulating rumors true and false about him. Wherever Paul had travelled, the barrenness and unspirituality of the synagogue-worship had been exposed by the very contrast it presented to a man who was full of the Holy Ghost, and sent of God among them. Those among the Jews at Antioch, in Pisidia, who were not open to receive the Gospel, were "filled with envy, and spake against those things which were spoken of Paul, contradicting and blaspheming" (Acts 13 : 45). At Iconium

THE UNBELIEVING JEWS

stirred up the Gentiles, and made their minds evil affected against the brethren," and there they made an assault "to use them despitefully and to stone them" (14 : 2, 5). Not succeeding in this, these representatives of the law, "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself," followed them to Lystra, and there succeeded in stoning Paul, and thus gave the Lord an opportunity to raise him up that the power of Christ should rest upon him, for the Spirit of Him that raised up Jesus from the dead quickened his mortal body (Rom. 8 : 11).

Led by the Spirit into Europe, in the very first synagogue where Paul preached, the same bitter animosity toward him and toward the truth he taught was exhibited. "The Jews which believed not, moved with envy, took unto them certain lewd fellows of the baser sort, and gathered a company, and set all the city in an uproar;" and after succeeding in driving Paul and his companions from this city [Thessalonica], "when they had knowledge that the Word of God was preached of Paul at Berea, they came thither also, and stirred up the people" (Acts 17 : 5-13). Arrived at Corinth, Paul taught in the synagogue, but the Jews "opposed themselves, and blasphemed." Such were the "certain Jews of Asia" now in Jerusalem, who were ready to stir up the whole city against Paul.

The ostensible grounds of

THEIR ACCUSATIONS

against him, were very similar to those which we hear continually from the unspiritual members of a church toward those who follow the Spirit of God. The accusation was, that Paul taught the Jews who lived among the Gentiles that "they ought not to circumcise their children, neither to walk after the customs." The Jews claimed an essential superiority over the Gentiles. Paul admitted that they had an advantage, not because of their descent from Abraham, nor because of the covenant of circumcision now superseded, but "because that unto them were committed the oracles of God" (Rom. 3 : 2). Paul saw in the direct communication of God with man something infinitely superior to pedigree, or form, or custom, or any other thing. Away in heathen lands, where it was an impossible thing to carry out the customs and ceremonies of the Jewish religion, he could talk with God, and God with him, and with Gentiles, also, who had His Spirit. How could Paul continue to offer the sacrifices which were but a type and shadow of that sacrifice of Christ by which He stood every hour "accepted in the Beloved"? How could he teach the shadow to his converts when he had the substance to give them? With some sects it is a far greater sin to worship with some other sect than to transgress the commandments of God. With these unconverted Jews hatred, enmity, and even murder were not so heinous as the lack of observing any of the outward ceremonies of their religion. Paul taught, "He is not a Jew which is one outwardly, neither is that circumcision which is outward in the flesh" (Rom. 2 : 28), and on the other hand, "They which are of faith, the same are the children of Abraham" (Gal. 3 : 7). The sin of the Jews was this, "Ye do always resist the Holy Ghost" (Acts 7 : 51). It was the Holy Ghost in Paul whom they were resisting.

After the seven days were ended, during which Paul had been occupied with the rites pertaining to the vow of the Nazirite, "the Jews which were of Asia, when they saw him

IN THE TEMPLE,

stirred up all the people, and laid hands on him, crying out, Men of Israel, help!" What was the matter? What was the outrageous sin which had been committed? Hear them. "This is the man that teacheth all men everywhere against the people, and the law, and this place; and further, brought Greeks also into the temple, and hath polluted this holy place. (For they had seen before with him in the city Trophimus an Ephesian, whom they supposed that Paul had brought into the temple). And thus the whole outcry was about

A SUPPOSITION!

Suppose he had brought Trophimus into the temple? It would have been an unwise step, and an unnecessary one. But, had the multitude really understood the state of the case, they would easily have seen that a "temple of the Holy Ghost," entering into the temple of God could not defile it.

Nothing is so intolerant as religious persecution, nothing is so unreasoning. Twenty-five or thirty years ago, in many parts of England,

the simple testimony of any one that he knew his sins forgiven brought upon him the most bitter scorn and contempt. When, some ten years ago, men of God were inquiring how they might live by the power of God, and be kept from sinning, a bitter and implacable animosity was aroused, chiefly among the children of God. In the present day the same persecuting spirit continues, manifested more especially against those whose bodies the Lord heals, and against those who join with them in prayer, and whose prayers the Lord answers. Generally, the main accusation is a supposition as was the case with Paul. "You believe every one is going to hell who has not been converted just as you were." This is one of the devil's suppositions. "You think you have lived three or four years without sin." Here is another of the devil's suppositions. "You think then that it is a sin to be ill." These are the supposititious charges brought against God's children now, just as the charge was brought against Paul. But to come down to the level of such accusations, and refute them, would be mere waste of time. Those who are determined to find fault will do so, with or without any ground for it. But "the Lord reigneth!" Out of all the apparent confusion of circumstances, He was drawing together such an audience of Jews to hear the Gospel from the lips of Paul as could not have been easily convened otherwise.

"All the city was moved, and the people ran together : and they took Paul, and drew him out of the temple : and forthwith the doors were shut." This was not all they wanted, "they went about to kill him." Paul, however, knew well he should not die; when he "purposed in the Spirit to go to Jerusalem," he knew that he "must also see Rome" (Acts 19 : 21), and thus he could not die until he had been to Rome. Tidings came to the chief captain that all Jerusalem was in an uproar. He was a man of energy, no doubt, for he immediately took soldiers and centurions and ran down to them." Here was the second cause of

PAUL'S ESCAPE,

but the first cause was that God, who would not permit him to die at this time, had put it into the chief captain's heart to be thus expeditious in his movements. The presence of this man was enough; the people desisted from further lynch law.

The chief captain took Paul prisoner, commanding him to be bound with two chains, and then very naturally inquired who he was, and what he had done. This was the very question which the people could not answer; "some cried one thing, and some another, among the multitude." Out of this hubbub, the chief captain could make nothing, so he commanded that Paul be carried to the castle. This command, however, did not abate the excitement of the people, who continued following and crying, "Away with him!"

As Paul was to be led into the castle, he said to the chief captain, "May I speak unto them?" He replied in surprise, "Canst thou speak Greek? Art not thou that Egyptian which before these days madest an uproar, and leddest out into the wilderness four thousand men that were murderers?" Poor Paul! it was not very flattering, but it was

A VERY SMALL THING

to him to be judged of man's judgment; he lived and stood in the presence of God, and probably there was more of amusement than of wounded pride in his heart at this unexpected supposition. He answered calmly, "I am a man which am a Jew, of Tarsus, a city in Cilicia, a citizen of no mean city; and, I beseech thee, suffer me to speak unto the people." Above and beyond all the tumult, Paul saw the hand of God providing him an opportunity to preach the Gospel. Paul, a few moments before in danger of his life, and now only a few feet above the surging, raging multitude, was to his own consciousness, in the arms of Jesus, upheld and strengthened by a message from the Lord, which he was about to deliver to the people.

"ROCK OF AGES."

"Rock of Ages, cleft for me"
—Thoughtlessly the maiden sang;
Fell the words unconsciously
From her girlish, gleeful tongue;
Sung as little children sing,
Sung as sing the birds in June;
Fell the words like light leaves down,
On the current of the tune—
"Rock of Ages, cleft for me"
Let me hide myself in Thee."

"Let me hide myself in Thee"
—Felt her soul no need to hide;
Sweet the song as song could be—
And she had no thought beside;
All the words unheeding
Fell from lips untouched by care,
Dreaming not they might be
On some other lips a prayer—
"Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee."

"Rock of Ages, cleft for me"
—'Twas a woman sung them now,
Pleadingly and prayerfully
Every word her heart did know,
Rose the song as storm-tossed bird
Beats with weary wing the air,
Every note with sorrow stirred—
Every syllable a prayer—
"Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee."

"Rock of Ages, cleft for me"
—Lips grown aged sang the hymn
Trustingly and tenderly
Voice grown weak and eyes grown dim,
"Let me hide myself in Thee";
—Trembling though the voice and low,
Ran the sweet strains peacefully
Like a river in its flow,
Sung as only they can sing
Who life's thorny paths have passed;
Sung as only they can sing
Who behold the promised rest—
"Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee."

"Rock of Ages, cleft for me"
—Sung above a coffin lid;
Underneath, all restfully
All life's joys and sorrows hid,
Never more, O storm-tossed soul,
Never more will come wither and
Never more from billow's roll,
Will thou need thyself to hide.
Could the sightless, sunken eyes,
Closed beneath the soft gray hair,
Could the mute and stiffened lips
Move again in pleading prayer,
Still, eyes, still the lips would be
"Let me hide myself in Thee."

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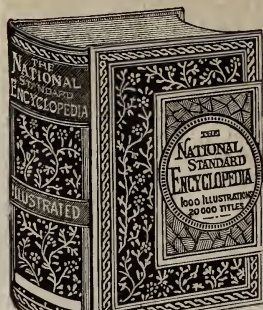
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ALFONSO XII, KING OF SPAIN—Scenes During the Recent Earthquakes.

ALFONSO XII., KING OF SPAIN.

His Birth, Education, and Exile—Troubles in Spain—"What is Exile?"—He Ascends the Throne in 1874—He Takes Command of an Army against Don Carlos—Incidents and Character—His Marriages.

THIS young king boasts of the following medley of names: Alfonso, Francesco de Assisi, Ferdinand, Pio Juan, Maria de la Concepcion, and Gregorio. He is the only son of the ex-Queen of Spain, Isabella II., and was born on November 28th, 1857; he is therefore twenty-eight years of age at present.

When his mother was driven from the throne of Spain, in 1868, by the revolutionary party, he fled with her to Paris. They received a cordial welcome from the Emperor Napoleon III., who on their arrival, accompanied by the Empress, hastened to pay them a visit. An incident occurred on the return of the Imperial party which subsequent events invested with sad significance. Napoleon in conversation with the Empress made some allusion to the sad interview in the presence of the little Prince Imperial, who suddenly exclaimed:

"Where are they going, papa?"

"Who?" inquired the Emperor.

"Why, the king you have been seeing."

"Louis, they are going into exile."

"Where is exile?" inquired the child.

The Emperor smiled sadly, and putting his hand on his son's head, said: "You shall know when you are bigger."

As our readers are aware, after a few years had passed away the boy had no need to ask for a definition of the melancholy word.

In Paris Alfonso went as a day-scholar to the celebrated Jesuit College of Stanislas. At that time he did not know a word of French, so that language was made his first study. He occupied a little study to himself very simply and plainly furnished, and was treated in all respects on an equality with his school-fellows.

While Alfonso was quickly learning French under his Jesuit tutor,

AFFAIRS IN SPAIN

were in inextricable confusion. The revolution which had driven the Royal Family into exile was the work exclusively of the army and navy; but the nation, disgusted with the personal character of the queen, had acquiesced in the change. But the conspirators discovered after they had succeeded so far, that dislike to the reigning family was almost the only sentiment on which they were agreed. While some advocated the proclamation of a Republic of a communistic character and a redistribution of property, others urged the restoration of the monarchy with their respective protégés for the crown. A provisional government was ultimately appointed to maintain order until the future form of government should be settled by a Cortes elected by universal suffrage.

When the Cortes assembled it was decided by a large majority that Spain should adhere to the monarchical form of government; but when the question arose as to the person on whose head the crown should be placed there seemed no possibility of agreement, and the Cortes adjourned, leaving the matter still in abeyance. After a short vacation the Cortes reassembled in November, 1869, and the discussion was resumed.

Early in the year 1870 a project was started to place on the throne of Spain Prince Leopold of Hohenzollern, a Prussian subject, distantly related to the Royal Family of that kingdom. The relations between the Courts of Berlin and Paris had for a long time been in a strained condition, and this proposal fanned the smouldering embers of jealousy and dislike into a blaze. The Emperor Napoleon declared war against Prussia, and in the struggle which followed lost his own throne.

Prince Leopold's name was withdrawn as a candidate for the Spanish throne, and negotiations were opened with Prince Amadeus, second son of Victor Emanuel, King of Italy, who was ultimately elected king by the Cortes, de-

spite the earnest protest of many sincere Republicans. At the time of the election of this prince to fill the throne, Alfonso was also a candidate; but while Amadeus received one hundred and ninety-one votes, only two were recorded for Alfonso.

KING AMADEUS.

On the outbreak of the Franco-German War, Alfonso, then known as the Prince of Asturias, removed to Geneva, and thence to Vienna, where he continued his military studies in the Theresianum, or Nobleman's Academy. He remained three months in Vienna, and it was probably during that period that he first saw the lady who afterward became his bride. Leaving Vienna Alfonso went to England and entered as a student at the Military College at Sandhurst, where he had as fellow-students the young Prince Imperial of France and the Duke of Connaught, third son of Queen Victoria.

The Italian prince, who as King of Spain sought to restore order and harmony in the distracted country, soon found the task impracticable. He failed to win the allegiance of the Spanish grandees, and the masses of the people were inspired with that aversion to his rule which the people usually entertain for that of a foreigner. He several times narrowly escaped assassination, and weary of his hopeless effort he abdicated in the year 1873.

The abdication of King Amadeus was followed by the proclamation of a Republic, of which Castelar made himself Dictator. The Cortes, however, refused to recognize his authority, and the government passed into the hands of Marshal Serrano, who held office for about a year.

The distracted state of the country and the general lack of adhesion among the leaders and the officers of the army and navy brought about a state of anarchy. At this juncture of affairs, on December 29th, 1874, General Martinez Campos and Captain-General Primo de Rivera, supported by the army, suddenly proclaimed the young

ALFONSO, KING OF SPAIN,

under the title of Alfonso XII.

When the news of his proclamation as King reached him, Alfonso was on a visit to his mother in Paris, whither he had gone in order to spend New Year's Day with her.

Hastening to Madrid he was most enthusiastically received on January 14th, 1875, and on February 15th, 1876, left that capital to take the command of the army which it had been found necessary to place in the field to operate against Don Carlos, his cousin, who had ever since 1873 been fighting, at the head of a large army of Ultramontane adherents, for the throne of Spain. Within a month the young king returned to Madrid in triumph. Don Carlos had been discomfited and had fled; some of his adherents, who were called Carlists, were banished, and others made submission to Alfonso.

In the same year (1876) his mother was allowed to return to Spain. Two years afterward, June 29th, 1878, he married his cousin.

THE PRINCESS MARIA DE LAS MERCEDES, Infanta of Spain, and daughter of the Duc de Montpensier. She was then in her eighteenth year. The marriage was violently opposed by the mother of the young king, and she left Madrid in fury. The Spanish Ministers were also opposed to the match, but Alfonso had loved his cousin from his boyhood, and with the determination which distinguishes men of his temperament, he insisted on having his own way. The devotion of Alfonso to his young wife was remarkable.

The happiness of the royal pair was very brief, for the young queen was stricken with typhoid fever, and died only five months after her marriage. Alfonso was overcome with grief; he shut himself up in his palace to weep over the coffin of his dead wife, and for two months refused to see any one except his secretary, and would not attend to public business. But gradually his grief was assuaged, and on November 20th, 1879, he was married to the Archduchess Christine, of Austria.

An account which has been published of

THE KING'S DAILY LIFE

does not present a very exalted idea of his character or a hopeful one of the good results of his reign on the nation over which he is placed. A correspondent of a prominent journal says:

"His Majesty rises late, and his first care is to bathe his face carefully in Barège water to counteract the effects of a *cutaneous affection* which he inherits from his mother. Then, after swallowing innumerable sweet biscuits and two large cups of chocolate, he pays a visit to his stables; then presides at a Cabinet Council, signs some decrees, and spends the afternoon and evening riding or driving about the capital. When court mourning does not prevent him from doing so, the King, accompanied by his sister, goes regularly almost every evening to the theatre or opera, and every Saturday at sunset he repairs, with his sister and all the court, to the Church of Atocha to hear the service."

A life so empty and frivolous must necessarily be a useless one; but as the office of king has of late years become chiefly of an ornamental character, the kings being satisfied with *reigning* while their ministers *govern*, it is possible Spain may not suffer by the inefficiency of her king.

THE GREAT EARTHQUAKES IN SPAIN.

THE terrible earthquakes which desolated many cities in Spain during the last week of the year 1884 and the first few days of the present year, were briefly described in our news columns recently. We are now enabled to supplement those accounts, brought by cable, by the more detailed reports of newspaper correspondents who visited the scene of destruction and described the distressing condition of the country.

A correspondent at Malaga writes: "At five minutes to nine in the evening of Christmas Day, the inhabitants of this city, which numbers one hundred and twenty thousand, were startled by a shock of earthquake of an unprecedented magnitude in this place, and attended by circumstances of so unusual a character that a record of the events cannot be without interest. Without the slightest warning a slight movement of the earth was felt, followed by

A LOUD RUMBLING NOISE,

such as that of a heavy freight train, and then every house and building in the town was shaken to its foundations. As soon as people became awakened to a sense of their danger, intensified by the recollection of the recent terrible calamity at Ischia, a general rush was made for the doors. At eleven o'clock another less severe shock, in the same direction, was felt, and another more severe than the second at 2.30. During the remainder of the night, until sunrise, the earth continued to tremble, as many as eight or ten shocks, of more or less force, having been observed, all in the one direction and of the same undulating character.

"It would not be easy to give an account of the fear which possessed all classes in this city during

THAT FEARFUL NIGHT.

While the upper classes who had been celebrating Christmas in their family circles had hardly risen from the dinner-table, others were spending the evening at the theatres, which were both full, as is usual on feast days, and in one brief moment, when all were alike unprepared for so terrible an event, the pleasure was turned to terror. One universal cry of despair arose. Mothers screamed for their children, ladies and girls fainted and had hysterical fits, and those in the houses, like those in the theatres and cafés, rushed for the doors, and in a few seconds the whole population was

IN THE STREETS.

Indeed, so anxious were the people to get to the streets, that one man in his haste to escape from a café broke the glass doors with his fist and severed an artery in the arm, which caused his death.

"Once in the street, the universal question was, where to find shelter and safety for the night. All the cabs, omnibuses, private car-

lages, railway carriages, vans, and covered carts were put into requisition, and whole families lodged therein; while hundreds of people camped on the Alameda, squares, the bed of the Guadalupe River—fortunately dry at this season—and other open spaces. The effect reduced upon a family of women, children, and servants, at such a late hour of the night in which this turned into the street, harassed by the fear of a repetition of the shock, may be well imagined. In some cases, the most courageous returned to the thresholds of their houses, and sat in the halls and doorways; but one thought of retiring to rest until daybreak of the 26th. At noon on that day another slight shock was felt, and another at 3 P.M. So universally did the idea prevail that these serious shocks would be repeated precisely ten to twenty-four hours from the first, that, notwithstanding the heavy rainfall, the Alameda and other open spaces were crowded as in the previous night; and

CARRIAGES, WITH AND WITHOUT HORSES, were placed at a distance from the houses, and the better classes spent the night in them, while the poorer people found no other shelter than their cloaks and umbrellas, the carriages being only within the reach of a limited number of persons. As much as sixteen dollars was paid for a carriage without horses for the night, and for the heavy rain the whole of the population would doubtless have spent the night in the streets. A few families, however, were fortunate enough to find shelter in sheds erected for the packing of fruit, and in warehouses and wine cellars, and other one-story buildings, while the utmost House

AND THE SHIPS IN THE HARBOR were resorted to for shelter. In fact, the captain of the port issued orders that no vessel could leave during that night, and the steamer *Albatros* and other British ships received many millions on board. Other persons, who had sided with the town, resorted to them; some of them, however, to find that this refuge was uninhabitable. In the midst of the rain, as the dawn of the twenty-four hours approached, the image of the patroness of Malaga, Our Lady of Victories, was carried in solemn procession, headed by the bishop, from its church to the cathedral, a distance of about one mile, amid prayers and devout demonstrations of the people. (See frontispiece.)

THE DAMAGE TO HOUSES, CHURCHES, and other buildings is very considerable. A large number of houses have been ordered to be vacated by the authorities, who consider them unsafe; while there is hardly one house in which the interior wall and ceilings have not been cracked and seriously damaged. Among her buildings, two of the churches and the Custom House suffered severely. A large chimney, sixty yards high, belonging to the lead works of the Senores de Heredia, were so shaken that twenty yards have fallen down, fortunately no one was near. Many other factories and chimneys have also suffered much.

The correspondent of the *London Standard* gives the following description of the scene of a disaster. His communication is dated from Granada:

"I arrived here this evening, the journey being long and tedious owing to the disorganized state of the train service and by the crowds of people hurrying away from the Southern province. At Bobadilla we found several trains waiting in the station, crowded with

FUGITIVES FROM MALAGA

and Granada. At the former town they have perished three severe shocks in the last twenty-four hours, one of them this morning, learned from the fugitives that the effect of these renewed shocks had been terrible, and at most of the houses damaged by the previous shocks had now fallen. At neither Malaga nor Granada had the people dared to enter their houses all night.

"As the train proceeded on its way we found the important stations of Antequera, Archidona,

and Loja thronged with panic-stricken people, all anxious to take trains for the North. There was but little chance of their being able to do this, as every train which came through from the South was packed with fugitives. Pending means of getting away, considerable numbers of people had bivouacked round

FIRES NEAR THE STATIONS,

while others had filled the trucks and railway carriages in the sidings, in hopes that these would presently be coupled on to some passing train.

"An enormous destruction of property has taken place. An immense church at Antequera, and almost all the houses which remained standing there and at Alhama, have been levelled to the ground, but the loss of life has been smaller than might have been expected, as most of the population had already forsaken the towns and had taken refuge in the fields. About one thousand in all have perished.

"Granada is a great place for churches, and numerous processions, with crosses, banners, and lighted tapers, are moving about the streets in the frosty air. The people as they pass flock to the side, kneel, and pray bareheaded. The women sob and moan, the men mutter their prayers, and amid the deep and dismal chanting of the priests, the wails of the babes, half perished with cold, rise on the air. All the churches are open, and

PRAYERS ARE SAID CONTINUOUSLY

all night." In the country lying between Granada and the Alpajara chain of hills, and also on the sea-coast districts of the provinces of Granada and Malaga, on the other side of that chain—which appears to have been the centre of the line of force of the earthquake, the misery among the homeless villagers is terrible. The authorities are doing their best, and private charity is active, but these are unable to cope with the mass of distress and misery which exists.

THE TOWN OF ALHAMA,

on the 24th of December, contained about twelve thousand inhabitants, but the number has shrunk greatly since from deaths and flight. Of the seventeen hundred and fifty-seven houses, not two hundred can be repaired; all the rest have either fallen or are in so shattered a condition that they must be pulled down. All the five churches, the fine Casino or club, and the Town Hall are destroyed; and it may be said that the town is reduced to one great heap of ruins, from which rises an intolerable stench from the number of bodies still lying beneath it.

No bombardment, however severe, could achieve such complete and thorough destruction as has been wrought at Alhama. But terrible as was the aspect of the ruins of the town, that afforded by the human beings in it was still more melancholy. Hundreds of them, in spite of the risk of falling masonry, were scattered through the ruins. Some were searching at the spots which had once been their homes for some remains of their goods and property. In front of some of the ruins parents sat sobbing bitterly as they gazed helplessly at the masses of masonry and rubbish beneath which were lying the remains of their children. In some places women were lying together in the very abandonment of grief, too utterly despondent even to lift up their heads as we passed, or to hold out their hands for the charity which the governor was dispensing to all he met. Some threw themselves on their knees before him, and implored him to order the soldiers to dig beneath the ruins for their loved ones; while others, holding up their children and pointing to their pinched faces and famished looks, pathetically implored that assistance might be sent. A large house still standing, just opposite the Town Hall, had been turned into a hospital. Here, stretched upon straw palliasses, with scanty and insufficient covering, lay thirty badly-injured women and thirty-five men. Some of them were delirious, four were at the point of death; one of these had seen his wife, his father, and six children perish before his eyes.

As we left the town the scene was most impressive. A thousand persons of all ages and sexes were assembled outside the place to see the governor leave, cheering him, and begging him to plead with the king and country for relief. Women held up their babes, and showed him their pale faces and bandaged heads, and cries and sobs rose from the whole.

A visitor to the desolated districts on January 1st gives his impression of the scene, in which he says:

"It was quite dark, and well-nigh one hour after our regular time when we reached the Granada station, after having noticed many a camp fire and popular open-air gathering in the country around that town. We had hardly got our luggage out of the carriages when a very host of women, children, and men, some of them of the better classes, seized possession of the cars to make them their resting-place for this night.

"The fires, on closer examination, I found to be

OPEN-AIR CAMPS OF ALL CLASSES,

more than usually anxious to-night, because it is just a week to-day since they were unpleasantly surprised by the first shocks of earthquake. Nothing more quaint can be imagined. There, side by side, in wooden sheds and elegant, large marquees, flanked with great fires, were noble families, descendants of pure Hidalgo blood, marquises and humble tradesmen, a few paces from the sturdy gypsies, who seemed very little concerned about the much-dreaded shocks. These gatherings were picturesque in the extreme. A few paces off there was to be seen a motley array of private carriages, omnibuses, old antediluvian coaches, diligences, carts, wagons drawn up alongside in perfect harmony, as far as possible from neighboring buildings, and perfectly heedless of the fact that a shock would have sent them flying one against another. It seems that these temporary night refuges of high and low are brought there at nightfall, and their occupants sink off to their houses at daybreak and talk big as long as the sun shines, and until night brings back doubts and fears that pale the boldest of Andalusian gallants."

Further shocks of earthquake took place on January 7th, at Loja, an hour and a half distant from Granada in Spain. Shocks have also been felt as far distant as in Italy and Switzerland.

King Alfonso has personally visited the disturbed districts at considerable risk; for in several of the cities at which he stayed, the earth was still trembling, and buildings thrown out of perpendicular by the earlier shocks threatened to fall every moment. The king sought out the poor, made inquiries as to their need, and left a fund for their relief. From his own private fortune he gave \$30,000; he induced the Cortes to vote a grant, and sent out an appeal for subscriptions from the municipalities and private persons. It would appear from this and other reports, such as that of the King of Italy visiting the patients in the cholera hospitals, that some of the European monarchs are reading rightly the lessons of the time, and are endeavoring to conciliate their subjects. Perhaps in some countries it may not be too late.

The narratives we have given here are only a specimen of a large number, some of which are heartrending. The agony endured by parents whose children have been crushed to death, of children whose parents have been killed, is almost inconceivable. As one reads the ghastly details and realizes the misery the earthquakes have caused, the mind is oppressed by the thought of that

COMING EARTHQUAKE

which, when the seventh veil is poured out, will shake the nations (Rev. 16: 18). "A great earthquake, such as never was since men were upon the earth, so mighty an earthquake and so great." Those who are studying the prophecies and are watching the course of events know that that time of trouble cannot be far distant. The wise are observing our Saviour's injunction, "And what I say unto you I say unto all, Watch" (Mark 13: 37).

THE OLD FOLKS' VISIT.

Dr. Talmage's Sermon, Preached Last Sunday Morning, February 1, 1885.

"I will go and see him before I die."—GEN. 45: 28.
Grand Old People—Jacob's Bad Lot of Boys—The Sudden News from Egypt—Jacob's Quick Decision—The Strength of Parental Attachment—Memory of a Child Fifty Years Dead—Do Children Mature in Heaven?—Millard Fillmore's Father—Memorable Visits—Christian Parents' Visits—Joseph's Kindly Provision—Not Ashamed of his Rusticity—Shameful Harshness to Aged Parents—Good Unmarried Daughters—Queens of Self-Sacrifice—The Visit in the King's Palace.

JACOB had long since passed the hundred year mile-stone. In those times people were distinguished for longevity. In the centuries after persons lived to great age. Galen, the most celebrated physician of his time, took so little of his own medicine that he lived to one hundred and forty years. A man of undoubted veracity on the witness-stand in England swore that he remembered an event one hundred and fifty years before. Lord Bacon speaks of a countess who had cut three sets of teeth, and died at one hundred and forty years. Joseph Crele, of Pennsylvania, lived one hundred and forty years. In 1857 a book was printed containing the names of thirty-seven persons who lived one hundred and forty years, and the names of eleven persons who lived one hundred and fifty years.

Among the grand old people of whom we have record was Jacob, the shepherd of the text. But he had

A BAD LOT OF BOYS.

They were jealous and ambitious and every way unprincipled. Joseph, however, seemed to be an exception; but he had been gone many years, and the probability was that he was dead. As sometimes now in a house you will find kept at the table a vacant chair, a plate, a knife, a fork, for some deceased member of the family, so Jacob kept in his heart a place for his beloved Joseph. There sits the old man, the flock of one hundred and forty years in their flight having alighted long enough to leave the marks of their claw on forehead and cheek and temple. His long beard snows down over his chest. His eyes are somewhat dim, and he can see further when they are closed than when they are open, for he can see clear back into the time when beautiful Rachel, his wife, was living, and his children shook the Oriental abode with their merriment.

The centenarian is sitting dreaming over the past when he hears a wagon rumbling to the front door. He gets up and goes to the door to see who has arrived, and his long absent sons from Egypt come in and announce to him that Joseph instead of being dead is living in an Egyptian palace, with all the investiture of prime minister, next to the king in the mightiest empire of all the world!

THE NEWS WAS TOO SUDDEN

and too glad for the old man, and his cheeks whiten, and he has a dazed look, and his staff falls out of his hand, and he would have dropped had not the sons caught him and led him to a lounge and put cold water on his face, and fanned him a little.

In that half delirium the old man mumbles something about his son Joseph. He says: "You don't mean Joseph, do you? my dear son who has been dead so long. You don't mean Joseph, do you?" But after they had fully resuscitated him, and the news was confirmed, the tears begin the winding way down the cross roads of the wrinkles, and the sunken lips of the old man quiver, and he brings his bent fingers together as he says: "Joseph is yet alive. I will go and see him before I die."

It did not take the old man a great while to get ready, I warrant you. He put on the best clothes that the shepherd's wardrobe could afford. He got into the wagon, and though the aged are cautious and like to ride slow, the wagon did not get along fast enough for this old

man; and when the wagon with the old man met Joseph's chariot coming down to meet him, and Joseph got out of the chariot and got into the wagon and threw his arms around his father's neck, it was an antithesis of

ROYALTY AND RUSTICITY,

of simplicity and pomp, of filial affection and paternal love, which leaves us so much in doubt about whether we had better laugh or cry, that we do both. So Jacob kept the resolution of the text: "I will go and see him before I die." And if our friends the reporters would like to have an appropriate title for this sermon, they might call it "The Old Folks' Visit."

What a strong and unfailing thing is *parental attachment*! Was it not almost time for Jacob to forget Joseph? The hot suns of many summers had blazed on the heath; the river Nile had overflowed and receded, overflowed and receded again and again; the seed had been sown and the harvests reaped; stars rose and set; years of plenty and years of famine had passed on; but the love of Jacob for Joseph in my text is overwhelmingly dramatic. Oh, that is a cord that is not snapped, though pulled on by many decades! Though when the little child expired the parents may not have been more than twenty-five years of age, and now they are seventy-five, yet the vision of the cradle, and the childish face, and the first utterances of the infantile lips are fresh to-day, in spite of the passage of a half century. Joseph was as fresh in Jacob's memory as ever, though at seventeen years of age the boy had disappeared from the old homestead. I found in our family record the story of an infant that had died fifty years before, and I said to my parents: "What is this record, and what does it mean?" Their chief answer was a long deep sigh. It was yet to them

A VERY TENDER SORROW.

What does that all mean? Why, it means our children departed are ours yet, and that cord of attachment reaching across the years will hold us until it brings us together in the palace, as Jacob and Joseph were brought together. That is one thing that makes old people die happy. They realize it is reunion with those from whom they have long been separated.

I am often asked as pastor—and every pastor is asked the question—"Will my children be

CHILDREN IN HEAVEN

and forever children?" Well, there was no doubt a great change in Joseph from the time Jacob lost him, and the time when Jacob found him—between the boy seventeen years of age and the man in midlife, his forehead developed with a great business estate; but Jacob was glad to get back Joseph anyhow, and it did not make much difference to the old man whether the boy looked older, or looked younger. And it will be enough joy for that parent if he can get back that son, that daughter, at the gate of heaven, whether the departed loved one shall come a cherub or in full-grown angelhood. There must be a change wrought by that celestial climate and by those supernal years, but it will only be from loveliness to more loveliness, and from health to more radiant health. O parent, as you think of the darling panting and white in membranous croup, I want you to know it will be gloriously bettered in that land where there has never been a death and where all the inhabitants will live on in the great future as long as God! Joseph was Joseph notwithstanding the palace, and your child will be your child notwithstanding all the raining splendors of everlasting noon. What

A THRILLING VISIT

was that of the old shepherd to the prime-minister Joseph! I see the old countryman seated in the palace looking around at the mirrors and the fountains and the carved pillars, and oh! how he wishes that Rachel, his wife, was alive and she could have come there with him to see their son in his great house. "Oh," says the old man within himself, "I do wish Rachel could be here to see all this!" I visited at the farmhouse of the father of Millard Fillmore when

the son was President of the United States, and the octogenarian farmer entertained me until eleven o'clock at night telling me what great things he saw in his son's house at Washington and what Daniel Webster said to him, and how grandly Millard treated his father in the White House. The old man's face was illumined with the story until almost the midnight. He has just been visiting his son at the Capitol. And suppose it was something of the same joy that thrilled the heart of the old shepherd as stood in the palace of the prime-minister. It

A GREAT DAY WITH YOU

when your old parents came to visit you. You little children stand around with great wide open eyes, wondering how anybody could be so old. The parents cannot stay many days, if they are a little restless, and especially at night fall, because they sleep better in their own bed but while they tarry you somehow feel there is a benediction in every room in the house. They are a little feeble, and you make it as easy as you can for them, and you realize they will probably not visit you very often—perhaps never again. You go to their room after they have retired at night to see if the lights are properly put out, for the old people understand candle and lamp better than the modern apparatus for illumination. In the morning, with real interest in their health, you ask them how they rested last night. Joseph in the historic scene of the text did not think any more of his father than you do of your parents. The probability is, before they leave your house they have spoiled your children with kindnesses. Grandfather and grandmother are more lenient and indulgent to your children than they ever were with you. And what wonders of revelation in the bomb sine pocket of the one and the sleeve of the other!

Blessed is that home where Christian parents come to visit. Whatever may have been the style of the architecture when they come, it is a palace before they leave. If they visit you fifty times, the two most memorable visits will be the first and the last. Those two pictures will hang in the hall of your memory while memory lasts, and you will remember just how they looked, and where they sat, and what they said, and at what figure of the carpet, and what doorsill they parted with you, giving you the final good-by. Do not be embarrassed, your father came to town and he have the manners of the shepherd, and if your mother comes to town and there be in her hat no sign of cost millinery. The wife of Emperor Theodosius said a wise thing when she said: "Husband, remember what you lately were, and remember what you are, and be thankful."

By this time you all notice what

KINDLY PROVISION

Joseph made for his father Jacob. Joseph does not say: "I can't have the old man crowd this place. How clumsy he would look climbing up these marble stairs, and walking over those mosaics! Then, he would be putting his hands upon some of these frescoes. People would wonder where that old greenhorn came from. He would shock all the Egyptian court with his manners at table. Besides that, he might get sick on my hands, and he might, querulous, and he might talk to me as though were only a boy, when I am the second man in all the realm. Of course, he must not suffer, as if there is famine in his country—and I have there is—I will send him some provisions; but I can't take a man from Padan-aram and introduce him into this polite Egyptian court. What a nuisance it is to have

POOR RELATIONS!"

Joseph did not say that, but he rushed out to meet his father with perfect abandon of affection and brought him up to the palace, and introduced him to the Emperor, and provided for all the rest of the father's day, and nothing was too good for the old man while living; and when he was dead Joseph, with military escort, to his father's remains to the family cemetery at Machpelah and put them down beside Rachel

seph's mother. Would God all children were kind to their parents!

If the father have large property, and he be so enough to keep it in his own name, he will be respected by the heirs; but how often it is when the son finds his father in famine, as Joseph found Jacob in famine, the young people make it very hard for the old man. They are so surprised he eats with a knife instead of a fork. They are chagrined at his tedious habits. They are provoked because he cannot hear as well as he used to, and when he asks it over again, and the son has to repeat it, he bawls in the old man's ear: "I type you hear that!" How long must they get in a new one! How chagrined they are at his dependence of the English grammar! How long he hangs on! Seventy years and not gone yet! Seventy-five years and not gone yet! Eighty years and not gone yet! Will he go? They think it of no use to have a doctor in his last sickness, and go up to the apothecary and get a dose of something that makes him worse, and economize on a coffin, and beat the undertaker down to the last point, giving a note for the reduced amount which they never pay! I have officiated at obsequies of old people where the family have been so indifferently resigned to the Providence that I felt taking my text from Proverbs: "The eye let mocketh at his father, and refuseth to obey his mother, the ravens of the valley shall pick it, and the young eagles shall eat it." In her words, such an ingrate ought to have a *cock of crows for pall-bearers!* I congratulate you if you have the honor of providing for aged parents. The blessing of the Lord God of Joseph and Jacob will be on you.

I rejoice to remember that though my father died in a plain house the most of his days, he died in a mansion provided by the filial piety of one who had achieved a fortune. There the togenarian sat, and the servants waited on him, and there were plenty of horses and plenty of marriages to convey him, and a bower in which to sit on long summer afternoons, dreaming of the past, and there was not a room in the house where he was not welcome, and there were musical instruments of all sorts to regale him; and when life had passed, the neighbors came out and expressed all honor possible, and carried him to the village Machpelah and put him down beside the Rachel with whom he lived more than half a century.

SHARE YOUR SUCCESSES

With the old people. The probability is, that the principles they inculcated achieved your fortune. Give them a Christian percentage of kindly consideration. Let Joseph divide with the old the pasture fields of Goshen and the vines of the Egyptian court.

And here I would like to sing the praises of the sisterhood who remained unmarried that they might administer to aged parents. The eternal world calls these

SELF-SACRIFICING ONES

ungallant names, and says they are peculiarly angular; but if you had had as many annoyances as they have had, Xantippe would have been an angel compared with you. It is easier to take care of five rollicking, romping children than of one childish old man. Among the best women of Brooklyn and of yonder transatlantic city are those who allowed the bloom of life to pass away while they were caring for their parents. While other maidens were asleep, they were soaking the old man's feet, or tucking up the covers around the invalid mother. While other maidens were in the mill, they were dancing attendance upon senility, and spreading plasters for the rheum back of the septenarian, and heating catnip for insomnia.

In almost every circle of our kindred there is some one

QUEEN OF SELF-SACRIFICE

whom jewelled hand after jewelled hand was offered in marriage, but who stayed on the old

place because of the sense of filial obligation until the health was gone and the attractiveness of personal presence had vanished. Brutal society may call such a one by a nickname. God calls her daughter, and Heaven calls her saint, and I call her domestic martyr. A half dozen ordinary women have not as much nobility as could be found in the smallest joint of the little finger of her left hand. Although the world has stood six thousand years, this is the first apotheosis of maidenhood, although in the long line of those who have declined marriage that they might be qualified for some especial mission are the names of Anna Ross, and Margaret Breckinridge, and Mary Shelton, and Anna Etheridge, and Georgiana Willetts, the angels of the battle-fields of Fair Oaks, and Lookout Mountain, and Chancellorsville, and Cooper Shop Hospital; and though single life has been honored by the fact that the three grandest men of the Bible—John and Paul and Christ—were

CELIBATES.

Let the ungrateful world sneer at the maiden aunt, but God has a throne burnished for her arrival, and on one side of that throne in heaven there is a vase containing two jewels, the one brighter than the Kohinoor of London Tower, and the other larger than any diamond ever found in the districts of Golconda—the one jewel by the lapidary of the palace cut with the words: "Inasmuch as ye did it to father," the other jewel by the lapidary of the palace cut with the words: "Inasmuch as ye did it to mother." "Over the hills to the poorhouse" is the exquisite ballad of Will Carleton, who found an old woman who had been turned off by her prospered sons; but I thank God I may find in my text "Over the hills to the palace."

As if to disgust us with unfilial conduct, the Bible presents us the story of Micah, who stole the eleven hundred shekels from his mother, and the story of Absalom, who tried to dethrone his father. But all history is beautiful with stories of filial fidelity. Epanimondas, the warrior, found his chief delight in reciting to his parents his victories. There goes Æneas from burning Troy, on his shoulders Anchises, his father. The Athenians punished with death any unfilial conduct. There goes beautiful Ruth escorting venerable Naomi across the desert amid the howling of the wolves and the barking of the jackals. John Lawrence burned at the stake in Colchester, was cheered in the flames by his children, who said: "O God, strengthen thy servant and keep thy promise!" And Christ in the hour of excruciation provided for His old mother. Jacob kept his resolution, "I will go and see him before I die," and a little while after we find them walking the tessellated floor of the palace, Jacob and Joseph, the prime-minister proud of the shepherd.

I may say in regard to the most of you that your parents have probably visited you for the last time, or will soon pay you such a visit, and I have wondered if they will ever visit you

IN THE KING'S PALACE.

"Oh," you say, "I am in the pit of sin!" Joseph was in the pit. "Oh," you say, "I am in the prison of mine iniquity!" Joseph was once in prison. "Oh," you say, "I didn't have a fair chance; I was denied maternal kindness!" Joseph was denied maternal attendance. "Oh," you say, "I am far away from the land of my nativity!" Joseph was far from home. "Oh," you say, "I have been betrayed and exasperated!" Did not Joseph's brethren sell him to a passing Ishmaelitic caravan? Yet God brought him to that embazoned residence; and if you will trust His grace in Jesus Christ you, too, will be empalaced. Oh, what a day that will be when the old folks come from an adjoining mansion in heaven, and find you amid the alabaster pillars of the throne-room and living with the king! They are coming up the steps now, and the epauletted guard of the palace rushes in and says: "Your father's coming, your mother's coming!" And when under the arches of precious stones and on the pavement of porphyry you greet each other, the scene will eclipse

the meeting on the Goshen highway, when Joseph and Jacob fell on each other's neck and wept a good while.

But oh, how changed the old folks will be! Their cheek smoothed into the flesh of a little child. Their stooped posture lifted into immortal symmetry. Their foot now so feeble, then with the sprightliness of a bounding roe as they shall say to you: "A spirit passed this way from earth and told us that you were wayward and dissipated after we left the world; but you have repented, our prayer has been answered, and you are here; and as we used to visit you on earth before we died, now we visit you in your new home after our ascension." And father will say, "Mother, don't you see Joseph is yet alive?" and mother will say, "Yes, father, Joseph is yet alive." And then they will talk over their earthly anxieties in regard to you, and the midnight supplications in your behalf, and they will recite to each other the old Scripture passage with which they used to cheer their staggering faith: "I will be a God to thee and thy seed after thee." Oh, the palace, the palace, the palace! That is what Richard Baxter called "The Saints' Everlasting Rest." That is what John Bunyan called the "Celestial City." That is Young's "Night Thoughts" turned into morning exultations. That is Gray's "Elegy in a Churchyard" turned to resurrection spectacle. That is the "Cotter's Saturday Night" exchanged for the Cotter's Sabbath morning. That is the shepherd of Salisbury Plains amid the flocks on the hills of heaven. That is the famine-struck Padan-aram turned into the rich pasture fields of Goshen. That is Jacob visiting Joseph at the emerald castle.

REMARKABLE FAITH CURES.

The following testimony is published in *Thy Healer*, edited by Mrs. M. Baxter:

"For three years I had been suffering from an internal illness. The doctor attended me at regular intervals, and gave no hopes of cure. I was obliged to wear a support, and was in constant pain. I often read in the CHRISTIAN HERALD of the wonderful healing at Bethesda, and longed to be relieved from the pain and misery which I had to endure. So in June, 1884, thinking I might be healed in answer to the prayers of others, I wrote to Miss Murray, who, in answer to my letter, said a lady would call upon me; and on June 20th Miss Hopwood came; she showed me the truth of Christ, the Healer of our bodies, as well as the Saviour of our souls, and that He was always ready to heal us, as to forgive us our sins, if we yield ourselves, spirit, soul and body entirely to Him. She then left me to think over all she had said, and came again June 30th, when I was anointed, and I cannot tell how happy I felt.

"After Miss Hopwood had gone, I removed the support, and thanked God for what He had done for me, and from that day I have never felt one bit the worse for it. My doctor came at the usual time, about ten days after—I told him what I had done; he looked surprised, but said nothing, thinking, no doubt, that I should soon require him again; but, thank God, I have not needed him."

A brother said: "I have suffered from consumption and

HEART DISEASE

for ten years. The doctor refused to give me any more medicine, saying it was no use. I was worn to nothing, my chest fallen in. I had heard of faith-healing, but could not believe it was my Father's will. However, I came here last Wednesday, almost bent double with pain. The pain of years seemed to be concentrated into a few moments. I came to meet the Lord, and He met me and healed me. The pain left me; and to make sure I was healed, I walked all the way from King's Cross to Paddington, and when I reached home, walked another mile. I went the next day to Regent Hall, walking all the way. My pain is gone, the cough has almost left me, my chest is filling out, and my wife says I am growing fat."

A FAGIN TRANSFORMED.

A MIDDLE-AGED man of most dissipated habits, who lived by training young thieves, was a sad annoyance to the superintendent of one of the Ragged Schools in the east of London. His house was a hell upon earth, and Satan had had his seat in it for many years. By cunning and duplicity this thief-maker managed to keep out of the grip of the law, and he gloried in setting at defiance the preachers of the Gospel. He proclaimed himself an atheist, and made his infidelity an excuse for his sensualism.

But the pious superintendent resolved that he would, through God's grace, effect this wicked man's conversion. He felt that nothing was impossible with God, and he had the faith which removes mountains. He had, too, the talent for combining the wisdom of the serpent with the harmlessness of the dove. His first care was to find out the *cuspidities* of the thief-maker's nature. Case-hardened against reproof, it was ascertained that he could yet be moved by kindness, and that the power of music had been known to melt his savage heart to tenderness.

One Sabbath afternoon the superintendent was on the watch for the wicked man. He found that he would pass down the lane where the school-house is situated about the time the school was being taught. He stood in the doorway, and at length the thief-maker appeared. As he was passing, the superintendent said, in very kindly tones, "Well, my good friend, how are you to-day?" The man stood stock-still. He could scarcely believe that the religious man, who must know his character, should address him thus. But he replied civilly, and was about to pass on, when the superintendent gently put his hand on his shoulder, and said, "Now, my friend, I know you are very fond of music—I see it in your eye—will you just step in and hear how nicely my boys sing?" He consented, and the superintendent placed him unobserved on the end of a seat near to the door. He then called all to their seats, the lesson being just over, and the well-trained boys sang the hymn:

"Plunged in the gulf of dark despair,
We wretched sinners lay,
Without one cheering beam of hope
Or spark of glimmering day," etc.

And as the melody rose in its pathetic power, he watched the effect on the countenance of the stranger. He was thankful to see that the man was pleased and interested. Then changing the subject, he lead the beautiful hymn,

"Oh, how He loves!"

And as it was being sung by a hundred voices, he seated himself quietly by the man, and opening the Bible before him, asked, "Can you read?" "A little," was the reply. "There, then, read that," said the superintendent, and he put before him such passages as these: "As I live, saith the Lord, I have no pleasure in the death of the sinner, but would rather he would turn from his evil ways and live." "Turn ye, turn ye, why will ye die?" And this: "God so loved the world, that He gave His only-begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him might not perish, but have everlasting life."

"What does that mean?" asked the man, very earnestly. "What book is that?" And the superintendent told him it was the Bible, and meant his salvation. And the thief-maker became full of thought. That God loved him in spite of his wickedness and desired his salvation was to him astonishing.

By this time the music ceased, when another hymn—a "lament" on the death of Christ—was sung with great tenderness. This fairly overcame the thief-maker. He could stand it no longer; his heart was melted, and tears flowed. Then the superintendent, in a whisper, but faithfully and affectionately, preached Christ. Conviction, deep and earnest, was produced, and while conscience seemed to raise a thick cloud of darkness before his eyes, the devoted teacher, fearing that the devil might lead him to despair, started a song of triumph, which inspired him with hope.

The school was dismissed. But the superintendent did not leave his pupil to go home alone. He went with him, read to him, conversed with him, prayed for him, invited him to his house, and never ceased to labor and to pray until that man's soul was saved.

And, oh, it was a glorious triumph! Twenty years have passed away since the thief-maker was brought to the feet of Christ. He has been since then engaged in a responsible public situation, and has distinguished himself by his consistency and devotedness in the service of the Lord. The native force of character which made him so dangerous in the service of Satan, has made him, by the power of God's grace, most useful in the service of God. Instead of training boys to become thieves, he trains boys to become Christians, and, having had much forgiven, he loves much.

A BEAUTIFUL DEATH.

THE beloved wife of the Rev. Dr. Horatius Bonar, the eminent expositor of prophecy, passed away to be with Jesus on December 3d, after only a few days' illness. Her daughter writes: "My dear mother was conscious throughout, and very much herself, full of interest in everything, and full of love to present and absent friends. But her heart was in heaven.

"We had not told her she was dying, for we could not believe it ourselves; but she did not need to be told. 'Don't be frightened,' she said, 'if I say, 'Father, into Thy hands I commit my spirit.' And again, 'I feel as if I were just slipping away. I don't think I could feel different if I were going to die.' And again, 'Don't cry about me.'

"Near the beginning of her illness, she said to her husband, 'Pray with me, for I am in sore trouble.' But it was the only time that she seemed greatly distressed. This was the nearest approach to anything like spiritual trouble, as if the very excess of her calm and confidence perplexed her for a moment. When reminded that it was Jesus in whom she was trusting, the shade passed.

"Her son told her the text he had chosen for a little meeting: 'Being justified by faith, we have peace with God.' She fairly started with delight, and said, 'How strange, that is the only text I have been able to fix in my mind all day!'

"I wonder whether Jesus will carry me all the way, or if He'll just come and meet me at the door."

"There now, I have got relief. Do you think it was an angel that helped me?"

"She did pray for recovery; and once she said, after a good sleep: 'I think the Lord has taken me in hand Himself, and is healing me. How good He is.' She was full of thankfulness every time she thought herself a little better, and yet just as thankful and cheerful when it was not so. Either way seemed good to her.

"There could be no gloom near her; she was so glad and contented, and so full of gratitude for everything done for her. When very weary, she asked me to repeat, 'Come unto me, all ye that are weary and heavy laden.' And again, she asked for 'Calm me, my God, and keep me calm.' Many times she asked for singing. Among others, 'Though troubles assail,' 'Peace, perfect peace,' 'There are angels hovering round,' were sung. 'Jesus, Lover of my soul,' was sung to her very near the end, and even then she joined in a feeble alto.

"Drop it softly," she said, to a dear friend who was repeating holy words to her; 'say that over again, softer,' she would say. 'Then drops from heaven fell,' she whispered two or three different times in such a satisfied voice, as if conscious of the peace being poured into her soul.

"She often fancied she had seen her mother, or her children, lost long ago. While fully aware that this was only a fancy, she yet seemed to feel herself very near them.

"After talking a good deal, she sank into a sort of stupor during the last few hours. Yet

she could be roused when spoken to. 'Do you know me?' was sometimes asked. 'To be sure I do,' she would say, as if surprised at this question. She seemed as if composing herself for a night's rest. 'Be quiet—hush—good night,' she said, then the pulse died away, in perceptibly, and without ever seeing death, she saw her Saviour.

"She was one who in former times has greatly feared the act of dying. 'It is terrible to die, and be laid in the grave,' she used say, with a shudder. 'The only thing that reconciles me to it is that Jesus lay there. Only a few weeks ago she said: 'I think there must be something fearful in the rending asunder of soul and body.' Yet when the hour came she not only never passed through the fainter shadow of the struggle she had dreaded, but the very thought of it never crossed her mind. 'S the Lord keeps His word: 'He that keepeth m saying shall never see death.'"

ANECDOTES RELATED AT THE EVANGELISTIC MEETINGS IN SCOTLAND.

Boys Without a Backbone.—At a recent meeting Mr. Arthur, urging young people to begin life at peace with God, said: "I was just thinking of two lads who left school with me. These two young men had no firm standing; they seemed to have no back-bone, and were into the whirlpool of life, and were very soon drifted down by it; they are dead now, and both fill drunkard's graves. If you begin we you are sure to end well. The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom. There is no companion and Friend like Christ, as He is the Alone All-sufficient and ever gracious Saviour."

Let Me Carry You, Tommy.—Said a Father to his little boy, as they came to a rough and difficult part of the road. "Oh, no," said Tommy, "I can manage very well by myself." But by and by he stumbled on one rock, and then on another, till he fell into a muddy pool. "Let me carry you now, Tommy," said his father, as he lifted him out of the pool. "O yes, father, please." But, oh, why will the children of God try to walk in their own strength till they bruise themselves on the rocks of sin and fall into the mire of iniquity instead of letting the blessed Master carry them in His arms?

A Dream of Hell.—Mrs. Vans said: "I once read of a man who dreamt that he was in hell. He saw a woman there with whom he used to play cards and gamble. He thought he saw him sitting playing at some game, and he said, 'You seem to be at rest.' At the mention of the word 'rest' she started up, tore her dress open and showed him her heart, which seemed to be in a mass of flames, while she exclaimed, 'Rest! rest! Oh, there is no rest here!' The man awoke. This awful vision of the night was blessed by God to his salvation. It brought him to a sense of his sinful state before God, and he fled to Jesus, where, for the pardon of his sin and in Him, as all true penitents do, he found rest and peace unspeakable, and full of glory."

A Sailor's Surprise.—A Christian Worker says: "On one occasion I was speaking to a sailor about his soul, and when I solemnly appealed to him, he replied, 'Why, I never did any real harm in my life; I don't drink nor swear nor do I remember having told a lie in my life. I have never done any real wrong; the worst thing I ever remember doing was taking another's rations at dinner when he was absent, as you would not consider that any real harm,' told him that I did; to say the least of it, it was selfish. But then we did not require to do it, great wrong to keep us out of heaven; just lead a selfish life, and that will do it. I pointed out to him the only means by which he could be saved. I led him to the cross, and he is now sitting at Jesus' feet, saved, cleansed, and taught by Him."

A Lady's Mistake Corrected.—A Christian worker says: "Over in America a lady came to a meeting, and was convinced of sin. She considered a very amiable and even a good person."

son, but now she showed the true state of her heart. She blasphemed God, saying, 'God is infinitely unjust. Why did He not let me see the true state of my carnal nature? Why does He let my brother and my sister go along in the wrong way, when they do not know any other?' About five weeks afterward she went to the minister's house with a changed face, and told him that she had been all wrong, that God was good and just, and that it was she who was unjust to God. She said, 'I never would read the parts of the Bible that told of His love and goodness, nor the warnings which He had given us; it was I who was wrong, not God; I can thank Him now, for He has shown me my true state before Him.'"

Defending a Bad Husband.—"I Went to visit a woman, whose house had the appearance of great poverty, and after I had spoken to her she said, 'Please, sir, don't tell my husband that I don't drink.' Looking round the room, I said, 'If you had not told me that you did not drink I would not have believed it; what is the meaning of these empty shelves? You have not a dish in the house, and nothing on your floor but dirt. It has certainly the look of a drunkard's home.' 'Oh, don't blame my husband,' she said, 'he was once a good man.' 'It is not the husband I am speaking of; it is the drink,' I said, 'Do you not know me?' she asked. 'No, I do not,' I replied. 'Well, you did know me when I was a little girl,' she answered. When she told me who she was I was much surprised there was such a great change. She at one time belonged to a very respectable family and married a man who was quickly going, unknown to her, down the road to destruction; but now it was too late, and she was being pulled after him."

A Sight of Queen Victoria.—"A Little Boy had a great wish to see the Queen, and with this thought in his mind he went and stood about the gate of Windsor Castle. By and by, growing tired of waiting, he tried to enter the gate, but the sentinel stopped him and asked what he wanted; and the little boy said he wished to see the Queen. The sentinel told him that was impossible, but while he was speaking, the Prince of Wales came up and said: 'Well, my little man, what do you want?' and the boy, brushing the tears of disappointment from his face, said: 'Please, sir, I want to see the Queen.' The Prince took him by the hand, and led him past one sentinel after another, until he came to the Queen's presence. The Prince told his mother that the little boy wished to see her, and the Queen spoke kindly to him, and gave him a new half-penny. What made the Queen speak so kindly to the child? Was it for his sake? No, it was for her son's sake. It is for the same reason that God receives us, and pardons all our sins, not for our sake, but for His dear Son's sake."

Executed in the Place of his Son.—A well-known evangelist relates that "during the terrible times of the French Revolution a young man of noble birth was condemned to death. One morning he, along with many others, was hurriedly brought out for execution. One after another of his companions entered the fatal box, and at last his name was read from the roll. Just as it was pronounced some one stepped quickly forward and yielded himself to the executioner, and received the sentence that had been passed on the young man. When the officers of the law came to the end of their list, this young man was still there; but now they had no warrant for his execution, and he was conveyed back to prison. In a few days a free pardon was granted to all the prisoners, and now a free man, he joyfully took his way homeward. Entering the house he rushed into one room in search of his father, but failing to find him there went to his father's study, where he noticed a letter lying on the desk addressed to himself, and, lifting it, he saw it was his father's handwriting. With the nervous hand he broke the seal and read: 'My dear son, I could not endure the thought that you should die. I

have taken your place. I am old; you are young, and will bear the family name, and you do much good in the world. Your loving father.' Is not this a picture of what Christ has done for us? When we were justly condemned He came and took our place, and suffered and died, the just for the unjust, to save us from eternal woe."

THE PREDICTED DELIVERANCE.

By Rev. G. W. Pendleton, A.M.

Groaning the Common Lot—Paul's Experience—Those who Wait and Groan—Rational Beliefs—The Coming Change—The Deliverance at Death—Another Deliverance—The Body Rescued from Corruption—When the Groaning will Cease—Souls in Heaven Waiting—Deliverance Approaching.

A FRAIL and perishable nature shows that no stable source of happiness can be found in this world. From the commencement of sin down to the present time groaning over sufferings has been the lot of man. Paul was one of the chief sufferers. Joyful as was his hope, he finds himself compelled to groan over, and to travail in pain, and to look forward to the future for deliverance. Suffering in this life is the normal state of God's people. "The whole creation groaneth." "And not only they, but ourselves also, who have the first-fruits of the Spirit, even we ourselves groan within ourselves, waiting for the adoption (to wit), the redemption of our body."

Some argue that the whole creation means both the animate and inanimate creation, which have been effected by the fall; others, that it applies only to the new creation in Christ Jesus, and that the groaning and travelling together in pain arise from their subjection "to vanity, not willingly." But one thing is certain, that none but rational beings can rationally groan over sufferings and wait with patience for deliverance. "Even we ourselves groan within ourselves." Groan and travail in pain on account of their subjection to vanity, to sin—though not willingly—inheriting this tendency, this bias to evil, through the transgression of Adam.

Paul intimates a weariness of the world and an indifference to what it can give. "Oh, wretched man that I am, who shall deliver me from this body of death?" He stood in imminent danger every hour. "He had fightings without and fears within." He longed to depart and be with Christ. "He does not fret impatiently under the crosses of life, but looks forward to the manifestation of the sons of God. He takes a wider range than this world, burdened with the pains and portents of its

COMING CHANGE,

and reaches forward to grasp a substantial good "in the house not made with hands." "I reckon that the sufferings of this present time are not worthy to be compared with the glory which shall be revealed in us."

His longing of soul was after deliverance "from the bondage of corruption into the glorious liberty of the children of God." This deliverance, he knew, was sure to come—a moral and spiritual deliverance from the bondage of corruption; a release from the servitude of sin, from the power and prevalence of all base affections. This work is wrought in all who are new creatures in Christ Jesus; all who are God's workmanship, created in Christ Jesus unto good works. This deliverance from moral evil and "from the bondage of corruption into the glorious liberty of the children of God" is complete at death. "We are confident and willing rather to be absent from the body and to be present with the Lord," "having a desire to depart and be with Christ, which is far better." "He that is dead is freed from sin." When the soul of the believer is absent from the body, it is present with the Lord. All the preparatory work to fit it for heaven is done. They are "the spirits of just men made perfect." In this state of blessedness they await the resurrection of the body. While the troubles of earth are still going on, it is said, "Blessed are the

dead who die in the Lord; from henceforth—yea, saith the Spirit, for they rest from their labors," etc.

Then there will be

ANOTHER DELIVERANCE

—"the adoption, to wit, the redemption of our body." A future deliverance at the time of "the manifestation of the sons of God"—a distinct act from that of the redemption of the soul. This is a signal *emancipation of the body* from corruptibility to immortality at the resurrection of the just. It is the perfecting of redemption—the last series of events carried on from the beginning of the world—the fulfilment of Christ's promise, "I will raise them up at the last day." "Our vile body will then be changed and fashioned like unto Christ's glorious body," "be delivered from the bondage of corruption." The work of redemption will be completed, the soul and body both redeemed from the power of sin and the bondage of corruption, and be introduced into the full and complete liberty of the sons of God. Then the groaning and travelling in pain on account of sin will cease, and not till then.

The Christian must necessarily feel the burden of corruption up to the hour of his dissolution; for to this time the Church of Christ on earth will be composed of wheat and tares, the wise and foolish virgins, to molest the faithful to

THE END OF THE AGE.

The church *now* must expect afflictions, temptations, and perils; and hence "groan, being burdened;" long for deliverance, which she shall obtain in the redemption of the soul and body. They wait with earnest expectation for this deliverance, when their dignity and glory before the fall shall be fully restored by the resurrection. Hence John says, "I saw under the altar the souls of them that were slain for the word of God and the testimony which they held. And they cried with a loud voice, How long, O Lord, holy and true, dost Thou not judge and avenge our blood on them that dwell on the earth?" They ask for relief from sufferings and await a coming day of vengeance on their enemies. "And they rest a little season, until their brethren shall be killed as they had been." Thus "the earnest expectation of the renewed soul, even in heaven, waiteth for the manifestation of the sons of God."

The condition of the true believer in this world, and of the spirits of just men made perfect in the spirit world, is one of

EXPECTANCY AND DESIRE,

and not of full attainment. If they realized all at once, the future would cease to be a matter of hope, for that which is realized need not be hoped for. So long as their hope is subjected to the deductions of vanity or a vile body, there will be a longing for complete redemption. They have received only the first-fruits of the Spirit—the earnest of the inheritance; and they do not know even what they shall be, but they expect to be like Christ, "for they will see Him as He is."

The time of

DELIVERANCE IS APPROACHING;

the final victory is sure—the glorious liberty of the children of God is at hand, when believers in heaven and on the earth, now waiting, shall know the redemption of their bodies. This is God's truth.

"Truth crushed to earth shall rise again,

The eternal years of God are hers."

All the inanimate creation, under the curse, subject to vanity, burdened with thorns, and thistles, and venomous reptiles, await the change, when He who sits upon the throne shall say, "Behold, I make all things new." Then the creature shall attain its true end, and shall participate in the peace of "the sons of God;" and when God, who only can rejoice in goodness, "will rejoice in his works" (Psalm 104: 31). And when this lower world shall be renewed, when "there shall be new heavens and a new earth," and when all those who have suffered with Christ and on account of sin shall reign with Him upon the new earth.

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CURRENT EVENTS.

The Nicaragua Treaty was Rejected by the Senate on January 29th. A majority of the Senators voted in favor of ratifying it, but not two thirds of those present. As the Constitution requires that proportion, the treaty failed of ratification. The numbers were thirty-two for ratification and twenty-three against. A motion to reconsider was made, but it is not expected that the vote will be materially changed. It was not the Clayton-Bulwer treaty that caused the rejection of the treaty. Mr. Sherman moved an amendment providing for negotiations with England for the friendly abrogation of that treaty as a prior condition to the Nicaraguan treaty being carried out. That amendment was passed; but even with that condition attached the treaty did not pass. The real objection appears to have been that that condition, by ratifying, would have embarrassed Mr. Cleveland's administration. That was the view expressed by Senator Bayard, who was supposed to express the opinions of the President-elect. The subject was not treated, however, strictly on a party basis. Members of both parties were found on each side.

President Arthur's Message, Sent to Congress on January 29th, will do something toward allaying the apprehensions excited by our participation in the Congo conference. Fears were generally entertained that in entering that conference a precedent would be established which might be used to the prejudice of the United States. In meddling with the affairs of the Eastern Hemisphere, the Government, it was thought, had opened the way for a claim on the part of European Powers to interfere with affairs on this continent. Secretary Frelinghuysen's report, transmitted with the message, declares that the Government consented to take part in the conference only on the assurance on the part of Germany that "the Powers taking part would severally reserve the fullest liberty of action with respect to the results which might be reached;" and that, in accepting the invitation, our State Department assured the German minister that the United States did so on the explicit understanding that the business to be brought before the conference was to be limited to "the commercial interests of the Congo re-

gion and Western Africa." Mr. Kasson, who represents the United States at the conference, also sends the assurance that nothing has been done that binds the United States to joint action with any other Power.

An Urgent Request for an Appropriation was made on January 28th by Secretary McCulloch, who wants \$500,000 to build new vaults to hold the silver dollars. The United States Treasurer at San Francisco has twenty millions of those coins on hand, and has no room for more. The Superintendent of the Mint has thirty-three millions, and his vaults are full. The sub-treasuries in Chicago and Cincinnati are crammed to bursting, and at Philadelphia and New Orleans a similar state of affairs is reported. In spite of this practical proof that the public does not want the clumsy coins, and will not have them if it can avoid it, the mints are industriously coining two millions of them every month, and the present year promises to add twenty-seven millions to the stock. When the people elect Congressmen, it would be well to ascertain whether they are disposed to protect public property, or are determined on wasting it.

The New York Legislature Appears Disposed to go further than Congress in an attempt to prevent the dynamiters in this State plotting explosions in England. A bill was introduced last week in Albany making it felony to contribute or solicit money for the sale, transportation, or use of explosive compounds, knowing or having reason to believe, that they are intended to be used for the unlawful destruction of life or property. Even if this bill is passed, it will do little toward checking the operations of O'Donovan Rossa and his gang. The Irish people here know well the principles of these men, and will contribute as freely as ever to a fund to be used at their discretion for the purpose of liberating Ireland. The dynamite war is generally denounced by the press and the public, but the spirit of lawlessness is not recognized as the fount of all such movements. That spirit, as we know from prophecy, will continue to increase, and its operations will not be limited to England.

The St. John Controversy may be Considered closed, now that the evidence has been fully sifted. An offer was made to the Republican National Committee for Governor St. John to withdraw from the canvass on consideration of the payment of \$25,000. The offer, however, was not made by St. John, nor by the Prohibition Committee, nor by any person recognized by it as its agent. It was made by a man named Legate, who, if he had received the money, could not have carried out the terms of his contract. He had no control over St. John and no influence with the Prohibition Committee. He alone was responsible for the offer, and the Republican Committee showed that it had no confidence in the authenticity of the proposal by declining it. The evidence kindly sent us by correspondents is untrustworthy and evidently biased. The facts as we have given them have been fully proved.

General Stewart's Arrival on the Bank of the Nile, telegraphed on January 28th, produced a welcome relief from anxiety. After the battle at the Abu Klea Wells, on January 17th, he continued his march, and arrived within sight of the river at daybreak the following morning, having marched all night. The enemy appeared in force between General Stewart's troops and the Nile. Early on the morning of the 19th an attack was made with a ferocity surpassing even that of the Abu Klea battle. The British forces, now materially reduced, were drawn up in a square, which the Arabs failed to penetrate. Early in the action General Stewart received a severe wound in the groin, which, even if he recovers, will prevent his taking further part in the campaign. The famous correspondent of the London Standard, Mr. John A. Cameron, was killed, as was also Mr. Herbert, another newspaper correspondent. The Arabs were eventually defeated after a severe struggle, in which

the slaughter was sickening. The British then proceeded, and strongly intrenched themselves on the Nile, where they hope to communicate by steamer with General Gordon in Khartoum. Metemneh, which they intended to make their resting-place, was strongly held by the Mahdi's troops. General Stewart deemed it advisable to await re-enforcements before attacking the place. The fact that newspaper correspondents have their letters stopped by Lord Wolsley, and that the public get no news except his own despatches, leads to the impression that matters in the Sudan are more serious than he represents them.

The Dynamite Panic in London Continues, and guards have been set around all the public buildings. The police have received information that the British Museum will be the next building attacked, and precautions are being taken to protect it. Mr. Parnell's silence on the subject of the outrages is severely commented upon; he has made several public speeches since they were perpetrated, but has uttered no word of disapproval of them. A sad feature of the public indignation against the dynamiters is, that innocent Irishmen are unable to obtain work. Employers are discharging their Irish workmen, and those who are taking on new hands announce that "no Irish need apply." Forty thousand Irishmen are said to be unemployed, of whom over four thousand were discharged last week. The man Cunningham, who was arrested shortly after the explosions occurred, is held for trial. Suspicious circumstances have been discovered respecting him, and the police are confident of being able to prove his guilt. The headquarters of the dynamiters is now in Paris. The French police are rendering valuable assistance in tracing out the gang. The policeman who tried to save the Houses of Parliament by carrying out the dynamite, and was so severely injured that his life is despaired of, has been recommended to the notice of the Queen. She has been graciously pleased to give the poor man—a medal.

More Rigorously Despotic Measures have been adopted by the Russian Government. A press correspondent gives a deplorable account of the state of affairs throughout the country. He says Count Tolstol, the Minister of the Interior, is chiefly engaged in the discovery and prosecution of Nihilists. No sooner has one society of Nihilists been suppressed than another springs up. Count Tolstol is inundated with threats of death. He rarely attends the meetings of the Council. Whenever he stirs out it costs five hundred rubles for extra police protection. While Nihilism is more dangerous than ever, the persecution of the Jews is as fierce as it was a few years ago, when the European press boiled with indignation at the anti-Semitic outrages which disgraced Russia. Despotism is increasing, and the press is coerced into silence. Russia is more and more ignoring liberal ideas and is paving the way to an explosion.

Complaints of Post-Office Negligence are undergoing investigation in England. Letters from the United States are in some way delayed in the delivery. Persons writing to England to inform their friends of an intended visit have travelled by a steamer leaving New York two days later than the one by which their letters were despatched, and have nevertheless arrived before their letters were delivered. The English Post-Office officials have notoriously failed in getting the mail to the United States managed with due regard to speed, and it would now appear that the incoming mail is also at fault.

An Infamous Traffic has been Discovered in Hungary. Large numbers of girls have been recently observed leaving the country on their way to America. They were engaged by pretended American agents to come here as domestic servants, and their expenses over the frontier were paid for them. When out of Austrian jurisdiction their destination was changed. They were decoyed on board ship and carried to Egypt, where they were sold as slaves. Intense excitement has been caused by the discovery, and several persons have been arrested.

The Violation of the Sabbath by the Managers of the New Orleans Exposition, we are glad to observe, does not go on without protest. The Sunday League of Louisiana publish an address setting forth the efforts they have made to secure the closing of the Exposition on Sunday, in which they state that they applied to the management, to the exhibitors, and to Secretary Frelinghuysen and President Arthur. In response, Secretary Frelinghuysen replied, under date of October 20th, that he had consulted with the President relative to the matter, and had communicated to the Exposition management the result. The Secretary said that the necessary order would be issued, *requiring the government exhibit to be closed on Sundays*, and the President had expressed the hope that the propriety would be seen by the management of closing all other branches of the Exposition on that day.

Temperance Interest Centres in Ohio, and citizens everywhere are looking anxiously to that State to learn what will succeed the Scott law, recently declared unconstitutional. Mrs. Ellen J. Phinney, President of the W. C. T. U. of Ohio, says the Union intends to continue the campaign for Prohibition with energy and determination. She said recently: "We are assured that nothing can be done with the present Legislature in the way of securing better laws, but the Union will not yield that point without a determined effort to secure the passage of the Education bill and the resubmission of a prohibitory amendment during the coming session. We are not going to ask this legislation of Republicans nor of Democrats, but our appeal will be made to a General Assembly sent to Columbus to legislate for the public good and in the interests of the entire people rather than for a single party. I am convinced we shall have a stronger leverage as non-partisan women. Our motives would be impugned at once were we seeking to build up a party organization, but in our present attitude we are untrammelled."

An Interesting Exhibit at the New Orleans exposition is that of the American Bible Society, which has sent a pamphlet containing specimen verses in all the languages and dialects in which the Holy Scriptures have been printed by the American Bible Society and the British and Foreign Bible Society, numbering two hundred and forty-two. Copies of it are distributed to visitors. It furnishes a suggestive and conclusive reply to the sceptics and infidels who aver that the influence of the Bible is declining in the world. It also supplies an evidence of the fact that we must be near the time when "the Gospel of the kingdom shall be preached in all the world for a witness unto all nations" (Matt. 24: 14).

The Thirty-Second Anniversary of the Young Men's Christian Association of New York was held on January 25th. The reports showed that the usefulness of the institution has increased during the past year. The year's income was \$29,481.95 and the expenditure \$29,391.10, of which \$23,046, was spent for work in the buildings. Mr. McBurney, the indefatigable secretary of the Association, said that the World's Committee, the American International Committee, and the State Committee had met all their financial obligations, and were free of debt. The Harlem branch had gained in membership, and had spent \$2,921.55 during the year. Last July lots were purchased in Harlem for this branch. The Yorkville branch had been readmitted, and was getting along satisfactorily. The Railroad Men's branch, at the Grand Central and Thirtieth Street stations, was progressing favorably. The German branch had succeeded in purchasing a house in Second Avenue, and great work is expected to be done among German young men. At the Bowery branch the applications for employment and for relief exceeded those of the preceding year. There was expended in relief \$1,644.85, and 297 persons were secured employment. In the principal building, in Twenty-third Street, there were 260,660 visitors during the year, and 1491

secular gatherings were held, which included Bible classes, prayer-meetings, family prayer service, the members' monthly meetings, and the meetings of the different committees in charge of the various religious services.

The Tar and Feather Temperance Society is a prosperous organization located in a New Jersey city. On the night of December 31st, 1883, three young men sat around a tavern fire, all under the influence of liquor. As the clock struck twelve one of the young men said: "Boys, the new year is here. Now let's swear off and form a temperance society." The others, in a spirit of fun, agreed. The men were reckless, but they were in earnest, for the pledge adopted had the following penalty attached: "And any one of us who shall drink any intoxicating liquor, for any purpose whatsoever, between now and midnight of December 31st, 1884, shall be tarred and feathered." This clause becoming known, gained the club the name of "The Tar and Feather Temperance Society." It grew in numbers, and last New Year's Eve the society gave an entertainment, to which a large number of the best people of the place were invited. The hall was filled. At midnight the president announced that the pledge had expired. By a unanimous vote it was renewed for another year, and some twenty new names were added to the roll. The society's badge is a blue ribbon, with a lump of tar filled with chicken feathers attached.

Two Young Ladies Defended a Besieged house near Erie, Pa., recently. Their parents were decoyed away from home by a bogus telegram, and their only brother was away spending the evening with a friend. The house is lonely, and the two girls being alone in it were alarmed when four men wearing masks rang and demanded admittance. They determined to stand a siege rather than admit the men. They barricaded the doors and windows with furniture, and examined the locks, bolts, and bars with which the lower part of the house was secured. The burglars tried every horrible threat that suggested itself to induce the young ladies to surrender, but the heroic girls held out resolutely. The men commenced to file away the staples or bars of a lower window, which had the effect of greatly terrifying, though not of subduing the fair defenders. Their younger brother was at last on the way home, and when the girls, from an upper window, saw the glimmer of his lantern, they succeeded in attracting his attention by using a small magic lantern and acquainting him with their peril. He procured assistance, and effected the capture of two of the ruffians. We may hope that when Satan lays siege to their hearts, they may remember their experience and resist. Help can always be obtained in such a struggle from One who is stronger than he (Luke 11: 21, 22).

A Living Man Officially Dead Made an angry protest to the coroner at Kingston, N.Y., last week. Two or three months ago a man was found dead in that city, and the coroner held an inquest. A number of witnesses identified the corpse as that of a Polish peddler, who for years past sold cheap jewelry and spectacles at farmhouses in the neighborhood. A verdict was rendered that the deceased came to his death from exposure, and the body was buried. One night last week the coroner was awakened by a very angry man, who, in broken English, demanded to know why he had been declared a dead man. The man was very indignant, and declared that the coroner was trying to deprive him of his rights. The coroner at first supposed he had a crank to deal with; but when the light revealed the features of the visitor he saw it was the peddler who was supposed to have been buried some months ago. The coroner tried to propitiate the angry man, but for some time without success. At last the peddler said that if he was given a certificate with a big seal to the effect that he was neither dead nor buried, and that he had lost none of his "rights" to own property, he would make no more trouble. The coroner accordingly satisfied the

man who had been declared dead, and his visitor departed with his certificate and its big seal. In spiritual matters the anxiety of the enlightened soul is in precisely the opposite direction. Nothing is so precious then as the record that he is dead to the world, and his life hidden with Christ in God (Col. 3: 3).

Clinging to a Doomed Vessel Led to the death of a sailor on January 28th. That night a storm which will be long remembered raged on Chesapeake Bay, in which the schooner Wake went down. On January 30th a party of five sailors arrived at Cape Charles City, Va., who had been on board the vessel, and narrowly escaped with their lives. After the vessel stranded they jumped into the water, and after battling with the waves for nearly an hour they reached "the flats." One man went down with the vessel. When the others left her he remained. They called to him, telling him he would be lost if he stayed, but he did not move. He stood leaning over the gunwale, idly watching the others struggling to reach the shore. At last the ship went down with the man upon her. Whether he had any hope that the ship would float, or was too timid to trust himself to the waves, does not appear; his apathy in the circumstances is incomprehensible, but it is not so surprising as that of people who are clinging to this doomed world. He may have doubted whether he would be saved in any case; but absolute security is assured to all who abandon the world and trust to Christ (John 10: 28).

A Royal Cattle-Tender has been Employed near Baltimore, Md. A despatch from that city states that Dr. Patterson has had working on his farm, near the Mount Hope Insane Asylum, a man who is a grandson of King Stanislaus of Poland. When engaged, he gave the name of Thaddeus Lewis Poriatowski. During the past two years he has been working as a cattle tender. His story is a romantic one. After the Russian-Polish war his father was banished to Siberia. The son was then an infant in arms, but was carried into exile by his mother, who soon died. The boy grew up, and with his father made his escape and reached Paris in poverty and rags. The father died. The son came to America, and after wandering around reached Dr. Patterson's farm and begged for work. He proved a good hand, and worked faithfully. It was but a few days ago that Dr. Patterson found who the man was. His story is proved by documents in his possession. Now that it is known that the cattle-tender has royal blood in his veins, he will probably be treated with considerable respect. Descendants of kings are seldom to be found in such places. The time will come, however, when it will be found that sons of the King of kings have been among us, though the world knew it not (1 John 3: 2).

How the Teeth of a Fish were Drawn is described in the *American Angler*. The keeper of an aquarium in Rochester, N. Y., noticed that all the fish but one bore scars of conflict. The fish were California and brook trout, and the injuries were inflicted by one of the former. It seems that one of the trout was of a sour, quarrelsome disposition, and had been in the habit of worrying the others persistently. He at first decided to kill the offending trout; but not wishing to lose it, he thought he would try to render it harmless. Procuring a pair of pinchers he took the big trout from the water and extracted its teeth, exercising as much care as possible, so as not to injure the fish. The teeth of trout are not used for the mastication of food, but are intended to aid the fish in maintaining hold of its prey. Trout in ponds and aquariums have therefore no actual need of teeth, for the reason that they are not obliged to seek their own food. The fish is now apparently well in health, and has ceased to molest its companions. It may be supposed that the trout retains its sour and quarrelsome disposition, though it is prevented exercising it. That is all the law can do with offending members of society. The divine method is more radical: it changes the disposition (1 Cor. 6: 11).

GRAPPLING IRONS.

A Sermon by Pastor C. H. Spurgeon.

"Quicken me after thy lovingkindness; so shall I keep the testimony of thy mouth."—PSALM 119: 88.

David Beset by Enemies—His Chief Concern—
I. His Intense Desire—Founded on a High Esteem of God's Word—Included Points of Virtue—Loyal to Doctrine—Obedient to Precept—Confidence in the Promises—Backed up by Memory—Support in Present Struggle—Responsible for the Future—II. His Consequent Prayer—A Wise One—Met his Condition—III. His Holy Example—Prayer from Dead Men—The Blessing in Practical Use.

WHEN David wrote this part of the psalm he was evidently beset by many enemies who sought to destroy him, and it is exceedingly important to note what part of himself he guarded with the most care. Which part of his nature did he regard as the most vital? Where did he hold the shield that he might be screened from the darts of the foe? We observe that his prayer is very little about his body, or his temporal interests. Like other men, he desired to be preserved in life and kept in prosperity; but his main prayer is not about these matters. Evidently

HIS CHIEF THOUGHT

is concerning his soul, his character, his adherence to God's Word, his steadfastness in the faith. Observe the current of his supplication—"Quicken me after thy lovingkindness; so shall I keep the testimony of thy mouth." He is not so anxious to keep his health, or to keep his house, or to keep his crown, or even to keep his life, as he is that he may keep the testimony of God's mouth. O brethren, everything is right when the heart is right, and everything is wrong when the soul is wrong. We are prospering even when we lose our wealth if we grow in grace; but we are in the direst adversity, even if we are growing rich, if we become spiritually poor. Starve your soul, and you will be wretched amid the dainties of a king's table; but let your soul be satisfied as with marrow and fatness, and a dinner of herbs will be better to you than a stalled ox. The first thing, the main thing, the chief thing, is that the heart be kept true toward God and His Word. Concerning this David prays.

I. First, in these words of David, we have

HIS INTENSE DESIRE

that he might keep the testimony of God's mouth. This desire was founded in a high esteem of God's Word. He viewed the divine revelation as coming directly from Jehovah's own mouth. To some men this holy book is no more inspired than the plays of Shakespeare or the poems of Milton. We have in the Old Testament, they say, the sacred writings of the Jews, which deserve to be treated with great respect; and this is all. David thought not so; and, thank God, we join with David in his opinion. David speaks of God's Word, though he had but a small portion of it compared with what we have, as "the testimony of God's mouth." To me there is no explanation of those words except that which involves verbal and infallible inspiration. The inspired sentence may come down to us from the pen of David; Isaiah, or any other of the prophets, may have been the visible medium of its transmission; but the word itself has come distinctly and directly, with absolute truth and unmingled purity, from the mouth of the Most High.

This prayer of David's, springing from his great reverence for the revealed will of God, includes within it many points of virtue. I cannot explain what he means by keeping the testimony of God's mouth by any one line of things; it is a far-reaching prayer, as full as it is brief. He means, no doubt, that he desired to be steadfast in the doctrine which the mouth of the Lord had spoken. He wished to be taught of the Lord so as to know the truth, and then to be so confirmed and established in it that no wind of doctrine should carry him away from his moorings. He desired to be steadfast, unmovable, rooted and grounded in the truth of

God. Such an attainment is much to be desired at this time. The things which we have learned and have received we must hold fast until our Lord shall come. He has set us in our place to keep guard over His truth;

LET NO SENTRY SLEEP

at his post. He has put us in trust with the Gospel; God grant we may not be dishonest trustees, trifling with our charge. May those especially who are teachers of others be good stewards of the manifold grace of God. Though we bring forth things new and old, let us take care that we bring forth nothing but what we find in the treasury of the Word. Brethren, this word shall never return unto God void, but it shall accomplish that which He pleases. This meaning of the prayer is worthy of solemn note in these evil days.

But there is another meaning which will seem to some more practical, though indeed it is not so; for there is as much real practice about right thinking as about right acting; and for the understanding to be obedient to God is as vital a thing as for the actions of the life to be conformed to His will. We ought to be anxious to be obedient to God in all His precepts; and if we are striving to be so, our prayer should daily be that we may be preserved in the keeping of the testimony of God's mouth. David further desired that he might be preserved in perfect and unwavering confidence in the promises of God. The testimony of God's mouth is largely made up of exceeding great and precious promises. The sad fact is that sometimes His own people begin to question those promises, and if the vision tarrieth they are in unbelieving haste, and limit the Holy One of Israel. Not one of His words shall fail; nor shall one blessing which He has promised be withheld.

Our prayer is that we may keep the testimony of His mouth, and, like our fathers, may be persuaded of the promises, and may embrace them. What an instructive word is that! "Embraced them"—pressing them to their hearts, and holding them dear to their souls. Oh, never, never let us dare to suspect the faithfulness of our God. Be this your firm resolve: "Though He slay me, yet will I trust in Him."

This prayer then, you see, has a very wide significance, and I want you to observe that upon the very surface of the words there is an indication that this desire in his soul was backed up by the experience of the past. He desires to keep the testimony of God's mouth; and that implies that he has already received that testimony, and is in possession of it. If a man has not obtained a thing, he cannot keep it. Beloved, I would throw you back this morning for a moment upon

MEMORIES OF THE PAST.

Do you remember the place, the spot of ground where first you heard of God with your inner ear? Do you remember your beggary, your disease, your death? and how the heavenly word gave you wealth, healing, and life in Christ? Since then, how precious, how soul-sustaining, how full of deliverance, how pregnant with victory, have the words of God been to you in days of affliction and conflict!

At this day you must feel that you could not leave this precious word, for you would be leaving the fountain of living waters. What way is open to you if you turn from the way of His statutes? But, my brothers, the mercies of the past, I might even say the miseries of the past, all bind us to our God and to His statutes.

Furthermore, this desire is necessitated by

THE STRUGGLES OF THE PRESENT.

Poor David had become like a bottle in the smoke; his eyes were failing, his heart had fainted, his days were growing few, his pathway was intercepted with pits, he was persecuted wrongfully, he was almost consumed; but he adds, "I forsook not thy precepts." That was the saving clause of it all. We may be in the smoke, but we shall not be smothered; we may be persecuted, but we shall never be forsaken; we may be cast down, but we shall not be destroyed while we keep the testimonies of God's

mouth. We are still in the sea, therefore let us cling to our life-buoy; we are still in the wilderness, let us daily gather the heavenly manna. Cast not away your confidence, which even now hath great recompense of reward. Stand you to it, that, be the present what it may, your choice is made; your understanding is assured, your convictions are indelible. Change as ye will, all ye that know not God; but we that know Him by long experience are inseparably united to Him. To quit the truth of God for modern notions would be to leave the streams from Lebanon for the sand of the desert, the sweet waters of Siloah for the brine of the Dead Sea.

I am sure I may add that this desire of David is well warranted by every

PROSPECT OF THE FUTURE.

We do not know what troubles we shall yet experience; but we do know that He who hath helped us bears us through, and makes us more than conquerors too. That future, which extends in endless vista far beyond our mortal life, demands faithfulness of us. If we are traitors to the truth of God to-day, what will become of the next generation, and the next, and the next? At this hour we suffer for the negligences of our ancestors; error has been established by a long continuance of perversity—shall we persevere in maintaining falsehood? To-day will ye rebuild the Jericho which the Reformers threw down? Will we pull down the Jerusalem which they have built up? If so, our sons shall curse the memory of their sires. This poor world may experience great delay to her grand hope if Christian men in the present are unfaithful to the truth.

Ages hang upon the conduct of the church of to-day. Speak out the truth while you live, so that when you leave this life it may be said, "He being dead yet speaketh." Let us to-day anchor the church to sound doctrine, lest she drift further and further in years to come. Speak God's Word faithfully, for that word shall live and conquer when you are gone. He that soweth the seed of heresy and evil doctrine entails upon succeeding generations an evil and a plague, and his very name shall rot; but he that soweth the good seed shall be the father of ten thousand successive harvests. To-day we may seal the coming centuries unto the Lord, setting the impress of the truth upon them. Be ye steadfast for the truth in your own day, for you know not what *perilous times will come*, before the advent of the Lord Jesus. Your words and acts to-day will affect eternity itself. Thus much upon David's desire; may a like desire burn in our hearts!

II. Secondly, let us consider

HIS CONSEQUENT PRAYER.

He did not pray immediately that he might keep the testimony of God's mouth, but he offered the next prayer to it, the one which leads up to it right surely. As a man that goeth up to his chamber doth not leap up all at once, but climbeth the stairs, so doth David rise to the keeping of the Lord's word by the prayer—"Quicken me after thy lovingkindness."

This prayer is *wisdom*. He that saith, "I shall keep the testimony of God's mouth, for I am fully resolved to do it," had better salt that resolution with prayer, or it will rot like all things which come of the flesh. "Oh," saith he, "I am strong-minded and firmly established, and shall never be moved from the hope of my high calling." O man, thou knowest not thyself, nor the power of temptation, if thou art depending upon thyself. Put up a prayer to God that He would confirm thee, for in that way and in that only shalt thou be true to His statutes. He shall keep God's testimony that is kept by God's power, and He alone; therefore this prayer is wisdom. Moreover, as there is but one Lord and Giver of life, what more could David do than pray? He could not give himself life, and he was wise to apply to Him who alone quickeneth the dead.

This prayer was suggested, I do not doubt, by David's inward state. He says, "Quicken

me." Does he mean that he was dead? Yes, comparatively. He means that he felt the power of death working in him. Before he is quite numb he cries, "Quicken me." He was not altogether dead, for dead men never pray for quickening; but he had a sense of deadness creeping over him, gradually chilling the genial current of his soul. He was dull; he was heavy; he felt lethargic, and indisposed to activity. "Quicken me, Lord," saith he. "Quicken me." The Lord hath given us some life, beloved, but that life at intervals seems to go to sleep through weariness; let us pray, "Quicken me, Lord." Are we not, the most of us, a droning, sleepy, half-quicken set? We mope and grope like men who are looking for their graves; but when the Lord comes to us He quickens us from head to foot, and then the blood leaps in our veins, our spiritual breath is full and deep, and we are fired with enthusiasm.

It is a prayer which met

DAVID'S CONDITION.

Carefully read the octave of verses with "Caph" at the head of them, and see how well it fits in at the end of each. "My soul fainteth"—"Quicken me." "Mine eyes fail"—"Quicken me." "I am become like a bottle in the smoke"—"Quicken me." "How many are the days of thy servant?"—"I seem near to death"—"Quicken me." "The proud have digged pits for me"—"Quicken me," that I may spy out their pitfalls and avoid them. "They persecute me wrongfully"—"Quicken me," Lord; for they cannot hurt me, though they pour death upon me, if Thou pour life into me. "They had almost consumed me"—"Quicken me," and then I may burn with fire, but I shall not be consumed. You see, the blessing of quickening meets all these conditions. I believe that the best preservative under trial is increased spiritual life.

Did I hear you complain, "I am very poor"? Brethren, if your soul is quickened and you become rich in faith, poverty will be a light burden. "But I am very depressed in spirit." Truly, this is sad; but if you are more fully quickened, you will shake it off as living men put from them the cements of the tomb. But you cry, "I have such hard work to do!" If you have stronger life, the task will be easier. "But I have been disappointed and defeated." You will have few defeats, or you will bear them joyfully when your spiritual life is vigorous and full. "Quicken me." Whatever your difficulty, whatever your doubt, whatever your sorrow, whatever your temptation, here is a prayer that

MEETS EVERY CASE:

"Quicken me after thy lovingkindness."

It is a prayer especially which answered to David's aim in presenting it. He prayed this prayer that he might be enabled to keep God's testimony. Now who are the people that give up sound doctrine? Why, the people who do not know the quickening power of it in their own souls, and do not live in the delightful enjoyment of it. Who are the people that give up holy practice? Why, the people that are not dwelling in the power of the Holy Ghost, and are not full of the life of God. Who are those that are tossed up and down like the locust and are shifty, and have no fixed position? Why, they are the men that have not received the fullness of life from on high. You can do a great many things with a dead man; but you cannot make him stand upright; you may try most earnestly, but a corpse cannot stand; until you put life into the body it will fall to the ground; and so if the life of God be not in you you cannot hold the truth, or maintain purity, or walk in integrity. Life is absolutely essential to steadfastness in the truth. The prayer of our text answers to David's aim: "Quicken me after thy lovingkindness; or shall I keep the testimony of thy mouth."

He presented this prayer on the right ground. Observe how he pleads the mercy and love of God. "Quicken me after thy lovingkindness."

He means, I think, that he desires to be quickened by a sense of God's love. Is there anything that puts life into a man like that? A mother finds her babe half frozen, and she warms it back to life by pressing it to her bosom; she imparts the warmth of her own heart to it until it lives again and smiles; it is just so with our God—there is no reviving us except by pressing us close to His bosom. Did I hear you say, "I will repent in terror. I will go to Moses to get revival"? I advise you not to do so, for he will use the rod most severely, and flog you back to feeling; and that is by no means a desirable method. Divine love is a sweeter and surer quickener.

THE TRUE ELIXIR OF LIFE

is love. Oh, for a draught of it!

"Thy mercy is more than a match for my heart, Which wonders to feel its own deadness depert, Aroused by thy godness I rise from the ground, And sing to the praise of the mercy I've found."

"Quicken me after thy lovingkindness."

I would close this section of my discourse by saying, it is a prayer which has a promise attached to it. It was not so in David's day; but in these latter times we have a promise which fits it as the wax the seal. When I have a lock I am always glad to find a key which fits it. Here is the lock—"Lord, I feel as if I were dead;" and here is the key—"He that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live." That answers the supplication as a glove fits the hand—"Though he were dead, yet shall he live." If it were possible for a believer to get between the jaws of death and stand there, the mouth of the sepulchre could not close itself upon him. "Though he were dead, yet shall he live." Plead that promise, and cry unto God, when you feel sloth creeping over you—"Quicken me, that I may keep the testimony of thy mouth."

III. We part with David, and this is the last word; in this verse we have

HIS HOLY EXAMPLE,

which I commend to you. First, offer the prayer of life when you feel that you are dead. It is a strange paradox; but I put it with all my might to you. If this morning you are forced to cry, "My heart seems like adamant; my feeling is all gone; if aught is felt it is only pain to find I cannot feel; I seem to be altogether out of sorts; if the life of God be in me at all it is like a spark hidden away among the ashes, and I cannot discover it," well, then, bestir yourselves to pray. "Awake thou that sleepest, and arise from the dead, and Christ shall give thee light." Let thy groan go up from the grave's mouth. If thou canst get no further than a sigh, let thy moaning be addressed to God, let the heavings of thine anguished heart move toward thy heavenly Father.

The next thing I learn is this, that living truth can only be held firmly by living men. Some who are very sound are nothing else but sound; but we want no such allies. Some of those who hold a correct creed are very narrow, and will not tolerate a departure by a hair's-breadth from their fixed opinion; but narrowness is not strength. To know the truth and feel its power, and manifest its influence in your life, is the proof that you have grappled it to your soul as with hooks of steel. Oh, for living truth in the grip of a living man! My dear friend, if you are going to be a champion of reformation, first be yourself reformed; if you would become a defender of the faith, first be an exemplifier of it. Let Jesus reign in your soul, and then He will make you a priest and king unto Himself by His own divine power.

The next lesson is, regard God's lovingkindness as a source of life. Unhappily too many have viewed it as an excuse for death. "Oh, yes," they say, "I am one of God's chosen; I need not trouble myself about holiness or activity. I shall be saved by sovereign grace." Do you sit down and quietly cross your legs, and fold your arms, and do nothing, and then look to be rewarded for it? In all probability you will be lost at last, for you are lost already.

The man who dares to pervert truth is already a lost man; but he that knows the lovingkindness of the Lord says, "Quicken thou me, Lord." Do not get behind the door and suck your honeycomb, and say, "I love enjoyment, but I hate employment. I never try to defend the truth or to spread it, but it is very sweet to me." Ah, my dear sir, that kind of honey will poison you; the thought of it makes me sick. The right thing is to feel that the more God loves you the more you love Him; the more He does for you the more will you do for Him.

And lastly, let divine aid, whenever we seek it or obtain it, lead us to the practical use of it in obedience. "Quicken me," and "so shall I keep." I put those words together in that fashion, for they are together. That is to say, if the Lord gives quickening I will give steadfastness. The believer is

ACTIVE, NOT PASSIVE.

He is acted on, but he also acts. In the first work of regeneration we are passive; that must be a pure act of God's grace; but as the child as soon as it is born becomes active, and begins to cry, so does a new-born soul prove its activity by its prayer. As the child ever after has an activity all its own in proportion to the measure of its vitality, so will it be with the child of God; he becomes more and more energetic in proportion as God pours into him more and more of the divine life.

Come, ye that lie in the dust, shake yourselves from it; ye that are at ease in Zion, bestir yourselves in the service of your Lord and Master before a heavy we overwhelms you. This is an evil day, a day in which multitudes are perishing in poverty and sin by reason of their ignorance of Christ; will ye not instruct them? This is a day of blasphemy and rebuke, in which the truth of God is cast down and trodden like mire in the streets; will ye not stand up for it? Hold you to the fundamentals of the faith, though with others the foundations are shaken. Abide like rocks in the midst of foaming billows, and defy all opposition. Stand fast in the house of your God below, and this shall be your reward above—"Him that overcometh will I make a pillar in the temple of my God, and he shall go no more out." May the best of blessings rest upon you. Amen.

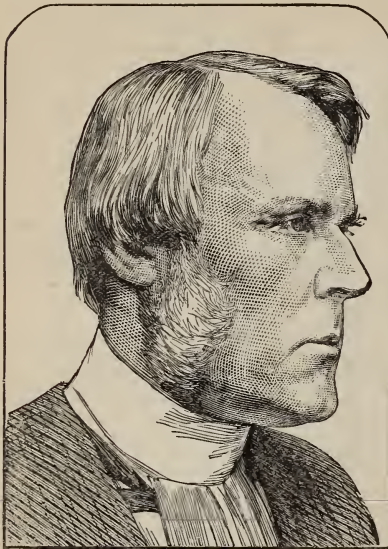
THE LATE RT. REV. JOHN JACKSON, D.D., BISHOP OF LONDON.

(See portrait on page 92.)

THE distinguished prelate of the Protestant Episcopal Church whose portrait appears on the next page died at his palace, on January 6th, after a very brief illness. On Sunday, January 4th, he took part in the mid-day service at All Saints' Church, Fulham, and administered the Lord's Supper. He complained of a pain in his side before going to the service, but was so far recovered afterward as to be able in the evening to preach the sermon at St. Paul's Cathedral. He returned home between nine and ten o'clock, and when he retired to rest he was apparently in his usual health.

On Monday morning he complained of an acute pain in his side. A physician was at once summoned, and the remedies applied afforded the patient relief, and he remarked that he felt very well, and wished to rise. Under the doctor's orders, however, he kept to his bed. The following morning his daughter went to his room and found him sleeping peacefully. She visited him again an hour later, and was alarmed at the ghastly pallor of his face. She at once sent for the physician, who came immediately, but found that the bishop was dead. He had died in his sleep.

At the afternoon service in St. Paul's Cathedral on that day, the preacher said: "It would not be seemly to enter the Cathedral pulpit this afternoon and make no reference to the awfully sudden loss which has fallen upon this church and diocese, and of which we must, most of us, have heard but a few hours ago. The lamented death of the Bishop of London creates a void which must be felt by every one, but it is espe-



The Late Bishop of London.



The Silent Preacher in the Depot.

cially touching to us here, for he stood so recently in this place, and was *the last to stand in this pulpit.*"

The late bishop was the son of Mr. Henry Jackson, a merchant of London, and was born in February, 1811. He was first sent to a school at Islington, and subsequently to Reading school, then under the care of Dr. Valpy. Entering Oxford University at Pembroke College, he took his B.A. in 1833. In 1835 he was ordained deacon, and priest a year later. For the next ten years Mr. Jackson was head master of a grammar school, and preached at a church in the neighborhood. In 1846 he was transferred to St. James's Church, London, and during his seven years' occupancy of that rectory came to be favorably known in London as a preacher.

In 1853 Lord Aberdeen, then Prime Minister of England, made Dr. Jackson Bishop of Lincoln, and to this work he devoted his energies for the next sixteen years. By his indefatigable labors he succeeded in thoroughly organizing the work of the church. In 1869 Dr. Longley, the Archbishop of Canterbury, died, and Mr. Disraeli, who was then Premier, promoted Dr. Tait, who was then Bishop of London, to the Archbishopric of Canterbury and transferred Dr. Jackson to London. There he found an excellently organized system in full working order, and he stimulated all good work, notably that of the Bishop of London's Fund for the erection of new churches, by earnest personal effort. While a regular attendant in his place in the House of Lords, the late bishop rarely took part in the debates. He ruled his diocese with conspicuous tact and good judgment, and the appointments he made met with general approval.

LIGHT FOR THE HAREMS.

WOMAN'S ministry has found for itself a grand sphere in Christian lands, and is fully recognized as exercising a potent and winning influence in reaching many classes. If this, however, be so in Christendom, how much more so in those Eastern climes where ancient prejudice and custom have raised barriers which effectually prevent the male missionary carrying the light of the Gospel to fully one half of the population? And these customs of seclusion and jealousy shut out not only the spiritual message, whose importance they may easily fail to see, but also the help and healing by the medical art; so that woman, in all lands and people the

chiefest sufferer from sickness and pain, is in the lands of which we speak practically cut off from effective scientific medical aid. And even in those comparatively rare cases in which the physician is consulted, it is usually under conditions which entirely prevent the diagnosis of the symptoms so necessary to correct treatment.

From these facts come the imperative necessity, first, of lady missionaries, the women who should carry the message of mercy to the women of the East; and, secondly, of lady medical missionaries, who in harems and zenanas may minister to their secluded sisters those remedies and appliances of the medical art hitherto beyond their reach.

Each of these ministries is deeply important; none can fail to rejoice that pain should find alleviation; distress, relief; the weakness and weariness of sickness yield to resources of science; and all again will rejoice that in the gross darkness of heathen superstition the word of Gospel teaching should find a hearing by means of ladies brave enough and loving enough to penetrate the zenanas; but when these are united, when she who brings bodily healing brings also the message of mercy, when she who years over a blinded soul is enabled to administer to suffering bodies relief and quiet, then the double ministry—woman's double ministry to woman—becomes a service of untold worth to the prisoners of the East.

These considerations have led to the establishment of an institution called the Zenana Mission School, in which Christian ladies receive a medical education. When properly qualified they go out to Turkey and India and are permitted to enter the harems, from which men are rigorously excluded. Their medical knowledge secures their admission when there is illness, and affords them opportunity to speak to the women of Christ and the Gospel. Six ladies were thus educated and sent out last year. One of these is Miss Bose, a native Indian lady, a highly intellectual and thoroughly devoted lady. She belongs to the highest caste, and knowing, as she said, "the bitter case of her women and of the poor little ones in the native houses," she resolved not only to become a missionary, but to undergo such training as would enable her to be a medical missionary; for, said she, "they are dying unhelped; they are suffering no one knows how terribly; and there are none to help them, none to heal them; they have no medical

treatment, for the native treatment is worse than useless."

Now she who so deeply felt her sisters' need has gone to their help, having undergone the full course and the most rigid examination, in which her answers exhibited accurate and extensive knowledge of the subject, and she passed her examination with the highest credit. Miss Bose has now been placed by the municipal authorities in charge of a dispensary fifteen miles from Unrisur, where she will have abundant opportunities for rendering the medical and spiritual help she longed to give.

Miss Palmer, another fully-trained student, has now her own dispensary near Madras. She has won her way among the natives, and found ready entrance among the Brahmin ladies.

THE SILENT PREACHER.

(See Illustration on this page.)

No man can estimate the good that may be done by scrolls of Scripture texts, which, at a very slight expense, can be hung in places where they are sure to be read. Many instances are on record of comfort, consolation, or direction having been given by them at a time of dire need. But it is very certain that many more such cases have occurred of which the public has never heard.

A Christian friend says: "I have seen these scrolls in all kinds of places, silently doing the work of the Great Author of the Bible. Lately I saw one hanging at the foot of the bed on which a dear friend was dying. She was too weak to read her Bible. But as often as she turned her eyes to the foot of the bed, there, in large type, which she could read without trouble, the comforting words of her Redeemer met her, and His words illumined the darkness of her dying hour. I have seen them in hospitals, where persons have been tossing on beds of pain, moaning under severe accidents, and sighing for relief of mind more than from freedom of bodily suffering. Without note or comment these words of Scripture have been doing, and are doing at this hour, a mighty work; teaching us constantly, that when the words of man's wisdom are powerless, "the word of God is quick, and powerful, and sharper than any two-edged sword, piercing even to the dividing asunder of soul and spirit, and of the joints and marrow, and is a discernor of the thoughts and intents of the heart."

Mrs. Mary Howitt, in one of her charming ballads, narrates how one of those scrolls of Scripture truth was made the means of bringing blessing into the soul of a poor, desolate woman who saw it in a railroad depot. She had walked a long distance from the farmhouse where she lived, to the depot to take the midday train, only to find on her arrival that she was five minutes late.

Tired and vexed, the poor creature went into the waiting-room. What was she to do with herself for two hours! Like "a caged beast" she paced the room with an angry fire burning in her bosom. All at once, however, her attention was arrested by text in a scroll hanging upon the wall. She read: "Woe is me, for I am undone;" and then the gracious promise, "Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow."

These words were a message to her soul from Him who inspired them. All at once the blackness and sinfulness of her past life flashed before her, and in the silence of that deserted waiting-room, she put up a prayer for mercy!

"With her sins arraigned before her,
She could only weep and cry,
'Lord, unless Thy mercy save me,
I must surely, surely die!'"

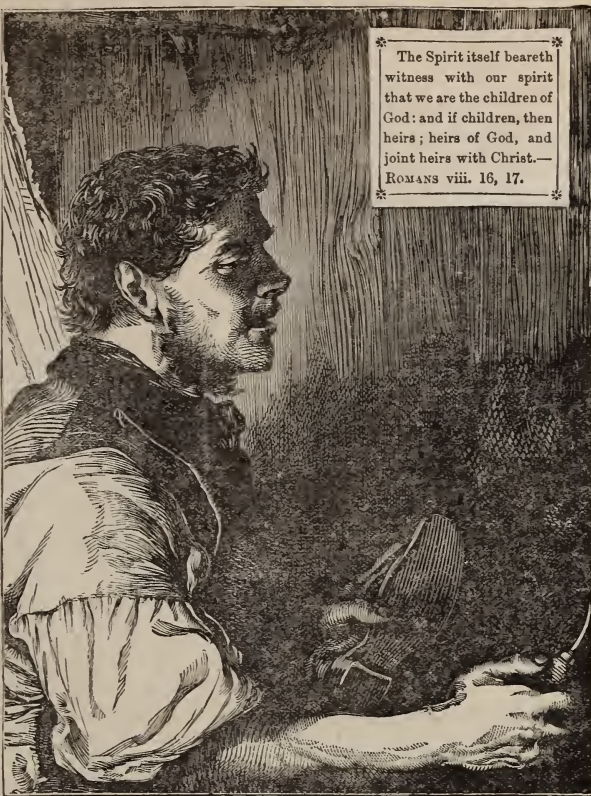
The prayer of the desolate and broken-hearted woman was heard, and the long hours of waiting were spent in rapt communion with Him who is able to save unto the uttermost all those who come to Him through Jesus Christ. The time passed quickly, and she was surprised when the cry of "All aboard!" struck her ear. She took her place on the cars; but scarcely had an hour elapsed when an accident occurred, and many passengers, "fainting, bleeding," were thrown out. Only one, however, was killed, and that one the poor woman who had missed the midday train!

THE SINGING COBBLER OF HAMBURG.

(See illustration on this page.)

ONE fine summer evening, while crowds of people passed through the streets of Hamburg, a shoemaker, sitting before his shop door, was busily engaged with a shoe. He rested from his work, singing a psalm in old German, scarcely lifting his eyes from his sole, which occupied his whole attention, and quite indifferent to the crowd that passed before him, when a young man stopped suddenly and addressed him: "Well, my friend, you seem quite happy and contented?" The speaker was a student. His features and complexion showed that he was of Jewish race. The cobbler lifted his eyes and answered cheerfully:

"Happy and contented I am, in truth, sir; why should I not be so?" "I don't know; but all are not as you. Your poverty might distress you. I suppose you have only to provide for yourself?" "You are mistaken there, sir," he answered; "I have to feed a wife and seven children with the work of these hands. I am a poor man, it is true; but I can sing while I do my work." "I must confess," said the young man, "that I am very much surprised to see a poor fellow like you so contented with his lot." "Stranger," said the cobbler, putting down his work and taking hold of his arm with a serious expression—"stranger, I am not so poor as probably you may think. I am a son of the King."



The Singing Cobbler of Hamburg.

A week passed by, and the student, having again occasion to pass down the same street, found the cobbler sitting in the same place, singing as cheerfully as before. The youth, in passing, lifted his cap with a sarcastic air, exclaiming, "Good morning, Mr. Prince." "Stop, my friend," said the cobbler, putting down his work; "a word of explanation, if you please. You left me so suddenly the other evening because you thought I was mad." "I must say I believed it," answered the other. "Well, my friend, I am not mad. What I said I said in earnest. I am a son of the King, and I can sing you a song about my royal lineage."

The young man thought he might as well listen; it could do no harm; the cobbler was evidently half if not wholly insane, and showed it in a way common enough by claiming to be of royal blood. So he composed himself to listen. The cobbler sang a hymn on the petition, "Thy kingdom come." When he finished, he asked the young man if he understood it; but he seemed still to be under his old impression.

"I must, then," said the cobbler, "explain to you in detail concerning the kingdom of Christ and the glory of the King, though if, as I judge, you are a Jew, you should be familiar with it." He showed him how things written in the law of Moses, in the prophets, and in the Psalms, about Jesus Christ, have been fulfilled. How all power in heaven and earth was committed to Him, and how He actually established a kingdom which shall never be destroyed, and uniting in holy fellowship Jews and Gentiles, and how the subject of this glorious kingdom is a child of God, a joint-heir with Christ, the King.

"Now," said the cobbler, taking the hand of the young Jewish student who sat beside him, "now, my friend, you see how I could say, 'I am a son of the King,' and why I am happy and contented. It is because I know Jesus. I believe in Him, and I love Him. And it is the sacred Scriptures which tell me that all things are mine, whether life or death, or things present, or things to come; all are mine, because I am Christ's."

The young Jew listened silently to this long talk and his mind was busy. To him, as to a large number of his race, the truths of the Bible were but little known. He studied Kant and the philosophers rather than Moses and the prophets. The fact that a poor man, whose hard life might be an excuse for being discontented, was really happy, and assigned his belief in Christ as the cause of his happiness, was startling to him. Philosophy might make him a stoic, but it could not make him happy. The cobbler had the best philosophy evidently.

"How did you learn all this?" he asked.

The cobbler stooped forward, opened a drawer under the bench on which he sat, and produced a New Testament. "From that book," he said, briefly, "I was miserable and discontented as any one could be until I read that. I'll give it you if you will study it. It will teach a learned man like you as well as it has taught an ignorant man like me."

The young Jew accepted the book with thanks, and promised to study it. He kept his word, and was brought into the light. At the end of his university career he acknowledged that to no professor, to no writer was he so indebted as to the poor cobbler and the New Testament.

SINNERS AND SUFFERERS.

A SERIAL STORY.

(Continued from page 79.)

The Crime Confessed.

MADAME LAWSON, who was prone to avoid the daylight, which she declared not worthy of its name in England, proceeded homeward in the dusk, without meeting with any molestation. She had not paid her son and the garret any visit since the return of John Morley and Hester the night before; and Lawson had failed to come down to his work-room, where indeed he had been but little during the last three months, though Mr. Waldron had continued to pay him and his mother the same wages he had formerly received from his employer. Madame experienced no anxiety on his account.

Madame Lawson ascended the long flight of stairs briskly, feeling nearly equal to the difficult feat of singing as she mounted. No light whatever glimmered through the numerous chinks in the door, by which the fresh air was apt to find inconvenient admission. Good! Her son was gone to bed; and there would be nothing to do but to look round. She lifted the latch, and entered the dark room, humming a merry little song. Probably her son had left the match-box and the lamp upon the table, and she groped her way to it. Her fingers feeling about the small table came in contact with something cold, clammy, and motionless. She laid her hand upon it, and found it was a hand, which neither stirred, nor grew warm at her

close touch. Another movement in the dark of her groping fingers brought them to the bowed head of her son, with the cold, damp brow resting upon the table. Then she shook him, and called loudly into his ear; but he did not answer. The next moment she felt sure that he was dead.

Lawson's mother sat down in the dark to think, not caring to light a candle now. She was a foreigner in a foreign land; and only knew three persons to whom she could communicate this horrible surprise. If she were to rush down-stairs screaming, and making an alarm, she would have all the neighbors crushing into her room, to whom she could say nothing, and who could say nothing to her. She was sorry for her son; and a few tears stole down her smooth old face unseen by any eye. But how did she know what the laws of England would require of her? It was possible, that being a stranger or of a different religion, they might demand the revenge of justice from her. Oh, that she had never quitted Burgundy! What would become of her now? What was she to do?

After a few minutes' very troubled reflection, she decided that she could do nothing but go and tell Hester. Rose was asleep; and Robert Waldron's residence she did not know. She raised herself slowly and with difficulty, as if old age had given her its first unkind touch. It seemed necessary now to unlock the garret-door, lest any intruder should go in; and with trembling fingers she took the key out of the wards within, and put it into the key-hole on the outside. She had not lighted a lamp, or looked round her room, and she left it in undisturbed quiet and darkness. Then she went down the long, narrow staircase slowly, and out into the court, and down the street, with her terrible story. It was a black shadow creeping across the glorified hour of Carl and Hester's betrothal.

Mme. Lawson was about to enter John Morley's house, when a man who had been loitering on the opposite pavement strode quickly across the road and stopped her. She started with a half-uttered shriek, but Robert Waldron's voice quickly pacified her alarm.

"Good-evening, madame," he said; "I was waiting here to see you coming out, or going in. How are they all to-night?"

"Oh, Milord Waldron!" she cried, clinging to him entreatingly; "come with me, come! He is dead, my son Jean! You know my son? I come from finding him dead and cold, and I said I must go and tell Hester. But you will come, is it not so, Milord Waldron?"

"Calm yourself," said Robert, in a soothing tone. "Certainly I will return with you, madame. Tell me your story tranquilly as we walk along. Did you say your son was dead?"

He walked up the street beside her, listening to her breathless and incoherent account, and thinking she was very probably mistaken, and that Lawson's drugged sleep was only a little more profound than usual. On the ground-floor of the house he procured a light, and went on up the stairs which he had so often trodden for Hester's sake. He entered the room, and stood still for a moment to look about him. Lawson was sitting in the same chair and place where Hester had found him the night before, but his face was buried upon his arms on the table. Robert put the light down beside him, and touched his hand. There was no doubt that he was dead. A faint scent of laudanum pervaded the room, and the box which had held his favorite drug lay open and empty at his feet.

There was a shock to Robert Waldron's sensitive temperament in this discovery, which formerly would have made him eager to throw upon some one else the uncomfortable burden. But a great change, *a new birth*, had been effected in him. He touched the dead hand again solemnly and reverently; and then turned to the forlorn old woman, who stood at his side, trembling from head to foot.

"Yes," he said, gently, "yes. Your poor

son is dead. But be comforted; I will take care of you. He must have died sleeping; he did not suffer much, and he was no longer young. He was not many years younger than you, madame."

"I was seventeen when he was born," answered his mother, wiping her eyes. "Oh, Milord Waldron, send me back to Burgundy. I wish you would carry me back to Burgundy at once."

"You shall go," he said. "I will send you back as soon as possible. But now you must take a note for me to the doctor. You know Mr. Grant's house?"

"Oh, yes, yes!" she replied, eagerly. "I will run; and then must I come back here?"

"No," said Robert, seeing how much she dreaded it; "you may go to Hester; but do not tell her a word—not one word—to-night."

Lawson's mother did not delay her departure, and Robert was soon left alone in the room with the dead man. He scarcely knew why he had not gone himself for Grant; and yet at the first moment of discovery it had seemed wrong to abandon the room again with its solitary and lifeless occupant, and he could not ask the frightened mother to stay in it. It was cold and dark. The hidden face of the corpse was something appalling. Robert shivered as he looked round him, and his memory grew very busy with his past visits here. Of all the places in the world, this poor garret was the one where he had seen Hester oftenest. And now in her stead there was a silent corpse, whose face he could not see, and whom he shrank from touching.

He looked, however, more steadfastly at the dead man, and saw that there had floated to the bare floor at his feet several sheets of paper, closely covered with writing. Robert stooped to gather them together, and carried them to the light. They were written in English, and could not be any special communication to his mother. Rather, no doubt, they were intended as some explanation of his deed. The poor wretch might have destroyed himself intentionally, and these lines would give his reason.

Standing at the other side of the table, with Lawson's corpse opposite to him, Robert Waldron put the scattered leaves together, and read their narrative. The first page was dated nearly four months back, on the night when John Morley fled from Little Aston; and the rest had been written at various times since, sometimes only a few words being inserted in trembling characters, while at others the writing was clear and firm, and proceeded smoothly, as if the writer had found pleasure in his task. This was what he read:

"To-night I, Jean Lawson, begin to write my confession, which will clear all other persons of blame concerning the events which have happened in my master's house. Nobody will ever know how I have loved Hester. She has been my daughter, my queen, my goddess. I remember her mother, my master's wife, whose name was Elinor, coming into my work-room one day. She carried a tiny, white creature in her arms, and she said, 'Lawson, this is my little girl, and I wish everybody in the world to love my baby.' She smiled upon me like an angel; and I made a vow on the bended knees of my soul that that little child should be dearer to me than any other creature in heaven or earth. After that my master's wife died."

"My master was too much wrapped up in his grief to take notice of his young child. He left her in the hands of a careless nurse, and I used to hear the baby's cries up into my workroom. Then I would run down and carry her away with me, and the nurse was content enough. I made her a cradle of an old box, which I swung to the beams by ropes, and there the baby slept sometimes, while I sang and hammered away at my work. She soon learned to love the red and gold bindings, and, as soon as she was old enough she would sit for hours at the end of the press, watching me lay on the gold leaf, and color the margins. I taught her the A B C.

"My master was getting rich very fast. Well, that was good; that was what I wanted. There was not much spent in the house, and every year we put by a good large sum. I worked early and late, and never asked for more wages. Other masters came and said, I will give you twice, three times as much; but I never dreamed of leaving John Morley. We were gathering a *dot* for Hester, that she might be rich, and marry well. She was seven years old; I was forty-three; and my master was thirty-five. We both worked hard and spent little. Good! she would be very rich by the time when we must look out for a husband."

"If I shut my eyes now I see Hester again, as she was when she was seven years old. She began to take thought for her father, for the house, for me. Already she was a little woman. Sometimes she laughed, and made me laugh; but she was never merry and mischievous like other children. She had grown up too much with elderly people, who were always grave and often unhappy. But the child was not unhappy, that I swear. There was no truth in that plea of my master's for bringing another woman into his wife's place."

"About this time I began to see Hester's mother, whether in vision or reality I cannot tell. But she came now and then, a faint, bright, thin appearance, as of shining mist, with her face in it, and sometimes a hand, with the finger pointing. I saw it as often by day as by night. Hester could never see it, though she would go so near as to touch the shining mist. I did not know whether to like this appearance or not at first; but I grew accustomed to it, and then I loved it, and I always worked better when it was there. I suppose nobody in all the country round could do work like mine. But if I had taken higher wages from my master that shining cloud would have vanished away. I have seen Hester, in her play, touch the shadow hand without knowing it."

"But one day I went down to my master's room with some finished work, and there was a girl with him, a laughing, giddy, flaunting girl, who was standing close beside him. I felt all at once a horrible dread and hatred creep through me. Something said, either in my ear or only in my heart, 'That woman will be John Morley's second wife!' They had not seen me, and I stole away with the cold sweat upon my face. After that the appearance was as of a woman in great sorrow, who looked at me with trouble in her eyes. But what could I do?"

"It was a dreadful misfortune to happen. If my master had died, there was a little fortune for Hester, and I would have managed to carry on the business for her. But another wife, and other children, maybe! I saw Hester about to become a step-child, a forlorn little drudge, forgotten and neglected by her father."

"I loathed that woman; I abhorred her. I hated the jingle of her piano and her loud singing, which reached me up in my quiet room, and scared away the shining vision. Then the money kept flying like sparks from an anvil. She must have her silks and satins and laces, and a drawing-room, and more servants. My master was befuddled by her. I saw Hester would come to poverty. She was not unkind to her; she even made believe to love her, and whenever the child came to see me, we heard her shrill, hateful voice calling, 'Hester, Hetty!' Perhaps it was because she no longer played there, that her mother never came to my work-room."

"But I saw her once again, and I told Hester of it. I saw her sitting by my fire, with her head bowed down upon her hands, as one in very sore trouble of mind."

"Then my master's second wife brought disgrace upon him."

"I thought I could not hate her more than I had done, but I hated her a hundredfold more after that. I saw my master the night after she left him go into Hester's room in the dead of the night, ready to take her life and his own. I had stayed in the house for very fear of that, to

save the child. I remember striking a boy a heavy blow for saying that Hester was her daughter.

Ten years or so after that I saw the man who had been our ruin prowling about our house, and I stole back to my room for one of the press-pins. He walked up and down, with his head bent, until he came close to where I stood in the entrance of the side-passage, and I struck him, as I would have set my heel upon any venomous snake. He fell in an instant, and I hurried home. My mother was come to live with me then. I cleaned the press-pin with ashes, and carried it back the next morning. I was not altogether sorry that I had missed killing him.

But I missed killing her, too. My hand betrayed me a second time. It came about in this way: I was staying late on the Saturday night, and my master was gone out of the house, when all at once I heard the old jingle of the piano coming up to my room. I knew it could be no one else save her. *I had waited for this hour many years.* I took my press-pin again, and crept down-stairs through the old printing rooms into the other part of the house. The drawing-room door was ajar, and I looked in. She was sitting at her piano, with her back toward me, and she did not hear me go in. I thought she was dead after I struck her; and I felt glad that I had revenged Hester, my master, and myself. Then I went home.

Hester came in just now. They are come back, she and her father, and are going down to their own house, though they know she is there. I shall never enter it again. Sometimes I think it would be well for me to go, as my mother wishes me, to Burgundy; but then I have no money. We are all poor; my master, Hester, and myself. I am writing this to explain to my master, and to any other persons he may think fit to show it to, how all these things have come about.

"I did everything for the sake of Hester, who has been as the apple of my eye ever since I saw her first, a small white creature, in her mother's arms."

(To be continued.)

A GOOD DEFENCE.

S. S. Lesson for Feb. 15, Acts 22: 1-21. Golden Text, 1 Pet. 3: 15. By Mrs. M. Baxter.

Paul's Unprepared Address—His Tribute to his Enemies—His Account of his Conversion—Indifference to his Testimony—The Risen Jesus a Proof of Jewish Guilt—Paul Recounts his Healing—Claims God's Authority for his Course—Jewish Clamor—Paul in Prison.

PAUL, standing on the stairs of the castle, where he was to be imprisoned, having obtained leave from the chief captain to speak unto the people, beckoned unto them with the hand that he might be heard. "And when there was made a great silence, he spake unto them in the Hebrew tongue." Paul had no time to think over what he should say to this angry multitude. But another was thinking for him. Paul had given himself up entirely to the control of the Holy Ghost; and as God the Holy Ghost is never at a loss, Paul knew that the words of Jesus would be fulfilled, "It shall be given you in that same hour what ye shall speak. For it is not ye that speak, but the Spirit of your Father which speaketh in you" (Matt. 10: 19, 20).

SPEAKING BY THE HOLY GHOST. Paul addressed them as "Men, brethren, and fathers." He had nothing against *them*, the enemy was all on their side, and his heart's desire and prayer for them was that they might be saved (Rom. 10: 1). To him they were *fellow-men*, for whom Jesus Christ had tasted death; *brethren*, as being equally of the flesh; *fathers*, as being many of them of ripe age, as well as of superior ecclesiastical position to himself. God ordered it that Paul should be heard and understood. He said: "I am verily a man which am a Jew, born in Tarsus, a city in Cilicia, yet brought up in this city at the feet of

Gamaliel, and taught according to the perfect manner of the law of the fathers, and was zealous toward God, as ye all are this day." We see here how the Holy Ghost led Paul to give his enemies credit for all he could; he appealed to them as being brethren, fathers, and zealous toward God. There was no sickly flattery in this, it was simple fact, and Paul was glad to admit it. The natural man always seeks to detract from his enemies in every possible way; it is Jesus who teaches us to *love* our enemies. Whenever, in speaking of those who have injured us, we mention anything we know against them, however true it may be, we are not speaking by the Holy Ghost. Paul came down to where his audience was, for God had taught him to make himself

"ALL THINGS TO ALL MEN," to the Jews "as a Jew that [he] might gain the Jews; to them that are under the law, as under the law, that [he] might gain them that are under the law" (1 Cor. 9: 20-22). He did not simulate anything, but instead of speaking from his present experience, he showed how, in his past experience, he had gone over the very ground they were now treading: "And I persecuted this way unto the death, binding and delivering into prisons both men and women. As also the high-priest both bear me witness, and all the estate of the elders; from whom also I received letters unto the brethren, and went to Damascus, to bring them that were there bound unto Jerusalem, for to be punished."

Not one of these zealous Jews had gone to greater lengths of zeal than the former persecutor of the Christians who now stood before them. The witnesses to this fact were none other than their own high-priest and their own high court of jurisprudence! This was uncontested. What, then, could have so changed such a man? He spoke for himself, "And it came to pass, that, as I made my journey, and was come nigh unto Damascus about noon, suddenly there shone from heaven a great light round about me. And I fell unto the ground, and heard a voice saying unto me, Saul, Saul, why persecutest thou me? And I answered, Who art Thou, Lord? And He said unto me, I am Jesus of Nazareth, whom thou persecutest. And they that were with me saw indeed the light, and were afraid; but they heard not the voice of Him that spake to me."

A more circumstantial account could not have been given, and it was open to any one who doubted the truth of this statement to search out the names of Paul's companions on this journey. No record has ever reached us of an attempt made to deny Paul's account of his conversion. Yet his hearers remained unconvinced! So it is to this day. God's witnesses to His converting grace are everywhere; some few are convinced that the living God is at work, and they yield themselves to Him; but the great mass of mankind live on still as though there were no God, or as though, if there were, He were too far off or too indifferent to hold any real communication with them, and they do not want to be undeceived. If Paul were speaking truth, and the Son of God had revealed Himself to him, then it was the bounden duty of Paul to acknowledge and to preach Him; but also if Jesus *was* the Christ, the multitude to whom Paul was preaching were equally

BOUND TO ACKNOWLEDGE HIM.

Paul went on with his narration: "And I said, What shall I do, Lord?" thus showing how completely he had yielded himself to his newly found Messiah. All the unbelief of his audience did not hinder him from saying all he had to say. Many perhaps thought him quite deluded, but he spoke as led by the Spirit. "And the Lord said unto me, Arise, go into Damascus; and there it shall be told thee of all things which are appointed for thee to do." Nothing could be more practical or straightforward; nothing was colored, nothing imaginary. But if this was true, if Jesus really was risen, if Jesus did thus speak from heaven, how guilty were those who had crucified Him! This Jewish audience

could not listen with indifferent ears, for every word was a condemnation of them.

The apostle went on to relate the circumstances of his

HEALING.

When led by the hand into Damascus, totally blind, Ananias, whom he had intended to bring bound unto Jerusalem, "came unto me, and stood, and said unto me, Brother Saul, receive thy sight. And the same hour I looked up upon him." (There must have been witnesses in Jerusalem who could prove whether this was fact or not.) "And he said, The God of our fathers hath chosen thee, that thou shouldest know His will, and see that Just One, and shouldest hear the voice of His mouth. For thou shalt be His witness unto all men of what thou hast seen and heard. And now why tarriest thou? arise, and be baptized, and wash away thy sins, calling on the name of the Lord."

This is one of God's descriptions of a true conversion, to know God's will, to see and hear Jesus, and to be His witness. Nothing here about frames or feelings, it is a falling back before God, the will yielding before *His*; it is silence to God, that *He* may speak; attention to Him, that *He* may manifest Himself, and thus to become His witness. Many of us are intent on being the witnesses to our own progress, holiness, or consistency of life: every glance which rests on us in any way falls short of seeing Jesus. "We preach not ourselves, but Christ Jesus the Lord;" and so we manifest not ourselves, but Christ Jesus the Lord (II Cor. 4: 5).

Having thus testified to his conversion, in which he had no part but to *yield* himself to God, and to *receive* Jesus, Paul went on to tell of

HIS FIRST VISIT

to Jerusalem after his conversion (Acts 9: 26-30). "And it came to pass, that, when I was come again to Jerusalem, even while I prayed in the temple, I was in a trance; and saw Him saying unto me, Make haste, and get thee quickly out of Jerusalem; for they will not receive thy testimony concerning me." Believing Jews as well as unbelievers were afraid of Saul of Tarsus at the time of which he speaks (Acts 9: 26). Oh, how lovely is the apostle's defence of his enemies! he makes all the excuse he can for them. "I said, Lord, they know that I imprisoned and beat in every synagogue them that believed on Thee; and when the blood of thy martyr Stephen was shed, I also was standing by, and consenting unto his death, and kept the raiment of them that slew him. And He said unto me, Depart; for I will send thee far hence unto the Gentiles."

Paul gave no other than the direct authority of God for the course which he had pursued; he stated no reasonings of his own mind, no arguments of others. He had to do with God, and this was just what the people did not understand. They were at home in questions of doctrine, in ordinances and ceremonies, forms of worship, and shades of opinion, but

REAL INTERCOURSE WITH GOD

was unknown to them. They did not wait to inquire whether there was ground for what Paul said; their national pride was at stake that Paul should suppose, *even if God had sent him*, that it could be right to offer salvation to the Gentiles! This was the heinous sin for which they believed Paul worthy of death. They gave him audience unto this word, and then lifted up their voices, and said, "Away with such a fellow from the earth; for it is not fit that he should live." In their undignified rage they cast off their clothes—*i.e.*, their outer cloaks—and threw dust into the air. This led the chief captain to command that Paul should be brought into the castle and put to torture "that he might know wherefore they cried so against him." Paul had served as the instrument of the Holy Ghost in thus bearing his testimony; he might have said with his Master, "For this cause came I unto this hour" (John 12: 27), and now he was ready "to be bound . . . for the name of the Lord Jesus."

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THE SCRIPTURE QUILT. (With Illustration.)
SINNERS AND SUFFERERS. (Concluded.)
 Paul before the Council. S. S. Lesson by Mrs. M. Baxter.



PRINCE EDWARD, Grandson of Queen Victoria—Sandringham Hall, the Seat of the Prince of Wales.

PRINCE EDWARD,

GRANDSON OF QUEEN VICTORIA.

The Future King of England—The System of a Limited Monarchy—Gradual Decadence of Regal Power—The Power Practically held by the People—Conditions of Perpetuity of the System—Prince Edward's Birth and Early Life—Naval Discipline—Birthday Festivities—Letter from Mr. Gladstone—A Mark of Royal Sympathy with the People.

ON Thursday, January 8th, the royal family of England celebrated the twenty-first birthday of the young man who is second in the line of succession to the throne. According to the constitution, the Queen will at her death be succeeded by her eldest son, the Prince of Wales, and he by his eldest son, Prince Albert, Victor, Christian, Edward, who on January 8th attained his majority. To those accustomed to the freedom of choice existing under a republican form of government, it seems marvellous that a free and intelligent people should consent to have at their head a family in which the eldest son should of right succeed to the highest place. That no matter whether he be a wise man or a fool, a good man or a scoundrel, he is made king, and holds the office as long as he lives. Practically, however, the system in England entails fewer evils than might be expected to result from it.

THE POWER OF THE PEOPLE

has been steadily growing during the last three hundred years, and, one by one, the monarch has found it prudent to submit to lose his prerogatives, until now the power of the monarch is far less than that with which we intrust our President. The present Queen, who has been on the throne forty-eight years, has never ventured to veto a single bill, and has not made a single appointment in the civil service. Every bill has to be signed by the monarch before it can become law, but in no case has she refused to sign a bill passed by the two Houses of Parliament.

That docility has not, of course, been attained without some

TERRIBLE STRUGGLES.

But the people have been determined, and every step they have gained toward freedom and self-government they have held and made it a point from which to advance to a still firmer footing. King Charles I., aided by unscrupulous favorites, attempted to rule as other European monarchs did, according to his own will, without consulting the wishes of his people; but the people rose in their might, drove him from his throne, and eventually, finding him a man so utterly given to lying that his most solemn oath could not be trusted, they cut off his head. A very wise proceeding, which has had a wholesome influence on all his successors. King James II. made an attempt to over-ride the liberties of the people on the religious side, and again the people rose. He had the prudence to get himself out of the country in time, so he saved his head, but he lost his throne. Since that time the monarchs have never ventured to place themselves dangerously in antagonism to the people. Many laws have been passed of which they have individually disapproved, but they have never thwarted the people's will. The real power is in the hands of the Prime Minister and his colleagues, who are the men in whom the representatives of the people have confidence. If at any time the members of the House of Commons, who are directly elected by the people, pass a resolution declaring that they have lost confidence in the Premier and his Cabinet, their resignation follows as a matter of course.

Very justly in these circumstances the monarch is

RELIEVED OF RESPONSIBILITY.

So completely is the fact recognized of the throne having lost its power, that the very form of censure used by Parliament directly refers to it. If the foreign policy or colonial policy is to be condemned, the words of the motion in which the condemnation is expressed are not censure of the monarch, but censure of the

monarch's advisers, thus implying that the monarch followed the advice given by the persons constitutionally intrusted with that duty. Thus, being divested of power and responsibility, the monarch occupies a less dangerous position, and the people possess the rights of self-government as completely as they do under a republic.

It is true, the question may arise as to the utility of having a monarch at all if the people govern themselves. That is a question that is undoubtedly often before the minds of advanced thinkers; but the English people are conservative in disposition, disinclined to radical changes, and are, as a rule, in favor of maintaining the existing order of things so long as they do not involve wrong or inconvenience. Should some king arise who, like the late Prince Albert, desires to secure and enlarge the prerogatives of the sovereign, and should obstinately set himself to oppose the clearly expressed will of the people, the existence of monarchy in England would be in peril. It is, therefore, of some moment to the people what the disposition is of the man who, in the natural order of things, will some day wear the crown.

There is also an immense

SOCIAL INFLUENCE

exercised by the sovereign. A glance at the state of society during the last century shows that the character of the king or queen affects in no slight degree the character of the people. The loose morals of George IV. became the fashion in court circles, and penetrated down to the lower ranks of the country gentry and the middle classes, while the decorous domestic circle of Queen Victoria has set a wholesome example to the people, which has been productive of a decided improvement in the public morals over those of the times of her uncle.

The young man who now comes prominently before the public as the future king, is to be known for the present, until his father becomes king and he in his turn becomes Prince of Wales, as

PRINCE EDWARD.

He was born on January 8th, 1864. He and his brother George, who is eighteen months younger, were educated under tutors at home. When the elder of the two boys had attained his fourteenth year they were both sent to sea as the best means of giving them needed discipline and detaching them from the enervating influences of court life. Current report has it that their father, who is remarkable for his easy and generous disposition rather than for his wisdom, saw that the boys needed a firmer hand than his own if they were to grow up creditably—in fact, that they were in serious danger of being spoiled if they remained at home with an indulgent father, a fond mother, and servile courtiers.

They were therefore entered as naval cadets on board the Britannia training ship at Dartmouth, for a two years' course of instruction, their father giving peremptory orders that they were to be treated in every way as the other cadets, and that they were to be relieved of no duty nor receive any indulgence on account of their royal blood. The young students stuck to their work, and honored every branch of discipline by prompt and cheerful obedience. Their studies embraced Algebra, Euclid, Trigonometry, Natural Philosophy, Latin, French, Drawing, Essay Writing, Navigation, Nautical Astronomy, the uses of Instruments and Charts, and Seamanship. The proficiency they evidenced upon examination gained for them six months' time, when they were transferred to the Bacchante, on which ship they continued the studies of the profession with as much assiduity as though they would have to depend upon it for their livelihood.

The Bacchante was commissioned at Portsmouth on July 15th, 1879, and the princes' names were entered on August 4th, and they joined her on September 17th, the same year. She shortly afterward set sail for

A PROTRACTED TOUR,

calling at Palermo, Messina, Malta, Gibraltar, Madeira, and the West Indies. Upon the re-

turn home of "the sailor princes" in 1879, the Prince and Princess of Wales were so pleased with the instruction their sons had received, that it was decided to again utilize the Bacchante on a similar service; and as soon as her defects were made good she proceeded on a cruise to Australia and China, with the princes on board; and after an absence of seven months the trip ended, and the Bacchante once more arrived in England. Since then Prince Edward has studied at the University of Cambridge. The prince has the reputation of being modest and genial, conscious of his responsibilities, and conscientious in discharging his duties. Respect both for his father—who is ever ready to spend himself on behalf of benevolent objects, and has honorably held aloof from political intrigue—and for his excellent mother—who has for a score of years more than retained the popularity which her grace and beauty excited when the Princess Alexandra left her Danish home to become "a daughter of England"—would alone invest the occasion of the prince's twenty-first birthday with unusual interest for the English people.

THE CELEBRATIONS

connected with the festival were, by the wish of the Prince of Wales, limited to the home. There was not a general holiday through the country, as was expected, but those who desired to congratulate the young man went in person to Sandringham, the family residence (a picture of which appears on the first page), or wrote or telegraphed to him there. The festivities were purely local, such as any country gentleman would provide for his friends and tenants on the occasion of his eldest son's coming of age. They commenced on Thursday morning with the reception of deputations. First of all came the tenants of the estate, among whom the Prince of Wales is deservedly popular. In reply to their address, Prince Edward, in a voice promising "unusual oratorical power," said that he could only hope to merit their good opinions in the future by pursuing the path of kindness, good-will, and generosity which his parents had followed.

A deputation from the city of Norwich next entered the room, and, in reply to their address, the Prince of Wales assured the civic authorities that it had been the earnest wish of the princess and himself to emulate the bright example set by the Queen and the late Prince Consort, "not only to princes, but to all those who seek for domestic contentment and happiness." Prince Edward then stepped forward, and, after expressing his thanks for the cordial greeting given to him that morning, remarked that part of his education had been acquired while visiting British colonies, and that the Queen had no more loyal subjects than the English beyond the seas. Addresses were also presented from Lynn, Cambridge, and the Lynn Grammar School, and appropriately acknowledged.

Refreshments having been served to the members of the deputation, the royal party went to the porch of the house, in front of which the school children of Sandringham and West Newton, the laborers and keepers, were assembled. The girls' scarlet cloaks, the men's wideawakes, ornamented with scarlet bands, and the keepers' green velvet jackets made the scene picturesque enough; and in response to their greetings Prince Edward said heartily and simply, "Thank you, very much, kind friends." Then slowly defiling through the park gates was to be seen Mr. John Sanger's "gorgeous procession," with the usual knights in armor, elephants, and camels. (See frontispiece.) This immensely delighted the villagers and the children. A photograph of the scene having been taken, the laborers sat down to a substantial dinner in a tent outside the park, and the little folks were regaled with buns and oranges.

THE BIRTHDAY PRESENTS,

which were exhibited in the hall, were very numerous, and among them was a golden bowl from Her Majesty and a golden inkstand from

Mr. Moses Montefiore. Each of the deputations referred to above brought, we may add, rare and beautiful gifts. In the evening the scene was illuminated, and a ball, for which five hundred invitations had been issued, was held. Congratulatory addresses were also sent. Sandringham from various boroughs in the kingdom, and in the metropolis, on Thursday, were were illuminations at the West End. By nothing, however, will this interesting celebration be more remembered than by the following

LETTER FROM MR. GLADSTONE.

High Prince Edward received on Thursday morning, and which we doubt not he will regard of greater value than all the gifts: "SIR: I am the oldest among the confidential servants of your Majesty. I cannot allow the anniversary to pass without notice which will to-morrow bring your Royal Highness to full age, and thus mark an important epoch in your life. The hopes and intentions of those whose lives lie, like mine, in the past are of little moment, but they have seen much, and what they have seen suggests much for the future. There lies before your Royal Highness in prospect the occupation, I trust at a distant date, of a throne which, to me at least, appears the most illustrious in the world, from its history and associations, on its legal basis, from the weight of the cares it brings, from the loyal love of the people, and on the unparalleled opportunities it gives, in so many ways and in so many regions, of doing good to the almost countless numbers whom the Almighty has placed beneath the sceptre of England. I fervently desire and pray—and yet cannot be a more animating prayer—that your Royal Highness may ever grow in the principles of conduct, and may be adorned with all the qualities which correspond with this great and noble vocation. And, sir, if sovereignty has been relieved by our modern institutions of some of its burdens, it still, I believe, remains true that there has been no period in the world's history at which successors to the monarchy could more efficaciously contribute to the stability of a great historic system, dependent even more upon love than upon strength, by devotion to their duties, and by a right example to the country. This result we have happily been permitted to see, and other generations will, I trust, witness it anew. Heartily desiring that, in the life of your Royal Highness, every private and personal may be joined with every public blessing, I have the honor to remain, sir, your Royal Highness's most dutiful and faithful servant, W. E. GLADSTONE."

To this wise letter the young prince sent the following cordial and respectful reply: "DEAR MR. GLADSTONE: I wish I were better able to answer your very kind letter—conveying, as it does, not only the best of good wishes, but carrying with them reflections on the past, and advice for the future, for which I wish to thank you. I assure you the letter shall have that attention which words from yourself must deserve. It admirably describes much which demands my most earnest thought on this, perhaps, the most important birthday of my life. Believe me, I am very grateful for your remembrance of me this day, and that, among the many offerings which have reached me, I prize nothing more than the letter you have so kindly written, for which pray accept my most sincere thanks. I am glad to believe that your health is restored, and I trust your many friends will have no cause for renewed anxiety on your behalf."

"With my most kind remembrances to Mrs. Gladstone, believe me, yours very sincerely, ALBERT VICTOR."

The Prince of Wales has wisely decided not to ask Parliament to find an establishment for the young prince. He has an abundance of tact and knowledge of the spirit of the times. Life is very hard for the majority of the English people at present, and they naturally feel far more kindly toward the Prince of Wales for his sympathy with them, which he shows in declining to add to the burdens they already bear.

INCIDENTS OF GOSPEL WORK IN CHINA.

MR. D. THOMPSON, of Chung-king, Si-ch'uen, says in a letter to Mr. Hudson Taylor, the founder of the China Inland Mission: "Surely it is a cause for praise and thankfulness that we are so well spoken of, and so widely known as we are through saving so many lives from opium poisoning in this city. One would think that in time the number would lessen, but it is not so. In February I attended

THIRTEEN CASES OF OPIUM SUICIDE, of whom I saved six, four died, two proved to be only drunk, and another was doubtful; six were male, and seven female. In March I attended twenty-four cases, in April eighteen, and in May twenty-one. Total in March, April, and May, sixty-three. They were male and female, rich and poor, and of all ages. I reported as saved in March fifteen, dead four, I not having been called in time. Of the eighteen cases in April fifteen were reported as saved, two died, and about a babe eight months old I am uncertain; the nurse had by mistake given it two pills taken by opium-smokers when wishing to give up the habit. I believe these pills are two thirds opium. The child went to sleep, and would not wake up, so the mother called the nurse, who said she only gave the child its medicine, and brought the pills to show the mother, whereupon the mistake was discovered. I was called, and hurried along as fast as possible. We got the poor babe awakened, and poured some medicine down its throat, which, after a short time, took effect; but it was very ill. After doing all I could, I left, asking them to call and let me know whether he died or not, but they never came. In May fifteen were saved. These came under our immediate notice, but there must be a very large number of whom we do not hear who fill a suicide's and a heathen's grave—nothing of a Saviour. May I ask your prayers for this sad work, that as I go day by day into so many houses to save the natural life, the words spoken and the tracts left may be blessed to the salvation of many?

THE EVANGELIST'S WORK

has been carried on in the shop on the street for over three years. If we have not seen as much fruit as we should like, yet the day-by-day testimony which has been borne will, we hope, prove to have been a good seed-sowing, by ultimately yielding an abundant harvest. The shop is not a large one, but it will accommodate from sixty to seventy, and we generally get it full. Many show by their faces that they are taking in the Word. Some prove their interest by coming day after day; and though the audience is a changing one, many stay from the beginning to the end of the service. The rule is for our two evangelists to go about 3 P.M. and open the door, conversing with many who may step in. I generally go about 4 P.M. and stand at the door to invite passers-by in, until we have a good gathering. I preach a little every day, and really sometimes have returned home at 6 or 6.30 so full of joy that I could not eat. When God's Holy Spirit has been present, the poor people had seemed unwilling to retire, wishing to hear more of

THE "OLD, OLD STORY."

Many times have I felt as happy in soul as if I had been at an English meeting. I cannot tell how much they understood, or how much they took away and would remember, but nevertheless the Holy Spirit has been present, and we dare not limit His power.

"I should like to see a number of these shops all over this large city, having a man in each to sell religious books and tracts, and to speak to callers in a kind and conversational way. One might have a day for visiting each, and preaching or speaking to inquirers. Some of God's dear children who themselves cannot come to this land would doubtless be glad to pay the rent of a shop and the wages of a man. The rent might be twenty-five dollars, and the wages one or two dollars per week, and who knows how many might be eternally saved? I am

praying for something of this kind, for oh! we must do so little, and

TIME FLIES SO VERY FAST.

Pray for us in the field; we do not forget those at home who give us their prayers as well as their money; and the prayers of those who cannot give money are a great help and blessing to us, for we need both."

REMARKABLE FAITH CURES.

LUMBAGO CURED.

MRS. H. A. WILLETS, of New York, gives the following testimony, which the Rev. A. B. Simpson prints in *Word, Work and World*: "In the fall of 1882 I lay suffering severely with lumbago. I had been sick about eighteen days, under a doctor's care, and a woman waited upon me, as I was unable to move without a groan. I tried to stand with the assistance of a cane, but was very crooked, and suffered terrible pain. I had almost made up my mind I had to be a cripple the remainder of my days. I never thought much about faith for healing the body; not but what I knew God was able to do so. I was left alone in the evening, October 8th, during church service. I opened the Bible to read, and as I read the Word it came into my mind to ask the Father to give me something that would comfort me in my affliction. The Book was open at the sixteenth chapter of John; my eyes rested on the twenty-second verse, 'And ye now, therefore, have sorrow, but I will see you again, and your heart shall rejoice, and your joy no man taketh from you.' So I kept on reading until I came to the thirty-first verse, '*And do ye now believe*,' and all of a sudden it came to me how He said He could make the crooked straight. Then I commenced to agonize in prayer for faith, and, as faith increased, I clutched it until I knew God had answered prayer. I arose from my chair and stood upon my feet, just as erect as I do now. My prayer was turned to praise. When my husband arrived home we had a grand time singing the doxology, and my heart was filled with His love."

AT BETHSHAN

A sister told how God had led her to trust Him for

A CANCER,

which was rapidly spreading, instead of undergoing an operation, which the doctor considered essential to the saving of her life. For a time her faith was tried, but it never failed; she knew in whom she was trusting. At last the healing commenced. The cancer began to decrease rapidly, and was now nearly well.

Miss Medland said: "I went last Friday to the London Hospital to see a young man, who was lying there with a badly

FRACTURED LEG.

A weight had fallen on it, breaking the bone in two places, besides crushing the leg. All who know anything of a fractured limb will know that while the broken bones are reuniting there is great pain. The young man told me that the Lord had shown His power and love by keeping Him from pain in answer to his aunt's prayer. He had only had about five minutes' pain altogether, and that was during the setting of the bones. Since then he had felt none. He was full of thankfulness to his loving Father. His happy face, free from all traces of pain, spoke for itself."

Mr. Simpson said: "For about seventeen years my life was a misery to me through

INDIGESTION.

The doctor said it was ulcer in the stomach. Though I went to about twelve doctors I found no remedies that could cure me. I went one day out of curiosity to a faith-healing meeting at Exeter Hall. But what I heard there led me to be anointed. I returned home to give up every medicine, and leaving off my diet of milk, took ordinary food. I was at the time a walking skeleton. I improved in strength, and my healing was complete. But oh, the physical blessing was nothing in comparison to the deep blessing I received in my soul! I cannot praise God sufficiently for it."

DOWNFALL OF CHRISTIANITY.

Dr. Talmage's Sermon, Preached last Sunday Morning, February 8, 1885.

"The sun shall be turned into darkness."—Acts 2: 20.

Christianity the Rising Sun of our Time—Efforts to Extinguish it—A Frozen World—Not a Joke—Blasphemy a Punishable Crime—Abuse of Free Speech—What the Infidels Propose—What they will Achieve if they can—I. The Degradation of Womanhood—Her Condition in Non-Christian Lands—II. The Demoralization of Society—A Coward's Whistling—An Infidel's Death—The Overthrow of Churches—Asylums—Cemeteries—Attempt to Scale Heaven—Civilization Turned Back—Missionaries Recalled—Where the Infidel Road Leads—Infidelity an Inevitable Failure.

SOLAR eclipse is here prophesied to take place about the time of the destruction of ancient Jerusalem. Josephus, the historian, says that the prophecy was literally fulfilled, and that about that time there were strange appearances in the heavens. The sun was not destroyed, but for a little while hidden. Christianity is the rising

SUN OF OUR TIME.

and men have tried with the uprolling vapors of scepticism and the smoke of their blasphemy to turn the sun into darkness. Suppose the archangels of malice and horror should be let loose a little while and be allowed to extinguish and destroy the sun in the natural heavens. They would take the oceans from other worlds and pour them on this luminary of the planetary system, and the waters go hissing down amid the ravines and the caverns, and there is explosion after explosion, until there are only a few peaks of fire left in the sun, and these are cooling down and going out until the vast continents of flame are reduced to a small acreage of fire, and that whitens and cools off until there are only a few coals left, and these are whitening and going out until there is not a spark left in all the mountains of ashes and the valleys of ashes and the chasms of ashes. An extinguished sun.

A DEAD SUN.

A buried sun. Let all worlds wail at the stupendous obsequies. Of course, this withdrawal of the solar light and heat throws our earth into a universal chill, and the tropics become the temperate, and the temperate becomes the Arctic, and there are frozen rivers and frozen lakes and frozen oceans. From the Arctic and Antarctic regions the inhabitants gather in toward the centre and find the equator as the poles. The slain forests are piled up into a great bonfire, and around them gather the shivering villages and cities. The wealth of the coal mines is hastily poured into the furnaces and stirred into rage of combustion, but soon the bonfires begin to lower, and the furnaces begin to go out, and the nations begin to die. Coto-paxi, Vesuvius, Etna, Stromboli, Californian geysers cease to smoke, and the ice of hail storms remains unmelted in their crater. All the flowers have breathed their last breath. Ships with sailors frozen at the mast and helmsmen frozen at the wheel, and passengers frozen in the cabin.

ALL NATIONS DYING.

first at the north and then at the south. Child frosted and dead in the cradle. Octogenarian frosted and dead at the hearth. Workmen with frozen hand on the hammer and frozen foot on the shuttle. Winter from sea to sea. All-congealing winter. Perpetual winter. Globe of frigidity. Hemisphere shackled to hemisphere by chains of ice. Universal Nova Zembla. The earth an ice-floe grinding against other ice-floes. The archangels of malice and horror have done their work, and now they may take their thrones of glacier and look down upon the ruin they have wrought.

What the destruction of the sun in the natural heavens would be to our physical earth, the destruction of Christianity would be to the moral world. The sun turned into darkness.

Infidelity in our time is considered a great joke. There are people who will gather to hear

CHRISTIANITY CARICATURED

and to hear Christ assailed with quibble and quirk and misrepresentation and badinage and harlequinade.

If a lecturer in Brooklyn Theatre last Sunday night is accurately reported, he said, among other things: "When we compare our God with men He is not much of a God. When Christ was here He was forgiving and half human; but now He is God; and instead of saying, 'Father, forgive them, they know not what they do,' He sends them to eternal fire. It is wonderful the difference office makes with some people" (laughter), the reporter says. The Lord Jesus Christ, who came to carry our sorrows, maligned in the presence of the city of Brooklyn!

Is there any such thing as blasphemy? If there be, is there any law against it? These are tremendous questions which I ask of the legal fraternity and of the judges of the courts in Brooklyn, and through them the Legislature of the State of New York. There is such a thing as blasphemy, and there is a law against blasphemy, and it is

A PUNISHABLE CRIME.

I hold in my hand a book entitled "Religion and the State," by Rev. Dr. Samuel T. Spear, the ablest ecclesiastical lawyer of our time; and had he entered the legal profession instead of theology, would long before this have been upon the bench of the Supreme Court at Washington. In this book he gives a compilation of authorities upon this subject of blasphemy. (The preacher here gave the opinions of the Supreme Court of many of the States and of the United States, showing blasphemy a punishable offence.)

Now, I say, let the law against blasphemy be erased from the statute book, or let it be executed. "Oh," says some one, "don't you believe in

FREE SPEECH?"

Yes, I believe in all styles of righteous freedom—free driving of horses, but no right to run over other people; free use of knives, but no right for assassination; free use of gunpowder, but no right to destroy the lives or the property of others; free speech, but no freedom for obscenity, or false speaking, or blasphemy. Freedom to do right, and according to law, but no freedom to do wrong and against the law.

Oh, it would have been the grandest drama ever enacted on the stage of Brooklyn Theatre if, last Sabbath night, my friend Patrick Campbell, chief of police, who believes in God and in Jesus Christ, had walked on the platform, followed by a platoon of officers, and had put his hand on the shoulder of that blasphemous lecturer and had said: "In the name of the common law, in the name of the State of New York, in the name of the city of Brooklyn, this infamy must stop, and stop here, and stop now."

Now, I say, if there be, and there is, a law against blasphemy, let that law be erased, or else let it be executed. There will after a while arise in the United States a municipal authority somewhere tall enough to look over all political considerations and strong-armed enough to execute the law against blasphemy, and then we shall have no more of the outrageous utterances of last Sabbath night in Brooklyn Theatre, and the carrion stench of leprous infidelity will be fumigated from the atmosphere.

I propose this morning to take Infidelity and Atheism out of the realm of jocularity into one of tragedy, and show you

WHAT THESE MEN PROPOSE,

and what, if they are successful, they will accomplish. There are those in all our communities who would like to see the Christian religion overthrown, and who say the world would be better without it. I want to show you what is the end of this road, and what is the terminus of this crusade, and what this world will be when Atheism and Infidelity have triumphed

over it, if they can. I say, if they can. I ate it, if they can.

In the first place, it will be the complete unutterable

DEGRADATION OF WOMANHOOD.

I will prove it by facts and arguments no honest man will dispute. In all countries and cities and States and nations where Christian religion has been dominant, we condition has been ameliorated and improved and she is deferred to and honored in a sand things, and every gentleman takes care before her. If your associations have good, you know that the name of wife, mother, daughter, suggest gracious surroundings. I know there are no better schools and seminaries in Brooklyn or in any city of this country than the schools and seminaries for our young ladies. You know that while woman may suffer in England and the United States, still more of her rights in Christendom than elsewhere else.

Now, compare this with woman's condition lands where Christianity has made little advance—in China, in Barbary, in Bornatary, in Egypt, in Hindostan. The *Burn* sell their wives and daughters as so sheep. The Hindoo Bible makes it disgrace and an outrage for a woman to listen to or look out of the window in the absence of her husband, and gives as a lawful ground for divorce a woman's beginning to eat before husband has finished his meal! What those white bundles on the ponds and rivers in China in the morning? Infanticide follies infanticide. Female children destroyed because they are female. Woman harnesses a plough as an ox. Woman veiled and barricaded in all styles of cruel seclusion. Her life a misfortune. Her life a torture. Her life a horror. The missionary of the cross to the heathen lands preaches generally to two groups—a group of men who do as they please and where they please; the other group is hidden and carefully secluded in a side-moment, where they may hear the voice of a preacher, but may not be seen. No refine. No liberty. No hope for this life. No hope for the life to come. Ringed nose. Cramped. Disfigured face. Embuted soul.

Now, compare those two conditions. far toward this latter condition that I should woman go if Christian influences withdrawn and Christianity were destroyed is only

A QUESTION OF DYNAMICS.

If an object be lifted to a certain point not fastened there, and the lifting power withdrawn, how long before that object will drop down to the point from which it started? If that lifting power be withdrawn she falls clear back to the point from which she was resurrected, not any lower because there is no lower depth. And yet, I have read in the newspapers that last Sabbath night, notwithstanding the fact that the only salvation of woman from degradation and woe is the Christian religion, and that only influence that has ever lifted her in the social scale is Christianity—I have read notwithstanding all that, there were present at that wholesale bombardment of Christianity, and that long-protracted insult to Jesus Christ. I make no remark in regard to those persons. I make no remark in regard to them. In the silence of your own soul observe their

If Infidelity triumph and Christianity be thrown, it means the

DEMORALIZATION OF SOCIETY.

The one idea in the Bible that atheists and infidels most hate, is the idea of retribution. It is the idea of retribution and punishment away the idea of retribution and punishment from society, and it will begin very soon to integrate; and take away from the minds of the fear of hell, and there are a great many

who would very soon turn this world into The majority of those who are indignant the Bible because of the idea of punishing men whose lives are bad or whose are impure, and who hate the Bible because of the idea of future punishment for the reason that criminals hate the penitentiary. Oh, I have heard this brave talk about fearing nothing of the consequences of the next world, and I have made up my mind to *merely a coward's whistling* to keep my courage up. I have seen men flaunt their allies in the face of the community, and I have heard them defy the Judgment Day and the idea of any future consequence in sin; but when they came to die they did not until you could hear them for nearly a week, and in the summer night the neighbors would not endure the horrors. I would not want to see a railroad with five dead Christian people on a board going down a drawbridge into a watery grave. I do not want to see five hundred Christians go into such disaster, but I tell you that I could more easily see that than I for any protracted time stand and

SEE AN INFIDEL DIE

his pillow were of eider-down and underpinned of vermilion. I have never been able to use my nerves for such a spectacle. It is something at such a time to see an infidel in the countenance. I just looked in upon a minute or two, but the clutch of his fist diabolic, and the strength of voice was so great, I could not endure it. "There is no hell; there is no hell," but that night when I went into the dying room of my infidel neighbor, there was something on his countenance seemed to say, "There is, there is, there is!"

mightiest restraints to-day against theft, timidity, against libertinism, against all sorts of mightiest restraints are the tribulations of eternity. Men know that they can escape the law, but down in the earth's soul there is the realization of the fact they cannot escape God. He stands at the head of the road of profligacy and He will not let the guilty escape the idea of retribution. The punishment out of the hearts and minds of it and it would not be long before Brooklyn, New York and Boston and Charleston and New Orleans became Sodoms. The only restraints left are the evil passions of the world to-day are restraints.

pose now these generals of Atheism and Infidelity got the victory, and suppose they allied a great army made up of the mass of the world. They are in companies, in regiments, in brigades—the whole army. Forward, march! ye great army of infidels and atheists, flying before, banners flying behind, inscribed with the words: "No God! No Christ! No punishment! No restraints! No Bible! Do as you please!" They turned into darkness. Forward, march! ye great army of infidels and atheists, and first you will attack the churches. Away with the houses of worship! They have been leading there so long deluding the people with lies in their bereavements and sorrows. These churches ought to be extirpated; they do so much to relieve the lost and bring the wandering, and they have so long upheld the idea of eternal rest after the paroxysm of this life is over. Turn the St. Peter's and Paul's and the temples and tabernacles into club-houses. Away with those churches! Forward, march! ye great army of infidels and atheists, and next you will scatter the Sunday-schools—the Sabbath-schools filled with tanned, bright-cheeked little ones who are singing songs on Sunday afternoon, and getting into religion when they ought to be on the street playing marbles, or swearing on the nons. Away with them! Forward, march! ye great army of infidels and atheists, and next

of all they will attack Christian asylums—the institutions of mercy supported by Christian philanthropies. Never mind the blind eyes and the deaf ears and the crippled limbs and the weakened intellects. Let paralyzed old age pick up its own food, and orphans fight their own way, and the half reformed go back to their evil habits. Forward, march! ye great army of infidels and atheists, and with your battle-axes hew down the cross and split up the manger of Bethlehem.

On, ye great army of infidels and atheists, and now they come to

THE GRAVEYARDS

and the cemeteries of the earth. Pull down the sculpture above Greenwood's gate, for it means the resurrection. Tear away at the entrance of Laurel Hill the figure of Old Mortality and the chisel. On, ye great army of infidels and atheists, into the graveyards and the cemeteries; and where you see "Asleep in Jesus," cut it away, and where you find a marble story of heaven, blast it, and where you find over a little child's grave, "Suffer little children to come unto me," substitute the words "delusion" and "sham," and where you find an angel in marble strike off the wing, and when you come to a family vault chisel on the door: "Dead once, dead forever."

But on, ye great army of infidels and atheists, on! They will

ATTEMPT TO SCALE HEAVEN.

There are heights to be taken. Pile hill on hill and Pelian upon Ossa, and then they hoist the ladders against the walls of heaven. On and on until they blow up the foundations of jasper and the gates of pearl. They charge up the steep. Now they aim for the throne of Him who liveth forever and ever. They would take down from their high place the Father, the Son, the Holy Ghost.

"Down with Him!" they say. "Down with Him from the throne!" they say. "Down forever! Down out of sight! He is not God. He has no right to sit there. Down with Him! Down with Christ!"

A world without a head, a universe without a king. Orphan constellations. Fatherless galaxies. Anarchy supreme. A dethroned Jehovah. An assassinated God. Patricide, regicide, decide. That is what they mean. That is what they will have, if they can, if they can, if they can.

CIVILIZATION HURLED BACK

into semi-barbarism, and semi-barbarism driven back into Hottentot savagery. The wheel of progress turned the other way and turned toward the dark ages. The clock of the centuries put back two thousand years. Go back, you Sandwich Islands, from your schools and from your colleges and from your reformed condition to what you were in 1820, when the missionaries first came. Call home the five hundred missionaries from India and overthrow their two thousand schools, where they are trying to educate the heathen and scatter the one hundred and forty thousand little children that they have gathered out of barbarism into civilization. Obliterate all the work of Dr. Duff in India, of David Abeel in China, of Dr. King in Greece, of Judson in Burma, of David Brainard amid the American aborigines, and send home the three thousand missionaries of the cross who are toiling in foreign lands, toiling for Christ's sake, toiling themselves into the grave. Tell these three thousand men of God that they are of no use. Send home the medical missionaries who are doctoring the bodies as well as the souls of the dying nations. Go home, London Missionary Society. Go home, American Board of Foreign Missions. Go home, ye Moravians, and relinquish back into darkness and squalor and filth and death the nations whom ye have begun to lift.

Oh, my friends, there has never been such a nefarious plot on earth as that which Infidelity and Atheism have planned. We were shocked a few days ago because of the attempt to blow up the Parliament Houses in London; but if Infidelity and Atheism succeed in their attempt,

they will dynamite a world. Let them have their full way, and this world will be

A HABITATION OF THREE ROOMS

—a habitation with just three rooms: the one a mad-house, another a lazaretto, the other a pandemonium. These infidel bands of music have only just begun their concert—yea, they have only been stringing their instruments. I to-day put before you their whole programme from beginning until close. In the theatre the tragedy comes first and the farce afterward; but in this infidel drama of death the farce comes first and the tragedy afterward. And in the former the atheists and infidels laugh and mock, but in the latter God Himself will laugh and mock. He says so. "I will laugh at their calamity and mock when their fear cometh."

From such a chasm of individual, national, world-wide ruin, stand back. Oh, young men, stand back from that chasm! You see the practical drift of my sermon. I want you to know

WHERE THAT ROAD LEADS.

Stand back from that chasm of ruin. The time is going to come (you and I may not live to see it, but it will come, just as certainly as there is a God, it will come) when the infidels and the atheists who openly out and out and above board preach and practice Infidelity and Atheism will be considered as criminals against society, as they are now criminals against God. Society will push out the leper, and the wretch with soul gangrened and ichorous and vermin covered and rotting apart with his bestiality, will be left to die in the ditch, and be denied decent burial, and men will come with spades and cover up the carcass, where it falls, that it poison not the air, and the only text in all the Bible appropriate for the funeral sermon will be Jeremiah 22:19, "He shall be buried with the burial of an ass."

A thousand voices come up to me this morning saying, "Do you really think Infidelity will succeed? Has Christianity received its death-blow? and will the Bible become obsolete?" Yes, when the smoke of the city chimneys arrests and destroys the noontide sun. Josephus says about the time of the destruction of Jerusalem the sun was turned into darkness; but only the clouds rolled between the sun and the earth. The sun went right on. It is the same sun, the same luminary as when at the beginning it shot out like an electric spark from God's finger, and to-day it is warming the nations, and to-day it is gilding the sea, and to-day it is filling the earth with light. The same old sun, now at all worn out, though its light steps are hurried and ninety million miles second, though its pulsations are four hundred and fifty trillion undulations in a second. Same sun with beautiful white light made up of the violet and the indigo and the blue and the green and the red and the yellow and the orange—the seven beautiful colors now just as when the solar spectrum first divided them.

At the beginning God said, "Let there be light," and light was, and light is, and light shall be. So Christianity is rolling on, and it is going to warm all nations, and all nations are to bask in its light. Men may shut the window-blinds so they cannot see it, or they may smoke the pipe of speculation until they are shadowed under their own vapor; but the Lord God is a sun! This white light of the Gospel made up of all the beautiful colors of earth and heaven—violet plucked from amid the spring grass, and the indigo of the southern jungles, and the blue of the skies, and the green of the foliage, and the yellow of the autumnal woods, and the orange of the southern groves, and the red of the sunsets. All the beauties of earth and heaven brought out by this spiritual spectrum. Great Britain is going to take all Europe for God. The United States are going to take all America for God. Both of them together will take all Asia for God. All three of them will take Africa for God. "Who art thou, oh great mountain?" before Zerubbabel thou shalt become a plain." The mouth of the Lord hath spoken it. Hallelujah, amen!

ANECDOTES RELATED AT THE EVANGELISTIC MEETINGS IN SCOTLAND.

A Deadly Jungle Tree.—A Christian Worker said at a recent meeting: "Travellers tell us that in the jungles of India there grows a beautiful red plant; it attains to a great height, and is very seductive and fascinating. Insects and small birds are attracted by it, but all that eat of it must die, because it is a deadly poison. If you were to go to the root of that tree you would see thousands of insects and small birds lying there quite dead. Such are the attractions of sin; it sometimes looks well, and people are attracted by it, but all who indulge in it must surely die."

Percentage Deducted in Heaven.—The Rev. Mr. Ross said: "I remember on one occasion Dr. Bonar sending me a tract written by himself. It was about a Christian worker who had seen a vision. He thought he was lifted up to heaven, and when he got there he had a large percentage taken off his good deeds, which he had done in the world, for self and self-approbation, and doing good deeds because other people did them, or to please himself. One thing after another was taken from him, until he was very much afraid he would be weighed in the balance and found wanting. He awoke and knew he had been guilty of doing these things which he had seen in the vision; but God gave him grace to turn from self altogether, and work purely for the love of Christ."

A Troublesome Bad Temper.—A Christian worker related: "At the end of one of our open-air meetings I spoke to a woman who was a Christian. She said: 'Before my conversion I had a very bad temper, but since then it was all gone, as I thought, until yesterday morning, when I was getting the children ready for school. I then lost my temper with them, and it all came back as bad as ever. My husband, who had given up going to the saloon through my example, came in and found me out of temper. He went straight there to get his breakfast, a thing which he has not done for a long time. And this morning I asked the Lord to keep me from losing my temper. Rather tremblingly I began to prepare the children for school, scarcely trusting myself to speak, but for all my doubts and fears God heard my prayer, and I have again cause to thank Him for delivering me.'

How Nelly Accepted Christ.—The Rev. Mr. Ewing said: "Mr. Nettleton, a great American preacher, who is said to have been the means of the conversion of thousands of souls, was once paying a visit to a friend. The daughter of the house was not a Christian. One day Mr. Nettleton said to her, 'Nelly, are you afraid that I am going to speak to you about your soul?' 'Yes,' was the short reply. 'Well,' he said, 'as I don't want to make my visit to your father's house unpleasant to you, we will come to an agreement about it. I'll agree not to speak to you about your soul for a whole year, until I come back again, and I will ask your father and your friends not to speak to you upon the subject.' 'But,' she said, 'I may die within a year.' 'True, we will just make it a week.' Still the same difficulty arose. Would it do to wait a week? 'Well, let us leave it until tomorrow,' he said. But still that would not do. 'Nelly, shall we settle it just now?' he asked; and there and then they both went down on their knees before God, and settled the great, important question, and Nelly accepted Jesus as her Saviour."

A Storm Cloud Under the Feet.—The Rev. Mr. Ross said: "Last summer a party of travellers were visiting Switzerland, and one morning they set out about three or four o'clock to see the sunrise on Mont Blanc. They had not proceeded far when a violent thunderstorm burst upon them, and so alarmed the party that they wished to return at once. But the guide said, 'No, the storm is descending; if we go on we shall soon be through it; trust me and follow me.' Some of the party demurred, and returned to the shelter of the hostelry, but a few

trusted and followed their guide. As they continued their ascent they had to pass through the thundercloud, and very dark and terrible it was as the lightning played around them, and the thunder echoed among the mountains, but the guide had but one word for them, 'Trust me and follow me.' Very soon they stood above the cloud, and looked down on the storm as it raged in all its fury in the valley where their friends had remained. And now the first rays of the sun began to flush the snowy peaks, and a great solemnity fell upon them. No one had courage to break the silence, full of the awful grandeur and sublime beauty of the scene before them, and when at length one of their number spoke, his first words were, 'It is well worth all we have come through.' So, dear Christian friends, when trials and troubles darken your path here, by faith catch one glimpse of your dear Master's face, and you too will say, 'It is well worth all we have come through.'

Looking Through the Mists.—Dr. Cameron says: "I once visited an invalid woman. She had been confined to bed for a long time, and when I spoke to her, she said: 'I think the Lord has forgotten me altogether.' The eye of faith had grown dim through bodily weakness, and I replied to her, 'Did you ever go down the river and see the lighthouse?' She said she had. 'Well, suppose you lived on the opposite side from it, and one day the mist came down, and it grew so thick that you could not see the lighthouse on the other side; would you believe it was there?' 'Oh, yes,' she said, 'because I had seen it before.' And there is another thing would make you believe, I said, 'you would hear the shrill whistle coming from the lighthouse warning mariners of danger. In the same way you should believe that the Lord is still near you; that He has not forgotten you, although a cloud has come in between you and God; if you will but listen, you will hear His voice speaking to you; the mist will soon roll away if you will look right at Him with the eye of faith.' She did look, and beheld Jesus as reality to her as ever."

A Child's Life Saved through Prayer.—Mr. J. W. Forbes remarked: "About a week ago a woman came to me at the close of one of our meetings and asked me to come and see her baby, who she thought was dying. 'But,' she said, 'I would like you to come and pray for it.' 'Willingly,' I said, and went; but when I entered the house, and saw the little emaciated form of the child, with sunken cheeks and hollow eyes, I thought it had not many hours to live. The young mother's grief was fearful to witness, for it was her first and only child. She was but a few months a Christian, and this was a hard trial for her to bear. Seeing the agony of the poor mother, I turned to her, and said: 'Have you faith to believe that your child can be restored to you again?' Looking at me with the tears streaming down her face, she hesitated for a moment, and then replied: 'Oh, sir, I do believe it.' Her faith was strong, mine was very weak. But I said, 'Let us pray,' and all in the room knelt down in prayer, and I pleaded for that child's life. I felt that God would answer that prayer. With a few words of comfort to the mother I left the house. God has heard and answered that prayer; the little child, as far as we can see, is restored to life and health again, and a happy mother has returned thanks to God for its recovery."

The End of Maggie's Teasing.—At an Evangelistic meeting a lady lately said: "I once began a sewing class for the young women of a village in which I was residing, for the purpose of keeping their evenings employed. At first the attendance was small, but as time went on the class increased. There was one girl who was a great trouble to me; she came for the purpose of annoying me by teasing the others while they were at work. One night while I was engaged in reading to them she was very troublesome, talking continually to the girls who sat near her. I was unwilling to put her out, so laying down my book, I said, 'Maggie, I will

give you time to talk if you will give me time read afterward.' She was rather taken by surprise at being thus addressed, and I expected see her leave the room; but she sat still without making any disturbance for the rest of the evening. I thought that that would be the last Maggie there; but, to my surprise, she came the following night and sat perfectly still, and when all the other girls had gone she kept her seat. 'Well, Maggie,' I said, 'do you want to speak to me?' 'Yes,' she replied; 'if you will let me come to your class I will never disturb you again.' I spoke to her long and earnestly, at that night she decided to give herself to Jesus and receive Him as her Saviour. Whatever Maggie did she did with all her might, and she became as great a power for good as she has been for evil."

THE TEMPLE IN THE MILLENNIUM

By Frank H. White.

The First and Second Temples Eclipsed
Ezekiel's Temple to be Actually Built—
Return of the Shechinah Glory—No Ark in
—Position of the Temple—The Name of
City.

I HAVE long felt that the typical meaning many parts of the Tabernacle of Moses, and the Temple of Solomon, pertaining, as they do, to the future of Israel as a nation, will be better understood by that people in a coming day when the veil shall be uplifted from the hearts, and when, in unbroken unity, they shall worship Jehovah in the beauty of holiness and all that see them shall acknowledge that they are the seed the Lord hath blessed (Is. 61: 9). If this be so of the Tabernacle at Temple of old, how much more of the Temple of Ezekiel?

At the best, we must say, "Now we know part only." For the full understanding of the Scriptures we must wait till the day dawn, when the shadows shall have fled forever, and "we know even as we are known."

While there are many difficulties connected with a literal interpretation of Ezekiel's vision, difficulties which I believe will only vanish with its fulfilment, they are few indeed compared with those which belong to what may be called the spiritualizing theory of interpretation.

That we have symbolism in the temple Ezekiel is admitted. But are we on this point to deny

ITS LITERALNESS?

The tabernacle of Moses, the temple of Solomon abundant in symbols, but had they on this account no literal history? Were they mere ideographs? Can we think that when Ezekiel told to write or pattern the form in the sight of the people, it was not with a view to its ultimate material construction?

In seeking to determine the question of the *fulfilment* of Ezekiel's vision, we shall do well notice what is declared to be the

CONDITION OF THE NATION

at the time of its fulfilment. And in doing so we shall, I think, be forced to the conclusion that it answers exactly to that which is elsewhere described as pertaining to millennial times. For example, in the latter part of thirty-ninth chapter of the prophecy, where we have the introduction, so to speak, to the visions of the chapters which follow, we read: "Therefore, thus saith the Lord, Now will I bring again the captivity of Jacob, and have mercy upon the whole house of Israel," etc., in chap. 43: 7. The vision is seen as relating to a time when "God will dwell in the midst of His people forever, and the house of Israel shall no more defile His holy name."

Further, it is seen to be the time of the

RETURN OF THE GLORY

to the land. The visions of Ezekiel as described in the *first* part of his prophecy, which he saw from the banks of the river Chebar (chap. 1), contain a striking contrast to those which he beholds when brought into the land of Israel and set up on a "very high mountain." The most prominent feature in the first series of vi-

ions is the *departure* of the glory, the visible symbol of Jehovah's presence, first from off the cherubim to the threshold of the temple, where it fills both the house and court (Ezek. 10 : 3, 4).

From the threshold of the temple the glory ascends and stands above the cherubim (ver. 18). Finally, he beholds the glory leave the city and stand upon the Mount of Olives, that mount whence the Lord of glory ascended, and upon which His blessed feet shall again stand when He returns!

Before the departure of the glory the prophet is shown the abominations of Jerusalem, on account of which God had withdrawn from it His presence. The picture also given in the middle chapters of Ezekiel's prophecy of the state of the city and people at this time is fearful indeed.

By the same gate from whence the glory departed it is seen returning. "Afterward He brought me to the gate, even the gate that looketh toward the east, and behold the glory of the God of Israel came from the way of the east, and His voice was like a noise of many waters, and the earth shined with His glory; and the glory of the Lord came into the house by the way of the gate whose prospect is toward the east" (Ezek. 43 : 1-4).

It has been truly said, "the solution of this usually thought intricate and difficult prophecy is the departure and

RETURN OF THE SHECHINAH.*

That Ezekiel's temple receives the returning glory, proves its futurity. (The second temple had no Shechinah.) Moreover, this determines the time of its erection. The return of the glory is inseparable from the return of Him who is Himself the "Glory of His people Israel," and in whom dwelleth all the fulness of the Godhead bodily. The destruction of Solomon's temple followed the departure of the Shechinah. The destruction of both city and temple followed the withdrawal of the glory in the person of the Lord Jesus. Answering to the return of the glory as seen in Ezekiel's later vision, Christ will come again from heaven in like manner as He went away, and as King of Israel reign over a repentant, restored nation; a people "all righteous," who shall no more defile His name with their abominations.

No mention is made of the Ark of the Covenant in Ezekiel's temple. The type is wanting; the Antitype supplies its place. Jehovah Jesus dwells in the midst of His people—

THEY NEED NO ARK

as the symbol of His presence. A full display of His Divine glory is ever before them. "And it shall come to pass when ye be multiplied and increased in the land in those days, saith the Lord, they shall say no more, The ark of the covenant of the Lord; neither shall it come to mind; neither shall they remember it; neither shall they visit [miss] it; neither shall that [the ark] be done or made any more" (Jer. 3 : 16).

No veil is spoken of, nor any day of atonement; neither is any candle-stick or lamp-stand mentioned in Ezekiel's temple. The Lord Himself will be the light thereof. Israel's "true light" will then have come, and the glory of the Lord have "risen" upon His people.

Perhaps the most remarkable fact about the temple, as seen by Ezekiel, is

ITS POSITION.

It is not in the city or its suburbs, but in that portion of the oblation (or that part of the land allotted to sacred purposes) called "Most Holy." The entire oblation is about fifty miles square. "All the oblation shall be five and twenty thousand reeds. Ye shall offer the holy oblation four-square, with [including] the possession of the city" (Ezek. 48 : 20; 45 : 1).*

This is further divided into three portions, to each of which is ascribed a different degree of sacredness. The northern or upper division, which is called the "most holy oblation," is set apart for the priests, the sons of Zadoc. "The priests, the ministers of the sanctuary, who shall come near to minister unto the Lord; and it shall be

a place for their houses, and an holy place for the sanctuary; and the sanctuary of the Lord [the temple] shall be in the midst thereof" (Ezek. 45 : 4; 48 : 10). The middle portion of the oblation is set apart for the Levites. This is called the "holy oblation." It was of the same dimensions as the priests' portion—viz., twenty-five thousand reeds, or about fifty miles in length, west to east, and ten thousand reeds, or twenty miles in breadth, north and south. The lower or southern part of the oblation, a strip of twenty-five thousand reeds, or about fifty miles in length, east and west, and five thousand reeds, or about ten miles in breadth, north and south, is thus described: "And the five thousand, that are left in the breadth over against the five and twenty thousand, shall be a profane [or common] place [i.e. not strictly sacred to priests] for the city and its suburbs, and the city shall be in the midst thereof" (chap. 48 : 15).

The city will have

TWELVE GATES.*

named according to the twelve tribes of Israel, beyond which, extending for a little more than two hundred and fifty reeds, or a half mile, will be its suburbs. There are no cities of refuge in the millennial arrangement of the land of Israel. But the year of jubilee is to be observed (Ezek. 46 : 17). The name of the city from that day shall be "Jehovah Shammah." "The Lord is there." It will be "the city of the Great King, beautiful for situation, the joy of the whole earth" (Ps. 48 : 2). Seeing the establishment of the millennial city and temple in the land of Israel is inseparably bound up with the glory of Christ, with whom we are heirs, and joint heirs, the promise thereof should act upon our hearts to excite expectation and to animate hope. The glories of the millennial reign on earth form a part of the joy resulting from the travail of Christ's soul as Redeemer; they are the fruits of His sufferings, the reward of His pains. He who refused to take the kingdom of this world from Satan, as the price of His obedience, shall possess the sovereignty thereof as the reward of His obedience. That He shall reign, whose right it is, is our solace now in view of all the disorder and confusion which prevail in the earth.

Oh, let the glories of this prophecy teach us to fasten our thoughts more upon the sure things of God, as those who look for a city which hath foundations, whose builder and maker is God (Heb. 11 : 10), into which all the redeemed shall be ultimately gathered. The city which Abraham looked for and John saw coming down from God out of heaven, prepared as a bride adorned for her husband. Ezekiel's city is an *earthly* one, and will pass away. This will be a heavenly city and *eternal*, and shall never pass away; while its chief glory will be that God is there. "God Almighty and the Lamb are the Temple of it" (Rev. 21 : 22). Just so, the chief glory of the millennial city, the earthly Jerusalem, will be as its name indicates, "Jehovah Shammah—the Lord is there."

THE WALL OF SNOW.

In a small cottage on the southern shores of the Baltic lived a pious widow named Bertha Schmidt; and a pretty picture in summer was that little dwelling, peering out from the embowering vines. Now and then it happened one could get a glimpse of the good old dame herself sitting in the open door—in her high-backed chair, and her Bible in her lap. The picture was one of quiet happiness. But it was not the aged widow *herself* who had gathered all the pleasant things about her cottage-home. This was the work of Karl, her only son, who lived with her, and supported her by working at the trade of a carpenter.

Karl was a noble fellow, and he had a heart as tender as it was strong; yet he was now twenty-eight, and was not married. He was indeed a good son. He had long been engaged to a worthy maiden, but he would not marry her until he felt he could do so without lessening the comforts which the infirmities of his mother

made necessary. But Karl had prospered, under the blessing of heaven, and he was now about to marry his betrothed and bring her to their little cottage-home. It was winter, and the widow's house did not look very picturesque, divested of its summer drapery. But all was bright within; the narrow windows were full of Karl's choice flowers, transferred to neat boxes of his own handicraft. The Russian stove sent forth its genial glow, and the aged widow sat waiting, with a placid smile, the entrance of her children. And now the merry bridal group return from church, and the evening passes joyfully away.

But fearful was the change which morning brought. A hostile army was approaching the city of Stralsund, and might be looked for at any hour. In every house there was gloom—in every heart fear and trembling. The day passed away in dreadful suspense, and night closed in over the still watching, praying, fasting city. As night deepened there came on a terrific storm of snow and wind, which made the scene still more desolate and fearful. But how is it within the widow's cottage? Karl had for a while busied himself with barricading the doors and windows, so as to offer some obstruction to the rude soldiery, and had done the best he could to defend his mother and his bride. Then he sank down into gloomy silence, while his young wife sat by him pale and trembling; but the aged widow sat with her eyes fastened upon her book, and seemed lost to all around her. At length she raised her eyes, and a bright smile beamed upon her countenance, as she repeated these lines:

"Round us a wall our God shall rear,
And our proud foes shall quake with fear!"

"What! dear mother," replied Karl, "is your faith as strong as that? Do you really expect God will build a wall round our poor hut, strong and high enough to keep out an army? I wish I could believe it till the hour comes; it is terrible to wait in this state of mind."

"Has not my son read," replied the mother, "that not a sparrow falls to the ground without our Father? that faith has stopped the mouths of lions, and turned aside the edge of the sword?"

Karl made no reply, and the little family again sank into a sad silence. Just at midnight there was a lull in the storm, and they heard the great clock striking the hour of twelve. At the same moment the faint sound of martial music caught their watchful ears in the opposite direction; the fatal time had come. The little family drew closer together, and as the aged mother returned the pressure of her son's hand, she again repeated:

"Round us a wall our Lord shall rear,
And our proud foes shall quail with fear!"

The music drew nearer, mingled with a confused sound of trampling and shouting. Soon shrieks were heard; the crackling of flames, and the crash of falling houses, told them that the work of plunder and destruction was going on. But no hostile foot invaded the widow's dwelling; it stood quiet and unharmed amid the uproar, as if angels were encamping round it. At length the tumult died away—the storm ceased—and a death-like silence fell upon the scene.

After waiting several hours, Karl ventured to uncloset a shutter; but the light came dimly through the snow, which was heaped to the very top of the window. He cautiously opened the door, but here again a wall of snow met his view, and he was obliged to cut his way into the open air. When he had done this he stood silent with astonishment and awe at the sight before him. Huge drifts of snow had completely encircled the cottage, and made it in appearance a mere mound of snow! They had indeed been hidden by "a wall," and had dwelt safely in the pavilion of the Most High. Karl led his aged mother out to behold her "wall of faith." The pious widow wept as she looked up to heaven, and gently exclaimed—"Faithful is He who hath promised; He also hath done it."

* I have reckoned the reed as about eleven feet.

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CURRENT EVENTS.

The Danger of a National Financial Crisis becomes more ominous as each Treasury statement is issued. The gold which the Government is bound to keep to redeem its obligations is steadily dwindling, and now amounts to less than half of its reserve. On February 1st it had nominally a reserve amounting to forty per cent on its outstanding liabilities. Over twenty-one per cent, however, was in silver. The coinage of 2,382,200 silver dollars in January, for which gold was paid, tended to produce this critical position, and the drain will continue. The time cannot be far distant when the Government will have to pay in silver, and gold will be at a premium.

How long this impending crisis can be averted depends on how soon the coinage of the silver dollar is suspended. The public debt was reduced during January by \$9,420,046.

President Arthur Sent a Message to the House, on Tuesday, February 3d, calling attention to the gift, by Mrs. Grant, through the generosity of Mr. Vanderbilt, of the swords and civil and military testimonials to the nation in perpetual trust. The President asks for full and signal recognition of the gift on behalf of the nation at the hands of its representatives, and that they accept the trust and provide for its safe custody. The President in the same message delicately referred to the pending legislation for the benefit of General Grant, and urged the passage of the Senate bill which would relieve him from the embarrassment in which he would be placed by the passage of the bill favored by the House.

The Action of the House on the Dynamite explosions in England appears likely to be indefinitely postponed. On February 2d, Mr. Perry Belmont moved a resolution requesting the Secretary of State to forthwith inform the House whether any representations have been, either formally or informally, made to this Government by the British Government, growing out of the use of dynamite in London. He is asked, if such representations have been made in writing, to transmit to the House complete copies of all communications that have passed between the two Governments on the subject, but if the representations or communications have been verbal, then a statement of their tenor and pur-

port. By the time the required information is given, the House will probably discover that it has no time left in which to deal with the subject.

New Charges Against General Swaim were preferred by the Quarter-master at Washington, on February 6th. The Judge-Advocate-General is charged with defrauding the Government of forage and straw, issued to him to be used by horses which he pretended to own, and then sold by him for his own benefit. The Depot Quarter-master supplied the forage on Swaim's requisitions. The decision of the court, which has been for a long time investigating the accusations of fraud brought against General Swaim, has not been announced, but it has been placed in the hands of the President, and it is said to be in at least one count adverse to the accused.

Apprehensions of a Dangerous Riot were prevalent in Pittsburg, Pa., last week. Large numbers of the workmen in the city are unemployed, and there have also drifted into the city unemployed miners from the Monongahela Valley, coke-workers from the Connellsville district, and iron-workers from all parts of the State. The men are discontented, and wild threats of violence are freely uttered. These would not have been heeded had it not been that Most and four other well-known anarchists have been observed working among the men; also that cases containing fifteen hundred guns and revolvers arrived in the city and were quietly distributed. Manufacturers hope that there will be no outbreak, but they admit that any little dispute which at another time might be amicably adjusted would, if it occurred now, precipitate riots worse than those of 1877.

The Shooting of O'Donovan Rossa on Monday, February 2d, caused much excitement on both sides the Atlantic. The crime was committed by an English lady named Yseult Dudley, whose antecedents prove that she is of unsound mind. She wrote to O'Donovan Rossa offering to contribute money to the dynamite fund, and asking him to come to her in the Stewart Building, where she was waiting in a telegraph office. They went out into the street and Mrs. Dudley stepped behind Rossa and shot him in the back. He fell to the ground, and Mrs. Dudley fired the other barrels of her revolver at him as he lay. None of the bullets except the first struck him. The woman was arrested, and Rossa was taken to a hospital, where it was found he was not dangerously hurt, and he is now recovering. Mrs. Dudley is evidently a dangerous maniac who ought to be confined in a lunatic asylum. We are sorry to notice in the newspapers, and in private conversation, a generally expressed regret that she did not succeed in killing Rossa. Such comments are wicked and pernicious. They directly encourage lawless people to commit crime. Rossa is not entitled to sympathy, as he openly defends acts like that of Mrs. Dudley, and advocates, if he does not plan, cowardly murders; but, whatever he may have done, and whatever punishment he may deserve, his assassination would be an outrage on the law. It ought to be clearly understood that "removers" of the Guiteau type, who seek to serve society by killing people, will not be tolerated in the United States. Mrs. Dudley's act was a crime for which she ought to be punished, unless she is mentally irresponsible.

James G. Cunningham, the Man Arrested in the Tower of London, and charged with complicity in the dynamite explosions, has been examined in the police court. His record while in England was produced, and it increased the prejudice against him. The Government prosecutor stated that Cunningham arrived in Liverpool from the United States last November. He was traced to London, where he resided in the Eastern District. He was then in possession of a large brown trunk, which since the explosions has mysteriously disappeared. Previous to the outrage in the Tower he moved to new lodgings and changed his name. Persons connected with the Tower observed him loitering about the entrance to the building, and

identified him as having been among the usual throng of visitors a few days before the explosions. When he was arrested he prevaricated, gave a fictitious address and a false account of himself. In his lodgings a dynamite was found which was like those used in other dynamite explosions. The public prosecutor also stated that the evidence he had obtained led him to expect that he would be able to substantiate a charge of high treason against the prisoner, which is a capital offence. The van in which the man was taken to court was strongly guarded, and elaborate precautions were taken to prevent a rescue.

Khartoum has Fallen into the Hands of the Mahdi. On Thursday, February 6th, General Wolseley telegraphed that Colonel Wilson, who after General Stewart was wounded, assumed command of the British force at Gubat, attempted to communicate with General Gordon on January 28th. The expedition went by the Nile, and when opposite Khartoum were surprised to find the guns from the city open fire upon them. They could see that Khartoum was in possession of the Mahdi's army, and that the palace which General Gordon occupied was gutted. They were unable to learn what had become of General Gordon. They ascertained, however, that the Mahdi captured the city two days before their arrival. It is reported that it was taken by treachery. Colonel Wilson returned to the Gubat camp, which he reached with difficulty, his boats having been wrecked. General Stewart's camp is now surrounded by the Mahdi's troops, and is in imminent peril. His rescue will be a work of much difficulty. In England extreme anxiety prevails. The people are indignant against the Government which neglected to send an expedition for Gordon's rescue until the difficulties were almost insurmountable, and when the expedition was dispatched caused a fatal delay by neglect of the commissariat department. That assistance should have reached Gordon two days too late has caused intense chagrin. Mr. Gladstone is denounced in strong terms, and it is predicted that if General Gordon is found to have been killed, Mr. Gladstone and his Cabinet will be driven ignominiously from office.

A Rising of the whole Moslem World is believed to be imminent as the consequence of the Mahdi's triumph over the British. The London correspondent of the New York Times reports ominous observations recently made by Sir Robert Morier, who was for a long time British Minister at Madrid. A fortnight ago on hearing the news from Abu Klea and Gubat, Sir Robert said: "You don't feel as I do the vast importance of these victories. Having lived for a long time in Spain, I know Morocco pretty well. Two years ago the controlling party there was all ready to join the Mahdi's movement. The victory of Tel el Kebir alone stopped them, and prevented a general uprising of Islam all over the north of Africa. A week ago we were again in the same position as before Tel el Kebir, and the whole Moslem world was on fire with determination to leap on us if we stumbled. These victories, and the consequent relief of General Gordon, come none too soon, but they will suffice again to stop the movement." The other day the gentleman who related this conversation met Sir Robert Morier after the Khartoum news had been received, and all he said was: "I fear 'tis the beginning of the end."

Renewed Oppression of the Poles is Reported by a Polish prince through the columns of the New York Herald. A law was promulgated some months ago forbidding them to own land, and they were consequently obliged to sell at ruinous prices to the Russians, the object being to Russinize the country. When the Russians obtained the estates they were too ignorant to manage them; they therefore leased them to Polish tenants, who held them at rental until last month. A new order has now been issued forbidding the Poles to occupy or manage the estates. No cause is assigned for this new act of tyranny, which will cause extensive distress.

A Disastrous Railroad Collision Caused a Fire on Saturday which has destroyed a large part of the city of New Brunswick, N. J. A special freight train carrying a large quantity of oil, and having several cars in which were twenty-two valuable horses, was being backed to a siding to allow the regular fast freight train to pass. By some oversight, either through a man not having been sent back with a red lantern to warn the regular train, or by a mistake in the signals, the second train drove through at full speed and collided with the forward train. Instantly, the oil was ignited and poured in a blazing stream through the city, setting fire to factories, warehouses and private dwellings. Help was requested from Trenton and Elizabeth, which was promptly rendered. It was too late to save the factories, but it was hoped that the more distant parts of the city might be saved.

Mr. Joseph Cook's Recent Visit to Utah has impressed him with the formidable power and increasing influence of the Mormon Church. In the prelude to his recent lecture he thus stated the convictions he had formed: "Political dictation throughout Utah is universal where national authority is not feared. Danger from this source is apprehended even in Oregon. The work of schools and churches is efficient, but not sufficient. Persecution exists and would be more common if it were more safe. A school teacher has heard bullets whistle about her head three times. Some of these teachers take their lives in their hands every day. The power of the leaders may be declining at Salt Lake and some other places, but the doctrine of blood atonement is still held. The leaders will fight sooner than reform, for some of them have great wealth. It is a land speculation to a great extent. *The young people do not know the meaning of morality.* Recruiting in other lands should be discouraged by all the power which the Church and State in this land can exert upon those of other lands, and recruits should not be permitted to land."

Mr. Moody Held Conferences at New Brunswick, N. J., last week, and devoted one day to the students at Rutgers College, where a revival of religious life is in progress. All the meetings were crowded to excess, and it was found necessary to have the admissions by ticket and to hold the meetings in the large Opera House. Mr. Moody was invited by the Committee of City Missions, of which Dr. Gates, the President of Rutgers, is Chairman. The ministers of all the churches joined in the invitation and co-operated in the work. While Mr. Moody was in Richmond, Va., he invited ten gentlemen to dine with him, and before going to dinner frankly told them that he wanted them to erect a much-needed building for the Y. M. C. A. They at once subscribed \$15,500 for the purpose, and the balance will be raised.

Mr. Thomas Harrison's Meetings in Chicago are said to have been widely blessed. One report says that in a little more than two weeks over two hundred and fifty have professed conversion. Every member of the church appears to be aroused, and the people have a mind to work. A large number of young men and women were converted.

The Reading of the Bible in the Common schools has been declared constitutional in Iowa. The Supreme Court of that State recently gave judgment on a case submitted to it, deciding that the reading of the Bible and singing of sacred songs in common schools are not prohibited by the clause in the constitution which forbids the levying of taxes for the support of any place of worship.

A Revival Throughout Central New York has followed the Week of Prayer. At Auburn, especially, there has been manifest tokens of blessing. Numerous additions have also been made to the churches at Seneca Falls, Geneva, Rome, and a few other places on the east. Many small towns adjoining these larger ones, and lying along the Central Road, have also been greatly blessed, as Fairville, Rose, Ontario,

Clyde, In Canandaigua, as at Auburn, the Baptist, Methodist, Congregational, and Presbyterian churches began Union Meetings with the Week of Prayer, which are still in progress—the pastors taking their turns in preaching. So far, about two hundred have given hopeful evidence of conversion, and there is no abatement of interest or attendance.

A Dynamite Outrage was Perpetrated in New York early in the morning of February 1st. Shortly after midnight an explosion was heard in Grand Street which shook the whole neighborhood. A policeman ran to the spot from which the noise proceeded and found that the windows of a large dry-goods store had been smashed to atoms and the stores on the other side the street were much injured. An explosive compound supposed to be dynamite had been placed on the sidewalk close to the windows and exploded. No clue to the guilty parties has yet been obtained, but the proprietors of the store think that the motive for the act had its origin in some trouble they have recently had with their employes. The outrage was evidently done to malice rather than a spirit of mischief. Its chief significance to the public consists in the fact that it is another evidence of the dangers menacing society. The spirit of lawlessness, which is a predicted characteristic of the last days of this dispensation, is rapidly growing, and the number of those who "despise government," is largely increasing (II Pet. 2:10).

Substantial Damages were Awarded last week by a jury in the Court of Common Pleas in New York, to a lady who was lamed by falling into a hole in the pavement in Fourteenth Street. The hole was made in front of a house, the occupier of which used it for getting in his coals. A man was shovelling coal at the time of the accident, but the lady was looking another way and did not see the open hole. The judge ruled that the lady was not guilty of negligence, as she was not bound to see that there was no yawning coal-hole in front of her. The judge was right, but pedestrians will act wisely in looking to their steps. Even the damages awarded in this case will be poor compensation for the injuries the plaintiff sustained. Especially in a metaphorical sense is circumspection necessary. In the paths of life Satan has spread his pitfalls expressly to cause the unwary to fall (Prov. 4:25-27).

A Frozen Man was Saved by a Dog on Staten Island last week. A mounted policeman named O'Toole, who is always accompanied on his rounds by a Newfoundland dog, was riding through the outlying districts of Stapleton on Wednesday, when the dog darted up a dark lane and began barking loudly. The officer thought nothing of the dog's action until he had gone some distance and heard the dog still barking. He turned back, and went to see what detained the animal. A few rods away the dog was found beside a prostrate man, who had been overcome by the extreme cold. The man was helped to a house near by, and warmed. He would undoubtedly have been frozen to death but for the intelligence of the dog. He was utterly powerless to help himself. There are everywhere numbers of men who are spiritually in the same helpless condition; but too many Christians fail to do as the dog did; they pass them by without concern, instead of trying to save them (Heb. 6:2).

No Return Trips were Permitted on a Line in Oregon during the snow blockade, if credit may be given to a statement made by one of the passengers, and published in the Tacoma News. The passenger, a lady who had her two children with her, says that she and the children were in the blockade eleven days, though there were others who were there much longer. The snow was from twenty to eighty feet deep, and every day the west-bound train brought new passengers to the point of the blockade until about two hundred were gathered. The trains on arriving landed the passengers, and went back empty, allowing no one to return, though a number wanted to do so, offering \$100 for the privilege;

but the train men were acting under orders and would not allow it. Nor were they allowed to write or telegraph to any one. One of the railroad men said "it would hurt the road." In every other respect they did all they could for the passengers. They built a large dining-room, and made them quite comfortable. It is very probable that the railroad man was right in his opinion. If the passengers had been allowed to return or to telegraph home, the communication would have "hurt the road," as no one would care to run into such misfortune. The answer to Dives in our Lord's parable, however, implied that in a far more terrible case such warning would have done no good (Luke 16:27-31).

A Lover's Argument is Described in the reminiscences of Peleg Johnson, by the Hon. A. Payne. It seems that Mr. Johnson, soon after the death of his first wife, made an offer of marriage to another lady. She said to him: "Mr. Johnson, my friends think that it is not proper for me to receive your attentions so soon after the death of your wife." To this suggestion he replied: "I have been a constable for more than thirty years, and during that time I have been in constant attendance upon the courts of this State, and I think I ought to know something about law, and I can tell you that when a woman has been dead and buried four months she is just as dead in the eye of the law as if she had been dead a year." The good lady was convinced by the argument, though it affected the question of legality and not the objection as to propriety, which was the one she had made. The principle, however, laid down by the lover was sound, and it has its spiritual application. Young Christians are often kept back from the full light by their inability to realize it (Rom. 7:6).

Rattlesnake Poison is Apparently to take its place in the pharmacopoeia. A druggist in the course of an interview with a reporter, said: "A well-stocked drug-store must be supplied with a great variety of medicines now if its proprietor fills prescriptions for all schools. One day we had a call from a homoeopathic physician for rattlesnake virus. The doctor had been called in to see a patient who was soon to die of cancer, and who had taken ordinary opiates until they seemed to have but little effect. We did not have the medicine, but the next time I saw the doctor he said that he had obtained it, and that twenty minutes after taking a very low dilution of the virus the sufferer sank into a sweet sleep." This effect is not peculiar to the rattlesnake virus; other poisons, which in larger potions cause death, will, when administered in minute and diluted doses, act as an anodyne. The discovery has been of great benefit to physical sufferers, but it has done much harm in spiritual matters. The agonized soul of the awakened sinner has often been lulled to rest by a spiritual anodyne and has drunk more deeply to its own eternal destruction (Jer. 51:39).

An Amusing Evidence of Ignorance was given recently by a sexton's wife. Her husband had charge of a little country church in western Pennsylvania. During the recent cold snap he was ill, and on Saturday was unable to prepare the church for the next day's services. His wife undertook the task, and, impressed with her husband's instructions that the temperature of the building should reach a certain degree upon the thermometer, she plied the furnace to that end. When the mercury touched the mark, to relieve her husband's anxiety, the simple woman carried the instrument to their home, distant about a quarter of a mile, and proudly exhibited the evidence of her faithfulness. She did not know, or had forgotten, that in the outer air the mercury would so fall that her husband could not learn from it the temperature of the church. Unhappily, those who regard the conduct of members of churches as an indication of the spiritual temperature of the church often notice a similar variation. But Christian life is at a low ebb when its fervor is reduced by contact with the atmosphere of the world (Titus 3:8).

THE ASCENSION AND THE SECOND ADVENT PRACTICALLY CONSIDERED. A Sermon by Pastor C. H. Spurgeon.

"And while they looked steadfastly toward heaven as he went up, behold, two men stood by them in white apparel; which also said, Ye men of Galilee, why stand ye gazing up into heaven? this same Jesus, which is taken up from you into heaven, shall so come in like manner as ye have seen Him go into heaven."—ACTS I : 10, 11.

The Golden Chain of Events—The Fifth Link—The Four Chief Events Pointing to the Second Advent—The Ascension—The Amazed Disciples—God's Messengers to them—I. A Gentle Chiding—Difference between Looking and Gazing—A Mother's Touching Action—A Swinish Religion—People who Need the Chiding—II. A Cheering Description—The Same Jesus—III. A Practical Truth—Reasons for Work—Jesus is Coming—Not a Spiritual Coming—A Woman's Unnecessary Apology.

FOUR great events shine out brightly in our Saviour's story. All Christian minds delight to dwell upon His birth, His death, His resurrection, and His ascension. These make four rounds in that ladder of light, the foot of which is upon the earth, but the top whereof reacheth to heaven. We could not afford to dispense with any one of those four events, nor to make it profitable for us to forget, or to under-estimate the value of any one of them.

Each one of those four events points to another, and they all lead up to it:

THE FIFTH LINK

in the golden chain is our Lord's second and most glorious advent. Nothing is mentioned between His ascent and His descent. True, a rich history comes between; but it lies in a valley between two stupendous mountains; we step from alp to alp as we journey in meditation from the ascension to the second advent. I want you, therefore, as in contemplation you pass with joyful footsteps over these four grand events, as your faith leaps from His birth to His death, and from His resurrection to His ascension, to be looking forward, and even hastening unto this crowning fact of our Lord's history; for ere long He shall so come in like manner as He was seen go up into heaven.

This morning, in our meditation, we will start from

THE ASCENSION;

and if I had sufficient imagination I should like to picture our Lord and the eleven walking up the side of Olivet, communing as they went—a happy company, with a solemn awe upon them, but with an intense joy in having fellowship with each other. Each disciple was glad to think that His dear Lord and Master who had been crucified was now among them, not only alive, but surrounded with a mysterious safety and glory which none could disturb. The enemy was as still as a stone; not a dog moved his tongue; His bitterest foes made no sign during the days of our Lord's after-life below.

The company moved onward peacefully toward Bethany—Bethany which they all knew and loved. But they have come to a standstill, having reached the brow of the hill. The Saviour stands conspicuously in the centre of the group, and, following upon most instructive discourse, He pronounces a blessing upon them. He lifts His pierced hands, and while He is lifting them and is pronouncing words of love, He begins to rise from the earth. He has risen above them all to their astonishment! In a moment He has passed beyond the olives, which seem with their silvery sheen to be lit up by His milder radiance. While the disciples are looking, the Lord has ascended into mid-air, and speedily He has risen to the regions of the clouds. They stand spell-bound with astonishment, and suddenly a bright cloud, like a chariot of God, bears Him away. That cloud conceals Him from mortal gaze. Though we have known Christ after the flesh, now after the flesh know we Him no more. They are riveted to the spot, very naturally so; they linger long in the place, they stand with streaming eyes, wonder-struck, still looking upward.

Their lengthened gaze needed to be interrupted, and, therefore, two shining ones, such as aforetime met the women at the sepulchre, are sent to them. These

MESSENGERS OF GOD

appear in human form that they may not alarm them, and in white raiment as if to remind them that all was bright and joyous; and these white-robed ministers stood with them as if they would willingly join their company. As no one of the eleven would break silence, the men in white raiment commenced the discourse. Addressing them in the usual celestial style, they asked a question which contained its own answer, and then went on to tell their message. As they had once said to the women, "Why seek ye the living among the dead? He is not here, but is risen;" so did they now say, "Ye men of Galilee, why stand ye gazing up into heaven? this same Jesus, which is taken up from you into heaven, shall so come in like manner as ye have seen Him go into heaven."

Do you not see them going down the side of Olivet, taking that Sabbath-day's journey into the cruel and wicked city without a thought of fear; having no dread of the bloodthirsty crew who slew their Lord, but happy in the memory of their Lord's exaltation and in the expectation of a wonderful display of His power. They held fellowship of the most delightful kind with one another, and anon entered into the upper room, where in protracted prayer and communion they waited for the promise of the Father. You see I have no imagination; I have barely mentioned the incidents in the simplest language. Yet try and realize the scene, for it will be helpful so to do, since our Lord Jesus is to come in like manner as the disciples saw Him go up into heaven.

I. First, then, here is

A GENTLE CHIDING.

It is not sharply uttered by men dressed in black who use harsh speech, and upbraid the servants of God severely for what was rather a mistake than a fault. No; the language is strengthening, yet tender; the fashion of a question allows them rather to reprove themselves than to be reprovéd; and the tone is that of brotherly love and affectionate concern.

Notice, that what these saintly men were doing seems at first sight to be very right. Methinks, if Jesus were among us now we would fix our eyes upon Him, and never withdraw them. The truth is, there was nothing wrong in their looking up into heaven; but they went a little further than looking; they stood "gazing." A little excess in right may be faulty. It may be wise to look, but foolish to gaze. Look, ay, look steadfastly and intently; be your posture that of one "looking unto Jesus," always throughout life. But there is a gazing which is not commendable, when the look becomes not that of reverent worship, but of an overweening curiosity; when there mingles with the desire to know what should be known, a prying into that which it is for God's glory to conceal. Thus certain things that you and I may do may appear right, and yet we may need to be chidden out of them into something better; they may be right in themselves, but not appropriate for the occasion, nor seasonable, nor expedient. They may be right up to a point, and then may touch the boundary of excess. A steadfast gaze into heaven may be to a devout soul a high order of worship, but if this filled up much of our working time it might become the idlest form of folly.

Yet I cannot help adding that it was very natural. I do not wonder that the whole eleven stood gazing up, for if I had been there I am sure I should have done the same. I think I should have stood looking to the very place where His cloudy chariot had been. I know it would be idle to continue so to do, but our hearts often urge us on to acts which we could not justify logically. Hearts are not to be argued with. Sometimes you stand by a grave where one is buried whom you dearly loved; you go there often to weep. You cannot help it, the place is precious to you; yet you could

not prove that you do any good by your visits, perhaps you even injure yourself thereby, and deserve to be gently chidden with the question, "why?" It may be the most natural thing in the world, and yet it may not be a wise thing. The Lord allows us to do that which is innocently natural, but He will not have us carry it too far; for then it might foster an evil nature. Hence He sends an interrupting messenger.

I remember well seeing

THE ACTION OF A WOMAN

whose only son was emigrating to a distant colony. I stood in the station, and I noticed her many tears and her frequent embraces of her boy; but the train came up and he entered the carriage. After the train had passed beyond the station, she was foolish enough to break away from friends who sought to detain her; she ran along the platform, leaped down upon the railroad, and pursued the flying train. It was natural, but it had better been left undone. What was the use of it? We had better abstain from acts which serve no practical purpose; for in this life we have neither time nor strength to waste in fruitless action. The disciples would be wise to cease gazing, for nobody would be benefited by it, and they would not themselves be blessed. What is the use of gazing when there is nothing to see? Well, then, did the angels ask, "Why stand ye gazing up into heaven?"

Here is the practical point for us: What they did we are very apt to imitate. "Oh," say you, "I shall never stand gazing up into heaven!" I am not sure of that. Some Christians are very curious, but not obedient. Plain precepts are neglected, but difficult problems they seek to solve. I remember one who used always to be dwelling upon the vials and seals and trumpets. He was great at apocalyptic symbols; but he had seven children, and he had no family prayer. If he had left the vials and trumpets and minded his boys and girls, it would have been a deal better.

I have known men marvellously great upon Daniel, and specially instructed in Ezekiel, but singularly forgetful of the twentieth of Exodus, and not very clear upon Romans the eighth. I do not speak with any blame of such folks for studying Daniel and Ezekiel, but quite the reverse; yet I wish they had been more zealous for the conversion of the sinners in their neighborhoods, and more careful to assist the poor saints. I admit the value of the study of the feet of the image in Nebuchadnezzar's vision, and the importance of knowing the kingdoms which make up the ten toes, but I do not see the propriety of allowing such studies to overlay the commonplaces of practical godliness.

Others are contemplative but not active—much given to the study of Scripture and to meditation thereon, but not zealous for good works. When a man's religion all lies in his saving his own self, and in enjoying holy things for his own self, there is, a disease upon him. When his judgment of a sermon is based upon the one question, "Did it feed me?" it is a swinish judgment. There is such a thing as getting

A SWINISH RELIGION,

in which you are yourself first, yourself second, yourself third, yourself to the utmost end. Did Jesus ever think or speak in that fashion? Contemplation of Christ Himself may be so carried out as to lead you away from Christ; the recluse meditates on Jesus, but he is as unlike the busy, self-denying Jesus as well can be. Meditation unattended with active service in the spreading of the Gospel among men, well deserves the rebuke of the angel, "Ye men of Galilee, why stand ye gazing up into heaven?"

Moreover, some are careful and anxious and deliriously impatient for some marvellous interposition. We get at times into a sad state of mind, because we do not see the kingdom of Christ advancing as we desire. I suppose it is with you as it is with me—I begin to fret, and I am deeply troubled, and I feel that there is good reason that I should be, for truth is fallen

in the streets, and the days of blasphemy and rebuke are upon us. Then we pine; for the Master is away, and we cry, "When will He be back again? Oh, why are His chariots so long in coming? Why tarries He through the ages?"

In certain cases this uneasiness has drawn to itself a wrong expectation of immediate wonders, and an intense desire for sign-seeing. Ah me, what fanaticisms come of this! In America years ago, one came forward who declared that on such a day the Lord would come, and he led a great company to believe his crazy predictions. Many took their horses and fodder for two or three days, and went out into the woods, expecting to be all the more likely to see all that was to be seen when once away from the crowded city. All over the States there were people who had made ascension-dresses in which to soar into the air in proper costume. They waited, and they waited, and I am sure that no text could have been more appropriate for them than this, "Ye men of America, why stand ye here gazing up into heaven?" Nothing came of it; and yet there are thousands in England and America who only need a fanatical leader, and they would run into the like folly. The desire to know the times and seasons is a craze with many poor bodies whose insanity runs in that particular groove.

II. Secondly, I want you to notice

THE CHEERING DESCRIPTION

which these bright spirits give concerning our Lord. They describe Him thus—"This same Jesus." I appreciate the description the more because it came from those who knew Him. "He was seen of angels," they had watched Him all His life long, and they knew Him, and when they, having just seen Him rise to His Father and His God, said of Him, "This same Jesus," then I know by an infallible testimony that He was the same, and that He is the same. Jesus is gone, but He still exists. He has left us, but He is not dead; He has not dissolved into nothing like the mist of the morning. "This same Jesus" is gone up unto His Father's throne, and He is there to-day as certainly as He once stood at Pilate's bar. Jesus lives; mind that you live also. Do not loiter as if you had nothing at all to do, or as if the kingdom of God had come to an end because Jesus is gone from the earth, as to His bodily presence. It is not all over; He still lives, and He has given you a work to do till He comes. Therefore, go and do it.

"This same Jesus"—I love that word, for "Jesus" means a *Saviour*. Oh, ye anxious sinners here present, the name of Him who has gone up into His glory is full of invitation to you! Will you not come to "this same Jesus"? This is He who opened the eyes of the blind and brought forth the prisoners out of the prison-house. He is doing the same thing to-day. Oh, that your eyes may see His light!

"This same Jesus." On the back of that sweet title came this question, "Why stand ye here gazing into heaven?" They might have said, "We stay here because we do not know where to go. Our Master is gone." But oh, it is the same Jesus, and He is coming again, so go down to Jerusalem and get to work directly. Do not worry yourselves; no grave accident has occurred; it is not a disaster that Christ has gone, but an advance in His work. Despisers tell us nowadays, "Your cause is done for! Christianity is spun out! Your divine Christ is gone; we have not seen a trace of His miracle-working hand, nor of that voice which no man could rival." Here is our answer: We are not standing gazing up into heaven, we are not paralyzed because Jesus is away. He lives, the great Redeemer lives; and though it is our delight to lift up our eyes because we expect His coming, it is equally our delight to turn our heavenly gazing into

AN EARTHWARD WATCHING,

and to go down into the city, and there to tell that Jesus is risen, that men are to be saved by faith in Him, and that whosoever believeth in Him shall have everlasting life. We are not

defeated, far from it; His ascension is not a retreat, but an advance. His tarrying is not for want of power, but because of the abundance of His long-suffering. The victory is not questionable. All things work for it; all the hosts of God are mustering for the final charge. This same Jesus is mounting His white horse to lead forth the armies of heaven, conquering and to conquer.

III. Our third point is this,

THE GREAT PRACTICAL TRUTH.

This truth is not one that is to keep us gazing into heaven, but one that is to make each of us go to His house to render earnest service. What is it? Why, first, that Jesus is gone into heaven. Jesus is gone! Jesus is gone! It sounds like a knell. Jesus is taken up from you into heaven!—that sounds like a marriage peal. He is gone, but He is gone up to the hills whence He can survey the battle; up to the throne, from which He can send us succor. I see every reason for going down into the world and getting to work, for He is gone up into heaven and all power is given unto Him in heaven and in earth. Is not that a good argument—"Go ye therefore and teach all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost"? *Jesus will come again.* That is another reason for girding our loins, because it is clear that He has not quitted the fight, nor deserted the field of battle. Our great Captain is still heading the conflict; He has ridden into another part of the field, but He will be back again, perhaps in the twinkling of an eye.

Then, moreover, we are told in the text—and this is a reason why we should get to our work—that He is coming in like manner as He departed. Certain of the commentators do not seem to understand English at all. "He which is taken up from you into heaven shall so come in like manner as you have seen Him go into heaven"—this, they say, relates to His spiritual coming at Pentecost. Give anybody a grain of sense, and do they not see that a spiritual coming is not a coming in the same manner in which He went up into heaven? There is an analogy, but certainly not a likeness between the two things. Our Lord was taken up; they could see Him rise; He will come again, and "every eye shall see Him." He went up

NOT IN SPIRIT, BUT IN PERSON;

He will come down in person. "This same Jesus shall so come in like manner." He went up as a matter of fact; not in poetic figure and spiritual symbol, but as a matter of fact—"This same Jesus" literally went up. "This same Jesus" *will* literally come again. He will descend in clouds even as He went up in clouds; and "He shall stand at the latter day upon the earth" even as He stood aforetime. He went up to heaven unopposed; no high priests, nor scribes, nor Pharisees, nor even one of the rabble opposed His ascension; it were ridiculous to suppose that they could; and when He comes a second time none will stand against Him. Brethren, do not let anybody spiritualize away all this from you. Jesus is coming as a matter of fact, therefore go down to your sphere of service as a matter of fact. For this is what the men in white apparel meant—be ready to meet your coming Lord. What is

THE WAY TO BE READY

to meet Jesus? If it is the same Jesus that went away from us who is coming, then let us be doing what He was doing before He went away. If it is the same Jesus that is coming we cannot possibly put ourselves into a posture of which He will better approve than by going about doing good. If you would meet Him with joy, serve Him with earnestness. If the Lord Jesus Christ were to come to-day I should like Him to find me at my studying, praying, or preaching. Would you not like him to find you in your Sunday-school, in your class, or out there at the corner of the street preaching, or doing whatever you have the privilege of doing in His name? Would you meet your Lord in idleness? Do not think of it.

I called one day on one of our members, and she was whitening the front steps. She got up all in confusion; she said, "Oh dear, sir, I did not know you were coming to-day, or I would have been ready." I replied, "Dear friend, you could not be in better trim than you are; you are doing your duty like a good housewife, and may God bless you." She had no money to spare for a servant, and she was doing her duty by keeping the home tidy; I thought she looked more beautiful with her plaid beside her than if she had been dressed according to the latest fashion. I said to her, "When the Lord Jesus Christ comes suddenly, I hope He will find me doing as you were doing—namely, fulfilling the duty of the hour." I want you all to get to your pails without being ashamed of them. Serve the Lord in some way or other; serve Him always; serve Him intensely; serve Him more and more.

Go to-morrow and serve the Lord at the counter, or in the work-shop, or in the field. Go and serve the Lord by helping the poor and the needy, the widow and the fatherless; serve Him by teaching the children, especially by endeavoring to train your own children. Go and hold a temperance meeting, and show the drunkard that there is hope for him in Christ, or go to the midnight meeting and let the fallen woman know that Jesus can restore her. Do what Jesus has given you the power to do, and then, ye men of Britain, ye will not stand gazing up into heaven, but you will wait upon the Lord in prayer, and you will receive the Spirit of God, and you will publish to all around the doctrine of "Believe and live." Then when He comes He will say to you, "Well done, good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord." So may His grace enable us to do. Amen.

[The prayers of the readers of this Journal are requested for the blessing of God upon its Editors, and those whose sermons, articles, or labors for Christ are printed in it; and that its circulation may be used by the Holy Spirit for the conversion of many sinners and the quickening of God's people. Dr. Talmage and Mr. Spurgeon especially request prayer every Sunday morning on behalf of their labors.]

DR. W. B. CARPENTER, C.B., M.D.,
LL.D., F.R.S.

(See Portrait on page 108.)

THE eminent physiologist whose portrait appears on the next page stands at the head of his profession. He is an acknowledged authority on all questions affecting the action of the various kinds of food on the human system. Like Dr. B. W. Richardson, he is a formidable opponent of the drinking customs and a valued friend of total abstinence.

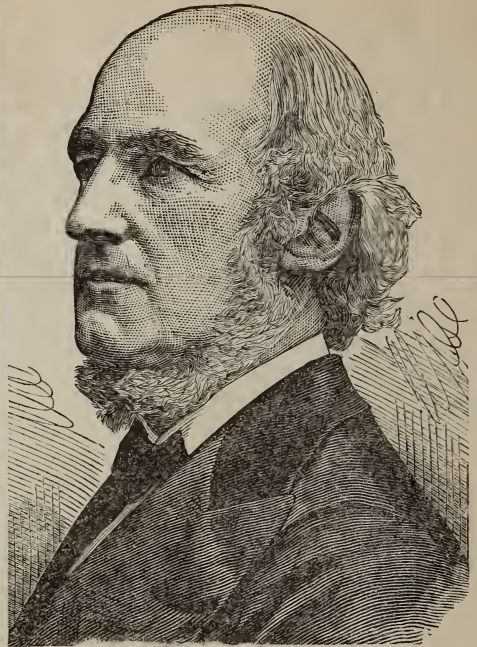
Dr. Carpenter was born at Exeter, England, October 29th, 1813; he received his medical education in Bristol, London, and Edinburgh. In 1832 he visited the West Indies, where, after residing four months in the Island of St. Vincent, he went to Granada. On his return home he resumed his studies at Bristol, and in 1834 entered University College, London, and afterward became clinical clerk to Dr. (now Sir) Thomas Watson.

In 1835 he studied physiology under Dr. Alison and materia medica under Dr. Christison. In 1837, as President of the Royal Medical Society, he delivered the Centenary Commemorative Oration. Mr. Carpenter took his M.D. degree in Edinburgh in 1839. In 1871 he was elected President of the British Association, and when that body met in Edinburgh that year he received the honorary degree of LL.D. from its University, and was created a C.B. in 1875, and many other marks of distinction have been worthily bestowed upon him.

But it is as a temperance advocate, from the medical and scientific point of view, that he is best known in America. A few extracts from his most able works on the question—the "Use and Abuse of Alcoholic Liquors" and the "Physiology of Temperance"—will show how decided are his opinions. Speaking of the



Lotta's Study of the Scripture Quilt.



Dr. W. B. Carpenter, the Temperance Physiologist.

effects of alcohol on the healthy system, he says: "The experience of whole nations, previously to the introduction of alcoholic liquors among them, is equally in favor of the assertion, that prolonged and severe muscular exertion may be at least as well borne without their assistance as with it. Where, for example, shall we meet with greater power of endurance of toil than was displayed by the North American Indians in 'following a trail,' before their race became deteriorated by European vices?" Again he says: "To some the assertion that moral perversion which leads to criminal conduct among the diseases of the nervous system, induced by the action of alcohol, may at first sight appear an altogether untenable doctrine; yet a little consideration will show that it is perfectly consistent with what is universally admitted as to the primary effect of alcoholized blood upon the brain. For we have seen that its *direct tendency* is to weaken the controlling power of the will, while it augments the activity of the automatic or impulsive part of our nature."

In May, 1879, in order to devote himself more closely to scientific research, he resigned the Registrarship of the London University, which he has held since 1856. The services he rendered to the University were fully valued by the Senate of the institution, who, with its graduate body, subscribed for a presentation portrait of the learned doctor, which now adorns the walls of the Senate Room of the University. He is now engaged on a biographical work relating to his scientific contemporaries, but in the midst of his mental labors he finds time to lecture upon popular subjects, and to co-operate with those who are devising means for the general good of mankind.

A TEXT ON A SCRIPTURE QUILT.

(See Illustration on this page.)

"I CAN read all your texts for you, grandma," said a little girl, skipping into the room where her grandmother was busy preparing a Scripture quilt for the hospital.

"That's good, Lotta," said the old lady. "Now let me hear you, then I shall know if I have made any mistake."

Lotta proved that she had not overestimated her powers. She read the texts in the order in which they came, and without any help. As she read the last one in the extreme corner of the quilt the old lady started. "Evil pursueth sinners; but to the righteous good shall be repaid." "What does it mean, grandma?" the child asked. It was the only text about which she had made any inquiry, and if she had known all about herself it would have been the one she would have most thoroughly understood.

The old lady was silent for a minute, and then she said: "That is a text, my dear, you must never forget. It means that wrong-doing makes people miserable. They do naughty things in secret, and when they are not found out they think there is no harm; but some day, it may be years afterward, they are reminded of it, and then they grieve about it when it is too late. You remember how Joseph's brothers, when they went to Egypt to buy corn and were in fear of their lives, remembered how they had been cruel to their brother, and said, 'Therefore is this distress come upon us.' Jacob, too, deceived his poor blind father, and succeeded; but all his life after, he suffered from people deceiving him. His uncle deceived him, and his own sons deceived him. Yes, evil pursueth sinners; and," added the old lady, with a thankful look upward, "even to those who are not righteous good is repaid."

Lotta's grandmother could have given the child a more modern illustration of the text than that of the patriarchs if she had thought it wise to do so. Only that morning a letter had come to her from her son-in-law, Lotta's father, who was living miserably in a distant city. "I am almost starving," it said. "I am suffering the penalty of my early sins. When I first played a sociable game at cards with my friends, I little thought it would end in this way. I have tried every means I know of to conquer my love of

gambling, but I am now a helpless slave to it. I would overcome it if I could. It has cost me my beautiful home. I saw my dear wife die broken-hearted, and I am separated from my darling little Lotta; yet I cannot give it up. I am an abject slave to the passion, and so I expect to die. Pity me if you can and pray for me."

The other side of the picture, too, had its illustration. Little Lotta was the delight of her grandmother's life. Left alone in her old age, she had been very solitary without the merry, light-hearted child. Her husband had been dead now many years; her only daughter had become the gambler's wife, and she, too, was dead; but into her solitary home Lotta had come, bringing sunshine and comfort. The old lady boasted of no righteousness of her own, but she had accepted the righteousness of Christ, and had lived from her girlhood in His resurrection-life. In humble gratitude to God she rejoiced that, with many other blessings, He had sent her little grandchild to cheer her declining years. There are few aged people who could not, from their own memory and experience, furnish examples of both sides of the proverb which, like all God's words, is being continually fulfilled before our eyes.

SAM'S FEALTY TO THE DEAD.

(See Illustration on page 109.)

AMONG the "Stories by American Authors," published by Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons, is one entitled "Marse Chan," by Thomas Nelson Page. It furnishes an excellent illustration of the pathetic fidelity with which so many of the negro race till cling to the memory of their former owners. The writer describes Sam as he saw him one summer evening in 1872, bent with age, outside the grounds of a proud mansion in eastern Virginia, which was once the seat of wealth, but had then passed into other hands, and was evidently falling into decay. Sam was leaning on his spade and calling to an old dog, blind with age and corpulent with over-feeding, who, he informed the stranger, was

"Marse Chan's dawg," Who was Marse Chan? was naturally the stranger's question. Marse Chan, it appeared, had been Sam's owner in antebellum days. "Ole marster," when Marse Chan was a little baby, had made Sam, then a boy of eight or nine years old, Marse Chan's boy, and Sam had nursed his infant master and carried him around. When Marse Chan grew bigger Sam had carried his books to school and "tended" to him generally. Sam had not, apparently, found slavery such a misery as some of his brethren. Speaking of those days he said:

"Dem was good ole times, marster—de bes' Sam ever see! Dey wuz in fac'! Niggers didn't hed nuthin' 't all to do—jes' hed to 'ten' to de feedin', an' cleanin' de horses, an' doin' what de marster tell 'em to do; an' when dey wuz sick, dey had things sount 'em out de house, an' de same doctor come to see 'em whar 'ten' to de white folk when dey wuz po'ly. Dyar warn' no trouble nor nuthin'."

Sam had plenty to tell of Marse Chan's young days, of his love for Cun'l Chahm'b'lin's daughter, and of the part he took in politics. It appeared that Marse Chan had opposed secession. Sam said: "De war come on jes' den, and Marse Chan wuz elected cap'n; but he wouldn't tek it. He said Virginia hadn't seceded, an' he wuz gwine stan' by her." Eventually "Virginia, she come out, an' den Marse Chan he went to Richmond an' listed, an' come back an' say he wuz a private." Sam went with him to the war by special arrangement with the captain, on whom he was to wait as well as upon his own master. "Yo' know he warn' gwine and lef' Sam."

Sam was on many battle-fields with his master, but only one he describes minutely. "We rid all night tell 'bout light; an' we halted right on a little creek, an' we stayed dyah till mos' breakfas' time, an' I see Marse Chan set down on de groun' 'hine a bush. I watch him, an' de battle wuz a-goin' on, but we hed orders to stay 'hine de hill, an' ev'ry n' an' den de bullets would cut de limbs o' de trees right over us, an' one o' dem big shells what goes 'awhar—awhar—awhar,' would fall right among us; but Marse Chan he didn't mine it no mo'n nuthin'. Well dey blowed boots an' saddles an' we mounted; an' de orders come to ride 'roun' de slope, an' Marse Chan's company wuz de secon', and when we got 'roun' dyah, we wuz right in it. It wuz de wust place ever dis nigger got in."

Sam's horse was killed, and he lost sight of his master in the charge, but he followed on foot until he caught sight of the beloved face on the ground. Marse Chan was dead, with a bullet through his body, and in his dead hand the colors of his company. Sam wrapped the body in the flag and carried it off the field. With his own money he bought some lumber and made a rough coffin, and obtaining the loan of an ambulance set out for home. Sam shed tears as he described the arrival at home and the tears



"Sam was leaning on his spade."

of ole marster, who had fallen blind, and ole missis and Miss Anne, Marse Chan's love. The two old people died of grief that fall. Miss Anne went to the hospitals, where she took a fever and died too. "I lives down de road heah a little piece," Sam said, "an' I jes' steps down of a evenin', an' looks arfter de graves."

The good old man was caring for the graves, and "Marse Chan's dawg" was as fat and happy as a dog could be. It was all Sam could do to show his love and gratitude to those who had been kind to him. He did not seem to think he was doing anything out of the common way, but his simple pathetic acts of remembrance were evidences of a spirit rare indeed in the world. What a reproach is such fealty and devotion to many who call themselves Christians! Leading lives of selfish absorption in the world's pursuits, they rarely think of Him who laid down His life for them, or ever ask themselves what can I do for His sake?

SINNERS AND SUFFERERS.

A SERIAL STORY.

(Continued from page 95.)

The Closing Scene.

ROBERT WALDRON read the papers before him with an aching heart. Where was his punishment to cease? At what other points in his career was the ever-widening circle of his early sin to reach him? He had never suspected Lawson's enmity all these years; and now it had wrought so strongly, being baffled and thrown back upon itself, that it had driven him to suicide. The sound of Grant's foot upon the stairs was welcome, yet when he entered Robert could not look upon him in the face. He only

spoke in a broken and smothered voice.

"The poor fellow has destroyed himself," he said.

"No," answered Grant, almost cheerfully, "I have been expecting this any time for the last twelve months. He consulted me for a heart-disease, for which he was using opium, the only relief he could have. I knew he could not last long; but it is possible he may have met with a little excitement which hastened the end. This is no case of suicide."

"Thank God!" cried Robert. Grant's words were an untold relief to him. If they only proved correct when he came to examine the man, he would take heart, and go forward bravely to meet whatever lay beyond him in the future.

"You had better go to my house, and wait for me there," said Grant, and Robert took his advice willingly. Grant followed him in the course of an hour, and verified his statement. Lawson's opium box had been emptied, but that had not caused his death, which was the result of an access of the disease, long anticipated by them both. Robert gave him his confession to read, and Grant ran through it rapidly.

"Strange!" he said. "Strange that this never occurred to me, at least! I felt reluctant

to lay the sin at John Morley's door; yet I missed the clue from not having known Lawson long, enough. Shall we make this paper public?"

"To what end?" asked Robert. "Scarcely any person besides ourselves knows anything of the past. It was written for John Morley, and we will give it to him. Let him do what he likes with it."

"And the mother?" suggested Grant. "I will send her back to Burgundy," he answered; "a small pension will make her happy. Strange tales will she have to tell of English life!"

He smiled a little sadly, but went home with a heart the lighter because it had missed having a great increase to its burden. Early the next morning he presented himself at John Morley's door, which was opened to him by Lawson's mother, her face somewhat troubled, and the fine wrinkles about her eyes strongly marked, but bearing no light of malice or cunning about them.

"Well," was all she could utter, "my son?" "He is dead," said Robert; "you have not spoken a word to Hester?"

"Not one word!" replied madame. "The young curé was with her when I returned. Then my son is veritably dead?"

"You shall go home, to Ecquémouville at once," replied Robert. "I will send my servant with you to start from Folkestone; and I intend to allow you a small pension."

"Seigneur!" cried the old woman, clapping her hands together, "that is good! I shall live again in the sunshine, and sing my little songs to those who love them! He was not a bad son, monsieur, and I grieve for him; but it was

very *triste* here in England, and he was morose, sombre. If mademoiselle marries the curé, I shall have no more pleasure in England. Wherefore do you not persist in marrying her?"

Robert made no answer, for Hester was passing through the entrance, and came forward to speak to him. There was a new light in her eyes, and a color on her grave face, which he understood well. He gave her the packet for her father, and then went away, for the hour was drawing near when the quiet funeral of his little child would start from John Morley's door.

It was the evening of the same day that Carl, who had been walking with Robert through the park toward Aston Court, happened to encounter Miss Waldron on his return. They met almost upon the spot where he had first spoken of his love for Hester. He recollected it distinctly, and her conduct afterward, which had effected his separation from his first church. But Carl's charity was of the order which hopeth all things, endureth all things, and never faileth. She had once been his friend, and to her he had often poured out his heart, when it was overcharged. A halo was about her still, for the sake of past times, and, let it be owned, for the sake of the hopeless love she had borne for him, which had perhaps been the real spring of all her after-unkindness. He approached her with an outstretched hand, which she feigned not to see.

"Mr. Bramwell," she said, coldly, "you have taken your own course, I believe. I warned you against Hester Morley; I warned you in ample time, but you followed your own rash and unregenerate nature. I trust you may never repent of it."

"I never shall repent of it," answered Carl, warmly. "Thank God, Hester will be my wife as soon as I have a home ready for her! But let us be friends again, Miss Waldron, though I neglected your advice. Your brother and I are friends at last; your father loves me and Hester; do not let there be coldness and estrangement between us. We may see each other often. When we do meet, let us meet as friends."

"There is no unfriendliness on my part," said Miss Waldron, frigidly. "With due consideration of the difference in our position, I am quite willing to meet you on a proper footing. Hester also. I have shown her many kindnesses, and no conduct of hers can efface the remembrance of them from my memory. You may give my best wishes to her, Mr. Bramwell."

She walked on with a stately step, leaving Carl in as uncomfortable and irritated a frame of mind as was possible to him. But her heart was swelling with mortification and disappointment. She could not bear to think of Hester married to Carl, eloquent and popular, with a growing fame, while she remained single and obscure in the retirement of Little Aston. She ran through the list of chances which, in the pride of her youth and position, she had cast away; and she sighed bitterly over them. Only one remained to her; and that was David Scott. True, he was very deaf—so deaf that she could not whisper gentle hints into his ear; but he looked at her very significantly. He was a good preacher, moreover, and sooner or later would make a mark, as Dr. Hervey assured her. With her aid, what height might he not attain? She gained her room, and deliberated long upon the question. Then she reached out her desk, selected the paper which bore the crest of her family, and wrote to him.

It was a letter that cost her some thought, and more than one sheet of paper was torn up and cast aside before her task was finished to her satisfaction. Her conviction was that Mr. Scott would really like to make her his wife, but was too modest to make her an offer. Such modesty was commendable, for it showed that the young man had a proper sense of her worth and the difference between his social position and hers. But his modesty ought not to stand in the way of his happiness and her own. Doubtless if he knew that an offer of marriage would be accepted, he would have made it long ago. Miss Waldron intended to convey that information to

him now. The letter she wrote was such an epistle as a queen might write to one of her subjects. It was not an offer of marriage, but such an expression of her regard for him, and contained such hints, delicately expressed, of her views on the marriage state, that the most obtuse mind could detect her meaning. Reading it over at last, she was satisfied with it, and retired to rest with a mind at rest.

In the morning she despatched her missive by a footman, who received orders that the carriage was to take him and his weighty packet to the lodgings of Mr. Scott, and wait until an answer was ready. She partly hoped that he would catch the hint, and return to her in the carriage; but only a short note was brought back. She opened it, and read it with unutterable emotions.

"DEAR MISS WALDRON: I understand you quite well. Unluckily I am engaged to a cousin in Glasgow, who would not give me up, I am sure. I shall keep your letter as a mark of your esteem. Believe me,

"Yours faithfully,

"DAVID SCOTT."

David Scott was wise in his generation. No troubles disturbed his relations with his church; and though Miss Waldron was distant, she was always deferential. He married his cousin in due time, and they were received as formal visitors at Aston Court. Miss Waldron continued to shed a bright and unwearied light upon the little church at Little Aston.

Hester's sorrow for Lawson was very real, but it hung over her present happiness only as a thin cloud shadows a bright sky. They told her that his sudden death had been long impending; and though they did not show her the confession he had written, Carl said he had owned to being guilty of those acts of violence and revenge which they had all attributed to her father. Carl had still a few days to stay at Little Aston—days of a quiet but profound gladness; and then he went back to his charge in London, where his popularity and usefulness were increasing.

Rose lingered through the winter, dying so slowly and peacefully that it could scarcely be called death—"the hours gliding by with down upon their feet." A gleam of her old light-heartedness returned now and then, with a pathetic beauty in it; the feebleness of her smiles, and the faint ripple of laughter from her lips smote painfully upon John Morley's spirit. Yet he knew it was best for her to go. Some lives cannot blossom and bear fruit until they are transplanted into more genial climes. She was too weak a creature to work any work worthy of repentance, such as a stronger woman may do, who has fallen as low as she had done. It was well for him to shield and cherish her, as she descended with slow, sure steps down to the portal through which she must pass alone. But he could have done nothing else; and he thanks God for the great boon granted to him.

"Are you very sorry that I must die?" she asked one day, with wistful eyes and voice, when her time was almost ended. "Would you wish me to live and grow strong again?"

"No," he said, his heart swelling with great pity, yet truthful to her, for truth was kindest.

Rose turned away her face from him and the light, but he saw a quiver of pain tremble upon it.

"My child," he said, very tenderly, "there will be no sin there; and sorrow and sighing shall flee away." It is a good thing for you to be taken out of the world. But is there anything you desire, anything you can wish to ask of me, which you shrink from asking?"

"No," she answered, with a sob.

"Do you not wish," he continued, in a lower and more tender voice, "to see him, Robert, once more, before you die?"

"No," she repeated, opening her blue eyes, and looking into his face like a child; "why should I? I have almost forgotten him. He never comes into my thoughts now. Let Hester tell him, if she will, that I have forgotten him—the best thing I can do."

It was but a few days after this, when he was watching her alone in the quiet dawn of a spring morning, that she called him to her side, with a sharp, quick tone, which told him that the last moment was come. All the house was silent with that peculiar atmosphere of silence which comes with the night, but which is more felt during the solemn and irresistible approach of light to the world. John Morley was alone with the wife whom he had so passionately loved. He bent over her with a bitter pang piercing him to the heart, yet with gratitude and courage. She raised her eyes to his for the last time.

"You forgive me fully," she whispered, "as fully as God forgives?"

"As fully as God forgives!" he repeated.

"Kiss me," she said; "kiss my lips, as you kissed my child when she was dying."

John Morley bent his face to hers, and laid a long, solemn, agonized kiss upon her lips; and when he lifted up his head, he saw that she had gone from him forever.

Rose died early in March, and before the end of April John Morley and Hester left Little Aston altogether, taking with them none of their poor household goods, except the great chair in which Hester's mother had died, the volumes Lawson had bound for her when she was a child, and John Morley's favorite books. Robert Waldron and Carl had chosen a house for them in London, and Annie had been there to superintend the furnishing of it.

It was a sunny house, looking upon a square where the lime-trees were just opening their leaf-buds, and two or three chestnut-trees spreading their first broad leaflets to the spring light and breeze; a rural home compared to the gloomy, decayed old house in Little Aston. Mr. Waldron had procured a situation for John Morley as librarian, with a salary amply sufficient for his modest need. The new house was suited to an income much larger than John Morley's. It was within a pleasant distance of Carl's chapel. The arrangements within were altogether those of a new household, consisting of other members besides Hester and her father. There was a room, still empty and unfurnished, which would make a good study by and by. Hester understood it very well, though nothing had been said to her on the subject. This was Carl's home, which she was to occupy a few months yet without him, out of regard to her father's new grief. She would have time to grow at home in it, to give to it the impress of her own taste, to make it more and more ready for him to come to it; and then—

The day after she and her father had entered their new dwelling, Robert Waldron called, and Hester went to receive him alone. She had not seen him since the morning she had stood beside him, looking down on the sweet pale face of his dead child. He appeared much older, but there was an expression of goodness and earnestness upon his face which had not been seen there in former times. He smiled gravely but tenderly upon her, as she advanced to meet him with some shyness and hesitation in her manner. The hand she extended to him bore his ring, which she had slipped on her finger unthinkingly as she came across it in her unpacking. Robert kept her hand in his, looking down upon it, and upon her face, with an air mingled pain and pleasure.

"Thank you for wearing my ring, dear Hester," he said; "Carl knows of it."

"I have not told him," she answered, with a hasty blush.

"But I have," he continued, smiling; "he knows it is only a love which might have been, and he does not grudge me the shadow when he has the substance. Hester, I have become a member of his church."

"I am very glad," she said, with tears in her clear, frank eyes.

"We shall be friends," Robert went on, "we three, as long as we live. Carl will let me come here as familiarly as if I were his brother and yours; and I shall be here very often. Do you

know, dear friend, that I have been invited by my father's old constituency to represent them in Parliament? I shall live in London more than half my time, and so not be very far from you. Do you think my visits will be a trouble to your father?"

"I am sure they will not, after a while," said Hester.

"Does he grieve very much for Rose?" he asked.

"Yes," she answered; "but not as he did before. He is cheerful now, and takes a good deal of interest in everything that happens to us both. He has been all over this new house with me, noticing everything, and he is more than content; he is glad to be away from the old place, and to be beginning a new life. It is a new life to him."

"Did she leave no message for me?" said Robert, after a pause.

"None," she replied, "only that she had almost forgotten you, and that it was best so."

"Poor Rose! poor little Hetty!" he said, as if speaking to himself only. "Yet indeed I was little more than a boy."

He could not altogether relinquish his old plea, though now, under Carl's teaching, he had learned how heinous his sin had been, and had with his own eyes beheld its bitter fruit. He looked back from a calm height upon all the past, and could trace the hard and crooked paths into which he had strayed. He had escaped from them, but the mire and clay clung to him even yet, and he stood solitary upon the height he had gained at last. "Hester," he said, "my father promises himself to be present at our wedding in the autumn."

"And Miss Waldron?" exclaimed Hester, in alarm.

"No, not Miss Waldron," answered Robert, smiling; "certainly not. Do you think my sister would come? No; my father and I will be there, if you will give us leave."

"Yes, come," said Hester; heartily; and then, remembering herself, was covered with confusion so pretty and delightful, that Robert Waldron could scarcely restrain a sigh of bitterness and regret.

"And poor old Lawson's mother?" said Hester, in a tone of questioning.

"I had a letter from her the other day," answered Robert; "she is enchanted to be at home again in Burgundy. Hester, I have the mark of Lawson's blow yet; I shall carry it to my grave."

He lifted the hair which fell over his temples, and pushed it back. There was a seam and scar still upon the skin, and, as he said, it would be there till he died. It was but an emblem and a symbol of the inner and spiritual wound, healed indeed, and with as much of the pain taken away as could ever be removed in this life; but a wound still, a blemish, a brand upon the beauty of his future life. Carl had come into the room as he spoke, and looked with Hester upon it; and she, putting her hand into his with a tender clasp, bent forward and kissed the scar.

THE END.

PAUL BEFORE THE COUNCIL.

S. S. LESSON for Feb. 22. Acts 23: 1-16. Golden Text, Ver. 1. By Mrs. M. Baxter.

The Captain's Impartiality—Paul and his Accusers Face to Face—The Chief Priest's Unfriendly Command—Paul's Denunciation—His Apology—Declares Himself a Pharisee—A Stone of Contention—The Sadducees Types of Modern Rationalists—Characteristics of the Pharisees—Paul Rescued—An Assassination Plot Thwarted.

THE chief captain, a man of impartial justice, quite unbiassed by any predilection for Paul or for the Jews, was determined that the case of his prisoner should have the full benefit of the law. Therefore, in order to know "the certainty whereof he was accused of the Jews, he loosed him from his bands, and commanded the chief priests and all their council to appear, and brought Paul down, and set him before them."

The opening sentence of Paul's speech shows how completely he stood in the presence of God. "Men and brethren, I have lived in all good conscience toward God, until this day." The apostle made no attempt to prove that he had done nothing of which *man* would disapprove. But on his trial before an ecclesiastical tribunal, he saw behind his judges the living God, in whose presence he was. Between him and his God there was not so much as a shadow; he knew he was forgiven, cleansed, sanctified, filled with the Spirit and led by Him, and that moment by moment he was kept by Him. And it was the most natural thing in the world to Paul to speak of his relations to Him in whose presence he always stood. But

THE UNCONVERTED HIGH-PRIEST

was offended at this bold assertion of innocence in the sight of God, and commanded them that stood by to smite Paul on the mouth—an action neither priestly nor lawful. Paul, who saw all things in the light of God, said to him, "God shall smite thee, thou whited wall; for sittest thou to judge me after the law, and commandest me to be smitten contrary to the law?" The words were prophetic; not long afterward this very Ananias was slain by the daggers of the Sicarii. Ananias was a hypocrite; the Spirit of God in Paul discerned him as such, and his intolerance of Paul's reference to his God was part and parcel of the spirit which animated him. An unreal man may be as religious as you like, but he will not have to do with God. When they that stood by remonstrated with Paul that he should not revile God's high-priest, Paul at once acknowledged what was due to his office and dignity, "It is written, Thou shalt not speak evil of the ruler of thy people."

Guided as he always was by the Spirit, Paul, who perceived that "the one part were Sadducees, and the other Pharisees, cried out in the council, Men and brethren, I am a Pharisee, the son of a Pharisee: of the hope and resurrection of the dead I am called in question." This was truly

A STONE OF CONTENTION.

"There arose a dissension between the Pharisees and the Sadducees; and the multitude was divided." God had determined that Paul should escape death at this time and also that a testimony should be borne to His truth in the most unlikely quarters—in the stronghold of Judaistic ecclesiasticism and before the officials of the Roman Government. Wherever the truth of God penetrates to the high places of the earth, and reaches those in authority, it is at the cost of the instruments He uses. But His interventions in times of need are most precious and glorious. Had it not been for this timely word all would have gone against Paul, and he would have been then and there condemned to death. "There arose a great cry; and the scribes that were of the Pharisees' part arose, and strove, saying, We find no evil in this man; but if a spirit or an angel hath spoken to him, let us not fight against God." "The Sadducees say that there is no resurrection, neither angel, nor spirit; but the Pharisees confess both." These

TWO GREAT PARTIES

were much like the two in the present day which fight against the true life of God—the one the embodiment of rationalism in all its many degrees; the other of superstition.

The Sadducees of those days exalted human reason above revelation; they would believe nothing which they could not understand, and

THEY CAME TO THE BIBLE TO MASTER IT, as though they were its superiors—just as a student would come to a science—instead of coming to it as a revelation from the Creator to His creatures. Oh, if we all knew how to come as learners to the written Word of God, how much of darkness, confusion, and dispute would be saved! We come to be mastered, not to master; we come as children who know nothing, not as they who bring previous knowledge to bear upon it. No light but that of the Spirit of God can show us the things of God, and the mistakes of many are traceable to their attempts

to master spiritual things by human learning. "The natural man receiveth not the things of the Spirit of God; for they are foolishness unto him; neither can he know them, because they are spiritually discerned" (1 Cor. 2: 14).

The Pharisees, who also were men of a character common in these days, believed in revelation and in the resurrection from the dead; but for the most part their belief was only an assent of the intellect or the conscience, and not a real spiritual contact with God. In doctrine Paul was a Pharisee, inasmuch as he accepted revelation. The whole council was brought into confusion, and the chief captain, always an enthusiast for justice, fearing lest Paul should be torn in pieces by these rival parties, ordered the soldiers to take him by force from among them and bring him into the castle.

All this time

GOD WAS AT WORK.

It seemed as though evil men, led on by Satan, were having it all their own way; but God was bringing out His purposes for Paul in all that happened. "The night following the Lord stood by him, and said, Be of good cheer, Paul; for as thou hast testified of me in Jerusalem, so must thou bear witness also at Rome." It was but a repetition of his former leading when he "purposed in the Spirit . . . to go to Jerusalem, saying, After I have been there I must also see Rome" (Acts 19: 21). Such a confirmation of God's leadings, just when circumstances appeared so much against the spread of the Gospel, must have been doubly precious to him. All circumstances which happened to him were only part of God's answer to his first consecration question. "Lord, what wilt Thou have me to do?" and he accepted them all as working together for good to them that love God. Thus discouragement was shut out; God was in charge of His own truth and His own glory, and Paul had only to say "Yes, Lord," through all.

When the day broke, Satan had ANOTHER DANGER

ready for this servant of God. Forty of the Jews had banded themselves together, like a set of modern Invincibles, to accomplish the murder of Paul. They persuaded themselves, no doubt, that by this deed of violence they would act as true patriots to their country, and vindicate the honor of their religion. They were following the footsteps of a certain Saul of Tarsus. But how accomplish their purpose? Paul was safe within the castle walls. They knew where to find sympathetic friends, and went to the chief priests and elders, the very men whose bounden duty it was to teach "Thou shalt do no murder." With no sense of shame whatever, and no fear of condemnation, they said, openly, "We have bound ourselves under a great curse, that we will eat nothing until we have slain Paul." Why did not the chief priests at once warn the chief captain that dangerous men were abroad with intent to take life? Alas! in the hearts of these men, ill-fitted to be the spiritual leaders of the people, murder, when it served their purpose, had ceased to be a crime.

The conspirators boldly proposed to the chief priests a partnership in their crime, and we have no record of their refusal to connive at it. The proposition ran thus: "Now therefore ye with the council signify to the chief captain that he bring him down unto you to-morrow, as though ye would inquire something more perfectly concerning him; and we, or ever he come near, are ready to kill him." But they had reckoned without their host. One was present at this infamous interview on whose presence they had not calculated. And God so ordered it that Paul's nephew should hear of their lying in wait, and he went into the castle and told Paul. Thus their deed of blood was frustrated. Whether they died of fasting because they kept their vow does not appear; men who could unscrupulously plan the murder of an innocent man would not have much difficulty in breaking their own oath, and in eating and drinking still, although they did not slay Paul.

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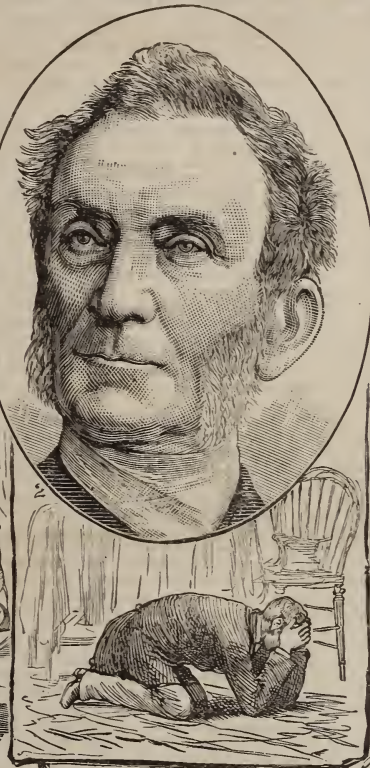
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MR. GEORGE MULLER, whose recent visit to America is doubtless fresh in the recollection of our readers, is known by reputation throughout Christendom. Everywhere his name is mentioned with admiration, and the narrative of his great work is read with wonder. While scientists are demonstrating to their own satisfaction that faith and prayer are without influence, and have no practical bearing on the affairs of daily life, Mr. Müller is supporting, educating, and providing for *more than two thousand orphan children* without capital and without regular income, solely by those two despised means—faith and prayer. The Orphanages have been built and paid for, and their inmates have been provided for to this day without any application for human aid.

Often has his faith been tried, and collapse seemed, humanly speaking, to stare him in the face; but his faith has never wavered, and it has always received its reward. It would be impossible within the space at our command to give even a meagre account of this great work; but we propose to supplement the biography of Mr. Müller, which we published in these columns on October 9th, 1879, with a few additional facts and incidents.

Mr. George Müller is a German. He was born at Kroppenstaedt, near Halberstadt, in Prussia, on September 27th, 1805. His father was exceedingly fond of him, but parental love in this case was unwisely displayed, for, like the patriarch Jacob, George Müller's father showed to his son a partiality which aroused some little jealousy in the breast of his other son. Another mistake of his father's was that of allowing the two boys too much money for their years.

YOUTHFUL SINS.

When he was ten years of age he was sent to Halberstadt, to the Cathedral Classical School, there to be prepared for the university; his father's desire being that he should become a clergyman, though not so much with the view of doing good to others as in order to secure a competence for himself. His time was now spent partly in study, partly in novel reading, and partly in sinful practices. Such was his way of life until his fourteenth year, when his mother was suddenly removed by death.

While she lay dying George, unaware of her illness, was card-playing till two in the morning, and on the next day, which was the Sabbath, he went with some of his companions to a tavern, and afterward wandered about the streets half intoxicated. On the next day he attended for the first time the religious instruction he was to receive preparatory to his confirmation; but here also his carelessness was as great as elsewhere. On his return to his lodgings his father had arrived to take him and his brother home to their mother's funeral. But even death and its attendant solemnities had no lasting effect on the boy's mind.

Referring to this period, he says: "In November I went on a pleasure excursion to Magdeburg, where I spent six days in much sin; and though my absence from home had been found out by my father before I returned from thence, yet I took all the money I could obtain, and went to Brunswick, after I had, through a number of lies, obtained permission from my tutor. I spent a week at Brunswick, in an expensive hotel. At the end of the week my money was expended. I went quietly out of the yard, and then ran off; but, being suspected and

observed, and therefore seen to go off, I was immediately called after, and so had to return. I was arrested, and, being suspected to be a thief, was examined for about three hours, and then sent to jail. I now found myself, at the age of sixteen, an inmate of the same dwelling with thieves and murderers. I was locked up in this place day and night, without permission to leave my cell.

"I was

IN PRISON

from December 18th, 1821, till January 12th, 1822, when the keeper told me to go with him to the police office. Here I found the commission before whom I had been tried had acquainted my father with my conduct; and thus I was kept in prison till my father sent the money which was needed for my travelling expenses, to pay my debt in the inn, and for my maintenance in the prison.

"I afterward spent two years and six months at a classical school at Nordhausen. During this time I studied with considerable diligence the Latin classics, French history, my own language, etc., but did little in Hebrew, Greek, and the mathematics. I lived in the house of the director, and got highly into his favor, so much so that I was held up by him in the first class as an example to the rest.

"But while I was thus outwardly gaining the esteem of my fellow-creatures, I did not care in the least about God, but lived secretly in much sin, in consequence of which I was taken ill, and for thirteen weeks confined to my room. During my illness I had no real sorrow of heart, and cared nothing about the Word of God. I had about three hundred books,

BUT NO BIBLE."

By this time (1825) George Müller had become a member of the university, and obtained permission to preach in the Lutheran Church, although he was still godless and unhappy. Knowing, however, that no church would have him which knew his real character, and that without a considerable knowledge of divinity he could never get a good living in Prussia, he determined to change his way of life, and give himself diligently to his studies. But no sooner had he entered Halle, the University town, than all his good resolutions came to nothing. He again gave way to profligacy, and was as reckless a spendthrift as ever.

One day, while in a tavern with some of his wild fellow-students, he saw among them one of his former school-fellows named Beta, whom he had known four years before at Halberstadt, but whom at the time he had despised because he was quiet and serious. Müller, thinking that he might be better if he chose good companions, soon became the fast friend of Beta, but ere long it became evident that the latter was a backslider, and was glad to meet Müller because he hoped to be thus introduced into gay society. But God made Beta, after all, the means of lasting good to his young friend.

In August, 1825, Müller, and two other students drove about the country for four days. All the money for this costly pleasure had been obtained by pledging some of their remaining articles. When they returned their only thought was how to obtain fresh pleasures, and Müller, whose love of travel was very strong, proposed that they should go to Switzerland. At his suggestion they made use of forged letters from their parents in order to procure passports, and, by pawning their books and other articles, obtained as much money as they thought necessary.

The young travellers went as far as Mount Rigi, in Switzerland, and spent in all forty-three days on their travels.

A PROVIDENTIAL WALK.

One Saturday afternoon, about the middle of November, 1825, he had a walk with his friend Beta, during which the latter mentioned that he was in the habit of going on Saturday evenings to the house of a Christian, where a meeting was held, and where they read the Bible, sang, prayed, and read a printed sermon. Müller asked permission to go with his friend, who, it

seems, had been greatly troubled about his clandestine visit to Switzerland, and made a full confession of his sin to his father. He had also sought the acquaintance of a Dr. Richter, a godly man, who had himself studied a few years before at Halle, and who gave him, on his return to the university, a letter of introduction to a believing tradesman named Wagner. It was this devoted Christian at whose house the meeting was held.

A CORDIAL WELCOME.

At this time young Müller knew nothing of the ways of believers, and made an apology for coming to the meeting. The answer he received he never forgot. Mr. Wagner said: "Come as often as you please; house and heart are open to you." (See frontispiece picture No. 1.)

THE TURNING-POINT OF HIS LIFE.

As the two friends walked home, he said to Beta, "All we have seen on our journey to Switzerland, and all our former pleasures are as nothing in comparison with this evening." "Whether I fell on my knees," Mr. Müller says, "when I returned home, I do not remember; but this I know, that I lay peaceful and happy in my bed. This shows that the Lord may begin His work in different ways. For I have not the least doubt that on that evening He began the work of grace in me, though I obtained joy without any deep sorrow of heart, and with scarcely any knowledge. That evening was the turning-point in my life.

In January, 1826, he began to read missionary papers, and was moved to give himself to missionary work. His father, however, was greatly displeased with the proposal, and reproached him on the ground that he had expended so much money on his education, in the hope that he might comfortably spend his last days with his son in a parsonage at home. The father entreated him with tears to change his purpose; but he was steadfast, and resolved that he would henceforth receive no more money from his father.

In 1826 he offered himself as a laborer in the mission field in connection with the London Society for Promoting Christianity among the Jews, the committee of which, after submitting to him a number of questions, determined to take him as a missionary student for six months on probation, provided he would go to London. Accordingly he went; but after studying some time under the auspices of the Society he was led, toward the close of 1829, to feel that it would be more in accordance with the mind of the Spirit to leave himself free to labor wherever there might be an open door, rather than to remain under the patronage and control of one organization. The committee, when the matter came before them, with the utmost respect for his motives and character, acceded to his wishes, and he was left free to preach the Gospel wherever Providence might lead.

HE VISITS DEVONSHIRE.

He had previously spent some time in Devonshire, England, with a view to the restoration of his health, which was extremely delicate, and was now led to Teignmouth with the intention of staying there ten days, to preach among some brethren with whom he had become acquainted the summer before. Great blessing attended his labors, and he was invited to become the minister of the little chapel in which he had preached. The church then numbered only eighteen, and the salary they were able to give did not exceed \$275 a year.

In 1830 Mr. Müller married Miss Mary Groves, the devoted sister of Mr. Groves, the eminent missionary to Bagdad. Of this step he wrote, many years afterward: "It was taken after prayer and deliberation, with a full conviction that it was better for me to be married; and I have never regretted since either the step itself or the choice, but desire to be truly grateful to God for having given me such a wife."

HE GIVES UP A REGULAR SALARY.

About this time he began to have conscientious objections against any longer receiving a stated salary. A box was therefore placed in the

chapel, and the members of the church dropped in their small contributions from week to week. "Shortly afterward," says Mr. Müller, "my wife and I had grace given to us to take the Lord's commandment, 'Sell that ye have and give alms' (Luke 12 : 23), *literally*, and to carry it out."

THE LAST CENT.

Another noteworthy passage in his autobiography is the following: "March 18th. These two days we have not been able to purchase meat. The sister in whose house we lodge gave us to-day part of her dinner. We are still looking to Jesus for deliverance. We want money to pay the weekly rent and to buy provisions. March 9th. Our landlady sent again of her meat for our dinner. We have but a cent left. I feel myself very cold in praying for money; still, I hope for deliverance, though I do not see whence money is to come."

Precarious and undesirable as such a way of life may seem to many, Mr. Müller's testimony is that he ever found it delightful. If he had the money, and a case of necessity came before him, he joyfully and at once parted with all he could spare, leaving God to provide for the morrow. Yet he *always kept out of debt*.

REMOVES TO BRISTOL.

In May, 1832, accompanied by his friend and fellow-laborer from Devonshire, the late Henry Craik, he proceeded to Bristol, took the oversight of two congregations, and began the great work which has long made his name famous.

In March, 1834, he founded the "Scriptural Knowledge Institution for Home and Abroad," to establish and assist Sunday and week-day schools for children and adults, to be conducted entirely on scriptural principles; to circulate Bibles and Testaments, by selling them to the poor at a reduced price, and giving them to those unable to buy; and to aid missionaries who were not connected with any society with grants of money and Bibles. No person was ever asked for one penny on behalf of the institution, yet it grew and prospered to a degree which could only be attributed to the blessing of the Almighty. Then came the founding of

THE FAR-FAMED ORPHANAGE.

which, we are told, was established with the twofold object of proving to the church and the world that there was still a living God who heard and answered prayer, and next to promote the spiritual and temporal welfare of the orphans, shutting himself up in his room he flung himself on the floor and prayed earnestly for several hours for divine guidance. (See *frontispiece*.)

Contributions of the most varied kinds and from the most unexpected quarters now began to flow in.

THE MUNIFICENT NEEDLEWOMAN.

One poor needlewoman was so convinced of the blessedness of the work, that she gave \$500, part of a legacy of \$2400 she had just received. Not content with this, she gave away in various sums the whole amount which had been left her, and continued to maintain herself by her needle until her death.

Erelong it was laid upon Mr. Müller's heart to provide an Orphanage House for infants—a proposal which soon received the most hearty support.

In 1845 it became very desirable, from various causes, to erect suitable premises for the orphanage. After Mr. Müller had prayed about the matter for *thirty six days*, a donation of \$5000 was sent toward the undertaking, and shortly afterward a Christian architect in London offered to make the plans and superintend the building gratuitously. This encouraged Mr. Müller proceeded with the work, and received altogether for the building fund \$78,920. The Orphan Home was intended to accommodate 200 children. The qualification for admittance was that the candidate must have lost *both* parents by death, the most destitute children taking the first vacancy. The children entered their new home in June, 1849.

So numerous did the applications for admission become, that Mr. Müller felt called upon

by God to extend the work. He therefore proposed to build a home to accommodate 700 orphans. Before one seventh of the necessary amount had been obtained 356 applications had been registered. Ultimately it was found best to erect two houses, for 400 and 450 children respectively, instead of one for 700. Of the houses thus built, No. 2 was opened in November, 1857, and No. 3 in March, 1862. So amply had the needs of the work been provided for, that when all the expenses of erecting and furnishing the second and third houses had been met, there was a balance of about \$14,500 left on the building fund. Subsequently two other houses were erected, of which one was opened on November 5th, 1868, and the other on January 6th, 1870.

As in the earlier history of the work, the funds still sometimes sink to a sum not exceeding the amount required for a single day's expenses, but the need is always met.

On February 6th, 1870, Mr. Müller's institution sustained a great loss in the removal, by death, of Mrs. Müller, whose admirable qualities of mind and heart had for so many years made her an invaluable co-worker with her husband. Provisionally her only daughter, Mrs. Wright, was able and willing to fill her place, and thus, in beautiful continuity, the work of the mother is carried on by the daughter. In November, 1871, Mr. Müller married Miss M. G. Sanger, whom he had known as a consistent Christian lady for twenty-five years. In 1872 his son-in-law, Mr. James Wright, became associated with him in the directorship of the institutions. Few indeed are the men qualified for the superintendency of a work so unique and so important, but there is no difference of opinion as to the rare talents and graces which Mr. Wright has brought to the discharge of his high and difficult duties.

SUMMARY OF RESULTS.

The results of the work are thus summarized by Mr. Müller in his last report, dated May 26, 1884. Since March 5th, 1834, when it pleased the Lord to enable me to found the Scriptural Knowledge Institution for Home and Abroad, He has graciously sent me, as the result of prayer and faith, the sum of \$5,063,850. Perhaps readers who are not acquainted with our former reports, may be led to ask, "And what has been accomplished by this large sum?" I therefore reply: 95,143 children or grown-up persons have been taught in the 119 schools, *entirely* supported by the funds of the Institution, besides tens of thousands have benefited in the schools which are *assisted* by its funds; 5947 now attend the schools; 189,349 Bibles; 647,775 Testaments; 19,907 copies of the Psalms; and 999,961 other small portions of the Holy Scriptures, in various languages, have been circulated since the foundation of the Institution; 80,219,334 books, pamphlets, and tracts, in several languages, have likewise been circulated from its commencement. From the earliest days of the Institution, missionaries have also been assisted by its funds. On this object alone \$983,165 has been expended from the beginning; 6895 orphans have also been under our care, and five large houses, at an expense of \$375,000, have been erected and fitted up for the accommodation of 2050 orphans and 110 helpers.

Besides the work to which we have referred, Mr. Müller, during the past ten years, has undertaken

NO FEWER THAN TEN MISSIONARY TOURS.

His objects, as stated by himself, were: (1) To preach the Gospel in the simplest way possible, that persons may understand how the blessing, which sinners receive through faith in Christ, is to be obtained; (2) to bring true children of God who are without the knowledge of their standing in Christ to an apprehension of their privileges; (3) to lead believers to become *lovers* of the Bible; (4) the removal of sectarianism, and the promotion of brotherly love among true Christians; (5) to strengthen real trust in God; (6) to lead Christians to real separation from the world; (7) and to give instruction

about the true character of the present dispensation and the end thereof, and strive to lead the Church of Christ to look for His second coming as her great hope.

In the prosecution of these objects Mr. Müller has labored, preaching and teaching and consulting with Christian workers, in no fewer than twenty-three countries—namely, England, Scotland, Ireland, Switzerland, Germany, Holland, France, Spain, Italy, Canada, the United States, Egypt, Palestine, Syria, Asia Minor, Turkey, Greece, Austria, Hungary, Bohemia, Russia, Russian Poland, and last and latest of all, India.

While on his visit to Canada, he witnessed a scene which made a deep impression on his mind. In his journal he thus writes: "At Wells, where the train stopped for half an hour, we observed

GROUPS OF INDIANS

wrapped either in scarlet blankets or in striped woollen mantles dyed with brilliant colors. They wore curious-looking hats, trimmed with feathers and wide ribbons, and had their faces painted with patches of vermilion. At Bewawee and Battle Mountain there were more Indians, and toward evening we reached Winnemucca, where several copper-colored men and women gathered round the train." (See *frontispiece*.)

A gratifying incident occurred while Mr. Müller was staying at the Cliff House,

SAN FRANCISCO.

in 1881. A young assistant employed at this magnificent establishment waited upon the visitor, and introduced himself as the brother of Emma Evans, one of the orphans formerly at Ashley Down. He knew that Mr. and Mrs. Müller were in the United States, and having often heard Mr. Müller preach in Bristol years before, he recognized him with delight, and before the departure of the guests presented them with a *beautiful bouquet of flowers* as a little token of his gratitude. (See *frontispiece*.)

In March 1879, Mr. Müller, with his wife, visited Monaco, notorious for its gambling saloons and frequent suicides, and Mentone. At the latter place he preached at the hall of the Free Church of Scotland, at the English Française, and at the German church to large congregations, and continued to hold meetings daily as long as he remained. As on Sunday mornings the little Hall of the Free Church was crowded, its doors and windows were left open; several persons therefore sat outside on the balcony, on chairs, and among the number was the genial and beloved pastor of the Metropolitan Tabernacle, London, the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon, who attended Mr. Müller's meetings.

While at Mentone, says Mr. Müller, "we had the pleasure of seeing Mr. Spurgeon, and driving out with him occasionally. One afternoon the Turin road leading to Castiglione was selected for our route, where, while slowly winding up hill in a carriage, kindly lent us by a wealthy resident, surrounded by magnificent scenery, Mr. Spurgeon said: 'When in the midst of landscapes such as these, from the crown of my head to the sole of my foot I feel as though I could burst out into one song of praise.'

In 1883 Mr. Müller was in St. Petersburg at the time that the Russian police stopped the evangelistic service in Colonel Paschkoff's house. In fact, Mr. Müller himself was summoned before the chief of police for holding meetings for which no permission had been given by the Minister of the Interior." He was allowed to continue his services, however, without let or hindrance. There is, as is well known, so little real religious liberty in Russia, that the spread of the Gospel of Salvation is lamentably prevented by the absence of it.

"If," said Mr. Müller, some time ago, "I say that during the last fifty-four years and nine months that I have been a believer in the Lord Jesus, I have had thirty thousand answers to prayer, either in the same hour or the same day that the requests were made, I should not go a particle too far."

EVANGELISM VINDICATED.

Dr. Talmage's Sermon, Preached Last Sunday Morning, February 15, 1885.

"And I took the little book out of the angel's hand, and ate it up; and it was in my mouth sweet as honey; and as soon as I had eaten it, my belly was bitter. And he said unto me, Thou must prophesy again before many peoples, and nations, and tongues, and kings."—REV. 10: 10, 11.

The Exiled Evangelist—His Supernatural Dream—The Little Book of Creeds—All Men have Creeds—Those who Scoff—Dealers in Misrepresentation—Caricatured Doctrines—A Liquor-Seller Converted at the Tabernacle—A Ship-Captain's Changed Life—His Experience in a Fog—A Self-Sacrificing School-Teacher—A Group of Scoffers at a London Burial-Ground.

DOMITIAN, the Roman Emperor, had in his realm a troublesome evangelist who would keep preaching, and so he exiled him to a barren island, as now the Russians exile convicts to Siberia, or as sometimes the English Government used to send prisoners to Australia. The island I speak of is now called Patmos, and is so barren and unproductive that its inhabitants live by fishing.

But one day the evangelist of whom I speak, sitting at the mouth of a cavern on the hill-side, and perhaps half asleep under the drone of the sea, has

A SUPERNATURAL DREAM,

and before him pass, as in panorama, time and eternity. Among the strange things that he saw was an angel with a little book in his hand, and in his dream the evangelist asked for this little book, and the angel gave it to him, and told him to eat it up. As in a dream things are sometimes incongruous, the evangelist took the little book and ate it up. The angel told him beforehand that it would be very sweet in the mouth, but afterward he would be troubled with indigestion. True enough, the evangelist devours the book, and it becomes to him a sweetness during the mastication, but afterward a physical bitterness.

Who the angel was and what the book was no one can tell. The commentators do not agree, and I shall take no responsibility of interpretation, but will tell you that it suggests to me

THE LITTLE BOOK OF CREEDS

which sceptics take and chew up and find a very luscious morsel to their witticism, but after a while it is to them a great distress. The angel of the church hands out this little book of evangelism, and the antagonists of the Christian Church take it and eat it up, and it makes them smile at first, but afterward it is to them a dire dyspepsia.

All intelligent people have creeds—that is, favorite theories which they have adopted. Political creeds—that is, theories about tariff, about finance, about civil service, about government. Social creeds—that is, theories about manners and customs and good neighborhood. Aesthetic creeds—that is, theories about tapestry, about bric-a-brac, about styles of ornamentation. Religious creeds—that is, theories about the Deity, about the soul, about the great future. The only being who has no creed about anything is the idiot. This

SCOFFING AGAINST CREEDS

is always a sign of profound ignorance on the part of the scoffer, for he has himself a hundred creeds in regard to other things. In our time the beliefs of evangelistic churches are under a fusillade of caricature and misrepresentation. Men set up what they call orthodox faith, and then they rake it with the musketry of their denunciation. They falsify what the Christian churches believe. They take evangelical doctrines and set them in a harsh and repulsive way, and put them out of the association with other truths. They are like a mad anatomist who, desiring to tell what a man is, dissects a human body and hangs up in one place the heart, and in another place the two lungs, and in another place an ankle bone, and says that is a man. They are only fragments of a man wrenched out of their God-appointed places.

Evangelical religion is a healthy, symmetrical, well-jointed, rosetate, bounding life, and the scalpel and dissecting knife of the infidel or the atheist cannot tell you what it is. Evangelical religion is as different from what it is represented to be by these enemies as the scare-crow which a farmer puts in the cornfield to keep off the ravens is different from the farmer himself.

For instance, these enemies of evangelism say that the *Presbyterian Church* believes that God is a savage sovereign, and that He made some men just to damn them, and that there are infants in hell a span long. These old slanders come down from generation to generation. The *Presbyterian Church* believes no such thing. The *Presbyterian Church* believes that God is a loving and just Sovereign, and that we are free agents. "No, no! that cannot be," say these men who have chewed up the creed and have the consequent embittered stomachs. "That is impossible; if God is a sovereign, we can't be free agents." Why, my friends, we admit this in every other direction. I, De Witt Talmage, am a free citizen of Brooklyn. I go when I please and I come when I please, but I have at least four sovereigns. The Church court of our denomination; that is my ecclesiastical sovereign. The mayor of this city; he is my municipal sovereign. The Governor of New York; he is my State sovereign. The President of the United States; he is my national sovereign. Four sovereigns have I, and yet in every faculty of body, mind, and soul I am a free man. So, you see, it is possible that the two

DOCTRINES GO SIDE BY SIDE,

and there is a common-sense way of presenting it, and there is a way that is repulsive. If you have the two doctrines in a worldly direction, why not in a religious direction? If I choose to-morrow morning to walk into the Mercantile Library and improve my mind, or to go through the conservatory of my friend at Jamaica, who has flowers from all lands growing under the arches of glass, and who has an aquarium all aquirm with trout and gold fish, and there are trees bearing oranges and bananas—if I want to go there, I could. I am free to go. If I want to go over to Hoboken and leap into a furnace of an oil factory, if I want to jump from the platform of the Philadelphia express train, if I want to leap from Brooklyn Bridge, I may. But suppose I should go to-morrow and leap into the furnace at Hoboken, who would be to blame? That is all there is about sovereignty and free agency. God rules and reigns, and He has conservatories and He has blast furnaces. If you want to walk in the gardens, walk there. If you want to leap in the furnaces you may.

Suppose now a man had a charmed key with which he could open all the jails, and he should open Raymond Street Jail and the New York Tombs and all the prisons on the continent. In three weeks what kind of a country would this be? all the inmates turned out of those prisons and penitentiaries. Suppose all the reprobates, the bad spirits, the outrageous spirits, should be turned into the New Jerusalem. Why, the next morning the gates of pearl would be found off hinge, the linchpin would be gone out of the chariot wheels, the "house of many mansions" would be burglarized. Assault and battery, arson, libertinism, and assassination would reside in the *capital of the skies*. Angels of God would be insulted on the streets. Heaven would be a dead failure if there were no great look-up. If all people without regard to their character when they leave this world go right into glory.

I wonder if in the temple of the skies Charles Guiteau and John Wilkes Booth occupy the same pew! Your common-sense demands two destinies! And then, as to the *Presbyterian Church* believing there are infants in perdition, if you will bring me a *Presbyterian* of good morals and sound mind who will say that he believes there ever was a baby in the lost world, or ever will be, I will make him a deed to all my property, and he can take possession to-morrow.

So the *Episcopal Church* is misrepresented by the enemies of evangelism. They say that church substitutes forms and ceremonies for heart religion, and it is all a matter of liturgy and genuflection. False again. All *Episcopalians* will tell you that the forms and creeds of their church are worse than nothing unless the heart go with them.

So also the *Baptist Church* has been misrepresented. The enemies of evangelism say the *Baptist Church* believes that unless a man is immersed he will never get into heaven. False again. All the *Baptists*, close communion and open communion, believe that if a man accept the Lord Jesus Christ he will be saved, whether he be baptized by one drop of water on the forehead, or be plunged into the Ohio or Susquehanna, although immersion is the only gate by which one enters their earthly communion.

The enemies of evangelism also misrepresent the *Methodist Church*. They say the *Methodist Church* believes that a man can convert himself, and that conversion in that church is a temporary emotion, and that all a man has to do is to kneel down at the altar and feel bad and then the minister pats him on the back and says, "It is all right," and that is all there is of it. False again. The *Methodist Church* believes that the Holy Ghost alone can convert a heart, and in that church conversion is an earthquake of conviction and a sunburst of pardon. And as to mere "temporary emotion," I wish we all had more of the "temporary emotion" which lasted Bishop Janes and Matthew Simpson for a half century, keeping them on fire for God until their holy enthusiasm consumed their bodies.

So all the *evangelical denominations* are misrepresented. And then these enemies of evangelism go on and hold up the great doctrines of the Christian Churches as absurd, dry, and inexplicable technicalities. "There is your

DOCTRINE OF THE TRINITY,"

they say. "Absurd beyond all bounds. The idea that there is a God in three persons! Impossible. If it is one God He can't be three, and if there are three, they can't be one." At the same time all of us—they with us—acknowledge trinites all around us. Trinity in our own make-up—body, mind, soul. Body with which we move, mind with which we think, soul with which we love. Three, yet one man. Trinity in the air—light, heat, moisture—yet one atmosphere. Trinity in the court room—three judges on the bench, but one court. Trinities all around about us, in earthly government and in nature. Of course, all the illustrations are defective for the reason that the natural cannot fully illustrate the spiritual. But suppose an ignorant man should come up to a chemist and say: "I deny what you say about the water and about the air; they are not made of different parts. The air is one; I breathe it every day. The water is one; I drink it every day. You can't deceive me about the elements that go to make up the air and the water." The chemist would say: "You come up into my laboratory and I will demonstrate this whole thing to you." The ignorant man goes into the chemist's laboratory, and sees for himself. He learns that the water is one and the air is one but they are made up of different parts. So here is a man who says: "I can't understand the doctrine of the Trinity." God says: "You come up here into the laboratory after your death, and you will see—you will see it explained, you will see it demonstrated." The ignorant man cannot understand the chemistry of the water and the air until he goes into the laboratory, and we will never understand the Trinity until we go into heaven. The ignorance of the man who cannot understand the chemistry of the air and water does not change the fact in regard to the composition of air and water. Because we cannot understand the Trinity, does that change the fact?

"And there is your absurd doctrine about JUSTIFICATION BY FAITH," say these antagonists who have chewed up the

little book of evangelism, and have the consequent embittered stomach—"justification by faith; you can't explain it." I can explain it. It is simply this: when a man takes the Lord Jesus Christ as his Saviour from sin, God lets the offender off. Just as you have a difference with some one, he has injured you, he apologizes or he makes reparation, you say, "Now, that's all right, that's all right." Justification by faith is this: a man takes Jesus Christ as his Saviour, and God says to the man, "Now, it was all wrong before, but it is all right now; it is all right." That was what made Martin Luther what he was. Justification by faith, it is going to conquer all nations.

"There is your absurd doctrine about REGENERATION."

these antagonists of evangelism say. What is regeneration? Why, regeneration is reconstruction. Anybody can understand that. Have you not seen people who are all made over again by some wonderful influence? In other words, they are just as different now from what they used to be as possible. The old Constellation, man-of-war, lay down here at the Brooklyn Navy Yard. Famine came to Ireland. The old Constellation was fitted up, and though it had been carrying gunpowder and bullets it took bread to Ireland. You remember the enthusiasm as the old Constellation went out of our harbor, and with what joy it was greeted by the famishing nation on the other side the sea. That is regeneration. A man loaded up with sin and death loaded up with life. Refitted. Your observation has been very small indeed if you have not seen changes in characters as radical as that.

A LIQUOR-SELLER CONVERTED.

About four weeks ago a man came into this church one night, and he was intoxicated, and at an utterance of the pulpit he said in a subdued tone, "That's a lie." An officer of the church tapped him on the shoulder and said, "You must be silent, or you must go out." The next night that stranger came, and he was converted to God. He was in the liquor business. He resigned the business. The next day he sent back the samples that had just been sent him. He began to love that which he hated. I baptized him by immersion last Sabbath morning under this platform. A large salary was offered him if he would return to his former business. He declined it. He would rather suffer with Jesus Christ than be prospered in the world. He wrote home a letter to his Christian mother. The Christian mother wrote back congratulating him, and said: "If in the change of your business you have lack of means, come home; you are always welcome home." He told of his conversion to a dissolute companion. The dissolute companion said: "Well, if you have become a Christian, you had better go over and talk to that dying girl. She is dying with quick consumption in that house." The new convert went there. All the surroundings were dissolute. He told the dying girl that Jesus Christ would save her. "Oh, she said, 'that can't be, that can't be! What makes you think so?'" "I have it here in a book in my pocket," he replied. He pulled out a New Testament. She said: "Show it to me; if I can be saved, show it to me in that book." He said: "I have neglected this book as you have neglected it for many years, and I don't know where to find it, but I know it is somewhere between the lids." Then he began to turn over the leaves, and, strange and beautiful to say, his eye struck upon this passage: "Neither do I condemn thee; go and sin no more." She said: "It isn't possible that is there!" "Yes," he said, "that is there." He held it up before her dying eyes, and she said: "Oh, yes, I see it for myself; I accept the promise: 'Neither do I condemn thee; go and sin no more.'" In a few hours her spirit sped away to the Lord that gave it, and the new convert preached the funeral sermon. The man who a few days before had been a blasphemer and a drunkard and a hater of all that was good, he preached the sermon. That is regeneration, that is regeneration! If there

are any dry husks of technicality in that, where are they? All made over again by the power of the grace of God.

Two or three years ago

A SHIP CAPTAIN

came in here and sat yonder under the gallery. He came in with a contempt for the Church of God and with an especial dislike for Talmage. When an opportunity was given he arose for prayer, and as he was more than six feet high, when he arose for prayer no one doubted that he arose! That hour he became a Christian. He went out and told the ship owners and the ship commanders what a great change had been wrought in him, and scores and scores have been brought to God through his instrumentality.

A little while after his conversion he was on ship off Cape Hatteras in a thick and prolonged fog, and they were at their wits' ends and knew not what to do, the ship drifting about hither and thither, and they lost their bearings; and the converted sea captain went to his room and asked God for the salvation of the ship, and God revealed it to him while he was on his knees that at a certain hour, only a little way off, the fog would lift; and the converted sea captain came out on the deck and told how God heard his prayers. He said: "It is all right, boys, very soon now the fog will lift," mentioning the hour. A man who stood there laughed aloud in derision at the idea that God would answer prayer; but at just the hour when God had assured the captain the fog would lift there came a flash of lightning through the fog, and the man who had jeered and laughed was stunned and fell to the deck. The fog lifted. Yonder was Cape Hatteras lighthouse. The ship was put on the right course, and sailed on to the harbor of safety.

When in seaport the captain spends most of his time in evangelical work. He kneels down by one who has been helpless in the bed for many months, and the next day she walks forth in the streets well. He kneels beside one who has been long decrepit, and he resigns the crutches. He kneels beside one who had not seen enough to be able to read for ten years, and she reads the Bible that day. Consumptions go away, and those who had diseases that were appalling to behold come up to rapid convalescence and to complete health. I am not telling you anything second-handed. I have had the story from the lips of the patients in this very house, those who were brought to health of body while at the same time brought to God. No second-hand story this. I have heard the testimony from men and women who have been cured. You may call it faith-cure, or you may call it the power of God coming down in answer to prayer; *I do not care what you call it, it is a fact.* The scoffing sea captain, his heart full of hatred for Christianity, now becomes a follower of the meek and lowly Jesus, giving all the time to evangelical labors, or all the time he can spare from other occupations. That is regeneration, that is regeneration. Man all made over again.

"There is your absurd doctrine of VICARIOUS SACRIFICE."

say these men who have chewed up the little book of creeds and have the consequent embittered stomach. "Vicarious sacrifice! Let every man suffer for himself. Why do I want Christ to suffer for me? I'll suffer for myself and carry my own burdens." They scoff at the idea of vicarious sacrifice, while they admire it everywhere else except in Christ. People see its beauty when a mother suffers for her child. People see its beauty when a patriot suffers for his country. People see its beauty when a man denies himself for a friend. They can see the beauty of vicarious sacrifice in every one but Christ.

A SCHOOL-TEACHER.

A young lady in one of the literary institutions was a teacher. She was very reticent and retired in her habits, and she formed no companionships in the new position she occupied,

and her dress was very plain—sometimes it was very shabby. After a while she was discharged from the place for that reason, but no reason was given. In answer to the letter discharging her from the position, she said: "Well, if I have failed to please, I suppose it is my own fault." She went here and there for employment, and found none, and in desperation and in dementia she ended her life by suicide. Investigation was made and it was found that out of her small means she had supported her father, eighty years of age, and was paying the way for her brother in Yale College on his way to the ministry. It was found she had no blanket on the bed that winter, and she had no fire on the very coldest day of all the season. People found it out, and there was a large gathering at the funeral, the largest ever at any funeral in that place, and the very people who had scoffed came and looked upon the pale face of the martyr, and all honor was done her; but it was too late. Vicarious sacrifice. All are thrilled with such instances as that. But many are not moved by the fact that Christ paid His poverty for our riches, His self-abnegation for our enthronement, and knelt on the sharp edges of humiliation that we might climb over His lacerated shoulder into peace and heaven.

Be it ours to admire and adore these doctrines at which others jeer. Oh the depths of the riches both of the wisdom and knowledge of God! How unsearchable is His wisdom, and His ways are past finding out! Oh the height, the depth, the length, the breadth, the infinity, the immensity, the eternity of that love! Let our earnest prayers go out in behalf of all those who scoff at these doctrines of grace. When

THE LONDON PLAGUE

was raging in the last century, there was a hotel near the chief burial-place that excited much comment. England was in fright and bereavement. The dead carts went through the streets day and night, and the cry, "Bring out your dead!" was answered by the bringing out of the forms of the loved ones, and they were put twenty or thirty in a cart, and the wagons went on to the cemetery; and these dead were not buried in graves, but in great trenches, in great pits, in one pit eleven hundred and fourteen burials! The carts would come up with their great burden of twenty or thirty to the mouth of the pit, and the front of the cart was lifted and the dead shot into the pit. All the churches in London were open for prayer day and night, and England was in a great anguish. At that very time, at a hotel, at a wayside inn near the chief burial-place, there was a group of hardened men, who sat day after day and night after night blaspheming God and imitating the grief-struck who went by to the burial-place. These men sat there day after day and night after night, and they scoffed at men, and they scoffed at women, and they scoffed at God. But after a while one of them was struck with the plague, and in two weeks all of the group were down in the trench from the margin of which they had uttered their ribaldry. My friends, a greater plague is abroad in the world. Millions have died of it. Millions are smitten with it now. Plague of sin, plague of sorrow, plague of wretchedness, plague of woe. And consecrated women and men from all Christendom are going out trying to stay the plague and alleviate the anguish, and there is a group of men in this country base enough to sit and deride the work. They scoff at the Bible, and they scoff at evangelism, and they scoff at Jesus Christ, and they scoff at God. If these words shall reach them, either while they are sitting here to-day, or through the printing-press, let me tell them to remember the fate of that group in the wayside inn while the plague spreads its two black wings over the doomed city of London.

Oh, instead of being scoffers, let us be disciples! "Blessed is the man that walketh not in the counsel of the ungodly, nor standeth in the way of sinners, nor sitteth in the seat of the scornful."

THE END AT HAND.

By the Rev. T. R. Lawrence.

If we look at the accumulated evidence of the signs of the times, we shall see that there is a certain preparation going on in the world for some great change. The nations are more disturbed—more generally disturbed—than ever before. There is a revolutionary spirit in every country in Europe; secret societies, and other societies which are not secret, all animated by the desire to overturn the present order of things. There is a preparation in the world, I believe, for *one universal ruler*. I venture to say that the world cannot go on in its present state much longer without some very important change. Scripture tells us that that great change will be the *subjugation of all countries to one monarch*; that *that one monarch will be Antichrist*, and that *he will reign over all the others*—he, the wickedest of all men, most flagrant unbeliever and blasphemer, will reign where other kings are now reigning.

And the preparation for Antichrist is clearly seen in the growing secularism, rationalism, and infidelity of the present day. All these things are going hand in hand to prepare the world for

THE INFIDEL KING,

for one who will outrage all the laws of propriety, and all the present ideas concerning true government.

And then, again, there is a preparation manifest in the increasing admiration for all that is clever, learned, and new. If ever the world had a hero after its own heart fitted to be the idol of this worship of genius, it will be the man whom Satan is preparing to be the Antichrist, for we are told in Revelation of "all the world wondering after him."

People will have to worship that man, and his image, and unless they do so, they will suffer fearful persecution. Of course you may be inclined to ask how the many true-hearted people in the world will come to change their belief. In the word of prophecy we are told that before those persecutions come the Lord's own people will be far away from these scenes of sin. It is easier then to understand how the world will follow a new leader who will be an infidel.

Notice the words of our Lord to the effect that the Gospel shall be preached as a witness to all nations, and "then the end will come." That prophecy could never have been fulfilled until within the last six or ten years. It could not have been fulfilled until Stanley and others discovered the great lakes of Central Africa, until missionaries had been sent out to Victoria Nyanza; until Lieutenant Sherwood Smith penetrated to the heart of Africa, took with him a band of devoted missionaries, and there established a missionary station which is going on at the present time.

Observe, too, the parable of the Gospel supper, wherein the invitation went forth and the announcement made,

ALL THINGS ARE READY,

and those who were bidden did not come. Upon this, the invitation went into the highways and hedges, and the people were compelled to come in, that the Master's house might be filled, and then the door was shut. Now, the Gospel message went, first of all, to the cities of Palestine, and the Jews rejected the offer; the message went forth through the cities of Europe, and through the streets and lanes of the cities; and the people were invited to come in. But there has been nothing like this present latter half of the nineteenth century for Gospel invitation and preaching. Emphatically now has the word gone forth, "Go forth into the highways and hedges and compel them to come into my house;" most strikingly do we see that to be a sign of the times, and from it we conclude that the end of the invitation has come and the door will soon be shut.

There was another message which went forth at midnight, just before the coming of the Bridegroom,

"BEHOLD, THE BRIDEGROOM COMETH."

Students of prophecy there have been here and

there before, but now the message is repeated again and again. Hundreds of expositors now search the prophetic word and believe the coming of the Lord to be nigh at hand. Never was there such a cry as now, "Behold, the Bridegroom cometh."

In Dan. 12:4 we find another sign of the coming of our Lord to be that "many shall run to and fro and knowledge shall be increased." Looking at the railway trains, and steamers, and the facilities for travelling in the present day we may well say that that prophecy is fulfilled. As it happens, however, there is another meaning to it, which comes out in the Hebrew text, "Many shall run to and fro in the knowledge of the Gospel." Here, then, we see a most distinct sign of the coming of our Lord. The Gospel is being preached on every hand, ministers and lay preachers are running from one end of the world to the other. Conferences are meeting, and from all sides comes the fulfilment of the text, "Many shall run to and fro in the knowledge of the Gospel."

There are several prophecies which indicate that the close of this dispensation will be signalized by a tremendous war—a war which will doubtless resemble that described in Ezekiel 38, 39. Russian tactics are "pointing in the direction of Palestine—the seat of war—where, on the mountain of Armageddon, the old battleground of Israel, for seven months, people will be slain."

Taking all these things into consideration, therefore, I would urge men to follow the injunction of Peter (1 Peter 4:7) and "Watch unto prayer."

ANECDOTES RELATED AT THE EVANGELISTIC MEETINGS IN SCOTLAND.

A Drunkard's Singular Dream.—At a Recent meeting a Christian friend said: "One morning a poor dissipated-looking inebriate said to his wife: 'I had very strange dream last night; I thought I saw three cats; one was a big, fat, well-fed cat; the second was a lean, half-starved cat; and the third was a mad cat.' The man's son, who was in the room, said, 'O father, I can read your dream. The fat cat is the rum-seller's wife, the lean cat is mother, and the mad cat is yourself.' This made the man look on to in a different light from what he had done before, and he was soon enabled, by the grace of God, to abandon the use of all intoxicating drink, and now he has given himself to the Saviour."

A Condemned Murderer, a Young Man, was lying in his cell awaiting the day of his execution. One day he thought, "I am dying justly, but there was One who died unjustly," and then he communed with himself thus: "What was Christ's purpose in dying?" At length he came to the conclusion that it must have been of His own free will, for the sake of perishing sinners; and again he thought: "Could I not even yet take the benefit of Christ's dying for me?" And there in that cold, damp cell, he went down on his knees and besought the Lord to forgive him as He did the malefactor on the cross. It was not long before he knew that he was a pardoned sinner. On the day before his execution he gave his simple testimony of the saving power of Jesus Christ to a perishing soul.

The Gospel in a Wine Saloon.—The Rev. Mr. Greig, of the McAll Mission in France, remarked: "A little deformed French girl used to come to my class in the Sunday-school, but the family removed outside the fortifications. Some time afterward I had occasion to visit the district to which Eugénie had gone, and while I was there her brother met me in the street, and said, 'When are you going to begin a meeting here?' 'I am afraid I cannot open a meeting here at present,' I replied. 'But you must,' he said; 'we need you so badly here.' Afterward his sister asked me, and I told Mr. McAll of it, who advised me to go and look for a hall, which I did, but failed to find one suitable. Much disheartened, I went to call on my little friend, Eugénie, and her first words to me were, 'Have

you got a place for our meeting?' 'No, Eugénie,' I replied; 'I have failed to find one suitable; I think God does not mean us to open a meeting here at present.' 'Yes, He does,' she replied. 'I have been praying that you might get a hall.' Two days afterward a hurried message came telling me that a wine merchant had given up business, and wished to let the saloon attached to his premises. I soon secured the place, and Eugénie told me never to mind putting out bills, as she and some other children of the district would let it be known. It was not long before Eugénie had the satisfaction of seeing a very large meeting, and in that wine saloon sinners have cried for mercy, and found Jesus the Saviour."

A Minister Nonplussed.—Mr. Jack Related "A minister lately went to visit one of his congregation, and it being near the dinner hour he waited the man's return to the house. On his way home the man had gone into a saloon and taken a glass of whiskey, and when he came in the minister remarked that he had been drinking whiskey. 'Yes,' replied the tippler, 'I drink, but moderately; you drink more than do; you and your friends consume more whiskey than I and my friends do. I know this expressman who takes a barrel of whiskey frequently to your house.' The allegation was only too true. O friends, let us who are Christian workers see that our own hands are clean that we do not bring dishonor on the name of our blessed Master, whom we serve."

Pardoned at the Last Moment.—Mr. Davidson said: "I was once called to see a woman who was dying, and when I arrived she was very near the border of the eternal world. I asked if there was anything I could do to relieve her, and the only words she uttered were 'Water, water!' I gave her some water, and she drank of it eagerly, for she was in a burning fever. 'Will you pray?' she then asked. 'Is there anything you would like me to pray special for?' 'Pardon! oh pray for pardon!' she replied. After I prayed that she might be pardoned for Christ's sake, I told her that she could get the free gift just for the taking of it, and she could take it as easily as she had taken her water a minute before, if she were as eager for it. The Holy Spirit blessed the message of salvation to her; she died a short time afterward, rejoicing that God had pardoned her sins for the sake of Christ who died for her."

Saved at Seventy-Five.—A Christian Worker related: "Some time ago I spoke to an old man in a meeting, and found that he was greatly troubled about some family matters; but I asked him if he was ready to meet God should he be called to-night. 'No no,' he replied, with a look of fear in his face; 'I am seventy-five years of age, and yet I would not dare to meet God. I told him about Christ's willingness to take him, and of His great love in dying for him. He listened quietly to all I had to say, but I did not know that there was any result from what I had said. A few weeks after that I was asked to come and see a man who was dying and wished very much to see me. When I went I found him to be the same aged man to whom I had spoken in the meeting. Bending over the dying form I asked if he were happy, or if he were afraid. Opening his eyes, he recognized me, and said, 'No, no no! I am not afraid now. God has forgiven me; it is all glory, glory!' and with these words his spirit passed away. I could not help thanking God for saving that man, through faith in Jesus Christ, after a long and misspent life."

Trying to Carry a Ship.—"A Sea Captain went to see Mr. Haslam one night, and Mr. Haslam said to him: 'Captain, is your soul saved?' 'Well,' answered the captain, 'it is hard work holding on by salvation.' 'What!' rejoined Mr. Haslam, 'hard work?' 'Yes,' said the captain, 'it is very difficult for one of me calling to be a Christian.' Taking him to the window, Mr. Haslam said, 'Do you see those sheep?' 'Yes,' was the answer, 'I do.' 'Does the shepherd keep the sheep, or the sheep keep

the shepherd?" Seeing the drift of the question, he hesitated a moment, and then said he did not know. "You don't know whether the shepherd keeps the sheep, or the sheep keeps the shepherd?" "No," replied the captain; "I am not quite sure." "When you are out at sea," said Mr. Haslam, "does your ship carry you, or do you carry your ship?" The question being put so plainly to him, he had to admit that the ship carried him. About a week afterward he came back to Mr. Haslam and said: "I have gone on board now, Mr. Haslam; I have been trying to carry my ship all this time; but now I am letting my ship carry me."

A French Ironworker's Secret.—The Rev. C. E. Greig, M.A., of the McAll Mission in Paris, said at a recent meeting: "I will give you an instance of the conversion of a Frenchman, an ironworker, whom I had spoken to, but concerning whom I was not certain whether he had decided for Christ or not; but an incident occurred which definitely and satisfactorily settled the question. He met with a serious accident, just in the beginning of the hot summer weather, in which his leg was fearfully mutilated. The medical man of the firm in which he was employed went to attend him, but feared very much that the case would prove fatal. Much to his surprise, when he reached the man's house he found him calm and collected. 'How is it,' he said, 'through all your suffering, and in this exceedingly hot weather, you can keep yourself so calm? I don't understand it; how can such a thing be?' 'How can such a thing *not* be,' answered the man with a smile; 'I put my trust and confidence in God, my reconciled Father, and unfeeling Friend, for my life hereafter.' Had that man not decided for Christ, the accident in all probability would have proved a fatal one. No wonder he was so calm when he had such faith in the great Redeemer of all who give themselves to Him."

A BIBLE TOUR IN AUSTRALIA.

AN extensive journey through the wilds of Australia, including not only the great cities, but the half-settled districts of that vast land, has been undertaken by Mr. Henry T. Robjohns. His object is to find out how the people are provided with Bibles, and to awaken interest among professing Christians in Bible Societies, and induce them to take an active part in circulating the Word among the people. He writes home an intensely fascinating letter describing his travels, from which we make the following extracts:

"It has occurred to me that there may be some who may care to hear something of Bible Society work in Australia, with its accompanying incidents, and of my own special work in particular. I attended my first meeting on January 2d, 1884, nine days after landing, and, up to the date of writing (November 20th), I have travelled 9898 miles over every part of New South Wales, all Queensland, except the extreme north, and a great deal of the sister colony of Victoria. The journeys have been by steamer, rail, stage-coach, and buggy; and I have attended exactly 181 meetings in all kinds of cities and townships.

"The journey I am now completing was over a large district, of which Sydney is the centre. I had only rested after one journey some twenty-seven hours, when I was off by the nine o'clock night train for my first halting place, Wagga-Wagga, where, 309 miles south-west from Sydney, I arrived at about eleven on Saturday morning. The town is brightened and adorned by a wide and full river, the Murrumbidgee, which in this land of frequent drought is a great attraction. Often a river on a map has for reality a bed as dry as the desert. The one want of Australia is the gleam of water. From the height of the Blue Mountains (near 4000 feet high), some 50 miles beyond Sydney, you may look over a vast hemisphere of landscape without one flash of that which the Hebrews call the 'eye' of the country.

"The Protestant Episcopal and Presbyterian

churches are on an elevation, which looks down on a lovely bend of the river. On the Sunday morning I preached in the Presbyterian church. In the afternoon there was a mass-meeting of Sunday scholars in the Episcopal church, the Archdeacon read a form of prayer, specially prepared for Sunday scholars, and I read the lessons, and then delivered an address. At night the three Protestant churches—English, Presbyterian, and Wesleyan—gave up their separate services, and united in one grand *'Diet of Worship'* in the Freemasons' Hall, and between 1000 and 1200 people heard a discourse from your humble servant on 'the Bible.' The influence of this series of meetings was greatly extended by admirable reports in no less than three *local newspapers*. In Australia every township, no matter how small, has its *Argus* or *Mercury*. You wonder how they pay; but you marvel no more when you buy a copy, and the man behind the counter asks you a price which fairly takes your breath away.

"A railway journey of eighty-two miles further west took me to Narrandera, where, through the kind co-operation of the clergymen of the English and Presbyterian churches, and that of some earnest Christian laymen, I was able to hold a good meeting, and form a branch of the Bible Society. That meeting will be ever memorable to me as introducing me to one of the *plagues of Egypt*. It is a dry, dusty place, afflicted with sand storms. The heat in the shade was nearly 100 degrees, and the flies were a million times more numerous than the audience. They almost hid the top of the table, gathered around the speaker's head in a cloud, some extra large moth making every now and again a dash into one's eyes.

"The life of the Rev. J. J. D. Jennings, the Presbyterian clergyman here, is not an unfair type of pastoral work in these townships on the confine of the Bush. He is a bronzed, strong-looking man of *eighty*, seeming, however, only sixty. The day after our meeting he was starting on a ministerial tour of 200 miles through the Bush, holding services and visiting here and there. It would take him about a week, and the journey would be performed in a buggy, with a little lad as sole companion and help. When I heard of this lad accompanying the Evangelist of the Bush, I thought of other wilds and other times, when Apostles had need of companions and helpers, and especially of Acts 13: 5: 'And they (Saul and Barnabas) had also John (*i.e.* Mark) to their minister.'

"The next day I set out for Hay, 107 miles by rail. The line is carried across a plain as nearly flat as one can well imagine. I suppose there are times when the flat country is covered with grass and looks green; but now it is a boundless plain of hard, dry, reddish brown soil. As you look down at it, not a blade of green is to be seen; but looking across many miles of it, you can see a sort of shimmer of green here and there. The mobs of sheep, thousands upon thousands, want to feed here, are removed, either by rail or by slow marches across the country, not too soon, however, for hundreds of skeletons are seen from the train. How flat the country is may be judged from this, that the railway seems to have been easily made, by casting up an embankment of earth, laying the ordinary "metal" upon that, and on that sleepers and rails. Here was no bush; the trees were solitary, or in thin lines; they reminded me of skirmishers *en echelon*. The smoke from the engine went off for miles, as from a steamer on the sea. Half a dozen cyclones of dust storms were in view at the same instant.

"Suddenly six

ENUS

shot into the field of view. They were out on the plain, a mile or two from our flying train. They were the first I had seen. They retired before the advance of civilization. An hour later a solitary one, on the side of the line, was frantically trying to burst through the wire part of the fence. They are noble-looking birds, in

size and shape akin to the ostrich, but in color of a dusky iron gray. Along the ditches of the railway was a mere sensation of hard-looking, dry grass. As we rushed on millions of *startled locusts*, dust-colored, and about the size of grasshoppers, rose out of this, and sparkled like living motes in the blazing sun, one or two occasionally dashing on the carpet of our saloon carriage.

THE MIRAGE OF THE DESERT

"We had done about half the distance, when I saw one of the most beautiful, surprising, and puzzling sights of my life. I was looking along the line of brown-madder plain we had traversed; and I saw the brown earth end on the horizon, not so very far off, like the sharp cut of the horizon on the sea—but beyond! Lines of trees marching off to a sort of infinite horizon, grayer and fainter as they receded, and all standing in and on a sheen of water, mighty as a North American lake, the reflection of every tree perfect and beautiful, the most distant of them mere films of ethereally light cobalt. What great lake is this I had missed? My imagined stupidity fairly startled me. Had I been caught napping? I prided myself on being a fairly observant traveller. I looked around the horizon in all directions. At intervals, here and there, the same wonder. What engirdlement of inland sea can this be? I knew there was nothing like this on my maps. I reasoned about it for full five minutes, and then there came to me a sort of revelation, and the whole revelation condensed itself into one word—*mirage*. Here unexpectedly, for no one had prepared me by so much as a syllable, was the mirage of the desert at last, wondrously beautiful—the ground real, the trees real, the reflections real and exquisite, but the mirror—not water—but miles of trembling, vibrating, burning hot air, shining with the effulgence of molten silver. I saw the marvel again several times in the neighborhood of Hay, and between Hay and Deniliquin.

"In Hay there are many fine buildings, churches, schools, etc. We held a picnic there on an island a mile from the city. Just now it is an island only in name, for the river which generally surrounds it was perfectly dry.

A NIGHT JOURNEY.

"A night coach drive of twelve hours—seven P.M. to seven A.M.—brought me to Deniliquin. The journey was one of eighty miles, over a flat plain of dry brown earth, by a track—that is to say, by a road unmade, save so far as passing vehicles have made it. For miles not even a bush was to be seen. There was no particular danger, as in some bush roads, where ruts of two or three feet deep tip over coaches, and maim travellers for life; but there was immense discomfort and great fatigue, for the road was corrugated like a ploughed field, and the jolting of the very heavy coach was horrible. At midnight we had dinner or supper—call it which you will—and changed our driver. He was new to this line, and, as a consequence, soon lost the track. Imagine a very heavy coach, with four spirited horses, out in the middle of a *ploughed field, fifty miles by fifty!* He set about discovering the track in rather a clever way—by making gyrations of ever increasing diameter, until in about ten minutes it was discovered, and away we went again in the darkness, guided only by the wheel-tracks of those that had gone before us.

"The French speak of knowing how to live; it is something to know how to travel. My companion on the box-seat had learned this to perfection. The huge boot under our feet was nearly filled with mail bags. At midnight he went into the boot, coiled himself up on the mail-bags, closed the lid over his head, went fast asleep, and was unconscious alike of the losing of our way and of the chill night air; while I watched Orion (a constellation common to both the Northern and the Southern hemispheres), thought of friends at home, saw the moon rise at three, and thereafter the dawn and the rising of the sun."

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CURRENT EVENTS.

The Ceremony of Counting the Votes for President and Vice-President cast last November was performed, as required by the Constitution, on Wednesday, February 11th. The joint session of the Senate and the House was held in the chamber of the House of Representatives. Mr. Carlisle being absent through sickness, Acting Speaker Blackburn sat beside Senator Edmunds, who presided as President *pro tem* of the Senate. The tellers of the two Houses were Messrs. Hoar and Pendleton on the part of the Senate, and Messrs. Clay and Keifer for the House. There were no irregular returns and no protests. When the tellers had cast the figures and signed their report, it was handed to Mr. Edmunds, who announced the result, giving two hundred and nineteen votes to the Democratic candidates and one hundred and eighty-two to Blaine and Logan. After making this announcement Mr. Edmunds added a statement which caused some little astonishment. He said: "And the President of the Senate makes this declaration, only as a public statement in the presence of the two Houses of Congress, of the contents of the papers opened and read on this occasion, and not as possessing any authority in law to declare any legal conclusion whatever." Some discussion arose after the joint session closed respecting the remark of Mr. Edmunds; but ultimately it was indorsed. A deputation was appointed to notify the candidates of the completion of the ceremony. A vast crowd, including many ladies, witnessed the proceedings.

The President Transmitted to Congress, on February 12th, the second annual report of the Civil Service Commission. It states that the Civil Service law has been found practicable and effective for the accomplishment of its purpose. During the year persons have been examined from every State and Territory except Idaho. One hundred and sixty-two examinations have been held, and 6347 persons have been examined, of whom 5525 were males and 822 were females. The average age of all those examined was nearly thirty years. The fact that only 449 out of 5556 had been in college seems to show that the great body of public servants are being drawn from the class who are educated in the public schools. The opinion is expressed that

of those appointed there have been as many Democrats as Republicans. Only a single complaint was made of political discrimination against any appointing officer, and that was found to be without basis in fact.

A Fatal Fire Occurred at the Philadelphia Almshouse on February 12th. The fire broke out in the insane department, in which six hundred and seventy-six demented persons were confined. Owing to the fact that there was no telegraphic fire alarm on the premises, the firemen did not arrive at the scene of the conflagration until it was too late to save the building. The attendants, impelled by humane motives, were actively engaged in rescuing the inmates, and no alarm was sounded at the fire department until half an hour after the fire was discovered. When the engines arrived there was an insufficient supply of water, and it was some time before the water could be poured with any effect on the burning building. The inmates on the first and second floors were nearly all saved, but the majority of those on the third floor perished. After the fire was subdued a search for the missing was made, and eighteen dead bodies were quickly discovered, some of which were burned beyond the possibility of identification. It is feared that other bodies will be found, there being twenty-five still unaccounted for. As many of the patients as possible were secured as they escaped, and they were cared for in the other parts of the almshouse. Some of them, however, made their escape to the city, where they caused much alarm. During the progress of the fire the poor creatures who were burning to death in their cells made the scene hideous with their yells. The absence of fire escapes has caused much indignant comment against the management.

Startling Facts about the Anarchists and their plans were made last week by a reporter of the Philadelphia Press, who joined the International Working Men's Association for the purpose of obtaining information. He states that there is a regular organization controlled by executive committees in New York and Chicago. New York City is supposed to have seven thousand members, Chicago four thousand, and Philadelphia two thousand. Pittsburgh is fourth on the list, with fourteen hundred members, and Cincinnati and Cleveland next. Any person who is opposed to corporations, rich people, presidents, mayors, police and police stations on principle can become a member, only he must be in favor of wiping out those adjuncts of civilization by a general uprising and massacre. In their declaration of principles the anarchists avow themselves in favor of "agitation for the purpose of organization; organization for the purpose of rebellion." This is, in a few words, their whole object. The signal for a general rising throughout the United States will be given from New York, and a proclamation commanding the death of the President and obnoxious persons will be issued. The association will receive no other warning. Its members are supposed to be in constant readiness. The members are told that the proclamation may come next week, next year, or not for three years. The latter, it is asserted, is the extreme limit. These revelations have caused much uneasiness, indicating, as they do, determination and forethought on the part of the anarchists. It may be hoped that the disclosure will put the authorities of each State on their guard, and so prevent the extensive destruction of life and property contemplated.

The Death of General Gordon was Announced on February 11th in a despatch from Lord Wolseley. He stated that Colonels Wilson and Wortley, who were with the expedition to Khartoum, had that day arrived at Korti, where General Wolseley is still staying. They brought details of the capture of Khartoum. They had learned that one of the treacherous pachas among General Gordon's forces marched the garrison to the side of the town nearest Omdurman, saying that the rebel attack was expected at that point. In the mean time another traitor

ous pacha opened the gates at the other end and allowed the Mahdi's troops to enter, and they easily captured the town. General Gordon's attention was attracted by a tremendous tumult in the streets. He left the so-called palace, or government building, in which he had made his headquarters, to ascertain the cause of the disturbance. Just as he reached the street he was stabbed in the back and fell dead. The tumult was caused by the Mahdi's troops, who had gained access to the interior of the town, and who were soon in complete possession of the place, including the citadel. The intelligence that the brave Christian soldier was dead caused deep indignation in England. The miserable incapacity and vacillation of the government was charged with being responsible for General Gordon's fate. A later report of an eye-witness, received on Monday last, says that Gen. Gordon was shot.

General Earle, Lord Wolseley's Second in command, has been killed. He was advancing in the direction of Berber, and while leading an attack on the Mahdi's forces at Birti he was shot down. He was regarded as one of the most skillful of the British generals, and his loss is deeply deplored. The vigorous prosecution of the war is urged by a large section of the British people, in spite of these serious losses. The popular sentiment has been stimulated by the reports of the inhumanity of the Mahdi and his generals. After the capture of Khartoum, it is stated, the most shocking outrages were perpetrated. The scenes of the slaughter are described as surpassing the Bulgarian atrocities and rivaling the worst horrors of the Sepoy mutiny. The panic-stricken Egyptians were captured in their flight and put to death with the most fiendish tortures. Some were transfixed with spears and left to bleed to death. Most of the victims were mutilated in the most horrible manner. Eyes were gouged out, noses were slit, and tongues were torn out by the roots. The massacre included many non-combatants, and the Egyptian women were subjected to shameful indignities. More than a hundred women and young girls were given over to the Mahdi's followers to be used as slaves. After the slaughter many Arabs were seen rushing about the streets with the heads of Egyptians impaled upon their spears. The next night was spent in a saturnalia of blood and debauchery.

The Preliminary Examination of Cunningham and one of his acquaintances, on the charge of having taken part in the dynamite explosions, was continued on February 9th, when they were formally indicted for high treason. Further discoveries in connection with Cunningham's record confirm the suspicion that he is a prominent dynamiter. The public prosecutor called attention to the fact that Cunningham, who professed to be only a dock-laborer, and Burton, his fellow-prisoner, who said he was a carpenter, had been able to afford frequent trips between America and England, their visits to England coinciding with the times of the explosions at the Carlton Club and elsewhere. Dr. Dupré, government chemist, had declared that the detonator found among Cunningham's effects could not be bought at retail, and would not cause an explosion without dynamite. Another cause for suspicion is, that the accused men, when questioned before their arrest, made a number of statements, the majority of which are proved to have been falsehoods.

Cardinal McCabe is Dead. He was Chiefly known through his endeavors to restore harmony in Ireland between the government and the Land Leaguers. There is great activity among the Nationalists of Dublin to secure the appointment of an archbishop more favorable to their views than was the late Cardinal McCabe. It is openly stated in the Nationalist organs that the policy of the late cardinal would inevitably have brought about for Ireland a spectacle similar to that now witnessed in Belgium, where the politics of the people are violently opposed to those of the prelates of their church.

The Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children issued its tenth annual report last week. The long array of facts it contains should secure for it the renewed confidence of the public. The report shows that in the course of the past ten years the society has had occasion to take charge of over 16,000 cases, involving more than 50,000 children. A proof of the efficacy of the work of the organization is offered in a table showing the steady decrease of juvenile arraignments and commitments by police justices since the society was organized. In 1875 the number of arraignments was 1139, and of commitments 919. For 1884 the corresponding figures were 546 and 323.

The Annual Meeting of the Young Men's Christian Associations of New York State commences at Syracuse this day, February 19th, and will be continued to-morrow, Saturday and Sunday. Reports will be presented with discussions upon the different phases of Christian work among all classes of young men. Among the speakers are Rev. W. S. Rainsford and B. C. Wetmore. Programmes may be obtained from Rev. George A. Hall, State Secretary, Fourth Avenue and Twenty-third Street, New York City.

Major George A. Hilton was conducting Gospel temperance meetings at Camden, N. J., and Philadelphia, Pa., with much success last week. The Rev. H. S. Thompson, of the Easton District, writing to a Wilmington, Del., journal, thus speaks of the services Major Hilton conducted in his locality: "Major George A. Hilton, of Washington, D. C., who came to lecture on temperance by a previous engagement, laid aside his lecture when he found the state of religious interest, and entered into the work for ten days with an earnestness, devotion, and success, which has endeared him to our hearts as well as shown him to be one of the most successful evangelists we have met. He is a man of consecrated life, earnest activity, positive faith, and great personal influence."

A Meeting of Clergymen and Christian workers was held in Brooklyn, on February 5th, to consider the spiritual needs of the city. The number of churches and the number of persons in Christian fellowship have not kept pace with the increase of population, and the meeting was called to discuss plans for extending Christian work in the city. With a large map for purposes of illustration, Rev. Mr. Martin, of the City Tract and Missionary Society, showed that in some of the outlying districts little or nothing was being done in the way of evangelization. One large ward on the East River, thickly peopled by the worst classes, had no church within its boundaries, and only one mission school. In the southern and eastern wards, the situation was quite as bad. Brooklyn, the speaker said, was becoming more and more a city of families and homes. Of the eighty-six thousand two hundred and twenty-five buildings in the city limits, eighty-two thousand were dwellings. Dr. Cuyler said that forty years ago, when New York City had less than half its present population, the number of people brought under evangelistic influences was almost as large as it is now. In Brooklyn the condition of things was no better. Something must be done without delay. Various plans were discussed of a practical character for reaching non-church-goers.

Of the Revival among the Students at Park College, in Western Missouri, President McAfee reports the blessing has come down, as it were, straight from heaven. Only one sermon has been preached. Prayer-meetings and inquiry-meetings have been conducted by the pastor, assisted by every member of the faculty, without the loss of recitation or the manual labor of each day. Of our two hundred and forty-five students, not a score may be reckoned out of Christ.

The Voyage of a Family of Squirrels was witnessed by a gentleman of Toledo, who thus describes the mother squirrel's ingenuity: "She reached the bank of the creek where a crossing was to be made. The little squirrels were

quite timid about going near to the water, but the mother coaxed them until they seemed to be satisfied to do as she wished. She ran along the shore, and finding a piece of bark about a foot long and six inches wide, dragged it to the water's edge and pushed it into the water, so that only a small part of one end of the bark was resting on the shore. She then induced her little ones to get on the bark, and they at once cuddled closely together, when the old squirrel pushed the bark and its load into the stream, and, taking one end of the bark in her teeth, pushed it ahead of her until the opposite bank was reached, where the young squirrels quickly scrambled up the bank of the creek." So they got safely over the crisis in their lives, triumphing through affection and faith in their mother's wisdom and love. How much of needless distress in the trials of life would Christians save themselves if they would exercise like faith in their Father, who careth for them! (Matt. 6: 31, 32.)

A Sermon in Exchange for Horseshoes was a bargain made and completed to the mutual satisfaction of a clergyman and a blacksmith in Connecticut recently. The Hartford Times says that a local clergyman had his horse shod, and the blacksmith, who is not a churchman, declined pay, saying that he would "take it out in preaching;" but the obstacle in the way of payment was the distance to the meeting-house. The faithful and energetic preacher, not willing to see a good work hindered, proposed a service in the vulcan's own courts, and as the result he gave notice from his pulpit the following Sunday that he should preach by request at "Hop Holt's" blacksmith's shop, Tuesday evening, at seven o'clock, and the payment was thus duly rendered. It would be gratifying to learn that the sermon was blessed to the blacksmith's soul. If so, he would have reason to be thankful throughout eternity that he made such a bargain with the clergyman, even if he had shod the horse with gold (Isa. 13: 12).

A Curious Suit for Slander was Tried in Jersey City, N. J., last week. A lady complained that her neighbors avoided her, and charged that the social ostracism was due to certain remarks made about her by a person living in the same street. The remarks were to the effect that the plaintiff was a witch, and had cast a spell over young people, who, in consequence, pined away and died. Since the charge had been made no one had visited her and particular care had been taken to keep children away from her and her house. Plaintiff denied that she possessed the powers of witchcraft. In these days of enlightenment such a denial seemed unnecessary, yet it would appear from the plaintiff's evidence that some people give practical proof that they believe in witchcraft. Those parents, and others who do not believe in the power of the black art, will do well to remember that their children need to be protected from more potent spells than those attributed to witches. The theatre, the saloon, and the haunts of vice are daily enchanting victims from among the young by spells which are deadly and which, once exerted, are not easily shaken off (Prov. 4: 14-18).

How an Owl Saved him from Death was Recently told by a ship captain to a reporter of the San Francisco Call. He said that, having left his ship to go to a trading post, he was caught in a blinding snow-storm, and in attempting to return to the ship he lost his bearings and wandered around until night. "I hallooed and yelled," said the captain, "but I had small hopes of my cries being heard. Hours passed in this way, and it became pitch dark. Benumbed and exhausted, I at last fell down in the snow and gave up all hopes of ever seeing my schooner again. As with people freezing, I became semi-conscious, and my extreme cold gave way to a prickly heat, which I knew was preliminary to death. Suddenly I heard one of the most unearthly noises near me. It raised me like an electric shock, and I listened. A mournful 'hoo! hoo!' at my feet caused me to

stagger up and look around. I heard a flutter, and then saw something white in the darkness. My fears increased. The fluttering was repeated, and the object came nearer, and then I saw it was a white owl out in the storm with myself. Then I recalled the old Esquimaux superstition that a white owl always appeared when one was in distress, and that if followed the owl would conduct one to a place of safety. I approached the owl, and it receded. I staggered ahead, and it still went before me, but never got out of sight. I don't know how far I followed the bird, which at intervals emitted its mournful 'hoo-hoo,' as if to encourage me. Thinking I must be near the ship, I hallooed with all my feeble might, and was rejoiced to hear a response. Soon, through the falling snow, I saw a lantern, and I knew that I was saved. The owl was found in the morning dead, but I have had it stuffed, and no money would buy it." It was well for the captain that he had heard of the Esquimaux superstition," and acted upon it. To those who are lost in life's storms, and who despair of ever finding their way to a haven of safety, a voice comes which is no superstition, but the voice of the Son of God calling them to Him and promising them rest (Matt. 11: 28).

—A Sleep that Cost a Man his Liberty was slept by a prisoner in a Brooklyn prison recently. He had been sentenced to one day's imprisonment by Judge Nacher, and he was placed in a cell with a man condemned to six months in jail. At the expiration of the twenty-four hours the warden opened the cell door and called him, but he was asleep, and his quick-witted companion coolly stepped out of the cell, and was set at liberty. On awakening he was unable to convince the prison officials of his identity, and was sent to the penitentiary to work out the six months to which his fellow-prisoner had been condemned. The man had no friends to inquire after him, and it was not until he succeeded in enlisting the sympathies of his former employer that he recovered his freedom. Happily for him, his sleep, costly as it was, involved only a few weeks in prison; but there are other imprisoned souls sunk in spiritual slumber who hear not the proclamation of liberty which Gospel preachers are continually uttering, and who will, unless they awake, go to a doom prepared, not for them, but for the devil and his angels (Matt. 25: 41).

A Poisonous Engagement Ring was Presented recently by a lover at Annandale, N. Y., to the lady of his choice. The lover, on receiving the lady's consent to his offer of marriage, purchased a ring, which he placed on her finger. There was a slight abrasion of the skin, which became painful after the ring had been worn a few days; then the finger began to swell, and soon the whole arm was swollen and discolored. Physicians were summoned, who, after an examination, declared that the lady was suffering from blood poisoning produced, by base metal in the engagement ring. Under their treatment the lady is recovering. The lover stated that the jeweller from whom he bought the ring assured him it was pure gold; but when it was tested after the mischief was done, it was found to have little if any gold in it. Lovers who hear of this incident and who are about to give such a present will doubtless take warning by it and see that the ring is of pure gold. If they will also take warning by other incidents, which the records of our divorce courts furnish, and earnestly seek that wisdom which pure gold typifies, they and their future wives may be spared much suffering (Prov. 8: 19).

Thy Healer: God's Dealings with Soul and Body, edited by Mrs. M. Baxter, a magazine devoted to holiness and healing, published in London on the first and fifteenth of every month. Copies are sent to subscribers in America direct from Bethshan as soon as printed. Annual subscription, including postage, seventy-five cents. Subscriptions for 1885 should be sent to Mrs. M. Baxter, to Drayton Park, Highbury, London, England, or to the office of the CHRISTIAN HERALD, 63 Bible House, New York, whence they will be forwarded to London.

A SWEET SILVER BELL.

A New Sermon by Pastor C. H. Spurgeon.

"My God will hear me."—MICAH 7:7.

A Charming Sentence—In a Queer Place—I. The Title—Every Man has a God—The Importance of the Pronoun—Implies Appropriation—Acquaintance—Obedience—II. The Argument—Why He will Hear—Because He is God—Because He is my God—Has Heard many Times—Not Coincidences—III. The Favor Itself—Hearing Promised not Answering—A Good Listener—Sympathy Assured—Help Certain—IV. The Person—A Refuge for Hard Times.

WHAT a charming sentence! Can you say it? Only five words, but what meaning! Huge volumes of poetry have appeared from Chaucer even to Tennyson, but it seems to me that the essence of poetry lies hid in a marvellously condensed form within these few words. It shall take you many an hour to suck out all their sweetness. There is an almost inconceivable depth of meaning in them; and of richness of assured experience and of sweet conclusions of a hallowed faith they are full to the brim.

"My God will hear me." There is more eloquence in that sentence than in all the orations of Demosthenes. He that can speak thus can say more than if he were able to declare truthfully that all worlds were his own; for he grasps God Himself, and holds the present and the future in the hollow of his hand.

"My God will hear me." It is prophetic; but the prophet has taken upon himself no unusual power, neither does he intend his prophecy to be true of himself alone. He puts this divine sentence into the mouth of every believer; every child of God may dare to say that his God will hear him, for he may dare to say the truth. I feel as if I could not preach from the text, and did not want to do so. It needs no aid of wit or words; for myself, I would be well content to exhibit this diamond with many facets by merely holding it up and letting the light fall on it, and flash back from it in variety of brilliance.

A CHARMING SENTENCE,

as I have said; but in what a queer place we find it! Just as they find gold in the dark mine, and as we see stars in the black night, so do we find these rich words in the midst of floods of grief and woe. The man of God is pricked and torn by the briars of the age in which he travels; he is vexed and wearied with the bribery and corruption all around him; he cannot find peace either at home or abroad—nay, not even in the bosom of her whom he loves; he is everywhere disquieted and driven to and fro; and yet it is just at that time that he cries, "My God will hear me." From this I gather—and I gather it not from this alone, but from my own personal experience—that it is generally when things are at the worst that we know most about the best. When we are disappointed of men, then become we most content with our God.

I. The first thing I shall note at this time is

THE TITLE.

This is the bottom of the whole text really, the true foundation of the confidence which is expressed in it. The title is "my God;" it is not God alone, but God in covenant with me, to whom I look for help. I shall be heard by "my God."

I am afraid that some of you will have to draw back a little from the text at the very commencement. As I remarked the other day, to say there is a God is not much. It is the same as to say, there is a bank; but there may be a bank, and you may be miserably poor. There certainly is a God, but that God may be no source of comfort to you. The joy of the whole thing lies in that word "my." "My God will hear me."

Begin then with the inquiry, put to your own soul, can I truly think of God, and call Him "my God"? If so, that means election and selection. There were many gods in the day of the prophet Micah; at least, men spoke as if

there were. Men talked of this god, and of that, and each nation had its own peculiar deity, and each man walked in the name of his god, and gloried in it. But the prophet in effect says of Jehovah, the one living and true God, the God that made heaven and earth: "This God is my God. Others may worship gods of wood, or of stone, or of silver, or of gold; but as for me, my heart shall only worship the great Invisible, whom none hath seen, to whom none can approach. The eternal Creator alone will I adore."

Now, at this present time

EVERY MAN HAS A GOD.

Alas, how many make their belly their god! The golden calf is never without its crowds of devoted worshippers. Gods to-day are as numerous in England as in any heathen country; let me then ask, Have you taken the God who is your Maker, your Preserver, your Redeemer to be the great object of your life? That is your god which rules your nature—that which is your motive power—that for which you live. Do you live for Jehovah as your God, or are you only living for yourself or for some temporary end and purpose? Will the object of your life die with your dying, and be buried in your grave? Or can you say unto the living God, "O God, Thou art my God; early will I seek Thee. Thou art my God forever and ever; Thou shalt be my guide even unto death!" If so, it supposes your election of this God beyond every other; and I put it to you—is this election made? and made once for all?

"My God"—that supposes an appropriation by faith. Have you taken Jehovah to be your God? Have you made bold to take Him for your very own? In the covenant of grace God gives over to His people Himself, and all that He is, and all that He has, by a covenant of salt. As the believer becomes God's portion, so the Lord becomes the believer's portion.

"My God"—this signifies *knowledge and acquaintance*. Does it not? For unless the words are meaningless, you know who it is that you are talking of, and you have had some acquaintance with Him, and dealings with Him. If I say, "So-and-so is my friend," I give you to understand that I know him; and if I say, "Jehovah is my God," I profess that I know Him and have fellowship with Him. You remember the inscription which Paul discovered upon an altar at Athens, "To the unknown God." *I would not have you worship there, my brother; but I would have you understand that word of the apostle, "After that ye had known God, or rather were known of God."* Now,

WHAT KNOWEST THOU OF GOD?

Hast thou ever spoken with Him? Has He spoken to thee? Hast thou told Him thy secrets? Has He revealed Himself to thee, as it is written, "The secret of the Lord is with them that fear Him, and He will show them His covenant?" Now, I am not talking about fancies. If any of you deem this to be fanciful, it is because you are strangers to the covenant of promise; but I am speaking now to a people who know more than I can tell them of what this means. As for myself, I know something of nature, and of the works of God's hands, but my soul cares little for that knowledge compared with knowing Him. Willingly and gladly I would forget all else I know if I might but know more of Him; for well am I persuaded that when old age comes on, and memory fails me, that which my soul shall hold as a death grip will not be historical remembrance, classical lore, or theological learning, but what she knows by inward experience of the Lord her God.

What a deal there is in the title! But we have not exhausted it by a long way; let us have another drink from the well. You feel that now the obedience of your life is rendered to Him most cheerfully, for this is a sure outcome of the heart's crying, "He is my God." A man cannot call God his God in truth unless he desires to obey Him; for God is a name to adore, to reverence, to worship. He who speaks of God but never obeys Him is a practi-

cal atheist; he has no God. The man upon whose heart and hand the Godhead has no kind of influence—such a man is a liar and knows not God, but renders to Him lip service, which is to God's dishonor, and not to His glory. Yes, beloved, if you are what you profess to be, you can declare, "With all my infirmities and imperfections, I desire that my whole life should be obedient to the divine precept. I wish in all things to do that which is right and good, and true and kind, according to the mind of Christ, in which I see the mind of God my Father."

Let me only add that this expressive phrase, "My God" hints at a *joy and delight in Him*. As men would say—"my love," "my choice," "my treasure," "my delight," so doth the prophet say "my God." The very name wakes all the music of his soul.

II. The second point in our brief text is

THE ARGUMENT.

for I believe the title contains within itself a secret logical force. "My God will hear me." As surely as He is my God He will hear me. Why?

Well, He will hear me first *because He is God*, because He is the living and true God. Those gods of stone cannot hear me, but my God will hear me. The gods that many men choose will not hear them in the day of trouble. To which of them will they call in the hour of their affliction? But my God will hear me. It is His memorial that He hears prayer. The oracles of the heathen were but liars. Those who sought unto the false gods did but dote upon falsehoods; they were deceivers and deceived. But my God will hear me. As surely as He is God He will answer prayer.

You see in what a tone of confidence this prophet speaks, and why should not every child of God speak with the same confidence? The joy of religion lies in a hearty faith in it. You begin handling it with dainty fingers, criticising it everlastingly, questioning this and questioning that with anxious debate of heart; and the consequence is that you miss its sweetness. It is nothing to your comfort till it is everything to your faith. You must believe it, and the more thoroughly you believe it the more will it prove itself true to you.

But why am I so sure, as a matter of argument, that God will hear prayer? The answer is in the title again, "My God." Because He has made Himself my God He will hear me. Moreover, my God has

HEARD ME SO MANY TIMES;

therefore, be it far from me to doubt His present and future favor. What shall I say to my beloved brothers and sisters here who are getting old? They have had such experience. God has heard your prayers many times, my aged brethren, and your faith is thereby confirmed. When we first began to pray, we were staggered if objectors questioned us. "You talk about God having heard your prayer." "Yes," we said, "He did hear us," and we stated our case. The sceptic sneered, and said "That was merely a coincidence." When we heard that remark for the first time, we were somewhat taken aback. We admitted that we could not draw an inference from two or three facts, for, perhaps, in after years there might be thirty facts which would tell the other way. But, my veteran brethren, we are not in that condition to-night, for some of us have had thirty or forty years' experience of God's hearing prayer, and our facts are as many as the hairs of our heads. Do opponents say that these are coincidences? We do not care to answer such perverse janglings.

A man puts on warm clothing and is not pinched by the frost; his acquaintance tells him that he does not believe in flannel and broadcloth; he shivers in his unbelief, and tells the well-clad man that his comfort is a mere coincidence. Humorous, is it not? But if the objector gets frozen to death, the wit grows rather grim! When we have not prayed, and have not received a blessing, and have been ready to perish, I suppose our failure has been a coincidence! And when we have betaken ourselves

to our knees, and have cried mightily to God, and pleaded the promises, and God has answered us as visibly as if He had rent the blue heavens, and thrust out His almighty arm to help us, that has been a coincidence! I call such things plain answer to prayer, but those who have never experienced the like think me a fanatic.

III. Bear with me while I invite you, in the third place, to notice

THE FAVOR ITSELF.

"My God will hear me." You notice that in Scripture we do not often find the expression, "My God will answer me." We do read that He answers prayer, but more frequently God is said to be the God that *heareth* prayer. It is better for us to have a promise that God will hear us than a promise that a God will always answer us. In fact, if it were a matter of absolute fact that God would always answer the prayers of His people as they present them, it would be an awful truth. I should shrink from ever praying again if I were absolutely sure that the Lord would answer my prayer, whatever it might be. I might curse myself seven times deep by a prayer within the next seven minutes, if there were no safeguards and limits to the promise of prayer being answered.

It is neither desirable nor possible that all things should be left to our choice; so much do I feel this, that if my Lord should say to me, "From this hour I will always answer your prayer just as you pray it," the first petition I would offer would be, "*Lord, do nothing of the sort.*" Because that would be putting the responsibility of my life upon myself, instead of allowing it to remain upon God. I like that kind of hearing prayer of which Ralph Erskine says:

I'm heard when answered, soon or late,
Yea, heard when I no answer get;
Most kindly answered when refused,
And treated well when harshly used."

It is enough for a praying heart that it has a hearing God.

But notice, "My God will hear me." It means, first, literally, that He will hear me *as a listener*. A good brother of my acquaintance, a minister of the Gospel, going to preach from the text that God will hear prayer, called upon one of his poor people, who said when the visit was over that she had greatly enjoyed his call. He thought to himself, "I have scarcely said a word, and yet she says that I have done her good." Turning to her, he inquired, "Sister, how can I have done you good, for I have hardly spoken with you?" "Ah, sir," she replied, "you have listened so kindly; you have heard all I had to say, and there are very few who will do that." Just so. People in deep trouble like somebody to hear them all through; even little children are comforted by

TELLING MOTHER ALL ABOUT IT.

We are in such a hurry with poor, troubled spirits that we hasten them on to the end of the sentence, and try to make them skip the dreary details. But to them this seems unkind, for their story is sacred; and, therefore, they go slowly on with it, till we are quite tired. I have often hurried on a poor despondent creature till I have seen the uselessness of it; it is always best to let them spin on. It does them good. To tell out the heart to a patient listener is a great relief to a burdened spirit, and the heart must do it in its own way. Here is a sweet assurance, "My God will hear me." I may be very bad, and what I say may be very broken, and I may groan a good deal, and I may say the same thing over and over again, and my whole ditty may be very stupid; but "My God will hear me." He is in no hurry; he is the God of patience. He will listen to my dreary talk, and endure each gloomy particular. I need not hold Him as the Ancient Mariner held the wedding guest who was unwilling to hear his woe rhyme of the sea; my God will willingly listen to me right through, from beginning to end, groans and all. "My God will hear me."

And then the Lord will hearken as a friend full of sympathy. Some people listen but do

not hear. You tell them your story, but it does not help you a bit, because their minds are no more moved by your case than if they were far away. "Mother," said a little girl once, "I cannot make it out; Mrs. Smith says I do her so much good. Poor Mrs. Smith has lost her husband, mother, and she is very sad. She sits and cries, and I get up and lay my cheek on her cheek, and I cry and say that I love her, and then she says that she loves me, and that I comfort her." Just so. That is the truest form of consolation; is it not? "Weep with them that weep." That is how God, my God, will hear me, feeling with me, sympathizing with me. "In all their affliction He was afflicted, and the angel of His presence saved them."

"My God will hear me"—that is, He will turn it over and discriminate in His own mind, and He will not allow me to be condemned by the hurried judgment of men. He will

HEAR ME AS A JUDGE

patiently hears a case. Others will come in and clamor against me, and refuse to listen to a word of explanation; but my God will hear me. That was a splendid utterance of the holy patriarch Job! He went a long way further than he knew he went when he said it—"I know that my Redeemer liveth." His unkind friends charged him very terribly; and Job spoke up for himself, but he did not get on at it. He could not plead his own cause successfully, and therefore, in his desperation, he cried, "I have a God that will yet plead my cause, and if He does not do it while I am alive, yet I know that He liveth; and though after my skin worms devour my body, yet in my flesh shall I behold Him, and I shall be cleared from this misrepresentation; I shall be delivered from this suspicion. I know I shall. My God will hear me. He will hear my suit right through and do me justice, and I shall behold Him whom my eyes shall see for myself and not another." Job felt assured of being cleared at last. Dear child of God, you may do the same.

Then, at the back of that, of course, comes the conclusion of every loving heart, that, as God will hear the case right through, so He will certainly *hear as a Helper*. "My God will hear me."

Now, child of God, go away with this promise in your hand, and in your heart—"My God will hear me;" and then use it like a magic wand. Turn it whichever way you will, and it will clear your path. You are going to preach the Gospel in a distant country, perhaps; and your spirit sinks as you sigh, "Who is sufficient for these things?" Lift up your heart to God, and His grace shall be sufficient for you, and His strength shall be made perfect in your weakness, for your God will hear you. Or you have to go home to-night to a sick house, and to lose one that is dear to you. You shall be sustained, for in your ear is this word, "My God will hear me." Or, perhaps you yourself have to sicken and die. Do you inquire, What shall I do in the swellings of Jordan? Here is your happy answer, "My God will hear me." I shall cry to Him, and He will answer me.

IV. My only sorrow about this text is my fear that it could not honestly fall from some of your lips; you could not truthfully say, "My God will hear me." So I close by noting

THE PERSON

to whom it belongs. "My God will hear me." Will He hear you? Dear heart, are you cast down under a sense of sin? Do you seek forgiveness? He will hear you. Are you burdened because you cannot live without sin? Would you be free from all evil? He will hear you. Are you persecuted for righteousness' sake? Are the men of your household turned to be your foes? He will hear you, and cause you to rejoice in being counted worthy to suffer for Jesus' sake. Are you assured of the result of prayer? You shall not be disappointed; your God will hear you. Have you long been praying? Cease not from importunity, but solace yourself with this sure belief—"My God will hear me." Will you not come and cast yourselves

into the arms of Jesus, the Crucified? Your God has heard you. Be of good cheer.

THESE ARE HARD TIMES

with a great many of you. You have not many worldly comforts; indeed, some of you cannot even find work. What can you do without a God to fly to? I suppose your head aches sometimes, like mine; I suppose cares and troubles eat into your mind as they do into mine; I suppose you have your difficulties and your knots that you cannot untie, just as I have mine. How do you keep your souls alive without a God? I pray God that I may never live a day without prayer, and without trusting my God. However do you bear up, some of you? I do not wonder that you go and get drunk to drown your thoughts. I do not wonder that you want frivolities and theatricals, and all sorts of childish toys to put your cares out of your minds, for you need something or other to help you to forget the miseries which are coming upon you thick and heavy. Yet is it not madness to drive away wise thoughts?

What a wretched business it must be to be in dread of your own thoughts! You dare not sit alone in your chamber for half an hour and think, because if you did you would begin to think of dying, and you could not bear to think of that without a God. You might even be driven to think of hell and of a judgment to come; and that you could not endure. If you dare not *think* of them, how will you bear them? O poor souls, poor souls, you are in a sad state indeed! But you need not remain so. If any man wills to have God to be his own God, grace has given him that will. If you desire Christ, you may have Him. What is the price? Nothing at all. Receive Him freely. Believe in Jesus Christ—that is, trust yourself with Him; and God is your God; and you may go on your way full of joy and thankfulness. God bless you and comfort you for Jesus' sake. Amen.

[The prayers of the readers of this Journal are requested for the blessing of God upon its Editors, and those whose sermons, articles, or labors for Christ are printed in it; and that its circulation may be used by the Holy Spirit for the conversion of many sinners and the quickening of God's people. Dr. Talmage and Mr. Spurgeon especially request prayer every Sunday morning on behalf of their labors.]

REV. H. W. WEBB-PEPLOE, M.A.

(See Portrait on page 124.)

THE Rev. Hamner Webb-Peplow, the Vicar of St. Paul's, Onslow Square, London, is one of the best known of the Evangelical clergymen of the British metropolis. The earnestness of his tone and the spirituality of his teaching have commended his ministrations to all who have ever listened to his addresses; and the result has been that few conferences for the deepening of the spiritual life, or for the furtherance of evangelical principles are now considered complete unless Rev. Mr. Webb-Peplow is on the list of speakers.

He was born at Weobley, Herefordshire, in 1837, and is the youngest son of the late Rev. J. B. Peplow, his mother being the well-known Mrs. Webb, authoress of "Naomi," and other similar books. After receiving his education at Marlborough and Cheltenham Colleges, he proceeded to Pembroke College, Cambridge, where he graduated in 1859; and although he was prevented from reading throughout his whole course by a serious accident in the gymnasium at the commencement of his residence, he was enabled to head the ordinary degree list.

In 1863 he was ordained and appointed to a country curacy, where he greatly endeared himself to the parishioners, and where his earnest and evangelical discourses made a deep impression. A wider field of effort opened up to him in his next appointment—that of successor to his father—where he continued to minister with great success till 1876. In 1864 he was ordered to go abroad for the sake of his health, which had suffered from overwork, and he became



Rev. H. W. Webb-Peploe, M.A.



Old Peter's Call at the Big House.

Chaplain at Lille, in France, returning to his incumbency at Weobley in the following year.

In 1876 he was presented to the living of St. Paul's, Onslow Square. It was as no stranger to London pulpits that he began his evangelizing efforts in the rising district where he was settled. At St. Paul's he has perfected the local organizations, including *coffee palaces, night schools, and temperance work*, in which he is assisted by a strong body of lay helpers. The church, which seats between 1700 and 1800 people, is always crowded.

OLD PETER'S FRIEND.

(See Illustration on this page.)

"MINE'S a hard life." The words were uttered with a weary sigh, which was almost a groan. They came from the lips of an old man whose lot was very joyless; but he was wise enough to add, "It might be worse." He was a weary old man, not far from seventy years old, stiff in his joints and bent with the weight of years and burdens. Toiling slowly along, a heavy basket of oranges at his back, balanced by a net of lemons hanging in front, he plodded on, hoping that in a few hours he would tread the same path with a lightened load and a dollar in his now empty pocket. But times were bad just then, and Peter found few customers. He completed the circuit of the village, and was but little the richer for his effort. The "big house" of the village Peter had never ventured to call at. Pedlars, he thought, would not be welcomed there. But to-day, being rendered desperate by failure, he plucked up his courage and entered the trim garden in front. It was a stately mansion belonging to a wealthy colonel, who was somewhat eccentric and at times irascible, but said to be a good-hearted man at the bottom.

Peter was a little nervous at his own temerity, for he was a man who had much of the old-fashioned respect for wealth and station which younger men seem to have overcome. No answer came to his first timid knock, and he was turning to go away when he thought, having proceeded so far, it was folly to draw back. He therefore knocked more loudly. Then the door was opened by a pert maid, who told him there was nothing wanted, adding the information, for

his permanent use, that "we never buy from pedlars." With which remark she closed the door with emphasis, and Peter turned away crestfallen.

Outside the rich man's gate were two children, a boy of some twelve years and a little delicate girl, on whose cheek was the fatal hectic flush of consumption. "I want an orange for my little sister," said the boy. "How much for a nice one; she's sick, you know." "Five cents, my little man," said Peter, smiling kindly on the lad. "Can't be done, sis," the boy said, turning to the girl, whose eyes were fixed longingly on the juicy fruit. "Can't be done, Nell; never mind, better luck another time. Don't cry," he added, as the deep gray eyes filled with tears. Peter looked sorry too. He hesitated a moment, then unsling his basket, and enjoyed the luxury of generosity. "There, little one," he said, giving the child one of the best oranges in his basket, "it is not often old Peter can make a present, but you shall have an orange; I believe it'll do you good." The child's eyes sparkled as the old man turned away and resumed his journey.

He had not gone many steps when he heard a voice calling to him, and turning saw the pert help who had given him his dismissal from the big house a few minutes before. "The colonel wants you," she said, and Peter followed her up the steps, where a dignified old gentleman was standing, who saluted him with: "Humph! Saw you giving your oranges away. You must be well-to-do."

"No, sir, no. Very poor—few men poorer. But an orange isn't much. Just the cup of cold water the Lord told us to give. I'm poor, but I don't like to miss an opportunity."

"Well, you will have plenty of opportunities, and you can soon empty your basket in that way. What have you been doing all your life that you should have to be toiling like this in your old age?"

"Ah! that's a long story, sir, and a painful one, but it don't much matter; I'm content, and I shall soon be through now."

"Content, are you? Well, that's more than I can say. I presume it would not distress you if I bought you up, so just see how much your stock comes to." That was soon done, and the colonel handed Peter a new five-dollar bill,

"You may keep the change, my man," he said. "Now tell me where you live; I'll come and see you. You are an original character."

The colonel drove the next day to the house where Peter boarded, and it was strange to see the two old men, so differently situated, talking together of the great change so near to each of them. Peter had no cause after that to say his life was hard. The colonel found him light employment and made him comfortable near his own house. He had reason to bless the day he ever met old Peter, and counted the money he gave him a poor recompense for the light the old pedlar brought into his latter days.

THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

(See Illustration on page 125.)

THE dynamite explosion which, on January 24th, wrecked a portion of the chamber in which the representatives of the English people assemble to legislate for the kingdom, has been the subject of so much comment in American journals that the picture of the House on the next page will be of interest to our readers.

The hall covers a comparatively small portion of the area devoted to the entire building known as the Houses of Parliament. It is sixty-two feet long, forty-five feet wide, and forty-five feet high. The entire structure, of which the House of Commons forms part, is probably the largest Gothic edifice in the world. It is not an ancient building, the corner-stone having been laid April 27th, 1840. The old Parliament Houses were destroyed by fire on October 16th, 1834. It covers an area of nearly eight acres, has one hundred separate staircases and eleven hundred apartments, and is traversed by more than two miles of corridors.

At the south-west angle of the massive pile rises the Royal or Victoria Tower, seventy-five feet square and three hundred and forty feet high, forming the royal entrance to the palace. On the north end rises the famous Clock Tower, forty feet square and three hundred and twenty feet high, in which is the palace clock, with four dials, each twenty-two feet in diameter. It is an eight-day clock, which strikes the hours and chimes the quarters on eight bells. The great bell, known as Stephen, in this tower, weighs thirteen tons. The

winding up of the striking parts of this great clock requires five hours, and this labor has to be done twice a week. The central spire of the palace is sixty feet in diameter, and rises three hundred feet above the grand central octagonal hall. Its exquisitely groined stone vault is supported without a pillar. There are several smaller towers which add greatly to the effect of the building by their picturesque forms and positions.

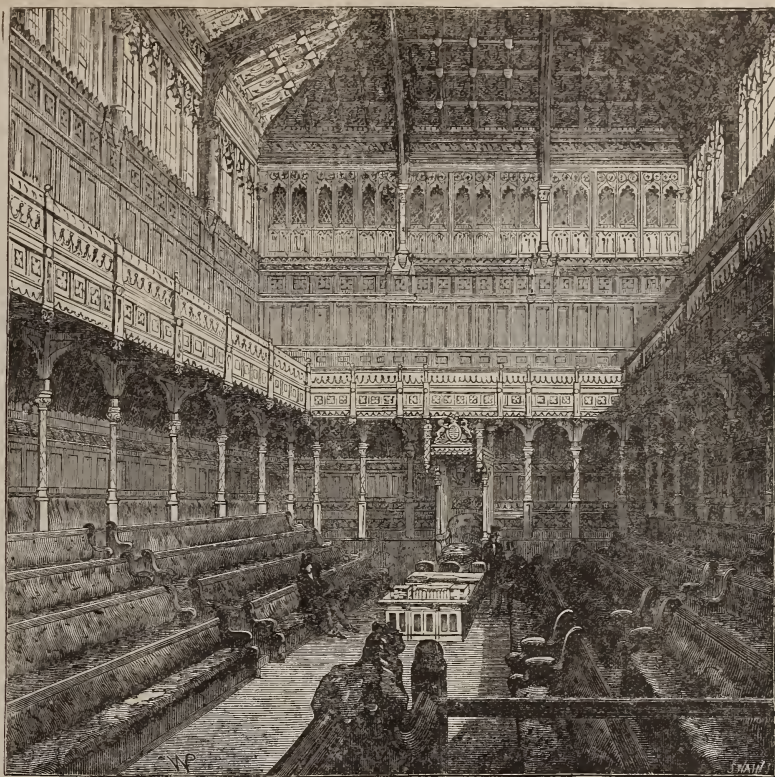
The interior of the palace is in keeping with the style and architecture of the exterior, and no less than four hundred and fifty statues contribute to the decorations of the corridors and apartments. The principal public entrances are through Westminster Hall and the old Palace Yard, both of which lead to the Central Octagonal Hall, from which the House of Lords and House of Commons are reached. Westminster Hall was included by the architect in his plans for the palace, and forms a portion of this great building. A small staircase descends from the south-east corner of the hall into the crypt of St. Stephen's, beneath the modern St. Stephen's Hall, and this is the only fragment of the ancient Palace of Westminster which escaped the fire of 1834. The walls and roof of the crypt are decorated with paintings, the windows are of colored glass, and the crypt is fitted up as a chapel for the members of Parliament, in which prayers are said daily.

It was in Westminster Hall and in the House of Commons that the dynamite explosions of January 24th occurred. The conspirators intended to have done more damage than they succeeded in doing. Happily, a lady saw the smoking parcel in which the dynamite was, and told a policeman, who carried it from the confined crypt, in which the plotters had placed it, into Westminster Hall, where, owing to the height of the roof, the injury effected was comparatively small. In the House of Commons the damage can be made good in a few weeks.

THE JEW'S WARD.

A SERIAL STORY.

IN one of the London streets, lying along the riverside, there was, some years ago, a small shop, perhaps the smallest shop in London, for the tenant of it, when standing in the centre, could touch each wall with his outstretched hand. Over the narrow doorway, which with a window two feet wide filled up the whole frontage, was painted the name of Matthias Levi; and in the window-sill and up each side of the window-frame were ranged old boots and shoes of every size, which old Matthias Levi had mended and patched, and was in this way offering for sale.



The House of Commons Previous to the Dynamite Explosion on January 24.

Small as the shop was, there was plenty of room within for a cobbler's stall; and there the old Jew was always at work, from time to time lifting up his lowered head to take a kindly glance at the people passing along the pavement, or at the great wagons blocking up the narrow street. He was never seen without an old cap of brown seal-skin, in shape like a turban, which came down low on his high and narrow forehead, almost touching the shaggy grayeyebrows hanging over his deep-set eyes. All his teeth were gone, and his mouth fell in; but there was a placid smile resting upon it, which had something of the charm of childhood. If a customer came in his wrinkled face beamed with pleasure; and he was as earnest in seeking out the best pair of mended shoes to fit their feet, as if those feet were his own. Not a few children went into that little shop barefoot, and came out shod, without Matthias being a penny the richer.

In one corner of his dark den a spiral iron staircase, no broader than a ladder, ascended to the room overhead. This was larger than the shop, for it extended over an archway, which led down between two warehouses to the riverside. It was the old Jew's living room and bed-chamber in one, and was but scantily furnished. In the corner of it opposite to the spiral staircase stood a ladder, with a trap-door at the top of it, leading to a garret above it. This garret, which had no other way of entrance than through the Jew's shop and dwelling-place, was rented by him to such tenants as were willing to put up with this inconvenience. The three rooms were taken out of an old and dingy warehouse, with a rotten-looking landing-stage on the river-bank, which had once probably been a busy

down frame was fairly bright.

There were two persons living in this garret: a woman nearly eighty and a girl not yet eighteen.

The girl had never known a time when she had not been left to herself. Her father died before her birth, and her mother had followed him before the child had memory to recollect her; the only trace of her existence was that she had called her baby Carola, probably because she had seen some barge with that name sailing past the window. The old woman, Carola's grand-mother, had never quitted the garret where she lived since the child had been old enough to send out on errands; and this had come to pass at a very early age, for her wants were as simple as the furniture of her room. All she asked of life was a crust of bread and half a bottle of gin a day.

As long as Carola could remember, these requirements had been duly met. Every other day the crooked, shining fingers of the old woman fumbled into a mysterious pocket among her rags, and produced the price of a bottle of gin and a loaf of bread. The loaf was chiefly for the girl, but the gin was altogether for the old woman. When these errands were done Carola was free to do as she liked and go where she pleased.

It was an active out-of-door life, full of change and stir; in and out of the gin-palaces, with their crowds of drunken men and women, and up and down the riverside, among cursing and swearing riverside dwellers. Nothing escaped Carola's quick eyes and ears; and every day was full of new interest to her. Of any place in the world beyond the two or three streets near her

spot, but which had now fallen into hands that did but little trade, and only kept the place in such repair as prevented it tumbling into ruins.

The attic was still larger than old Matthias Levi's dwelling-place, for it ran back toward the river, and had a low broad window looking out upon it. Half the panes were broken and stuffed up with old rags, very much obscuring the light as it struggled to reach the dark corners, which were made by the tilted angles of the roof. In one of these, almost on the floor, was a low bedstead with a torn and dirty quilt covering it. The furniture was still more scanty than in the room below, for there was but one chair, one table, and one old box, and a shelf against the wall holding a little crockery and a tin saucepan, while a half-full sack of coals and a bundle of chips stood near the trap-door on a spot closely grimed with coal-dust. With the exception of this corner, which was plainly in a hopeless condition, the floor was tolerably clean, and such glass as was left in the win-

home she knew nothing, or that any other kind of life could be lived but that of the rough people around her.

Her existence was, on the whole, like that of some wild creature; eating when she was hungry if she could get the food, and sleeping when she was tired if she could find a corner to curl herself up in. At all times she thrust her little figure into every crowd, and stood in the front rank at every street sight. "Carol," as she was called, was a favorite everywhere, and continued to grow in favor. She never entered a gin-shop without having a dram pressed upon her; and the lads who rowed their boats fearlessly amid the confusion of steamers and barges on the river were always willing to take "Carol" with them. She knew all the evil from which most girls are guarded, and but little of the good in which most girls are cradled.

But however ragged little Carol might be, her feet were always warmly shod; and however neglected by all else, old Matthias Levi did his best to guard her from harm. His heart was, in fact, bound up in her. She was as the apple of his eye, though in the frosty reserve which old age had gathered around him he was bound as in fetters of iron, and could neither talk much to her, nor was able to draw out the child's chatter. But as she passed in and out, ascending and descending his iron staircase, she was constantly under his eye, and often exchanged a few words with him.

As Carol grew older and her grandmother more infirm, the discharge of the Sabbath duties fell to her. She was not more than eight years old when she began to light the lamp and kindle the fire for him on a Sabbath eve, when his law forbade him to touch them himself. And as she grew old enough he taught her, with some little austerity of manner, softened by a generous supply of sugar-plums, the Ten Commandments.

"They're good laws," he said, "and it 'ud be good for you to keep them, Carol; though you're not one of my people, my dear."

But as Carol went to and fro about the street, mixing with the lowest of the people, she found that not one of these laws was ever thought of. Yet there was something in the sound of the solemn words which stirred the depths of her childish heart. Every night she stood with her hands behind her in front of the old man, who laid aside hisawl and needle to listen, while she repeated them in a clear, sweet, serious voice before going up the ladder which led to her grandmother's garret.

For the only restraint in Carol's life was that of the necessity of coming home at nine o'clock, when Matthias Levi shut up his shop and fastened the door with a heavy iron bar, as if all his shoes were made of gold. As the only access to the garret lay through his premises, Carol could not stay out later in the streets. Till the very last moment she would linger among her companions, loath to return to the dismal attic, which was her only home; but when the clock struck nine she had to flee, and rush, breathless with her running, into the dark little shop. How good this restraint was for her she did not know till many years had gone by.

Once a week the old Jew underwent a strange and solemn change in Carol's eyes. This was on a Friday evening, when he laid aside his work and dressed himself in his best clothes. She could hear him saying words she could not understand, as he peeped down at him from her trap-door in the ceiling of his room, and watched until the long prayers were ended and the old man laid aside his Sabbath dress, and sat down in his old familiar guise.

"What do you do that for?" asked Carol, one Friday evening after an unusually long prayer, as she crept half way down the ladder, ready to retreat quickly if the strange old man was angry.

"They're good words as the wise men of my people have taught us to say," he replied. "I used to know partly what they meant, but I've forgotten what it is now I'm old. But they are

pleasing to Him," he added with a mysterious gesture, as he lifted up his hand and pointed through the window to the small portion of sky visible through it.

"Would they do me any good?" inquired the child.

"They're good words, but they'd do you no good, my dear, if I could teach them to you."

"Women that aren't Jews, does He like them?" asked Carol, pointing up to the sky.

"P'raps He do, p'raps He do," he replied, in a caressing tone. "He loves the Jews, and has chosen them out of all people; but I think He'd love a little girl like you if you keep them ten laws I've taught you."

"Is it good to lie in bed all day, and drink gin?" she inquired, shrewdly.

"There's naught against it in them laws, but I hope you'll never do it, Carol. I don't know much about it, my dear, for I was not one of the wise men; but there's no harm done by keeping His laws."

Matthias had never said so much, or spoken so earnestly to her before; and Carol climbed back to the garret, and lay down beside her drunken old grandmother, firmly resolved to keep all those laws which Matthias had taught her. By dint of listening with all her might every Sabbath eve to the half-audible prayers mumbled by the old Jew, she caught up a few Hebrew words, which she repeated in a low whisper, standing at the garret window, and looking up steadily to the quiet sky which hung above the busy river.

While Carol was only a little child the old Jew could guard her from many evils; but as she grew older his anxieties for her became graver. Fortunately, when she was about twelve years of age a school inspector tracked the wild street-girl to her home, and insisted upon her going to school. Upon this Matthias took her to a small Jewish day-school in the neighborhood, where she quickly learned to read, and read with intelligence and ease. But as soon as she could shake off these shackles she returned to the free and dangerous life of the streets, with its constant changes and its exciting events. Many an hour the old cobbler, sitting at his stall, brooded painfully over the perils to which Carol was exposed.

She was growing up into a beautiful girl, with fine dark eyes and an abundance of dark hair, which hung, tangled and unkempt, over a white, broad forehead. She was getting ashamed and impatient of her ragged clothing, which hitherto had given her no concern; and nothing made her eyes sparkle with pleasure so much as when Matthias bought her some bright bit of ribbon, or some cheap trinket from the Jewish pedlars, who called now and then at his shop-door. It was very evident to Matthias that more lads hung about the place than when Carol was a mere child; and even his angriest remonstrances could not prevent the girl from standing at the street corner, laughing and chaffing with them. Worse than all, the girl was unfortunately growing fond of the spirits her grandmother lived upon; and of late she had come in more than once with an unsteady step and glistening eyes, which had struck horror into the heart of the old Jew, who was as abstemious as most Jews are.

"O Carol, Carol!" he cried one evening, with tears in his deep-set eyes; "whatever will become of you, if you don't keep yourself from goin' bad!"

"Why, I'm keepin' all those laws you've taught me!" she exclaimed, turning round and gazing at him with a startled look. "I never swear, nor steal, nor nothin', like all the rest of 'em; and I stay in-doors all the time you keep Sabbath, though it makes me mis'erable. If I'm goin' bad, it isn't much use to keep those laws."

"But you go to the vaults, Carol," he said anxiously, yet timidly; "and folks are fond of you, and they give you more drink than a young girl like you ought to have; and you run about the streets too much for a pretty girl like you. Stay at home more, my dear."

"Stay at home!" she echoed, with a wild laugh that was sad to him to hear; "stay at home with nobody but grandmother, and she lyin' in bed and drink, drink, drinkin' all day! Oh, I'd soon take to drinkin' like her, if I'd nothin' else to do. I must run about the streets, Matthias. I couldn't live in that old hole, and never go out like her. I'd rather be dead and in my grave, I would."

"Couldn't you get some work to do?" he asked.

"She won't hear a word of leavin' her to earn money for myself," said Carol; "she cries and says I don't love her; and one of the laws says, 'Honor thy father and thy mother.' That means grandmother as well, doesn't it?"

Matthias bent his head gravely.

"So I mustn't disobey her," continued Carol, "and I'm mis'erable, and I hate myself in these dirty old rags of clothes, and I can't ever forget them, only when I just take a little drop to drink, and then it doesn't seem to matter so much, and I feel almost like a little girl again. But don't you be afraid for me," she went on, looking affectionately into the old Jew's dim eyes. "I know you'd be troubled if I went wrong, and I'll not go wrong, no more than that, if that's wrong for a girl as isn't a Jew. Just that little bit of a way I'll go, but not a bit further. And that isn't breakin' one o' the commandments, you know."

No nothing could be done by Matthias for Carol as long as her grandmother lived, except to watch over her as closely as he could. There were no more peaceful days for him except the Sabbath, when he knew that the girl was safe at home in the garret overhead. Now and then he bought a book for her from the pedlars at the door, and was more than content when she shut herself up with it, and never put it down, if it was an interesting book, until she had read it to the last page. But her absorbing life was out-of-doors, and as soon as the Sabbath or the book was ended, Carol darted out into the streets. Nor was Matthias sure that she would come back when the clock struck nine; she was growing tired of even this slight restraint.

But at length the inevitable end of the drunken old grandmother drew near; and Carol had to remain in-doors day after day with the dying woman. The girl could not believe that her grandmother was really going to leave her, and to leave her alone in the world. No neighbor came in to help her in her duties; for to do so they must have passed through Matthias Levi's rooms, and as long as she could remember no stranger's foot had entered them. He fetched a doctor toward the end, for he knew there would be trouble and difficulty if this was neglected; but the doctor only shook his head, and said nothing could be done to prolong the life of the wretched old woman.

"Give her anything she seems to like," he said.

There was only one thing the dying creature craved for; and Carol went out late at night to the nearest gin-palace to buy a fresh bottle of gin. She had been sitting in the close atmosphere of the garret all day without food, only now and then sipping the gin-and-water she had poured at intervals down her grandmother's parched throat. The streets were quiet as she sped along them, for in a few minutes all the spirit-vaults would be closed, and those who were drinking late were still inside their glittering walls, waiting to be turned out at the last moment. Carol's face was bathed with tears of which she was half proud and half ashamed.

"Take a drop of something to comfort you," said the bar-maid, sympathizingly. Carol was in no hurry to go back. She felt reluctant to return at once to the dismal and lonely room, where there was nothing to look at but the shrunken and death-stricken face of her old grandmother. Yet she did not care to stay in the streets, dimly lighted though they were, where she might be seen by any one who would jeer at her grief. When she had almost reached

Matthias's door she turned down stealthily along the low passage, which led beneath his dwelling to the riverside.

The half-ruined landing-stage, which was lying in the moonlight, seemed to invite her to rest there a little while; and Carola sat down on a block of wood, round which still hung the frayed and ragged fragments of a cable, by which boats had once been moored. The night breeze blowing across the river came fresh and cool to her heated face. It was past midnight, and the full moon was rising into the sky, and sending a flickering rack of glistening ripples up to her feet. There was a gentle lapping of the water against the landing-stage, which had a lulling and soothing sound.

A good many vessels lay at anchor higher up the river, with lights burning fore and aft; and down east some ship in full sail was going out quickly with the tide. But there was scarcely a sound to be heard except the low swish of the water at her feet. A few soft little clouds followed in the wake of the moon, all tinted with golden light; and the rest of the summer sky was scattered over with dim stars. They looked to Carola like eyes heavy with sleep, that could keep watch no longer, like her own.

She might have dozed a few minutes; but suddenly she woke up, and saw a boat passing across the long line of light across the river. It looked black against the silvery moonlight. There were two men standing up in it, and their dusky forms swayed to and fro in a fierce struggle. Carola sat still and looked on, as she had often gazed as a spectator on a street fight. The boat crossed the light and drifted on into the darkness, but having once seen it she could still see it, though indistinctly.

In a minute or two one of the black figures disappeared, whether into the boat or water she could not tell. Only one man stood there, where two had been a moment before; but no shout or cry broke the stillness of the night. The man who was left took up an oar and paddled back up the river, passing her so closely and so slowly that she could plainly see who it was.

"Why, that's George Bassett!" she said to herself, drawing back a little into the deeper shadows of the thick timber. He had been haunting her footsteps of late, and she did not like him; she would not have him find here there for worlds. As soon as he was fairly past she crept silently along the passage and into the open street.

(To be continued.)

CONSPIRATORS FOILED.

S. S. Lesson for March 1, Acts 23: 17-35. Golden Text, Isa. 54: 17. By Mrs. M. Baxter.

Paul Appeals to the Chief Captain—His Nephew Kindly Received—The Captain's Letter to Felix—Paul's Journey in the Night—A Common Difficulty—The Meaning of Chastisements—Paul's Course—Felix Receives him.

ON hearing from his nephew of the conspiracy against his life, Paul was at no loss what to do. A man who is guided by God does not lose time in fruitless mental calculations how to act for the best. Had he depended solely on his own reason, he might have weighed the chances whether it were better to throw himself upon the chief captain, on the chance of his believing the story brought by his nephew, or whether it were better to attempt to make his escape, or whether it were better to rouse the community of the believers on his behalf. God showed him the best thing to do, and he did it. He called one of the centurions, and besought him to bring his nephew to the chief captain who had shown himself to be a man of such unswerving justice and impartiality. How did he know that the centurion would notice the request of a prisoner? Just because God would not mislead him, and equally he knew that God would watch over the interview of his nephew with Claudius Lysias. And so it was. The centurion did his best; the chief captain took the young man "by the hand, and went with him aside pri-

vately, and asked him, What is that thou hast to tell me?" With the utmost fearlessness and straightforwardness the young man told the facts without any coloring. Apparently the conspirators were already at the prison gates, for the young man said, "Now are they ready, looking for a promise from thee." There was great ingenuitiveness in the way in which he lad told the chief captain of the plot which was brewing. "The Jews have agreed to desire thee that thou wouldest bring down Paul to-morrow into the council, as though they would inquire somewhat of him more perfectly. But do not thou yield unto them." Bold words! but the frankness and perfect good faith answered to the truthfulness of his own upright character. "The chief captain then let the young man depart, and charged him, See thou tell no man that thou hast shewed these things to me."

Was it worth while for him to take any steps for the safety of Paul? the man was of no note politically, nor yet as a military man. All this was true, but

GOD WAS WORKING

behind the scenes, and He made Paul to be of such worth in the eyes of this heathen man that he gave him a body-guard equal to that of a prince. "He called unto him two centurions, saying, Make ready two hundred soldiers to go to Casarea, and horsemen threescore and ten, and spearmen two hundred, at the third hour of the night; and provide them beasts, that they may set Paul on, and bring him safe unto Felix the governor." There is no doubt Paul had prayed for this man. Of his own safety he was assured by the word of the Lord; he had no need to ask for that; but the soul of a man who had dealt so fairly and righteously with him was of no small value in his eyes. The chief captain no doubt felt the power of a man in whom God dwelt. He had been present when Paul had told of his conversion, and the clear, true ring of his personal testimony must have been in strong contrast both to the paganism in which he had been brought up and also to the Judaism which prevailed around him. As an impartial witness, it was easy for him to see the jealousy with which the Jews regarded him. He saw very clearly how matters stood, and was determined that the holy man, who was condemned by the ignorant superstition and prejudice of those less righteous than he, should be rescued from their hands, and have at least the benefit of justice. We are not told that this man subsequently became converted, but it would be hard to think he was not.

With the four hundred and seventy men who formed Paul's body-guard, Claudius Lysias sent a letter to THE GOVERNOR,

which ran thus: "Claudius Lysias unto the most excellent governor Felix sendeth greeting. This man was taken of the Jews, and should have been killed of them; then came I with an army, and rescued him, having understood that he was a Roman. And when I would have known the cause wherefore they accused him, I brought him forth into their council; whom I perceived to be of question of their law, but to have nothing laid to his charge worthy of death or of bonds. And when it was told me how that the Jews laid wait for the man, I sent straightway to thee, and gave commandment to his accusers also to say before thee what they had against him. Farewell." Thus Paul travelled to Antipatris, about twenty-five or thirty miles during the night; and then, having left him in care of seventy horsemen who were to accompany him to the end of the journey, the four hundred soldiers turned back.

The forty men who had sworn his death were thus defeated in their sinful purpose, and the designs of God were receiving further development. Paul was continually coming into fuller possession of his inheritance as a servant of the Lord. "No weapon that is formed against thee shall prosper; and every tongue that shall rise against thee in judgment thou shalt condemn. This is the heritage of the servants of the Lord, and their righteousness is of me, saith the

Lord." It is not that the children of God have any intrinsic virtue which acts as a charm against evil, but that the Lord is our Shield, as we accept Him to be so, coming between us and evil. It is a common difficulty

HOW TO RECONCILE

submission to the will of God, with asking for and claiming deliverance from evil. In the Lord's Prayer we are taught to pray, "Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven," and at the same time "deliver us from evil." While we believe that God is equally the Author of good and of evil, we are endlessly confused between these two things. But when we see that "every good gift and every perfect gift is from above" (James 1: 17), and that it is Satan who brings about evil, although always subject to God, we have the true solution of the difficulty. The will of God is never evil, but always "good, acceptable and perfect" (Rom. 12: 2). God never calls upon us to call evil good or good evil. In the longest enumeration of evils which we have in the Bible (Deut. 28.), God calls them all curses, whether vexation, rebuke, pestilence, war, famine, sickness, bereavement, loss of property, or other evils—all these things are curses, the fruit of sin which Satan introduced into the world. How, then, shall we pray "Thy will be done," if this work be Satan's work? Here comes in the teaching of chastisement [education, see Gr.]. God's education is to drive us to Himself. Evil is evil; Paul called infirmity by no other name, but yet rejoiced in it that the power of Christ might rest upon him (II Cor. 12: 9). And again and again the power of Christ did rest upon him, delivering him from stoning, from prison, from the mob at Jerusalem, from the viper in Melita. It is just when we recognize with joyfulness

GOD'S RIGHT TO TRY US,

and therefore pray "Thy will be done," that God shows us the love there is in His will and how His will is our deliverance. He makes "all things work together for good to them that love God" (Rom. 8: 28); that love Him enough to trust Him, and rest in Him, and count upon Him, and who give up trying to help themselves, because help enough is laid "upon One that is mighty." That submission is not sitting down under a trial and trying to make the best of it, but it consists in handing over ourselves and our trials to God, for Him to bring His best out of them. Thus real submission comes to be that which Peter teaches, "Humble yourselves, therefore, under the mighty hand of God, that He may exalt you in due time; casting all your care on Him, for He careth for you" (I Pet. 5: 6, 7.)

This was just what Paul had done. When the Spirit witnessed in every city that bonds and afflictions abode him, he did not hesitate for a moment to take them from the hands of God, neither dealing with the things, nor with the enemy of his soul who would attempt to overthrow his confidence in God's love by them. "None of these things move me," he said; "I am ready not to be bound only, but also to die at Jerusalem for the name of the Lord Jesus." And yet when the Lord made a way of escape, Paul always accepted it from Him, rejoicing in the trial that God might glorify Himself in the deliverance. Now he was

A PRISONER

in the very city which he had visited on his way to Jerusalem; he had many friends there, but he knew not whether he should see them. This, however, he did know, that he was in the will of God, that the things which happened unto him were for the furtherance of the Gospel (Phil. 1: 12), and that for such an object he was equally ready to live or to die.

The soldiers delivered up their prisoner with the chief captain's letter to Felix, who, when he had read it, asked Paul of what province he was. "And when he understood that he was of Cilicia; I will hear thee, said he, when thine accusers are also come. And he commanded him to be kept in Herod's judgment hall."

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AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES.

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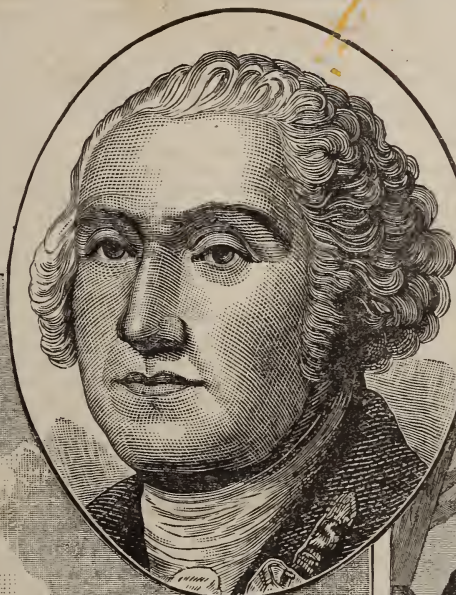
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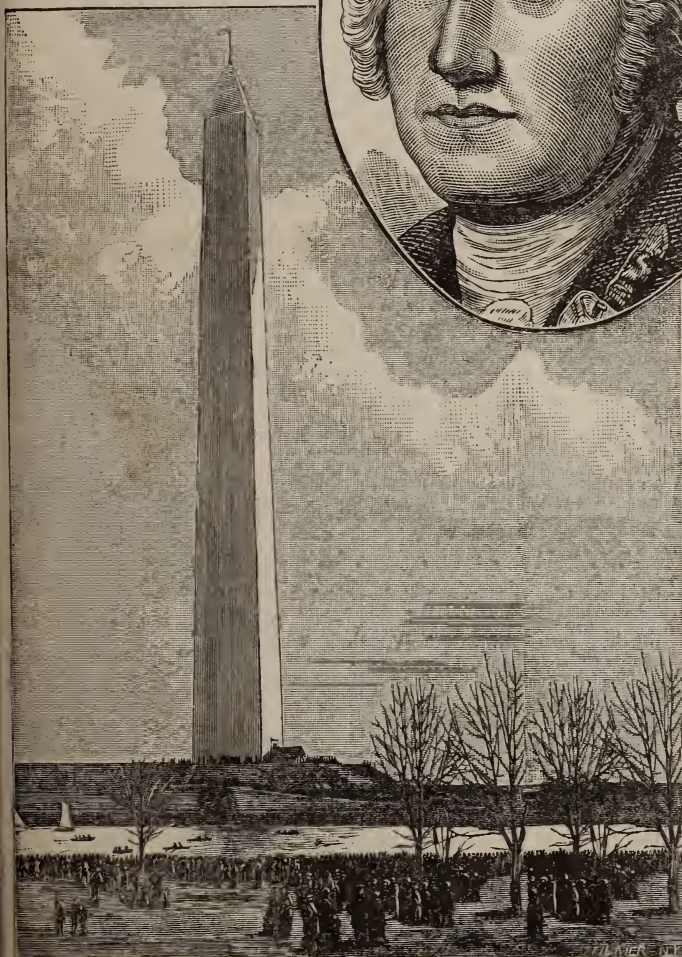
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GEORGE WASHINGTON First President of the United States—The Monument dedicated last Saturday.

GEORGE WASHINGTON,

The Father of his Country.

IN giving pictures of the monument inaugurated last Saturday to the memory of Washington, we also give a vignette representing the noble yet familiar features of our national hero. It would be an insult to our readers to give here a sketch of that life so full of brilliant achievements, of wise conduct and devoted patriotism. Every citizen who has learned to read, and even those who have never mastered that art, are familiar with all the details of Washington's life. Very rightly, the children in our schools are taught from the first to know and reverence his character. They have followed his footsteps from his cradle, know well the incident of the cherry tree, and are taught to admire the boy "who could not tell a lie." They have learned all about his private life in manhood, his piety and integrity, and unflinching firmness in all cases in which truth and honesty and the right were involved. His speeches have been learned by heart, and his public career is the very commencement and foundation of historical education. The books in which our greatest writers have told the heroic story are in every home, and their words live in all our memories. The founder of the nation, or, as we love to call him, "the Father of his Country," was a man too noble, too worthy in every way of our deepest respect and veneration to be an unknown man to the humblest and most ignorant among us. We therefore refrain from printing here the well-worn story.

The last word about Washington has not, however, been spoken. It is pleasant to find that the grandeur of his character is coming to appreciation outside the borders of the land in which he built the foundations of a mighty nation. Within the last few days the foremost of England's statesmen, the prime-minister of the nation which Washington humiliated, and the suffocating grip of which he shook off the throat of his beloved land, has written a touching eulogium on the character of America's national hero. Mr. Gladstone is a man of profound scholarship, and his learning and literary powers are admitted by men who distrust his statesmanship. Probably no living Englishman is better fitted to judge impartially of the merits of an historical character or one whose opinion of true greatness is better entitled to respect.

THE HIGHEST PEDESTAL.

Mr. Gladstone, writing of Washington, says: "When I first read in detail the Life of Washington, I was profoundly impressed with the moral elevation and greatness of his character, and I found myself at a loss to name among the statesmen of any age or country many, or possibly any, who could be his rival. In saying this I mean no disparagement to the class of politicians, the men of my own craft and cloth, whom, in my own land, and my own experience, I have found no less worthy than other men of love and of admiration. I could name among them those who seem to me to come near even to him. But I will shut out the last half century from the comparison. I will then say that if, among all the pedestals supplied by history for public characters of extraordinary nobility and purity, I saw one higher than all the rest, and if I were required at a moment's notice to name the fittest occupant for it, I think my choice, at any time during the last forty-five years, would have lighted, and it would now light, upon Washington."

Such a eulogium is fitly acknowledged by Mr. Evarts, Senator-elect of New York, in these words: "The supremacy of the character and fame of Washington, which Mr. Gladstone assigns to him, has been accorded by the most eminent statesmen, historians, and orators of England, from the time of his contemporaries to the present day. Indeed, the judgment of all Europe is scarcely less general or less exalted in its homage. In our own country this supremacy of Washington has been most clearly demonstrated and illustrated by those most competent to weigh and measure the true elements

of human greatness, and most conversant with the whole public and private conduct of his illustrious life. The value to the history and permanence of our political institutions of the immense influence of this majestic life cannot be exaggerated. Other nations are ready to accept, with us, the impressive sentiment of Fisher Ames, that 'Washington changed mankind's ideas of political greatness.'"

Well is it for us as a nation that, looking back through our history to the great figure that stands at its source, we see a man noble in the highest sense of the word. Not a man ambitious, grasping for personal power, eager to raise himself to a throne, intriguing for his own advancement, but a man unselfish, patriotic, veracious, and, above all, fearing God and living in His sight. May our statesmen be brought to a closer study of his life and a determination to forget self, as he did, and labor patriotically for the public weal.

THE WASHINGTON MONUMENT.

It has long been a reproach to us as a people that no fitting monument exists in the land to "the Father of his Country." Happily that reproach can no longer bring a blush to the cheek of patriotic citizens. The monument inaugurated last week with imposing ceremonies has no equal in the world. It rears its head far above any structure ever erected by man. Even in its defects it is appropriate. It lacks ornament, and it is ungraceful, but it is gigantic, massive, and severely plain. Fit memorial of the man whose virtues have endeared his memory to the hearts of the nation he founded. Not by showy accomplishments, not by the graces of oratory, not even by military genius is he chiefly remembered and honored. It is George Washington, the plain, simple, honest, unpretending patriot, ready to do and die for his country, seeking no honor for himself, satisfied if his country was liberated and its freedom established on a firm basis, even though he might be unhonored and forgotten—it is George Washington, the man of rugged virtue and inflexible principle, that we honor, and it is fitting that the monument, which will speak to all the world of his country's gratitude, should be such as it is.

As will be seen from the picture on the first page, the monument is a simple shaft of gigantic proportions. Its height is five hundred and fifty-five feet, which is thirty feet higher than the famous spire of the Cathedral of Cologne in Germany. That, however, is only the measurement from the top of the base. Reckoning from the foundation to the top of the obelisk, the height is five hundred and ninety-two feet. The base of the obelisk is fifty-five feet one and a half inches square, and the walls fifteen feet thick. At the top of the obelisk, five hundred feet from the base, where the pyramidal top begins, the size has tapered to thirty-four feet five and a half inches square, with the walls eighteen inches thick.

A peculiar feature is the shining point of aluminium at the top of the capstone. This newly-discovered metal was selected for its comparative freedom from oxidation, as well as its value as a conductor of electricity in its use as a lightning conductor. It is secured by a wrought copper rod leading down through the centre of the capstone, and connects below with each of the four columns that form the elevator frame in the main shaft. At the base of the monument these leaders are conducted to the well beneath the centre of the foundation, thus forming the most perfect electrical conductor known to science. The ceremony of placing the aluminium capstone on the summit is depicted on the first page.

THE TOTAL COST

of the monument has been \$1,130,000, of which \$900,000 was appropriated at various times by Congress, and \$230,000 the gifts of private citizens. The engineer to whom was committed the task of completing the monument is Colonel Thomas Lincoln Casey, whose untiring energy

and admirable skill have been signally displayed in the final consummation of the undertaking. It is gratifying to learn that, although the stupendous height of the structure rendered the operation of building unusually dangerous, there has not been a single life lost during the progress of the work.

THE HISTORY

of the structure is a remarkable one. The monument was first proposed in the Continental Congress. On August 7th, 1783, a resolution was passed unanimously, that "an equestrian statue of General Washington be erected at the place where the residence of Congress shall be established." The Congress also directed that the statue should be supported by a marble pedestal, on which should be represented four principal events of the Revolutionary War, in which he commanded in person. On the pedestal were to be engraved the following words:

"The United States, in Congress assembled, ordered this statue to be erected in the year of our Lord 1783, in honor of George Washington, the illustrious Commander-in-Chief of the Armies of the United States of America, during the war which vindicated and secured their liberty, sovereignty, and independence."

Ten years passed, and nothing was done toward executing the work ordered by the resolution. It was not until 1790 that "the residence of Congress" was fixed. When the city of Washington was finally planned, a site was reserved for the statue on a spot between the site of the White House and the Potomac. The commissioners duly notified Congress of their selection of the place, and the President—Washington himself—forwarded the report to Congress. He therefore was cognizant of the design and the place selected for the memorial. Three years later he died, and then Congress changed its mind about the statue, and appropriated \$200,000 to build a mausoleum for him. It was intended that the sarcophagus should be under the Capitol, and a place was reserved for it there. Madam Washington's consent was obtained, but without some reluctance on her part, but the body was never removed from Mount Vernon.

Half a century elapsed from the time the project first saw light, and still no practical steps had been taken. Several efforts, however, were made toward realizing the idea; among them was one by Mr., afterward President, Buchanan, who, on January 15th, 1824, moved a resolution in the House of Representatives calling for the appointment of a committee to take the matter in hand. But after debate the resolution was tabled, and for nine years more the project slumbered. An equestrian statue was at length executed in 1839 by Horatio Greenough, and placed in the public square fronting the Capitol. Mr. Everett pronounced it "one of the greatest works of sculpture of modern times," but his opinion has not been universally indorsed.

But this was not a national monument in the sense in which the people understood the words. In September, 1833, a meeting of the citizens of Washington was called to arrange for the erection of a really great monument, to be paid for by general subscription. The gifts were limited to one dollar each, and a Monument Association was formed to receive them. Judge Marshall was President and George Waterson was Secretary. In 1836 the subscriptions received amounted to \$28,000. The money was invested, and no further steps were taken. For another ten years the project lay dormant, but during that time the original sum was increased by the interest and new subscriptions. The committee had in hand in 1847 \$87,000, and then it was resolved to commence work. The site selected by Washington himself, in 1795, was formally granted for the purpose by Congress on January 31st, 1848, and five months later, on Independence Day of that year,

THE CORNER-STONE

was laid. The oration on that day was delivered by the Hon. Robert C. Winthrop, then Speaker of the House of Representatives. For

ix years the work went steadily forward; the monument reached the height of one hundred and seventy feet, and \$130,000 had been spent upon it. Then, as subscriptions had ceased to flow in, the work was suspended. Several efforts had been made to replenish the treasury of the committee. One of these was in 1852, when boxes were placed at the polls on the day of the Presidential election, and the money deposited therein was used for the fund. It was, however, completely exhausted in 1854. During the next few years, of course, nothing was one, the exciting political questions of the time, the gathering war-clouds, and finally the terrific struggle between North and South occupied all minds, and the scheme of the monument waited.

THE CENTENNIAL YEAR, however, revived interest in the work. As the people considered the event they were celebrating, and attention, released, after so long tension, on the absorbing question of national existence, reverted to that brave fight a century before, enthusiasm for the honored hero of the fight revived. Congress then lifted the matter out of the hands of the Association, and charged self with responsibility for the funds. An appropriation was made and the work recommenced. The foundations of the monument are strengthened and extended, a work which occupied four years for its accomplishment. At length, in 1886, the citizens of Washington saw the monument, so long an eyesore in its unfinished state, slowly rising toward completion. Finally, in November, 1884, the shining apex of aluminium was placed in position, and the exterior of the monument was complete. The interior of the structure will not be actually finished for two years yet. Iron stairways and sculptural ornamentation yet remains to be done there, but the exterior is now as it will be till the end of time.

One of the most interesting features of the interior are the blocks of stone sent, on the invitation of the Monument Association, by every state of the Union and by many foreign countries and cities. There are nearly one hundred of these blocks, many of them curious for their emblems or other inscriptions. Brigham Young sent one; one is from Braddock's field; one offesses to be from the ruins of the Alexandrian Library; one is from the "Merchants in China"; one is from a temple in Carthage, and one from the Government of Greece. These contributions, many of them highly polished and elegantly inscribed, make the monument a museum of mineralogical treasures.

Thus, after the vicissitudes of more than a hundred years, this generation sees the conception realized which Washington's contemporaries, and every generation which has succeeded them to the present, regarded as the proper expression of the homage of the nation to him who is seen, and still is, "first in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen."

THE STATUE IN WALL STREET, New York, erected on the spot where Washington was inaugurated first President of the United States, is the largest statue of him in the country. (A picture of the statue appears on page 141.) It is the work of John Q. A. Ward, is of light-colored bronze, and is of colossal size, being about thirteen feet six inches in height, and weighs sixty-five hundred pounds. The head is two feet in height and two feet broad, in extreme measurement. The extreme breadth of the statue is six feet. The pedestal which it stands is about six feet in height, and what may be called the rostrum, on which the pedestal is placed, is about seven feet above street-level. This and the pedestal were designed by Richard M. Hunt.

Washington, in the statue, is supposed to be the act of taking the oath of office. The left arm is slightly advanced and the right hand is extended. The left hand rests on the hilt of his sword. The figure is dressed in the costume of a period—open coat, long waistcoat, knee-

breeches and stockings, with low-cut shoes and buckles. Around the neck is the old-fashioned cravat. Frills are displayed at the shirt-front and ruffles at the wrist. The body is erect, and the head is held high. The features express calm dignity and power. To the right of the figure is a short column of fescues, on which rests an open Bible. A military cloak hangs from the left shoulder and partly conceals the left arm, affording a mass of drapery for a background.

The inscription, cut in large, plain letters on the rostrum face, is:

ON THIS SITE,
In the building then known as Federal Hall,
GEORGE WASHINGTON
Took the Oath of Office as First President of
THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA,
April 30th, A.D. 1789.

Altogether, the work cost about \$35,000, of which ninety per cent was subscribed by members of the Chamber of Commerce. The statue was cast by the Henry and Bonnard Bronze Manufacturing Company, of New York. Our illustration shows the statue, together with the memorial stone (surrounded by a railing) on which Washington stood when he took his first oath of office as President.

THE DYNAMITE EXPLOSION IN THE TOWER OF LONDON.

(See Illustration on page 140.)

BESIDE the explosion in the House of Commons on January 24th, described in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD last week, there was almost simultaneously an explosion in the Tower. A picture of this historic building as it appears from the river Thames appears on page 140.

The Tower of London is the oldest and most celebrated fortress in Great Britain, and its story is interwoven with every prominent event in the history of England for nearly a thousand years. Tradition has assigned the erection of the original tower to Julius Cæsar, and Shakespeare mentions it as having been current in his day. The oldest portion of the Tower of London now in existence, the isolated keep or donjon, which occupies the centre of the inclosure, and is known as the White Tower, is, however, not nearly so old as that. It was built by William the Conqueror in 1078. The fortress stands on Tower Hill, on the left bank of the Thames, a locality made historical by the number of executions which took place on the ground in ancient days. At this point the river Thames runs in a direction a little north of west, and forms the southern boundary of the fortifications. Starting from the river on either side of the fortress is a moat, which passes around the four land sides, making, with the river, a pentagonal piece of land above twelve acres in area, within which the fortifications are constructed. This moat is now converted into a garden, which blossoms with fragrant flowers in the summer, but the ditch can always be flooded, so that its original character as a means of defence is preserved.

On the inner side of the moat is a solid wall, varying in height from thirty to forty feet, and surmounted by towers which command every approach. At the south-west angle of the wall rises the Bell Tower. Just to the right of this, and opening upon the Thames, is the *Traitor's Gate*, beneath a wide arch, which was restored and rebuilt in 1866. This gate is now closed. It gained its name from the fact that prisoners of state taken to the Tower by water were admitted through its gloomy portals. Nearly opposite to the *Traitor's Gate* rises the *Bloody Tower*, in which were murdered by order of Gloster, afterward Richard III., the princes Edward V. and Duke of York, sons of King Edward IV.

In the *Bloody Tower* the crown jewels are now kept and exhibited to visitors. These include the crown made for the coronation of Charles II. and used since his time for the coronation of all of England's sovereigns; the crown made for the coronation of Queen Victoria,

which is a cap of purple velvet inclosed by hoops of silver and studded with a profusion of diamonds; the Prince of Wales's crown of pure gold unadorned by jewels; the Queen Consort's crown of gold set with diamonds and pearls; the Queen's diadem, made for the coronation of Maria d'Este, Queen of James II.; the royal sceptre; the great Koh-i-noor diamond, and a large collection of other costly jewels belonging to the crown of Great Britain.

The Tower has been in its history the prison of many illustrious captives. Some of them never left its portals until they left life also. Many were beheaded within its walls, and their bodies still lie mouldering in its soil. Among them are two wives of King Henry VIII., the unhappy Anne Boleyn, who was beheaded in 1536, and Queen Katherine Howard, beheaded in 1542; Sir Thomas More, whose head was posted on London Bridge; Thomas Cromwell, Earl of Essex; Margaret, Countess of Shrewsbury; Lady Jane Grey and her husband, Lord Guilford Dudley, beheaded in 1553; and a number of others who fell victims to the hatred or fear of the English monarchs of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries.

The explosion which occurred on January 24th took place while a party were being conducted round the White Tower. This ancient keep is divided into three flats, on the second of which is the chapel of St. John and the banqueting hall, now filled with arm racks containing many thousands of Martini Henry rifles. The hall above, known as the horse armory, contains the life-sized figures of mediæval knights on horseback, displaying the various types of armor of the period. Above the crash of broken glass, the cracking of roofs and floors, the knocking and cramming together of shattered stands of rifles, arose the screams and yells of visitors, more from fright than actual injury. Many, however, were badly cut by the broken glass. Every window, about sixty in all, was broken; those on the east side of the Tower, where the primary force was exercised, were shattered, though the sills were not blown out.

It is believed that the dynamite must have been placed by one of the visitors behind one of the rifle racks which stand at the distance of a few inches from the wall which divides the chapel from the banqueting-room.

The custodians of the Tower had the presence of mind to close the gates immediately after the explosion, and every person within the building was examined before being allowed to leave. Among those thus detained was the man Cunningham, whose false statements led to suspicion being excited, and further inquiries confirmed the belief that it was he who caused the explosion. He is now on his trial for high treason.

This dynamite conspiracy is one of the meanest, most dastardly developments of the Irish question. While every law-abiding citizen must condemn it, we cannot sympathize with the English Government as we should if its own hands were clean. The Parliament during the last fifty years has obstinately refused to redress the grievances of Ireland. English peers and capitalists have taken advantage of the imprudence and improvidence of the Irish people, and secured possession of the land, while the former owners and their dependents have been left to starve. The government has stood by and seen the people plundered, and has not protected them. Now the protests and respectful petitions, which the government and the Parliament refused to hear, have been taken up by desperate and wicked men, who, by outrages, are compelling public attention to the misery of their countrymen. The English nation is learning now the lesson, which all history teaches, that God still governs the world and will not allow oppression and misgovernment to go unpunished. The Bible proclaims it over and over again, the history of every nation in the world testifies to it, but the lesson was not heeded, and experience, the hardest of all teachers, has now taken the stand (Dan. 4: 27, 37).

ABOLITION OF SUNDAY.

Dr. Talmage's Sermon, Preached Last Sunday Morning, Feb. 22, 1885.

"Verily my Sabbaths ye shall keep."—Ex. 31: 13.

The Value of the Sabbath Acknowledged—True of Man—True of Beast—True of Machinery—Man a Seven-Day Clock—The Assault on the Sabbath—A Defence League Needed—Ten Thousand Voters to Influence Judges—The Assault of Secular Amusements—Sacred Concerts—A Sailor's Reply to a Captain—The Lord's Rights—The Parisian Sunday—A Christian Sunday—The Sabbath in the Mayflower—An Outrage on Employes—A War on our Political Institutions—The Commune Follows a Desecrated Sabbath—The Thermopylae of the Republic.

IN preaching this sermon, I remember that I am discoursing, in a brief series, upon what the evangelical churches believe: and I remember also that I am to join in the protest against that movement which would throw open all the liquor shops of Brooklyn on the Sabbath Day. Both promises I shall keep. While the evangelical denominations put especial emphasis upon the sanctity of the Sabbath, I am glad to know that

THE WISDOM OF RESTING

one day in the seven is almost universally acknowledged. Men have found out that they can do more work in six days than they can in seven. The world has found out that the fifty-two days of rest are not a subtraction, but an addition. It has been demonstrated in all departments. Lord Castlereagh thought he could work his brain three hundred and sixty-five days in the year, and he broke down and committed suicide; and Wilberforce said in regard to him: "Poor Castlereagh! this comes from non-observance of the Sabbath." A prominent merchant of New York said: "I should long ago have been a maniac but for the observance of the Sabbath." The nerves, the brain, the muscles, the bones, the entire physical, mental, and moral constitution cry out for Sabbath rest.

What is true of man is

TRUE OF BEAST,

Travellers have found that they come sooner to their destination if they stop one day in the seven. What is the matter of some of these horses attached to the street cars as the poor creatures go stumbling and staggering on? They are robbed of the Sabbath rest. In the days of old, when the sheep and the cattle were driven from the far West to the sea-coast, it was found out by positive test that those drovers got sooner to the seaboard who stopped one day in seven on the way. They came sooner to the seaboard than those who drove right on. The fishermen off the banks of Newfoundland have experimented in this matter, and they find that they catch more fish in the year when they observe the Sabbath than in the year when they do not observe the Sabbath.

TRUE OF MACHINES.

When I asked a Rocky Mountain locomotive engineer, as I was riding with him, "Why do you switch off your locomotive on a side track and take another?"—as I saw he was about to do—"it seems to be a straight route," he replied: "Oh, we have to let the locomotive stop and cool off, or the machinery would very soon break down!" The manufacturers of salt were told if they allowed their kettles to cool one day in seven they would have immense repairs to make; but the experiment was made, and the contrast came, and it was found that those manufacturers of salt who allowed the kettles to cool once a week had less repairs to make than those who kept the furnaces in full blast and the kettles always hot. What does all this mean? It means that intellectual man and dumb beast and dead machinery cry out for the Lord's day.

A manufacturer declared that the goods his men manufactured in the early part of the week and right after the Sabbath rest were always better than the goods manufactured in the latter part of the week and when his men were tired. The Sabbath comes, and it soothes the nerves,

and it puts out the fires of anxiety which have burned all the week. The fact is, *we are seven-day clocks*, and we have to be wound up once a week or we will run down into the grave.

THE SABBATH IS A SAVINGS BANK

into which we gather up our resources of physical and mental strength to draw on all the week. That man gives a mortgage to disease and death who works on the Sabbath, and at the most unexpected moment the mortgage will be foreclosed and the soul ejected from the premises. Every gland, every cell, every globule, every finger-nail, cry out: "Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy!"

THE SABBATH IN BUSINESS.

A London banker says: "I came to London thirty years ago, and I have had a great deal of observation, and I have noticed that the bankers who went to their places of business on the Sabbath, and attended to affairs, and settled up their accounts, failed, and without one exception." A Boston merchant says: "I have observed a long while, and I have noticed when out on the Long Wharf merchants kept their men busy loading vessels on Sunday, and at work from morn until night on the sacred day. I noticed all those merchants came to nothing, and their children came to nothing." "Gentlemen," said a merchant, although he is a man of the world—"gentlemen, *it don't pay to work on Sunday*."

THE ASSAULT ON THE SABBATH.

While the flail and the axe and the yardstick have not been able to destroy the Sabbath, and the vast majority of people, from sanitary reasons, have about concluded it is best to rest on the Sabbath, there is an attempt to destroy the Lord's day, on one side by the grog-shops, and on the other side by secular amusements. We have a law in this State most positively forbidding the sale of intoxicating drinks on the Sabbath day. That law is every Sabbath broken. Some say: "Let it be repealed—a law on the statute book not executed, better drive out the law." Instead of that we say we want the law to continue on the statute book, and *we mean to have it executed*. There are three thousand liquor-dealers in Brooklyn banded together to put down this law, and they are moving upon the State Legislature, and they propose to have that law broken down and cast out from the statute book.

When one of our reformers comes up before a justice of the peace and reports some of these Sabbath-breakers, the justice of the peace looks over, and in almost every case excuses the criminal. Why? Because he knows there are three thousand liquor-dealers in Brooklyn who have their eyes on him, and they will remember it at the next election. Now, what we want is, on the other hand, to have ten thousand good, honest, upright citizens banded together in some excise league, demanding the execution of the law, so when a justice of the peace with the criminal before him remembers there are three thousand liquor-sellers who want him to discharge the criminal, he will have a vivid remembrance at the same time of the ten thousand honest citizens who demand the execution of the law; and these reformers who have been roughly jostled and caricatured and kicked out will be differently treated in times that are to come from the way they have been treated in the times that are past.

TIME FOR A LEAGUE.

Take the Sixteenth Ward of Brooklyn. In that Sixteenth Ward, six churches, two public schools, five breweries, three hundred and twenty-three liquor saloons. Out of the three hundred and twenty-three liquor saloons in the Sixteenth Ward, how many observe the Sabbath law? One! and three hundred and twenty-two are this moment breaking it. What a state of things that is for the City of Churches! All these mouths of hell this moment open, breathing death and destruction upon this city of Brooklyn. I say it is time for all good citizens, whether they are temperance men or not—it is time for all honest citizens, and all men who

have a pride in their homes, to rise up and put down this infamous business, at any rate one day of the week. Certainly, if they have full swing Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, and Saturday, they ought to give us at least one day of rest from this awful evil which is abroad amid the nations.

Oh, to many of our citizens the best day is the worst day! They get their salaries, and they get their wages on Saturday night, and they get their wages on these places, and the which ought to have gone for the livelihood of the family goes for their own destruction. Where are you, the men who deal in cloth and hosiery and hardware and groceries, who are you who sell bread and shoes, that you should bow down to the liquor traffic? Your places of business closed up to-day, theirs open. Will you take off your hat to them? Is their business better than yours? Why should the law give especial privilege to these men who are trafficking in the bodies and souls of men? If a baker should se bread he would be very apt to be arrested. It is not safe to have loaves of bread going through the streets on Sundays. If a man should se shoes and boots it would be a very dangerous thing; he might be arrested. But all these places open on the Sabbath. If the front door is not open the back door is open. Now, I tell you, fellow-citizens, there is something awful wrong in this town when such things are allowed. Then, there is an effort being made by

SECULAR AMUSEMENTS

to destroy our Sabbaths. In many of the cities all the or nearly all the places of theatrical or operatic entertainment are open. There are thousands of pens busy trying to write down a Christian Sabbath, and it is a question whether we are going to have pluck and grit and com cration enough to hand down to our children the Sabbath we got from our ancestors.

I am opposed to all these invasions of the Sabbath because they run against the divine ena ment. God says: "If thou turn away thy fr from doing thy pleasure on my holy day, th shalt walk upon the high places." What d He mean by "doing thy pleasure"? He me secular amusements. A man was telling how he was afflicted when during the time an earthquake he heard the bellowing of cattle in the field, and even the barnyard f screamed in horror. I tell you that it was time of earthquake, and when the mounta were full of fire, that God sent forth the ent ment: "Remember the Sabbath day to keep holy," the agonies of nature emphasizing divine injunction.

"Oh," says some one, "we ought to have these grave in other cities—we ought to h those grand

SACRED CONCERTS!"

I saw a man who had seen one of these gr sacred concerts. He said interspersed amid music they had a dance and a tight-rope w and a trapeze performance. I suppose it w holy dance and a consecrated tight rope. not know about that, but I am certain it w "grand sacred concert." Oh, will a man God? Yes, he will; and every place of sec amusement that is open on Sabbath in any is grand larceny against the Lord God Almi The sailor was right. The captain discha all his crew because they would not wor Sabbath when they were in port. The cap went out to get another crew. He said to man: "I should like to have you on my sh The man said: "I should like to be employ "Will you work on Sunday?" "No," he not?" "Because a man that will rob God mightily will cheat me out of my wages."

Oh, have you ever looked at

THE MEANNESS OF THE DESECRATION of the Sabbath? Suppose you were a poor n and went to a dry-goods merchant, and begged for some articles of clothing, an should say to you, "I will give you nov yards of cloth," and while he goes off at one of the counter to bind up the six yards of c you slip in behind the counter and steal and

yard. That is what every man does when he breaks the Sabbath. God gives us six days, and we want to steal the other.

"Oh," says some, "haven't you any regard for the people's rights?" Yes, I believe in the people having their rights, but *has not the Lord any rights?* You govern your family, and the governor rules the State, and the President rules the United States. Do you really think the Lord Almighty, who made the heavens and the earth, has a right to rule the universe? Had He a right to make the enactment, "Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy"? There is no higher court than that. I declare it now, in the presence of all the people, whether it be a popular or an unpopular thing to say, the people have no rights except those which the Lord God Almighty gives them.

I am opposed to all these infractions of the Sabbath because they are attempting to introduce in this country

THE PARISIAN SUNDAY.

Suppose now while I am speaking you should hear the gun of a foreign ship coming up the harbor. Suppose a bombshell should be thrown from a foreign frigate into this city. How soon the Tabernacle would be cleared, and we would be all ready for the contest, and where there was a gun it would be brought into requisition, and all the ships in the Navy Yard would be swung from their anchorage, and we would all be ready to confront such a foreign enemy. Now, they are trying to introduce into this country the Parisian Sabbath. How do you like it? Ye who were born under the shadow of the Adirondacks or the Catskills—ye who were born on the banks of the Tennessee or the Savannah, how would you like to have the Parisian Sunday introduced into this country?

We say to all who come from other lands, Come, come. I would have all the gates of the continent swung open. I would have the gates of San Francisco swung open toward Asia, and the gates of the Atlantic swung open toward Europe. If next year there should come eight hundred thousand from foreign lands, I would say, Let them come. You have not been to Texas, you have not been to Oregon if you are afraid. If you have any idea of the vast reaches of this country yet unoccupied, you are willing they shall come, and the more that come the better. But among those people who will come there is a division, the same as among people in this country—the law-abiding and the law-breakers. The law-abiding people, we want them to come. The law-breakers we do not want them. We do not want the monarchies of Europe. We do not want the Parisian Sunday. We do not want the Brussellian Sunday or the Dresdenian Sunday. We want to keep the quiet of our Christian Sabbath.

I was awakened in Paris by a great racket in the street, and I rushed to the window to see what was the matter. I said to some one: "What is the matter?" I said to another, "What is the matter?" "Oh," they replied, "it is Sunday!" Sunday! All the vehicles rushing hither and thither. People talking at the height of their voices and in the most boisterous manner. The *Champs Elysées* one great mass, one great mob of pleasure-seekers. Balloons flying; parrots chattering; footballs rolling; Punch and Judy shows in scores of places, each with a shouting audience; hand-organs and cymbals and all styles of racket musical and unmusical. Sunday! Sunday! And then as the day passed on toward night I stood and saw the excursionists come home, fagged-out men, women, and children, a great Gulf Stream of fatigue and irritability and wretchedness. A drunken Fourth of July instead of a Christian Sunday. How would you like to have such a Sunday as that in this country?

Compare it with

THE CHRISTIAN SABBATH

in one of our best cities. At day-dawn a holy silence comes down. The business man tarries longer on the pillow because there are no store doors to open, no hard work to be engaged in.

The family tarry longer around the table. There is no rushing off to business. After awhile there is a song sung. After awhile there is a prayer offered, and after awhile, about ten o'clock, there is a long procession churchward, and there they praise God for His goodness, and they contribute to the poor, the suffering, and the wandering. Which Sunday do you like the best?

THE SABBATH BOAT.

I will tell you in which boat the Sabbath came to this country, and in which boat it will go out. The Sabbath came to this country in the Mayflower, and if it ever leaves, if the Sabbath ever leaves this country, it will go in the ark that floats above a deluge of a destroyed nation. If you have ever been in Brussels or in Paris on the Sabbath day it requires no great persuasion for me on my part to get you to pray morning, noon, and night that such a Sabbath may never come to this country.

Then it is such

AN OUTRAGE ON EMPLOYÉS.

Where do these bartenders get their Sunday? Do they get any more wages? No. The breaking down of Sunday, what does it mean? It means that a few men who toil shall toil seven days and get no more than they get for six. Then there are all the employés of the opera houses and the theatres—the scene-shifters, the ballet-dancers, the call-boys, the supernumeraries, making up thousands and thousands in this country. Where are they going to get their Sunday? You see them on the stage, with the tinsel and the tassels and the halberds, or you see them in gauze whirling in the toe tortures, and they seem queens or fairies; but after twelve o'clock at night see them going along the street in faded dress, shivering and cold and hungry, to their garrets or their cellars. It means that these people shall have no rest for the body and no rest for the soul. When you talk about opening places of secular amusement on the Sabbath, while there may be people outside of such establishments who are wanting them, there are many of these employés who are practically praying, "O God, let the crushing Juggernaut stop one day in seven!" It is a swindling process upon employés. It is a proposition to give no Sabbath to thousands and thousands and thousands of people in this country.

Then all these movements are

A WAR UPON OUR POLITICAL INSTITUTIONS.

When the Sabbath goes down the Republic goes down. Dissoluteness is inconsistent with self-government. Sabbath-breaking is dissoluteness. What is the matter with republicanism in Italy and in Spain? No Sabbath. What is the matter with republicanism in France? France got a republic, but one day the modern Napoleon rode through the *Champs Elysées*, and the republic went down under the clattering hoofs. France has a republic again, but how often it quakes from end to end, and one of the Commune has only just to plaster an insurgent advertisement against a stone wall, and all France is aquake and in fear of revolution that is to come. France will never have any quiet, happy, and permanent republic until she quits her roystering Sabbaths and recognizes God and sacred things. Abolish the Sabbath, and then you have

THE COMMUNE IN AMERICA.

Abolish the Sabbath, and then you have revolution, and then you have the sun of prosperity going down in darkness and in blood. May the Lord God of Lexington and Bunker Hill and Gettysburg avert the catastrophe! O men and women who believe in Christian things, O men and women in favor of popular liberty, stand in solid phalanx in this Thermopylæ of our national history, for as certainly as I stand here and you sit there, the triumph or overthrow of republican institutions in this country will be decided in this Sabbatic contest.

Rally your voices, your pens, your printing-presses and all your influence in the Lord's artillery corps in behalf of the Christian Sabbath. Decree before high heaven that the Sabbath

which you received from your ancestors shall go down undamaged to your children. For those who die battling in this contest we will chisel the epitaph: "These are they who came out of great tribulation, and had their robes washed and made white in the blood of the Lamb." But for that man who proves recreant to the cause of God and his country in a crisis like this, there shall be no honorable epitaph, and he shall not be worthy of any burial-place in all this land, but perhaps some steam tug at midnight may take him out and drop him in the sea where the lawless winds which observe no Sunday may gallop over the grave of him who in life and death proved himself a traitor to the cause of God and American institutions. Long live the Christian Sabbath! Perish forever all attempt to overthrow it!

REMARKABLE FAITH-CURES.

A PECULIARLY interesting case, very distressing in its earlier features, and correspondingly joyful in its results, has been brought to our notice. We gladly publish the particulars. During the latter days of last month a gentleman residing at North Vineland, N. J., visited an adjoining town to make purchases for his household. A heavy affliction was preying upon his heart. His beloved wife had been for five months in a critical mental condition, the result of physical causes, and was rapidly becoming worse owing to insomnia. He was led to buy a copy of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, and read it on his way home. Providentially it was the number containing an account of the cure of an afflicted lady through faith and prayer, in which Captain Pennington was instrumental. The narrative inspired the distressed husband with hope, and he immediately wrote to Captain Pennington begging for his advice and his prayers. "My dear young wife," wrote the husband, "suffers greatly in mind, and we have tried doctors of different schools and medicines, but without effect. Be so kind, Captain, as to pray that she may be restored to her mind again."

Captain Pennington replied on January 20th, quoting our Saviour's words on the gift of healing, and praying that upon her reading them the afflicted lady might receive healing for the mind and conversion for the soul through faith. There was no doubt in the mind of the writer, and he was therefore not surprised when, on February 7th, he received the news of the lady's complete recovery. It was told in three letters—one from the lady herself, the second from her husband, and the third from a lady residing in the same house who witnessed the malady and its removal. Peace and rest and joy in the Lord have succeeded a mental distraction so fierce that the sufferer and those about her were led to believe that she was the victim of demoniacal possession.

A brother said recently at Bethshan: "It is twenty years since my health failed, through BLOOD-POISONING."

From 1864 to 1874 I tried to continue my work in spite of bad health. At last I became so much worse that I consulted a physician in Manchester. At this time I had become so distressed in body and soul that I would spend days and nights in weeping, sitting over the fire with one thought—that of self-destruction—continually before me. The doctor ordered me to take a voyage to Australia. I obeyed his order, but was no better on my return. A second time I made the voyage to Australia, but only grew worse. While away, I lay for exactly twelve months in a hospital. I did return, however, in 1879, but was no better than when I first left home in 1875. Then for a long time I tried one means of cure after another, but with no result. At last I went to a testimony meeting, and there heard people tell how they sought Jesus in their distress, and had been delivered. I thought the Lord surely could not, and would not, find in His heart to turn such a one as me away. I then found I could raise enough shillings to take me to 161, Islington, Liverpool, where I went, and was healed.

THE COMING REVOLUTION IN ENGLAND.

By Rev. M. Baxter.

As chroniclers of passing events, we cannot omit to notice the great political revolution which is slowly and surely being prepared by Democracy in Britain. We have now for twenty years maintained by voice and pen that before the end of the nineteenth century Britain will, according to Scripture prophecy, be revolutionized by a red communistic convulsion, exceeding in violence the French Revolution. As the chief violence of the French Revolution was from 1789 to 1796, so the chief coming Great Revolution will be one hundred years later, about the period

1889 to 1896.

The Land League agitation in Ireland, which has now spread to some parts of Scotland, is one commencement of it, and Mr. Chamberlain's recent announcement* that the Radical programme is to apply the new Irish Land Act in due time to the whole of England, and extensive land reforms are to be introduced, indicates extensive changes in the future, which will cause a great commotion. It is a startling fact that Mr. Chamberlain is most likely to succeed Mr. Gladstone on his retirement or death, and thus Britain may soon have a Prime Minister who is pronounced by even some Liberal journals to be more or less an advocate of Communism.

At first sight, the plan of confiscating excessive accumulations of land, or other property, especially that which has been dishonestly acquired, and giving it to the State or community for the benefit of the people, seems very plausible, for when two infants are born in a parish, why should one inherit all the land without doing a stroke of work, and the other be condemned to work hard all his life on starvation wages, through no fault of his own? The theory that both being brought into existence by the same Creator should therefore share and share alike the produce of the land seems more just and fair than that a monopoly of wealth should be dealt out to one and of misery to the other.

Why, for example, should Lord Dudley inherit coal mines and land producing him *five thousand dollars* a day, while colliers have to slave all the week to get the coal out of those mines and enable him to realize that wealth, for doing which work they receive less than one dollar a day? It would certainly seem fairer to insist that they should have a larger share of the produce of their own labor. They have, in fact, been robbed for years of part of their just wages, although competition has forced them to accept less wages than was their proper share.

Justice would seem reasonably to suggest that great landowners and capitalists, whose property has come to them by Court favoritism, or monopolies, or inadequate payment of their workmen, or gambling speculation, or who have used that wealth for selfish indulgence, instead of the good of their fellow-creatures, ought to have their wealth taken from them, and be compelled to take off their coats, and for the first time in their lives do an honest day's work for their living. They might raise the cry of "robbery," but it is they who have robbed their fellow-creatures of their just dues.

The difficulty, however, is to keep the system of just confiscation within reasonable bounds. When once commenced, it will never stop. The French Revolution of 1792 began with a hopeful reformation of existing abuses, but it soon degenerated into riots, tumults, and sanguinary conflicts, and finally cruel tyranny of bloodthirsty mobs. This is just what will be repeated in Britain and Europe during the next few years. Therefore it would be better on the whole for things to remain as they are, for it would be the less of the two evils. But we already see the revolution commencing, and every succeeding year will mark its onward progress.

We may add that the startling political pro-

gramme announced by Mr. Chamberlain is regarded by many newspapers as indicating momentous changes. The *Daily Telegraph*, which is one of the organs of Mr. Chamberlain's party, says his proposal to apply the Irish Land Act to England, is an *announcement, the importance of which can hardly be exaggerated*. The *Standard* says it indicates that capitalists as well as large landowners will presently be dispossessed of their accumulated wealth. All agree with the correctness of his statement, that the result of the Franchise Bill is that, "For good or for evil, Democracy has established itself in the seat of authority, and the government of the many will be substituted for the government of the few."

NAPLES AFTER THE CHOLERA.

A CHRISTIAN lady in Naples recently spent a day in visiting the poor who live in the quarters in which cholera did its most fatal work last fall. Her guide was Mr. Jones, an active Christian worker who has established a mission in the city. The following extracts are from a letter in which she describes the scenes she witnessed in the course of her exploration:

"We left the carriage at Bassoporto, as the streets after that were too narrow to allow it to pass, and Mr. Jones and I made our way through Purgatorio, Sedile del Pomo, Orifici, Pendino, Bassa Mercati, Divino Amore, La Giudica, or Jews' quarter, all historical names, which, with the aspect of the streets, seemed to transport one back into the middle ages; the massive arched entrances into the old Pallayos, which could easily withstand a raid of Saracen pirate fleets, the funny little shops all along the ground floors, each street occupied by one trade as in the times of the ancient trades guilds. The Orifici consists of several streets with a pretty little square in the centre, entirely devoted to the manufacture of pearl jewels for the contadine, or peasant woman.

"The Bassa Mercati is a narrow street swarming with life, and continually traversed overhead by arches to prevent the houses from falling against each other. Here there are little dens of shops where they sell pieces of rich old silks and brocades, embroideries and lace, for altars and priests' garments. It is only the central street of each quarter which contains these shops. The side and cross-streets are beyond description squalid and depressing; some were so narrow that two foot-passengers must go sideways to pass each other. After going through them it seemed quite cheery to come out into the street leading to the Divino Amore, entirely occupied by the workshops of the makers of church ornaments in gold and silver.

"I have dwelt on the local features of these quarters because the decree has gone forth to demolish these dens of picturesqueness and pestilence. In a few years they will be remembered only in name, and replaced by wide streets, up which the sea breezes can blow, and where we shall be blinded by the scorching, searching, wholesome sun. It was in the Pendino that during the worst days of cholera they could not bury the dead quickly enough, and they were piled at the corners of the streets. One day there were twelve hundred deaths, when the burial register only gave five hundred. It was here that the splendidly-made young marinari, boatmen and fishermen, gathered in from the Marinella, and walked the streets in religious procession all day, with naked feet, carrying heavy crosses of wood on their backs, and wearing crowns of thorns, the blood trickling down from temples and cheeks. The shops were shut, and the streets forsaken, except for some despairing woman, who would rush out, tearing her hair and weeping for children, uncomfortable because they were not.

"The first woman Mr. Jones took me to see lived up a narrow staircase of rough stone, worn into holes, sloping, and slippery with mud; half the width of each landing was occupied by the rubbish heaps swept out of the rooms opening on either side—heaps which made one hold

one's breath. On the fourth floor we turned into a room containing six beds. A little girl showed us with pride the clothes she wore, which were a gift from the Methodist Ladies' Sewing Society. A little crowd of poor, ill-fed women gathered round, and listened to the good and comforting words of Mr. Jones, addressed especially to one in bed whom he came to see.

"In visiting the next family, we entered by a cow byre, containing a brown and a white cow, evidently the important personages of the family; besides the cows there was a handsome young woman nursing a baby and a curly-headed child leaning against her knee—a living counterpart of so many pictures in Italian galleries of the stable at Bethlehem. Thence we went up to a second floor where were five beds, occupied by four families. The object of our visit was an old German lady in reduced circumstances. She and her family, consisting of her son, his Neapolitan wife, and seven children, rented the best corner of the room. One of the other three families, a husband and wife, were making cigarettes. I thought if some of the young loungers on the Chiaia, who were so terrified of cholera, could see where their cigarettes were made!

"Another family lived very high up; it was like going up a church tower. The last story overtopped the surrounding houses, and we looked over a tract of flat roofs, cut by what seemed narrow black ditches—these were the streets.

"In going from street to street, curiosity prompted me to peep into some of the dreadful *Fondacci*, courtyards surrounded by very high houses, the only access being a long, low, dank little tunnel. These places are very dark and dirty, the smells overpowering, and the dwellers there look at one with a kind of savage, sullen resentment. I do not wonder; it must seem to them a very offensive curiosity in prosperous people to come and spy out the nakedness of the land. I felt inclined to beg their pardon, and curb my exploring propensities.

"The aspect of the courtyard of one very high house I looked at haunts my memory. It was the size of a moderate-sized room. Half of it was occupied by the well, with a parapet round it, into which dangled six or seven ragged, knotted black ropes from the different stories, each story having its rope and bucket. The other half was a pool of green, stagnant, ill-smelling liquid, which one would have to cross to reach the foot of the common stair, which was built on arches open on one side, innumerable rooms opening on to it, and obtaining the only light they had from the staircase; and all the refuse thrown out of them falling into the well or the filthy pool which filled the rest of the court. It was almost like looking up the shaft of a mine to strain one's neck back to see the square patch of sky at the top.

"A woman passed me to go up the stairs—comely looking woman—with a face *perfectly clean*, though quite bloodless and hollow-eyed. She asked what I wanted. I said I was only looking at the house; but I knew there were tears in my eyes, for she gave such a sick, wilt smile as she looked all round, and realized the impression it made on me, and make a kind of hopeless wave of the hand and apologizing movement of the eyebrows, as if not to fail to do the honors of the place, such as it was. Mr. Jones spoke some kind words about the love of God brightening the darkest place. She looked all round it again with her wan, hopeless smile never speaking a word, and not looking much persuaded. I thought how loving Jesus was in beginning by relieving hunger and pain and deformity, and so winning the heart and converting the soul.

"The last of Mr. Jones's friends we visited lived on a fifth floor in a little upper chamber with some broken panes of glass in the window. She was a beautiful old woman, with delicately cut features, as white as marble on her pillow her splendid dark eyes dim from cataract, sh-

* See CHRISTIAN HERALD of Jan. 22, p. 56.

could only see us as moving shadows between her and the window. She had a broken leg, and lay on a mattress of vegetable hair, all worn into bumps and hollows. She also had seen better days, and spoke beautiful Tuscan Italian. She expressed herself with passionate eloquence as she reiterated her faith in Jesus as her only Saviour; the soul's life and fire seemed to assert its own separateness and superiority to the poor, enchained body, which lay like a beautiful carved image on a tomb. Mr. Jones prayed with her in his fluent Italian, she repeating the words after him. When we took leave she wound her fine, slender hands round my neck, and drew my face down and kissed me repeatedly and lovingly. I hope those beautiful blind eyes will soon open on the light and glory of Him in whom her soul trusted. Mr. Jones brought me home, telling me that on this day he had taken me to the aristocracy of his poor, and promising me another day with him among the more miserable, which I hope soon to claim."

ATHEISTIC FRANCE.

A STARTLING incident, which shows the direction in which public feeling in France is tending, and how lawlessness is increasing and spreading, is the ovation recently accorded to Madame Clovis Hugues. That lady, who is a wife and mother, deliberately shot a man whom she suspected of slandering her. She was placed on her trial for the murder, and was triumphantly acquitted. She did not deny her guilt—she rather gloried in it, and said that she would have killed another person at the same time if she could have found her. After her release her friends surrounded her and carried her in triumph to her home, and a perfect deluge of bouquets of choice flowers fell upon her from the hands of spectators who applauded her murderous conduct.

As public feeling here is fast tending in the same direction, it may be useful to notice the accompaniments of this sign of the times in France as they are described by Dr. Pressense. "The cause of Madame Hugues, and many others of a similar character which might be mentioned," says the French preacher, "argue a return to a state of barbarism; it is the old savage warfare reappearing in the midst of modern civilization, and facilitated by the more deadly appliances of the present day. The powers of evil have indefinitely multiplied their weapons of late, even apart from dynamite, the favorite tool of the anarchists everywhere. If might is allowed to override right in the nineteenth century, the sacrifice of life will be more terrible than ever. A chemist or pyrotechnist will be more formidable than Attila the Hun."

"The cause is a deterioration of the moral sense. Several leading journals, such as the *Débat* and the *Temps*, have frankly admitted this, and

THE ROOT OF THE EVIL.

is to be found in the false philosophy which is saturating our intellectual atmosphere. This is the philosophy which recognizes nothing but matter and mechanical motion, which eliminates God from the world, which owns no morality but the morality of self-interest; and denying conscience, makes a clean sweep of duty, justice, and right. Force is the logical application of its morality, and no room is left for the State, which is nothing if it be not the embodiment of justice. The masters of this school of materialistic evolutionism are men of culture and moderation, incapable themselves of any acts of violence. Nothing could be more calm and cold than their learned lucubrations. And yet, to borrow M. Taine's expression, it is these very philosophers who let loose the savage in man, for as soon as the moral restraint is removed, as soon as man ceases to believe in the moral law and in the God who upholds it by the sanction of His justice, he becomes the mere slave of unrestrained passions.

THE NEW SECT

just founded at Ménémaulont will not do much to restore order in the disordered realm of mor-

als. Its first meeting was held in a music-hall, a fitting birthplace of this travesty of religion. The following are some of its articles:

"Art. 2. The object of the society is to suppress the Word of God in all the languages of the world. As God is a fiction, His name has no meaning. It should therefore be expunged."

"Art. 3. No writer, journalist, or poet who is a member of this society is permitted to use the words God, Divine Power, or Providence, except to denounce them. They are never to be invoked, for such invocation perpetuates error by fostering the delusion that there is a supernatural power. The same rule is to be observed by all members of the society in their conversation and correspondence."

"Art. 4. In order to be consistent with the principles of our society it is well understood that the Word of God is not to be spoken in a funeral address over any member of the society. It is customary to close such funeral harangues with the word, *Adieu*. This custom must be broken through, and the words, In Memoriam, substituted."

"Art. 5. Every citizen, male or female, can belong to this society from birth. Fathers will sign for their children; the guardians for minors or orphans."

This blasphemous society, contemptible and ridiculous as it is, is one of the most significant signs of our times. It is perfectly logical, for men who ignore the government of God may reasonably be anxious that His name should be banished from human speech. This organized effort to suppress it marks another milestone in the world's march to the era in which it will pay honor to, and welcome the rule of "Antichrist, who denieth the Father and the Son" (1 John 2:22). A creed so impious finds its natural expression in contempt for human law as well as divine, and leads its votaries to pay their tribute of homage to a murderer.

ANECDOTES RELATED AT THE EVANGELISTIC MEETINGS IN SCOTLAND.

Between the Moments.—Mr. Ralston, speaking at a recent meeting on the keeping power of Christ, said: "A little girl who had lately given her heart to the Lord went to her mother, and inquired, 'Mother, now that I am saved, how am I to be kept?' The mother very wisely answered, 'Just by looking to the Lord every moment, my child.' 'But, mother,' answered the little girl, 'I want to be kept between the moments.' 'Yes, my darling, He will keep you always and everywhere. He will never leave you, nor forsake you.'"

Good News on the Stairs.—The Rev. Mr. Andrews related: "Before admitting new members into the church, I always go to their own house and have some personal conversation with them. On one of these occasions I called upon a young woman, who told me that at the end of a Tuesday night meeting she was personally dealt with by a Christian friend there, and then she gave her heart to the Lord. On my way down stairs I met a woman, who said to me, 'I am glad to see you, Mr. Andrews; for I wanted to tell you that you were the means of my conversion years ago. A few words which you spoke were the means used to turn me to the Lord. How happy I felt for this unexpected intelligence!'"

Destroyed by Worms.—The Rev. Mr. Lee said: "There was an old oak tree that had stood the storms of winter for a hundred years, and under its friendly shelter two dear friends frequently met to speak of spiritual matters. One morning they went as usual to their meeting place, and found that the tree had fallen in the night, and they wondered that so strong a tree should fall without apparent cause. True, there had been a slight storm, but it had withstood far greater storms before. The two friends examined the tree to find the cause of its fall. The bark was perfectly whole, but when they looked at it more closely they found that the work of destruction had been going on gradually for years. The worms had been at work for a long

time, and had eaten the inside of the tree almost completely away, although the outside looked as if there was nothing the matter. This is just like backsliding from the Lord; men and women do not all at once fall from their Christian profession, but they gradually leave off prayer, and the reading of the Bible; although it may not be noticed, the work of destruction is nevertheless going on until, like the tree, they surprise the world by their fall. Beware of the worms—and there are many—which eat away the Christian life, and deprive it of both beauty and vitality!"

A Drunkard's Son and Daughter.—A Christian gentleman related: "At the end of a meeting which I took part in lately, I spoke to a young girl about her soul; she professed to give herself to Jesus before leaving the meeting. We found, after she had gone, that about two years and a half ago her father's name was on the list of drunkards to be prayed for; and since that time his son, and now his daughter, had given themselves to the Saviour, although there was no change in him. We may notice that if we pray for a certain individual, though the Lord does not see fit to answer our prayers at once for that particular soul, He will answer it in converting perhaps some one in the house of the individual for whom special prayer has been made. Praying breath was never spent in vain."

A Fortunate Escape.—The Rev. Dr. Boyd said: "A story is told of a man who had to reach a certain place at a certain time, and on his way he came to the top of a hill, from which he could view the seaport town which he had to reach before nightfall. He got down just in time to see the white sails of the vessel in which he had to go disappearing from the shore; so he turned away very much disappointed, and a very miserable night he spent in consequence. The next day he heard that the vessel was wrecked, and now his misery turned into earnest gratitude to Him who had so wonderfully preserved his life. Dear friends, when things seem to be going wrong if you will wait patiently you will see the hand of the Lord working, for 'all things work together for good to them that love God.'"

Converted in a Circus.—Mr. Simpson, an Energetic worker, said: "About two years ago, at the close of an evangelistic meeting in a circus, a man came in, if I may use the expression, roaring drunk, and walked up and down the building, crying, 'I am going to heaven; I am going to heaven.' One of the workers went up to him and said, 'You are going down to hell as fast as the devil and the drink can take you.' On hearing this, the man flew into a great passion, and said many hard things to the worker. Another worker took him in hand, and talked and prayed with him. When I saw him next he was not only sober, but was also a saved man through faith in Christ; I may add that he has been kept by divine grace, and constrained to keep a firm hold of Christ ever since, and is now an earnest laborer, successful in winning many souls for Christ."

A Ship Saved through Prayer.—A Preacher of the Gospel related the following incident: "A captain's wife had a very vivid dream. She awoke one night, and went straight to the minister's house, and told him that she could not take rest because she had dreamt that her husband was in great danger. She said, 'I thought that his vessel was sinking; let us pray that he may be preserved from danger.' They both went down on their knees, and the minister prayed for the safety of her husband. After the prayer she went away comforted. When her husband returned subsequently from his voyage, he told her that on the very night in which she had been praying there was a great storm at sea, and the ship had gone over on its side. Everyone on board thought all hope was gone, but in some mysterious way the ship righted herself. He remarked to the sailors, 'Lads, there are some good saints praying for us just now, and for their sakes we are being saved.' 'Prayer moves the arm which moves the world.'"

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CURRENT EVENTS.

The Washington Monument was Dedicated on Saturday with imposing ceremonies. The Freemasons of the Grand Lodge of the District of Columbia took a prominent part in the celebration. The tools they used were relics of Washington himself. The Bible and the gavel were both those used by him when he was master of his lodge. The Hon. Robert C. Winthrop, who was to have delivered the oration, was absent through sickness, but he sent an address which was read by ex-Governor Long, of Massachusetts. President Arthur, Senator Sherman, and Mr. John W. Daniel, of Virginia, also delivered orations. As is stated on another page, the monument is the highest edifice in the world, being sixty-nine feet higher than the great Pyramid, and more than double the height of the London monument.

The House of Representatives has Defeated the bill for the retirement of General Grant. General Rosecrans appears to have been the leader of those who opposed the bill on its merits. The majority of those who voted against it appear to have done so in order to retaliate on the President for his veto of the Fitz-John Porter bill. As the Democrats in the Senate, including the Southern members, voted for the bill, and the general feeling of both parties in the country is in its favor, it is probable that Mr. Cleveland will recommend it in his first message. The vote in the House was one hundred and fifty-eight in favor of the bill to one hundred and three against it. A two thirds vote was necessary.

An Effort to Influence the President-Elect in favor of the silver dollar has been made by the followers of Mr. Blaud. He has been asked to suspend his judgment on the subject until the sentiment of the party can be ascertained. The effort will probably fail, as it deserves. The "sentiment of the party" was declared in its platform, in which it declared itself in favor of "honest money," which certainly does not properly characterize a dollar worth only eighty-

five cents. Those who defend the dollar on the ground of protection, and desire that the government should continue coining it in the interest of the silver producers, are unwise. It would be better for the government to pay a bounty to the silver producers equivalent to the amount by which the price declined rather than to risk a financial crisis by making coins which the public refuses to use. Mr. Cleveland's reputation for sagacity will suffer if he does not recommend the suspension of the coining of the useless, cumbersome coin.

Renewed Assurances of Civil Service Reform were given by Mr. Cleveland during his visit to New York last week. He did not, he said, propose to remove any Republican officer who had been faithful to his duties, and whose administration of his office had been satisfactory to the public immediately concerned. When the terms of such officers expired he expected to fill their places with good men of his own party, if they could be found, which he did not doubt. That intimation qualifies the assurances formerly given, which encouraged the hope among Republicans that many officials would be reappointed, especially those chiefs of post-offices who have become popular through an efficient discharge of their duties. It is understood that Mr. Cleveland is being urged by certain Democratic politicians of eminence to make more changes than he is disposed to make. If that is true, he will have to decide which kind of popularity he prefers—popularity with his party, or popularity with the public.

A Series of Disastrous Fires Occurred in Philadelphia last week. A large business block on Chestnut Street was burned on February 19th, causing a loss of two lives and the serious injury of five persons. Property to the value of a quarter of a million dollars was destroyed. On the next day the firemen were kept busy with fires in various parts of the city. On Saturday another disastrous fire occurred, in which five persons lost their lives. It is suspected that incendiaries were at work.

The Attempted Assassinations of the Dynamiters may possibly go unpunished unless public opinion forces the officials to do their duty. Captain Phelan has returned to Kansas City, being wearied out by the adjournments of the trial of Short, who tried to stab Phelan to death. He was also unable to bear the expense of hotel life from week to week in New York. Rossa also failed to appear against the woman who shot him when she was arraigned for the offence. These dynamiters may, for reasons of their own, prefer to allow their enemies to escape, but the trials should go on. Both Short and Mrs. Dudley have broken the laws of the State, and they ought not to escape through the indifference of the persons they injured. Nor should they, as is probably intended, be punished by the friends or agents of the men they attacked. Lawlessness cannot go unpunished without danger to society.

Gloomy Reports from the Soudan Follow each other with startling rapidity, and the fact that General Wolsley will not allow the newspaper correspondents with the army to send intelligence to their journals, leads to the belief that the worst has not yet been told. It is now announced that General Stewart, who fought the desperate battle of Abu Klea, has died of his wounds. He was one of the youngest and most able generals in the British army. Lord Wolsley has recalled both the expeditions despatched against the Mahdi. That which was despatched across the desert to Khartoum under General Stewart is in danger of being hemmed in, and has been ordered to evacuate Gubat and fall back on Korti. General Earle's brigade, which since his death has been commanded by General Brackenbury, has also been ordered to retreat to Korti, leaving the attack on Berber unaccomplished. Even Korti is not considered a safe place. It is expected that when the two advanced wings arrive, the whole British force will retreat northward as speedily as possible. The loss of prestige this disastrous cam-

paign and the ignominious retreat involve, is expected to produce a serious effect on the minds of the natives in India, who will naturally conclude that England is not so powerful as they supposed her to be.

The British Parliament Assembled on February 19th for its regular session. Numerous questions were addressed to the members of the Cabinet respecting the disasters in the Soudan. Mr. Gladstone said that he had done all he could for General Gordon, and was not responsible for his death. The country, however, has arrived at a different conclusion. It is perfectly well aware that when General Gordon appealed to Mr. Gladstone for help, soon after his arrival at Khartoum, Mr. Gladstone did not send it, though he could then have sent an expedition and rescued the gallant soldier. Later, when General Gordon was invested, and could make no further appeals, Mr. Gladstone was urged by the people to endeavor to rescue him, and still refused. He made no movement until his own popularity was endangered, and then it was too late. Mr. Gladstone is therefore rightly held responsible for General Gordon's death. A vote of censure on him has been proposed.

The French Quarrel with China has made no progress toward adjustment. Hostilities, however, have not been reopened. A despatch from Tai-Wan-Foo says: "The Chinese are exasperated over the treatment by the French of the Chinese prisoners at Kelung. When the prisoners were unable to work for want of food the French attacked them with bayonets. If that failed to move them they were shot. Three large French men-of-war were recently seen pursuing and firing big guns at one little Chinese junk. The ill-feeling of the Chinese is extending to the English for allowing the port of Hong Kong to be used as the base of such operations. The situation is dangerous."

A Riot in the Streets of Paris Occasioned some alarm on February 16th. A newspaper writer, one Jules Vallés, was being buried at the cemetery Père-La Chaise. He was one of the boldest and worst of the leaders of the Commune. There was a general gathering of the anarchists, and in the procession banners were carried with incendiary inscriptions. Cries were also raised at intervals by men in the procession, some of which were "Long live the social revolution," "Long live the Commune," "Hail to anarchy." The procession passed unmolested until a contingent appeared, composed of deputies from the German anarchists. Then the college students who lined the sidewalks made a rush, and there was a free fight, which was kept up all the way to the cemetery. Sticks and stones were used, and many persons were injured. Finally the students were driven off. They appear to have made the attack not against the anarchists, but against the Germans.

An Ominous Outbreak in London Occurred on February 16th. Three thousand unemployed workmen paraded the streets with banners and bands of music. They went to the Department of Public Works to ask that they might be taken into government employ. Sir Charles Dilke, the head of the department, was absent; when the procession learned of the fact roars and howls of execration issued from it. The procession then marched to Mr. Gladstone's official residence in Downing Street, where a Cabinet Council was in session. The men tried to penetrate to the room in which the Council was sitting, but a strong detachment of police were sent for, who charged the rioters with their staves, and dispersed them. They afterward gathered again and tried to storm other government offices, but were repulsed. Violent speeches were made at a meeting of the rioters subsequently held, which indicated that the rioters are in league with Continental anarchists.

Volume VII. of the Christian Herald, containing the Numbers for 1884, with complete index, bound in cloth, may be had from this office; price \$3, including postage. A few volumes of 1882 and 1883 are also for sale. We have none left of any date prior to 1882.

"A Stray Copy of the Christian Herald," says a correspondent in Colorado, "was the means, in God's hand, of showing me my need of a Saviour, and now I have found refuge in Jesus." Several others through this correspondent's labors have, under God's blessing, been converted. We are always glad to hear of these instances of God's blessings on the paper, and a larger number than ever before have come to our knowledge this year. Our correspondent's meaning is perfectly plain, but he doubtless does not now really regard the copy of the paper that fell into his hands as "a stray copy." When we come to know more of God's ways than we do in this world, we shall find that very few of the instruments He uses ever go astray. Whatever became of all the thousands of copies printed that week, the one that was the means directly of one conversion and indirectly of several others could not have been a stray copy; that, at any rate, was on the Master's business.

A Legislative Attempt to Secularize the Sabbath in New York is being made at the State capital. The attack on the institution is in two directions. The first shows the evil of the present tendency to choose rum-sellers for our representatives in municipal and State government. It is a bill to permit saloons to be open for six hours on Sundays. As Mayor Grace is reported to approve of the bill, it will probably become law unless a vigorous protest is made against it. The second bill proposes to *amend* (!) the Sunday laws, so that acts now prohibited on Sundays shall hereafter be permitted when they do not disturb the peace. If that act should pass, the theatres and other places of amusement would be opened, and New York would have its Sundays made as thoroughly secular as those of Paris. The voice of the Christians of the State ought to make itself heard at Albany.

The Eightieth Birthday of Mr. Moody's mother was celebrated on February 5th at her home in Northfield, Mass. The three hundred pupils of the Northfield schools participated in the celebration. Hundreds of congratulatory letters and telegrams were received from all over this country and beyond the sea, sent by those who delighted to honor the mother through her eminent son. "One of the most touching sights," says a visitor, "was the in-pouring of the citizens, old and young, who came bearing tributes of love to the dear old mother and her boy, who sat side by side as lovingly as in the far-away years. This tribute was even more dear, we doubt not, to these recipients than the telegrams, cable despatches, letters, flowers, books, silver, arm-chairs, and the profuse gifts which came from various parts of the world. Four sons and one daughter were there to grace the occasion, while Lemuel and Samuel J. Holton, of Boston, and Cyrus Holton, of Northfield, were also present to gladden their aged sister with their love."

The Distribution of Bibles at the New Orleans Exposition is proceeding actively under the auspices of the American Bible Society. Its current editions are on sale and for gratuitous distribution in the main building, and copies are supplied to visitors who read the Spanish, Portuguese, German, and French languages. Thus persons from Mexico, Central America, and South America may obtain the Bible who could not be reached so readily in any other way.

Interesting Gifts for Missionary Funds have been received in New York. Some of the native Christian women in China have sent articles to the mission rooms in New York, to be sold for the benefit of the orphanage connected with the mission. The Christian women of Japan have also sent articles to be disposed of to aid the native clergy.

An Open Letter from Dr. Talmage has been published in reply to the strictures upon him in the New Jersey Legislature. The members of that body having heard that Dr. Talmage adverted to the profanity of the Speaker of the House uttered in open session, desired to call him to account; but, on investigation, finding

that the sermon in which the remarks occurred was preached on April 6th, 1884, nearly a year ago, they refrained from taking any steps in the matter. They, however, used some hard words about the Brooklyn preacher. Dr. Talmage, in his open letter, quotes from the report of the proceedings of the House the passage on which he based his remarks, and makes further pointed comments on the disgraceful exhibition. He adds: "As these my acrimonious antagonists threaten me with a lawsuit and arraignment before the bar of their House, I will say that I am at home every evening, when in the city, at seven o'clock, and will be ready to receive any document they wish to serve on me; or if they want me to appear before the bar of their House, although I am not under their jurisdiction, and would not answer to formal summons, on polite invitation I would come in pure missionary spirit and teach them a lesson in common decency which they are woefully in need of learning."

A King on the Witness-Stand was the unusual spectacle witnessed in Rome, Italy, recently. A European journal states that a few days ago the King of Italy, from good-natured motives, volunteered his testimony before a magistrate in Rome. A shopkeeper named Maranzoni had unfortunately injured a little girl by riding over her in the street, and King Humbert, who had witnessed the accident, came forward to say that in his opinion Maranzoni had been in no wise to blame, and that, in fact, his horse had run away with him. The accused was fortunate in having his king to speak for him; he must have felt confident of acquittal. It is so with the Christian, who in his king has an all-prevailing Intercessor (Heb. 9: 24).

A Mouse Caused a Panic in a Menagerie in Brooklyn on February 18th. The spectators had left the place, and there was no one around but the night watchman, when suddenly the large elephant commenced trumpeting loudly, and the other animals set up a responsive roar, which shook the place and aroused the sleeping attendants. They found the elephant wildly waving his trunk in the air in a paroxysm of alarm and the inmates of the other cages wildly moving about in a state of dangerous excitement. They obtained no clue to the cause of the panic until, a minute or two later, a tiny mouse was ejected violently from the elephant's trunk, when the elephant and his companions were soon pacified. It is supposed that the mouse, in its nightly wanderings, had inadvertently strayed into the elephant's trunk, and terrified the huge beast, whose cries alarmed the other beasts. There is something exquisitely ludicrous in so small a creature frightening one so large and powerful; but fear, even in men, is sometimes produced by insignificant causes. Such a timorous state of mind is one of the punishments with which God threatens the disobedient (Lev. 26: 36).

A Night of Terror and Physical Suffering was passed on February 9th by a few people who live on a small island in Lake Michigan. The snow had drifted ten feet high around the edges of the island, and had frozen. On Monday night a hurricane blew over the waters of the lake, and the waves dashed over the icy bulwark and could not flow back again. The people were aroused by the flood, and many narrowly escaped death trying to cross the ice to the mainland. This ice was found broken, and they had to return. They were thoroughly drenched by wading through the slush, ice, and water knee-deep. When it was found that escape was cut off, they repaired to the second stories of the larger houses, and wherever they could perch out of reach of the water. The night was one of horrors, and the sufferings of the poor people were excruciating, as the mercury was 18° below zero. The gale subsided by daylight and the angry waters receded. Many of the people were almost crazed by fear and suffering. They will now take the first opportunity of trying to reach the mainland. In such matters people are more prudent than they are in their spiritual concerns. The warnings

uttered now of the coming storm of God's indignation, and the offer of the way of escape, are often unheeded, and will be recalled with self-reproach when it is too late (II Chron. 36: 16).

A Marriage that Saved a Life Sentence was solemnized recently in Wisconsin. A woman who was charged with murdering her husband was tried, convicted, and sentenced to the State prison for life, but the Supreme Court granted her a new trial, and on the second trial the jury disagreed. Since then she has married the principal witness against her, which renders his testimony worthless. On February 18th she made an application to have her bondsman relieved by giving her own bond in the sum of \$8000, which was granted. She having married the State's most valuable witness, and the other witnesses being widely scattered, it is not likely that the case will ever be called. The accused woman displayed remarkable craft in effecting this marriage, but neither the State nor the bridegroom can be congratulated on the affair. If the woman is really guilty the marriage does no more for her than enable her to evade justice. It is not so in the scheme of salvation provided in the Gospel for guilty sinners. Their union with Christ, of which marriage is a type, completely satisfies justice, the penalty having been suffered by the innocent Victim (Eph. 5: 25-27).

A Sneezing Congregation is the Subject of a paragraph published by the New York *Sun*. It states that a congregation in a church in Boston, Mass., was mysteriously seized, in the midst of a service of song, with a paroxysm of uncontrollable sneezing. First the children, then the choir, and at length nearly the whole assembly, the preacher included, broke out into involuntary convulsion. When the premises were searched by the astounded sexton, amid the laughter of the boys, the cause of the ridiculous catastrophe was found to be a cargo of pepper, which, during the previous week, had been stored in the cellar. The enterprising trustees had rented the place to a wholesale grocer. If the trustees of that church are not more bent on making money than on providing for propriety and solemnity in worship, that grocer will either have to quit, or store his pungent stock elsewhere. A church in which congregation and preacher are sneezing is not the place in which good can be done. On one occasion sneezing was the glad sign that life had entered into the dead (II Kings 4: 35); but though churches are often the scene of greater miracles than that Elisha wrought, and the spiritually dead are there brought to life, the signs of the miracle and the Agent of it are spiritual (Eph. 2: 4-6).

The Melon Shrub is One of the Latest and most interesting importations from Central America. It is being successfully cultivated in California, both in Los Angeles and San Diego counties. The San Diego *Union*, in the course of an article describing the new shrub, says: "The fruit is of the size of a goose egg, and very much of the same shape. The color is lemon, or pale orange, with streaks of bright violet. The interior of the fruit, for it partakes of the nature of a muskmelon, but has a much thinner rind, is a solid pulp, similar to that of a pear, also of a pale yellow color, and in taste again resembling the muskmelon, but has besides a pleasing acid, said to be so wholesome and delicious that when partaken of on a very warm day it takes all the thirst away for hours. As it is an enormous yielder, the fruit pleasant and wholesome, and commanding a good price in the market, the melon shrub undoubtedly has a good future before it." Our contemporary is right in its prediction. When the broiling days of summer come upon us there will be no lack of purchasers for a fruit which "takes away thirst for hours." Neither nature nor art has offered such a boon to thirsty humanity before. Neither of them has ever been able to do anything for the relief of the spiritually thirsty, who are in worse case. It was not until Christ came and offered the water, of which whosoever drank would never thirst again, that the world learned that permanent relief was provided (John 4: 14).

CORDS AND CART-ROPES.

A New Sermon by Pastor C. H. Spurgeon.

"Woe unto them that draw iniquity with cords of vanity, and sin as it were with a cart-rope."—ISAIAH 5: 18.

A Singular Text—I. The Description—Light Cords becoming Strong Ropes—Frisivolous Jest—Captious Questioning—A Lawyer's Blunder—New-Fashioned Consciences—Natural Dislike to Religion—Deference to Companions—Apologizing to the Devil—Forming Gradual Evil Habits—II. The Woe Entailed—Hard Work Already—The Weight Increases—The Road Becomes Worse—The Horse Crushed at Last—Change Growing more Difficult—III. Encouragement for Breaking Loose—The Spirit's Help.

This is a very singular text. It is not very easy to understand it at first sight. Here are some who are said to draw sin with cords of vanity, which are slender enough, and yet they also draw it as with a cart-rope, which is thick enough. They are harnessed to sin, and the traces appear to be fragile, insignificant, and soon broken. You can hardly touch them, for they are a mere sham, a fiction—vanity. What can be thinner and weaker than

COBWEB-CORDS

of vanity? Yet when you attempt to break or remove them they turn out to be cart-ropes or wagon-traces, fitted to bear the pull of horse or bullock. Motives which have no logical force, and would not bind a reasonable man for a moment, are, nevertheless, quite sufficient to hold the most of men in bondage. Such a slave is man to iniquity, that unworthy motives and indefensible reasons which appear no stronger than little cords nevertheless hold him as with bonds of steel, and he is fastened to the loaded wagon of his iniquity as a horse is fastened by a cart-rope. That is our subject at this time, and may God make it useful to many. Beyond all things I would have you saved, you who are tugging away in the harness of sin. God grant it. May the free Spirit set you free.

I. First, let us explain the singular description. Here are persons harnessed to the wagon of sin—harnessed to it by many cords, all light as vanity and yet strong as cart-ropes. Let me give you a picture. Here is a man, who, as a young man, heard the Gospel and grew up under the influence of it. He is an intelligent man, a Bible reader, and somewhat of a theologian. He attended a Bible-class, was an apt pupil, and could explain much of Scripture, but he took to

LIGHTNESS AND FROTHINESS.

He made an amusement of religion and a sport of serious things. Sermons he frequented that he might talk of them and say that he had heard the preacher. After the sermon, when others were impressed, he was merry. He had discovered some mistake in the preacher, in his pronunciation, in the grammatical construction of a sentence, or in a misquotation from a poet, and this he mentioned with gusto, passing by all the good that was spoken. That was only his way; he did not mean any hurt by it; at least, he would have said so had any one seriously reproved him.

He came under the bond of this religious trifling, but it was a cord of vanity small as a packthread. Years ago he began to be bound to his sin by this kind of trifling, and at the present moment I am not sure that he ever cares to go and hear the Gospel or to read the Word of God, for he has grown to despise that which he sported with. The wanton witling has degenerated into a malicious scoffer; his cord has become a cart-rope. His life is all trifling now. You could not make him serious. He spends his time in one perpetual giggle. Every holy thing is now the subject of comedy. His life is a sneer. He would pull a feather out of an angel's wing and wear it in his cap. On the solemn day of Pentecost he would have drawn a picture of the cloven tongues upon his thumb nail that he might show it as a curiosity. There is nothing sacred to him now, nor will there be till he is in hell, and then he will have done

with his jibes and flouts. The habit of being contemptuous has grown to be a cart-rope with him, and it holds him most securely.

I have seen the same thing take another shape, and then it appeared as

CAPTIOUS QUESTIONING.

We are not afraid to be examined upon anything in the Word of God; but we dread a cavilling spirit. I, for one, believe that the more the Word of God has been sifted the more fully has it been confirmed. The result has been the better understanding of its teaching. The pure gold has shone the more brightly for being placed in the crucible. But there is a habit which begins thus—"I do not see *this*;" and I do not understand *that*; and I do not approve of *this*; and I question *that*. It makes life into a tangle of thorns and briars where ten thousand sharp points of doubt are forever tearing the mind. This doubting state reminds one of the old serpent's "Yea, hath God said?" If the statement made had been the opposite, the gentleman would have questioned it; for he is bound to doubt everything.

He is one who could take either side and refute; but neither side and defend. He could do like the eminent barrister, who had made a mistake as to his side of the case, and he got up and gave all the arguments most tellingly, till his client's lawyer whispered to him, "You have done for us, you have used all the arguments against your own client." The barrister stopped and said, "My lord, I have thus told you all that can be urged against my client by those upon the other side, and I will now show you that there is nothing in the allegations;" and with equal cleverness he went on to disprove what he had proved before. There are minds constructed in such a way that they can act in every way except that of plain up and down. Their machinery is eccentric, it would puzzle the ablest tongue to describe it. I like the old-fashioned consciences that go up and down, yes and no, right and wrong, true and false—the kind which are simple and need no great intellect to understand their methods.

We are growing so cultured now that many have become like the old serpent, "more subtle than any beast of the field." The

NEW-FASHIONED CONSCIENCES

act upon the principle of compromise and policy, which is no principle at all. People of that sort begin at first with an inquiring spirit, then go on to an objecting spirit, then to a conceited spirit, and then to a perpetually quibbling spirit. Such a man at last gets bound as with a cart-rope; he becomes an atheist or worse; for all capacity for faith departs from him. Oh, take heed of tying up your soul with cart-ropes of scepticism; take heed of a truth-denying spirit. God help you to break the bonds. Cavilling is a curse, and carping is a crime. Escape from it while yet it is but as a cord of vanity, lest it come to be a cart-rope which shall bind you fast.

I hear one say, "This does not touch me. I have not fallen either into trifling or into questioning." No, but perhaps you may be a prisoner bound with other cords. Some have a natural

DISLIKE TO RELIGIOUS THINGS

and cannot be brought to attend to them. Let me qualify the statement and explain myself. They are quite prepared to attend a place of worship and to hear sermons, and occasionally to read the Scriptures, and to give their money to help on some benevolent cause; but this is the point at which they draw the line—they do not want to think, to pray, to repent, to believe, or to make heart-work of the matter. Thinking, you know, is awkward work, and to them it is uncomfortable work, because there is not much in their lives that would cheer them if they were to think of it. They had rather not see the nakedness of the land.

They have heard some people say that all conversation about God, the soul, and eternity is dull Puritanic talk, so they have picked up an expression, as parrots often do, and they say "No, we do not want to be Puritans. We do

not care to be extra precise and righteous over much." What a misery it is that there should be persons who are bound with such cords of vanity as those! These are unreasonable feelings, insane aversions, unjustifiable prejudices; the Lord save you from them, and instead thereof give you a mind to know Him, and a heart to seek after Him. You see it is such radical work; regeneration cuts so deep, and it makes a man so thoughtful. Who knows what may have to be given up? Who knows what may have to be done? O my hearer, if you indulge in such demurs and delays and prejudices in the first days of your conviction, the time may come when those little packthreads will be so interwisted with each other that they will make a great cart-rope, and you will become an opposer of everything that is good, determined to abide forever harnessed to the great Juggernaut car of your iniquities, and so to perish. God save you from that.

I have known some men get harnessed to that car in another way, and that is by

DEFERENCE TO COMPANIONS.

The young man liked everything that was good after a fashion, but he could not bear for anybody to say on Monday morning, "So you were at a place of worship on Sunday." He did not like to say outright, "Of course I was; where were you?" But the rather he said, "Well, he did look in at the chapel, or he did go to St. Paul's or the Abbey to hear the music." "Oh," says one, "I hear you were at the Tabernacle the other day." Yes, he went in from curiosity, just to see the place and the crowd. That is how he puts it, as if he were ashamed to worship his Maker and to be found observing the Sabbath day. Oh poor coward! That young man at another time was charged with having been seen in the inquiry-room, or weeping under a solemn sermon. He said it was rather affecting, and he was a little carried away and over-persuaded, but he apologized to the devil, and begged that he might hear no more of it.

He began giving way to his ungodly friends, and soon he became their butt. One companion pulled his ear that way, and another pulled his ear another way, and in this manner he developed very long ears indeed. He did not go very far wrong at first; but having allowed sinful men to saddle him, they took care to ride him harder and harder as the days ran on. Young men have flung away all hope of salvation in order that they might be thought to be men of culture; they have abjured faith in order to be esteemed "free-thinkers" by those whose opinions were not worth a pin's head. I charge you, dear friend, if you are beginning at all to be a slave of other people, break these wretched and degrading bonds.

Some men are getting into bondage in another way; they are forming

GRADUAL HABITS OF EVIL.

How many young men born and bred amid Christian associations do that! It is a little sip, and such a little. "I do not take above half a glass." Then why run such great risks for so small an indulgence? "The doctor"—O you doctors, what you have got to answer for!—"The doctor says I ought to take a little, and so I do." By and by the little thread becomes a cart-rope; the tale about the doctor ends in doing what no doctor would justify. Will he say, "The doctor says I ought" when he comes rolling home at night, scarce can find his way to bed, and wakes up with a headache in the morning? He would have done better to ask God for grace to escape while yet he had small pleasure in the fascinating fire-water, and was the master of his appetite. The cart-rope is hard to break, as many have found, though I would encourage even these by God's grace to struggle for liberty.

"Well," says the young man, "that is not my sin." I am glad it is not; but any other sin if it be persevered in will destroy you. I will not try to describe your sin. Describe it yourself, and think over it; but will you please recol-

lect the deceitfulness of sin—the way in which it comes to men, as the frost in the still evening in the wintry months comes to the lake? The pool is placid, and the frost only asks that it may thinly glaze the surface. The coating is so thin, you could scarce call it ice; but having once filmed the pool, the sheet of ice has commenced; soon it is an inch thick, and in a few hours a loaded wagon might pass over it without a crash, for the whole pool seems turned to marble. So men give way to one evil passion or another—this vice or that; and the habit proceeds from bad to worse, till the cords of vanity are enlarged into cart-traces, and they cannot escape from the load to which they are harnessed.

II. But, oh, how I wish that every person here who has not yet found liberty, but is harnessed to his sin, could escape to-night, for—and this is my second point—there is a woe about remaining harnessed to the cart of sin, and that woe is expressed in our text. It has been

HARD WORK ALREADY

to tug at sin's load. If I am addressing any here that have fallen into great sin, I know that you have fallen into great sorrow. I am sure you have. Much of history is happily covered with a veil, so that its secret griefs do not become open miseries, else were the world too wretched for a tender heart to live in it. Could we lift the tops of the houses, could we exhibit the skeletons hidden in closets, could we take away the curtains from human breasts—what sorrows we should see; and the mass of those sorrows—not the whole of them, but the mass—would be found to come from sin. When the young man turns to paths of unchastity or of dishonesty, what grief he makes for himself; what woe, what misery! His bodily disease, his mental anguish we have no heart to describe. Ah! yes, "The way of transgressors is hard." They put on a smile; they even take to uproarious laughter; but a worm is gnawing at their hearts. Alas, poor slaves!

But remember, if you remain harnessed to this car of sin,

THE WEIGHT INCREASES.

You are like a horse that has to go a journey and pick up parcels at every quarter of a mile; you are increasing the heavy luggage and baggage that you have to drag behind you. Grinning devils, as they bring the heavy packages and heap them up one upon another, must wonder that men are such fools as to continue in the harness and drag on the dreadful load as if it were fine sport. Alas! that men should sin away their souls so lightly, as if self-destruction were some merry game that they were playing at, whereas it is a heaping up unto themselves wrath against the day of wrath.

Further, I want you to notice that as the load grows heavier, so

THE ROAD BECOMES WORSE,

the ruts are deeper, the hills are steeper, and the sloughs are more full of mire. In the heyday of youth man finds beaded bubbles about the brim of his cup of sin, the wine moveth itself aright, it giveth its color in the cup; but as he grows older and drinks deeper he comes nearer to the dregs, and those dregs are as gall and wormwood. An old man with his bones filled with the sin of his youth is a dreadful sight to look upon; he is a curse to others, and a burden to himself.

Remember, friends, if any of you are still harnessed to your sins, and have been so for years, the day will come when

THE LOAD WILL CRUSH

the horse. It is a dreadful thing when the sins which were drawn at last drive the drawer before them. In the town where I was brought up there is a very steep hill. You could scarcely get out of the town without going down a hill, but one is specially precipitous, and I remember once hearing a cry in the streets, for a huge wagon had rolled over the horses that were going down the hill with it. The load had crushed the creatures that were supposed to draw it.

There comes a time with a man when it is not so much he that consumes the drink as the drink that consumes him; he is drowned in his cups, sucked down by that which he himself sucked in. A man was voracious, perhaps, in food, and at last his gluttony swallowed him; at one grim morsel he went down the throat of the old dragon of selfish greed. Or the man was lustful, and at last his vice devoured him. It is an awful thing when it is not the man that follows the devil, but the devil that drives the man before him as though he were his laden ass. The man's worst self, that had been kept in the rear and put under restraint, at last gets up and comes to the front, and the better self, if ever he had such, is dragged on an unwilling captive at the chariot wheels of its destroyer.

I am sure that there is nobody here who desires to be eternally a sinner; let him then beware, for each hour of sin brings its hardness and its

DIFFICULTY OF CHANGE.

Nobody here wants to get into such a condition that he cannot help any longer sinning; let him not be so unwise as to play with sin. When the moral brakes are taken off, and the engine is on the down-grade, and must run on at a perpetually quickening rate forever, then is the soul lost indeed. I am sure there is not a man here who wants to commit himself to an eternity of hate of God, an eternity of lust, an eternity of wickedness and consequently wretchedness. Why then do you continue to harden your hearts?

III. Now I want to offer some

ENCOURAGEMENT FOR BREAKING LOOSE.

It is time I did. I do not wish to preach a sad, unhappy sermon to-night; but I do long to see everybody here saved from sin. My heart cries to God that as long as I am able to preach, I may not preach in vain. God knows I have never shunned to speak what I have thought, and to speak very plainly and very home to you. I never come into this pulpit with the notion that I must not say a sharp thing, or somebody will be offended, and I must not deal with common sins, for somebody will say that I am coarse. I care not the snap of a finger what you choose to say about me, if you will but forsake sin and be reconciled to God by the death of His Son.

Now, listen. There is hope for every harnessed slave of Satan. There is hope for those who are most securely bound. "Oh," you say, "I am afraid that I have got into the cart-ropes stage; for I seem bound to perish in my sin, I cannot break loose from it." Listen. Jesus Christ has come into the world to rescue those who are bound with chains. That is to say, God Himself has taken upon Himself human nature, with this design—that He may save men from their sins. That blessed, perfect babe, such as never mother before had ever seen—that virgin's child—when they named Him, it was said, "Thou shalt call His name Jesus, for He shall save His people from their sins. He has come to this world in our nature on purpose to save men from their sins. He can cut the traces which bind you to Satan's chariot. He can take you out of the shafts. He can set you free to-night. You have been dragging on for years, and you think there is no chance for you; but there is more than a chance, there is the certainty of salvation if you trust in Jesus.

The Lord will make a new creature of you. When

HE CUTS THE TRACES

and brings you out from between those shafts which have so long held you, you will not know yourself. When old things have passed away you will be a wonder unto many. Is it not said of Augustine that after his conversion he was met by a fallen woman who had known him in his sin, and he passed her by? She said, "Austin, it is I;" and he turned and said, "But I am not Austin. I am not the man you once knew, for I have become a new creature in Christ Jesus." That is what the Lord Jesus Christ can do for you. Do you not believe it? It is true, whether you believe it or not. Oh

that you would look to Jesus and begin to live! It is time a change was made; is it not? Who can change you but the Lord Jesus?

I will tell thee another cheering fact to help thee to overcome thy sin, and break the cart-ropes that now bind thee—*There is in this world a mysterious Being whom thou knowest not, but whom some of us know, who is able to work thy liberty.* There dwells upon this earth a mysterious Being, whose office it is to renew the fallen, and restore the wandering. We cannot see Him, or hear Him, yet He dwells in some of us, as Lord of our nature. His chosen residence is a broken heart, and a contrite spirit. That most powerful Being is God, the third person of the blessed Trinity, the Holy Ghost, who was given at Pentecost, and who has never been recalled, but remains on earth to bless the people of God. He is here still; and wherever there is a soul that would be free from sin this free Spirit waits to help him. If thou believest in Jesus Christ, the Son of God, believe thou also in the power of the Holy Spirit to make thee a new creature, and cleanse thee, and deliver thee from every fetter, and make thee the Lord's free man.

I will tell thee one thing more, and I will have done. Our experience should be a great encouragement to you. I have tried to preach to you that are in the traces; poor worn-out

CAB-HORSES TO THE DEVIL,

post-horses of Satan that seem never to have a holiday, dragging your cart of sin behind you through the slush of the foul city of Vanity. The mercy is that you are not horses, but men born for nobler purposes. You may be free, for some of us are free. Oh, what a load I had behind me once; my wagon of inbred sin was a huge one indeed. Had it not been for the grace of God I should have perished in the impossible attempt to move it. O my beloved hearers, believe in Christ as I did. The Gospel comes to each sorrowing sinner, and it says, Trust the Saviour and there is joy for thee. Ask Jesus to break thy bonds, and with a touch of His pierced hand, He will make thee free as the swallow on the wing which no cage can hold. Thou shalt see Him, and see thy sin never again forever. Amen.

NOTICES OF NEW BOOKS.

THE CROKER CORRESPONDENCE

and Diaries, edited by Mr. Louis J. Jennings, who was formerly the editor of the New York Times, are a most valuable contribution to the history of Europe during the first half of this century. John Wilson Croker occupied a unique position in England for about forty years. For more than half of that time he was the chief of the Navy Department and a prominent member of the House of Commons. Later he entered the field of journalism, writing for the London Times and the Quarterly Review. His official life brought him into personal contact with kings George III., George IV., and William IV., and led to his becoming an intimate friend of the great Duke of Wellington, Sir Robert Peel, and the chiefs of the Tory party, while his connection with journalism made him familiar with all the prominent men of letters of his time. While in office he was acquainted with the most secret affairs of the government, and after he quitted it the chiefs of his party continued to trust him, and supplied him with information that he might advocate their cause intelligently in the press. It is obvious, therefore, that Mr. Croker was better fitted than almost any one else to give the world authoritatively and accurately the history of that most eventful time. His valuable knowledge, however, might have been lost, had it not been for his methodical habits. He kept a diary in which he scrupulously and regularly entered the events of the day, and even the substance of conversations in which he had taken part. He was also a voluminous letter-writer, having among his correspondents the men who were the most prominent in social, political, and literary life. These letters and diaries, only one



The Tower of London, where the Dynamite Explosion occurred. (See page 137.)



"Tom kneeled reverently and kissed her hand."

half of which filled twenty-eight large volumes and the other half made scores of large packages. Mr. Jennings has now arranged, edited, and published. They abound in interesting anecdotes of great men who were Mr. Croker's friends. Chief among these was the great Duke of Wellington, who chatted familiarly with Croker about his campaigns, about the battle of Waterloo, the French Emperor and his generals, and other matters in which he took a leading part, and whose remarks Croker committed to paper while they were fresh in his memory. He also relates anecdotes at first hand of Sir Walter Scott, Lord Macaulay, Lord Palmerston, Lord Brougham, Lord Byron, Tom Moore, Southey, Wilberforce, and many other eminent men who were his contemporaries. Some idea of the extensive character of these remains may be gained from the fact that, as printed, they fill eleven hundred and forty-four octavo pages. Their historical value is priceless, for they are the memoranda of a man whose opportunities of knowing the exact facts, and whose ability to describe them were unequalled. Price \$5. Published by Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons.

THE MESSAGES OF THE BOOKS, by F. W. Farrar, D.D., F.R.S., is a volume of sermons preached to his London congregation by the well-known author of the "Life of Christ." Dr. Farrar's object, as stated in the preface, is to examine each of the books of the New Testament as a whole, and to point out the general form, the peculiar characteristics, and the special message of each book. Such a method of study is one we cannot afford to neglect. The present tendency to dwell on isolated passages and to compare single sentences written by one author with single sentences by another author is a fruitful cause of difficulty and misapprehension. The method adopted by Dr. Farrar in this work tends to the removal of many such mistakes. The character of the writer, which led him to dwell with especial delight on some particular aspect of the truth, the time of his writing, and the character and circumstances of the people to whom he wrote, are all elements which should be considered by students desiring to form a clear idea of his work. That is the method we adopt with the works of secular authors, and the meaning of the sacred writers becomes plainer as we pursue it. Dr. Farrar's eminent scholarship and his lucid style of writing render his work a most delightful study. It is, however, doubtful whether any of his readers will be able to indorse his views entirely. We cannot but regret, for our own part, the tendency he displays, especially in dealing

with the book of the Revelation, to spiritualize passages evidently to be understood literally, and to refer to past events passages which are clearly prophetic and are still unfulfilled. His book, therefore, while giving much information and affording valuable aid to the study of the New Testament, needs to be read with caution and discrimination. Ph. 532. Price \$3.50. Published by E. P. Dutton & Co., New York.

THE PILGRIM'S PROGRESS.

There are some books which we can afford to read in the cheapest and poorest shape; we read them once and cast them aside, not needing to give them a second glance. But there are others, very few in number, to which we turn with pleasure and profit again and again. They are the books which we find helpful in our daily lives, and we go to them as for daily food. Of such books the "Pilgrim's Progress" is held, in the majority of Christian households, next in value to the Bible. We are treading the same path, pilgrims on the same road, and we meet with such experiences as Christian did in John Bunyan's allegory. To very few men has the privilege been given, as it was to the Puritan tinker, of ministering to the profit and encouragement of generation after generation of men, who treasure his book with a concurrence of admiration without a parallel in literature. The "Pilgrim's Progress," therefore, as a Christian classic of unequalled value, should be found in Christian homes in a shape and dress indicative of our appreciation of its worth. We are pleased to learn, from a prospectus issued by Messrs. Anson D. Randolph & Company, that a beautiful edition of it is being published by that firm, printed on heavy toned paper, containing one hundred illustrations by eminent artists, and elegantly bound. We have seen specimen pages of the volume, which prove it to be a marvel of typographical art. The price is \$4; by mail, \$4.25.

ANECDOTES

Illustrative of New Testament Texts is the title of a new volume published by Messrs. A. C. Armstrong & Son. Price \$1.50. It contains six hundred and thirteen short, pithy anecdotes culled from all sources—chiefly foreign—each one illustrating some New Testament passage. Clergymen and Sunday-school teachers, who know well how an anecdote fixes the attention and recalls the wandering thoughts of listless hearers, will easily understand how valuable such a collection must be. The following anecdote will illustrate the character of the book: Two miners were down sinking a shaft, and to do this they blasted the solid rock. They had

placed in the rock a large charge of gunpowder, and had so fixed the fuse that it could not be taken out. Through some mistake fire was struck, and the fuse began to hiss. On seeing this both men dashed to the bucket and gave the signal. The man above, in vain attempted to move the windlass. One of the miners, seeing that only one could escape, leaped out again and said: "Escape; I shall be in heaven in a minute." The bucket sped up the shaft, and the man was safe. Eager to watch the fate of his deliverer, he bent down to hear. Just then the explosion rumbled below; a splinter came up the shaft and struck him on the brow, leaving a mark that would remind him all his days of his rescue. They soon began to search among the fallen rock for the dead body. But to their surprise a voice was heard, and they found that their friend was yet alive; a piece of rock had roofed him over, and he was without injury of any kind. When asked what induced him to let the other escape, he replied: "I knew my soul was safe; I was not so sure of his" (Rom. 8: 16).

HOW A MOTHER'S PRAYER WAS ANSWERED.

(See illustration on this page.)

"Is not Tom come yet?" said a feeble voice. The speaker was a woman who lay very near to death. She was near seventy years of age, and her life had been one of many troubles. Happily her heart had been given to her Saviour in her youth, so that in all her troubles she had been sustained, and in going down to the dark river she had no fear. At times she felt that the burden of life had grown so wearisome that death would be a relief. She would have liked to live to see her favorite son, Tom, become a Christian, but it seemed it was not to be. He was now forty years old, and though doing well in the world was little better than an infidel. Her other children were all grown up too; some were, to her great joy, converted to God, but Tom, the clever man of the family, her joy and pride, was still in spiritual darkness.

"Tom cannot be here for nearly an hour yet, mother," said her youngest daughter, who was watching in the sick-room. "Is there anything I can do for you?"

"Yes, read me a chapter; read the fourteenth chapter of John, and then leave me alone a little while. I must pray for Tom. It will likely be the last time."

The chapter was read slowly, with frequent pauses, as the dying woman indicated by raising her hand when she wanted silence, as if she

were letting the blessed, comforting words drip gently on her thirsty soul. When it was ended her daughter quietly withdrew, and the Christian mother was left alone to wrestle for her son's soul. When her daughter returned she found her mother lying peacefully, with a light in her countenance as of one whose shoulders had been relieved of a heavy burden, and who was resting peacefully after a toilsome journey.

"Tom is come, mother," she said. "Will you see him now?"

"Yes, dear; let him come at once."

A minute or two later a strong, broad-shouldered, bearded man entered the room and, bending down over the bed, kissed his mother tenderly.

"Tom," said the dying woman, "I am going to die. I have been praying for you for the last time. All these years I have been praying, ever since you were a baby, and the answer has not come yet, but I believe it will. I want you to love the Saviour."

"Dear mother, you are true to the last; always concerned for others more than yourself. Are you suffering much pain?"

"No, Tom; I'm just tired, that is all. But I know I am dying. I was in trouble awhile ago as I thought of you, but I have given you into the Lord's hand now, and I am quite at rest. You will not resist Him, Tom?"

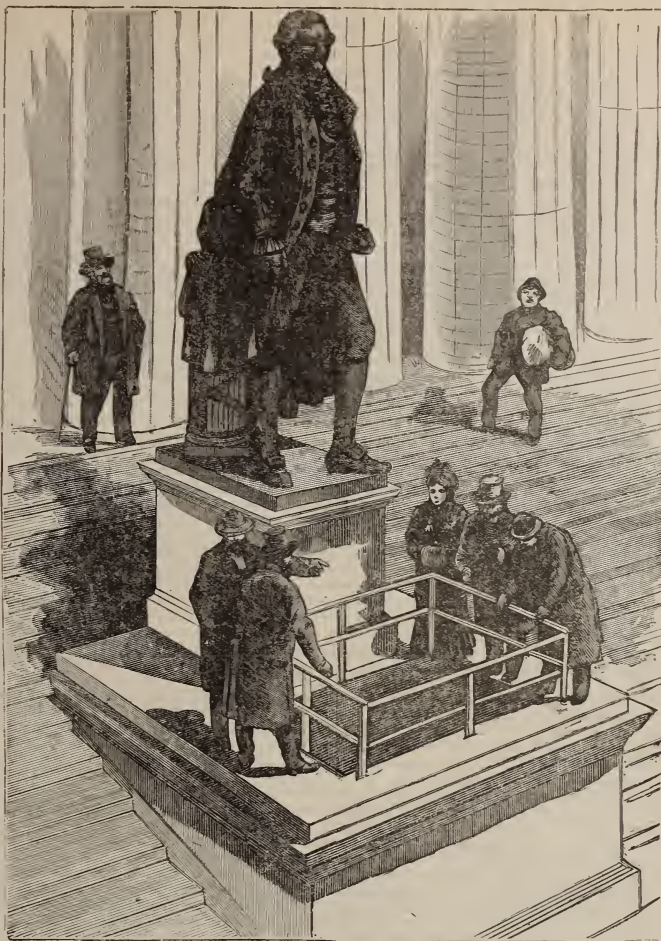
"I don't understand you, mother. If the Lord is the omnipotent Being you believe Him to be my resistance is of no account."

"Ah, Tom, I am too weak to argue. You were always too strong for me in argument at the best of times. The Lord will draw you to Himself, but He may not do it against your will. Promise me that you will not stand out against Him."

"I cannot see your meaning yet, mother; but if I learn it afterward I promise you I will not be obstinate."

"Thank you, my boy; remember it is your solemn promise to your dying mother. Hold my hand, Tom, the room seems to be slipping away from me. I feel I am going, but it is all bright ahead. Good-by, Tom. Remember." A deep sigh followed the words, and the son saw that his mother was dead. He knelt down and reverently kissed the hand he held, and for the first time in many years he prayed.

Months passed, and Tom lived, as before, the same godless life; but his mother's words and his own promise were frequently in his mind. He wondered if there could be anything in his mother's faith and prayers. He was immersed in business, and it was only in the evening or on the Sabbath, which he spent in recreation, that he thought of it and watched for, without being able to detect, some subtle, mesmeric influence which he supposed he would experience if his mother's prayers were effectual. That influence never came; but when, years after his mother's



The Statue of Washington in Wall Street, New York. (See page 137.)

death, he had suffered successively the loss of children, the loss of property, and the loss of friends, and saw himself a desolate, solitary man, he learned that God had answered the dying prayer, and by a painful process had forced him to turn to the Friend of the weary and the heavy-laden. Many a time in later years he told his own story as a warning to others, urging them to accept Christ at once without waiting for the discipline which He, who will have all men to believe, may use to bring them to Himself.

THE JEW'S WARD.

A SERIAL STORY.

(Continued from page 127.)

Light in Darkness.

CAROLA, disturbed by what she had seen on the river, hurried homeward, still thinking of the scene which suggested the belief that a crime had been committed. As soon, however, as she stood at the door of her home she recollected her grandmother and blamed herself for her own tardiness.

Matthias Levi was looking out anxiously for

the girl, and shook his head sadly at her uncertain and faltering gait. Carola had been away nearly an hour; and he did not know but that the old grandmother might be dead. Though it was not the Sabbath he had put on his best clothes, with a curious reverence for the approaching presence of the mysterious angel of death, who came alike to Jew and Gentile. He hurried the girl upstairs, and stood at the foot of the ladder, watching her climb up it with her unsteady feet and trembling hands.

"Tell me how she is, Carol," he said, eagerly; "you're yourself enough to know how the poor creature is? You're not too much overcome to see how she is, my dear?"

Carola turned round, and looked down upon him with streaming eyes.

"You think I'm drunk," she said, "and it's miserable I am. Why can't grandmother go on livin' as she's always done? I've never done ought to vex her. I've kept myself good because you and her was forever and ever goin' on at me. I don't know any other girl as good as me. Haven't I always kept myself a good girl?"

"Yes, yes, Carol," he answered, soothingly, "and if you'd never take any drink you'd be a jewel. And you are a jewel to me, my dear. Only you go on now and tell me how your poor grandmother is."

On the low shelf which formed the chimney-piece of the garret a candle was burning in an old gin-bottle. It had burned dull during the girl's long absence, and cast a mere glimmer of light on the yellow and sunken face of the old woman. Her head was tossing to and fro on the hard pillow, and her ragged gray hair lay in thin and tangled knots about it. But her dim eyes glistened a little at the sight of Carola, and at the strong scent of the dram which she hastened to give to her, lifting up the gray head tenderly as she held the cracked cup to her lips. With a satisfied sigh the dying woman fell back as soon as the dram was swallowed; and Carola sank down on the floor beside the bed, watching the parched and withered face, as it seemed to grow darker and colder every minute, in spite of her faithful gaze.

"There's money for you, Carol," she said, speaking with great difficulty, and in a whisper; "plenty o' money, nigh upon a pound a week. You're a heiress. Matthias is takin' care of it; and I've been a good grandmother to you. The money's all safe, and I've never drunk more of it than I promised. I've never been bad to you, have I, Carol?"

"No, no," answered the girl, sobbing.

"And now you're nigh on eighteen, and you're a good girl yet," she gasped; "you've never stole or gone wrong, and I'm not afraid to give account to them as left you with me. There's not a many girls as don't go to the bad,

and you're a pretty girl; but you promise me you never will, will you, Carol?"

"Never!" said Carol, fervently.

There flashed across her mind the recollection of how George Bassett had kissed her in the street a day or two ago, and how she had given him a fierce blow on the cheek, which had left the marks of all her fingers. She would do it again, and sharper, if there was any need.

"Will God Almighty be very hard on me?" exclaimed the old woman with a sudden cry of terror. She started up in her bed, and glared with sunken and bloodshot eyes into the black shadows under a gable of the roof. Carol looked that way with beating heart and shuddering frame; but there was nothing she could see. The crooked fingers that had gripped her hand slackened their hold, and the worn-out body of the dying woman fell back on the bed. When Carol withdrew her fascinated eyes from the blackness of the shadows she saw that her grandmother was dead.

The next Monday all the neighborhood was astonished at the magnificence of the funeral which went from Matthias Levi's house. The old woman had not been seen for years, and very few of her neighbors knew anything of her, except that Carol had a grandmother, on whose account she neither went into service nor into a factory. The hearse that carried the coffin to the distant cemetery was covered with handsome plumes, and the horses that drew it and the mourning coach that followed had the longest and blackest manes and tails which had ever been seen in that street. There was no one but Carol in the great coach, for Matthias had not deemed it right as a Jew to be present at the funeral of a Christian, and there was no woman among her numerous acquaintances whom the girl cared to ask to go with her. She had slept on the floor of the garret, where the silent and motionless corpse lay, and many questions had thronged to her excited and quickened brain. They were in her mind still, as she followed the coffin down the cemetery paths and watched it lowered into the grave. The chaplain read the burial service decorously but officially, and was turning away, when the loneliness of the weeping girl and her pale and tear-stained face struck him, and he turned back again, after going a few paces, to speak to her.

"Is there no one to go home with you?" he inquired.

"No; I'd nobody else but her," she answered, pointing down into the open grave; "and I don't know nothin' about where she's gone, or however I'm to find her again when I die. Isn't there nobody as knows?"

"You should go to your parish priest," he replied, "and he will tell you. What parish do you come from?"

"I don't know about parishes," she said; but Matthias "ll know, I dare say."

"I've a book here," said the chaplain, "that will teach you more than anything else, if you read it very carefully. You can read, I suppose?"

He took out of his pocket a small Testament, with well-worn binding, and leaves that were somewhat thumb-marked. Carol held out her hand eagerly.

"Are you poor?" he asked again, glancing at her handsome dress, and thinking of the plumed hearse which had brought the coffin to the grave.

"Oh, no," she answered, promptly; "I've plenty of money. I've no need to cry for that; but I want to know all I can about what has happened to her, for it 'll happen to us all, you know. There was somethin' in her that went out all in a moment, like when a candle is blown out. One moment it's all light, and then it's all darkness. *Where does the light go to?*"

"I have not time to stay with you," said the chaplain, who had another funeral waiting for him; "but you must go to your parish priest and ask him. And you may take this little book with you. You may keep it," he added; "it did not cost much."

Carol turned slowly away; but when the chaplain was out of sight she retraced her steps to the open grave. The hearse and the mourning coach had left as soon as they had set down their burdens, and there was no one to speak to her, or to distract her thoughts from the solemn questions which were in her heart. The deep gloom of the little funeral, its sable plumes, and the unrelieved blackness of the hearse she had followed, had depressed her spirits. It was all new to her. There was no cemetery in the crowded part of the city where she lived, and this was the first time she had stood beside an open grave; she had not even seen a place of graves before, and all about her stood the white tombstones of the dead, in thick array.

Folks died and were carried away in coffins; that she had known from her infancy. But death had never touched her strong young life before; it had never come home to her. And now the poor old bed-ridden woman, who had been content to lie still all day, slowly consuming her daily allowance of gin, was gone into that dark and dreadful mystery. Matthias had told her last night, with a face of awe, that he could not say what became of people that were not Jews, and neither her grandmother nor she were Jews. What was the terrible place whither she must go when her own hour came?

It seemed most strange to Carol that the street should look just the same as usual when she returned to it. Her old companions were lounging at their doors and the children were playing on the dusty pavement as if nothing had happened. Only they looked at her with something like unfriendliness in their aspect, and not one invited her into any of the spirit-vaults near at hand. The costliness of her mourning struck a kind of awe into their minds, and they felt that a dress so handsome ought not to come into contact with dirty floors. Matthias was at work at his stall, and he only gave a brief glance at her pale face and reddened eyes as she went softly and sadly past him up the spiral staircase. His heart was heavy for her; but what could he say? what comfort could there be in the death of an old drunken Christian like her grandmother?

Carol ascended to the empty garret, which had never been empty before. She threw herself down on the bed, and broke into a passion of tears and sobs. Matthias had taught her early that she must honor the old grandmother, in the place of her father and mother, who were dead; and of late years there had been a kind of pitying affection in her heart for this poor, helpless, drink-besotted creature, who was the only person in the world belonging to her, and who was so utterly dependent upon her.

How lonesome this garret was without her! Now and then there had been a gleam of love for her, and pride in her, breaking through the stupid lethargy of the old woman's torpid brain; and Carol could not bear to think that never more would she see those bearded eyes light up for a moment or two at the sight of her, or feel the withered hand touch her cheek caressingly. She had seen this rare and kindly light gleaming through the old grandmother's eyes only a few minutes before the change came, when the glimmering went out suddenly into utter darkness.

The twilight had deepened into night before Carol roused herself, and bethought her of the little book she had brought from the cemetery. She lit the candle, and set the bottle which held it upon the little round table, and drew up her chair beside it. Matthias was still at work, and she could hear the tap of the hammer in the shop, for his door and her window were open. The street was noisy with the usual clamor, and on the river there was still the sound of belated steamers passing by to the city piers. She leaned her head upon her hands, and looked down with smarting eyes upon the little page before her, on which was the first chapter of the Gospel according to St. Matthew.

Carol could read well; but it was hard work to get through the long genealogy; and it conveyed little meaning to her. Abraham, Isaac,

and Jacob she had heard of; and David, the king, and Solomon, and the carrying away into Babylon; or possibly she might never have gone beyond the first two or three verses. But the name of Jesus Christ was quite new to her; that was a name which Matthias could never have uttered. She knew nothing of Joseph and Mary; but the thought of an angel coming to Joseph in a dream was very pleasant to her. Perhaps an angel might come and tell her what she wanted to know. The second chapter promised to be still more interesting as she read the heading.

The brawling in the street died away into deep stillness, and the tapping of Matthias's hammer ceased; and out on the river the vessels lay at anchor for the night; but still Carol's pale young face and reddened eyes bent over the little book, and her brown fingers went from line to line, and her lips moved with the words she was reading, long after all the sounds were gone. She miscaled many of the words; yet the charm of the story held her as no story had ever yet done. Her bright intelligence pictured all she read. She could see the star shining, and the wise men looking up at it, and following it as it went before them. She saw them entering the house and falling down on their knees before the young child and His mother; they were Jews like Matthias, not like the men who were only English, and not Jews. And the children being slain, and Rachel weeping, how plainly she could picture it! John the Baptist was a real man to her, almost as real as Matthias.

But oh! how much there was that she could not understand? Who could this Jesus be, whose birth was foretold to Joseph in a dream, and of whom the angels took such special care? The wise men called Him the King of the Jews; and a voice from heaven said, "This is my beloved Son." Matthias had never spoken of Him. And they had brought unto Him all such people as were taken with divers diseases and torments, and those which were possessed with devils, and those which were lunatic, and those that had the palsy; and He healed them all. No wonder that great multitudes followed Him; she could see closely packed crowds like the crowds on Lord Mayor's Day thronging through the streets. And now He is going up on to a hill, and all the people are gathered thick about Him; and she herself is there in the front, and He opens His lips. What is He going to say?

What He said she could only partly understand, and she still needed some one to explain it to her. But after a while she came to a passage so plain that a child could see much of its meaning. "After this manner therefore pray ye," said Jesus Christ. "Our Father which art in heaven, hallowed be thy name. Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done in earth, as it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread. And forgive us our debts, as we forgive our debtors. And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil: for thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, forever. Amen."

Carol lifted up her bended head as she came to the word Amen. Oh, how far better this prayer was than the few Hebrew words without meaning which she had picked up from Matthias! She rose from her chair and went to the window, where she always stood to pray. The waning moon had risen, and was shedding a pale, sad light upon the water. But she had forgotten her own sadness; her brain was too full of the new and strange things she had been reading.

To-morrow she must learn every word of this beautiful prayer, which Jesus, the Son of God, had taught the people. The other prayers were good for the Jews, but Matthias himself had been doubtful if they would do her any good. But this prayer was in English, and must be meant for English people. She lifted up her eyes to the midnight sky, and said softly, "Our Father, which art in heaven." It was all she could remember; but the tears sprang to her eyes with the warmth with which she said them, though they were no longer sorrowful tears.

There was something so sweet and strange to her in those words, that she kept whispering them to herself after she lay down on the bed, until sleep came to her excited yet weary brain.

The next day Carola pored over her new book, with the ardent intensity of an unoccupied yet intelligent mind. There was no dull familiarity to make the marvellous story slip by unheeded or be read half-heartedly. She did not throw the incidents into a far-off past of many centuries, through which the book had gathered rust or mould. They were as fresh to her as this day's newspaper. She had not even an idea that Jesus, the Son of God, whose star was seen in the East when He was born, and who had done so many and mighty works, and said so many wise words, was dead. All the narrative was so life-like to her that she could hardly stay to read more, before starting off in search of this Son of God.

The crucifixion came upon her as an utterly unexpected and terrible grief. It stunned and bewildered her. There had been so much triumph and gladness in her heart, as she read of Him working miracles, and being transfigured before Peter, and James, and John, and entering into Jerusalem with the crowds shouting Hosanna! that, like the disciples themselves, she could not believe that He would really suffer His enemies to put Him to death. She read the words as if in a dream, and turned back to the beginning of the chapter with a wretched feeling of mingled dread and unbelief, and looked at the heading of it again.

With a low cry, which went to the heart of Matthias as he heard it in his room below, Carola threw herself on her knees beside the window, and hid her face in her hands. Oh, how interested she had been in this Jesus, from the time she read of Him as a little baby, with the wise men worshipping Him, all through His life among men, healing them, and teaching them, and talking to them in parables; loving them and blessing little children; and she had felt how kind He was, and wished she could go and see Him; but now they had put Him to a cruel death, and all was over! How could such a thing be? The light that was in Him had suddenly gone out, and the darkness had come again. And this was the most terrible darkness of all. She had not thought that the life in Him could ever be extinguished in death.

(To be continued.)

PAUL BEFORE FELIX.

S. S. Lesson for March 8, Acts 24: 10-27. Golden Text, ver. 25. By Mrs. M. Baxter.

Paul Indicted—The Charge—His Defence—The Formalists Offended by his Sincerity—Real Faith an Offence in these Times—Testimony to Resurrection Power—The Trial Adjourned—Paul's Spiritual Growth in Retirement—Summoned to Preach before Felix—Probable Preparation—God's Words Given him for Felix—The Truth Spoken—Felix Trembles—His Procrastination.

THE Jews were not long in coming to the charge against Paul. The chief priest came down to Casarea in person, and, in order to strengthen his cause, he brought with him, besides the elders, a popular orator named Tertullus, thinking, no doubt, by this means to gain his cause and work Paul's destruction. This hireling, whose ready utterance could serve any cause which answered best for his own interests, after a fulsome flattery of the governor (a man living in open sin), began to accuse Paul. The terms of his

ACCUSATION OF PAUL

were as follows: that he was "a pestilent fellow, a mover of sedition among all the Jews throughout all the world, and a ringleader of the sect of the Nazarenes; who hath also gone about to profane the temple." In all this there was nothing to prove that Paul had broken one single law, civil or ecclesiastical. The law does not take cognizance of what a man *is*, or of what others may say he is, but of what he *does*; and of the testimony by which his deeds can be

proved. Tertullus also accused Claudius Lysias of interfering with the execution of Jewish law by taking Paul, with great violence, out of their hands. To all this the Jews assented, but as yet nothing was really substantiated against him.

The governor beckoned Paul to speak. No fear of consequences, no nervous terror that a word might betray him and his cause be lost, no hesitation or tremulousness, could be seen in Paul; in his own words he *cheerfully* answered for himself. Paul stood before Felix for God's cause, not his own, and he told out the simple facts as they were, saying what God led him to say, and no more. He told how twelve days previously he had gone "up to Jerusalem for to worship;" how that the Jews found him in the temple neither "disputing with any man, neither rousing up the people, neither in the synagogues, nor in the city. Neither can they prove the things whereof they now accuse me." Here was his simple answer. No amount of eloquence or declamation can establish an accusation against a man if no proof of it can be found. "But this I confess unto thee, that after the way

WHICH THEY CALL HERESY,

so worship I the God of my fathers, believing all things which are written in the law and in the prophets." "I worship the God of my fathers *believing*." This was Paul's confession, "I hold as real, and treat as real, all which God says; *this they call heresy*." Yes, this is what the majority of professing Christians throughout the world call heresy. That which was mere doctrine to the Jews was life, power, and experience to Paul; that which to them was "the letter" which "killeth" was to him the Spirit which giveth life. He believed the same things as they did; their Scriptures were his, but Christ filled them all to him, and they could not see Christ in them anywhere. So is it now; after the way which men call heresy, we trust Jesus dwelling in us by faith to keep us from sin in reality, and we find He does, so that sin does *not* have dominion over us (Rom. 6: 14). We trust the Holy Spirit dwelling in us to quicken our mortal bodies (not our dead bodies in the resurrection merely, but our *mortal bodies* down here) "by His Spirit that *dwelleth* in us;" dwelleth *now* in us. And we trust that the Holy Ghost to apply to us the blessed fact that Jesus took our infirmities and bare our sicknesses (Matt. 8: 16, 17). This men call heresy, but it is only the Word of God taken as real, as meaning just what it says.

Speaking of the resurrection, Paul said: "I have hope toward God which they themselves also allow, that there shall be a resurrection of the dead, both of the just and unjust." But Paul did not stop at the doctrine; to him it was a power in his life. *Heret* (*i.e.*, in his knowledge of the resurrection) "do I exercise myself, to have a conscience void of offence toward God and toward men." To Paul the resurrection was not a doctrine which he as a Pharisee could argue with the Sadducees; it was

A FACT.

He saw eternal issues in all which transpired day by day; nothing was small to him, because nothing could be as though it had never been. God was in everything, eternity was in everything, and he held it his life's vocation to have a conscience void of offence, to have all things right with God, all things right with man on his side. A conscience yielded to God for God to rebuke when He will, and teach what He will, is kept by Him continually "void of offence." Paul's exercise, as he tells us elsewhere, was the good fight of faith (1 Tim. 6: 12). "Now after many years I came to bring alms to my nation, and offerings. Whereupon certain Jews from Asia found me purified in the temple, neither with multitude, nor with tumult. Who ought to have been here before thee, and object, if they had aught against me. Or else let these same here say, if they have found any evil doing in me, while I stood before the council, except it be for this one voice, that I cried standing among them, Touching the resurrection of the dead I am called in question by you this day."

Felix had no particular interest in the trial; he was not a man of God, and he had no object to attain in specially favoring the Jewish elders, so he deferred them, and said: "When Lysias the chief captain" (the only party against whom any substantial charge had been laid) "shall come down, I will hear the uttermost of your matter." All this time God's hand was manifestly at work overruling men and circumstances and working out His own ends for Paul and for the truth. Felix commanded a centurion to keep Paul and to let him have liberty, to forbid none of his acquaintance to minister or to come unto him. Paul had many acquaintances at Casarea, and his being a state prisoner would not prevent their coming to him to learn of God. Thus the Lord gave him a place of ministry. True he could no longer travel hither and thither to preach the Gospel, but it is possible that it was at this time that he was trained in that life of effectual prayer which we see coming out in all his Epistles. As he decreased (John 3: 30), both in opportunities and extent of active service, a wider, more glorious area opened before him, in which God should be the Worker, and he should stand behind God, simply praying and counting on His faithfulness.

Something, however, of what Paul had said must have struck Felix. After some days the governor sent for him to preach before him and his wife Drusilla, if wife she was, for her own first husband was living. The subject of

PAUL'S DISCOURSE

was to be "the faith in Christ." The very words spoken by God to Ananias at the time of Paul's conversion were beginning to be realized, "He is a chosen vessel unto me to bear my name before the Gentiles, and kings and the children of Israel." Paul's ministry among the Gentiles was drawing to an end, and the time of his testimony before kings or rulers was dawning. He saw God's glorious opportunity in this call to preach before Felix. Did he get into a state of agitation, revolving in his mind by what argument such a man could best be convinced, and did he spend the previous night in deep study and careful preparation? We are not told; but we could say almost certainly, "No." Was he much in prayer? Probably he was; but it was praying in the Holy Ghost, led of the Spirit; no feverish urging of God to bless as though He were unwilling, but a settled, calm assurance that the Lord would undertake both his discourse and also its effect upon the hearers.

God knew the audience, and led Paul to speak of "righteousness;" God's standard of righteousness, God's own righteousness, God's way of righteousness, His demand that we His people shall be righteous. And the unholy man who sat to judge him felt the truth of God entering his conscience and bringing him before the bar of impartial holiness and justice. Paul went on to talk of "temperance," of a holy life and the power to live it, and then the man with clear conscience preached to the man of guilty conscience concerning the "judgment to come," which had no terror for himself, but which must condemn the sinful man before whom he stood, either now or when it was too late.

The prisoner stood calm and firm in his God, eloquently pleading His cause. The judge trembled; his countenance fell; he would not so much as look his prisoner in the face. "Go thy way

FOR THIS TIME,"

he said, this first time in which God had spoken to him with power. He felt free to put off God's advances toward him, and said to Paul, "When I have a convenient reason, I will call for thee." "God must wait *my* convenience." Is this a sinner's position? Felix had something else in view; he saw how Paul was prized by his friends, and he hoped to make money out of his detention, and hoped that among his friends a bribe for his release might have been raised. How little Felix knew a heart which can trust God! For two years God permitted him to detain Paul, but all this time God's purposes were being worked out.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

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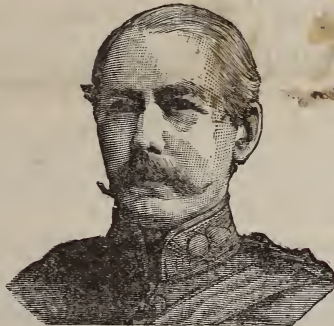
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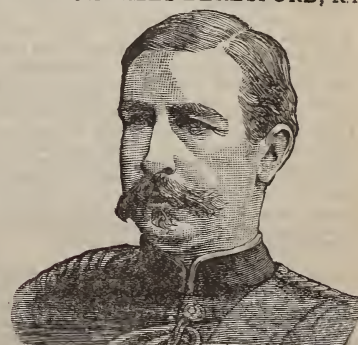
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THE CELEBRITIES OF THE BRITISH CAMPAIGN IN THE SOUDAN.

THE WAR IN THE SOUDAN.

IN our news column we have endeavored to keep our readers acquainted with the progress of the remarkable war the British Government is now waging in the Soudan. A brief recapitulation, therefore, is all that is necessary here. Originally, the Government decided to abandon the Soudan, concerning themselves with Egypt proper. Egypt itself they have again and again declared they do not intend to hold permanently, but only to occupy until its government is well established and its finances adjusted on a prosperous and efficient basis.

It was found, however, that the Mahdi intended to overrun Egypt. He believes himself, or rather represents himself (for we do not know what he believes), as the successor of Mohammed, commissioned to extend the Mohammedan faith over the whole world. Egypt could never be secure with the Soudan on its borders boiling over with fanaticism, and therefore it became necessary to commence a campaign in the Soudan. Peaceable measures were tried first. General Gordon, who had once, under the former Viceroy of Egypt, held the position of Governor of the Soudan, and was very popular with the people, was sent to assure them that England was desirous only of their welfare, and wished them to establish a government of their own. The Mahdi had, however, aroused the fanaticism of the people, and they hesitated whether to trust to General Gordon or to join hands with the Mahdi. Finally, General Gordon was surrounded in Khartoum by the Mahdi's forces. His appeals to England for assistance were disregarded until it was too late to rescue him, and he is believed to have fallen a victim to treachery.

The army sent to the relief of General Gordon has undergone severe privations, and has fought several desperate battles. On the first page of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD this week are portraits of some of the men who have distinguished themselves in the campaign—men whose names figure prominently in the cable dispatches our daily journals are publishing, and with whose features our readers may like to familiarize themselves.

GENERAL LORD WOLSELEY.

Commander of the Gordon Relief Expedition.

LORD WOLSELEY, better known by his former title of Sir Garnet Wolseley, is descended from a family originally belonging to the County of Stafford, where they had been settled before the Norman Conquest in 1066.

General Wolseley is fifty-two years old, having been born in Dublin on June 4th, 1833. He was educated at a private school and under tutors. He entered the army as an ensign in the Twelfth Foot, in March, 1852, but on the 13th of the following month was transferred to the Eightieth Regiment.

HIS FIRST MILITARY SERVICE

was in the Burmese War of 1852-53, for which he received the medal for Pegu, and he was with the expedition under Sir John Cheape, against the robber chief Myattoon, being severely wounded in the attack on that chief's stronghold. Landing in the Crimea with the Ninetieth Light Infantry, in December, 1854, he was employed in the trenches as acting engineer until Sebastopol was taken, being severely wounded in a sortie, and several times mentioned for skill and valor in dispatches. For his services he received the medal with clasp, was made a Knight of the Legion of Honor, received the fifth clasp of the Medjidie and the Turkish medal.

IN THE INDIAN MUTINY

he served with distinction against the savages for the rescue of the besieged garrisons. He was repeatedly mentioned in dispatches and received the rank of lieutenant-colonel, and the medal with clasp. In the war of 1860 in China, he served upon the quartermaster-general's staff, and was present at the assault of the Taku forts, and in all the engagements throughout the campaign, receiving another medal with two clasps.

Ten years later he commanded the expedition sent from

CANADA TO THE RED RIVER

territory for the suppression of the rebel government established at Fort Garry, and was created a Knight of St. Michael and St. George for his services upon that occasion. He was governor and commander of the forces on the Gold Coast during the Ashantee War of 1873-74, and for his services then was promoted to be major-general for distinguished service, nominated a Grand Cross of St. Michael and St. George and Knight Commander of the Bath, and received the medal with clasp.

In the last-named war he was dispatched to Natal to administer the government of that colony from November, 1875, till November, 1876, was inspector-general of the auxiliary forces at the headquarters of the army, at the latter date was appointed a member of the Council of India, and in 1878 High Commissioner and Commander-in-Chief of the Island of Cyprus. In June, 1879, he was sent to South Africa as High Commissioner and

GOVERNOR OF NATAL

and the Transvaal, to reorganize the affairs of Zululand, and on that occasion conducted the operations against Secocoeni, whose stronghold he destroyed. Returning in May, 1880, he was appointed quartermaster-general at the headquarters of the army, and succeeded Sir Charles Ellice as adjutant-general of the army. He was appointed general officer commanding-in-chief, with temporary rank of general, of the expeditionary force proceeding to Egypt in 1882. His smart and masterly conduct of that campaign won for him *his peerage and the pension of \$125,000.*

In September, 1884, he was authorized by the government to organize an expedition for

THE RELIEF OF GENERAL GORDON.

who was then in a perilous condition in the besieged city of Khartoum, and on the 9th of the same month he arrived at Cairo. He got together a sufficient number of camel and other corps for his purpose, and on Saturday, October 4th, commenced his forward march into the Soudan, via the River Nile, with Khartoum for his destination. His headquarters are at Korti, on the edge of the Soudan desert.

Lord Wolseley is an earnest advocate of *total abstinence* principles, and in his "Soldier's Pocketbook for Field Service," published in 1866, he strongly inveighs against the serving out of *grog* to soldiers, and inculcates upon them habits of temperance and self-control.

SIR HERBERT STEWART, K.C.B.

who has died from the wounds he received at Abu Klea, was carried with the army to Gubat. While he lay ill he was promoted to the rank of major-general for "distinguished service in the field." He had the arduous task intrusted to him by Lord Wolseley of establishing a line of posts across the Great Bayuda Desert, in the Soudan, between Korti, Lord Wolseley's headquarters, and Metemma. He was, in the estimation of competent judges, one of the most promising cavalry leaders in the army. He began his career in the infantry, his first commission being that of ensign in the Thirty-seventh Foot, of which regiment he became adjutant. He exchanged as captain into the Third Dragoon Guards. But he had not done much regimental duty for many years until the present campaign. He is said to have been as good a man of business as he was a gallant soldier.

A few years back, when ordered off on one of the many campaigns he has taken part in, he found it necessary to dispose of his London house. He did this to such advantage that he realized a considerable profit. The capital thus acquired he employed with shrewd judgment in the purchase of other house property, his operations gradually increasing till he became a landlord on rather a large scale. The management of all this property he kept in his own hands; and the story goes that after the battle of Tel-el-Kebir, in which he had been actively

engaged as assistant adjutant-general of the cavalry division, Sir Herbert, at the first moment of his leisure, dismounted to give a brief attention to his private affairs. An agent or *employé* had followed him out from England with a large bundle of leases and other legal documents, which Colonel Stewart proceeded to sign in a business-like fashion, using a drum-head as a table.

Sir Herbert Stewart's march to the wells of Gakkul and Shebach, across nearly two hundred miles of savage desert, defying hunger, thirst, sleeplessness, against overwhelming odds, will long have place in the military annals of England as an exploit brilliant in conception, and dashing in the manner of its execution. He was shot in the stomach during the engagement at Abu Klea, on January 19th. He was a man of temperate habits and a spare, active frame, a *water drinker*, and comparatively young. The surgeons, however, knew from the first that from the nature of his wound recovery was hopeless.

COLONEL SIR CHARLES WILSON, R.E.

AFTER the battle of Abu Klea, in which General Stewart was shot down by the Arabs, Sir Charles Wilson, who was serving under him, took the command and is now endeavoring to conduct the retreat of the little force to Korti. He is well experienced in the ways of Eastern nations, having served as commissioner for the Serbian frontier in 1878, and as Consul General in Anatolia during the following year. When General Stewart formed the zereba under the heavy fire by which he was eventually wounded, and while the exulting Arabs formed a circle, which enveloped the little square in what their enemy intended should prove for the English a veritable Sedan, Sir Charles Wilson rallied the men and encouraged them to stand firm under the attack of the mighty host opposed to them. Thrice did the British square seem in danger of being overwhelmed; three times did the fierce Arabs recoil before the steady, unmoved, dogged resistance of the British. At length they retired, despairing for the time of overcoming them.

After the victory at Gubat, Sir C. Wilson went, on January 24th, to Khartoum, in one of General Gordon's steamers, and arriving there on January 28th, found

KHARTOUM CAPTURED

by the Mahdi's army, and had great difficulty in escaping back to Gubat, as his steamer was fired on from the banks of the Nile, and was also wrecked in a cataract. He and his companions, however, were carried in another vessel to Gubat.

Of the other officers who have distinguished themselves in the Soudan campaign, and whose portraits appear on our front page, we need only state that

LORD CHARLES BERESFORD, R.N., made for himself a famous name by his courageous conduct as commander of the Concor during the bombardment of Alexandria. He now has charge of the Nile flotilla.

CAPTAIN THE EARL OF AIRLIE

holds a responsible appointment on the staff of General Wolseley as brigadier-major. He was wounded at the very commencement of hostilities, but is said to have bravely continued on the field in spite of much suffering. He has since received a second wound, from which he is slowly recovering.

MAJOR-GENERAL SIR REDVERS BULLER

is the chief of Lord Wolseley's staff. He is an old and tried officer, having served under his present chief in most of his undertakings in the Red River Expedition of 1870, in the Ashantee War of 1874, and in the first Egyptian Expedition, 1882, besides in such subsidiary affairs as the Caffre and Zulu Wars.

THE LATE MR. CAMERON,

Correspondent of the London "Standard."

MR. CAMERON was one of those who fell on the field of battle near Metemma on January

9th. For six years previously he had acted for the same journal in different parts of the world. From the very first his indefatigable energy, daring, and enterprise placed him in the front rank of special correspondents, and the position which he gained in the Afghan War was more than maintained in each succeeding campaign in which he took part. Mr. Cameron loved his profession, and his leading characteristic was his sense of duty. Like many other special correspondents who have made a high mark, Mr. Cameron had no training for journalism; he took to it with instinctive aptitude; his genius as natural, and showed itself at the first opportunity.

Intended originally for commerce, he went out to India, and was there engaged in mercantile pursuits when, at the outbreak of the Afghan war in 1875, the chance presented itself, and, relinquishing his business, he applied for and obtained the post of special correspondent for the *Bombay Gazette*. The brilliancy and thoroughness of his work attracted attention, and, when, toward the end of the following year, the advance of Ayoub Khan, and the British defeat at Maiwand, caused the war to break out afresh, he offered his services to the *London Standard*, and was immediately instructed to join the column which, under General Phayrer, was preparing to march to the relief of Candahar.

On a journeying night and day, he reached Quetta seven days after leaving Bombay, having ridden up the Bolan Pass from Sibi in thirty-six hours. He was the first to ride with the news of the victory of General Roberts to the nearest telegraph post, beating his competitors and the government couriers by a day and a half. Then, turning with equal rapidity to Candahar, he accompanied the first party who went out to the field of Maiwand, and sent home a description of the scene and of the fighting which established his reputation as one of the ablest as well as most enterprising of journalists.

Soon after his return to Bombay the Boer insurrection broke out. Mr. Cameron at once crossed to Natal, arriving there long before the correspondents dispatched from England could reach the spot. He was present at the battles of Laing's Neck and Ingogo, and at the fatal one on Majuba Hill, where he was knocked down and

TAKEN PRISONER

the Boers, but contrived, nevertheless, on the following day to get through a long message, descriptive of the battle. After peace was declared he returned to England, but upon news of the first riots in Alexandria, left for Egypt, and was present on board the admiral's ship, the *Invincible*, at the bombardment of Alexandria. He continued with the British forces until their arrival at Cairo, having witnessed and described every engagement which took place.

He had now earned a long rest, but was eager to be at work again, and, after a short interval, returned for Madagascar. His visit to the capital and the letters which he dispatched during his stay attracted great attention, as being the trustworthy accounts of the state of affairs in the island. As the French delayed their attack, and it was altogether uncertain when hostilities would commence, he crossed the Pacific to Melbourne, and then made his way to Tonkin, where the fighting between the French and the natives had just begun.

English correspondents not being allowed to remain with the French forces, Mr. Cameron, on his way home when Osman Digna's forces began to threaten Suakim, and no sooner did he reach Suez than he took ship for that port. He was present when Baker Pasha's force was crushed by the Arabs, and there he

NARROWLY ESCAPED WITH HIS LIFE.

He remained at Suakim until the British expeditionary force arrived, accompanied them in their advance upon Tokar, and was a witness of the recent battles of El Teb and Tamanieb. His return to England after his return from this long

absence was brief, for in a few weeks he again started for Egypt, and pushed up the Nile with the advanced boats of Lord Wolseley's expedition. The Arab bullet which ended his brilliant, and promising career, has carried away the foremost of the little band of correspondents who daily risk their lives for the public good; it has also deprived journalism of one of the most indefatigable and unselfish of workers, and his friends of a most genial, lovable, and kindly comrade.

In his sermon on Sunday morning, February 1st, the Rev. J. G. Rogers, a Congregational minister in the environs of London, mentioned that Mr. Cameron had sat, years ago, as a slim youth, and last summer as a stalwart man, in the church of which he is the minister. Ere starting on his journey to Egypt he had expressed a fear that he would not return. Mr. Rogers uttered words of profound sympathy with his widowed mother.

"SCATTERED AND PEELED."

DURING the past few months little information has appeared in the daily journals respecting the condition of the Jews. The shocking outrages which occurred in Russia two years ago brought into unusual prominence the miseries endured by God's chosen people. The silence now observed respecting them might lead to the inference that persecution has ceased. The following survey, however, of their condition throughout Europe, written by a Christian lady whose work among the Jews is indefatigable, shows that they are still enduring terrible hardships and are yet a nation scattered and peeled" (Isa. 18 : 2) :

Persecution is still active, and is increasing. The Jews in Roumania are suffering under the oppressive laws recently brought to bear upon them in that country. The unfortunate people are driven out of every industry by which they could earn their bread, forbidden to live in rural districts, precluded from working as artisans or trading in the towns. The following cases show the brutal manner in which the law is carried out. Here is

A RECENT INCIDENT.

A Jew was lately murdered by a native Christian. The criminal was brought to trial. His advocate pleaded that the man ought not to be punished, though proved to be guilty, and urged that as every Jew kills the souls of Christians (whatever that may mean), it is not wrong for a Christian to kill the body of a Jew! The murderer was acquitted!

The *Jewish Chronicle* of January 9th, 1885, gives the following appalling account: Two alleged cases of cattle disease having broken out at Darabani, the Prefect of the district instructed the local Commissary of Police, Filipescus to take the necessary measures for preventing the spread of the disease. This functionary carried out his instructions in the following extraordinary manner. In the first place, he caused ten, and subsequently thirty, Jews to be seized, and forced them, by dint of most inhuman treatment, to erect a wall around the town, although they knew nothing of building operations. Day and night, in storm and rain, they were mercilessly kept at their work by their taskmasters, à la Pharaoh, until at length a veterinary surgeon was induced to intervene, and advise that the construction of the wall might be discontinued as the rinderpest did not prevail in the place. So harshly were the Jewish laborers, among whom were several aged men, dealt with, that they were even compelled to work on the Day of Atonement. On the Feast of Tabernacles the synagogue was actually closed, because all the men were at work.

FUMIGATION.

Perhaps still worse was the treatment which the Jews who were spared from the work in the fields had to endure on the Day of Atonement. Scarcely had the thinned congregation assembled within their synagogue when Filipescus arrived with several policemen, and having posted them at the several exits, in order to

prevent any egress from within, he caused a quantity of sulphur to be burned inside the building, in order, as alleged, to thoroughly disinfect the place. The unfortunate worshippers were almost suffocated; women fell to the ground unconscious, and it was not until the tyrannical Filipescus perceived that it would be dangerous to prolong his amusement that the doors were opened and the prisoners liberated. Meanwhile terrible scenes were being enacted in other parts of the town. Bands of ruffians broke into houses inhabited by Jews, destroyed and plundered everything on which they could lay their hands, and ill-treated the persons, mostly women, whom they found in the dwellings. These barbarities were continued on the following day, although a number of Jews had fled from the town during the night. The results of these atrocities were of a fearful character, and women died from fright.

In addition to these gross persecutions, the Jews were also exposed to various annoyances of a more or less vexatious character. The slaughtering of animals was absolutely forbidden; but the poultry which the Shochet was allowed to kill were rendered unfit for consumption owing to all the birds being immersed in a solution of sulphur and carbolic acid. When the men who had been engaged in building the wall were released from their involuntary labor, they were sprinkled by some officials with carbolic acid. So roughly was this done that several of them were severely burned.

AT ODESSA

The Jewish merchants have suddenly received notice of expulsion at the new year unless they pay the fee of one thousand roubles (about five hundred dollars) annually for license as first-class merchants. The date is purposely fixed to interfere with the usual getting in of trade debts at the end of the old year. The Jews will have to go—pay all their debts, sell off at a loss, and leave before getting in the payments due to them. In two great provinces a cruel law of Emperor Nicholas is now revived, driving all Jews near the frontier into the interior. All this in the depth of Russian winter!

Matters are not much better in Austria. There has been a serious outbreak, with loss of life, at Cracow. In Hungary outrages still continue; and though the Austrian Government is by no means unfriendly, local judges and officials join actively in ill-treating Jews.

Mr. F. D. Mocatta reports that in the capital of

BULGARIA,

where the Jews till lately have been at peace, they are now in fear of disturbances, on account of Russian and German influence. He adds that the position of Jews in Servia and in Turkey is everything that can be desired. In Bulgaria and Eastern Roumelia there is nothing to be complained of, so far as the law is concerned; but the pamphlets industriously circulated, often with sensational illustrations about the "blood accusation," are doing much harm, and the Jews are very much depressed about their future.

In Germany the anti-Semites are busy with active propaganda against the Jews both there and abroad.

A terrible persecution has long been going on in Morocco unchecked. Emigration is the only resource left, but whither shall Jews go? Most European States, as well as America, now refuse to admit refugees unless they bring funds with them.

Turkey and the land of promise are again open; thither the homeless wanderers must and will assuredly turn their steps. Many have already gone there. There are now many refugees in Galilee and also in Jerusalem, where among the eighteen to twenty thousand Jews, mostly destitute, are many refugees from Europe, Arabia and Africa.

During the last two years we have been enabled to help in various places, and many ways, a very considerable number. We feel assured that Christian sympathy with persecuted Jews will not fail; and that, in view of the increasing distress, increased help will be afforded.

THE BLOOD.

Dr. Talmage's Sermon, Preached last Sunday Morning, March 1, 1885.

[It was Communion Sabbath at the Tabernacle, and Dr. Talmage gave the right hand of fellowship to one hundred and eighty-nine new members, raising the total membership of the church to thirty-two hundred and eighteen.]

"The blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from all sin."—1 JOHN 1: 7.

A Memorable Day at the Tabernacle—A Day of Victory—To Whom the Glory Belongs—A Word Portrait of Jesus—A Letter to the Roman Senate—Christ's Death-Warrant—A Scene of Blood—I. It was Royal Blood—The King Dying—Human Blood—II. A Brother's Blood—Who Slew Him—III. Substitutionary Blood—A Place to Bring Sin—That Old Sin—The Backslider's Guilt—The Pride of Morality—Not as Pure as you Think—One Man against a Million Sins—Different Kinds of Hands—Reception at the Gates.

This is a memorable day in the Brooklyn Tabernacle. On other days we throw out the Gospel net. To-day we haul it in. On other days, as the Lord's servants, we carry out the invitations to come to the King's feast. To-day we sit at the banquet. On other days we go out to fight the battles of the Lord. To-day we shout victory.

To many of you has the promise been fulfilled, "They that sow in tears shall reap in joy." I congratulate the church of Jesus Christ upon what has been accomplished through the prayers and the earnest efforts of the people. But the

GLORY OF THIS SCENE

is not for any human instrumentality. The victory of Agincourt was so great that after the battle the king commanded the chaplain to read the psalm of David, in which occur the words, "Not unto us, O Lord, not unto us, but unto thy name give glory;" and when the chaplain came to that phrase, the king got off his horse, and all the cavalry dismounted, and the entire army prostrated itself upon the face, and they echoed the voice of the chaplain, crying, "Not unto us, O Lord, not unto us, but unto thy name give glory." Here have been great victories of grace. God has gone forth from conquest to conquest. It has been a great battlefield, in which Jesus Christ hath won a triumph, and it seems to me it is time for the hosts of earth and the hosts of heaven to come down on their faces, crying, "Not unto us, O Lord, not unto us, but unto thy name give glory."

CHRIST'S MANLY BEAUTY.

Nearly nineteen centuries ago there appeared one Jesus. Publius Lentulus, in his letter to the Roman Senate, describes Him as being of stature rather tall, with hair the color of chestnut fully ripe, smooth to the ears, and then flowing and curling down over the shoulders. In the midst of the forehead, says the writer, a stream or a partition of the hair. His beard the same color, and very full but not long. Eye gray and clear. The nose and the mouth formed as no description on earth could represent them. His face without spot or wrinkle, and a lovely red. His posture one of gracefulness and symmetry beyond description. So the letter to the Roman Senate describes Him. But He must die. The French army in Italy found a brass plate containing a copy of

CHRIST'S DEATH-WARRANT—

that death warrant signed by John Zerrubabel, Raphael Rabboni, Daniel Rabboni, and Capet. When other victims have been taken to execution, there has been danger that the mob would rescue the victim. There is no prospect of that in this scene, for the mob are aiding Him. From 9 A.M. to 3 P.M. Jesus hung a-dying. It was a scene of blood. We are so constituted there is nothing so exciting as blood. If a child have fallen in the street, his bitter cry does not affect us so much as the crimson dripping from the lip. Going through a dark hall, if we find finger marks of blood on the plastering, we say,

"What dreadful deed has been done here?"

The whole scene of Calvary was

A SCENE OF BLOOD.

Blood dripping from the thorns and nails. Blood rushing from the temples. Blood soaking the garments. Blood gathered in a pool beneath the cross. Oh, there is one crimson word in my text that arouses all our sensibilities, stirs all our emotions, and brings before us the most tremendous scene of the centuries—just one crimson word: "The blood of Jesus Christ, His Son, cleanseth from all sin."

I. First, it was

ROYAL BLOOD.

In this country, with our democratic preferences, we pretend to despise royalty; but let some foreign potentate come to this land, and if he be king of some insignificant island, all the people turn out to gaze upon him. When the Prince of Wales visited this country some years ago hundreds of thousands of people came out and huzzaed in the streets because some day he would probably wear a crown. It is considered a great honor to have in one's veins the blood of the House of Stuart or the blood of the House of Hapsburg; but I have to tell you to-day that the blood that rushed from the cross is more royal blood. It is the blood of a King—the King of Earth and Heaven.

The honors of Henry were so great they were divided up among different reigns, and it was Henry I. and Henry II. and Henry III. and Henry IV. and Henry V. The honors of the name of Louis were so great in France that these honors were divided up among different names, and it was Louis I. and Louis II. and Louis III. But I can say in regard to our King, it is Christ the first and Christ the last and Christ the only.

THE KING IS DYING.

You remember the thrill of excitement in all the world when, a few years ago, the Czar of Russia was about to expire. He was known to be in his last sickness. The bulletins went out from the palace, every hour: "The king is better," "The king is worse," "The king was delirious last night," "The king slept well," "The king is dying," "The king is dead." The bells tolled it and the flags signalled it and the telegraphs flashed it. I have to tell you that Christ our King is sick in His last sickness. He is breathing the last groan. His body is shivering with the last anguish. The King is dying. The King is dead. But if a Roman surgeon had stood under the cross and had known enough to have analyzed one drop of that falling blood, he would have found in it the same plasma, the same disk, the same fibrine, the same albumen as characterizes the blood of others. In other words, it was unmistakably

HUMAN BLOOD.

That is a man hanging on the cross. It is sometimes said that the Unitarians make too much of the humanity of Christ. I reply, the Trinitarians make too little. When I see Jesus hanging upon the cross all my sympathies are stirred. If He had belonged to a higher order of beings, if He had been angelic in His nature, I could not so much have understood why we sympathize; but He is bone of our bone, and flesh of our flesh, and heart of our heart, and we may imagine something how the spikes hurt Him, and how hot His temples grew, and what sickness seized His heart, and how countenance and city and mob swam away from His vision, and something of the meaning of that cry for help which has made the blood of all ages curdle: "My God, my God, why hast Thou forsaken me?" Oh, it was royal blood, and it was human blood!

II. I go further and tell you it was

A BROTHER'S BLOOD.

If you go down the street and you find a stranger maltreated you are indignant; you rush upon the scene, you say: "You villains, what do you mean by maltreating this man? I never saw him before, but you have no right to run upon him in this way." But suppose you are going

down the street and you see a group of desperate doers, and you find that they are running upon your own brother. You rush upon the scene and say to them: "That is my brother; awa with you; touch him if you dare!" You thro your own life between your brother and the desperadoes. I have to tell you this one hanging on the cross is your brother. They strue Him, they mocked Him, they spit on Him. How do you feel about that? How do you stand that indignity to your brother? Do you not feel as if you could put your back again the cross, and put your back against the suffering form of the Lord Jesus Christ, and then tal some good sword, and with it he w down the desperadoes that assail Him? But you cannot rescue Him, you cannot bring Him from the cross. He is your brother, and He is dying, and He dead!

And there is something else I will say abo it. Shall I tell you the whole truth? I will.

YOU SLEW HIM.

I charge the sin first upon myself, then I char it upon all who hear me to-day. Our sins, o follies, our wickedness put Him to death. O transgressions were the nails, the thorns, t spikes, the vinegar, the mockery, the darkne I charge it first upon myself, then I charge upon you. Fratricide, fratricide! A brothe blood! And we slew Him!

VICARIOUS BLOOD.

III. Another remark I want to make in rega to that blood, and that is, it was substitut ary. Our sins cry to heaven for vengean. Some one must die. Who shall it be? Let be me," said Jesus. You were drafted for t last war. You provided a substitute. He w out, and he was slain at Lookout Mountain o Gettysburg. He died for you. You have large debt to pay, and you cannot meet the o gation. A friend of great wealth comes in t pays that debt. He is your substitute. No you see—what I mean when I say that Chr blood was substitutionary. He fought our t le, He died our death, He paid our debt, suffered our agonies.

The blood of Paul, which soaked the dus the guillotine, the blood of Hugh McKail i simmered in the fire, the blood of the h souled martyrs that reddened the mouths o lions in the Coliseum, are worth just as m to you as the blood of Christ, unless you sea it was expiatory, substitutionary for you, and in that respect differing from all o blood. Well, if all this be true, then come get your sins pardoned.

I do not invite you to a private confessio I do not invite you to whisper your offence my ear, for I am like yourself; I need the s pardon, and the pulpit is on the level with pew; and if the grace that saves you is requ in any case it is requisite in my case. So not want your confessional, I do not want to tell the story of the offences of your li me. Just where you are seated, or where are standing, take the blood cleansing, take blood pardoning. First of all

THAT OLD SIN.

You say, "What do you mean by that? mean that sin five or ten or twenty years You know what I mean. That sin which accumulated, because sin is like a debt; added unto by the interest, and then it i times what it once was, that old sin, unlc has been pardoned, because of all the opp nities you have had of having it pardoned since. Now, that old sin, how are you goi get rid of it? Does that sin present its d the doorway of your soul? Does it say, 'me what thou owest'? Does it propose t you out? Does it propose to bring you int carceration? How are you going to get t that old sin? Bring all your bonds and r gages and certificates of stock and all your crament securities. Bring them all, and l count them. Not enough. Bring all the c things you ever did, bring all the clever t you ever said. Let me count them. enough. Bring all you have. But you say

we brought it; I can't pay this debt, I can't meet this obligation." Then you must die? O. The blood, the substitutionary blood, the other's blood, the royal blood, can wash it all away.

I know that circumstances sometimes aggravate one's transgressions. If a child unwittingly does wrong you easily forgive him; but we have one wrong, and we knew we were doing wrong, every time a man sins conscience rings the funeral bell. We may pretend not to hear it, we may put our fingers in our ears and try to go away from that sound; but having transgressed, though we may have our fingers in our ears, we will hear the word coming: "The wages of sin is death. The soul that sinneth, it shall die. The way of the transgressor is hard." When you and I do wrong, when we have said that which we ought not to have said, when we have done that which we ought not to have done, we know it, we knew it.

Now, here is a man who twenty years ago knelt to a Methodist altar and gave his heart to God, and in some Presbyterian church professed faith in the Lord Jesus Christ. He went on seemingly in the right way for some time. He then went back to the world. He is a backslider. Is he happy? There is no nest of scorpions outside of hell so dreadful as the nest of scorpions in the backslider's heart. Oh, where is that roken-down family altar you once built? Where is that closet of private prayer you once had?

Common-sense tells us if a man come so near Christ that he feels the throb of His love and then goes back to sin again, he must have a bitter cup to drink, and the thunders that drive him away will roll and roar with the accumulated wrath of God omnipotent. And yet, my text warns a circle of pardon all around the sins of that backslider. Fires may not be able to burn them out, hoofs may not be able to stamp them out, hammers may not be able to pound them out; but here is blood that can wash them out.

So I can come to the man in this house who is the worst man here, I can come to the man in his house who declares he is the worst man on earth, and I can preach the Gospel with just as much confidence to him as to this man who has all his life preserved his integrity. Oh, the broadness of this Gospel that says, "Whosoever, whosoever!" However far you have wandered away from God you can come back, though you have gone through all the sins of the decalogue. "Whosoever, whosoever will, let him come."

"Oh," says some man in the house, "all that is very true."

FOR IMMORAL PEOPLE, but I have been a moral man all my life, and I don't need the gracious pardon. Have your thoughts always been right? Would you like to have the thoughts of the last fifteen years written out and presented before the eye of the world? No. And if you would not want the thoughts of the last fifteen years all written out before the eye of the world, certainly you could not stand the divine scrutiny. Now, there is my right hand, and there is my left hand. You see the one just as plainly as the other. Well now, the sin of the heart and the sin of the life are as plain before God, the one as the other, and a thought to Him is just as plain as an action. Ah! you need the pardon of the Gospel.

You say you have never committed this, and you have never committed that, and you would not have done as this man did, and you would not as this man have gone astray in this direction and as that man in another direction. Why, my brother, whether you know it or not, you have gone astray in many directions. You say you have never committed murder. How do you know? Have you ever hated anybody? Yes. Then you are a murderer. The Bible says so. Christ says so. "He that hateth his brother is a murderer." Do you hate anybody now? Is there anybody in all the earth you hate now? You are a murderer. "He that

hateth his brother is a murderer." So, my brother, you are

NOT AS PURE AS YOU THOUGHT

you were, you are not as good as you thought you were, if you say you have no sin to be forgiven.

You say you have never committed theft. I do not suppose you have ever wronged your fellow-man, but have you taken an hour of a day from God and devoted it to wrong purposes? If you have, then you have been guilty of robbing God. It is a mean thing to steal from a man. It is a worse thing to steal from God. The Bible cries out, Will a man rob God? Yes; we have all robbed Him. Now, let us come to confessional, and let us acknowledge that we need the mercy and the pardon of God. We all need it; there is not an exception. "All have sinned and come short of the glory of God. There is none that doeth good, no, not one."

Just let me blow the trumpet of resurrection, and let the sins of the best man in this house—all the sins of his past life—come up. Let the larger sin of the hundred be captain of the company, and let the greater sin of the thousand be colonel of the regiment, and let the mightiest sin of his life command the forces, vast as those of Xerxes, vaster, vaster. All the sins of that man's life coming down upon him.

ONE MAN AGAINST A MILLION transgressions, what chance has he? Where in the round of God's mercy is there any help for us? Rise, you seas, and whelm the host. Strike, you lightning, and consume the foe. The wave rolls back from the beach, and says, "No help in me." The lightning sheathes itself in the black scabbard of the midnight cloud, and says, "No help in me." Yonder I see the rider on the white horse. Make way for the courier. He swings his sword. It is the captain of salvation come for our rescue. Fall back, my sins. Fall back, my sorrows. All the transgressions of my heart and life are utterly scattered, and I cry, "Victory through our Lord Jesus Christ!" Oh,

WHAT A CHRIST HE IS!

Do you wonder that men and women have died for Him? Do you wonder that Margaret, the Scotch girl, would not give up her Lord when fastened down to the beach of the sea, and the persecutors thought as the waves rolled on she would give up her Christ? But fastened down at the beach when the tide was out, she continued in prayer until the tide came up, came to the ankles, came to the girdle, came to the shoulder, came to the lip, and with her last utterance she said, "My Lord, my God! He has been so good to me, I cannot surrender Him now, though the waves may go over me—my Lord, my Christ, my pardon, my peace," and the waves rolled over her.

Do you wonder that men and women and children have died for such a Lord as this? Oh, do you not want His consolation as well as pardon? How many of you have had misfortunes and trials, and you want this Christ. Oh, when those into whose bosom we have breathed our sorrows are snatched away, Christ's heart still beats; and when all other lights go out, we see coming out from behind the cloud something that we cannot at first tell what it is, but it gets brighter and brighter, and we find it is the star, the star of hope, the star of consolation, the star of Jesus!

Oh, there are

DIFFERENT KINDS OF HANDS.

There is the hand of care that opens hard on you, and there is the hand of bereavement that snatches your loved ones away from you, and there is the hand of temptation that strikes you back into darkness; but there is a hand so different from all these, and it is so kind, and it is so gentle. It is the hand that wipeth away all tears from all eyes—it is the hand of Jesus. Do you not want Him? Would you not like to have that pardon to-day, which I offer indiscriminately to all this house? Would you not like to have His comfort?

As at the sea beach we join hands and go

down and bathe, and let the waters roll over us and we feel great exhilaration, I wish we could by scores and hundreds and thousands to-day just join hands and wade down in this great Atlantic of God's forgiveness—not standing on the margin paddling the ripples with our feet, but wading clear down in the sea and letting the crimson billows roll over us. Oh, you must have this Christ! If you reject Him, all those gaping wounds will plead against you, and they will haunt you through eternity with the thought of what you might have been. Oh, take your feet out of Brother's blood! Do not go down condemned for fratricide and regicide and decide. Do not do it! Better for thee that Calvary had never borne its burden, and better for thee that those loving lips had never uttered an invitation, if, rejecting all, you go down into desolation and darkness, your hands and feet bedabbled with the blood of the Son of God. O dying but immortal men, O judgment-bound hearers, repent, believe, and live! How shall we escape if we neglect so great salvation?

There will be a password at the gate of heaven! I see a great multitude coming up, and they say, "Make way, open the gate, let us in, we were honored on earth; we had a great position in the world, and we want a great position in heaven." But the gate-keeper says, "I never knew you." Here come another throng. They say, "We did a great many magnanimous things, we endowed colleges, we established schools, and we were celebrated for our philanthropies. Open the gate now. Let us come in and get our reward." A voice from within says, "I never knew you." But here come up a great throng, thousands and tens of thousands, and they knock at the gate. They say, "We were wanderers from God, and we deserved to die, but we have heard the voice of Jesus." "Ay!" says the gate-keeper, "that is the password—Jesus, Jesus, Jesus! Lift up your heads, ye everlasting gates, and let them come in."

Christian Mission Work in Greece has Received an impetus from the visit of Dr. Somerville. Referring to this visit in a recent letter, Dr. Kalopothakes, of the American Mission in Athens, says: "There has been no hindrance to his preaching here, and large audiences have gathered to listen. It will probably deepen the growing feeling among the Greeks in favor of preaching in their own churches, of which there is very little, and the want is deplored by thoughtful people. We have been glad to notice a few priests in the audience. Our own work goes on quietly as usual, with an encouraging degree of interest shown in the various publications. The introduction of the New Testament in the original as a text-book for study in the schools is of marked importance."

Mormon Methods in the South are Graphically described by the New Orleans *Times-Democrat*. The "missionaries," it appears, are making many converts in the South, chiefly from among "the poor whites." Their course is exceedingly crafty. In their missionary tours they are men of quiet and well-ordered demeanor, affecting great piety, preaching temperance, defending the teachings of the Old and New Testaments, yet placing beside them the Book of Mormon as of equal authority, while of polygamy they say little. There are several special arguments they urge to the poor whites of the Southern States which are particularly strong with them. The elders go from house to house, wandering through the mountains, taking no money for their preaching. If lodging is made them free they accept it, but if a charge is made they pay without complaint. Against such missionaries, working among a class of people almost totally uneducated and ignorant, there can be no argument used but the law. It is only when their dupes approach Utah that the mask is taken off; then they discover that they are in the grip of a despotism worse than that of Russia, and under the control of men whose record is stained with blood.

THE VACANT CHAIR AT WESTWOOD.

MR. C. H. SPURGEON has again been forced by the fogs and damp of the English winter to seek a brief relief in a warmer climate. During his absence his *sermons* will continue to be published regularly in this journal. An evening sermon or one of his popular week-day discourses will take the place of the usual morning sermon. Our readers, whose esteem for the great preacher fully equals that of his own church, will be interested in the following particulars:

Mr. C. H. Spurgeon on his way to Mentone wrote from Paris to his church at the Tabernacle:

"The advice to take three months or more of rest comes to me when I am so broken down that I must of necessity agree to it. I have come quite to the end of my strength, and therefore I yield. I am never so happy as in the pulpit, and never so happy in any pulpit as in my own. Years have endeared us to each other. The great success which we have shared, and the trials which we have endured in common, have knit us together in one till death doth us part. I would not be absent from a single service all the year round if I could help it; but you know my infirmities, and you show your loving sympathy with me in them."

The following letter from Mrs. Spurgeon tells us how

THE ABSENCE OF HER HUSBAND

affects her: "I am sitting alone, in my husband's lonely study, the profound silence broken only by the ticking of the big clock; the volumes which line the walls look frowning and gloomy in the uncertain light of evening, and the precise orderliness of the whole room gives sad and significant sign of an absent owner. The first Sabbath of his absence is drawing to a close, and the day, so fair, so bright, is going to die. All through the past twelve hours, the horizon has been glorified with light which seemed unearthly, and looking south, from these windows across the many miles of country which stretch to the Surrey Hills, the vision has been so radiant that 'thick coming fancies' could easily picture therefrom the jasper walls and pearly gates of the city which hath no need of the sun.

"I turn again from the window, cherishing the sweet thought that perhaps

THE DEAR ONE A THOUSAND MILES AWAY has been gazing on the same glorious scene, and that, though so far separated, we have together been worshipping the great Creator of heaven and earth, blessing Him for the joy of being able to say, 'This awful God is ours, our Father, and our Friend.' Now, as I sit in the soft twilight, very tender thoughts steal into my heart, and delightful memories of sacred hours here spent with my beloved come crowding in upon me. The stillness constrains me to listen for the voice which has so often made music to my soul, and I look round upon the books which I have so many times taken down and read to him, as though they might also sympathize with me in the loss we together suffer by his absence. But they are dumb, and make no sign; all their wisdom, and learning, and piety are locked up within themselves; they are treasures, of which my absent lord has the key, they are like stones which only my philosopher

CAN TURN INTO GOLD.

"I almost begin to murmur against the circumstances which make the separation from my husband unavoidable, and I am fast falling into a fretful and peevish condition when—with a rush of joy no words can describe—I recognize the possibility of being no longer solitary or desolate; my soul is thrilled with the solemn and entrancing thought that in this very room the Master's divine presence, so often felt, may again be realized by faith, and enjoyed by my longing, waiting soul. The Lord Jesus has been so wont to come to this spot to help and bless His ministering servant, that maybe—I thought it, and now I write it with all reverence—maybe He will not have given up the blessed habit of

such visits, and I shall find Him, waiting here with His hands full of blessing, and His heart full of tenderness—even for me!

"My spirit melted within me at this wonderful hope, and with bowed head and bended knee, BY THE PASTOR'S EMPTY CHAIR, I sought Him whom my soul loveth; I sought Him—and, blessed be His name—He would not let me seek in vain. My gracious Lord drew near, and strengthened and comforted His lonely child, and filled my heart with joy and peace."

ISRAEL IN THE LAST DAYS.

By Frank H. White.

A Time of Building—A Time of Physical Changes—The River from under the Temple—Re-arrangement of Tribes—The Ritual—A Perfect Worship—The Vision from God—Its Practical Use—An Editor's Warning—Where to Look for Comfort.

NEARLY all the apparent difficulties which belong to a literal interpretation of the last chapters of Ezekiel's prophecy are met by the consideration that

THE TIME

of the temple he describes is elsewhere referred to as marked by an intervention on the part of God evidently *miraculous*. For example, great physical changes will then be wrought in the land of Israel. The prophecy of Zechariah contains the plainest predictions of such.

Among the events which we are there told will happen in "the day of the Lord," and usher in the millennium, we read in chapter 14:4, 10, "His feet [Messiah's] shall stand in that day on the Mount of Olives, which is before Jerusalem on the east, and the Mount of Olives shall cleave in the midst thereof toward the east and toward the west, and there shall be a very great valley; and half of the mountain shall remove toward the north, and half of it toward the south" (Zech. 14:4).

Ezekiel sees a river issuing from under the threshold of the Temple, whence it flows eastward to the desert and the Dead Sea. Of no great depth at first, for when the prophet crosses it in the inner court, the water reaches only to the ankles; this mysterious stream, although receiving no tributary from without, increases visibly as it advances in its course. When Ezekiel crosses it a little lower down, the water reaches to his knees, and farther on it rises to his loins; and when he has passed still lower down the river, he can no longer cross it on foot, "for the waters were risen, waters to swim in, a river that could not be passed over" (Ezek. 47:6). As

THE TEMPLE WATERS

pass through the barren lands to the Dead Sea, they are transformed into a fruitful garden. Fruit-bearing trees spring up on either side of the river. The Dead Sea becomes a sea of life. At present, covering with its waters the guilty cities of Sodom and Gomorrah, it is "saturated with salt and asphalt," so that no vegetable or animal life can live therein. But as Ezekiel saw it, how changed the scene! Like a sea in the blue Mediterranean, fish multiply and fishermen establish themselves on its banks.

Another difficulty relates to the arrangement of the tribes of Israel and the division of their land as described by Ezekiel, which differs in several important particulars from that which we find recorded in the book of Joshua. For example, the allotments are in equal portions, running in parallel sections from east to west. Seven tribes are placed north of the city and five south; while two tribes and a half which used to be east of Jordan are found on the west (Ezek. 48).

To some, the most serious difficulty of any in the way of a literal interpretation of Ezekiel's vision of the City and Temple is the re-institution of

ANIMAL SACRIFICES.

This they regard as "a return to the beggarly elements of the law, by which Christ by His one offering has once and for all set His people free." This, they say, would be "a practical

denial of the all-sufficiency of the atonement." It would be so now; but does it follow that it would be so then? Of this we may be certain, that of whatever nature the ritual may be which will be found connected with Israel's Temple and worship in the day of their restoration, it will in no wise conflict with the truth of the sufficiency of the once for all offered Sacrifice at Calvary, where Jesus died for the nation as well as for the children of God scattered abroad (John 11:50-52).

Again: May not these sacrifices be commensurate, as is our observance of the Lord's Supper? Might they not have a *retrospective*, as those under Moses' law had a prospective, relation to the Cross of Christ? May not the national character of Israel's relation to God necessitate an entirely different testimony from that which the Church of this dispensation is called upon to give, or rather the same testimony, differently borne? What holds good as to ritual in this age, may not in that which is to come. Then, the outward and inward may be so combined as to present no opposing witness. There is nothing sinful in ritual if only it be of divine appointment. In Mosaic times the outward ritual was the more prominent. In these Gospel days it is more the inward truth. In the next dispensation it would appear that both shall be united—a perfect worship. Then there shall be no longer a divorce between the spiritual and the material—outward grandeur and inward beauty will alike characterize the temple worship of Israel in millennial times.

Moreover, can we judge what is best to impress the national character of Israel's standing with God upon the nations who will come up to Jerusalem?

I do not say this in proof of my belief that the sacrificial ritual contained in the vision of Ezekiel will be maintained, but to endeavor to show that such a view is not after all so improbable as at first sight it may appear.

Notice that what Ezekiel sees is described as "VISIONS OF GOD."

"In the visions of God brought He me into the land of Israel." They were visions revealed by God; visions of which God Himself was the author. Divine visions—not the fruit of the prophet's fancy, or the workings of a fevered brain. They belonged to the "divers manners" in which God spake by His prophets. They (the visions) therefore have the full weight of inspiration. Their record is Holy Scripture, and as such written for our learning, that we through patience and comfort of the Scriptures might have hope. Pertaining particularly to Israel, they are nevertheless intended for our instruction, part of the Spirit's gracious ministry to the Church now. We may not, therefore, neglect their study. They will help to keep our feet in these last days.

That the time of the reign of the Prince of Peace is nearing, makes every day a day of gladness to the believer. Warned by the Scriptures, he is not deceived by the false cries of peace which he hears on all sides. Never was there a darker outlook among the nations in this respect than at the present time. "Never before," says the writer of a leading daily paper dated Christmas Day, December 25th, 1893, "in the history of mankind, have so many adult males been under arms; never before was the machinery of death and destruction brought to such shocking perfection, or directed to more deplorable ends. The thirteen years that have elapsed since the snows of Christmas were crimsoned with the blood of hostile hosts in the west of Europe, have been dedicated to fresh and yet more careful preparation for the conflicts of the future. Armageddon* yet remains to be fought; and the nations glower at each other under their only half-lifted visors. We look in vain to any form of institution to rescue us from the hereditary taint of fratricide that seems per-

* Armageddon is but the gathering place of the anti-Christian armies, not the place of battle (Rev. 16:16). The final destruction of these mighty armies will take place in the Valley of Jehoshaphat, 200 miles from Armageddon (See Joel 3:12; Rev. 19:20).

odically to impel nation against nation, community against community, race against race. The progress to which we all render lip-service develops the capacities without quelling the passions of man. Life grows more complex, and, as the issues become less simple, the impatient yearning to solve them ends by setting armies in motion, and the sword is invoked to settle problems that baffle reason and irritate argument.

"The more ardent champions of the rights and dignity of man, and who consider that these are wounded by the spectacle of a court, are equally resolved to carry the republican war into the enemy's country when the favorable opportunity arises. They are only waiting.

AT A GIVEN SIGNAL,

the crusade against crowns would be set in motion, and Europe would be deluged in blood, in order that, as the foremost advocate of this benevolent design has explained, Paris might become France, and France might become Europe. Nor are kings alone obnoxious to these self-constituted sponsors of the future. The altar must follow the throne; the cascock must be burned in the same fire that consumes the purple. Where, then, are we to turn for comfort?"

We answer, to the sure word of prophecy, which, while it stimulates us to renewed effort to spend and be spent in ministering to the necessities, spiritual and temporal, of our fellow-men, sheds light upon this dark picture, and fills us with a hope which, in spite of the obscurities that arise from our carnal and unbelieving hearts, is both a bright and blessed one. The vision of millennial glory presented in Ezekiel's temple will, if viewed not as matter for curious speculation, but as food for faith and hope, both sanctify and enlarge our hearts. At the sight thereof we shall "gird up the loins" of our minds, and "hope to the end for the grace that is to be brought to us at the revelation of Jesus Christ" (1 Peter i. 13). For then we shall be with Him and like Him, and reign in life, having as the sphere of our glory the throne of God, the heavenly Jerusalem, and Mount Zion.

ANECDOTES RELATED AT THE EVANGELISTIC MEETINGS IN SCOTLAND.

A Bad Paymaster.—At a Recent Meeting a Christian minister said: "I remember looking at two men in a railway station. I saw that they were iron-moulders, and very miserable they looked as they stood there, and I thought, 'Poor fellows, you must be out of work.' A respectfully dressed man joined them, and I overheard their conversation, and could learn from it that they were all employed in the same work. Addressing the new-comer, I said: 'Do these men all work along with you?' 'Yes,' he said; 'We all get the same.' 'What is the meaning of the great difference in appearances between you and them?' I asked, referring to the dress. 'Why, sir,' he said, 'they don't wear the blue ribbon, and I do; that is the meaning of it. They give their money to the devil, and are working for him and his cause, and now they are reaping their miserable reward.'"

A Mate's Solemn Vow.—"Every Man for himself," cried the captain of a sinking vessel, and each ran to secure a life-buoy. The chief mate and chief engineer were soon plunging into the raging billows. The mate was raised high on the crest of a wave, when he heard a voice calling him by name; it was the engineer saying, 'Oh, if you are saved, tell my wife and children about me, and may God have mercy on my soul.' He sank, and was drowned. The words startled the mate, and he prayed that the Lord would save his soul. The words of a text, which he had learned when a boy, came into his mind—'He that believeth is not condemned'—and he said, 'O Lord, I do believe now; I know that I have eternal life; but oh, let me live a little longer, and I will witness for Thee.' And the Lord did save him; a great wave threw him on to a rock, with an arm and leg broken, and his ribs crushed. He saw a light glimmering in

the distance, and managed to crawl to the gate, but no further. When he regained consciousness he was lying in a comfortable bed, and the first thing which entered his mind was the text, 'He that believeth is not condemned.' They told him that he had been lying there for three weeks, although he knew it not. He kept his promise, and has ever since witnessed faithfully for Christ.

A Tight Grip for Life.—The Rev. Mr. Ross relates: "One very dark, stormy night at sea, a man fell overboard. The people on board witnessed the fall, but it was so dark that they could not see in which direction to throw a rope; but they threw one where they thought they saw a dark form in the water. Happily it fell near the swimmer. The drowning man grasped at the rope, not knowing what it was; his grasp was so tight that, when they had got him on board, they found that the rope had sunk so deeply into the flesh of his hands that it was taken away only with the greatest difficulty and pain. Dear friends, take such a hold of Christ that, wherever He leads you, and whatever pain or suffering it may cost you, you do not let Him go. 'Lay hold on eternal life!'"

Memory's Last Earthly Office.—"One Night in Springburn, near Glasgow, a message came to the minister and myself asking us to go and speak to a man who was dying, and the messenger said if we did not go at once it would be of no use. Upon our arrival at the house we found the man's wife wringing her hands and crying bitterly. As we entered we heard her say, 'O John, John! do you not know your own wife?' His only daughter was bending over him, exclaiming, 'O father, father, do you not know me?' A neighbor who was present turned to us and said, 'You are too late; he is past knowing anybody.' I went over to the bedside, and stooping over the nearly unconscious man, whose eyes were glazing in death, I said, 'John, do you know Jesus?' At the name of Jesus he opened wide his eyes, and cheerily replied, 'Yes, yes! I know Him, well.' A little afterward he gently passed away."

A Reformed Convict's Testimony.—Mr. Vans related: "A young man had broken the law of the country, and was put in prison, and when he was released he tried to get employment, and would have got it if he only had a certificate of character. He tried one place after another, but with the same unsuccessful result. At length a Christian gentleman employed him, saying that he would give him a trial without a certificate; and his employer was not disappointed; he turned out well. By and by he gave himself to the Lord, and in a meeting he testified thus: 'I thank the Lord that He has saved me. When I came out of prison I tried to get employment, but no one would take me in without a certificate, until a Christian gentleman gave me a trial; but, friends, as soon as I went to the Lord, He took me in without any references, and not even saying He would give me a trial, but took me altogether. Sinner, who ever you are, or whatever you are, no matter how far down in sin, if you apply, the great Saviour will take you in and forgive and bless you.'"

A Red Indian's Plot Frustrated.—An Earnest and successful evangelist said: "A few years ago I was in the north-west of America among the redskins, and there I met with a missionary, who labored among the Indians. His work did not seem to prosper in his hands, and he grew discouraged. One Sunday he was preaching in the open air, as usual, when all at once a troop of young men came and formed themselves into a semi-circle round him. He was certain that they meant some evil, and he thought that this was his time to preach Christ with all his might. In earnest tones he offered the Saviour to perishing sinners. He repeated the text, 'For God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son that whosoever believed in Him should not perish but have everlasting life.' The chief of the troop stepping forward said: 'Stay, pale face! what is that you say? Your God gives something; our gods give nothing,

but take all they can get.' The missionary told him how God gave His only Son for him that he might be saved. At a sign from their chief the troop went away, and the chief explained to the missionary that it was he who had brought the young men there for the purpose of putting him to death, as they were tired of his preaching. At a sign from him they were to throw the weapons at the preacher. The chief eventually accepted Christ as his Saviour. From that time the work of grace went on among them, and much good was done."

HOUSES AT ALHAMA, IN SPAIN, WRECKED BY THE EARTHQUAKE.

(See illustration on page 156.)

Our illustration on page 156 will give some idea of the devastation wrought in Southern Spain by the terrible earthquake which occurred on December 25th, last year. The district most severely visited lies in the provinces of Granada and Malaga, and forms a parallelogram measuring about seventy miles from east to west, and about thirty-five from north to south. This unfortunate town of Alhama is about twenty-six miles southwest of Granada, and is situated on a promontory of limestone. It is divided into an Old and a New quarter, the older portion being built on the higher ground on the side of a valley. The earthquake caused the upper town to fall upon the lower, so that both were practically destroyed. Out of seventeen hundred and fifty houses thirteen hundred were wrecked or completely levelled, but the loss of life fortunately seems to have been comparatively slight, as out of ten thousand inhabitants the killed barely amounted to three hundred and fifty.

"No bombardment," writes the *Standard* correspondent when visiting the town, "could achieve such complete and utter destruction. It was with extreme difficulty that we made our way up a narrow street flanked with tottering ruins, climbing over piles of fallen rubbish, jumping from one mass of broken masonry to another and progressing as best we could in single file. Every step we made revealed fresh scenes of ruin. Several convents as well as the fine churches have been destroyed, and the jagged outlines of the walls still standing were sometimes terrible and sometimes fantastic in their strange variety. Great caution was required in passing these lofty walls, for several times we felt slight tremors beneath our feet, and the silence hanging over the place was broken suddenly by the sound of the fall of blocks of stone and crumbling walls."

But bad as was the condition of the buildings, the pictures of misery afforded by the unfortunate inhabitants was far more melancholy. Some were sitting on the ruins, utterly helpless and speechless. Others were trying to find some remains of their property, while others again implored the authorities and soldiers for assistance. Huts were built in the open, and tents raised as some slight shelter for the sufferers, the square was made into a church, a large omnibus serving for altar, priests robing place, and the Tabernacle of the Host, and the authorities made all possible endeavors to supply the people with bodily necessities. On January 11 King Alfonso visited Alhama, walking through the city and distributing relief. He passed the night at the baths (El Hammam), from which the town takes its name, and which were famous in the old Moorish times.

These rapidly-recurring "earthquakes in divers places," as well as the "wars and rumors of war," with which all are now so familiar, are only "the beginning of sorrows," as predicted by our Lord in Matthew 24. Evil men shall wax worse and worse, and the earth will continue to groan, until the fury of the Great Tribulation shall burst upon mankind with its scenes of persecution, confiscation, bloodshed, and death; "and except those days should be shortened, there should no flesh be saved." "So likewise, when ye shall see all these things, know that it is near, even at the doors."



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CURRENT EVENTS.

Prohibition Prospects in Congress were never hopeful; they have now received an explicit and direct check. The House Committee, to whom was referred the joint resolution providing for the appointment of an Alcoholic Liquor Traffic Commission, report adversely, expressing the opinion that "To the several States of the Union properly belongs the right to enact such legislative local police regulations as will throw every proper restriction around the liquor traffic." The Committee add that, in their opinion, the interest of temperance and sobriety would seem to demand wise and stringent restrictions and effective safeguards in connection with the liquor traffic rather than "impracticable efforts at absolute prohibition."

Mr. Cleveland's Opposition to the Silver coinage was forcibly expressed in a letter to the Hon. A. J. Warner and others, which was given to the press on February 27th. Mr. Cleveland admits the importance of the subject, but thinks it unnecessary to wait in forming his judgment for an expression of the sentiment of his party, as his correspondents advised him to do. He believes that "a financial crisis," the result of the act requiring the coinage of two million silver dollars a month, is "now close at hand." He reminds the friends of the unpopular coin that the vaults of the Treasury and sub-treasuries are already filled with it to overflowing while the stock of gold is steadily diminishing. Only by a suspension of the coinage of silver, says Mr. Cleveland, can the danger be averted. The displacement of gold by silver would cause a financial crisis, which, following on so long a period of commercial depression, would involve the people of every city and every State in the Union in a prolonged and disastrous trouble. The revival of business enterprise and prosperity so ardently desired and apparently so near would be hopelessly postponed. Saddest of all, in every workshop, mill, factory, store, and on every railroad and farm, the wages of labor, already depressed, would suffer still future depression by a scaling down of the purchasing

power of every so-called dollar paid into the hand of toil. From these impending calamities it is surely a most patriotic and grateful duty of the representatives of the people to deliver them. It may be hoped that this emphatic warning will receive more attention than has been accorded to similar words uttered by less distinguished persons. Few people have realized as yet the importance of the subject.

General Swaim has been Condemned by the court-martial before which he was tried to suspension from office on half pay for twelve years. The President twice returned the finding to the court with a recommendation that it be reconsidered, but finally he confirmed it. The sentence is ridiculed everywhere. If General Swaim is innocent, no sentence at all was necessary; if he is guilty, the sentence is a grossly inadequate punishment for his offence. There was a debate in the Senate on the subject, in which it was stated that General Swaim was being persecuted because he was "Garfield's friend." It is a pity that the late President's name was dragged into the case. The charge against the Judge Advocate General is, that he was guilty of falsehood and dishonesty—a charge too serious to be overlooked, even in a friend of President Garfield. The country regrets that he was unable to convince his judges that he was innocent.

The Grave Nature of General Grant's Illness has again been reported by the daily journals. It is explicitly stated that his trouble is cancer at the root of the tongue. The most skillful surgeons in the country have been consulted, but they agree that the malady is incurable. The position of the cancer prevents an operation being performed with any prospect of saving the life of the distinguished patient. The disease has, it appears, made more rapid progress since the financial troubles which have fallen upon the General have developed, and his fall on the sidewalk a year ago and his subsequent protracted confinement to his bed still further weakened him. It is feared now that his life cannot be prolonged at the utmost beyond a few months. Messages of sympathy from all quarters are pouring in upon him, and the General is evidently much cheered by the kindly feeling manifested toward him.

Riots Occurred in Philadelphia on Thursday and Friday of last week. The employés in the carpet-weaving works of Messrs. Leedom & Sons, at Kensington, have struck, and the attempt of the firm to replace the strikers caused the riot. One man named Cameron, a loom fixer, appeared to be the object of the most violent hostility of the strikers. A large force of police were sent to the mills to protect the man, but a large mob had assembled, which attacked the police, and several officers were knocked down and kicked. The crowd became so menacing that it was found necessary to charge the rioters, and the mob then dispersed, several of the rioters having been seriously injured.

Several of General Gordon's Letters have been published. They show how grossly the public was misled when he was represented as declaring he could hold Khartoum for years. One of the letters was addressed to General Lord Wolseley, dated November 4th, 1884. This says: "I have five steamers and nine guns at Metemneh awaiting your orders. I can hold out forty days longer with ease. After that it will be difficult." In another letter General Gordon said: "How many times have we written asking for re-enforcements and calling your serious attention to the Soudan, and no answer came! Men's hearts become weary of delay. While you are eating and drinking and resting in good beds we and those with us, soldiers and servants, are watching night and day trying to quell the movements of the Mahdi. Of course you take no interest to suppress this rebellion, the serious consequences of which are the reverse of victorious for you. Neglect thereof won't do." In a letter to a friend at Cairo, dated December 14th, General

Gordon wrote: "It is all up with us. I expect a catastrophe within ten days from the present time. It would not have been so if our people had kept me better informed of their intentions. My adieux to all."

The Inaction of the Mahdi has Permitted the little force which fought the two battles of Abu Klea and Gubat to escape to Gakdul, from which place the line of retreat to the main body of the army at Korti is comparatively safe. General Buller's arrival at Gakdul with the troops relieves public anxiety in England, where a repetition of the disaster which befell General Hicks was apprehended. The force is diminished by thirty officers and four hundred and fifty men since it started across the desert from Korti. A letter has been received at Korti from a nun who was taken prisoner when Khartoum fell into the hands of the Arabs, and who is now kept in captivity in El Mahdi's camp at Omdurman, a few miles below Khartoum. She confirms the statement that El Mahdi's troops massacred the soldiers of the garrison and many peaceful citizens, and she states that the number of persons slaughtered was fully two thousand.

The Vote of Censure on Mr. Gladstone and his colleagues for their base desertion of General Gordon was passed in the House of Lords on February 27th by a vote of 189 to 68. In the House of Commons it was defeated by a majority of fourteen. The members who voted for censure numbered 288, those voting to sustain the ministry were 302. Mr. Gladstone and his colleagues voted in their own defence. The Marquis of Salisbury expressed the popular opinion of the ministry by saying, in the course of his speech, that the conduct of Mr. Gladstone and his colleagues had been all along an alternation between periods of slumber and periods of rush. The rush, though, however vehement it was, was invariably too unprepared and too unintelligent to repair the damages done during the periods of slumber. He would not say that the government had been bad, because they had no policy worthy of the name. A rumor was in circulation after the vote that Mr. Gladstone would resign, the majority of fourteen being equivalent to defeat. It was, however, announced on Saturday that he would continue in office until after the bill had been passed re-distributing the representation of the House of Commons.

The Congo Conference at Berlin Concluded its labors last week. Its final sitting was held on February 26th. Prince Bismarck presided. He expressed great satisfaction that an agreement had been reached, and gave a *résumé* of the various points of the programme. He paid a special tribute to the conciliatory spirit the delegates had displayed, and alluded to the formation of the new Congo State as one of the most valuable aids toward rendering the work of the Conference lasting. The delegates then signed the documents, which were fourteen in number, and the Conference was closed.

The Prince and Princess of Wales are about to pay a visit to Ireland, taking with them their eldest son. The Prince's programme is to reside at first in Dublin, at Dublin Castle. Subsequently he will sojourn for a while in the south of Ireland, during which time he will be the guest of the Earl of Kenmare, at Killarney. The festivals which will be arranged in honor of the Prince, and which he will attend in person while he remains in the Irish capital, will include a royal levee at the Castle, a grand drawing-room reception, and a great ball in St. Patrick's Hall, besides a round of less stately and less formal balls at the Castle. The scheme of the visit is said to have originated with the Queen, who appears to think a sight of royalty may revive the loyalty of the Irish. The Prince's courage in undertaking the tour is worthy of admiration, though it is little likely to accomplish the purpose his mother has in view. It may be hoped that in risking his life at her request he will be preserved from assassination.

Temperance Prospects in California are Described as encouraging. Colonel George Babcock, of that State, in the course of an interview with a reporter of the *Voice*, said: "You seem to think in the East, that California is not a State where Prohibition is practicable, likely to succeed, or even desirable. You think that the wine industry of the State is making strides that are utterly resistless, has a tendency to monopolize things and thus to array both capital and labor, both the intelligent and the ignorant, against temperance movements. But I assure you that the growth and influence of the wine interest is not so great as the whiskey papers of the East would like to have you believe. It is true it is largely on the increase. But I believe the light now being thrown upon the subject will satisfy the grape-growers that it is far more profitable to raise grapes for raisins, table use and other purposes, than it is for wine." Many facts were cited by the colonel to show the progress made by the temperance cause, one of which is that the railroad companies not only insist that their employes shall be temperate, but forbid them even to enter a saloon.

Rev. E. W. Oakes, who has been Conducting Gospel work at the Annex Hall in Fourth Avenue, New York, has found it necessary to seek a brief period of rest. He sailed for Europe yesterday on the Cunard steamer *Aurania*, purposing to visit his aged mother in Ireland. During the past four months his labor has been incessant, and great success has attended it. The meetings in the Annex have been crowded, and many remarkable conversions have occurred. An official letter from the Committee in charge of the work, and other letters from private gentlemen who have watched its progress, have been sent to Mr. Oakes, expressing, in unqualified terms, their appreciation of his efforts and their hopes that his journey may be blessed to the restoration of his health. Rev. W. S. Rainsford, of St. George's Church, has kindly consented to take charge of the work at the Annex Hall.

An Agnostic's Evidence was Rejected as unworthy of confidence by the Swaim court, martial on January 9th. De Akers, the former telegraph operator of Banker Bateman, was put upon the witness-stand to prove discreditable business operations on the part of Bateman. Before a question was asked him, the judge advocate interposed an objection to his testimony on the ground of incompetency, because of his want of religious belief. After the witness had been asked the usual questions, and had said that he neither believed nor disbelieved in the existence of a Supreme Being, or the doctrine of future reward or punishment, but was willing to take "any oath prescribed by law, whether it be the one then offered or an oath by *Mumbo Jumbo*," the court ruled him incompetent to testify, and he was consequently unable to assist his friends.

A Law against the use of Opium both by smoking and hypodermic injection is rapidly becoming a necessity of the first importance. One of the victims of the drug recently said to a reporter: "The opium habit is far more powerful than the whiskey habit. Take myself, for example. Three years ago I was a travelling salesman for a New York house. I had a good trade, and was making money. I went out with a crowd of the boys in Denver, about three years ago, and hit the pipe for the first time. I liked it, and gradually became a confirmed smoker. I lost all energy and ambition. My trade deserted me, because I neglected it. I was discharged, and now I'm little better than a tramp. My whole ambition is to raise enough money to get enough opium to satisfy my appetite for the drug. Do you suppose I don't know just where it will end? I'll either be in the insane asylum on Ward's Island or in the Charity Hospital on Blackwell's Island within two years, and then—Potter's Field! Why don't I break myself of the habit? My friend, I've tried time and again. I'll go without it, or two or three days, and suffer torments. When my sufferings become so intense that I can bear it no longer,

I have to go back to the pipe, and then I'm worse than ever. It's a shame, the way the habit is spreading. I know personally at least two hundred men and women who are confirmed smokers now, who had never touched the pipe when I first got into the habit, and new recruits are coming in every day." This man's statement is true. Few people are aware how the use of opium is extending in New York and all our great cities. None know save those who have witnessed the effort, the misery, the almost hopelessness of emancipation when the chains of the insidious drug once hold a victim.

The Stoppage of a Fan was the Cause of an explosion on February 17th in one of the mines at Wilkesbarre, Penn. The journal of the "fan" which supplies the mine with air became overheated, necessitating a stoppage of the machinery. The mine is a very "gassy" one, and the gas began to accumulate rapidly as soon as the fan stopped. One of the miners entered the gangway with his naked lamp, and a terrific explosion followed. Twelve of the men were seriously, and it is feared fatally, injured, and the workings of the pit for a considerable distance were wrecked. Social catastrophes may be produced in the same way. The French king and court were eager to root out godly men from their land, and they succeeded; but the explosion of 1789 followed, and king and court went to the guillotine. If there had been no St. Bartholomew there would have been no Reign of Terror. Intelligent observers of society in our day see in the persistent efforts to ridicule religion and spread infidelity among the people a similar effort to keep the pure air of heaven out of the world. The effort is suicidal. The church now, as in past times, is "the salt of the earth" (Matt. 5:13).

A Community of Convicts may Eventually be established in Alaska. A prominent journal suggests that the vast Territory of Alaska cannot be put to a better use than to make it an American Siberia, to which each of the States may send prisoners condemned to imprisonment for twenty years or for life. It is argued that expense would be saved, as the convicts would support themselves when they were confronted with the alternative of work or starvation, and that they might be allowed considerable freedom of action, escape being well-nigh impossible. It is believed that the fear of banishment to Alaska would operate more powerfully as a preventive of crime than fear of the penitentiary. The punishment would undoubtedly be very severe. Beside the horrors of the climate it would be a dreadful thing to live in a society composed exclusively of the worst criminals from every State. The most hardened offenders against the law might well dread such a punishment, yet it is but a faint type of the condition of those who die impenitent, as Christ described it. Nevertheless men of education and intelligence, who would be horrified at the prospect of having to live in a criminal colony in Alaska, make no effort to avoid that worse fate reserved for those who die in their sins (Ps. 9:17).

A Miser's Curious Hoard was Exposed to public view in New York on February 23d. On the highest floor of a house in Third Street was the strangest collection of treasures. On a bed in one of the rooms lay the dead body of the late owner. She was an aged, unmarried lady, who came to America forty years ago from Germany. She was perfectly sensible and reasonable in her conversation, and she did nothing to excite suspicion of her sanity. She was reputed to be very wealthy, and was supposed to have in her rooms a large collection of valuable property. She lived for thirty-one years in one set of rooms, and when, nine years ago, she removed to the house where she died, her goods made three truck-loads. An amusing description of this property was published. It was absolute rubbish. An example was the collection of seven umbrellas of varying degrees of fadedness and tatters, but one common degree of uselessness and worthlessness. Then there were heaps upon heaps of clothing, or what was prob-

ably classed by its collector as clothing, but which was only rags. Kitchen utensils that had been rescued from the ash cart in all stages of dilapidation were there in great variety, and were hoarded with table ware, from common delf to the finest china, but all nicked or cracked or fragmentary. Everything worthless, yet as eagerly gathered and as carefully kept as if the articles had been gold and jewels. The spectators despised the hoard and the woman who called it her "property." Nevertheless it satisfied her acquisitive disposition while she lived, and a miser's gold does no more for him. When we see, with the clearer vision of the world beyond the grave, the value of the product in the two cases they will not appear very different (Eccles. 5:11).

An Engineer Narrowly Escaped Killing his own son on the Hudson River Railroad on February 24th. Some boys were boasting on the long, steep hill at Croton, N. Y., at the foot of which is the railroad track. Among the boys was one fifteen years old, whose father was the engineer of the south-bound express. As the boy was gliding swiftly down the hill on his sled he saw the lights of the locomotive, and realizing his danger he rolled off the sled just in time to save his life. The sled went on and was demolished under the wheels of the train. When the father learned how near he had been to causing the death of his beloved boy he was so unnerved that he fainted. Both father and son have an opportunity of realizing in some slight degree the meaning of the words of Christ Himself, "God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son," etc. (John 3:16).

Three Fears Alarmed a Party of Boys in the woods near Lexington, Va., recently. Four school-fellows, having a day's holiday, proposed to go hunting. They took a dog and strolled out into the woods in the direction of Laurel Run. The dog took a trail and followed it to a hole under a big cliff. The boys, supposing a rabbit or fox had taken refuge there, got some poles and undertook to "hunt" him out, when, to their surprise, out came three large bears. The boys, having no means of capturing such large game and so much of it, ran as quickly as they could to the nearest house, about a mile and a half distant, where the father of one of the boys resided. Happily for them, they all arrived there safely. That does not always happen with hunters who become the hunted. Numbers of young men who go out in our great cities to seek pleasure fall into the clutch of the great enemy of souls, and have neither the disposition nor the power to fly for rescue to their heavenly Father, who alone can deliver them (1 Peter 5:8).

A Bride was held in Pawn at Norwood, Ga., recently. The *Atlanta Constitution* describes a novel scene which occurred after a wedding in the justice's room a few days before. A couple presented themselves to the judge, who performed the ceremony of marriage between them at their request. They were about to depart when the judge reminded the bridegroom that he had not paid the customary fee. The man said he had not a cent, and did not know where he should have to pay for being married. "The fee is \$2.50," said the judge, "and you must go and get it." "I'll keep your wife here till you come back," he added, and handed the blushing lady to a seat. The bridegroom went away and did not return for more than an hour, during which the bride became uneasy, but was politely requested to remain until her husband returned. At length the man came back, paid the fee, and took his pawned bride away. How much she will be worth to him time will prove; but he evidently thought on the wedding-day that she was worth more than \$2.50, or he would not have paid that amount to redeem her. That proof of his devotion may in some measure console her for her humiliation. It may be hoped that both bride and bridegroom may seek to become members of the church, the bride of Christ, whom He redeemed at a cost the world cannot realize (1 Peter 1:18, 19).

CERTAIN CURIOUS CALCULATIONS ABOUT LOAVES AND FISHES.

A New Sermon by Pastor C. H. Spurgeon.

"When I brake the five loaves among five thousand, how many baskets full of fragments took ye up? They say unto him, Twelve. And when the seven among four thousand, how many baskets full of fragments took ye up? And they said, Seven. And he said unto them, How is that ye do not understand?"

—MARK 8: 19-21.

Christ's Serenity—Traacherous Memories—The Use of Looking Back—I. The Daring Project—Feeding Five Thousand in the Desert—The Problem of Problems—The Volcano under Society—The Feeding a Necessity—Christ's Nature Revolted against their Fainting—II. The Baffled Disciples and their Serene Master—Christ's Practical Command—III. Means Used but Christ Conspicuous—IV. Christ's Power Unexhausted—V. The Difference in the Miracles—Most Left when there was Least to Begin upon—The Giving Man Blessed.

The disciples had come on board the vessel, and had forgotten to bring bread with them; good men's memories sometimes fail them. For that reason they were greatly disturbed in mind, and they supposed that Jesus was disquieted also, and that He had shaped His speech so as to give them an indirect rebuke when He mentioned the leaven of the Pharisees. How little they understood His mind, though they had been so long time with Him! His thoughts were not occupied about bread for Himself; neither was there any carking care in His heart about bread for them. His mind was

AT PERFECT REST

about all secular things; and even as to all spiritual things He was by no means tossed about. Notwithstanding all His trials and His sorrows, I suppose that there never was a serener mind than that of Jesus Christ our Lord.

Is it not well for us at this hour that it is so? We are fluttered and dismayed, but the mind of our great Lord is fearless and undisturbed. "He will not fail nor be discouraged." The child cries because the ship rolls, but his father at the helm smiles at the storm; and what a mercy it is for the child that father can smile, for if the captain were weak where would the vessel be? If the father's heart failed him, where would his boy look for comfort? Calm face of Jesus, we look up to Thee, and we are quieted!

The Master wishing to comfort His servants bade them consider what they already knew, and review what they had already seen. Usually the eyes of the Christian should be directed forward; it is foolish to try to live on past experience; it is a very dangerous, if not a fatal habit, to judge ourselves to be safe because of something that we felt or did twenty years ago. Yet, for all that,

WE MAY LOOK BACK,

to gain practical lessons for times of service, and comfortable lessons for hours of trial.

The Master asks His followers whether they had used their eyes. "Having eyes, see ye not?" They had seen two wonderful miracles, by which thousands of persons had been fed; had they really seen them? Had they really heard the voice of what the Lord had done? "Having ears, hear ye not?" Had they missed the message altogether? Then He adds, "Perceive ye not yet, neither understand?" Do you not know what my action meant when I multiplied the loaves? Do you not see how it reveals my all-sufficiency? May we not also have missed our Lord's meanings full often? May we not have walked through a palace of wonders without observing the gleams of glory, the flashes of light eternal?

The Lord further asks them that tender question, "And do ye not remember?" Brethren, we remember much that we ought to forget, and we forget much that we ought to remember. It ought not so to be. Let us look back upon the whole of our past lives at this hour with a careful, leisurely glance, and see whether there is not enough in our diaries to condemn our doubts and bury our cares, or at least to shut up

our anxieties in a cage made of the golden bars of past mercy, and fastened in with jewelled bolts of gratitude.

Not being able to read your own personal diaries, for these are only known to yourselves, I shall endeavor to take you back to the records of the disciples' memories, and we will think of the text as it brings before us the two great miracles of feeding the hungry. May we learn therefrom what the Spirit designs to teach us by them.

I. And the first thing I shall want to bring to your recollection is

THE DARING PROJECT,

yet unavoidable. This was the daring project—to feed five thousand persons in the wilderness. Two hundred pennyworth was the calculation of one of the ready-reckoners of the hour. Some men are always very ready at counting the pennies which they have not got. Whenever there is a holy deed to be done, our mathematical-minded unbelievers are prompt with their estimates of cost, and their prudent forecastings of grave deficiencies. We are great at calculations when we are little at believing. Or else it is, "From whence can we satisfy these men with bread here in the wilderness?" "From whence?" as if there could be any "whence" but one. Whence comes everything by which man lives? Comes it not from God? It goes round about in different channels, but it knows only one source. When any of the channels fail, the fountain is still flowing; and he that has faith to go to it directly shall not want.

But it did seem to the disciples a very preposterous idea that with nothing but sand, and stone, and rock round about them, they should make a banquet for five thousand men. Is it not much more preposterous that the Christian Church should have to evangelize such a city as London? It may not seem so to you; but if you lived in the midst of the extreme poverty of the East End, you would think it

THE PROBLEM OF PROBLEMS,

how to reach the sunken multitudes. We little dream on what a volcano we live. The pent-up misery and the seething sin of London may yet produce a second edition of the French Revolution unless the grace of God shall interpose. The people are famishing bodily, mentally, morally, spiritually; and we must feed them. I marvel not in the presence of these dying millions you cry—"From whence?"

With the Saviour it was an unavoidable necessity. The great Shepherd must feed these hungry sheep. It is not with Him, "Can it be done?" or "Can it not be done?" but it *must* be done. One of the imperial necessities which sometimes took possession of

THE ROYAL HEART

of Christ had entered into His soul, and "He must needs" do its bidding. Just imagine that they had not been fed—that they had begun to faint and die of hunger all over those hills to which they had followed Jesus, how it would have marred His ministry! Why, surely, the disciples who had said somewhat cavalierly, "Send the multitude away," would have been oppressed with a lifelong sorrow if their wish had been carried out. They never would have forgotten that dreadful dreary day, and the starvation, and the fainting, and the death which followed it. Think of what mischief it would have done to Christ's cause. No; the Christ cannot have it so. He has come to save men's lives; He cannot let them die. He must feed the crowd.

Now, imagine, men and brethren, that we never carry out the commission which Christ has laid upon us to-day, that of teaching the multitude—imagine that henceforth we never labor to win souls—that we give up London as a forlorn case—that we abandon the heathen world as assuredly given over to destruction, like a vessel driven by a hurricane upon an iron-bound coast—imagine it, I say. Can you endure the imagination? I cannot abandon the drifting barque. Let us man the life-boat!

II. Brethren, hoping for the help of God's

good Spirit, I would take you, secondly, to another sight:

THE BAFFLED DISCIPLES

and their serene Master. The Master has consulted Philip about supplies, in order that the difficulty of the case, and the insufficiency of mere means, might be seen of all. Philip found that all that was available was a lad's breakfast of five barley cakes and a few small fishes; and he anxiously added, "What are they among so many?" The prudent counsellor had done his best, but it did not come to much. He left this problem unsolved, "What are they among so many?" As for the rest of the disciples, they looked in Jesus' face with astonishment and blank despair, and said, "Whence should we have so much bread in the wilderness as to fill so great a multitude?" But all the time that they were thus full of fidgets and worries, there stood the Master, calm as a sweet summer's evening, not in the least disturbed.

Why was Jesus Christ, our Master, so calm? He knew what He would do. We shall get peace, brethren, when we also know what we shall do. "Oh," say you, "I thought you were going to say when we know what He will do." Oh, no! We probably shall not know that till He does it. It is enough for us to know what *we* shall do. "But," says one, "that is what we do not know." I answer, that is what we ought to know. We ought to know that we mean to leave everything with our Lord. If we once settled it in our minds that we would trust and not be afraid, what peace we should enjoy! If we will leave God's work with God, and simply trust, we shall drink into the peace of God.

One thing, I think, which made Christ so calm was that He really acted while they only questioned. He said, "How many loaves have ye? Bring them hither to me." He came at once to practical action. He that has something to do has less temptation to doubt than the man who has nothing else to do but to doubt. Heresies in the Christian Church come never from the city missionary, never from the faithful pastor, never from the intense evangelist; but always from gentlemen at ease, who take no actual part in our holy war. Those

LITERARY FOLDS

who criticise religion in reviews, and have nothing else to do except to put their hands to their heads, and press whimsies out of their brows, these are the men that trouble us. Our Lord Jesus Christ gave way to no sort of doubt, for He speedily took the bread and the fish in His hands, and began blessing and breaking them, while prompt upon His own action followed the divine energy which multiplied the little store. If you and I would but serve the Lord in earnest, we might end our calculations as to how much is to be done, and how it is to be done, and where it is to be done, and all that. Get to your work, my brother, and your doubts shall fly like chaff before the wind.

The baffled disciples, and the calm and quiet Master, make up an instructive picture; we shall have profited by it to the full if we also become calmly reliant upon God, and are no more carried away with unbelieving amazement.

III. Thirdly, and briefly, I want to set two more matters before your mind's eye for your comfort. In the miracles whereby we see the multitudes fed we see

MEANS USED,

but Christ conspicuous. You perceive that our Lord says of the loaves, "Bring them to me." The means were used. When He has multiplied these very loaves and fishes, He gives them to the men that are round about him, and of these the multitudes partake. Whatever men in their folly may talk as to neglecting the outward means, and sitting still and doing nothing, because God will do His own work, we hear nothing of the kind from Jesus. Therefore, despise not means, and at the same time do not rest in them.

But observe how the fish, and the loaves, and the men, and all the means were made to sink. After the miracle is over, when they go round to

gather up the fragments in their twelve baskets or seven baskets, Peter has a quick eye, but ask him whether he can find one of those original loaves. He may go from basket to basket, and he cannot find one. It is lost in the creation which God has made out of it. So it shall be if God will bless us, my brethren. People will gather about us, and say, "What is there in this man? We perceive no superlative talent. What is there in this woman to make her so useful? We see nothing special about her." Never your mind. Let them pick at any bit of fish which they think they can see in your native talent or vigorous character; but as for yourself, you know that if any of the multitude are fed, the provision came from the Master's hand, when He took your little, and blessed and brake and multiplied it so as to make it suffice for the occasion.

IV. Furthermore, we see in the miracles of feeding, work accomplished of a marvellous kind, but

POWER UNEXHAUSTED.

See those five thousand men, and the women and the children! They are all fed. It is a proverb that there never was a feast yet from which some one did not go away unsatisfied; but there is no rule without an exception. Here are two exceptions to that proverb. "They did all eat, and were filled," upon two occasions. It did not matter how many thousands there were, not one of them was overlooked by the ever-blessed Host. It did not matter how hungry they were, they all ate till they were full.

But this is the point I want to show you: the power that multiplied the bread and fish, and fed the thousands, had not come to an end. Their power to eat was exhausted, but not Christ's power to feed; for when they had received to their utmost capacity, great baskets were brought, and these were filled; in the one case twelve, and in the other seven of them. I cannot understand from the Greek what the size of these baskets may have been; the second set, the seven, have a name which shows that they were tolerably large, for Paul was let down in such a basket from the window when he escaped from his enemies in Damascus. The first sort which were used when there were twelve of them appear to me to have been larger still. They give you an idea of a coffin, or a coffin. They were large baskets of which it is said that men could sleep in them. Yet

THESE BASKETS.

whatever their size may have been, were filled—twelve and seven; and if the Lord had willed so to do, He could have filled twelve thousand baskets, or seventy thousand baskets. Some seem to fancy that the Lord does everything by the inch and the ounce, keeping to stint and quantity; but this is rather the manner of men than the fashion of the Lord. We know that the Lord Jesus Christ redeemed His elect from among men; hence, some will have it that the merit of His atonement must be limited. No such thing. "He gave Himself for us," and there can be no measure to the value of such a gift.

"He died for our sins," and not for our sins only, but for the sins of the whole world. His object was definite, but He achieved it by an agency which cannot be limited. He not only did that which he mainly aimed at, but He did more; just as in this case He not only fed the thousands, but filled baskets with the fragments.

Moreover, brothers and sisters, whatever the Lord has given to you, He has still far more to bestow upon you. Whatever you may feast upon in this public service, there is yet a portion for you to take home with you in the basket, and lay up in the store. However God may have blessed you in your work for Him in the past, He is yet able to do exceeding abundantly above all that you ask or even think. However much the Church may have been increased by a true revival, God has never yet done according to the fulness of His ability in the Church as yet; even Pentecost was but the first-fruits. I hear a voice from heaven, saying, "Thou shalt

see greater things than these." Let us not limit the Holy One, nor bound the Infinite. In our Father's house there is bread enough and to spare, even after millions have been satisfied from His supplies.

V. I am going to finish by observing that the DETAILS OF THESE MIRACLES

were different, but they were equally instructive. Concerning our Lord's great free dinners, remark, first, that the remainder after the feast was greater than the stock when the banquet began. They began with five loaves and two fishes, they began on another occasion with seven loaves and a few fishes; but they left off with twelve baskets full in the one case, and with seven baskets full in the other. Never was this done at any of your tables, I am sure, when your children have gathered for their meals. They did all eat and were filled, and yet there was more left than when they began. This seems impossible, and yet it is the rule in the kingdom of grace. I have often found when I have come with a very small stock to feed you, brethren, that I have gone away with more than I came with. You have been refreshed, and I have been more full than when I handed out your portions to you. If this be fact, what a wide field it opens to our hope; and how it banishes our fear! It shuts the door of the counting-house where we calculate according to human reason, and it opens the doors of the treasury whence we may draw ever-growing supplies. Go, brother, and scatter your handful of seed, for you shall come again rejoicing, bringing sheaves with you!

Next learn that care is always taken by Christ of all the broken pieces. The Lord All-sufficient is yet the God of economy. Since Jesus could create as much food as ever He pleased, you might have thought that it was hardly worth His while to gather up the fragments; and yet He did so. Waste is of Satan, not of God. God is not lavish of creation, nor prodigal of miracles. Though the Lord can raise up in this place, if He pleases, fifty ministers in an instant, He may not do so; but what He would have us do is to make use of such powers as we have. If we are only fragments our place is not the ground, but the basket. We shall be of some use one of these days, if we are willing to be used. If you, my friend, are not a whole loaf, you are a crust, and no crust may be wasted. If you are not a slice of bread you are a crumb, and even crumbs are dear to hungry men. If you are not a big fish, yet you may be a little fish, and you must not waste yourself, nor must the Church of God allow you to be wasted, but use must be found for you somewhere. But what a wonderful thing this is—

OMNIPOTENCE PICKING UP CRUMBS!

Surely it ill becomes us to waste a penny, an hour, or an opportunity. Let us be severely economical for the Lord our God.

Notice a rather curious thing: there was most left when there was least to begin with. When they commenced the dinner with seven loaves they gathered up seven baskets full, but when they had only five loaves they filled twelve baskets with the fragments. I suppose the baskets to have been of the same size, for I do not discover that the second set of baskets were any larger than the first. However, from a stock of seven loaves, after all expenditure, there came seven baskets as a remainder; but when there were only five loaves, and a greater expenditure, there were twelve baskets full left for the waters. This is singular. The more they begin with, the less they end with; and the less they begin with, the more they have when the feast is concluded. Yet I have often noticed that this does occur. Have not you? When you and I have begun rather grandly, and God has blessed us, we have had great reason to thank Him; but when we have begun very feebly, He has frequently blessed us far more, and we have ended by praising Him upon the high-sounding cymbals.

Note again that there was less visible means when there was more done. There were only

five loaves, but they fed five thousand; when there were seven loaves they fed only four thousand. The most was done when there was the least to do it with. And so it shall happen to you, oh worker for Jesus; for the more God blesses you, the less you shall see of any adequate reason in yourself why you should be blest. With your five loaves you shall feed your five thousand, while somebody who had seven shall do less than you.

You that have little ability should work hard with that little ability that you may increase it; and you that have great ability of course should do so, because you have so many talents intrusted to you. The Lord will allow no service to remain uncompensated; and work done for the poor and needy shall win its wage, not of debt, but of grace. Satan said, "Doth Job serve God for naught?" Suppose he had done so; the devil would have gone his way, and said that God was a hard master, whose service brought no sort of reward with it. Either way, Satan would have made mischief, and as we have no wish to please him, we admit that we do not serve God for naught, but that in keeping His commandments there is great reward. When the multitude have done feasting, your Master will let you sit down to meat, and you shall have abundant joy with Him.

The chief point for all of us is to get at the blessed work. In the name of the ever-living God, let us feed each one his man that is nearest to him till the whole company shall be fed; for the Christ is behind us, the Son of God is working with us; and the bread is not our bread but His bread; and the feeding of the multitude is not our work, but His; and the power is not ours, but all His own, and to His name shall be all the glory. Amen.

[The prayers of the readers of this Journal are requested for the blessing of God upon its Editors, and those whose sermons, articles, or labors for Christ are printed in it; and that its circulation may be used by the Holy Spirit for the conversion of many sinners and the quickening of God's people. Dr. Talmage and Mr. Spurgeon especially request prayer every Sunday morning on behalf of their labors.]

NEW BOOKS.

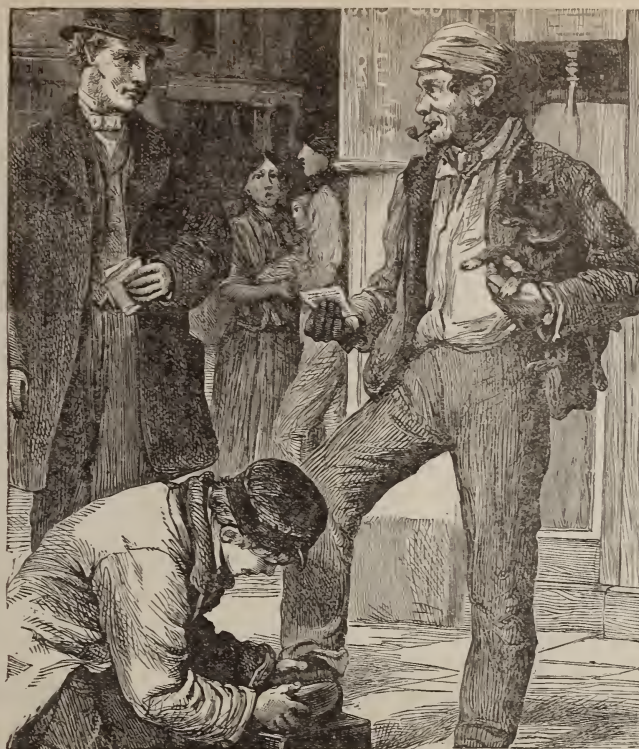
THE ELEMENTS OF MORAL SCIENCE.

by Noah Porter, D.D., LL.D. The learned President of Yale College has rendered a service to Christianity, by the production of this work, which those can best appreciate who have mixed with the young men of the day, who, in their admiration for Herbert Spencer, Huxley, and other eminent unbelievers, are boldly proclaiming their contempt for Christianity. Dr. Porter meets such men on their own ground. Believing firmly in the supernatural origin of Christianity, he omits from his argument the claims based upon that doctrine, and shows that from the merely human side, and viewed simply as a code of ethics, the New Testament is infinitely superior to any school of philosophy the world has ever seen. Dr. Porter contends that, taking "the Christian system as we find it and comparing it with the other theories which preceded and followed it, simply in respect to its theoretic merits as tried by the ordinary tests of any speculative theory of practical duties . . . we cannot but acknowledge its superior insight into the nature of man and the unmeasured superiority of its speculative profoundness and its practical adaptations to the various and changing wants and circumstances of humanity." Had such a system appeared by itself, and did "it would not make no claims for himself . . . it would not be easy to hold ourselves back from the conclusions which its striking and manifold excellences force upon us, that both are from God." The work is divided into two parts. The one deals with the theory and the other the practice of duty. The latter part contains many pregnant thoughts on burning questions of the day. The work is an excellent one to place in the hands of an intelligent and well-educated young man whom the sceptical philosophers are seduc-

labor and the procession of families on the road to meeting, but Sunday morning in the most degraded quarter of a great city. The meat markets were open, and the grocers were busy. Slatternly women stood waiting their turn to spend the poor remnant of the week's wages which their husbands had brought home the night before. Those husbands were at home now, sleeping off the effects of the vile rum sold in the saloons of the neighborhood. Church bells could be heard above the noise of the streets, but the sound was meaningless to people who "never troubled the church" with their presence. The faces of every one who went in or came out of those poor stores bore marks of misery, degradation, and some of them of ill-usage. It was a depressing sight for a Christian man. Bibles innumerable in the city, yet in this quarter probably not one to be found. Preachers of the Gospel by the hundred, yet of these poor creatures not one in ten had heard the name of God except in profane sentences. Yet every one carrying a burden of sorrow and misery. Every life dull and desolate, illumined now and again only by some orgie which left the hours succeeding it still more wretched than those that went before. A piteous dumb cry for Gospel light seemed to go up from those streets, yet such a barricade against its entrance. What a change in the moral atmosphere would that Gospel work could it enter! What a revolution in every home! How the forms which now bear no sign of having been made in the image of God would change were the heart within once filled with Christ's presence!

A young Christian clerk, his heart heavy with such thoughts, passed through those streets. His way from the bank in which he was employed to his boarding-house lay through that miserable quarter, and during the past six months of his residence in the city he had walked through it morning and evening. He made inquiry, and learned that in all that precinct there was not a single church. There was a police station, cells which were full every night, a theatre, two variety theatres, nearly a hundred saloons, plenty of pawn shops, but no church. The inhabitants seemed given up to the devil, and all of whom he inquired regarded any attempt at Christian work in that quarter a hopeless undertaking. Young Keene, however, had been brought up in a home where religion was something more than a theory. His father and mother believed in the power of God, and had taught him to think of it as a living force. He resolved to try what he could do alone, God helping him.

The previous evening he spent alone in his chamber in solemn prayer to God for help and guidance, and on Sunday morning, armed with a pocketful of tracts and some twenty copies of the Gospel of John, he entered the reeking, pestiferous, foul-smelling neighborhood. He gave away his tracts to those he met, and they were taken respectfully but silently, the recipients passing on with pre-occupied faces, giving him no opportunity for speech. Presently he turned a corner where a shoeblack was at work on the boots of a man whose face was that of a genuine tough. Coarse, brutal, unshaven, with



A Sunday Morning Talk.

bleary eyes, in which the only light was one of fierce cunning, he looked a type of the locality. A vicious little terrier was under his arm, and a short dirty pipe was held between his teeth. He had evidently found a side-door ajar, for the voice with which he cursed the shoeblack was thick and heavy with the effects of liquor. Keene handed him a tract.

"What's this, boss?" was the responsive question. "Not another election?"

"No. I'm no politician. I'm not on the make," Keene said, smiling. "You all seem very wretched here. I want to tell you how to be happy."

"Oh, well, that's kind, anyhow! I thought you were going to run for sheriff or coroner or something. Well, boss, you tell us how to get more money, and we'll be happy enough."

"Do you think so? There seems to be no scarcity of money. I noticed plenty of people going in the saloon yonder, and that's a ready-money concern, is it not?"

"Oh yes, they don't trust! We save money for that somehow, but not near enough. I wish I'd five dollars to spend there now; I'd spend it."

"I thought so," Keene answered. "That makes me sure that more money wouldn't make you any happier. You'd get drunk, and be miserable enough next day. No, it is not money you need."

"Well, what is it, then? Give us your notion."

"The happiest people I know are the religious folks. My opinion is, religion would be the thing to make you happy."

"Religion is for decent folks with plenty of money and a fine brown-stonehouse on the avenue."

"That's a mistake, religion is provided

specially for the poor, though the rich can have it, too; but it is harder for them."

"Is that so? Well, I'm glad something's hard for them. They generally have a soft thing. Well, boss, I'll read your tract, leastways have it read; my little girl's quicker at reading than I am. You should see her, boss; the prettiest hair and eyes you ever saw in your life."

"I should like to see her, and I'll come with you now, if you'll let me."

"Come on, then," throwing his nickel to the shoeblack; "it's a poor place, but the best we can get."

Keene went with the man, talking as they went about the poverty and misery around, and winning his companion's heart by his sympathy and his evident desire to do something to make things better. He found a woman and a really bright, interesting child in the room to which he was conducted. The child went to the public school, and could read well. He spent nearly an hour talking with the family, always presenting religion not as a duty, but as a good thing to have, and telling them of Jesus, who was poor Himself, and whose friends were all poor people. He was asked to come again, and before many months had passed he had a regular meeting every Sunday in an empty room, where he had the happiness of seeing a work of grace begun which is slowly but surely permeating the whole precinct.

THE JEWS' WARD.

A SERIAL STORY.

(Continued from page 143.)

Seeking Light.

THE girl was faint and weary when she took up the Testament again, after an hour or two of mourning had passed by. She wanted to know what His mother and His disciples did when their Jesus was dead, and laid in a tomb, with a great stone rolled over it. They had seen Him crowned with thorns, and crucified with wicked thieves, and heard the chief priests mocking Him; ah! that was a thousand times worse than dying quietly at home, on His own bed. She turned languidly to the next chapter, and read how Mary Magdalene and the other Mary came to see the sepulchre, just as she would go some day soon to visit the grave where her poor old grandmother lay buried. Then with a beating heart Carola seemed to feel the earthquake, and see the angel of the Lord coming down from heaven, and rolling back the stone from the door of the tomb; and she knew, before reading further, that Jesus, the Son of God, lay no longer in that stony sepulchre.

Carola felt glad, as if she had known them and lost Him. She understood the great joy of the women who had gone to the sepulchre, without their fear. Like all unlearned people, she thought in pictures, not in words. Her imagination was not dulled by familiarity with what she read. Jesus Christ, the Son of God, was a man dwelling in a London house, walking about London streets, sitting in a boat on the Thames, and standing amid a crowd of the London poor and sick. When at last she lay down to rest a confusion of strange fancies passed through her wakeful brain; and as she fell asleep a face came to her in her dreams such as she had never

looked upon before, full of majesty and tenderness, with eyes that seemed to pierce to her very heart—eyes clearer than the morning star, which she had sometimes looked at wonderingly. A crown of thorns was about the head, but the face was smiling upon her, and all about it was a light—far brighter it shone to her in her dream than the light of the noon-day sun. And she said to herself, "It is the Lord."

For three or four days Carola did not leave the garret; the wonderful book held her captive. Matthias, with mingled anxiety and relief, saw her staying in-doors at last; in fact, staying only too closely in-doors. He bought dainty morsels from the street stalls for her, such as he thought the girl would like, and brought them to the foot of the ladder for her to come down and fetch them. She did not appear to be crying much, but she was very quiet. In truth, Carola was living in a new world, among quite new friends, and she hardly thought of Matthias, except unconsciously to make the old Jew a type of these men she was reading about. Very soon she found that the wondrous history which she had read first in the Gospel according to St. Matthew was told again three times, in a different way and with fresh circumstances in each story. She read them through eagerly, and went on through the Acts of the Apostles; but the Epistles baffled her. They were all words here, and no pictures. So she returned to the Gospels, and read them again, and yet again. St. Mark's, with its swift and vivid life, and slight realistic touch, pleased her most. It did not seem as if she could ever grow weary of reading the Gospel.

But by and by it dawned upon her how much there was she did not understand; and as soon as this ignorance made itself felt, it filled her with anxiety and an overwhelming desire to know all she could about her Lord. For He was her Lord. He had not lived and died for the Jews alone, but for everybody who believed on Him. Though He was a Jew, He had come into the world to save the world.

"You ought to go to your parish priest," the chaplain at the cemetery had said to her; he who had given her the book. This she would do at once; and in eager haste she dressed herself in the handsome mourning she had not worn since the day of the funeral. She descended the ladder into the room where Matthias was ceremoniously washing his hands up to the elbow, before sitting down to the frugal supper. Her face was pale, but her dark eyes shone with suppressed excitement.

"I'm goin' out to find my parish priest," she said earnestly; "do you know where he lives, Matthias?"

"Priest! priest!" repeated the old man in a bewildered tone; "there are no priests now, there are no sacrifices. We call them Rabbi now."

"Yes, I know," she said, nodding her head emphatically. "Rabbi! Rabbi! Mary called Him Rabbi when she met Him in the garden, and thought it was the gardener. Oh! if I'd only been there with Mary Magdalene! But of course I cannot find Him, because He was taken up to heaven, and a cloud hid Him out of their sight. I want to learn all about it, Matthias; I want to be a scholar. There's such a many things I want to know; and I can't live up there any longer, knowin' nothin'. And the gentleman that buried my poor grandmother, and wore a long white gown, told me I ought to go to my parish priest. It's him I want to find."

"I'm sure I don't know where you'll find him," said Matthias.

He looked fondly from under his shaggy eyebrows at Carola's eager and pretty face, but he did not comprehend much of what she said. Mary Magdalene was a totally new name to him, and a parish priest he had never heard of. If she had asked him where she could find a clergyman his fears would have been aroused; and if she had pronounced the name of Christ it would have been a sword piercing through his very soul. But Carola, in her new-born love and

reverence, could not call her Saviour by name in the hearing of Matthias as yet.

Matthias had but vague knowledge of the origin of Christianity. His Jewish teacher had told him that there had once lived an accursed impostor, who called himself the Son of David, and claimed to be the Messiah, and who was said to be their God by the wretched thieves, and drunkards, and blasphemers among whom he had his dwelling. These people, who made night and day hideous with their crime and misery, were the only Christians he was acquainted with. He was kindly in his feelings toward them, and patient in his manner, pitying them as some gentle and passive civilized Christian might pity and tolerate the degraded masses of some heathen population among whom he was compelled to dwell to gain his livelihood.

The one object of his life had been to keep Carola free from the false religion of these vile and miserable Christians. The idea had very early suggested itself to him, while she was mere infant, that if he could get her to keep the ten commandments, and never join in Christian worship, the God of his fathers might accept the service as being all that could be expected from the child of Christian parents, and would grant to her such favor in the world to come as the Jewish women might be reckoned worthy to receive. What that was he did not know, but he would do what he could to secure it for Carola. He could not make her a true Jewess, that was impossible; but he would guard her from becoming a Christian; and he might perhaps, if the Rabbi would teach her and receive her into the Jewish communion, find a Jewish husband for her. Carola's children should be sons of Abraham. The unbroken seclusion and isolation in which the old grandmother lived had aided him. No Christian teacher or minister had come into contact with the girl, until the day she had gone alone to lay her only relative in a Christian grave.

Carola did not tarry for any longer conversation with the old Jew, but passed swiftly on down the spiral staircase, and out through the shod-door. It was like leaving some quiet and peaceful sanctuary—for the lonely garret had been full of holy companionship to her these days past—and plunging into a wide world of debased and wretched life. The summer evening was close and thunderous, and the narrow streets were crowded with people driven out of doors by the heat. The heavy atmosphere was laden with foul, sickening smells, in spite of the nearness of the river, or partly, it may be, in consequence of it. Children were crying, women quarrelling, and men swearing. Carola felt a strange sense of repugnance, almost amounting to terror, as she passed through the familiar scene. It was as if she had been away into the kingdom of heaven, and had been thrust back to hell.

There were numbers of people anxious to speak to her, for she had been missing ever since the day of the funeral. There were young men, too, who had been watching for her to appear again, to exchange with her more of their low, rough jokes and their half-savage attentions. But what change had come over Carola? Her pretty face was pale and grave, and her feet went swiftly on their way, as if she was deaf and blind to her old acquaintances. Was this the romping, hoydenish hussy, whose tongue had been so sharp, and whose spirit had been so bold among them as long as they could recollect? If George Bassett was here, he would not let himself be kept at arms' length as they were.

Carola sped on as if she was passing through fire. She looked neither to the right hand nor to the left, for there was no one here who could help her to find the parish priest, or would if they could. But presently she came upon streets where she was not known. An elderly policeman was sauntering along on his beat, and she ventured to ask him.

"Parish priest?" he repeated; "perhaps it's the rector of St. Chad's you mean. You go down yonder street, round the corner, till you

come to a big church. The house lies just behind it, in a corner of the old churchyard."

It was with a trembling hand that Carola lifted the great knocker on the rectory door, and let it fall with a single yet loud rap that made her heart leap. It was answered instantly, and she entered a large square hall, with benches set on two sides of it, on which some women were seated, waiting for their turn to see the busy rector. She watched them go into an inner room, and come out one after another, until she herself was called in.

The rector was an elderly man, with a worn and overworked look, but his eyes met Carola's gaze with an expression of very benevolent interest, which deepened somewhat as he saw how young and eager was the face of this new-comer. She had lost her tremulousness in her earnestness, and she did not wait for him to speak to her first.

"Are you my parish priest," she asked, "as I ought to come to?"

"What parish are you in?" he inquired, with a kindly smile, full of encouragement to the eager girl.

"Oh!" she cried, with clasped hands, "I don't know nothin' about parishes; and I don't hardly know nothin' about a priest. There were wicked priests as had my Lord crucified; but you couldn't ha' been one of them, I'm sure. P'raps you knew some of them though, and I want to know all about it. I want to go to a good school and learn everythin'. S'pose you aren't my parish priest, you could tell me to a good school."

"Where do you live, my girl?" he asked. "There's sure to be a school near your home."

"Oh! I must get away, right away," she said, almost sobbing with eagerness. "I couldn't live there any longer now I know what my Lord was like. He wouldn't like me to stay there. I want to learn about Him, and the disciples, and Mary Magdalene, and all the men and women as went about with Him. There's such a many things I can't understand, and nobody to tell me. And I wish to do everythin' exactly as He wants me, so as to be ready when He comes back again. Oh! I shouldn't like to miss doin' anythin' He wanted done."

Little by little Carola, standing before him, with her grave young face growing brighter as the rector listened so attentively, told her story to him, and showed him the wonderful book, which had held her captive ever since her grandmother's funeral. The Testament was so old a book to him that he merely glanced at it in her outstretched hand; and with almost a shock of disappointment she put it back into her pocket.

The aged clergyman, in spite of his Christian experience and his knowledge of divine truth, was astonished at this girl's strange feeling. He had been accustomed to see the story of Jesus fall like an idle tale on unheeding ears and take no effect. But this girl was transformed by it. Without teaching, without guidance she had realized its majesty and truth. This was the work of the Holy Spirit without a doubt; it was a miracle such as the good clergyman in all his half century of experience had never witnessed before.

"Do you mean that you never heard of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ before this?" he asked.

"Never!" she replied. "Nor of God Almighty?" he continued.

"Oh, yes!" she said; "but He is the Lord God of Abraham, and of Isaac, and of Jacob; and this is my Lord. I've kept all the ten commandments ever since I can remember; but I was as mis'able as the rest of them, almost; and that made me take to drinkin'. But now I can't live any longer among folks as drink, and swear, and steal. I want to get away as far as ever I can, and live with folks like John, and Peter, and Mary, and Martha, and all of them. I don't mind what place it is, so, that the folks are like them in my book."

"That would be a place hard to find," said the rector to himself.

At length he sent Carola away with a promise that he would come himself the next day, and speak to Matthias Levi of her desire to go away somewhere into the country.

It was quite dark when she reached home again, and the streets were a little clearer. But she rushed into the little shop, where Matthias was watching for her on the door-sill, as if it had been a city of refuge; so fearful was she of being caught and held by one or other of her former comrades. The face on which the light of his lamp shone was radiant with hope, and a gentle smile of inward delight lit up the swarthy features of the old Jew, as he followed her up the narrow spiral staircase into his living-room.

"I've found him," she cried, standing with her foot on the lowest rung of the ladder, and panting before she went up into her garret. "I've found my parish priest, and he's a good man, and he'll come and see you to-morrow. He's goin' to find a place in the country for me, where I can learn everythin', and where the folks are good, and don't drink or swear, or do anythin' bad."

"That 'ud be a good thing, Carol," said Matthias.

But his heart felt very heavy as he brooded over the news when Carola was gone. To lose her would be like losing sunshine and eyesight both. It was all the joy he had in life to see her coming and going through his rooms, and to listen eagerly to every word she spoke whenever she chose to stay with him a few minutes. But he had of late been very chary of making any claim upon her time or affection, lest she should grow to hate the wrinkled old man, who tried to exercise any authority over her. The girls of her class would not brook any restraint, and he had left her as free as the air; but he was bound to her. Every word she spoke to him, and every sign of love or trust she showed, was a priceless treasure to him.

He awaited with deep anxiety the arrival of Carola's parish priest. The title had conveyed but little meaning to him; but as soon as he saw the rector of St. Chad's he knew at once that he was one of the ministers of the despised Christian race among whom he dwelt. He felt toward him as much repugnance, mingled with dread, as some mild Christian trader might feel toward a heathen magician, who wished to take from him one of his dearest possessions.

(To be continued.)

PAUL BEFORE AGRIPPA.

S. S. Lesson for March 15, Acts 26: 1-18. Golden Text, Matt. 10: 18. By Mrs. M. Baxter.

The Blessing in Prison—An Education—Agrippa Interested—Desires to Hear Paul—Paul's Address—A Happy Prisoner—His Appeal to Contemporaries—His Experience Narrated—A Prisoner's Freedom—His Appeal to Agrippa—A Sacrifice too great for the King.

GOD'S ways are wonderful. The two years of Paul's detention at Casarea were not lost time. To outward appearance it might seem as though Satan had all his own way. The most successful missionary living, one who had turned the world upside down, was kept comparatively useless and idle. In reality

GOD WAS TEACHING

His honored servant to trust Him as never before, and to pray "in the Holy Ghost" (Jude 20), believing that he received. It was as a prisoner, not as an active worker, that Paul prayed such prayers for the churches as none but Christ had ever prayed before, and he received answers, too, for the Word of God was spread abroad. And God was working to provide Paul with an audience which under no other circumstances he could have commanded.

Festus, although he left Paul bound, in order that he might curry favor with the Jews, would not go the length of putting him into their power. He summoned them to appear against Paul for the second time, but, although they brought "many and grievous complaints against Paul," they could produce no proof of them,

and thus he remained, as before, uncondemned; and, led by the Holy Ghost, he appealed unto Cæsar.

Still

FESTUS WAS IN A DIFFICULTY.

He said to Paul: "Unto Cæsar shall thou go;" but he had no real, authenticated charge to bring against him, and, therefore, when King Agrippa and his sister Bernice came to Casarea, he took the opportunity to speak of Paul's case, and so interested Agrippa that he desired to hear Paul himself. The hearing came on; Festus, in the presence of King Agrippa and Bernice, who were present in great pomp, and of the chief captains and the principal men of the city, made a speech in which he assigned as his reason for this third trial of Paul at Casarea, that after examination made of Paul by Agrippa, he might have something to write to Cæsar. "For it seemeth to me unreasonable to send a prisoner, and not withal to signify the crimes laid against him." To Paul every court of justice was just a congregation of needy immortal souls, to whom he had a message from God. The issue of the trial before men, as far as he himself was concerned, could be of no moment to him. The God of the mighty universe was with him, who had power to reverse in one moment any decree of man. The man of God saw

THE KING AND HIS SISTER,

both living lives notoriously unholy; he had before him the great ones, but the miserable ones of the earth. He could see God in everything, and as soon as his turn came to speak, he began: "I think myself happy, King Agrippa." It is not often that a prisoner can so speak; but Paul was "the prisoner of the Lord" (Eph. 4: 1), and happy in being so. He saw the glorious chance which God gave him to bear His name before kings, and Paul was quite in his element. There was no desire to curry favor with great men by any policy on his part; he wanted God to use him as an instrument to speak in God's stead, as an ambassador for Christ. But all the time Paul acted in the most natural manner under the circumstances. We have no reason to suppose that any time was given him to prepare for his trial. He certainly had no counsel on his side save Him who is "wonderful in counsel," and he just yielded himself up to the Holy Ghost, who made his clear, open defence, to be a powerful appeal to his hearers. Just what his enemies could not do Paul did—he produced witnesses who could prove the truth of his statements, his witnesses were

"ALL THE JEWS."

The apostle was such a marked man that his early life was known as a household word among the Jews. "And now," he said, "I stand and am judged for the hope of the promise made of God unto our fathers; unto which promise our twelve tribes instantly serving God day and night, hope to come." Yes, they hoped for what Paul possessed, they put in the future what Paul accepted in the present; here was the real point of difference between them. And then, forgetting all but "Jesus and the resurrection," his one life's theme, he cried: "Why should it be thought a thing incredible with you that God should raise the dead?" And then he went on to speak as he had already done on the castle stairs at Jerusalem, and probably hundreds of times in the synagogues, of his unspeakable experience.

Addressing himself to the king, who was "expert in all customs and questions which are among the Jews," he said: "I verily thought with myself that I ought to do many things contrary to the name of Jesus of Nazareth, which thing also I did." And then came the sad story of his days of persecuting the saints: "And I punished them oft in every synagogue, and compelled them to blaspheme; and being exceedingly mad against them, I persecuted them even unto strange cities." Neither Agrippa nor Festus would have any difficulty in finding living witnesses of the truth of these statements of their prisoner. But Paul went on to tell of how the Lord Jesus met him in the way, and of what

passed between him and his Lord. Festus and Agrippa were fully accustomed to hear of controversies between man and man, but it was a new thing to hear of such between man and God. If Paul were speaking truth, then he was really a man sent of God, and the Jews were fighting against God.

Paul had not hesitated to repeat how the Lord had said: "I will appear unto thee; delivering thee from the people and from the Gentiles, unto whom I now send thee, to open their eyes and to turn them from darkness to light and from the power of Satan unto God, that they may receive forgiveness of sins and inheritance among all those who are sanctified by faith that is in me." Delivering thee from the people and from the Gentiles! The very fact that he stood a living man before them was evidence enough of how faithfully God had kept His word, and, if this was so, then part of Paul's mission was to open the eyes of the very men who sat in judgment on him at that moment. He had a divine commission to turn Festus, Agrippa and Bernice from darkness to light, and from the power of Satan to God.

WHAT AN ANOMALY!

Here stood the prisoner of man preaching the freedom of God to the very men who held him captive; he in reality the freest man in that court of justice, uncondemned by man, justified by God, he stood in a position of infinite superiority to his judges.

"Whereupon, O King Agrippa," he continued, "I was

NOT DISOBEIDENT

unto the heavenly vision; but showed first unto them at Damascus, and at Jerusalem, and throughout all the coasts of Judea, and then to the Gentiles, that they should repent and turn to God, and do works meet for repentance. For these causes the Jews caught me in the temple, and went about to kill me. Having therefore obtained help of God (he does not mention God's instrument, Claudius Lysias) I continue unto this day witnessing both to small and great . . . that Christ should suffer and that He should be the first that should rise from the dead." . . . The apostle did not attempt to conceal the fact that he continued to testify to Christ in his imprisonment whenever he had opportunity; how could he when he had God's authority for what he was doing?

How about his judges? Facts had been clearly stated; the change he spoke of either had or had not taken place in him. Was he under a delusion? The steady, firm, unwavering continuance in the vocation to which he believed himself called did not look like it. Yet Festus, the man of the world, could not but see that if Paul were not acting as a madman, he was; and he preferred rather to count Paul mad than himself. "Paul," he said, "thou art beside thyself, much learning doth make thee mad. But he said, I am not mad, most noble Festus; but speak forth the words of truth and soberness. For the king knoweth of these things, before whom also I speak freely; for I am persuaded that none of these things are hidden from him; for this thing was not done in a corner." Then turning right on the king, he put a question to him just as one would put to an anxious soul, "King Agrippa, believest thou the prophets? I know that thou believest." Paul had just testified that he taught none other things than "the prophets and Moses did say should come." If Agrippa believed the prophets, how could he not believe Christ? But this involved so much he must repent or change his mind, turn to God, and leave off sin. By this his popularity would be lost; he must leave his great pomp and be a despised, persecuted follower of Jesus, but with sin forgiven, the power of Satan broken, his soul saved, an eternity of joy before him. The balance trembled; it turned slowly but surely on the wrong side. "Almost thou persuadest me to be a Christian." The die was cast; salvation slipped from him; he retained his position, his pomp and his sins, and lost Jesus.

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THE LATE COLONEL F. BURNABY, Killed in the Soudan on January 17.

Born in 1842—Enters the Army in 1859—His Ride to Khiva in 1875—Journey to Persia in 1876-77—Takes Part in the Spanish Campaign—Wounded at El Teb—The Nile Expedition—Personal Characteristics—His Tragic Death.

AMONG the names of the British officers and men killed in the battle at Abu-Klea on the 17th of January, is that of Frederick Gustavus Burnaby, colonel of the Royal Horse Guards, one of the most distinguished and popular officers in the British army. His fascinating books describing his adventures have been widely read on both sides the Atlantic.

He was in the prime of life, having been born on March 3d, 1842, and was thus in his forty-third year. His father was the late Rev. G. Burnaby, a clergyman of the Protestant Episcopal Church. Young Burnaby received at home his early training, of which athletics formed no insignificant part. Of sports requiring strength, courage, and manly vigor he was passionately fond, and in some he excelled. His craving was for

A CAREER OF STIRRING ADVENTURE, and he chafed under the quiet home life of his native town. Thus, after the usual school course at Harrow, and a "top-dressing," as he called it, in Germany, he entered the Royal Horse Guards on September 30th, 1859.

Returning home from a long visit to European capitals, his impetuous nature could not endure a life of indolence, and he resolved, in 1875, to set out on his

MEMORABLE RIDE TO KHIVA, a place at that time exciting much public interest, on account of the mysterious operations of the Russians, upon which Colonel Burnaby resolved, if possible, to throw some light. Extraordinary obstacles had to be surmounted before this adventurous undertaking could be accomplished, and Burnaby was of all men the most able to overcome them. Chief among the obstacles was the opposition of the Queen's cousin, the Duke of Cambridge, who objected to his journey. Burnaby heard incidentally that the silly old man, who is the nominal commander-in-chief of the British army, intended to peremptorily forbid him going and dexterously evaded the receipt of the order. But the Duke, who is as obstinate and vindictive as his grandfather, King George III., never forgave him. He swore that Burnaby should never have another command, and he kept his word.

In November, 1876, Captain Burnaby spent his annual holiday in making a journey

ON HORSEBACK THROUGH ASIA MINOR.

In the account he wrote of his journey he said: "I was five months in that country, and traversed a district extending over two thousand miles. My limited leave of absence prevented me from staying more than a few days at the important towns which lay on the route. I met people of many different races: Turks, Armenians, Greeks, Turcomans, Circassians, Kurds, and Persians. They almost invariably received me very hospitably."

The journey was by steamer to Calais, thence by rail to Marseilles, steamer again to Constantinople and Scutari. Horses were bought in Constantinople and a Turkish guide engaged.

THE FIRST HALT

of the journey will serve as an indication of the character of the enterprise in which the young officer had engaged. The colonel, his English servant, and his Turkish attendant had been riding for some time through marshy ground. Night fell, and they looked eagerly for some sign of Moltape, where the travellers had decided to pass the night. The colonel says: "Now a light appeared in the distance, and then another. The swamp through which we had been riding was gradually replaced by harder soil. A few white-washed cottages were met with at intervals along our path. Presently we rounded a corner, and a large village was exposed to view. The Hammall rode up to a house which was detached from the rest, and in the centre of the

town. He leaped from his horse, and coming to my side, held the stirrup-leather for me to dismount. We had arrived at a khan, or resting-place for travellers. On lifting up the latch, or rather pulling at a piece of string which was used as a substitute for a handle, the door opened.

"I found myself in a large, low room. So soon as my eyes became accustomed to the dense atmosphere, I discovered that almost all the available space was filled with soldiery. On one side of the room there was a succession of broad wooden shelves, ascending toward the roof; these, too, were tenanted. It was difficult to put a foot down upon the floor without treading upon the face or body of some follower of the Prophet. The smell which arose from so much humanity was everything but agreeable. A *mungo*, or circular iron pan on a tripod, was filled with burning charcoal, and placed on a stool so as to be removed from the immediate vicinity of the sleepers. It gave out a blue and sulphurous flame. The charcoal had not been properly burned through previous to being placed in the *mungo*. It added some poisonous fumes to the unhealthy atmosphere.

"The proprietor of the establishment, a Greek, slowly raised himself from a recumbent position. His head was bound up in what appeared to be a red stocking; the toe part of this article of attire hung carelessly over his left shoulder. He was a dirty-looking little fellow, and had a large wen on one side of his forehead. Nature had determined to make him as hideous as possible, and some fellow-mortal had added to her handiwork, for a large scar, barely cicatrized, and apparently inflicted by a knife, extended across his face. This scar and the wen were in the daytime a perpetual resort for blue-bottle flies.

"What do you want?' he asked, in that undefined mixture of Italian, French, Greek, and Spanish, which is spoken throughout the Mediterranean.

"I want a place to sleep in."

"Place to sleep in? Sleep here," he slowly subsided into his original position.

"Osman [the Turkish guide] now began to address him, and in a whining tone said that I was his Effendi, a great person, with gold, not paper, in my pocket, and that I would pay liberally for accommodation. The allusion to the gold acted like a charm upon the Greek.

"Gold!" he said. "Gold! Let me see it!"

"I took out a lira (a Turkish pound), and spinning it carelessly in the air, let it fall on an earthenware dish. The coin gave out a metallic ring. The Greek clutched at the fallen lira; but the nimble Osman was too quick for him, and picking it up returned it to me.

"I have no rooms but this," said the proprietor, eagerly; "but I have a stable. Why not sleep in the stable? You want a stable for your horses, and I will put down some clean straw for the Effendi."

"Our horses were all this time tied up to a post outside. I was on the point of accepting his offer, so as to gain shelter for them as well as for ourselves, when the door opened. A Turkish corporal entered and offered the hospitality of the guard-house, which was gratefully accepted.

After his return, Spain became the scene of travel. Don Carlos was then carrying on his desultory campaign in the Basque provinces, and Colonel Burnaby joined the army of the Spanish Pretender as

A NEWSPAPER CORRESPONDENT,

a capacity in which he served on several subsequent occasions, being determined to have his share of adventure, in spite of the hatred of the carpet-knight who commands the British army from his own palace, without danger or hardship. Spain offered but a limited field of operations, and Colonel Burnaby did not remain long with the Spanish insurgents, whose apathy and unsoldier-like qualities displeased him.

Colonel Burnaby was an ardent politician and a vigorous opponent of Mr. Gladstone, whom

he despised as a man of too weak and cautious and vacillating a disposition to rule over England. Burnaby made an attempt to enter Parliament, but was defeated by a small majority at the polls.

IN THE PRESENT SOUDAN EXPEDITION

Colonel Burnaby was attached to the Intelligence Department with Sir Herbert Stewart's force, and the last heard of him was that he had successfully conducted a convoy from Korti to Gakdul.

He was a Colossus, remarkable even among the giant warriors of Berlin and St. Petersburg for his stately stature of six feet four inches and formidable breadth of shoulder. He was also an accomplished linguist, speaking seven Continental tongues with as much ease and fluency as a native.

It was at

THE BATTLE OF ABU KLEA

that Colonel Burnaby met his death. He was with the force General Stewart was leading across an arm of the desert on the way to Khartoum. At Korti the Nile leaves its southern course and flows in a north-easterly direction for about one hundred and fifty miles. At Abou Hammed it makes a sharp curve, resuming its southern course, bending westerly, until it reaches Metemneh, where it has described in its passage from Korti an irregular semi-circle, the two points being distant about two hundred miles by land, but about six hundred by the river. General Stewart's object was to dash across from the Nile at Korti to the Nile again at Metemneh. At Abu-Klea, on the way across the desert, he was attacked, and the battle was fought in which Colonel Burnaby and eight other famous officers fell.

General Stewart's force consisted of about fifteen hundred effective men. On the approach of the Arabs, who were estimated to number between eight and ten thousand, General Stewart formed his troops into a hollow square, with his field-pieces at the corners and with the invalids and the provisions in the centre. The Arabs made their attack in a tumultuous rush, directed principally upon the side of the square held by the hussars. This side of the square was broken at one time during the fight, and the officers attribute this disaster to the unruly conduct of the camels, which got powder-burned and became uncontrollable. The line was speedily reformed and the enemy driven back. It was at that point that Colonel Burnaby was killed. The following

VIVID PICTURE OF HIS DEATH

is given by Mr. Burleigh, a correspondent in the Soudan, who witnessed the scene and was himself wounded in the battle: "Still down upon us the dark Arab wave rolled. It had arrived within three hundred yards undiminished in volume, unbroken in strength—a rush of spearmen and swordsmen. Their rifle fire had ceased. Other Arab forces surrounding us—the Mahdi's troops, plundering Bedouins and pillaging villagers from the river side—stood eager on the hillsides watching the charge upon the British square. In wild excitement, their white teeth glistening and the sheen of their brandished weapons flashing like thousands of mirrors, onward they came, charging straight into our ranks.

"I was at that instant inside the square, no far from the Gardner gun, when I saw the left face move somewhat backward. Colonel Burnaby himself, whose every action at the time saw from a distance of about thirty yards, rode out in front of the rear left face, apparently to assist two or three skirmishers running in harp. All but one man of them succeeded in reaching our lines. Colonel Burnaby went forward to his assistance sword in hand. A dauntless colonel rode forward he put himself in the way of a sheik charging down on horseback.

"Ere the Arab closed with him a bullet from some one in our ranks brought the sheik head long to the ground. The enemy's spears were close behind, and one of them sudden-

dashed at Colonel Burnaby, pointing the long blade of his spear at his throat. Checking his horse and pulling it backward, Burnaby leaped forward in his saddle and parried the Moslem's rapid and ferocious thrusts. But the length of the man's weapon—eight feet—put it out of his power to return with interest the Arab's murderous intent. Once or twice Colonel Burnaby just touched his man, only to make him more wary and eager. The affray was the work of seconds only, for the savage horde of swarthy negroes from Kordofan and straight-haired tawny complexioned Arabs of the Bayuda steppe were fast closing in upon our square.

"Colonel Burnaby fenced the swarthy Arab as if he were playing in an assault at arms, and there was a smile on his features as he drove off the man's awkward points. The scene was taken in at a glance. With that lightning instinct which I have seen desert warriors before now display in battle while coming to one another's aid, an Arab, who was pursuing a soldier and had passed five paces to Burnaby's right and rear, turned with a sudden spring, and this second Arab ran his spear point into the colonel's right shoulder. It was but a slight wound. Enough, though, to cause Burnaby to twist around in his saddle and defend himself from this unexpected attack.

"Before the savage could repeat his unlooked-for blow, so near the ranks of the square was the scene now being enacted, a soldier ran out and drove his sword bayonet through the second assailant. Brief as was Burnaby's glance backward at this fatal episode it was long enough to enable the first Arab to deliver his spear point full in the brave officer's throat. The blow drove Burnaby out of his saddle, but it required a second one before he let go his grip of the reins and tumbled upon the ground.

"Half a dozen Arabs were now about him. With blood gushing in streams from his gashed throat the dauntless guardsman leaped to his feet, sword in hand, and slashed at the ferocious group. They were the wild strokes of a proud, brave man dying hard, and he was quickly overborne and left helpless and dying."

THE LATE GENERAL GORDON.

(See Portrait on page 152.)

AMONG the saddest of the incidents of the war in the Soudan is the death of the brave, chivalrous soldier whose brilliant achievements, dauntless valor, and Christian faith have made his name famous over the whole world. His valiant defence of Khartoum is not the least of his heroic exploits. For nearly a year he and a few gallant soldiers held the city against overwhelming odds. He thought the government which had sent him there had deserted him. Practically they did so until the force of public opinion made itself felt. The Cabinet at last realized that the people were in earnest, believing that the honor of England would be indelibly stained if nothing was done for Gordon. When the administration found that longer delay might cost them their places, they hastily sent out an expedition, which arrived just two days too late to rescue him. It is some slight consolation to know that General Gordon knew before he died that the expedition was sent, and that he did not pass away under the impression that he was deserted. The manner of his death is not yet known. Several accounts have been given. One says that he was treacherously stabbed in the back, another that he fell under a volley of Arab bullets, and another that he died defending himself in a hospital. Unhappily, all accounts agree that he is dead. There is, therefore, no ground on which to base hope regarding him.

Charles George Gordon was born at Blackheath, near London, about the year 1830. His father was an officer of the Royal Engineers, and a man of sterling uprightness and consistent piety. Charles was the youngest of a family of five sons and six daughters. He chose the army as his profession, and after a preparatory training, in June, 1852, he entered the Royal Engineers. In December, 1854, he got orders for the

Crimea, to take part in the war England, France, and Turkey were waging against Russia.

From February 28th to April 9th Gordon's task was to make new batteries in the advance trenches. He was exposed to many dangers, and had several hairbreadth escapes of death. He took part in the final storming of Sebastopol, in which he was slightly wounded. After peace was declared, Gordon was engaged for several months in defining the frontiers of the States which the defeat of Russia had changed. In 1860 Gordon was on duty

IN CHINA,

with which England and France were at war. He was actively engaged with his regiment in Peking and the vicinity until the spring of 1862. During this time he surveyed the neighboring country in parts where no European had ever been seen. He also made an expedition on horseback to the Outer Wall, visiting in the course of his journey regions before unknown to Europeans. In May, 1862, the Chinese rebellion was at its height, and the Emperor of China, being unable to suppress it, appealed to the English and French for assistance. As the European colony at Shanghai was menaced by the rebels, and as their success meant only anarchy, some assistance was given to the Emperor, the European Powers believing that only in the ascendancy of the Emperor was there hope of law and order being established in China. The Emperor had in his employ a large foreign force called, in the exaggerated language of China, "The Ever-Victorious Army." This army belied its name by being ignominiously defeated, and the Emperor determined on having a European commander for it. He applied to the British Government. Gordon was recommended, and accepted the position.

"I have taken the command," Gordon said, in a letter to his family, "and am now a *mandarin*. I have taken the step on consideration. I think that any one who contributes to putting down this rebellion fulfils a humane task, and I also think tends a great deal to open China to civilization. I think I am doing good service." He found the richest and most fertile districts of China in the hands of savage brigands. The silk districts were the scenes of their cruelty and riot, and the great cities of Hungchow and Soochow were rapidly following the fate of Nanking, and were becoming desolate ruins in their possession. Gordon cut the rebellion in half, recovered the great cities, isolated and utterly discouraged the fragments of the brigand power, and left the marauders nothing but a few tracts of devastated country, and their stronghold at Nanking. All this he effected, first, by the power of his arms, and afterward still more rapidly by the terror of his name. On the 11th of May, 1864, he had completely crushed the rebellion.

In almost all engagements Gordon found it necessary to be constantly in front, and often to lead in person. The officers of his force were brave men, but were not always ready to face their desperate antagonists. Gordon, in a quiet way, would take one or other of these by the arm, and lead him into the thick of the fire. *He always went unarmed himself*, even when foremost in the breach. He carried one weapon to direct his troops—a little cane, and this soon won for itself the name of "Gordon's magic wand of victory." His Chinese followers, seeing him always victorious, always foremost in the fight, concluded it was his wand that insured him protection. Gordon himself never encouraged this superstition. He was a man of strong faith. He never undertook a task without seeking divine guidance, and he firmly believed God would preserve his life as long as He had need of him. He was always ready to surrender it, and believed that he would die when God so willed, and not before.

At the conclusion of the war in China Gordon returned home, and was engaged with his regiment in garrison duty in England. There he had opportunities for Christian work, which he eagerly seized. His house was school, and hos-

pital and almshouse in turn. The troubles of all interested him alike. The poor, the sick, the unfortunate, were ever welcome, and never did suppliant knock vainly at his door. Many a gutter-boy was rescued by him. The workhouse and infirmary were his constant haunts, and many of the dying sent for him in preference to the clergy, and he was ever ready to visit them, to talk to them of Christ the Saviour, the Resurrection, and the Life; but he would not be in any way prominent, though he was always willing to conduct Gospel services for the poor. He taught classes in the ragged schools, and his scholars attested their love and admiration by chalking on the fences,

"GOD BLESS THE KERNEL."

He allowed poor families to add to their scanty means by raising vegetables in his garden. He dined on salt beef, and made his supper of a pot of tea and a stale loaf; and what he could save from his income he gave to the poor. When flowers and fruits were left at his door he sent them to the nearest hospital.

In 1871 Gordon was sent by the government to Turkey on a special mission, which eventually led to his entering the service of the Khédive of Egypt, with the hope of suppressing the slave trade in Africa. The Sultan, before his departure, made him

A PASHA,

and in February, 1877, the Khédive appointed him Governor of the whole of the Soudan. His government of the Soudan was a vigorous, just, and able one, and the people, long used to corrupt officials, almost worshipped him. Of its details we have no space to speak. One incident, however, is so characteristic that it may be mentioned for the sake of the light it sheds on his character.

During Gordon's residence in the Soudan he went, at the request of the Khédive, on a mission to the King of Abyssinia. The treacherous savage monarch had him arrested, and he was brought a prisoner into the royal presence. Gordon was undismayed. The king looked upon his fearless countenance, and said, angrily: "Do you know, Gordon Pasha, that

I COULD KILL YOU ON THE SPOT if I liked?" "I am perfectly well aware of it, your Majesty," said the Pasha. "Do so at once, if it is your royal pleasure. I am ready." This disconcerted the despotic king, and he exclaimed, "What, ready to be killed!" "Certainly," replied the Pasha; "I am always ready to die; and so far from fearing your putting me to death, you would confer a favor on me by so doing, for you would be doing for me that which I am precluded by my religious scruples from doing for myself—you would relieve me from all the troubles and misfortunes which the future may have in store for me." This completely staggered King John, who gasped out in despair, "Then my power has no terrors for you?" "None whatever," was the Pasha's laconic reply. His Majesty instantly collapsed.

At the conclusion of his term of service Gordon returned home. His stay there was brief. He set out the following year on a visit to China, and made an official tour in South Africa and Basutoland. In 1883, he had an opportunity of gratifying a long-cherished desire to go on a new pilgrimage to the East, and lived for some months just outside Jerusalem. Most of his time was devoted to research; and it was with an eagerness, almost a passion, that he pursued, Bible in hand, the survey of the Holy Sepulchre, the site of the Temple, and the walls of Jerusalem. His next enterprise was the one in the Soudan, which has terminated fatally. With its incidents our readers are already familiar.

Volume VII. of the Christian Herald, containing the Numbers for 1884, with complete index, bound in cloth, may be had from this office; price 8s, including postage. A few volumes of 1882 and 1883 are also for sale. We have none left of any date prior to 1882.

KIND COMPULSION.

A Sermon by Dr. Talmage.*

"And compel them to come in."—LUKE 14 : 23.

A Great Entertainment—The Invitations Refused—Frivolous Excuses—Guests to be Had—The Table Set in Palestine—The Spreading Leaves—A Cathedral Organ in Switzerland—The Invitation—Inviting Refusal—By Religious Technicalities—By Metaphysical Teaching—By Church Architecture—How to Lead Sinners to Accept—By a Holy Life—By Kindly Admonition—A Christian Physician's Message—By Prayer—A Child's Prayer Strangely Answered—A Military Violinist in Vienna—The Substitutionary Performer.

The plainest people in our day have luxuries which the kings and queens of olden time never imagined. I walked up and down the stairs of Holyrood Palace—a place that was considered one of the wonders of the world—and I said, "Can it be possible that this is all that there was of this reputed wonderful place?" And this is the case in many other instances. There are fruits in Westchester County and on Long Island farms far better than the pomegranates and apricots of Bible times.

Through all the ages there have been scenes of festivity, and the wealthy man of my text plans

A GREAT ENTERTAINMENT,

and invites his friends. If one builds a beautiful home, he wants his acquaintances to come and enjoy it. If one buys an exquisite picture, he wants his friends to come and appreciate it; and it was a laudable thing when the wealthy man of my text, happy himself, wanted to make other people happy. And so the invitations went out; but something went very much wrong. You can imagine the embarrassment of any one who has provided a grand feast when he finds out that the guests invited do not intend to come. There is nothing that so provokes the master of the feast as that.

Well, these people invited to this great banquet of the text made most frivolous excuses. The fact was, I suppose, that some of them were offended that this man had succeeded so much better in the world than they had. There are people in all occupations and professions who consider it a wrong to them that anybody else is advanced. I suppose these people invited to the feast said among themselves, "We are not going to administer to that man's vanity; he is proud enough now; we won't go; beside that, we could all give parties if we made our money the way that man makes his."

So when the messengers went out with the invitations there was

A UNANIMOUS REFUSAL.

One man said, "Oh, I have bought a farm, and I must go and look at it!" He was a *land* speculator, and had no business to buy land until he knew about it. A frivolous excuse. Another man said, "I have bought five yoke of oxen." The probability is he was a speculator in *live* stock. He ought to have known about the oxen before he bought them. Beside that, if he had been very anxious to get to the feast, he could have hooked them up and driven them on the road there. Another frivolous excuse. Another man said, "Oh, I have married a wife, and can't come;" when if he had said to his wife, "I have an invitation to a splendid dinner; it is highly complimentary to me; I should very much like to go; will you go along with me?" she would have said, "To be sure I will go." Another frivolous excuse. The fact was that they did not want to go.

"Now," said the great man of the feast, "I will not be defeated in this matter; I have with an honest purpose provided a banquet, and there are scores of

PEOPLE WHO WOULD LIKE TO COME

if they were only invited. Here, my man, here, you go out, and when you find a blind man,

give him your arm and fetch him in; and when you find a lame man, give him a crutch and tell him in; and when you find a poor man, tell him that there is a plate for him in my mansion; and when you find some one who is so ragged and wretched that he has never been invited anywhere, then, by the kindest tenderness and the most loving invitation any one ever had, *compel him to come in.*"

Oh, my friends, it requires no acuteness on my part or on your part to see in all this affair that *religion is a banquet.*

THE TABLE WAS SET

in Palestine a good many years ago, and the disciples gathered around it, and they thought they would have a good time all by themselves; but while they sat by this table the leaves began to grow and spread, and one leaf went to the east and another leaf went to the west, until the whole earth was covered up with them, and the clusters from the heavenly vineyard were piled up on the board, and the trumpets and harps of eternity made up the orchestra, and as this wine of God is pressed to the lips of a sinning, bleeding, suffering, dying, groaning world, a voice breaks from the heavens, saying, "Drink, O friends; yea, drink, O beloved! O blessed Lord Jesus, the best Friend I ever had, the best Friend any man ever had, was there ever such a table? Was there ever such a banquet?"

"From the Cross uplifted high,
Where the Saviour deigns to die,
What melodious sounds I hear
Bursting on the ravished ear!
Heaven's redeeming work is done,
Come, and welcome; sinner, come."

Religion is a joyous thing. I do not want to hear anybody talk about religion as though it were a funeral. I do not want anybody to whine in the prayer-meeting about the kingdom of God. I do not want any man to roll up his eyes, giving in that way evidence of his sanctity. The men and women of God whom I happen to know, for the most part, find religion

A GREAT JOY.

It is exhilaration to the body. It is invigoration to the mind. It is rapture to the soul. It is balm for all wounds. It is light for all darkness. It is harbor from all storms, and though God knows that some of them have trouble enough now, they rejoice because they are on the way to the congratulations eternal.

I stopped one nightfall, years ago, at Freyburg, Switzerland, to hear the organ of world-wide celebrity in that place. I went into

THE CATHEDRAL AT NIGHTFALL.

All the accessories were favorable. There was only one light in all the cathedral, and that a faint taper on the altar. I looked up into the venerable arches, and saw the shadows of centuries, and when the organ awoke, the cathedral awoke, and all the arches seemed to lift and quiver as the music came under them. That instrument did not seem to be made out of wood and metal, but out of *human hearts*, so wonderfully did it pulsate with every emotion; now laughing like a child, now sobbing like a tempest. At one moment the music would die away until you could hear the cricket chirp outside the wall, and then it would roll up until it seemed as if the surge of the sea and the crash of an avalanche had struck the organ-pipes at the same moment. At one time that night it seemed as if a squadron of spirits weeping up from earth had met a squadron of descending angels whose glory beat back the woe.

Standing there and looking at the dim taper on the altar of the cathedral, I said, "How much like many a Christian's life!

SHADOWS

hover, and sometimes his hope is dim, and faint, and flickering, like a taper on the altar. But at what time God wills, the heavens break forth with music upon his soul, and the air becomes resonant as the angels of God beat it with their shining sceptres."

Oh, the Lord God has many fair and beautiful daughters; but the fairest of them all is she whose ways are pleasantness and whose paths

are peace! Now, my brothers and sisters—for I have a right to call you all so—I know some people look back on their ancestral line, and they see they are descended from the Puritans or Huguenots, and they rejoice in that; but I look back on my ancestral line, and I see there is such a mingling and mixture of the blood of all nationalities that *I feel akin to all the world*, and by the blood of the Son of God, who died for all people, I address you in the bonds of universal brotherhood. I come out as only a servant, bringing

AN INVITATION

to a party, and I put it into your hand, saying, "Come, for all things are now ready," and I urge it upon you and continue to urge it, and, before I get through, I hope, by the blessing of God, to compel you to come in.

We must take care how we give the invitation. My Christian friends, I think sometimes we have just gone opposite to Christ's command, and we have *compelled people to stay out*. Sometimes our elaborated instructions have been the hindrance. We graduate from our theological seminaries on stilts, and it takes five or six years before we can come down and stand right beside the great masses of the people, learning their joys, sorrows, victories, defeats. We get our heads so brimful of theological wisdom that we have to stand very straight lest they spill over. Now, what do the great masses of the people care about?

THE TECHNICALITIES OF RELIGION?

What do they care about the hypostatic union or the difference between sub-lapsarian and supra-lapsarian? What do they care for your profound explanations, clear as a London fog? When a man is drowning he does not want you to stand by the dock and describe the nature of the water into which he has fallen, and tell him there are two parts hydrogen gas and one of oxygen gas, with a common density of thirty-nine Fahrenheit, turning to steam under a common atmospheric pressure of two hundred and twelve. He does not want a chemical lecture on water;

HE WANTS A ROPE.

O my friends, the curse of God on the Church, it seems to me, in this day, is *metaphysics*. We speak in an unknown tongue in our Sabbath-schools, and in our religious assemblages, and in our pulpits, and how can people be saved unless they can understand us? We put on our official gowns, and we feel the two silk balloons flapping at the elbows of a preacher give him great sanctity. The river of God's truth flows down before us pure and clear as crystal; but we take our theological stick and stir it up, and stir it up, until you cannot see the bottom. *Oh, for the simplicity of Christ in all our instructions*—among the people! He practised when standing among the people! He took a lily, and said, "There is a lesson of the manner I will clothe you;" and, pointing to a raven, said, "There is a lesson of the way I will feed you; consider the lilies—behold the fowls."

I think often in our religious instructions we compel the people to stay out by our

CHURCH ARCHITECTURE.

People come in and they find things angular, and cold, and stiff, and they go away never again to come; when the church ought to be a great home-circle, everybody having a hymn-book, giving half of it to the one next him, every one who has a hand to shake hands, shaking hands—the church architecture and the church surroundings saying to the people, "*Come in and be at home.*" Instead of that, I think all these surroundings often compel the people to stay out. Now, let us all repent of our sins and begin on the other track, and by our heartiness of affection, and warmth of manner, and imploration of the Spirit of God, compel the people to come in.

How shall we

LEAD SINNERS TO ACCEPT

the Lord's invitation? I think we must certainly begin by a *holy life*. We must be better men, better women, before we can compel the people

* Dr. Talmage did not preach at the Brooklyn T. heron-le 1st Sunday; we therefore take this opportunity of publishing an impressive sermon he preached a few years ago, which is doubtless new to our readers.

to come into the kingdom of Jesus Christ. There are fine essays being written in this day about science and religion. I tell you the best argument in behalf of our holy Christianity: it is a good man, a good woman, a life all consecrated to Christ. No infidel can answer it. Oh, let us by a holy example compel the people to come in!

I read of a minister of the Gospel who was very fond of climbing among the Swiss mountains. One day he was climbing among very dangerous places, and thought himself all alone, when he heard a voice beneath him say, "Father, look out for the safe path, I am following," and he looked back and saw that he was climbing not only for himself, but climbing for his boy. Oh, *let us be sure and take the safe path!* Our children are following, our partners in business are following, our neighbors are following, a great multitude stepping right on in our steps. Oh, be sure and take the right path! Exhibit a Christian example, and so by your godly walk compel the people to come in. I do think there is work also in the way of

KINDLY ADMONITION

I do not believe there is a person in this house to-night who, if approached in a kindly and brotherly manner, would refuse to listen. If you are rebuffed, it is because you lack in tact and common-sense. But oh, how much effective work there is in the way of kindly admonition! There are thousands of men all round about you who have never had one personal invitation to the cross. Give that one invitation, and you would be surprised at the alacrity with which they would accept it.

I have a friend.

A CHRISTIAN PHYSICIAN.

who one day became very anxious about the salvation of a brother physician, and so he left his office, went down to this man's office, and said, "Is the doctor in?" "No," replied the young man waiting; "the doctor is not in." "Well," said this physician, "when he comes in tell him I called, and give him my Christian love." This worldly doctor came home after a while, and the message was given to him, and he said within himself, "What does he mean by leaving his Christian love for me?" And he became very much awakened and stirred in spirit, and he said after a while, "Why, that man must mean my soul," and he went into his back office, knelt down, and began to pray. Then he took his hat and went out to the office of this Christian physician, and said, "What can I do to be saved?" and the two doctors knelt in the office and commended their souls to God. All the means used in that case was only the voice of one good man, saying, "Give my love to the doctor." The voice of kindly admonition. Have you uttered it to-day? Will you utter it to-morrow? Will you utter it now? Compel them to come in.

I think there is a great work also to be done in

THE WAY OF PRAYER.

If we had faith enough to-day, we could go before God and ask for the salvation of all the people here assembled, and they would all be saved, here and now, without a single exception. There may be professional men here, political men here, worldly men here, men who have not heard the Gospel for twenty years, men who are prejudiced against the preacher, men who are prejudiced against the music, men who are prejudiced against the Church, men who are prejudiced against God—I do not care—they might be brought in by fervent prayer—you would compel them to come in.

Oh, for such an earnest prayer! People of God, lay hold of the horns of the altar now, and supplicate the salvation of all those who sit in the same pew with you—yea, the redemption of all who now sit in this house. What a momentous hour! God help!

At the close of a religious service, and when the people had nearly all left the building, a pastor saw

A LITTLE GIRL

with her head bowed on the back of the pew,

and, passing down the aisle, he said to himself, "The little child has fallen asleep." So he tapped her on the shoulder and said, "The service is over." She said, "I know it is over; I am praying, sir, I am praying." "Well," said the minister, "whatsoever ye ask of God, believing, ye will receive." She said, "Is that in the Bible?" "Yes," he said, "there is a promise of that kind in the Bible." "Well," she said, "let me see it." So he turned over the Bible until he came to the promise, and she said, "That's so, is it? Now, O Lord, bring my father to this church to-night."

While she was praying her father passed into the door of the church, and came down by his child and said, "What do you want of me?" When that child had begun to pray one hour before for her father, he was three miles away; but by some strange impulse that he could not understand, he hastened to the church, and there the twain knelt, the father's arm around the child's neck, the child's arm around the father's neck, and there he entered on the road to heaven. "Whatsoever ye ask of God, believing, ye will receive." That was an answer to the child's prayer. What did she do? She compelled him to come in.

I stand here and tell you, my hearers, of a great salvation. Do you understand what it is to have a Saviour? He took your place. He bore your sins. He wept your sorrows. He is here now to save your soul.

A SOLDIER.

worn out in his country's service, took to the violin as a mode of earning his living. He was found in the streets of Vienna, playing his violin; but after a while his hand became feeble and tremulous, and he could no more make music. One day, while he sat there weeping, a man passed along and said, "My friend, you are too old and too feeble; give me your violin," and he took the man's violin, and began to discourse most exquisite music, and the people gathered around in larger and larger multitudes, and the aged man held his hat, and the coin poured in and poured in until the hat was full. "Now," said the man who was playing the violin, "put that coin in your pockets." The coin was put in the old man's pockets. Then he held his hat again, and the violinist played more sweetly than ever, and played until some of the people wept and some shouted. And again the hat was filled with coin. Then the violinist dropped the instrument and passed off, and the whisper went, "Who is it? who is it?" and some one just entering the crowd said, "Why,

THAT IS BUCHER.

the great violinist, known all through the realm; yes, that is the great violinist." The fact was, he had just taken that man's place, and assumed his poverty, and borne his burden, and played his music, and earned his livelihood, and made sacrifice for the poor old man. So the Lord Jesus Christ comes down, and He finds us in our spiritual penury, and across the broken strings of His own broken heart He strikes

A STRAIN OF INFINITE MUSIC, which wins the attention of earth and heaven. He takes our poverty. He plays our music. He weeps our sorrow. He dies our death. A sacrifice for you. A sacrifice for me.

Oh, will you accept this sacrifice now? I do not go through the audience and single out this man and that man, and this woman and that woman. But I say *all* may come. The sacrifice is so great, *all* may be saved. Does it not seem to you as if heaven was very near? I can feel its breath on my cheek. God is near. Christ is near. The Holy Spirit is near. Ministering angels are near. Your glorified kindred in heaven near. Your Christian father near. Your glorified mother near. Your departed children near. Your redemption is near. May God help you to come to Christ, as a lost sinner, and to repose all your faith and trust in Him as your Divine Saviour, who will in no wise cast out those who come to Him.

THE GREAT ARGUMENT.

By W. H. Thompson, M.A., M.D., Professor of Materia Medica and Therapeutics in the University of New York. A significant fact much lost sight of in the present day is in this work pressed upon the attention of Christian preachers and teachers. It is the fact that the apostles in their missionary tours all adopted one line of argument. They did not preach Christian doctrine or Christian ethics, but Christ, the fulfilment of the promises of God in the Old Testament. "This Jesus whom I preach unto you is Christ," Paul said, and that sentence was the burden of his sermons and of those of all the men who "turned the world upside down." They based their arguments on the single fact that Jesus was He of whom Moses and the prophets wrote. That when His life was examined it would be found precisely the life and character and death which were before predicted as the characteristics of Him of whom God first spoke at the gates of Eden, and to whom every inspired man had since pointed as the light of the world. Thus He was the consummation of the Old Testament dispensation, and the Old Testament and the New Testament were organically one. That was the main object of apostolic preaching. It is not so now, and Dr. Thompson dwells upon the fact as a significant and unwise change.

There is, unhappily, a reason for the change, which has a paralyzing effect on the thought and life of the Church. There has come to pass, chiefly through the labors of those who teach "the higher criticism," that men have lost faith in the Old Testament as the Word of God. They think of it as a collection of works marvelously beautiful, full of noble thoughts and inspiring words, but not as a revelation. They have also criticized the books, casting doubt on the authorship and dates of writing, and generally intimating that it is not what it professes to be. Recognizing this fact, Professor Thompson clears the ground at the start by an introduction to his argument, in which he applies to the books of the Old Testament the tests which would be applied to any other collection of books purporting to have been issued under similar circumstances. He contends that the books show precisely the characteristics which reason tells us books would show if written by different men at widely different times.

His line of argument is singularly clear and convincing. It is based on the differences manifested in the literary style of the various writers; the order of succession shown by references to earlier writers in the works of later writers; that changes which lapse of time produced in the nation and reflected in each book, fixing the date and place of composition on internal evidence; and that each book shows the growth and development of the language by the words used, each writer employing words and phrases which contemporary history indicates were in actual use at that time and no other. Dr. Thompson, who is a son of the distinguished author of "The Land and the Book," brings to his task qualities apparently inherited, peculiarly fitting him for its performance, beside learning and the results of wide research.

Having thus cleared the ground, the author proceeds with his main argument that Christ is really the Being toward whom the sacred writers turned their eyes as the Saviour of the world. That they expected Him, looked for Him, and taught their readers to think of Him as the coming Deliverer. The examination of these prophecies in detail under Professor Thompson's guidance will surprise even experienced Bible students. We do not need so much to be convinced that Christ fulfilled the prophecies, as to see that the Old Testament writers really wrote of Him, and this is shown with remarkable skill and acumen. Professor Thompson's work is a most valuable one, and will have a beneficial influence in leading Christians to see new beauties in the Old Testament, finding it as full of their Master as is the New Testament. Published by Messrs. Harper & Brothers.

WITH THE CHINA INLAND MISSION.

MR. GALT, an engineer recently returned from Shanghai, China, thus describes his visits to the rooms occupied by the China Inland Mission in that city:

"It is nearly two years ago since I first arrived in China, a young Christian. A man came aboard distributing tracts. I asked him if there was any place of worship in Shanghai. He said: 'Yes; come along with me;' and he took me to the Masonic Hall, where Mr. Judd was preaching. After the sermon Mr. Judd saw I was a stranger, and shook hands with me. He said: 'Are you a brother in the Lord?' I said: 'Thanks to God I am.' Then he invited me to come at any time to his house. This was the way I was taken by the hand by the friends of the China Inland Mission, and that day was the starting-point for me in China. I went every night to Mr. Judd's house while we were in Shanghai, and there I met several of the friends of the Inland Mission, and *Miss Seed*, and a few more going up to Chefoo. I was blessed through them, and they drew me closer to God in their meetings. Then our ship came home, but we went back to Shanghai again. This time *Miss Lancaster* and *Miss Black* were there, and we had glorious times, precious souls being brought to Jesus.

"After another voyage I went back to Shanghai again, and *Miss Minchin* was there. This time the premises of the mission were at 33 Foo-chow Road. Some more missionary ladies were on their way through Shanghai—*Miss Littlejohn*, *Miss Todd*, and *Miss Symon*. One man-of-war's man was brought out for the Lord that first night. I do not think that since 33 Foo-chow Road was opened there had been one week without souls being brought to Jesus.

"One Sunday we were coming out of the meeting, and I saw a man who used to be a fireman on board ship along with me. I said to *Miss Minchin*, 'There is a man who used to be along with me when I was in the world.' She said: 'Go and speak to him.' But he was in a *jin-rich-sha*, and I couldn't catch him. She said: 'You must pray for him, and I will pray too—whatever two of us agree upon it will be done unto us.' I said I would pray for him.

NINE STOKERS CONVERTED.

"The next night as I was coming up with the ship, I met him and all his mates. I said: 'Hallo, Ferguson, where are you going?' He said: 'I don't know—to play billiards, perhaps.' I said: 'Will you come along with me?' You will be made very welcome by the people of the Inland Mission. He said: 'I don't care if I do,' and we all went off to *Miss Minchin's*. I told her: 'Here is my friend for whom we have been praying.' She had commenced with her meeting, and they were all very much pleased with it. They were much impressed the first night. She asked them if they would come back the next night—for there was no rest in that 33 Foo-chow Road—every night in the week or every day—it did not matter what time you came—if there was anybody at all, there would be sure to be a meeting. The men promised to come. We all met next night. There were nine of them—all working in the stoke-hole of this one boat, all Scotch, and from the same district as myself. I prayed earnestly for their sakes, and asked God that they might not go away without His blessing. They were every one of them converted before they left Shanghai.

A DRUNKARD SAVED.

"I know one man of the name of Ellis—he was an awful drunkard. He belonged to the *American navy*. There was only one Christian seaman on board his ship, and he had got rather cold, having no communion with fellow-Christians. The ship carried a chaplain, and he had worked hard and sore, and there were no fruits. This lukewarm Christian was ashore one night, and was asked to come to *Miss Minchin's* meeting. He came, and was quickened; the few embers in his heart got gathered together, and the flame sprang up. He came back next night and mentioned this Ellis—a man who was always

carried aboard drunk, and nobody could reach him. *Miss Minchin* asked him to bring him along, and somehow or other they got him to come.

"*Miss Minchin* commenced a meeting, and he was pleased with the hearty singing. He came back another night, and then she attacked him quietly; and next day, as she was out walking, she met him again on the Bund.

"She said: 'Where are you going?' He said: 'I don't know; I have no place particularly to go to.' She said: 'You might come up to my house and get a cup of tea.' He did so, and she said to herself: 'Now is my time for that man; if I let this opportunity slip, I may never get another.' So she seated herself by his side, and labored for his soul, and got him to kneel down, and that dear woman was *an hour and a half on her knees with him*; but, by the grace of God, he went away rejoicing, and that man is a living monument of God's mercy. Now they have Bible readings on that ship, which they never had before, and there are six or seven Christian men on board.

"I ask your prayers for the work in Shanghai; the laborers are few, but there is a great work going on. I pray God that there may be many places opened up like 33 Foo-chow Road was. It was a want long felt—a place where seamen can go at any time to read or spend an hour, and where they would be asked about their souls."

ANECDOTES RELATED AT THE EVANGELISTIC MEETINGS IN SCOTLAND.

A Wealthy Old Lady.—At a Recent Meeting

Mr. McDonald told a story of a very rich man who, when a friend called on him on one occasion, took him to the door and boastingly said: "See you all yon fields?" pointing the white to the acres of ground that surrounded his house; "these are all mine." His friend looked at him, and said: "See you that little cottage on one of your fields?" "Yes," answered the rich man, "I do." "Well, there is an old woman living in that little cottage who is far richer than you." "How can that be?" was the wondering question. "Because," said his friend, "she has the Lord Jesus Christ as her Saviour, and is a fellow-heir with Him of all things both in heaven and earth."

The Might of a Wife's Prayers.—Captain

Hatfield said: "A woman prayed for her husband for eighteen years. One day she was standing at the window watching him cutting wood in the yard, and she thought, 'I have been praying for that man for eighteen years, and yet he does not seem to be a bit changed.' She went to the door, and looked out at him, and then turned and went up-stairs, and again prayed for him. She came down and went to the door a second time, and said: 'My dear husband, do cease work, and pray God to save you. He will hear you, I am sure.' He looked up at her, and without a word he dropped his axe and walked to some of the outhouses, and there at once cried for mercy, and found Jesus as his Saviour."

The Sob in the Corner.—The Rev. Mr.

Fullerton related: "I remember once, when I was minister in the North, conducting a small meeting. When I was putting on my overcoat to come away, I was praying in my heart that God would send a blessing on the words that I had spoken. I thought I was alone in the church, and was much surprised to hear a great sob. Turning round in the direction from which the sound came, I saw a young man crouching in a corner. I walked over to him, and putting my hand on his shoulder said, 'Robbie,' for I knew the lad. I did not need any words to tell me what was the matter, for I knew God's Spirit was striving within him. I knelt down beside him, and put before him the way of salvation. I then prayed, Robbie always putting in 'Yea, Lord; do, Lord; give, Lord,' I always putting in petitions, until I thought it would be well to tell the lad to pray himself, for he knew better what he required than I did; and,

keeping silence myself, Robbie went on, saying, 'O Lord, put thy Holy Spirit within me, and renew my heart, and keep me from the evil influences of the world.' It was indeed a blessed meeting. No one but the Lord, Robbie, and myself were there. He rose up with his face shining and bright. He had found the unspeakable treasure of salvation, and now was resting sweetly in Jesus."

A Convert's Apostasy.—The Rev. Mr. Gault

said: "About fifteen years ago, when I was in India, a native of that place turned from his heathenism to worship the living God. He joined the Church of Christ, but in a private way. It soon came out that he had become a Christian, and his friends did not give him any rest, especially his mother, who came and threatened to kill him if he would not return to his former belief. He did return, and was received again among them, but his conscience did not give him any rest. He eventually came back to Christianity and Christ, and was once more received as a member of the Church. He was so humbled in Spirit before God at his apostasy, that he became a more earnest and more devoted Christian than he was before; but his life was a very sorrowful one. It is said he was never seen to smile."

A Runaway's Arrest.—A Christian Gentleman

narrated the following: "There is a young man in Belfast who takes a great interest in the noon prayer-meeting there. He told me this story: 'About three years ago I ran away from Belfast and went to Glasgow, and one day while I was walking through the street, I had a tract put into my hand, and at the same time was invited to a tent where a meeting was being held. I read the tract, which was entitled, 'Young man, art thou saved?' "No," I said to myself, "I am not saved." I went into the meeting, and before leaving it I was arrested in my life of sin by the grace of God, and accepted Christ as my Saviour.' This young man has since returned to Belfast, and is now taking an active part in the meetings there, and is in many ways successfully seeking to further the cause of Christ."

A Worn Surrounded by Fire.—The Rev.

Mr. Cathcart said: "An Indian military officer had a native servant who was a true worshipper of God. His master was a church-going man, but not a Christian. One day he said to his servant: 'How does it come about that you go so regularly to church and are always singing?' The servant told him in simple language how he had been convicted of sin and led to Christ. They were standing in the garden, and the servant continued, 'If you will come with me I will let you see how I did,' and he led the way to the back of the house, and proceeded to gather a handful of withered leaves, laying them on the ground in a circle. He then got a worm and laid it in the centre of the circle of leaves; then taking a match from his pocket he set fire to the leaves. The worm began to wriggle and twist itself about, trying to escape, but it could not, for it had a ring of fire to pass through. At length, after many attempts, it gave up the struggle, and lay quite still in the middle of the ring. The servant then put out his hand and lifted the worm up and laid it in a more congenial atmosphere. 'Now,' said the servant, 'that is just what the Lord has done for me; after I could do nothing for myself He put forth His hand and saved me.'"

A Frantic Mother's Request.—A Minister in

the North narrated the following: "A young sailor burst a blood-vessel and had to go home and live with his widowed mother. They were both very careless about their souls. One beautiful summer evening the lad was ascending a steep hill to catch sight of a little barque sailing on the bay. The exertion was too much for him; he burst another blood-vessel, and was carried home to his poor mother. The doctor and the minister were at once sent for, and as I entered the house I met the doctor coming out, and inquired how the boy was. 'Oh, you are too late; he is gone,' was the reply. 'He has

died in his sins then," I said. With some difficulty I entered the house, for it was crowded with people, and all was in fearful confusion. The mother was nearly frantic; she was tearing her hair and crying, "Oh, that I knew my boy was safe!" I said, "Let us pray." The mother said, "Yes, pray for my poor boy. Ask God to forgive him." I prayed for all those who were present, that they might be led to seek God in time, but I did not pray for the dead boy. When we rose from our knees, the mother said, "Why did you not pray for my boy?" It was hard, very hard to tell that mother that it was of no use to pray for him, but it had to be done, and I begged her to seek the Lord for herself while prayer could avail."

Husband and Children Converted.—The Rev. Mr. Ross related that on the occasion of Mr. Moody's first visit to Scotland, in the year 1874, when he was in Dundee, there was a woman who used to attend his meetings. She had been a professing Christian for many years, but unfortunately had married an ungodly man, and now she had an unconverted husband and seven unconverted children. One night she asked her husband to come with her to Mr. Moody's meeting, but he refused to go. The second night she asked him, and again he refused. In many ways he tried to provoke and incite her to anger, but she bore all his unmanly taunts patiently for the sake of her Divine Master, whom she really loved. On the third night, before going to the meeting, she went to her room and prayed very earnestly to the Lord for her husband. Her meekness and great patience toward him had already influenced him far more than any words could have done, and when she came down from prayer he said to her, "Are you going to the meeting to-night?" "Yes," she replied; "but why do you ask?" "Because I am going with you," he answered; and at the meeting that night he gave himself to the Lord. Before the close of Mr. Moody's mission there her husband and her seven children all accepted the Saviour.

THE MYSTICAL EUPHRATES.

By Rev. J. R. Graves, LL.D.*

The Turkish Empire Symbolized—Obstruction to the Jews—The Empire Sixty Years Waning—Testimony of Statesmen—Effect of the Berlin Treaty—Of the War in Egypt—Judah already Returning—Ephraim to be Brought in—Returning in Unbelief.

A PREDICTION that must be fulfilled before Christ comes is the drying up of the mystical Euphrates, to make way for the kings of the East. This prophecy is found in Rev. 16: 12: "And the sixth angel poured his vial upon the great river Euphrates; and the water thereof was dried up, that the ways of the kings of the east might be prepared."

If we can ascertain what power is symbolized by the river Euphrates, we may know under what trumpet we are now living. The ground of this symbol is the literal river, which opposed an effectual barrier to the entrance of Cyrus into Babylon. A hostile nation, with its armies, is, in the prophets, symbolized by a river and its waters. In Isaiah 8: 7, 8, the king of Assyria and his armies are so symbolized: "Now, therefore, behold, the Lord bringeth up upon them the waters of the river, strong and many, even the king of Assyria, and all his glory, and he shall come up over all his channels and go over all his banks."

The river Euphrates, in this passage (Rev. 16: 12), symbolizes some powerful nation that, with its armies, is an obstacle in the way of the return of the Jews to their own land, understanding, as we do, that "the kings of the East" are ancient Israel. They were for centuries the rulers of the East, and they are the predicted rulers of the East. The Turks are the only obstacle in the way of their re-occupation of Palestine, since they possess it, and the city of Jerusalem, and forbid the Jews to purchase or to settle in it. The Turkish Empire is in other

places in prophecy symbolized by the river Euphrates.

The angels—symbols of agencies—which God makes His messengers to accomplish His purposes, were bound in the great river—i.e., agencies not from without, but that were contained within the kingdom or empire symbolized. That this empire was the Turkish, and that these were the four Sultanies within it, that were let loose to devastate and slay, there can be no question. "Of the loosing of four Sultanies," July 27th, A.D. 1301, Gibbon speaks of as freely as of the first investiture of the Turkish Sultan over the Moslem world.

The Turkish Empire, in the height of its power, was as if the great river Euphrates had overflowed its banks and its waters covered all Asia, from the Chinese wall to the gates of Constantinople and the very pillars of Hercules in the far West. But that these waters have, since 1820, been drying up is remarked by all. Turkey has been, for the past fifty years, entered upon the calendar as

THE SICK MAN OF THE EAST.

Lamartine, so early as 1834, in the Chamber of Deputies, Paris, said: "The Ottoman Empire is no empire at all; it is a misshapen agglomeration of different races without cohesion between them, with mingled interests, without a language, without laws, without religion, without unity or stability of power. You see the breath of life which animated it—namely, religious fanaticism—is extinct. You see that its fatal and blinded administration has devoured a race of conquerors, and that Turkey is perishing for want of Turks."

But since 1834 the evaporation of its waters has been vastly more rapid, and in addition to all the wars that have threatened her, her last war with Russia, and the Berlin Conference, left her but a fordable stream at best. Look at her present pitiable condition. Stripped of large portions of her empire, Greece, Algeria, Wallachia, Moldavia, and, in the last few months, practically stripped of Egypt and all she possessed north of the Danube, unable to defend herself against her own vassals; her treasury exhausted, her trade and manufactories destroyed; without her wonted tribute from provinces, and all sources of wealth dried up, she sits an object of pitiable helplessness amid the nations. It is not too much to say that this mystical river is even now well-nigh dried up.

Think of the change effected in the last few years in the affairs of Palestine. Eighty-three years ago the Porte permitted only three hundred Jews within the walls of Jerusalem. Forty years ago the Porte modified the original order, so that a larger number could abide there; but they were shut up in narrow and filthy quarters, next to the dog and leper quarters, the objects of contempt and cruel oppressions. But even this quarter restriction was removed ten years ago.

In addition to this, if the "Euphrates" is a symbol of the Turkish power, as most commentators hold, then

THE EGYPTIAN WAR

now raging has accomplished very much toward drying up its waters. Egypt, with its millions of people and rich revenues, has been practically wrested from the control of the Sultan, and passed under the protectorate of England. In a short time the Ottoman may not have it in his power to oppose an obstacle to the occupation of Palestine by the Jews. Thus rapidly, before our very eyes, are these wonderful prophecies fulfilling that mark the closing years of this dispensation, and yet how few Christians know what is transpiring, and their significance, or seem to care to know!

We are safe, then, in saying that the sixth angel has sounded and the sixth trumpet been blown, and its last echo is dying away, and the last vestige of obstruction to the return of the Jews to Palestine is soon to be removed. The indications are that

THE RETURN OF JUDAH

has already commenced. Thousands have re-

turned in the last few years, and the number is rapidly increasing. Palestine, so long forsaken and desolate, is evidently awakening to a new life. Interesting and significant movements are in progress. Jerusalem is rapidly increasing in population. Of its forty thousand citizens half are Jews, who are increasing in influence as well as numbers. The event, however, most prominent to us which is fulfilling prophecy and hastening the drying up of this Turkish Euphrates River, is the subjugation and possession of Egypt by England. I say possession, for what country did England ever conquer that she has not held, unless driven out by arms, which Egypt can never do, should she desire. But she is forever freed from the power of the Sultan, who is both weakened and impoverished by the loss of this large part of his empire.

Let this fact be borne in mind by every reader, that all expounders of this passage, how much soever they may differ about other predictions, are agreed that

THE SIXTH TRUMPET

has been blown, and its symbolism well-nigh fulfilled.

Frequent mention of "Israel and Judah," of "Judah and Ephraim," and of "two kingdoms," where the Jews are alluded to in the Old Testament, indicates that the ten tribes, as well as Judah and Benjamin, will return.

It was B.C. 740 that the ten tribes were carried away captive to the king of Assyria, from which they have never returned. These are called the "lost tribes," and are alluded to by the prophets as "Ephraim," "Israel," the "house of Israel." Judah and his companions were carried away captive by Nebuchadnezzar into but one country, Babylon, B.C. 466. Their captivity lasted seventy years, when all that desired were permitted to return. A large part did return under Zerubbabel, rebuilt their city, and repossessed their cities and land.

Only the tribes of Judah and Benjamin, with the Levites scattered among them, inhabited Palestine in the days of the First Advent, and therefore only these tribes were implicated in Christ's death. These tribes constituted the Jewish nation that was conquered by the Romans under Titus, about A.D. 70, when their capital city, Jerusalem, was taken by storm, and, with their temple, utterly destroyed. The rest of the Jews, after an incredible number had perished by pestilence and famine and the sword of the Romans during the siege, were carried away captives and sold as slaves "among all nations," so long as purchasers could be found. For ages it was the policy of the Romans, as of the Turks, not to allow a Jew to so much as set foot within the city, or to inhabit the land of Palestine—they were thus driven out of their land, and scattered among all nations.

Let us examine one prophecy, which has been, for generations, spiritualized to mean the preaching of the Gospel to Gentile sinners, and their conversion under it. I must, to save space, ask the reader to turn and read Ezek. 37.

The vision, then, refers to the "Whole House of Israel," Judah and Ephraim, the Jews—not those who are seen, but the ten "lost tribes" who are in their graves—hidden from our sight in the deepest obscurity, so that they are declared to be no more. They will have given up all their ancient and national hopes and become infidel* before this restoration takes place. The Lord, by His Spirit, will bring them out of their obscurity—graves—and bring them into "their own land." This certainly cannot mean bring them back into their own church—unless all the dispersion they have suffered has been simply being excluded for the time being from their own church! Touching the manner of their restoration, the symbolical intimation seems to be, that a day of small things is to mark the commencement of it; that a feeble and gradual beginning of a course of events which is to issue in the most unexpected and stupendous results.

* The Jews of America are rapidly fulfilling this prediction under the teaching of Dr. Adler and the ultra-Reformed School.

* From his work entitled "The Seven Dispensations," published by the Baptist Book House, Memphis, Tennessee.



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CURRENT EVENTS.

The Inauguration of President Cleveland on Wednesday of last week was the occasion of an outburst of enthusiasm rare even on such occasions. An unprecedented number of citizens went to Washington to witness the ceremony, and Republicans of note joined in the proceedings with no signs of discontent. The loyalty with which the decision of the people was accepted affords a pleasant augury for the harmony of President Cleveland's term, and indicates that the Republicans at present have no intention of embarrassing his administration by factious opposition. General Arthur had sent a cordial invitation to Mr. Cleveland to stay at the White House, and proceed with him to the Capitol for the inaugural ceremony. Mr. Cleveland had, however, already made arrangements to stay at the Arlington, but he paid a visit to General Arthur on Tuesday night, which was cordially reciprocated by a visit from General Arthur to Mr. Cleveland at the hotel. The ex-President now retires to private life, and intends, after a brief visit to Europe, to resume his law practice in New York. For the new President it is our duty to pray that in his high office he may be guided of God, and may receive the wisdom and strength he will need in his difficult and arduous labors. Those who most earnestly deplore his election have the greatest cause for prayer, that the disasters they apprehend from the change of government may be averted.

President Cleveland's Inaugural Speech was brief. It contained 1688 words; General Garfield's contained 2940 words, and Mr. Hayes's 2472. President Cleveland commenced with an expression of his sense of the responsibility of his position, and his hope that "the bitterness of partisan defeat and the exultation of partisan triumph might be supplanted by an ungrudging acquiescence in the popular will and concern for the general weal. This is the people's will impressed upon the whole framework of our civil polity—municipal, State, and Federal—and this is the price of our liberty and the inspiration of our faith in the Republic." In outlining the policy

of his administration, the President said: "The genius of our institutions, the needs of our people in their home life, and the attention which is demanded for the settlement and development of the resources of our vast territory dictate the scrupulous avoidance of any departure from that *foreign policy* commended by the history, the traditions, and the prosperity of our Republic. It is the policy of independence, favored by our position and defended by our known love of justice and by our power. It is the policy of peace suitable to our interests. It is the policy of neutrality, rejecting any share in foreign broils and ambitions upon other continents, and repelling their intrusion here. It is the policy of Monroe and of Washington and Jefferson—peace, commerce, and honest friendship with all nations, entangling alliances with none." This was followed by a protest against *unnecessary taxation*, and an intimation of the speaker's opinion that a large surplus in the Treasury was a temptation to extravagance and waste. The conscience of the people, the President said, demands that *polygamy* in the territories, destructive of the family relation and offensive to the moral sense of the civilized world, shall be repressed. On the subject of the *Civil Service* the President gave a renewed assurance that his policy would be in conformity with the new law. He said: "The people demand reform in the administration of the government and the application of business principles to public affairs. As a means to this end, civil service reform should be in good faith enforced. Our citizens have the right to protection from the incompetency of public employes, who hold their places solely as the reward of partisan service and from the corrupting influence of those who promise and the vicious methods of those who expect such rewards. And those who worthily seek public employment have the right to insist that merit and competency shall be recognized instead of party subserviency or the surrender of honest political belief." The President concluded by invoking the aid and blessing of God upon the government and the nation.

The Nominations of the Chief Advisers of the President were sent to the Senate for confirmation on Thursday last. They were: *Secretary of State*, Thomas F. Bayard, of Delaware; *Secretary of the Treasury*, Daniel Manning, of New York; *Secretary of War*, William C. Endicott, of Massachusetts; *Secretary of the Navy*, William C. Whitney, of New York; *Secretary of the Interior*, L. Q. C. Lamar, of Mississippi; *Postmaster-General*, William F. Vilas, of Wisconsin; *Attorney-General*, Augustus H. Garland, of Arkansas. Mr. Riddleberger succeeded in having confirmation postponed under the rules for one day, and announced his intention of persisting in his opposition. Influential Republicans, however, succeeded in shaking his resolution, and on the following day all the nominations were confirmed. The nominations have been well received by the press throughout the country. Senators Bayard, Lamar, and Garland have long been well known to the people by their service in the United States Senate. Mr. Endicott has occupied the high and honorable place of judge of the Supreme Court of Massachusetts. Mr. Vilas, Mr. Manning, and Mr. Whitney are prominent men in their respective States, where they have an excellent reputation for sound judgment and integrity. The general impression is that the Cabinet is a safe and conservative, if not a brilliant, one.

The House Devoted the last Hour of its Existence to passing the Grant Retirement Bill. At half past eleven o'clock on March 4th it was received in the Senate, and President Arthur had the gratification of making the last act of his official career the nomination of General Grant. The hero of the war now passes to the place in which he won the respect and affection of the people, and which he left just sixteen years ago for the Presidential chair. It is as a general and not as a President that he will live in history, for in many respects his administration was a disappointment. The noble qualities

which endeared him to the nation as a soldier rendered him in some important particulars unfit for civil functions. During the past week his health fluctuated considerably, but the bulletins published on Monday pronounced him generally in a slightly improved condition.

General Hazen's Wish is to be Gratiified. He is to be tried by court-martial. Under orders from President Arthur the court is called to try him for conduct prejudicial to good order and military discipline. The charge against Hazen is based upon his remarkable conduct in publicly criticising the Secretary of War in relation to the management of the Greely relief expedition. General Hancock will preside, and it may be hoped that General Hazen will be honestly and fairly tried, and that justice will be done without fear or favor.

War between England and Russia is Seriously threatened. Russia, acting on her usual policy, has seized the opportunity of the British Government's embarrassment to draw another step nearer to India. She calculated that the severe strain now put upon the British army would incapacitate England from even contemplating war with her. The Russian outposts are now only one hundred miles from Herat, whereas three years ago they were five hundred miles distant. The British Secretary of State has sent to the Russian Government a formal demand for the withdrawal of the expedition, and the English press dignifies the demand with the title of an ultimatum. The Russian Government courteously but firmly refuses to withdraw, and it now remains for England to say what she will do. The situation is evidently critical, but hopes are still entertained of a pacific solution. They are based on the fact that Russia's finances are in a crippled condition, and also on her knowledge that in Afghanistan England is in a better condition for fighting successfully than is Russia. An impression prevails in England, though it does not appear to be shared in France and Germany, that Russia has no disposition to go to war, but thought that while England was sending every available soldier to the Sudan, a strip of Afghan territory might be annexed with impunity. England's unexpected firmness may, if that view of the case is accurate, insure the peaceable withdrawal of Russia within her own frontiers in Asia. The crisis, however, continues serious.

The British Army in the Sudan Remains in a state of enforced inaction. In an address to the soldiers, General Wolsley informs them that he hopes to lead them to Khartoum "before the end of the year," but until the heat abates, it is apparently his intention to remain at Korti or some other place still more secure. A cable dispatch says: "General Sir Redvers Buller has pointed out the places between Gakdul Wells and Korti suitable for the establishment of depots for water supplies for the retiring troops. The depots near Korti will be supplied thence and the others by camel transports from Gakdul. It is reported that the British troops will remain in the vicinity of Korti during the summer, and be lodged in straw huts. The greatest fears are entertained concerning the effects of the torrid heat, and the most conservative think that the mortality among the troops will be large, although, perhaps, not as great as it would be during a continued retreat under the desert sun. The Arabs undoubtedly are fully aware of the existence of numbers of hidden wells in the desert, and this knowledge, it is thought, will enable them, despite the destruction of the public wells by General Buller, to follow and harass the British with large forces."

Thy Healer: God's Dealings with Soul and Body, edited by Mrs. M. Baxter, a magazine devoted to holiness and healing, published in London on the first and fifteenth of every month. Copies are sent to subscribers in America direct from Bethshan as soon as printed. Annual subscription, including postage, seventy-five cents. Subscriptions for 1885 should be sent to Mrs. M. Baxter, 10 Drayton Park, Highbury, London, England, or to the office of the CHRISTIAN HERALD, 63 Bible House, New York, whence they will be forwarded to London.

The Hospital Saturday and Sunday Association, of New York, report an aggregate collection for the year 1884 of \$37,030.56, while for the year previous it was \$43,062.74. The association attributes the falling off to the inclemency of the weather on Hospital Sunday, one of the worst days of the season. It is also doubtless due in part to the protracted depression in trade, which is affecting all classes. Of the amount contributed during the past year \$21,339.62 came from religious and \$15,752.19 from secular sources. The report says that among the trades an added interest is reported.

Religious Teaching in College is not to be abandoned in at least one of our colleges without a struggle. The Rev. Dr. McCosh, in his report on the state of Princeton College recently made to the Board of Trustees, said: "Being spared to this time, and, thank God, in good health, I mean not only to defend but to fight for what I believe to be a *fundamental principle* with this college, that religion is not to be abandoned in college teaching; and that what is great and good in the past is to be retained, along with the new, in the obligatory studies. The fight is only begun, and will last for years, and I think Princeton, with its trustees, professors and alumni, should take its part in the contest."

Roller Skating, which has become the popular amusement among young people, was the subject of a double condemnation recently. The pastor of a church at Jamaica, L. I., found that the amusement was a serious hindrance to his revival work during the winter, declaimed against it, especially on the ground that it encouraged late hours, and led to improper associations. He believed also that it was physically injurious, and asked the opinion of an eminent Brooklyn surgeon. The opinion confirmed the clergyman's view. The surgeon wrote: "I consider that the practice physiologically is a pernicious one. Its effect upon boys is bad enough, but upon girls it is much worse. It destroys muscular balance, strains unduly the parts chiefly exercised, locates weakness at vital points, and prepares the way for a great amount of suffering and wretchedness. If the craze should continue for any considerable length of time the facts which I have named will be verified in the experience of many a young lady."

An Organized Movement to Protect New York from the apprehended cholera visitation next spring is being made. A leader in the movement, Mr. Charles F. Wingate, who is a sanitary engineer and a member of the Tenement House Commission, has published a detailed programme of the work contemplated. From this statement it appears that it is intended to combine all the existing sanitary societies in a league for the protection of the city. Then, to group all the members together, and divide them up into local committees, whose duty it will be to report to a general committee any facts which may come to their knowledge regarding sanitary defects. If any member notices that a street is not properly cleaned, or if he is told that a house is in bad condition, he will report it to the General Committee, who will investigate the facts and report them to the Board of Health. Then, if it is found that the Board has no power to take action in a specific case, the committee will take proper measures itself. The money to do the work has been pledged, so that no pecuniary responsibility will attach to the members of the league. The Sanitary Auxiliary Society of New Orleans has kept yellow fever out of that city for four years by just such a system.

A Watchman in the Shadow of a Tomb may be seen every night in a cemetery in Philadelphia. The correspondent in that city of a Chicago journal, referring to the place where the body of a recently deceased banker is interred, says that from sunset to sunrise, it is carefully guarded by a well-armed man. For months and months he will go his weary round. If he should fall ill a substitute will be put in his place, for it would be perilous to take a mo-

ment's risk with the human hyenas who prey upon dead men's bones. Since the desecration of the grave of the late A. T. Stewart, the tombs of men of large wealth have a watch for months, and indeed the time of its ceasing is often purposely left a matter of uncertainty. The widow of a wealthy financier, who was one of the richest and most widely known men in Philadelphia, not only had men guard her husband's grave, but she also had a *mass of granite* put upon it, so large and heavy that the power of an engine would be required to pull it away. Thus even death does not deliver the rich man from his foes; it only reverses their character and aim. The ghouls who would steal his body are really trying to capture his money, using his body as the means; in his lifetime his great enemy was trying to capture his soul, and using his money as the means (Matt. 19: 24).

Curious Experiments with Colorless Ink have been performed by a writer in a scientific journal. He says: "If one should write upon a sheet of white paper with chloride of platinum no mark would be visible, as the liquid is quite colorless. But hold the same sheet of paper over the vapor of mercury, and the metal it received in the former operation will be brought out in dark tints. Several surprising effects may be produced by utilizing that fact. It is so in our moral conduct. Sins are committed which apparently leave no trace, being undetected, and the sinner's reputation is untarnished in the world; but the tracing remains, and in the light of the judgment will appear clear and legible unless previously washed out by the blood of Calvary (Ps. 90: 8).

A Bridal Ring Two Centuries Old has been presented to a young lady at Melton, N. Y., by her aunt. Among a band of Huguenots who were driven from France two hundred years ago on account of persecution for their adherence to the Protestant Church was a newly married pair, full of courage and religious zeal. The bride wore on her finger a plain gold ring, on which was engraved her name, Elizabeth. This hoop of old gold, a mere shadow of what it was once in weight and size, has been bequeathed from generation to generation, always bringing with it its record, and always going to a direct female descendant named Elizabeth of the Huguenot bride who landed on the hospitable shores of America two centuries or more ago. The present owner is one of the seventh generation from the original owner. She doubtless prizes the ring as a relic of her noble ancestress; it probably also reminds her of that higher union which the Huguenots counted more sacred than even that of the marriage relation. Should the ring ever be worn by one who has no part in that union, its presence on her finger would be a constant reproach to her (Hosea 2: 19, 20).

The Bible Used at the Inauguration of President Cleveland last week has a romantic association connected with it. It was a small morocco-covered, gilt-edged volume, pretty well worn. It is the Bible which Mr. Cleveland's mother gave him when he left home as a young man, and at his special request the committee of arrangements had it in readiness for the ceremony. There is always a curiosity felt to know what particular words are touched by the lips of the new President. On this occasion, the Baltimore *Sun* says there was no intention of the Chief Justice to open the book at any particular place, and no desire of President Cleveland that there should be anything prearranged about the ceremony in any way. The particular place where he kissed, therefore, was the result of accident entirely. As the type used in the Bible is small, the lips of the President touched six verses of the 112th Psalm, from verse 5 to verse 10, inclusive. The passage commences with the words: "A good man showeth favor and leniency: he will guide his affairs with discretion." It may be hoped that in the responsible position in which Mr. Cleveland is now placed his mother's treasured gift will become more precious to him than ever. Both

he and the country over which he presides will benefit if he makes it the guide of his policy, and esteems it, as he has reason to do, the unerring compass and chart of his Presidential course (Deut. 17: 19).

The Ownership of a Floor is in Dispute in New York, and a lawsuit is threatened. On March 1st a tenant left the premises he had occupied for six years, and took up one of the old floors, and replaced it with a new one. The owner of the premises, instead of being pleased at getting a new floor in the place of his old one, protested violently, and as the tenant persisted, he has invoked the law to decide the question of the ownership of the old floor. The cause of the contention is understood when it is explained that the tenant is a jeweller, who has been working at his trade on that floor for six years, and the boards are so impregnated with gold dust that when burned they will yield gold worth several hundred dollars. Though the legal question is technically about the ownership of the floor, the real question is about the gold in the floor; the wood will be burned in any case to get at the gold. It is so in the believer's character; the fires of affliction consume what is worthless and yield the precious virtues, which God esteems better than gold (1 Pet. 1: 7).

A Realistic Stage Performance has been near having a tragic sequel at Virginia City, Nev. A troupe of actors, excellent in their profession, played *Othello* there. Most of the miners, who composed the bulk of the house, had not seen a play for many years, and the theatre presented a packed mass of red shirts. The actor who had the rôle of Iago was noted for his realistic power; and so faithfully did he portray the traitorous friend that the audience lost control of itself, and in the second act began shooting at the fell conspirator. One shot struck Othello's sword hilt, and all hands had to lie down on the stage and roll into the wings. The indignant miners were finally quieted, and the play proceeded, but the final denouement was so taken to heart by the spectators that the pseudo Iago remained in the theatre all night for fear of the vigilantes, who talked seriously of lynching the "cold-blooded villain off hand." The audience reversed the mistake made too frequently in our churches. They thought that a man was serious who was only pretending, while congregations listen to solemn sermons as if they were idle tales (Gen. 19: 14).

An Indian's Voluntary Sacrifice of his Life is an incident among the reminiscences of General Averill, who commanded United States troops in Arizona. During the general's residence there a white man was found murdered and scalped. The crime was evidently the work of an Indian, who had made his escape to the woods. Orders came from Washington to demand the murderer from his tribe, and to inform them that unless he was delivered on a certain day vengeance would be taken on the whole tribe. The Indian chiefs, with their followers, hunted for the murderer for several days, but failed to find him. They held a council, and sent a deputation to the United States commander, saying they had not been able to discover the fugitive, but if time were given them they would continue the search, and would deliver him as soon as he could be found. But the commander said his orders were imperative, and that unless the man were brought in, dead or alive, he should commence war. Another fruitless search was made, and another council was held, when one of the warriors said: "We cannot find this man, and they will make war upon our tribe; our women and children will be killed; take me and shoot me, and lay my body down before the officers." And after a while this was done. The warrior was shot and his body was carried in and laid at the feet of the officers. It was a sad but a noble act, and the Indian was doubtless sustained by the knowledge that his friends were saved by his self-immolation. It was for his enemies that Christ died (Rom. 5: 8).

PETER'S BLUNDER.

A New Sermon by Pastor C. H. Spurgeon.

"But Peter said, Not so, Lord; for I have never eaten anything that is common or unclean."—Acts 10:14.

A Contradiction of Terms—Saying "Not So" to the Lord—Lessons from Peter's Blunder—I. The Old Man Remains in the New—A Continual Struggle—The Same Kind of Sin—The Same Man who Rebuked his Master—Who Refused Him—Wisdom in the Back of the Head—His Good Points—II. The Old Man Generally fights—Against Abolition of Forms—Against Low Association—Warning against Mr. Moody—III. How the Old Nature Shows Itself—A Mother's Quarrel with the Lord—IV. Willfulness in the Way of Usefulness—Rowland Hill's Horses.

"Not so, Lord." This is a very curious expression. I do not mind how you turn it into English from the original, but it is a very strange compound. If Peter had said, "Not so," there would have been a clear consistency in his language and tone. But "Not so, Lord," is an odd jumble of self-will and reverence, of pride and humility, of contradiction and devotion. Surely, when you say, "Not so," it ought not to be said to the Lord; and if you say, "Lord," you ought not to put side by side with such an ascription the expression, "Not so." Peter always was a blunderer in his early days, and he had not grown out of his old habits of honest impetuosity. *He meant well*, and his expression was not intended to convey all that he might easily make of it. At any rate, it is not for us to condemn him. Who are we that we should sit in judgment on a saint of God? Besides, we are not without fault ourselves in the matter of incorrect speech. You and I have said some very curious compound things in our time. In our utterances there has been faith mixed with unbelief, love defaced with a want of submission, gratitude combined with distrust, humility flavored with self-conceit, courage undermined with cowardice, fervor mingled with indifference. We are as strange beings as the image which Nebuchadnezzar saw in his dream; and our speech betrays the fact.

Now, we will have a look at Peter, and see what we can learn from this singular expression of his—this strangely compounded exclamation, "Not so, Lord."

I. The first truth which we may easily learn is that

THE OLD MAN REMAINS

in the Christian man. Albeit we are made new creatures in Christ Jesus, and the life that is within us, the dominant life, is new, and holy, and heavenly, yet the old nature still survives. Though crucified, it is long in dying, and struggles hard. Sin dwelleth in us, so that we painfully discover that, though we are new men, we are yet men; and though the grace of God reigns within us, yet there is a struggle for the kingdom, and the sin that dwells in us strives after the mastery. We are renewed sinners, but we are sinners still. Our hearts and hands are cleansed by divine grace, but they have a sad tendency to become defiled.

Peter was Peter still. Why, dear friends, I think that if I had never before seen this passage in the Acts, but had read Peter's life as I find it in the writings of the four evangelists, and somebody had newly shown me the present text, and said, "I have left out the name of the apostle, but one of them, when he had seen a vision from God, and knew that God spoke to him, nevertheless said, 'Not so, Lord'—what apostle was that?" I should not have had to guess twice, I am sure. I should have been sure that it was Peter; so you see Peter is Peter after the grace of God has renewed him. I think we must say the same of ourselves.

The man is still the same man; he is greatly altered, but he has not lost his identity. Whatever change has taken place in him, Peter is Peter, and I should like you young converts to recollect that; for perhaps you think that in the day when you were converted you lost your

old selves altogether. I can assure you that you did not; the hasty temper, the sluggish constitution, the gloomy tendency, or the fickle humor will be there still, to be struggled with so long as you are here below. You received a new self, and a better self, but the old self is there still. Your mother will be able to recognize you, I dare say, if you live at home as a young person; she will know that it is the same John, or the same Mary, for your foibles and weaknesses will crop up, if not your faults; and, therefore, you must keep a watch upon yourself.

Note that Peter here shows how readily he fell, not precisely into the same sin, but into

THE SAME KIND OF SIN.

His tendency was still to err in a certain direction. This Peter who said, "Not so, Lord," is he not the same man who in his impudence rebuked his Master, and said, "That be far from thee, Lord"? *Impudence, I call it.* It was a piece of impertinence for which he was well rebuked when the Master said, "Get thee behind me, Satan." Our Lord detected Satan endeavoring to work through the zealous enthusiasm of Peter, to tempt Him to turn aside from the great work that he came to do. Is not this the same man who at supper-time refused his Master? When the Lord Jesus took a towel, and girded Himself, and was about to wash the disciples' feet, Peter said to Him, "Dost thou wash my feet?" for he was astounded at such an example of humility. When the Master came with the basin he said, "Thou shalt never wash my feet;" and then you recollect what a turn he made when his Lord said, "If I wash thee not, thou hast no part with me." Then he cried, "Lord, not my feet only, but also my hands and my head." He was always impulsive; and from this cause he rebukes his Master, and he refuses his Master. He acts as if he fancied that he knew better than his Lord, though in his heart of hearts he had no such notion. Yes, this is the same Peter who cried, "Not so, Lord."

I therefore put it again. What were your faults before conversion? Guard against them now. What have been your failures, and your weaknesses, and your errors since you have been converted? Watch against them still; for if you have now become an experienced Christian, and your graces have been greatly developed, and you have become exceedingly useful in the Church of God, yet, beloved brother, the points in which there is a weakness in your natural constitution, and in which you have made failures, are the points at which you must set a double guard; watching and praying lest you be led into temptation by those special features of your character. Kindly notice this earnest advice, which my loving anxiety leads me to press upon you. I have seen so much of the

FRUITS OF PRESUMPTION

that I entreat you not to give way to it. If anybody tells you that the old man is quite dead, you may say, "Nobody but the old devil could have set you on to whisper such a lie in my ear. The truth is not in you." You dream of perfection, but you are a mass of wants, and infirmities, and conceits; and if it were not for the infinite mercy of God, who deals tenderly with you, you would soon have most painfully to know it to your own dishonor, and to the grief of your brethren round about you. Peter is Peter still, notwithstanding what grace has done.

This was a man whose wisdom always lay at the back of his head, instead of at the front of it. It came in to tell him that he had made a mistake, but it never came to hand soon enough to prevent the error; and Peter after Pentecost had not lost this trait of his character. I may be addressing young folk here who are very impulsive, and speak all in a hurry things which they afterward are sorry for. I should not wonder if you continue to be impulsive when you grow older. Perhaps it will be one of your snares through life. Be on your guard against it. It is a strength if it be rightly managed. Give me the man who in a good cause does not

think twice, but acts upon the warm impulses of a ready mind. Give me the man who understands that second thoughts are not always the best, for they are apt to chill, and the best thought is that which comes from a heart fired with the love of Christ; but that same characteristic, if not kept in proper order by the Spirit of God, may lead you into a world of mischief.

You say your say so quickly, but you cannot unsay it, even in years and ages. You cannot call back the words which now cause you to bite your tongue with regret. You did grow very angry. It is true that ten minutes calmed you, and you were as sorry as possible for all your bitter speeches; but that could not undo the injury, nor heal the cruel wound that you had given to your faithful friend. You must cry to God that, if you are impulsive, the impulses may always come from Him; and you must ask Him daily to lead and guide you in the way of understanding. I pray that you may not often pull out your sword, and cut off a man's ear, for Jesus is not here to work miracles, as He was at hand fortunately with Peter; and you may cut somebody's ear off, and not be able to put it on again. Ask Him to keep you in check, that you may not be working mischief in your haste which you will have to repent of in your leisure.

II. But now, secondly,

THE OLD MAN GENERALLY FIGHTS

against Gospel principles; for this was the point upon which Peter differed from his Lord. This "Not so, Lord," applied to grand Gospel principles which had been put before him, as, for instance, the abolition of the ceremonial law. Peter was to know that those ceremonial laws, which forbade the eating of this and that, were now to be abrogated. Many to this day quarrel with God's glorious Gospel on ceremonial grounds. The Scripture saith that men are to be saved by faith; but these formalists say, "Surely, they must be regenerated in baptism; they must be further fed by the blessed Eucharist." All of us are apt to err in this manner, for we incline to attach undue importance to matters which are proper and useful in their places, but which are by no means essential to salvation.

The same battle is carried on by certain people who have never eaten anything common or unclean, in the sense that they have never associated with any but very respectable people. Here the fight is concerning

THE EQUALITY OF MEN

before the law, and under the Gospel. An evangelist brings into the congregation all the poor people of the district, and the very worst of characters gather to hear him. This ought to be a great joy, but in certain cases it is not. Many are offended, and in effect say, "Not so, Lord." Well, really, I—I—I do not like sitting next to one who is dressed so badly, and smells so vilely. I saw a woman of loose character come in, and I felt as if I must leave my pew." *Oh, you very respectable people, you know that you get into that state of mind!*

Truly, it is an instinct of cleanliness to shrink from the unwashed; but then it is an instinct of the new life to rejoice in the salvation of souls, and for the sake of it to put up with greater discomforts than can arise from contact with the fallen. I suppose that in the days of James, when he rebuked those who beckoned the rich to sit near them, the Roman or the Jewish pauper was quite as ill-savored as any that are among us at this day, yet he makes no allowance for this. Let us prize the common and unclean so much that we never think of them in that light.

Never let us set up

THE TYRANNY OF CASTE,

and rebuild the middle wall of partition which our Saviour died to throw down. To hear some people speak of their fellow-men is sickening to me; they talk of them as if they were mere offal and rubbish, not worthy of their genteel notice. I bless God that I seldom hear it, for it rouses my wrath. A minister in a certain neighborhood used solemnly to warn his people against all such wicked persons as Moody and Sankey,

and the like, because they were the means of saving the lower orders. He said, "I see people in this district professing to be saved, and yet they never before went to a place of worship at all." Therefore," he said, "I do not believe in their salvation, for surely if God were about to save a great number, He would first of all save those who have for years regularly attended our places of worship." That was a bit of Peter-like propriety coming up, and saying, "Not so, Lord." Oh, the cruelty of respectability! If you have anything of that left in your nature, ask God to turn it out.

The same kind of battle takes place when our old man fights against the Gospel in its great principle of free and sovereign grace. Somebody said the other day that to say "free grace" was to use a redundancy. That is so; but there is such a real redundancy in grace that we do not mind using a redundancy of expression when we are talking about it. "Free grace" we mean still to say, for, as some people will not believe that grace is free, it is still necessary to make it very clear that it is so, and to say not only "grace," but "free grace." Christ did not die for saints, but for sinners.

III. Thirdly, and as briefly as I can, I would remind you that

THE OLD NATURE SHOWS ITSELF in many ways, always fighting against God. "Not so, Lord," is often the cry of our unregenerate part. It is so against the doctrine of the Gospel. Some persons do not believe the Gospel because they do not want to believe it. They studiously omit to read all such parts of Scripture as would enlighten their minds. They are not convinced because they have already persuaded themselves as to what truth ought to be. "Not so, Lord," is their cry. Beloved, never get into that state of mind. Follow God's Word anywhere, believing what the Spirit says, let Him teach you what He may.

This old nature of ours sometimes cries out against God in matters of duty. We can do anything except the special duty of the hour, and as to that one thing, we say, "Not so, Lord." Yonder young woman knows that according to God's Word

SHE MUST NOT MARRY

that young man, for she would be unequally yoked together with an unbeliever. Now, she was quite willing to be baptized, and she is heartily willing to give her money to the Lord, and in fact to do anything except that one act of self-denial, which would require her to cease from a fond friendship. Yet, my friend, I do not know what sorrow you will make for yourself if you really break that salutary tie. I have seen many instances of mixed marriages, but I have had to mourn over nearly all of them as the cause of untold wretchedness. Take you the precept, and knowing that it is God's mind concerning you, never dare even for a moment to hesitate. "Whatsoever He saith unto you, do it." Never let your lips say, "Not so, Lord;" for it is disobedience to demur against the command of the Lord your God.

Our natural corruption is apt to quarrel with the Lord concerning our sufferings. Against this also be ever watchful. Whenever you are called to endure trial, do not complain of the particular form it takes. Perhaps it is great bodily pain, and you say, "I could bear anything better than this." That is a mistake. God knows what is the best for His child. Do not cry, "Not so." "Oh, I could bear sickness," says another, "but I have been slandered! My character is taken away, and I cannot bear that." Thus our will asserts its place, and we pine to be our own god and ruler. This must not be. You must, my dear friend, bear that which the Lord appoints, or else you will make the matter a deal worse. If you want anything done well do it yourself, with this exception—that, if you want your character defended, you should always let that alone. Somebody else will take care of that for you, and if slander be the rod under which you are to smart, many of us have felt it before you, and

you need not complain so bitterly, as if a strange thing had happened to you. Do not cry, "Not so, Lord;" but let the Lord appoint you care or calamity, sickness or slander, for He knows best.

"But I am afraid that I shall lose my wife, or a favorite child. I think that I could have suffered anything but that." Yes, you see, a rebellious spirit contends with God one way or another; it cannot be quiet. I was greatly struck with a story a dear sister told me yesterday. She was very nearly being removed from the church; she had

QUARRELLED WITH THE LORD

for taking away her husband, and she would not go to any place of worship, she felt so angry about her loss. But her little child came to her one morning, and said, "Mother, do you think Jonah was right when he said, 'I do well to be angry, even unto death?'" She replied, "Oh, child, do not talk to me," and put the little one away; but she felt the rebuke, and it brought her back to her God, and back to her church again, humbly rejoicing in Him who had used this instrumentality to set her right with her Lord. O friends, let us be silent before the Lord, and judge His ways no longer, for in this judgment there is no benefit to ourselves or others!

Sometimes our corrupt nature quarrels with God about our service. The Lord says, "Go into the Sunday-school." "I should have liked to preach," says the young man. "Go into the Sunday-school." "Not so, Lord," says he, and he will not go, and thus he misses his life-work. It will not do for us to choose what work we will do. Do what the Lord bids you, when He bids you, where He bids you, as He bids you, as long as He bids you, and do it at once. Never say, "Not so, Lord."

IV. Let us leave that point, and close with a fourth observation—it is a great pity when this kind of

WILFULNESS STANDS IN THE WAY

of usefulness. It would have been so with Peter if the Lord had not used the process by which He overcame him. "Not so, Lord," said Peter; "Not so, Lord; for I have never eaten anything that is common or unclean." In some things Peter was a great deal too conservative. He says, "Not so, Lord," and some read it, "Never, Lord, never Lord, for I have never" that is, "I must never do a thing I have never done." Many are of this mind; they cannot advance an inch. This is the hymn they sing of a morning before breakfast, "As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, world without end. Amen." And any time until they go to bed at night it is the tune they keep on singing. "As it was in the beginning; as it was in the beginning." They will never do what has not been done, nor learn what they have not learned. Many will only act as others act; they must keep in the fashion. Now this is a rule which I never accepted; for it always seemed to me that I was probably to do what nobody had done before me; for was I not in some points different from every one else? Let us struggle against the spirit which would bind us hand and foot; where the Spirit of the Lord is there is liberty.

Propriety hinders very many; decorum is their death. I do not know the precise meaning of it; but there are genteel people about who consider that the finest thing on earth is "propriety." Mr. Rowland Hill was said to have hidden on the back of all order and decorum. "No," he said, "I cannot ride on the back of two horses, but I have two horses to my carriage, and I have called one of them 'Order,' and the other 'Decorum,' to make the report come as nearly right as possible." Order and decorum were never put to a better use than when they drew Mr. Rowland Hill from town to town preaching the Gospel; and I, for one, am glad that he never took those horses into the pulpit. He was just as disorderly and indecorous as a Christian man ought to be—that is to say, he was perfectly natural, and spoke the truth from his heart, and men that heard it felt the

power of it; and so he became a blessing to this part of London, and, indeed, to the whole world.

SHAKE YOURSELF UP

a little, my brother. If you are too precise may the Lord set you on fire, and consume your bonds of red tape! If you have become so improperly proper that you cannot commit a proper impropriety, then pray God to help you to be less proper, for there are many who will never be saved by your instrumentality while you study propriety.

Again, I doubt not that some are hindered in their usefulness by their great dignity. It is wonderful what noble creatures men can grow into, if they are let alone. "This great Babylon that I have built," cries Nebuchadnezzar. That is the same gentleman who afterward ate grass like the oxen, and whose nails grew like birds' claws. We have seen very, very, very great little people, and very, very little great people who have given themselves mighty airs; but we have never seen any good come of their greatness. Few people are blessed by these gorgeous individuals. God seldom sends His Elijahs bread and meat by peacocks. If you go as visiting ladies into the houses of the poor very finely dressed, and you "condescend" to them, they will not want to see you any more; but if you go in and sit at their side, and show them that you are their true friends, you get at their hearts.

Love thyself less and less, and love thy God more. Love the soul of every man with all the intensity of thy being. Struggle and agonize to bring sinners to the Saviour's feet, and God will help thee. But if thou standest on thy dignity, and sayest, "Lord, not so; for I have never eaten anything common or unclean," it will be a serious injury to thee.

Are there any here who have not yet believed in Jesus? I hope they will trust their souls with Him at once, and, when they have done so, let them come forward without delay, and confess His name, and be baptized into the sacred Three. Then let them try to grow downward lower and lower, till they sink into nothing, that Christ may be all in all.

[The prayers of the readers of this Journal are requested for the blessing of God upon its Editors, and those whose sermons, articles, or labors for Christ are printed in it; and that its circulation may be used by the Holy Spirit for the conversion of many sinners and the quickening of God's people. Dr. Talmage and Mr. Spurgeon especially request prayer every Sunday morning on behalf of their labors.]

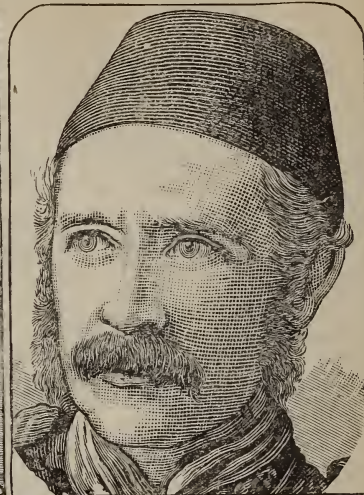
NEW BOOKS.

ROYAL GRACE AND LOYAL GIFTS

is the title of a small volume of five hundred and sixty-four pages, in which are collected some of the choicest works of the late Frances Ridley Havergal. In a compact and convenient form six of her volumes are here in one cover. They are: *My King*; *Royal Commandments for the King's Servants*; *Royal Bounty for the King's Guests*; *The Royal Invitation*; *Loyal Responses*; and *Kept for the Master's Use*. With some of these our readers are doubtless already familiar, but with others, especially the last named, they have not yet made acquaintance. It was published after the author's death, and the revision of the proofs of it was the last labor she performed. We have already spoken fully of Miss Havergal and her works in the biography published in this Journal shortly after her death. It is therefore unnecessary to describe here the character of her books. Thousands of Christians in every English-speaking land have feasted upon them with delight, and have learned through them to see more of the beauty of Jesus and the power of the hidden life. One of the chief merits of these writings is, that each of them, except the last, is divided into thirty-one portions, each complete in itself and forming an excellent reading for morning and evening devotion. The deep spirituality they breathe, the



The City of Khartoum from the Nile.



The Late Gen. "Chinese" Gordon. (See page 163.)

earnest desire for a closer walk with God, the constant striving after complete consecration to Him, render these readings stimulating and eminently useful, especially to young Christians. This collection, in a cheap and portable form, of the six books in one, is sure to have a large sale. It is published by *Messrs. Anson D. Randolph & Co., New York.* Price \$1.

PERSONAL TRAITS OF BRITISH AUTHORS.

The student of English literature will find this one of the most fascinating works that has been issued in many years. It is the first of four volumes of anecdotes of the brilliant group of men of letters who, in the early years of the present century, rekindled the dormant power of the press. Mr. Edward T. Mason, who edits the series, proposes to give in these volumes such anecdotes and incidents as serve to render the personal characteristics of the eminent authors familiar to his readers—in fact, to make them personally acquainted with the men whose works have been the delight of this generation. His plan is to collect the evidence of eye-witnesses as far as that can be done, and to add second-hand evidence only when it is absolutely necessary, and with due caution. Twenty-seven authors in all will thus be introduced to the public. The first volume comprises seven: Byron, Shelley, Moore, Rogers, Keats, Southey, and Landor. "Careful search" [says Mr. Mason] "has been made for everything which might throw light upon these authors; upon their appearance, habits, manners; upon their talk, their work, and their play, their strength and weakness—physical, mental, moral. Records of acts directly exemplifying traits of character have been given whenever it was possible, in preference to mere expressions of individual opinion. . . . The materials have been found abundant, bewilderingly so, as may be inferred from the fact that the contents of these volumes have been drawn from over two hundred different sources." We may say, what Mr. Mason's modesty prevents him saying for himself, that every reader will be astonished at the prodigious labor he must have expended in collecting these anecdotes, and that they are arranged with remarkable skill. The public thinks no fact, however minute, uninteresting if it reveals to it the personal traits of a man whose pen has contributed to its education or enjoyment. Mr. Mason recognizes this fact, and has been at infinite pains to find and verify any facts which serve to make our conception of these great men accurate and clear. The coming volumes will be

looked for with eager interest. The price of each volume is \$1.50, published by *Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.*

MINING CAMPS:

A Study in American Frontier Government, by Charles Howard Shinn, conveys to its readers a new idea of frontier life. It deals with ancient, mediæval, and modern mining laws, and with the life of mining camps. As the local institutions of New England and Virginia, Georgia, and other States, the original settlers of which were English, had their origin in the institutions of the mother country, the impression is prevalent that the whole of our vast domain was peopled by men who derived their ideas of local government indirectly from the same source, the only medium of transition being that of the Atlantic States. Mr. Shinn shows that this idea is erroneous. He holds that "in the New West, beyond the rocky borders of Nebraska and the remote sources of the Missouri, American pioneers showed their hereditary fitness for self-government under trying conditions. . . .

In nine States and Territories, peopled by three million persons, mining property is still held by customs of tenure originated by the early placer and quartz miners of California." Mr. Shinn goes farther back still in his investigation, showing the identity in principle of these laws and customs with those of miners in other lands, in ancient Siberia, Midian, and, above all, in Cornwall and Thuringia. Many amusing incidents are related of frontier life as illustrations of the prevailing spirit in the camps and of the social customs of the early settlements. Pp. 316. Price, 2s. Published by *Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.*

ECCLIOLOGY:

A Treatise on the Church and Kingdom of God on Earth, by Edward D. Morris, D.D., Professor of Systematic Theology in Lane Theological Seminary. This is a summary of the lectures delivered during seventeen years to the students of the seminary in which Professor Morris labors. In adapting his teaching to a wider circle, Dr. Morris aims to correct the prevalent belief among young Christians, that only in one of two alternatives can the true idea of the Church be found: either in the powerful organization of the Romish Church, or in the rationalistic conceptions of the Church as a purely human institution. Dr. Morris has evidently given considerable labor to the production of his book, and is sincere in his belief, as every good man is, though he may differ with others

equally honest and intelligent. We can understand that many will read his book and agree with him up to a certain point, at which there will be a wide divergence, due to a difference in early education or in mental constitution. But even those who will not accept his conclusions may learn much from the researches he has made. Pp. 187. Price, \$1.75. Published by *Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons.*

THE CITY OF KHARTOUM.

(See Illustration on this page.)

THE city of Khartoum, which has been the centre of interest for many months, is the capital city of the Soudan. Its population is only twenty-five thousand, but, being situated at the junction of the Blue and the White Nile, it has an immense floating population of merchants and travellers, who find it a convenient centre for commerce and an excellent place both to buy and to sell the commodities most in demand in that region. Its leading staples are ivory, gum arabic, ostrich feathers, senna, and castor-oil.

The present condition of the city was graphically described in a letter from General Gordon's companion in Khartoum, Colonel Stewart, who was treacherously murdered in a hut on the banks of the Nile, where he sought refuge after his steamer was wrecked while on an expedition undertaken at General Gordon's request. Colonel Stewart writes: "The town, as approached from the White River, presents a mass of dirty gray houses, overtopped by a single minaret, and in front a sterile, sandy plain, without trees or bushes. It is entered by a long, narrow street, stretching from west to east, and terminating in the market. This street is dirty in the extreme, and bordered by mud houses, whose doors are their only openings to the street. In other parts of the town there is no semblance of regularity; the houses are of all sizes and shapes, and the streets mere labyrinths. Here and there are open spaces, large enough for gardens, and even for cornfields. There are also numerous hollow flats, in which during the rainy season water collects and stagnates, rendering the place very unhealthy. The street above mentioned is the best in Khartoum; it contains the governor's residence and many spacious mansions, belonging to Turks, Copts, and Arabs. All the other houses are of a miserable description, consisting of sun-dried clay, cemented with cow-dung and slime. In the market-place is the mosque built of brick, and there, also, are the bazaar, coffee-houses, brandy-shops,

etc. In addition to the buildings already mentioned there is a Coptic and a Roman Catholic chapel, a Roman Catholic school, an infirmary, a jail, and barracks.

The Governor's Palace, where Gordon resided during the siege, faces the river side opposite a point at which a quay gives easy access to the river steamers. It was from the roof of this building that Gordon was wont to reconnoitre the enemy's position, for, being situated on an elevation, a good view could be obtained thence of the surrounding country.

During the years which preceded Sir Samuel Baker's campaign, the trade of the city was seriously injured, owing to the disorganized condition of the country, and the population had been very seriously reduced in numbers. Upon the pacification of the country Khartoum regain'd some little of its former prosperity, and the Egyptian authorities were at no small pains to improve the town itself by completing the government buildings, organizing steam irrigation works, and initiating other useful measures. The population of Khartoum in its flourishing days was estimated at forty thousand, consisting of Turks, Jews, Greeks, Egyptians proper, Nubians, Abyssinians, Gallas, Negroes, and a few Italians, who principally carried on liquor and provision traffic.

BILL'S NEW BACKBONE.

(See illustration on this page.)

THE sun was near its setting as an elderly man, bill-hook in hand, was clearing away the straggling branches of the hedge that surrounded his dwelling. He worked lazily and shiftlessly, as though he was tired out, and in the intervals of his labor his hand shook and quivered, partly through age and partly from dissipation, which had aged him before his time.

"Good-night, Bill," said a strong, manly voice near him, and looking up he saw a laborer who, with his pickaxe over his shoulder and his basket of tools at his back, was plodding homeward from his work at the adjacent railroad cutting near by. "You look wilted, Bill," continued the new-comer. "What's wrong? Drunk last night?"

"Well, Tom, the fact is, I did get a drop too much, and I ha'n't been good for anything all day. A night's sleep 'll put me all right, though."

"I hope it will, Bill. But say, ain't it about time you began to behave? You're gettin' on in years now. You'd ha' had a nice bit o' money to live on now if you'd got all the money you've spent in rum. How much a week do you spend that way?"

Bill removed his cap and scratched his grizzled head. "I can't rightly say, Tom," he answered, "but more'n I ought ter. I wish I'd never tasted it."

"I guess you do. But it's too late for wishing; the best thing is to stop it now. And you swear and carry on as if you expected to live forever. Why, you're running up an awful account yonder. You'll be pretty well cornered when you come to die."

"It's no use preaching to me, Tom. I'm a lost case, I am. Too old to change now. The



A Momentous Meeting at Sunset.

devil's got me, and he'll hold on, I do expect, till he has me altogether."

"It'll be your own fault, then. You might get out of his clutches if you'd only the backbone of a mouse. Now, you go in and tidy yourself up a bit, and I'll come along in about half an hour and take you along with me to meeting; it'll do you good."

"No, Tom, I don't feel like it to-night. I'll come some other night, when I feel better."

"To-night's the night, Bill, and I want you to come. You've put off and put off till you've got no time to spare. Now, I'll be along, and mind you're ready. If you get religion it'll make a new man of you." So saying, Tom quickened his steps, and was soon out of sight. Bill stood hesitating a minute or two, half inclined to go off to the saloon and spend the evening there. He hated to come in contact with his neighbor. He was so weak that he felt like a child in his hands. In fact, his weakness was the cause of his trouble.

Punctual to his time Tom turned up at the poor cottage, and Bill was there waiting, but still reluctant, and trying to beg off. But Tom knew his man, and a few decisive words brought Bill out at his side, and the two trudged off together. It was just the kind of meeting to suit the old man. He was told that it was not too late to hope. That he could get moral strength, and how and where he could get it, and what was strangest to him, that he might be a Christian just as he was. Bill had always had the idea that he must reform and live a regular life for some time before he would be received. But now he learned that he must begin at the other end of the course. Conversion must come first, and the good life afterward. He was a little bewildered with the notion, but his friends got it into his head, and then Bill had hope. It struck him as extraordinary that Christ would accept a drunken loafer like him and receive him at once without reformation.

The meeting over, Bill went home thoughtful,

He had not been lectured, or abused, or threatened, but he had been encouraged. And it was encouragement Bill had needed. He did not require to be told he was a wreck and was going to perdition. The welcome news was that he could be saved. That was what Bill doubted. Even now he knew that with his own strength there was no hope, but he was promised almighty strength; that was what braced his heart. He slept heavily, but the next morning the thought of the meeting was present with him, and it seemed reasonable if it was true. He wished he could see Tom and talk with him. For the first time in many years the day passed without Bill visiting a saloon, and at night he was watching for Tom passing.

At last Tom came along, whistling cheerily, and spoke to his friend. He did not wait for an invitation; but said, "I'm coming in to see you presently, Bill. Can you stay home for me?"

"Yes," said Bill; "I thought mayhap you'd come. I want to hear more about what they were saying last night. I'm not clear I rightly understood. If it is as I think, there's a chance for me."

"A chance, to be sure there is. I'll be back in a few minutes." Tom went back and spent the evening with the poor, weak slave of Satan, pointing him the way to emancipation. And he succeeded. Before he left Bill joined in a prayer for strength, and promised for himself, in quaint words, that as the Lord was so good as to take him as he was, without character, and knowing all his bad ways, he would "never go back on Him" in heart. It was a long struggle that ensued, but eventually Bill's heart told him that he was a saved man through the mercy and love of his Saviour.

THE JEW'S WARD.

A SERIAL STORY.

(Continued from page 159.)

Separated.

"You are a Jew, I believe," said the rector courteously, standing just within the door of the little shop, in which there was but bare standing-room.

"Yes," replied Matthias from his cobbler's bench, "I'm a Jew."

"And a young Christian girl is dwelling her under your roof," he went on, "and I presume under your guardianship. Is she any relation of yours?"

"No," he answered. "I'd give all I had in the world to make her one of our people, but she isn't. She's the grand-daughter of a man who once did me a great service, and his wife and Carol have lived in my attic for many a long year. Carol was born there, and she's never lived anywhere else. I suppose, as she isn't a Jew, she'd be called a Christian. All the folks about here are Christians."

He glanced out into the street with a look of contemptuous pity, and the rector sighed deeply as he also looked at the open vice and misery.

"Yes, the girl ought to get away from here," he said, "and I have thought of a school in the country that would exactly suit her case. It

will be far away from her old haunts and companions. I understand she has some money that would meet the expense, or partly meet it?"

"Who says she has any money?" asked Matthias. "We're poor folks; just look round you, sir. Do we look like rich folks?"

"It was the girl herself who told me so," he answered. "She says her grandmother told her on her death-bed that there was nearly a pound a week for her, and that you took care of it and would pay it to her."

"Has she anything to prove it?" inquired Matthias, casting down his eyes, for he felt as if the cunning of this question bordered on dishonesty and falsehood.

"Not that I know of," answered the rector, who, in fact, had been very doubtful of the truth of Carol's statement.

"She has only the word of an old woman who drank all day long, and wasn't in her right senses," pursued Matthias. "She can't go to that school if she has no money, I suppose?"

"No," said the rector; "but I might get her a place as a servant."

"How much money would it take?" he asked.

"At least £40 a year," was the answer, "for it would not do for the girl to have any holidays and come back here. She would be quite unfitted for living here again."

"She would never come back," said Matthias, almost with a groan. "She'd never live here again, and I should see her no more, no more forever."

There was a profound sadness in the old man's tone and manner; but the rector was thinking too exclusively of Carol to notice him. Though if he had noticed him he was so much accustomed to think of all Jews as cunning and avaricious, that the sadness would only have aroused his suspicion that there was some money in the question.

"I must think it over," said Matthias finally, "and I'll send Carol to you when I've decided what I'll do."

It was a troubled day and sleepless night that the old Jew passed through after the rector's visit. Carol's fate seemed left in his hands. It was true that he had charge of a fund worth \$7500, which Carol's grandfather had entrusted to him, and which was invested in Government bonds under his name. The circumstances under which it had been entrusted to him were suspicious ones. There had been a clever robbery effected in one of the Midland counties, and old John Fielding had been so far mixed up with it that it made it full of danger to invest such a sum in his own name, or in that of any of his family. Matthias Levi was well known to him, and was under some obligation to him, and so firm was his trust in the Jew's fidelity that he had placed the whole sum in his hands, and made him trustee of it as long as his wife lived. The trust had been faithfully discharged throughout the lifetime of Carol's grandmother, who was the only person acquainted with the circumstances. There was no bond or paper of any kind in existence; and the secret was now entirely in his own keeping.

All day long and through the night Matthias turned the question over and over in his bewildered and sorrowful mind. If the old grandmother had but lived a few years longer, till he had found a Jew to marry Carol! But now, should he let her go, she would certainly become one of the despised and doomed Christians, losing thereby any chance she may have had of becoming a Jewess. Might she not have gone whither Sarah, and Rebecca, and Rachel had gone? For Carol had never been baptized; but if she went among Christians they would baptize her, and she would be lost to him forever! That was the sting of it. To be lost forever! In this world and the next! All the bonds of morality taught in the ten commandments would be loosened in her, for were not the besetting sins of all the Christians Matthias had ever known drunkenness, blasphemy, and

theft, and vice, such as made him shudder as he fancied Carol being plunged into it? No, he could not let her go among the Christians.

But then there came the conviction that he could not keep Carol if she chose to go. She had already outgrown her childhood; nay, many of her street companions had lost their girlhood, and had entered upon a hard and wretched womanhood. The strong, free spirit of the girl would not submit to his control. She would leave him if her mind was bent upon it, and go away into this terrible world of Christians, peniless and friendless, if he did not remain her friend. That would be too dreadful.

And if he took advantage of his secret, and withheld from her the money that was rightly her own, how could he himself lift up his head before the Judge, by whom actions are weighed? There was a passage in the Hebrew Bible, heard many long years ago, but as keenly in his memory as if he had listened to it only a few hours ago—"What doth God require of thee, O man, but to do justly, and to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God?" He had loved mercy, and walked humbly with his God; and now the temptation had come to do unjustly, was he to yield to it? Would it be doing justly to keep this money from Carol, even for a time? His one desire was for her good; he was not tempted to keep the money himself. It was hers; but the question that troubled him was how best to use it for her. It seemed that, in using it to send her to this school, it would be doing her harm.

When he had put up the heavy bar on his shop-door at night, as carefully as if he dwelt in some country where Jewish homes are assaulted and sacked by the mob, he went to his old desk, and from a secret drawer took out a worn and yellow paper, that was all he possessed to represent the sum of money invested in the Consols. There was no name on it but his own. He was a poor man; his love of mercy had stood in the way of his enriching himself. But these hundreds were indisputably his; no person in the whole world could question his claim to them. He did not really covet them. If Carol had remained with him he would have rejoiced that they were hers. But they would separate her from him altogether. To go to that school would unfit her for this place, so the Christian priest confessed. But if she went away penniless, as a servant, why, then his old house would be the home to which she would turn in any hour of difficulty or distress. Moreover, she would discover how cruel Christians were to friendless and penniless folks; and she would perhaps come back altogether, glad to find a refuge in the dwelling of one of God's own people. This last thought was one that sorely tempted him, and would not be driven away from his troubled mind.

He could not bring himself to speak to Carol till late the next day. It was the beginning of the Sabbath, which, now the summer was come, began at a late hour; and Carol came down out of her garret to light his lamp and prepare his evening meal. She was too careful to wear her heavy black dress in the house, and she was dressed in the shabby patched gown which had been her best before her grandmother died. Her face was pale and wistful, but there was a tranquillity and sweetness, a look of happiness in it such as he had never seen there before. He watched her in silence as she went softly about his room, his whole heart yearning in unspoken tenderness toward her. He felt almost as if she was dead, and he was mourning that he had not done all he could to make her life with him happier.

"Carol," he said, in a tremulous voice, "do you want to go away and leave me?"

"Oh, it's not that!" she answered, gently, with tears in her eyes, "but I want to learn all I can about my Lord. You know all about your Lord God, and you say your prayers to Him, and keep His Sabbath and His laws; and I want to do the same, and learn what my Lord would have me do."

"Who is your Lord?" he asked, in a voice more tremulous than before.

"The Lord Jesus Christ," she answered, in a low yet joyous tone.

The blow fell heavily. Already, then, she had been drawn away and enticed into the fatal worship of the Being whom Matthias had been taught to regard as an impostor! All his hopes withered, as if a hot east wind from the desert had suddenly beaten upon them, and scorched them. He closed his eyes, and saw his beloved one whirled away from him in a raging torrent of sin and misery. He had done his utmost to save her, and all had been in vain. An unutterable anguish took possession of the old man's soul, and he hid his face in his hands and groaned aloud; then he felt Carol's laid tenderly on his shoulder, and heard Carol's voice speaking softly in his ear.

"Oh, and He was a Jew like you!" she said, "only He was the Son of God—your God! and He came to save us all, not the Jews only. And the priests had Him crucified; and He was buried, and came to life again, and went up to heaven. I have read it all in a book. You never knew it, or you'd have told me, I know. For you thought your God didn't care for folks that were only English, and not Jews. But my book says, God loved the world, and sent His Son to save all the world. I'll run and fetch the book, and read it to you; for it's all in English, only I can't understand it all."

If any one had been pronouncing his sentence of death, Matthias could not have shuddered more to hear it than he shuddered at hearing these words from Carol's lips. They sounded to him like blasphemy, and they pierced through to his inmost soul. He lifted himself up from the seat into which he had fallen, and there was the terrible calm of despair in his face and voice as he looked steadily at her.

"My people say He is the accursed one!" he cried, loudly and sternly.

For a minute Carol gazed at the old Jew with an expression of amazement, which gradually changed into terror. It flashed across her mind that this was how many of the Jews had spoken of the Lord while He was among them. And Matthias was on their side. Matthias would have been among those who cried out, "Crucify Him! crucify Him!" There was an extreme bitterness at the thought. A torrent of tears came to her eyes, and she turned swiftly away to hide herself from this enemy of her Lord's, lest he should curse Him.

"Oh, I love Him who died for us!" she cried, as she left Matthias standing motionless, as if he had been turned into stone. "I love Him so as I could die for Him!"

There was no longer any question about the money with Matthias. Carol was already a Christian, and nothing he could do could save her from her doom. He told her the next day, without remonstrance or reproach, that she might go to the rector of St. Chad's and tell him he would allow her a sum worth four dollars a week till she was twenty-one, and then the money which stood in his name in the Government bonds should be transferred to her. Before the next Sabbath came Carol was gone, and he was alone.

Carol's new life was exactly the reverse of the old. At a boarding-school in the outskirts of a small country town, among girls who were the daughters of tradesmen and of small farmers, all the circumstances of daily life were utterly different. A fine network of rules and customs such as she had never dreamed of, encompassed her. The rector of St. Chad's, who had sent her there, had deemed it best not to say much of her former position, and had warned her not to talk of it herself. The school was well chosen; a good, homely place, where a plain and solid education was given, with no ludicrous attempts at gentility. Carol was not to waste time in acquiring a smattering of any accomplishment; but her voice was to be trained for singing, and she sang well.

She had never seen the interior of a church in

London, and when she entered the long aisle of the parish church, with its arched roof resting upon polished columns, and saw the tinted light that shone through the painted windows, and heard the deep and solemn tone of the organ, her heart beat fast with delight.

"Why is it so beautiful?" she asked; "is it because they love Him so? That makes me very glad."

But it was the same when she saw a little chapel standing alone amid the fields. It was not so grand and beautiful a place as the church, but if they who built it built it for the sake of the Lord Jesus Christ, that too made her happy, and it was a pleasant place to enter.

By and by she began to understand many things about the life of Christ that she could not have learned for herself, and she could place the incidents of that life into more harmonious order; but there remained a freshness and power in it which those around her, too long accustomed to read it with wandering minds, did not share with her. Shades of doctrine, which her teachers saw only too keenly, were altogether imperceptible to her. She wished to obey the precepts of Christianity with a literalness and simplicity which perplexed and embarrassed them; and there was a strange directness and fervor about her love to Christ, which set her, as it seemed, almost at variance with those about her.

It is true that something of this freshness and vigor of feeling wore away as years passed by, and the story of Christ's life grew more familiar to her. But still she had made the discovery of Him for herself; and there was too deep a fund of joyousness in that discovery to allow her to fall into the listlessness of so many Christians. The sun had so shone in upon her darkness that she could never more love darkness rather than light.

As time went on, Carola scarcely cast a glance backward. She was of a nature that lived intently in the present, and this was so full of new interests and occupations that she seemed to have no time to recall the past. Moreover, there was nothing to link her with it. Matthias reckoned her as dead to him, and held no communication with her. He punctually paid the interest of her money to the rector of St. Chad's, exacting a receipt from the ladies who kept the school where Carola was; for he had no faith in a Christian, and especially in a Christian clergyman. But no message from him reached the girl; and though now and then, as she read in the Testament how the Jews denied their Lord, and persecuted Him, and at last crucified Him, a sad memory of Matthias, who would have done the same, crossed her mind, she willingly banished it, lest any feeling of personal hatred should mingle with her indignant sorrow at their crimes.

As for Matthias, his heart seemed to be dead within him; though he still sat at his cobbler's stall, and many a barefoot Christian child went away shod from his shop-door, with no more money dropped into his till. It was almost mechanically that he continued to do justly, and love mercy, and walk humbly with his God; there was no more a happy consciousness in him that he was doing so. Day after day he saw the never-ending flood of wretchedness and crime from which he had done his best to save Carola, as though he had stood upon the brink of a darksome pit, and knew that she was lost there though out of sight. Her garret was empty, for he would never let it to a stranger; and the Christian woman whom he was compelled to have to wait on him on the Sabbath, kept it clean and habitable, but he could not bring his mind to enter it. Sometimes during the long and dreary Sabbath hours he fancied he could hear the old grandmother and Carola talking overhead. But it was only a dream; and when he roused himself, how silent and empty was all his life!

A stealthy feeling of triumph moved his cold heart when he heard of the death of the rector who had stolen Carola away from him. Not that he expected to find her again; he did not

even hope for it. She had become a Christian in spite of his precautions, and was lost to him. But his foe was dead, and could exult over him no longer. When Carola was twenty-one, he transferred the money in the Consols to her name, and felt as if the last interest that tied him to earth was gone.

(To be continued.)

PAUL VINDICATED.

S. S. Lesson for March 22. Acts 26: 19-32. Golden Text, ver. 31. By Mrs. M. Baxter.

The Verdict of Felix and Agrippa—Other Testimonies—Accused but Unconvicted—The Opportunities of Preaching to Distinguished Men—Looking above Instruments—The Meaning of God in Trial—The Appeal to Cæsar not a Mistake—A Safe Journey Secured.

"THIS man doeth nothing worthy of death or of bonds." Such was the joint testimony of Felix and Agrippa. The Pharisees at Jerusalem had said: "We find no evil in this man" (Acts 23: 9). Claudius Lysias, in writing of him to Felix, said: "Whom I perceived to be accused of questions of their [the Jews] law, but to have nothing laid to his charge worthy of death or of bonds" (Acts 23: 29). When standing before Festus, Paul said: "To the Jews have I done no wrong, as thou very well knowest. For if I be an offender, or have committed anything worthy of death, I refuse not to die; but if there be none of these things whereof these accuse me, no man may deliver me unto them; Festus could not gainsay him. Power both civil and ecclesiastical, the eloquence of Tertullian, the raging of a Jewish mob—all were brought against Paul in the attempts of the Jews to substantiate a charge against him. The machinations of men, repeated during more than two years, had left him as they found him,

ACCUSED BUT UNCONDEMNED.

Not one charge had been proved against him, and tribunals, civil and ecclesiastical, found him innocent. His conscience-stricken judges retired from the tribunal, abashed before their prisoner. Paul and Christianity *seemed* to have triumphed. But in the eyes of Paul it was *Christ Himself* who triumphed.

To him these things were no strange thing. "Beloved, think it not strange concerning the fiery trial which is to try you, as though some strange thing happened unto you; but rejoice, inasmuch as ye are partakers of Christ's sufferings; that when His glory shall be revealed, ye may be glad also with exceeding joy" (1 Pet. 4: 12, 13). Paul had learned this lesson as well as Peter, and could say: "I take pleasure in infirmities, in reproaches, in necessities, in distresses for Christ's sake; for when I am weak, then I am strong" (11 Cor. 12: 10). None but such as have a will entirely given up to God can be pleased with that which is unpleasant; but Paul saw that all his trials were in order that the power of Christ might rest upon him. Paul was more occupied with the glorious opportunities which God had given him of bearing His name before "Gentiles, and kings, and the children of Israel," than he was with his own sufferings and the injustice shown him.

The power of the Holy Ghost in Paul had been felt by every tribunal before which he had been brought, and none with unbiassed minds who had been present at any of his trials could fail to see his innocence, and at the same time the truth of the cause he served. The name of Christ was becoming known among men of note, and Paul knew well enough that God would make men talk about it. Two years later at Rome he wrote to the Philippians: "I would ye should understand, brethren, that the things which happened unto me have fallen out rather to the furtherance of the Gospel, so that my bonds in Christ are manifest in all the palace, and in all other places" (Phil. 1: 12, 13). Paul was

THE TALK OF CÆSAR'S PALACE.

and all the talk ended in Christ; had he never been made a prisoner and taken to Cæsarea, he

would probably never have been such a well-known character. Had the Jews never so maligned him, he would not have needed trial after trial. Had he never been taken to Rome, the Gospel might have spread among the poor, but the name of Christ would not have been so well known in high quarters. And at Rome his imprisonment resulted in a multiplication of witnesses to the truth of Christ. He writes: "And many of the brethren in the Lord, waxing confident by my bonds, are much more bold to speak the Word without fear." Such of his spiritual children as would have been sitting at his feet to learn had he been free to preach to them were now answering to the call of the Holy Ghost, and were themselves preaching the Gospel; and this rejoiced the heart of this veteran of the truth.

Paul, too, saw God's hand in much which seemed unfortunate. "Some preach Christ even of envy and strife; and some also of good will; the one preach Christ of contention; not sincerely, *supposing* to add affliction to my bonds." They knew not how the man they wished to afflict looked over their heads and took everything from the hand of God, who permitted it, and recognizing Him, ignored *them* in the transaction, and said: "What then? Notwithstanding every way, whether in pretence or in truth, Christ is preached; and I therein do rejoice—yea, and will rejoice." A man who takes all things from the hand of God can find food for joy in that which is food for another man's sorrow. A fiery furnace in company with the Son of God was no unenviable experience. A den of lions with the presence of God within, shutting the lions' mouths, was not to be despised. Stoning itself, with heaven open and the Son of Man visibly standing on the right hand of God, how glorious!

We have yet

MUCH TO LEARN

of the real meaning of our God in trial. "Nothing shall by any means hurt you" (Luke 10: 19) was not meant to be a word of God's which the experience of every man should belie, but an actual experience of evil turned into good by the transforming power of our God. Paul saw that he was beaten at Philippi and put into prison and the stocks, in order that God might show His power in healing and delivering him. He did not know *how* he should be delivered, but only that deliverance was sure. He was stoned at Lystra that God might have the glory of raising him from the dead. He was allowed by God to be now condemned of the Jews that God might glorify Himself in putting the full acquittal of His child into the lips of all his judges. When we learn to run the race set before us, looking unto Jesus, our first word when distress, persecution, sickness, or temptation presents itself to us, will be one of praise for the certain victory which Jesus is about to gain. We cannot believe that Paul rested in his own innocence of the charges brought against him, for many an innocent man has been condemned. No; Paul rested in the fact that his cause was God's, and that God undertook for him. This left him so free to be His instrument in dealing with the hearts and consciences of his judges.

Agrippa said unto Festus, This man might have been set at liberty if he had not appealed unto Cæsar." But

HAD PAUL MADE A MISTAKE,

and so lost a glorious chance of resuming his missionary labors? By no means. God had already indicated His will that Paul should go to Rome, and his appeal to Cæsar was of God's ordering. Had he attempted the journey independently, it is more than probable that the Jews would have watched for and slain him. Thus God provided him with a safe escort. Again, had he entered Rome unknown he would not have been known as he was in Cæsar's palace. Festus was completely foiled in his attempt to constitute some charge against Paul, and he was remanded to appear before Cæsar, as much uncondemned as before. Thus God vindicates His children; thus He maintains their cause.

PRAY WITHOUT CEASING.

F. G. BROWNING.

Unanswered yet? The prayer your lips have pleaded in agony of heart these many years? Does faith begin to fail? Is hope waning? And think you all can run these falling rears? Say not the Father has not heard your prayer, You shall have your desire, sometime, somewhere!

Unanswered yet? Tho' when you first presented This one petition at the Father's throne, It seemed you could not wait the time of asking, So anxious was your heart to have it done: If years have passed since then, do not despair, For God will answer you sometime, somewhere.

Unanswered yet? But you are not unheeded; The promises of God forever stand; To Him our days and years alike are equal. Have faith in God! 'Tis in your Lord's command. Hold on to Jacob's angel, and your prayer Shall bring a blessing down sometime, somewhere.

Unanswered yet? Nay, do not say unanswered; Perhaps your part is not yet wholly done. The work began when first your prayer was uttered; And God will finish what He has begun. Keep income burning at the shrine of prayer, And glory shall descend, sometime, somewhere.

Unanswered yet? Faith cannot be unanswered; Her feet are firmly planted on the Rock. Amid the wildest storms she stands undaunted, Nor quails before the loudest howling of the wind. She knows *Omnipotence* has heard her prayer. And cries, "It shall be done," sometime, somewhere.

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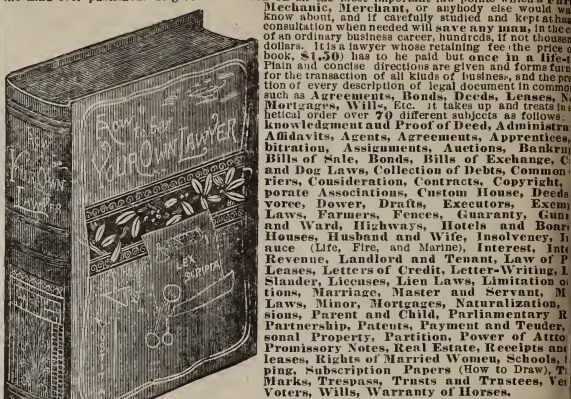
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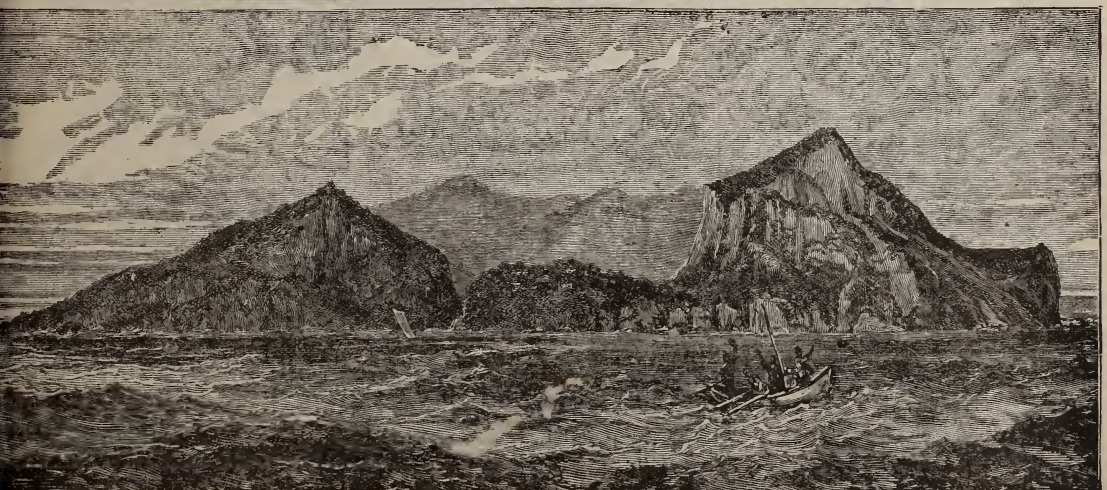
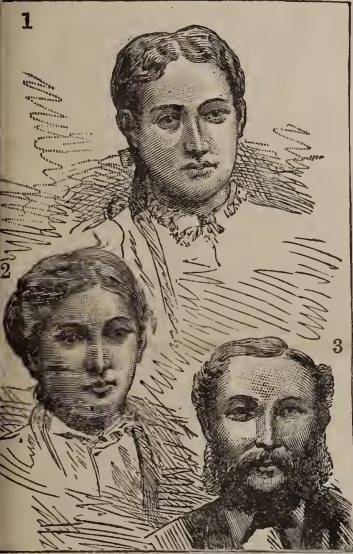
THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES.

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The Late Rev. George H. Nobbs, and the Romance of Pitcairn.

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ONE of the most thrilling episodes of seafaring life is recalled to memory by the intelligence now cabled to America of the death of the Rev. George H. Nobbs, whose portrait appears this week on the first page of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. Mr. Nobbs was eighty-five years of age when he died, and the last fifty-six years of his life had been devoted to arduous Christian work as teacher and preacher in the Pitcairn and Norfolk Islands. A glance at that work and at the circumstances which led to its commencement may be useful at a time when the enemies of the Bible are travelling through the country, decrying the Word of God as a false and powerless superstition. The history of Pitcairn alone proves that the Gospel is "the power of God unto salvation," and that the most reckless and desperate men are changed by its influence into men of gentle, peaceable, and loving disposition.

In the year 1767 Captain Philip Carteret, sailing in his sloop Swallow, on a voyage of discovery in the South Pacific Ocean, then a comparatively unexplored waste of waters between Asia and America, sighted land not marked on his chart. He realized that he had made the

DISCOVERY OF THE ISLAND.

which is now known as Pitcairn's Island. On the morning of the 2d of July a young sailor was at the masthead on the look-out, when he thought he descried a spot in the horizon, which, on approaching it next day, appeared like a great rock rising out of the sea. Its highest point was ten hundred and eight feet, so that it had been seen at a distance of fifteen leagues, or forty-five miles. It proved to be an island, four and a half miles in circumference, and covered with trees, and a small stream of fresh water was seen trickling down on one side of it.

"I would have landed there," says Captain Carteret, "but the surf, which at this season broke upon it with great violence, rendered it impossible. It is probable that in fine weather landing here may not only be practicable, but easy. The island appeared uninhabited. We saw a great number of sea-birds hovering round, at less than a mile from the shore, and the sea seemed full of fish. It lies in latitude 25° 4' south, and longitude 130° 8' west; as it had been discovered by a son of Major Pitcairn, of the marines, we called it, 'Pitcairn's Island.' In the neighborhood of this island the long rolling billows from the southward were larger and higher than any I had seen before."

The book which contained this description of Pitcairn happened to be on board

THE BOUNTY.

a ship which left Spithead twenty years after this period, under the command of Captain Bligh, who had previously sailed with Captain Cook. The Bounty was ordered to the South Seas to transplant specimens of the breadfruit tree from Tahiti to the West Indian Islands. The ship, after an eventful voyage, reached Tahiti, and remained there twenty-three weeks, leaving it, at last, to the regret of many of the ship's crew.

Three weeks afterward, when off Tofoa, one of the Friendly Islands, the second officer, Lieutenant Fletcher Christian, a young man of talent and education, but of undisciplined temper, began to stir up his shipmates to rebellion. Captain Bligh's conduct had prepared the way for

Christian's operations. He was tyrannical and unnecessarily harsh to his men. Not a few of them had suffered unjustly at his hands, and they were at length in the state of mind in which they were ready to brave the gallows, which was the penalty of their crime, rather than endure the oppression of the captain any longer. Christian found them ripe for action, and the plans were carefully arranged.

THE MUTINY.

took place at daybreak. Twenty-four of the ablest and bravest of the crew, acting under Christian, secured arms and seized the captain. Nineteen men were faithful to him, but were soon overpowered. Like Joseph's brethren, the mutineers could not make up their minds to kill their captain, but they placed him in a situation in which death was almost inevitable. He and his men were put on board a launch, supplied with one hundred and fifty pounds of bread, some pieces of pork, a little rum, and a hoghead of water, and sent adrift. At the last moment some merciful mutineer gave them a compass and quadrant. The situation of Captain Bligh and the boat's crew was indeed desperate. They were aware that there was no hope of relief for them till they could reach Timor, an island to the north of Australia, a distance of nearly four thousand miles; and after making an attempt to secure help from the treacherous and murderous natives of Tofoa—in which one of their number perished—through storm and starvation, yet putting their trust in God, with earnest prayer, they weathered

FORTY-ONE DAYS IN THEIR BOAT.

the perils of the deep, and reached the coast of Timor alive, but in appearance like so many spectres, their bodies being nothing but skin and bone, their limbs full of sores, and clothed in rags.

At Coupang, the capital of Timor, the governor afforded them assistance; four of them died, however, soon afterward. Twelve reached England, where the news of the fearful deed of the mutineers was received with horror; and the government immediately sent the Pandora, a ship of war, into the South Seas to discover the Bounty, of which, however, no tidings could be obtained. The Pandora arrived at Tahiti, where they found fourteen of the mutineers, who peaceably surrendered. They were put on board, and the Pandora sailed for Australia. Off that coast she was wrecked. The crew suffered dreadful privations, and were, strange to say, also preserved and welcomed at Timor.

A CURIOUS COINCIDENCE.

was the fact that Lieutenant Thomas Hayward, who had been in the Bounty, and was cast into the launch with Bligh, and went out afterward in the Pandora, was once more adrift in an open boat, and found the same place of refuge, within the space of two years. Three of the mutineers on their return to England were executed, and the rest pardoned or acquitted.

Eleven persons, who at first sailed in the Bounty, are yet unaccounted for. It was, however, learned that the whole of

THE MUTINEERS.

went to Tahiti, though only fourteen were captured by the Pandora. Of the others who succeeded in eluding the search, two came to a violent death. Churchill, the ship's corporal, ingratiated himself with the natives, and became so popular that they made him a chief. His success aroused the jealousy of the others, one of whom, a seaman named Thompson, shot him, for which crime Thompson suffered death by stoning at the hands of the natives. The nine mutineers then held a council, the result of which was that they, with nineteen natives—men and women—sailed away from Tahiti. They were convinced by the visit of the Pandora that the island was not a safe place for them, and they went away to seek a more secure hiding-place. It was not until after twenty-five years had elapsed that any tidings of them were obtained.

It appears that Christian had read, while on

board the Bounty, Captain Carteret's narrative of his discoveries, and recollecting it, determined to form

A SETTLEMENT ON PITCAIRN'S ISLAND.

He and a midshipman named Young were men of education; the other mutineers were sailors of the ordinary class. They found the island difficult of access, and as it was surrounded with coral reefs they thought it would afford them a safe asylum. After removing all their possessions, they set fire to the Bounty and burned her to ashes, in order to destroy the last link between them and their pursuers. They were thus cut off from escape, and were on the island for good or evil, without any other refuge.

A PANDEMONIUM.

The mutineers had fled from human vengeance, but they made for themselves a place of torment. The island where so long the forest boughs had waved in peaceful silence became the scene of wild strife and the unconstrained play of every evil passion; for its new tenants were "hateful and hating one another." The dusky children of Tahiti soon found that they had been enticed from their country only to serve as slaves, and revenge rankled in their breast against their tyrants. Christian fortified a dwelling for himself in the interior of the islet; but he could not be continually on the watch against treachery. In an unguarded moment he was attacked by the Tahitians and killed, with four of his white companions. The consequence was

A MINIATURE CIVIL WAR.

in which all the Tahitian men were killed. There were only four of the white sailors left, with the native women. One of these four discovered the means of making intoxicating liquor from the "ti" root, a plant growing on the island. It was an unhappy discovery, for intoxication was now added to their other dangers. One man soon after the discovery became wildly drunk on the "ti," fell into a state of frenzy, and, wandering to the edge of a precipice, fell over and broke his neck. A second was killed in dispute with the remaining two, and a year afterward—that is, in 1800, the third, Edward Young, died of asthma, Adams remaining the sole survivor of the fifteen men who landed at Pitcairn from the Bounty, all of whom, save Young, had died a violent death.

To Adams, the one survivor of the guilty band, God in His mercy showed

A MIRACLE OF GRACE.

and effected it through His Word! When Adams was a boy he had earned a scanty livelihood in London by going on errands. It does not appear that he had ever been to school; but while walking through the streets he had learned to read from the sign-boards, and the stray seed thus sown was to spring up thirty years afterward on the lonely rocks of Pitcairn. When the mutineers unloaded their stores from the Bounty, a few books were among their various possessions, which were soon thrown aside as useless, and forgotten. Adams, however, being deprived by death of all companionship except that of the Tahitian women, felt his loneliness, and became utterly dejected. One day, nearly ten years after the settlement at Pitcairn, he thought of the books, and sought for them. He found them, and

A LARGE DUSTY OLD BOOK.

was among them. This book was a Bible, and he opened it to read. His heart was heavy and wretched from all the misery he had survived; and he welcomed the book which he had heard was the Book of God, and began to read it diligently. He found there the consoling passage, "As I live, saith the Lord, I have no pleasure in the death of the wicked; but that the wicked turn from his way and live." Over this passage he began to weep, and then again read: "Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool. If ye be willing and obedient ye shall eat the good of the land." He went on reading, and at the foot of the cross of a dying Redeemer John Adams found pardon,

and with no other teaching but that of the Book, applied by the Holy Spirit, the wicked old sailor became in Jesus Christ "a new creature."

After this a sense of new duties arose in his mind; a number of children were growing up in the island, without care or instruction. They had had nothing before them but an example of sin and crime, and were a wild race, uniting European vices with heathenish degradation; but now a new era dawned on Pitcairn. Adams looked around upon the young people in their ignorance, and realized that he was in a measure responsible for it; he would do all that in him lay to teach them the value of the book he had so long neglected. He began to pray for them and for himself, and this three times a day.

One morning, as he was sitting under a tree with his Bible on his knees, and considering how best to begin the work of instruction,

TWO YOUTHS

came to receive his orders; he directed them to dig up a piece of ground, and plant it with yams, promising them a reward for their work. They remained standing before him as if they had something to request; one of them said, "You promise a reward; may we choose what it shall be?" To this Adams agreed. "We see you," said one of them, "constantly reading in that book, and you talk much of the good that is in it; will you teach us to read it too?"

This seemed an answer to his prayer, and in a few days not only the two young men, but all the community were learning to read.

THE BIBLE WAS THE LESSON BOOK,

and so great was the awakening thirst for knowledge, that Adams was sorely put to it in his ignorance to answer questions. The island, which had been the scene of nothing but wickedness and sanguinary quarrels, was now to experience the influence of the Bible. Great was the change in every respect. All the blessings of civilization followed in the train of the holy book. Public worship was established, in which was used the Bible and a prayer-book likewise saved from the Bounty. The Sabbath was rigidly observed. The whole tone of morals was raised, order and cleanliness became the characteristics of the people, dwellings were improved, and the land was brought into better cultivation.

A quarter of a century had elapsed since the mutiny, and the affair had been nearly forgotten in England, when in 1814 two British men-of-war, cruising in the Pacific, reached Pitcairn's Island, and on nearing the shore saw plantations laid out in an orderly manner, and described neat dwellings. While they wondered at the sight a small boat pushed off, darted through the heavy surf, and approached the ship. She was rowed by two intelligent-looking young men, who called out in English, "Won't you heave us a rope now?" This being done, they sprang on deck. In answer to the question, "Who are you?" one of them announced himself as

"THURSDAY OCTOBER CHRISTIAN,"

the son of Fletcher Christian. His mother was a Tahitian, and he was thus named because born on a Thursday in October. He was twenty-four years of age, fully six feet high, with a handsome open countenance. His companion was a fine youth of eighteen, the son of Midshipman Young. The demeanor of both excited universal admiration, when invited to breakfast at the officers' table. With folded hands and great simplicity they asked a blessing on the repast. They expressed great surprise at the sight of a cow on board, an animal they had never seen before, and were in doubt whether she was a great goat or a horned sow.

The captains of the Briton and the Blossom accompanied the young men on shore, and were met by John Adams, who had provided for them an excellent repast of eggs, fowl, yams, plantains, and breadfruit; from himself they learned all his wonderful story.

ADAMS DIED IN MARCH, 1829

at the age of sixty-five, having continued steadfast unto the end, and he has left a name that is

cherished with filial reverence even beyond the borders of his tiny isle.

When he was on his death-bed his friends said to him, "How goes it now, John?" "Land ahead," he answered. Two or three days after they asked again, "How goes it now, John?" "Round the point of the harbor," was his reply. And on the day of his death the same question was put, "How goes it now, John?" He said, "Let go the anchor," and he fell asleep in Jesus. He had no teacher, no human helpers, nothing but the Word of God; and the Word of God proved to him the power of God in originating in him a godly life.

The first patriarch was succeeded by the teacher whose portrait is on the first page,

GEORGE HUNN NOBBS,

whom the whole community accepted, on his appointment by Adams himself, as their chief. He was at once their pastor, surgeon, schoolmaster, and poet. In early life he had a romantic and adventurous career. As a sailor he took part in the South American wars during the early part of the century, and while serving under the famous Lord Cochrane, gained the commendation of that distinguished naval commander for many of the exploits he performed. Often shipwrecked and taken captive, he had sometimes many narrow escapes from death. At length he abandoned the sea and went to Pitcairn, where, settling among the islanders and becoming their teacher in 1828, he married a granddaughter of Lieutenant Christian, of the Bounty, and accompanied the community in its migration to Tahiti and subsequently to Norfolk Island, whence they afterward returned to Pitcairn. Some years after he went to Pitcairn Admiral Fairfax Moresby visited the island, and procured him a passage to England, where he was

ORDAINED BY DR. BLOMFIELD,

Bishop of London, and the Bishop of Sierra Leone, in 1852. Having afterward been admitted to an interview with Queen Victoria and Prince Albert, who gave him their portraits (and, it may be hoped, something more useful to him), the Rev. G. H. Nobbs returned home in December, sailing for Valparaiso, whence he was conveyed to Pitcairn in the spring of 1853. From that time Mr. Nobbs faithfully labored in his chosen sphere, and gained the love and esteem of all the islanders, numbering about one hundred persons, by whom his death is deeply regretted.

H.M.S. Opal, Captain F. C. B. Robinson, visited Pitcairn Island on the 2d of July, 1879, on her way to Valparaiso to convey from San Francisco an organ presented to the inhabitants by Her Majesty the Queen. The Opal remained at anchor off Bounty Bay till 8 P.M. the following day. During this time the ship was visited by nearly the whole of the little community. Many of them, to their great delight and astonishment, were photographed by an officer on board.

THE SIX SMALL PORTRAITS

on our front page were among those taken. They are those of Mrs. Young, Mary Warren, Mr. J. Russell McCoy, magistrate and chief ruler of the island, in the group on the left of Mr. Nobbs's portrait and Miss Young, organist of the island, Moses Young, who is now the oldest man in the island, and Queen Te-haa-Papa, of Huahine, Society Islands, on the right. Captain Robinson bore testimony to the "simple piety and moral excellence of these charming islanders, whose guilelessness and affectionate hospitality won all hearts." He supplied them with some cotton seeds, as the cotton they then raised was of poor quality. They also manufacture excellent arrowroot, but find it difficult to exchange it, as passing ships generally want fruit and vegetables.

Volume VII. of the Christian Herald, containing the Numbers for 1884, with complete index, bound in cloth, may be had from this office; price \$3, including postage. A few volumes of 1882 and 1883 are also for sale. We have none left of any date prior to 1882.

COLONEL BURNABY IN ASIA MINOR.

DURING Col. Burnaby's journey in Asia Minor he held many conversations with the natives. The following are among the most interesting:

A TURK'S QUESTIONS

about Christian sincerity, in the course of a conversation which occurred at Bagazid, will show how a traveller from a Christian country is sometimes embarrassed by the observations of Mohammedan critics.

"Efendi," said the Turk, addressing Colonel Burnaby, "Europeans, from what I could learn, do not pray much."

"Not pray!" I observed; "what do you mean?"

"No, Efendi; the men, I have been told, go to the churches to look at the women; the women, some to pray, but others to look at the men and show off their fine clothes the one to the other. Is not that the case in your country?" he added.

"No. Of course there are exceptions; but the English people as a rule are religiously inclined."

"Efendi," continued the officer, "I have often heard Frenchmen say that a Christian ought to be a poor man—that is, if he carried out the doctrines of his Prophet. But my friends used to laugh and declare that their bishops and priests were rich men, and that some of the Protestant Mollahs were so wealthy that they could afford to keep carriages, eat mutton every day, and have servants to wait upon them."

"The fact of our bishops and priests eating mutton or keeping carriages does not make the Protestant religion the less true," I now observed.

"I do not know that," replied the Turk. "If I were to be taught a religion by a man who did not believe in it himself, or who did not carry out its doctrines, I should think that I was wasting my time."

THE CHRISTIAN SECTS

are a great puzzle to the Mohammedans. At one of the colonel's stopping-places the following conversation occurred:

"We must educate the people," said the Turk, "and teach both Christians and the Mohammedans that a difference of opinion on religious matters is not a subject about which men should quarrel. I tell you what it is," he continued, "I believe that in another hundred years there will be either no religion at all, or else that every religion will be merged into one creed."

"The Christian," I observed.

"Who knows?" continued my host. "We live in strange times; even we Turks, the more particularly those who live in Constantinople, begin to argue about such matters. However, there is one thing I cannot understand about you Christians—you appear to me to have so many roads to heaven. For instance, in Anatolia there are American Protestant missionaries, Italian Catholic missionaries, and then there are the Armenians, who profess the Armenian faith."

"Well," I remarked, "what of it?"

"Wait a moment," said my host. "An Armenian, who is of the Armenian faith, is half way up his staircase to heaven. An American missionary calls after him, 'Where are you going?' 'I am going to heaven.' 'No, you are not; that is not the road to heaven. You are going in the wrong direction. Come down immediately, and I will show you the way.' The Armenian descends the steps, and begins ascending the road the missionary points out to him. Presently another voice is heard. It comes from the mouth of an Italian missionary. 'Where are you going?' 'I am going to heaven.' 'No, you are not; come down immediately. You are on the road to hell.' The result is," continued Suleiman, "that the poor Armenian does not know which way to turn. He is perpetually going up or coming down the steps, and he never reaches his destination."

WOMAN'S RIGHTS.

A Sermon by Dr. Talmage.*

"There are three score queens."—SOLOMON'S SONG 6: 8.

Graces that Give Coronation—Her Inalienable Rights—I. The Right of Blessing the Sick—Horror of Illness away from Home—A Wife's Fruitless Journey to the West—Women in the War—II. The Right to Care for the Poor—Helen Chalmers in the Scotch Slums—Soliciting Charities—III. Right to Comfort in Disaster—IV. Right to Bring to Man the Kingdom of Heaven—The Greatest Sermons—A Drunken Husband's Bet—A Haunted Sailor—An Immortal Marriage—V. To Reach Heaven—The Crown in Preparation.

So Solomon, by one stroke, sets forth the imperial character of a true Christian woman. She is not a slave, not a hireling, not a subordinate, not a queen; and in my text Solomon sees sixty of these helping to make up the royal pageant of Jesus. Crown and courtly attendants and imperial wardrobe are not necessary to make a queen, but graces of the heart and life will give coronation to any woman. Woman's position is higher in the world than man's, and although she has often been denied the right of suffrage, she always does vote, and always will vote, by her influence, and her chief desire ought to be that she should have grace rightly to rule in the dominion which she has already won. My chief anxiety is not that that women have other rights accorded her, but that she by the grace of God rise up to the appreciation of the glorious rights she already possesses. I shall enumerate some of those rights this morning.

I. In the first place, woman has the special and superlative right of blessing and

COMFORTING THE SICK.

What land, what street, what house has not felt the smittings of disease? Tens of thousands of sick-beds! What shall we do with them? Shall man, with his rough hand and heavy foot and impatient bearing, minister? No. He cannot soothe the pain. He cannot quiet the nerves. He knows not where to set the light. His hand is not steady enough to pour out the drops. He is not wakeful enough to be watcher. The Lord God, who sent Miss Dix into the Virginia hospitals, and Florence Nightingale into the Crimea, and the Maid of Saragossa to appease the wounds of the battle-field, has equipped wife, mother, and daughter for this delicate but tremendous mission.

You have known men who despised woman, but the moment disease fell upon them, they did not send for their friends at the bank, or their partner in business, or their worldly associates. Their first cry was, "Take me to my wife." The dissipated young man at the college scoffs at the idea of being under home influences, but at the first blast of the typhoid fever on his cheek he says,

"WHERE IS MOTHER?"

I think one of the most pathetic passages in all the Bible is the description of the lad who went out to the harvest-field of Shunem and got sun-struck, throwing his hands on his temples and crying out, "Oh my head! my head!" and they said, "Carry him to his mother." And then the record is, "He sat on her knees till noon, and then died." It is an awful thing to be ill away from home in a strange hotel, once in a while men coming into look at you, holding their hand over their mouth for fear they will catch the contagion. How roughly they turn you in the bed! How loudly they talk! How you long for the ministrations of home!

I knew one such who went away from one of the brightest of homes for several weeks' business absence at the West. A telegram came at midnight that he was on his death-bed, far away from home. By express train the wife and

daughters went westward; but they went too late. He feared not to die; but he was in an agony to live until his family got there. He tried to bribe the doctor to make him live a little while longer. He said, "I am willing to die, but not alone." But the pulses fluttered, the eyes closed, and the heart stopped. The express trains met in the midnight—wife and daughters going westward, lifeless remains of husband and father coming eastward. Oh, it was a sad, pitiful, overwhelming spectacle. When we are sick we want to be sick at home. When the time comes for us to die.

WE WANT TO DIE AT HOME.

The room may be very humble, and the faces that look into ours may be very plain; but who cares for that? Loving hands to bathe the temples; loving voices to speak good cheer; loving lips to read the comforting promises of Jesus. In the war men cast the canon; men fashioned the musketry; men cried to the hosts, "Forward, march!" men hurled their battalions on the sharp edges of the enemy, crying, "Charge! charge!" but woman scraped the lint; woman administered the cordials; woman watched by the dying couch; woman wrote the last message to the home circle; woman wept at the solitary burial, attended by herself and four men with a spade. We greeted the generals home with brass bands and triumphal arches and wild huzzas; but the story is too good to be written anywhere, save in

THE CHRONICLES OF HEAVEN,

of Mrs. Brady, who came down among the sick in the swamps of the Chickahominy; of Annie Ross in the cooper-shop hospital; of Margaret Breckinridge, who came to men who had bled for weeks with their wounds undressed, some of them frozen to the ground, and when she turned them over, those who had an arm left waved it, and filled the air with their "hurrah!"—of Mrs. Hodge, who came from Chicago with blankets and with pillows, until the men shouted, "Three cheers for the Christian Commission! God bless the women at home!" then sitting down to take the last message, "Tell my wife not to fret about me, but to meet me in heaven; tell her to train up the boys whom we have loved so well; tell her we shall meet again in the good land; tell her to bear my loss like the Christian wife of a Christian soldier;" and of Mrs. Shelton, into whose face the convalescent soldier looked and said, "Your grapes and cologne cured me."

Men did their work with shot, and shell, and carbine, and howitzer;

WOMEN DID THEIR WORK

with socks, and slippers, and bandages, and warm drinks, and Scripture texts, and gentle strokings of the hot temples, and stories of that land where they never have any pain. Men knelt down over the wounded and said, "On which side did you fight?" Women knelt down over the wounded and said, "Where are you hurt? What nice thing can I make for you to eat? What makes you cry?" To-night, while we men are sound asleep in our beds, there will be a light in yonder loft; there will be groaning down that dark alley; there will be cries of distress in that cellar. Men will sleep, and women will watch.

II. Again, woman has a superlative right to take

CARE OF THE POOR.

There are hundreds and thousands of them in all our cities. There is a kind of work that men cannot do for the poor. Here comes a group of little barefoot children to the door of the Dorcas Society. They need to be clothed and provided for. Which of these directors of banks would know how many yards it would take to make that little girl a dress? Which of these masculine hands could fit a hat to that little girl's head? Which of the wise men would know how to tie on that new pair of shoes? Man sometimes gives his charity in a rough way, and it falls like the fruit of a tree in the East, which fruit comes down so heavily that it breaks the skull of the man who is try-

ing to gather it. But woman glides so soft into the house of destitution, and finds out all the sorrows of the place, and puts so quietly her donation on the table, that all the family come out on the front steps as she departs, expecting that from under her shawl she will thrust out two wings and go right up toward heaven, from whence she seems to have come down.

O Christian young woman, if you would make yourself happy and win the blessing of Christ, go out

AMONG THE DESTITUTE!

A loaf of bread or a bundle of socks may make a homely load to carry; but the angels of God will come out to watch, and the Lord Almighty will give His messenger hosts a charge, saying "Look after that woman; canopy her with your wings and shelter her from all harm;" and while you are seated in the house of destitution and suffering, the little ones around the room will whisper, "Who is she? Ain't she beautiful?" and if you will listen right sharply, you will hear dripping down through the leaky roof and rolling over the rotten stairs, the angelic chant that shook Bethlehem, "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good-will to men."

Can you tell me why a Christian woman, going down among

THE HAUNTS OF INIQUITY

on a Christian errand, never meets with any indignity? I stood in the chapel of *Helen Chalmers*, the daughter of the celebrated Dr. Chalmers, in the most abandoned part of the city of Edinburgh; and I said to her, as I looked around upon the fearful surroundings of that place, "Do you come here nights to hold a service?" "Oh yes," she said, "I take my lantern and I go through all these haunts of sin, the darkest and the worst; and I ask all the men and women to come to the chapel, and then I sing for them, and I pray for them, and I talk to them," she said, "Can it be possible that you never meet with an insult while performing this Christian errand?" "Never," she said, never.

That young woman who has her father by her side walking down the street, and an armed police at each corner, is not so well defended as that Christian woman who goes forth on gospel work into the haunts of iniquity, carrying Bibles and bread. Some one said, "I dislike very much to see that Christian woman teaching those bad boys

IN THE MISSION SCHOOL.

I am afraid to have her instruct them." "So," said another man, "I am afraid too." Said the first: "I am afraid they will use vile language before they leave the place." "Ah!" said the other man, "I am not afraid of that. What I am afraid of is that if any of those boys should use a bad word in that presence, the other boys would tear him to pieces and kill him on the spot."

SOLICITATION OF CHARITIES.

Backed up by barrels in which there is no flour, and by stoves in which there is no fire, and by wardrobes in which there are no clothes, a woman is irresistible; passing on her errand, God says to her, "You go into that bank, or store, or shop, and get the money." She goes in and gets it. The man is hard-fisted, but she gets it. She could not help but get it. It is decreed from eternity she should get it. No need of your turning your back and pretending you don't hear; you do hear. There is no need of your saying you are begged to death. There is no need of your wasting your time, and you might as well submit first as last. You had better fight away take down your cheque-book mark the number of the cheque, fill up the blank, sign your name, and hand it to her.

There is no need of wasting time. Those poor children on the back street have been hungry long enough. That sick man must have some farina. That consumptive must have something to ease his cough. I meet this delegate of a relief society coming out of the store of such a hard-fisted man, and I say, "Did you get the

* Dr. Talmage has not yet returned from his tour in the West. Last Sunday he was at Lafayette, Indiana. He is expected to preach in the Brooklyn Tabernacle next Sunday. This sermon is one he preached some years ago, for which inquiry has been made.—Ed.

oney?" "Of course," she says, "I got the money; that's what I went for. The Lord told me to go in and get it, and He never sends me in a fool's errand."

III. Again, I have to tell you that it is woman's specific

RIGHT TO COMFORT

nder the stress of dire disaster. She is called the weaker vessel; but all profane, as well as sacred history attests that, when the crisis comes, she is better prepared than man to meet the emergency. How often you have seen a woman who seemed to be a disciple of frivolity and indolence, who, under one stroke of calamity, changed to a heroine. Oh, what a great mistake those business men make who never tell their business troubles to their wives! There comes some great loss to their store, or some of their companions in business play them a sad trick, and they carry the burden all alone. He is asked in the household, again and again, "What is the matter?" but he believes it a sort of Christian duty to keep all that trouble within his own soul. Oh sir, your first duty was to

TELL YOUR WIFE

ll about it. She perhaps might have disentangled your finances or extended your credit, or she would have helped you to bear misfortune. You have no right to carry on one'soulder that which is intended for two.

There are business men here who know what mean. There came a crisis in your affairs, you struggled bravely and long; but after a while there came a day when you said, "Here I will have to stop," and you called in your attorneys, and you called in the most prominent men in your employ, and you said, "We have got to stop." You left the store suddenly. You could hardly make up your mind to pass through the street and over on the ferry-boat. You felt everybody would be looking at you, and blaming you, and denouncing you.

You hastened home. You told your wife all about the affair. What did she say? Did she say the butterfly? Did she talk about the silks and the ribbons and the fashions? No. She came up to the emergency. She quailed under the stroke. She helped you begin to get an right away. She offered to go out of the comfortable house into a smaller one, and wear the old cloak another winter. She was one who understood your affairs without blaming you, she looked upon what you thought was a thin, weak woman's arm holding you up; but while she looked at that arm, there came into the eble muscles of it the strength of the eternal od. No chiding. No fretting. No telling you about the beautiful house of her father, from which you brought her ten, twenty, or thirty ars ago. You said, "Well, this is the happiest day of my life. I am glad I have got under my burden. My wife don't care—I don't care."

At the moment you were utterly exhausted, od sent a Deborah to meet the host of the maleficks, and scatter them like chaff over the plain. There are sometimes women who sit adding sentimental novels, and who wish that they had some grand field in which to display their Christian powers. Oh, what grand and glorious things they could do if they only had opportunity! My sister, you need not wait any such time. A crisis will come in your affairs. There will be a Thermopylae in your own household, where God will tell you to and there. There are scores and hundreds of households in this city to-day where as much bravery and courage are demanded of women as was exhibited by Grace Darling, or Marie Antoinette, or Joan of Arc.

IV. Again, I remark, it is woman's right to

BRING TO US THE KINGDOM

heaven. It is easier for a woman to be a Christian than for a man. Why? You say she is weaker. No. Her heart is more responsive to the pleadings of divine love. She is inist majority. The fact that she can more easily become a Christian I prove by the statement that three fourths of the members of the

churches in all Christendom are women. So God appoints them to be the chief agencies for bringing this world back to God.

THE GREATEST SERMONS

are not preached on celebrated platforms; they are preached with an audience of two or three, and in private home life. A consistent, consecrated Christian service is an unanswerable demonstration of God's truth.

A group of rough men were assembled at a tavern one night. It came on toward morning—one or two o'clock. One man boasted that it did not make any difference what time he went home, his wife cheerfully opened the door, and provided an entertainment if he was hungry when he got home. So they laid a wager. They said, "Now, we'll go along with you. So much shall be wagered. We'll bet so much that when you go home and make such a demand she will resist it." So they went along at two or three o'clock in the morning and knocked at the door. The door opened, and the man said to his wife, "Get us a supper." She said, "What shall I get?" He selected the articles of food. Very cheerfully were they provided, and about three or four o'clock in the morning they sat down at the table—the most cheerful one in all that presence the Christian wife—when the man, the ruffian, the villain who had demanded all this, broke into tears, and said, "I can't stand this. Oh, what a wretch I am!" He disbanded that group. He knelt down with his Christian wife and asked her to pray for the salvation of his immortal soul, and before the morning dawned they were united in the faith and hope of the Gospel.

A patient, loving, Christian demeanor in the presence of transgression, in the presence of hardness, in the presence of obduracy and crime, is an argument from the throne of the Lord Almighty, and blessed is that woman who can wield such an argument. A sailor came slipping down the ratline one night, as though something had happened, and the sailors cried, "What's the matter?" He said,

"MY MOTHER'S PRAYERS

haunt me like a ghost." Home influences, consecrated Christian home influences, are the mightiest of all influences upon the soul. There are men here to-day who have maintained their integrity, not because they were any better naturally than some other people, but because there were home influences praying for them all the time. They got a good start. They were launched on the world with the benedictions of a Christian mother. They may track Siberian snows, they may plunge into African jungles, they may fly to the earth's end, they cannot go so far and so fast but the prayers will keep up with them.

I stand before women this morning who have the eternal salvation of their husbands in their right hand. On the marriage-day you took an oath before men and angels that you would be faithful and kind until death did you part, and I believe you are going to keep that oath; but after that parting at the door of the grave, will it be an eternal separation? Is there any such thing as

AN IMMORTAL MARRIAGE,

making the flowers that grow on the top of the sepulchre brighter than the garlands which at the marriage banquet flooded the air with aroma? Yes; I stand here as a priest of the most high God to proclaim the banns of an immortal union for all those who join hands in the grace of Christ. O woman, is your husband, your father, your son away from God? The Lord demands their redemption at your hands. There are prayers for you to offer, there are exhortations for you to give, there are examples for you to imitate; and I say now, this morning, as Paul said to the Corinthian woman, "What knowest thou, O woman, but thou canst save thy husband?"

A man was dying, and he said to his wife, "Rebecca, you wouldn't let me have family prayers, and you laughed about all that, and you got me away into worldliness; and now I am,

going to die, and my fate is sealed, and you are

THE CAUSE OF MY RUIN!"

O woman, what knowest thou but thou canst destroy thy husband? Are there not some here who have kindly influences at home—are there not some here who have wandered far away from God, who can remember the Christian influences in their early home? Do not despise those influences, my brother. If you die without Christ, what will you do with your mother's prayers, with your wife's importunities, with your sister's entreaties? What will you do with the letters they used to write to you, with the memory of those days when they attended you so kindly in times of sickness? Oh, if there be just one strand holding you from floating off on that dark sea, I would just like, this morning, to take hold of that strand and pull you to the beach. For the sake of your wife's God, for the sake of your mother's God, for the sake of your daughter's God, for the sake of your sister's God, come this day and be saved.

V. Lastly, I wish to say that one of the specific rights of women is, through the grace of Christ, finally

TO REACH HEAVEN.

Oh, what a multitude of women in heaven! Mary, Christ's mother, in heaven; Elizabeth Fry in heaven; Charlotte Elizabeth in heaven; the mother of Augustine in heaven; the Countess of Huntingdon—who sold her splendid jewels to build chapels—in heaven; while a great many others, who have never been heard of on earth, or known but little, have gone into the rest and peace of heaven. What a rest! What a change it was from the small room, with no fire and one window, the glass broken out, and the aching side and worn-out eyes, to the "house of many mansions"! No more stitching until twelve o'clock at night, no more thrusting of the thumb by the employer through the work to show it was not done quite right. Plenty of bread at last. Heaven for aching heads. Heaven for broken hearts. Heaven for anguish-bitten frames. No more sitting up until midnight for the coming of staggering steps. No more sharp blows across the temples. No more sharp, keen, bitter curse.

Some of you will have no rest in this world. It will be toil and struggle and suffering all the way up. You will have to stand at your door fighting back the wolf with your own hand red with carnage. But God has

A CROWN FOR YOU.

I want to realize, this morning, that He is now making it, and whenever you weep a tear He sets another gem in that crown, whenever you have a pang of body or soul He puts another gem in that crown, until, after a while, in all the tiera there will be no room for another splendor, and God will say to His angel, "The crown is done; let her up that she may wear it." And as the Lord of Righteousness puts the crown upon your brow, angel will cry to angel, "Who is she?" and Christ will say, "I will tell you who she is. She is the one that came up out of great tribulation, and had her robe washed and made white in the blood of the Lamb."

A BANQUET.

And then God will spread a banquet, and He will invite all the principalities of heaven to sit at the feast; and the tables will blush with the best clusters from the vineyards of God, and crimson with the twelve manner of fruits from the Tree of Life; and water from the fountains of the rock will flash from the golden tankards; and the old harpers of heaven will sit there making music with their harps; and Christ will point you out amid the celebrities of heaven, saying, "She suffered with me on earth, now we are going to be glorified together." And the banqueters, no longer able to hold their peace, will break forth with congratulation, "Hail! hail!" And there will be hand-writings on the wall—not such as struck the Persian noblemen with horror, but fire-tipped fingers writing in blazing capitals of light and love and victory: "God hath wiped away all tears from all faces!"

A RECLAIMED INEBRIATES' MEETING.

THE Mizpah Bands established by Mr. Moody across the Atlantic are still thriving and doing a great work. At one of the recent meetings of the first band he organized, the following testimonies were given:

The first witness was William Begg—a fine, open-faced, manly-looking fellow, wearing the "bit of blue." He had been more than once round the world, he said. Although a Scotchman from the land of Bibles, he had spent many a Sabbath stripped to the waist in the prize-fighters' ring. "I have been," he said, "a hard drinker, but God had other work for me, and, in answer to the prayers of my dear mother and sisters, I was led to the feet of the Saviour under Mr. Moody's preaching. My conversion was a hard fight. It seemed as if all the legions of hell opposed me, when my mother's last words, 'WILLIE, MEET ME IN HEAVEN,'

decided me to cast in my lot with God's people. I have been rescued from the power of drink and attendant evils, and, thank God, sufficient health and strength have been left me to work for Him while journeying to a home over there."

Daniel Taylor modestly told how the forgiving look on the loving face of the Crucified One had flashed into his darkened soul the light of life after six weeks of agonizing doubt. To him the personality of the evil was real. The fear took possession of him that

HIS LAST HOUR HAD COME; and his life of drinking and gambling and open sin was used by the arch-foe to prevent him seeking the Saviour. He had become convinced of sin and judgment to come, and could neither work nor sleep. He found salvation at the close of the meeting, when one seemed to say to him, "Your last chance has come." Regardless of those around him, he cried in his bitter agony, "O God, save my soul! and I beheld, as it seemed to me," he stated, "the Lord Jesus Himself rescuing me from the grasp of the wicked one." He again gave way to drink, and again besought God, and more earnestly, to rescue him from its power, and it now ceases to trouble him.

That the way of transgressors is hard was the experience of Mr. Graham. He had been a backslider. Drink was the cause of his fall. Nearly seven years had elapsed since his "restoration"; but the remembrance of those days of backsliding was still sharp in the memory. He had been employed by a firm of rectifiers in Glasgow, and contracted a liking for alcoholic liquors. On one occasion he was carried

"DEAD DRUNK" TO THE POLICE OFFICE at Cranstonhill. Affliction in his family brought him to serious thought. He sought a quiet spot, fell on his knees, and pleaded with God for strength to conquer his enemy. He received it. "And from that moment to now," his testimony was, "I have never had any desire for strong drink."

"I began to take an occasional glass when I was twenty," was the quiet, conversational way in which Mr. Stewart responded to the call of the president, "and had any one told me I would become a slave to strong drink I would have said, 'I can take it or I can want it.' Don't believe it, dear friends. It will come to be that you will take it when you can get it, and want it when you can't. This was my experience. I became its willing slave. My Saturday's pay had barely reached the bottom of my pocket when I was seized with an overpowering longing to visit my friend the publican. Once my carousal lasted from Saturday till Thursday. My wife and children had fled and

BLOOD STAINED THE FLOOR.

"O my God!" I cried, 'have I laid my hands on my wife or little ones? save me from this crime, and I shall never drink again.' He did save me. The blood was from my own head. At last the light came through Deut. 33:27. My mates said, 'He'll soon be in the mud again,' but God has kept me. I have travelled thousands of miles in India and elsewhere, and

have been enabled to declare what God has done for my soul."

Tom Bamford said he had read a number of infidel books, and had been driven from safe moorings. His heart had become dead to pure and higher thoughts. His mother was dying. His sister telegraphed: "My brother, come home; mother is dying." He stood by her bedside. "Tom," she said, "I shall meet you in heaven." "With God's help I will," he replied. The kind look and word of a true Mizpah man brought him to the feet of the Master; and by the grace of God he would meet his sainted mother in glory.

The testimony of Mr. Clyde, Superintendent of the band, was very touching. Under the guidance of the late Rev. James Scott he was led, while reading on his knees 1 Pet. 4:19, to see in Jesus one who now for sixteen years had been to him a living, loving, personal Saviour.

MR. JOSEPH COOK ON PROHIBITION.

IN the course of his prelude to a recent lecture, Mr. Cook said: Several States have now provided by law for scientific temperance education in their schools, as the result of a movement led by Mrs. Hunt, of Massachusetts. The question is soon to be submitted to our Legislature. (A resolution in favor of the measure was here put to vote, and nearly the whole audience rose to express their approval.) Mr. Cook, continuing, said, the liquor traffic is now ascending the throne of American politics. Cotton was king,

WHISKEY IS KING,

or soon will be, if things continue as they are. Municipal misrule is the most critical question in our country, and intemperance is its longest root. The rum oligarchy is strong, and its insolence will lead to its overthrow. Is a new political party needed to oppose this evil? (Voices, yes and no.) These opposing voices remind me that I am walking among hot ploughshares; but, while I am responsible to no one, there are some stepping-stones upon which I am willing to trust my feet, though I shall not blame you if you do not do so. I am not one of those who are sore over the results of the last election. I was unable to take part in it, as I was in the "woods where rolls the Oregon" at the time.

There are now three leading methods of temperance work: (1) The Law and Order League; (2) non-partisan efforts to secure constitutional prohibition; (3) efforts to secure constitutional prohibition through a new party. Before the last election I was in favor of the second plan, but since both of the leading parties have bowed down to kiss the robes of the Moloch of the rum power, I am forced to accept the third. I have

FOURTEEN REASONS

in favor of a new party, among which are these: each party has refused to submit the question of constitutional prohibition to the people in most of the States; after the measure has been passed by the people, neither party can be trusted to carry it out, as is seen in Ohio and some other States; cities are growing faster than the country, and municipal misrule is making reform increasingly difficult; a new organization, known as the National Reform Party, should include all other reform issues, and might thus come to have a balance of power, or supersede one of the old parties; when several States have passed the measure, they can call upon the national Government to do

THE THINGS IN ITS POWER

to suppress intemperance, such as forbidding the sale of liquor in the District of Columbia and the Territories; Canada, England, and the Catholic Church are active in the matter; at the meeting of the W. C. T. U., in St. Louis, the leader of the opposition did not give a satisfactory answer—it was like that of one who claimed she had never needed male assistance, but, when reminded of it after being saved from drowning by a man, answered, "You hush!" A third party has been formed, and is not likely

to be given up; many reasons for the defeat of the Republican ticket have been given, but it may have been the prohibitory vote in New York; the formation of the party may have been premature, but would it be premature now? Nothing is more feared by the rum power than such a party. The insolence of the Moloch is increasing, and, if municipal misrule shall continue, it will result in anarchy. The more I study the situation, the more I fear a barricade war in our streets. Let us have

Mental suasion for the man who thinks,
Moral suasion for the man who drinks,
Legal suasion for the drunkard maker,
Prison suasion for the statute breaker.

THE DESTINY OF THE JEWS.

A Lecture by Rev. Dr. H. Pereira Mendes, Rabbi of the Nineteenth Street Synagogue, New York.

The Design of Trial and Deliverance—Is the Destiny of the Jews Accomplished?—America not the Promised Land—Failure of Reform Judaism—The National Destiny—What Restoration Means—For the Jews—For the Gentiles—The Future Arbiters of the World—Editorial Notes.

DR. PEREIRA MENDES, speaking on Exodus 13:21, dwelt upon the escape from Pharaoh, the passage of the Red Sea, and the battle with Amalek. Many a time since then, he continued, have the Jews exulted at our escape from a Pharaoh of tyranny only to find a new peril threaten us; oft have we passed through a sea of trouble, and Amalek after Amalek have we fought.

WHAT IS TO BE THE END

of it all? Never has nation withstood like ours tempests of time, decay incident to age, the withering lightnings of a world's contempt. But the night of oppression is overpassed, and we enjoy a day of prosperity; the sunshine of liberty bathes us; the light of toleration irradiates us, and in the warm glow of equality we bask. Yet, as our fathers in their day saw but a cloud to indicate the presence of a Providence working for them, so it seems that the workings of Providence for us to-day are clouded in mystery. Has a Providence ceased to work for us, or

IS OUR DESTINY ACCOMPLISHED?

There can be but one answer. For I would ask, were we brought forth from Egypt amid such wonders, shielded in the desert, brought to Canaan, exiled, rescued from Pagan and Christian persecution; have we been kept alive under a thousand unparalleled atrocities, each enough to make humanity ashamed to the very end of time—simply and only that we might become good American citizens?

Friends, Judaism must have something to live for, or it will succumb under present conditions. It is not a question of reform or orthodoxy, it is a question of the existence of Judaism. To say we have no distinctive national future and here is our Palestine, that we were brought out of Egypt and preserved through centuries to come to an end here, to let loose a tide of pretty words flashing with generalities, to now and then ridicule or openly insult orthodox Judaism, will not preserve our faith or our nation.

It is true that orthodoxy as is generally seen in this city is too often combined with uncouth manners or dress of some of its followers. That is the result of their environment in the lands they have left. It does not represent the countless cultured, courtly men whom kings honored and princes respected in days gone by. But shall reformed Judaism be taken as the standard of Judaism, with its abandonment of

A DISTINCTIVE NATIONAL FUTURE?

How can it, when a leading preacher publicly declared a fortnight ago that "reform had as yet failed to achieve what it promised. It has not succeeded in consolidating Judaism, in rallying Israel around its elevated standard. Instead of rendering the Jews more faithful and more ardent upholders of the time-honored flag, it, even more than old-fashioned orthodoxy, allowed the watchfires of religion, the flames of

the domestic altar, to cool down, if not to die out altogether.

A HIGHER DESTINY.

I trust the failure will not end in disaster. Far differently does orthodoxy speak. It declares we have been preserved for some higher destiny—a destiny indicated in the word restoration. With such a hope hearts erst cold pulsate with mighty energy.

Let us then see

WHAT RESTORATION MEANS

or us and for the Gentiles. It means for us a national home for our people, though they push their individual fortunes in other lands. It means a fatherland which from its position holds the gate for three great continents to trade through, a land which when the iron horse wakes the Oriental quiet will contain cities of wilder growth than even a Chicago, which in 1837 had four thousand one hundred and seventy people, or a San Francisco, which in 1840 had only six hundred. It means a *prosperity greater even than in the days of Solomon*, when the five trade lines of the then known world converged in his land, and "silver was like tones in the street;" greater than when a Tyre, chief port of the ancient world, teemed with the wealth of a far-reaching commerce, as described in Ezekiel 27, which I would ask you to read. And it means a

RESTORATION OF OUR RELIGION,

a priesthood supported by the people and utilized as the public ministers, educators and judges, and not lobbyists—an end to the present system of every congregation shaping its own course and every individual his own life, and calling the result Judaism.

FOR THE GENTILE WORLD

Our restoration has yet greater significance, it is a cause of sad thought for the student of history and the believer in mankind's progress to note so many *unpleasant features* attending the close of this century. The increased resources of civilization have created new social ills. The vast fortunes of individuals, the accumulation of capital, the growth of wealthy and powerful corporations built up by the enterprise or foresight of a few, throw out of balance many important social relations, and give rise to nurms which may presage a storm of greater violence than has yet shaken society. Furthermore, the jealousies of the modern powers, their great colonization mania promising many future tangles, the shadows that haunt despots, the unrest of disturbing elements, violent means such as assassination in one land, and in another the destruction of historic relics and peril to innocent life—all these things are by no means to the honor of the century.

Add to these the divergencies in what is holiest and dearest to humanity, religion. Countless sects, each professing to be right, and not a few consigning all others to perdition, add also the dishonor and fraud continually suspected in ordinary relations of life and the consequent distrust, and it must be granted there are many things to be remedied.

Those that will be cured by the education of the masses—and the sooner a moral education is given the masses the better—will be met by the restoration of our people, for that means a court of

ARBITRATION FOR THE WORLD.

The preacher read in evidence Isaiah 2:2-4, repeated in Micah 4:1-3; Zech. 8:22, continuing: "This, friends, is something to live for, a destiny noble indeed, an end to which every episode in our wondrous history seems calculated to further. For this was our nation rescued from Egypt, brought to Canaan and preserved amid the wrath tempests launched at it, as 'despised and rejected,' 'sorrowing and grieving,' 'wounded and bruised,' it trod the thorn paths of its terrible pilgrimage.

Is it not

A NOBLE DESTINY,

since, by its fulfilment, the whole world will be benefited? A court of arbitration above all suspicion—and there can be such, or we must

abandon hope in mankind—would restore to trade thaws and sinews now trained to war, and utilize the vast sums spent for warlike purposes to win those victories in the field of humanity's progress, infinitely more glorious; to combat ignorance, grapple with human misery, and lead the masses to a higher mental and moral plane. Nation then "shall not lift up sword against nation;" then shall love and truth meet; righteousness and peace embrace. Friends, the workings of Providence may be and are clouded with mystery, but for this we wait, for this we hope, for this we live.

[It is a remarkable sign of the times that the eloquent rabbi has given utterance in the city of New York to such a belief in these days. The world not unnaturally derides the idea of the Jews ever becoming so powerful that the great issues—peace or war—shall be settled by a court of arbitration, composed of Jews in Palestine. Nothing seems more improbable than that, even if their restoration should be effected, a race so insignificant in number and so unimportant outside of financial circles should ever become the arbiters of the world. Yet that, it appears, is what the section of the Jews represented by Dr. Mendes believes, and he has had the courage to declare his convictions and his faith in God's promises in the ears of a scoffing world.]

We believe he is right. The Jews will be restored to their own land as God has promised. They will return, as Dr. Mendes expects, still rejecting Jesus as their King, but not in that attitude will they attain the power and glory he vividly describes. Not until after much trial and severe suffering will they attain that eminence in the world. It will be after passing through the furnace, and recognizing in Him whom their fathers pierced their Deliverer and King, and bowing their knees to Him that their destiny will be fulfilled. The chapter from which Dr. Mendes quoted (Micah 4) has long been a source of hope and encouragement to his people. Many Christians are praying that the succeeding chapter might be also read and studied, and that the Holy Spirit would enable them to see the meaning which Christians see in it. "The Judge of Israel," who was smitten, "with a rod upon the cheek," who was born in Bethlehem, who is to be "ruler in Israel," whose "goings forth have been from of old, from everlasting," is He in whom alone lies the hope of the Jews, and who alone will establish them in power and glory in their own land, making Jerusalem the joy of the whole earth.—ED.]

ANECDOTES RELATED AT THE EVANGELISTIC MEETINGS IN SCOTLAND.

Inside the Merchant's Desk Lid.—At a recent meeting Mr. Ferrie said: "The other day I was very much struck with what a friend told me. Lately he had occasion to be in one of the seaport towns in England, and called in at a merchant's office there. While he and others were sitting near a desk talking on private business, the merchant opened the desk, and my friend was much surprised to see written inside the lid, 'What would Jesus do?' Such a man could not be otherwise than successful with his business. Let each of us, who profess to follow Christ, in all our transactions in life, whether great or small, ask ourselves this question, 'What would Jesus do?' and we shall not go wrong."

The Earl's Butler.—Mr. Oates Related: "To-day I had a letter from an earl, telling me that he was sending to me a butler who had been in his service, but had now fallen into disgrace. He had been a faithful servant for some time, but he took to betting and drinking, and very soon his money was all gone, and he ran deeply into debt. He said to himself, 'Now I must be honorable and pay my debts;' and then to pay these gambling debts he took the silver that should have been on his master's table and sold it, and with the money he paid what was due. When the master discovered the theft he sent for a detective, and the butler was arrested and

convicted. His sentence expired only a fortnight ago, and when he was released he wrote to the master whom he had robbed, saying he knew he had disgraced himself, but if he would just give him £25 he would go to America. His master sent me a check for that amount to be given to him. When he came to me to get his money I spoke to him seriously of the life he was leading, and pointed him to Christ. The only thing that moved him was the remembrance of a prayer learned at his mother's knee. He went away, and I pray he may meet with Christ as his Saviour before he reaches America."

More Successful than Whipping.—"I Am acquainted" (says an American gentleman) "with a young man whose father died when he was but an infant, but whose mother always controlled and governed him. One day in conversation upon this subject, he remarked to me: 'Whenever I was guilty of disobeying my mother, and she called me to account, she would talk to me seriously, and then kneel in prayer, and tell God all my conduct, and the consequences of my course. I used to feel at those times as if my heart would burst, I felt so wicked, and I often said, 'Ma, whip me, but don't talk to me and pray for me.' Ah!' he said, 'it was the talking and praying that affected me more than the whipping, though all were necessary.'"

A Sad Day for the Young Squires.—A Christian minister said: "Two young men live a few miles from where I reside. They were two young squires, and had so much money that they did not know what to do with it. One day they set out for a few days' spree, as they called it; and one night, in the midst of their spree, an old nian came in with a piece of meat to present to the young men, for it is a custom in such parts to give such offerings as a token of good will. But in their drunken frolic they abused and fearfully mutilated that poor old man, until he died in their hands. They were sent to London to be tried. The one is now hopelessly insane, and the other is undergoing a long term of imprisonment. This is what came of their few days' spree. Surely, as the Bible says, 'Fools make a mock of sin.'"

A Father's Fatal Folly.—An Amiable young woman became deeply affected by a sense of her spiritual danger. Her father fondly loved her, but he was an ungodly man, and tried in many ways to turn his child from serious thoughts. The Bible and other religious books were taken from her, and works of fiction were put in their place. For a time she resisted all these efforts to prevent her seeking salvation. But at length she yielded, and joined in gay worldly amusements. The end was accomplished, and her concern for salvation vanished. In less than a year after this she was stretched upon her dying bed. Just before she expired she said, 'My father, last year I would have sought the Redeemer, but now it is too late. Father, your child is—' She could say no more, and died. What was the word she could not utter? Doubtless, it was 'lost!'

Why the Gun was Fired.—A Christian worker related: "One night in November a man entered the house of one of his neighbors, and said, 'Joseph is lost; he went out about four o'clock, and we fear he has gone into the woods.' The neighbors at once started, and set out in search of the missing child. Hour after hour they searched, but without success. Meanwhile the mother was seated in deep grief at home, and with clasped hands she sought comfort and help from God. By and by a gun was heard from a distance. Blessed signal! the child was found. The mother ran to meet the child, and her first words were: 'Is he alive?' 'Yes,' they replied, 'he is alive.' And the mother fondly clasped her boy to her breast. O dear friends, we each of us have wandered away from God, and yet He does not weary in seeking for us, but sends through all countries on the earth 'to seek and to save the lost.' 'There is joy in the presence of the angels of God,' over every lost one found."

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CURRENT EVENTS.

The Attitude of the Cabinet on the Burning question of civil service reform is defined in a series of interviews published last week by the *Washington Republican*. "Secretary Bayard said: 'I am on record on the subject of civil service reform, and I don't propose to abandon the views I expressed during the campaign now. I heartily favor civil service reform, and so do all the members of the Administration so far as I know.' Secretary Whitney said: 'All of the Administration is committed through the President to the civil service law, and will doubtless consistently adhere to it. It is one of the easiest laws to evade, however, and much will depend upon the construction placed upon some of its provisions after a Cabinet consultation which, as you know, we have not had. I have no doubt, however, that it will be a natural and unstrained interpretation of it that will be adopted, and that its spirit as well as letter will be faithfully carried out.' Secretary Endicott said: 'In accepting the nomination for Governor of Massachusetts last fall, I placed myself on record as a civil service reformer, as also in favor of the honest silver dollar. I asserted that when the Democrats came into power their policy should be to insist on a faithful discharge of public duties and the retention of all faithful employes in office, no matter what their politics might be, so long as the latter has not been made pre-eminent over their duties. My record is made, and of course I shall stand by it.' Secretary Garland's reply was: 'I am committed to civil service reform as a member of President Cleveland's Cabinet.' He said the President's letter of acceptance and inaugural address defined the position of himself and Cabinet. 'I am on record upon the subject by my vote for the bill.' Secretary Manning, who does not, as a newspaper man, like to be interviewed, also expressed himself in favor of the reform policy."

Several Prominent Members of the Republican party have called on the President. Messrs. Hiscock, Millard, Bayne, and the defeated Presidential candidate of the party are among the number. It is stated on good authority that promises were given that no attempts should be made by them to embarrass the new Administration, nor any factional oppo-

sition organized. The fact is welcomed as a hopeful augury of a peaceful Presidential term. Indications are, however, noticed that the President may find himself opposed by a section of his own party, some of whom are already expressing their impatience with the delay in making vacancies. The Postmastership of New York is an office about which interest centres. Several prominent Democrats have joined with the Republicans in advocating the reappointment of Mr. Pearson, but a strong effort is being made to procure his dismissal. Mr. Cleveland can find no official more generally acceptable to the business firms and the citizens generally. The Collectors of the Port will, it is expected, be given to a Democrat, Colonel Robertson having taken a conspicuous part in politics.

The New Mistress of the White House will not be an unworthy successor of Harriet Lane, and the long line of noble women who have honored that position. The *Evangelist* says of the address which, in 1882, Miss Elizabeth Cleveland delivered before the alumnae of Elmira Female College: "The topic was 'Altruistic Faith.' Of all the addresses given during the quarter of a century of the college by many of our ablest men, such as Professor Upson, Dr. Walcott Calkins, Dr. Lyman Abbott, and the editor of the *Evangelist*, this was pronounced second to none of them, and for practical adaptation to the young ladies the best. She said: 'Woman has need of faith in God, faith in self, and faith in humanity. She would be hopeful, and not pessimistic. Marriage was not necessary for a woman; she need not be simply a buttonhole bouquet to some man. If good is in one, it will come out. Go on and you will succeed.' In looks Miss Cleveland reminds one of Anna Dickinson, perhaps because she wears her hair in the same style. Yet there is nothing mannish about her, and in private she is rather too modest than otherwise. Her voice is clear, and her articulation distinct, making her a fine speaker."

An Attempt to Reform the Bankruptcy Law is being made in New York State. Congress having failed to pass a national law, the merchants and manufacturers have organized to induce the State Legislature to adopt such amendments to the assignment laws as will remedy some of the evils now existing, especially in the matter of preferences. A petition signed by about three hundred individuals and firms, merchants and manufacturers, was forwarded to Albany last week seeking the early passage of a bill. It is assumed that the bill will prohibit preferences in any form, including judgments or decree confessed to give an undue preference to any creditor, for the purpose of defrauding any creditor, so that all creditors, under assignment, will share alike.

A Strike of Twelve Thousand Miners Employed on the rivers and railroads was announced from Pittsburg, Pa., on March 9th. The price demanded by the men is three cents a bushel. One of the men said: "We were starved into signing an ironclad article, for one year, to work at three cents, which was half a cent below the district price. Consequently the other miners were soon compelled to work at the same rate. Although we had been promised steady employment, we worked only half-time. The contract expired on February 15th, when we were presented with another, fixing the rate at two and a quarter cents. This was refused, and they afterward offered to give us fifty cents a ton for coal run over a three-fourth inch screen. Afterward the offer was withdrawn, and two and a half cents per bushel substituted." The strike will entail much suffering to the men and financial loss to the employers unless it is quickly settled.

The War Panic in England was slightly abated last week by an announcement made by Mr. Gladstone in the House of Commons. He stated that an agreement had been arrived at between Russia and England, by the terms of which neither the Russian nor Afghan forces would advance any further on either side of the

frontier. This is a decisive rebuff for England. The demand of the British Government was that the Russians should withdraw from Afghan territory, which Russia refused to do. England has now accepted the Russian promise not to advance farther at present. Ever that promise is vague, and is evidently regarded as unreliable. The English Secretary of War, speaking after the promise had been received, said that it was impossible to deny that there was still cause for great anxiety regarding the relations between Great Britain and Russia. Some prominent Conservatives also pointed out that the agreement would not prevent Russia from massing troops on the border of debatable territory, and they object to the Russians being allowed to remain, even temporarily, on territory claimed as belonging to Afghanistan. England is preparing for war by heavy enlistments in India and by issuing large orders for arms and ammunition.

The Mahdi's Programme is Given in a Despatch to the New York *Sun*, which derives it from a proclamation issued by the Mahdi's chief officer, Osman Digma. Osmian is before Suakim harrassing the British troops under General Graham. He tells his followers that he is about to smash the British, to occupy Suakim, and to capture all the ships that have transported infidel dogs. After occupying Suakim he will await the arrival of El Mahdi and his triumphant troops. Then the combined forces will cross the Red Sea in the captured British transports to Jeddah in Arabia. Thence they will march upon Mecca, where El Mahdi is to be anointed and acclaimed as the successor of Mohammed. He will next proceed to Stamboul, having behind him the authorization of the Moslem world, and will smash the false Caliph who occupies the Turkish throne.

The Arrest of Zohbeh Pacha is Announced.—He is the Pasha whom General Gordon trusted and wished to make Governor of Khartoum. He is charged with being a traitor. His residence was searched immediately after his arrest, and in it were found many documents proving that he was in secret league with the Mahdi. He has been under a surveillance, which practically made him a prisoner, for the past two years. His wealth, which was mainly acquired in the slave trade, was confiscated, and he was allowed a quarterly stipend on condition that he should not leave Alexandria without the consent of the Khédive. General Gordon pleaded that Zohbeh should be restored to power in the Soudan, and said that the ex-slave king was the only man who had enough nerve and prestige to keep the Arabs in subjection. When General Gordon was sent to Khartoum last year it was one of Zohbeh's sons who escorted him across the desert from Korosco to Abou Hamed. Without this escort it is certain that General Gordon would never have got to Khartoum. Now it has been discovered by the British Government that Zohbeh Pacha has been in continual correspondence with El Mahdi both before and since the capture of Khartoum and the killing of General Gordon.

The Fenians and Nationalists who have made Paris their headquarters for some time past are no longer to enjoy French hospitality. On March 12th James Stephens, Eugene Davis, and John Morrissey were arrested by the French police, were taken to the frontier of Belgium, and warned not to return. Stephens begged permission to be allowed to proceed to Havre, so that he might take a steamer there for America, but the authorities refused to grant his request. The police have also arrested a journalist named Leroy and another Fenian whose name has not been learned. Mrs. Stephens was also arrested, but was subsequently released. All the persons now under arrest will be expelled from the country. The arrests already made are apparently only a beginning of what is contemplated on the part of the authorities. Warrants for the expulsion of other Fenian leaders have been issued, and further arrests are expected.

Services in Memory of General Gordon were held last week in the London churches. At the very time that the services were taking place the last letter received from General Gordon was given to the press. It is full of indignation against Mr. Gladstone and his colleagues. In the course of the letter he says: "I will accept nothing whatever from Gladstone's government. I will not even let them pay my expenses. I will get the King [Leopold of Belgium] to pay them. I will never put foot in England again, but if I get out I will go to Brussels and so on to the Congo."

The Possibility of a Mormon Exodus was hinted at by President Taylor in the course of an address delivered in the Temple at Salt Lake City recently. He referred to the anti-Mormon legislation by Congress, the Edmunds bill, the North Carolina statute, and the Tennessee murders, and then said "these persecutions were making some of the Saints think of going to a foreign country to preserve their religious liberty there," and that "there might be another pilgrims' day." It was understood that Mexico was the place under consideration as the new Mormon Jerusalem. It is too soon yet to rejoice over the exodus, but the mere suggestion is a welcome piece of news, which seems too good to be true.

An Experiment in the Treatment of Lunatics is being made by the New York State Board of Charities and Corrections, which it may be hoped, for humanity's sake, will prove successful. A Long Island farm of about one thousand acres has been bought for the purpose of affording pleasant and useful employment to the harmless lunatics now in the public institutions of the city. The advantages of this plan will be twofold: it will give suitable occupation to the able-bodied insane, and will tend to relieve in part their mental troubles, or possibly effect an entire cure, while the produce of the farm can profitably be used in the support of the public institutions of the city.

"Campmeeting" John Allen, the Venerable Methodist minister, who is celebrating his ninety-third birthday, recently gave some curious reminiscences to a *Tribune* reporter. He said: "When I was chaplain of the Maine Legislature I was called on to pray for a governor. He wasn't the same politics as I, so I just prayed that he might be the best governor in the State—if possible. Then there was another governor, and he differed from me too. I prayed that he might be as wise as a serpent and as harmless as a dove." "How did you pray for the legislators, Mr. Allen?" "The legislators? I just prayed, O Lord, enable them to condense and to be able to stop when they get through. One day I went to the Senate to officiate, and I prayed there that the Lord might enable them to bring order out of chaos and confusion. The president reproved me for that, but I asked him if that wasn't what he wanted."

An Heroic Color-Sergeant Died at his Home at Worcester, Mass., on March 10th. Among the deeds of daring on both sides, of which the history of the war is full, that of Sergeant Plunkett is remarkable. He served in the Twenty-first Massachusetts Regiment, which was ordered, on December 13th, 1862, to charge the impregnable position of the Confederate forces on Marye's Hill. Plunkett was ordered to the rear to prevent straggling from the ranks. The regiment went forward under a deadly fire at double quick. Color-Sergeant Joseph H. Collins was struck, and fell mortally wounded. The flag went down with him. Plunkett, on seeing the standard drop, threw away his gun, picked up the flag, and rushed to the front. The enemy poured in a hot fire upon the flag. The silken banner was riddled, the staff was splintered, and one bullet whizzed through Plunkett's cap. But the line moved on with the colors in front. When, however, the line had approached as near the enemy's works as it was destined to go that day a Confederate shell exploded immediately in front of the flag. One piece of the shell struck Plunkett's right arm near the shoulder,

tearing it almost off, and leaving it hanging by a mere ribbon of flesh. Another piece struck Plunkett's left arm near the wrist, making a terrible wound. Plunkett fell forward upon the flag, and his blood dyed it with stains that are still visible. Both his arms were amputated, and the heroic soldier went home a maimed and helpless man. But the people would not allow him to suffer poverty. A subscription was raised for him, and he received in addition a full pension. It was rightly felt that his wounds gave him a claim on those in whose cause they had been incurred. It is remarkable that, while such claims are readily admitted, men are not moved by the same principle to realize that Christ laid down His life for them and to render to Him the tribute He claims (Rom. 12: 1).

How to Become Deaf may be Learned from a letter published in a scientific journal by an eminent physician. He says: "Some years ago, owing to illness and long residence in the tropics, I became morbid, sensitive to noises of every kind, and procured complete relief in the following way: I placed some spermaceti ointment in the centre of a little square of thin, limp cotton, brought the corners together, tied them with thread, and inserted one of the little plugs well into each ear, and after a little kneading and gentle pressure found that I was absolutely deaf to all ordinary noises, such as the loud barking of dogs and the rumbling of heavy carriages in the streets. This little experiment is easily tried, and a daily experience of over twelve months warrants me in saying that it will be found invaluable in the sick room." Undisturbed repose is a boon in some circumstances, but in others, as, for example, when an alarm of fire is given, the experiment might prove fatal. As one sees impenitent sinners sitting unmoved under the warnings of Gospel preachers, it would seem as if some such device had been applied to the ears of the soul (Isa. 6: 10).

A Gold-Seeker's Propitious Fall over a Precipice is described by a California journal. It states that a man had been out all day prospecting, and was returning to his home unsuccessful, when, on crossing a narrow trail, the horse he was riding slipped and fell, carrying its rider with it over a precipitous ledge. The man lost all hope of life as he rolled down a fearful descent, but eventually his fall was stopped by a large rock projecting above the snow. The horse, too, had struck the rock with its feet, breaking off a few fragments. The rider was stunned by the force with which he had struck the rock, but he recovered and looked around. He noticed that something glittered where the iron shoes of the horse had alighted. Breaking off a few pieces, he discovered that it was the long-looked-for gold-bearing quartz. Examining further, he found a vein of considerable thickness, and realized that he was rich beyond his most sanguine expectations. The treasure so eagerly sought was at length found through an apparent calamity, which he would have avoided if he could. This is not the first time that a catastrophe has proved a blessing. Many of our most precious spiritual blessings have come through an apparent misfortune (Rom. 8: 28).

The Ownership of a Man's Head is being contested in the courts. The *Medical and Surgical Reporter* states that a surgeon is suing the executors of a deceased patient for the dead man's head. The patient during his lifetime agreed that the surgeon should have it in consideration of his paying the funeral expenses. When the time came for the delivery to be made the surgeon called for it, but the heirs, who said they were perfectly willing to pay the funeral expenses themselves, demurred, and refused to carry out the agreement. The aid of the courts was then invoked. The courts have at various times held that there could be no property, in the ordinary sense in which the term is used, in a dead body, and the interesting question now comes up whether the ownership, such as it is, is vested in the person himself or in his representatives. The dispute is not altogether without a precedent (Jude 9). It is one, how-

ever, that will not help the judges to decide, though the lawyers engaged may profit by it in the conduct of the case. It is quite possible that the arrangement between the surgeon and his patient may fail, as the former must bow to the decision of the courts. If that is against him, people will learn that they cannot during life arrange for the disposal of their bodies after death. They may, however, rely upon it that the destiny of their souls will be irrevocably settled by their own decision. If they commit them to Christ none can snatch them out of His hand (John 10: 28).

Bewitched by Eating a Cake was the extraordinary excuse presented in a court in Ulster County, N. Y., by a man who was on trial for an elopement. He admitted his offence, but pleaded in extenuation that the woman who was his partner in crime had given him a cake, which he had eaten, and immediately became irresponsible. Incantations, he said, had been spoken over the cake, and it had bewitched him, rendering him infatuated with her and unable to exist away from her. The plea was very properly rejected as a superstition, and the man was held accountable for his misconduct. There may, however, have been some truth in his plea, and, in a sense, he may have been controlled by demoniacal power, though he was wrong in attributing the witchcraft to the cake. Those who voluntarily submit themselves to Satan's leading, falling willingly into all his temptations, eventually become his slaves, unable to resist his influence by their own strength, even when desiring to do so (Eph. 2: 2, 3).

The Bride of a Convict Discovered the Real character of her husband in a remarkable way a few days ago. A despatch from Atlanta, Ga., to the *New York Times* states that on Friday, March 6th, a man died who had for more than a year resided in Gradytown, near that city. He had led a sober, industrious life while there, and was regarded as an honorable citizen. He was married to a young lady of good family, to whom he was a loving and faithful husband. After his death several male friends of the family prepared the body for burial. About one of the dead man's ankles they found a shackle such as is used in a penitentiary. The chain had been broken off at the first link, but the ring proved too stubborn for him to remove unaided, and of course he dare not apply to a blacksmith for assistance. Calling the wife to the side of the corpse, they asked her for an explanation, but she could give none. She had never seen the shackle before, and was even more mystified than the men who made the discovery. A policeman was called in, and recognized the dead man as Jacob Harper, a notorious desperado, who had escaped from the penitentiary, and for whose capture a large reward was offered. The wife's family wished her to have nothing to do with the funeral, but she would not listen to them. She said that he had been a good husband to her, and she would see him buried with all the honor she could give him. The lady's conduct is creditable to her. If the discovery had been made in his lifetime she might have acted otherwise, for the best of us are little disposed to follow Christ's example in receiving the offscourings of society (Matt. 9: 11, 12).

The Prophetic News and Israel's Watchman (London) for March contains the following articles: "The Fall of Khartoum and Death of General Gordon," "Spiritualism and the Napoleon Family," by G. Warrand Houghton, Esq.; "The Visible Return of Christ to the World," by Dr. Edgren, Part II.; "Symbolic Wild Beasts of Daniel and Revelation," by G. B. Taylor, Esq.; "Apocalyptic Frogs on the Croak," "The Great Antichrist," by Mrs. Fielder; "Expatriation and Restoration of Israel," by Rev. E. J. Hytche; "The Mahdi and the Sudan Campaign," "The Luck of the Mahdi," Passing Events, viewed from a prophetic standpoint. May be had from the office of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, 63 Bible House, New York. Price, six cents, including postage. Annual subscription, seventy cents. Volumes containing twelve numbers, each handsomely bound in cloth, for 1883 and 1884, \$1 each.

SUNDRY FOOLS.

A New Sermon by Pastor C. H. Spurgeon.

"Fools because of their transgression, and because of their iniquities, are afflicted. Their soul abhorreth all manner of meat; and they draw near unto the gates of death. Then they cry unto the Lord in their trouble, and He saveth them out of their distresses. He sent His word, and healed them, and delivered them from their destructions."—PSALM 107 : 17-20.

Four Pictures—I. The Miserable People—A Fool an Ignorant Person—Acts Contrary to Knowledge—Hurts Himself Causelessly—Sin Multiplies Itself—The Sinners Afflicted—Fallen into Soul-Sickness—No Interest in Anything—Almost Dead—Surrounded with Many Destructions—II. The Merciful Lord—Worried by the Black Dog—Prayer the First Step—Healed Radically—Light in the Lantern.

THE psalm contains one picture in four panels. It illustrates a single experience in its main outlines, for in every case it is written, "Then they cry unto the Lord in their trouble, and He saveth them out of their distresses;" and yet each case is very different from any one of the others. We have variety and similarity. In human families we meet with great diversity of features among those who are, nevertheless, the offspring of the same parents. In the great family of God the diversity of the features is very wonderful indeed. Look at the four pictures which are so much alike, and which indeed do but represent one, and yet you shall discover in them marked diversity. Learn you this double lesson—that unless your spot is the spot of God's children you are none of His; but also, do not expect to find that spot exactly the same in you as it is in others of His undoubted offspring. Therefore do not judge yourself by any man's biography. Do not condemn yourself if, after reading John Bunyan's "Grace Abounding," you say, "I never went into these dark places." Be glad that you never did. After reading Madame Guyon, do not condemn yourself if you never heard her "Torments," nor felt her ecstasies of divine life. Be sorry that you never have, and aspire after such things, but do not condemn yourself.

Here are

FOUR PICTURES,

and you may find your likeness in one of the four; but be not so unwise as to condemn yourself if you are not seen in the other three. I am only going to bring out two out of the many thousands of things that lie packed away in the wonderful box of my text. There are two things—the miserable people, and the merciful Lord.

I. The

MISERABLE PEOPLE,

first. I am going to describe them, and my object in the description will be to show what some have been who, nevertheless, have been saved. These people are called fools. They abhorred all manner of meat. They drew near to the gates of death. But they were saved for all that, for they cried unto God in their trouble, and He delivered them out of their distresses. The inference will be that if I—if you—should happen to be just in the same condition as these people, yet we may have hope that God will save us.

To begin with, the first description of them is that *they were fools*. Now, I must not call you fools, but you have all of you liberty to call yourselves so. I find it forbidden in Scripture for any man to call his brother "fool," but I do not find him forbidden to call himself so. Look well to yourself, and see whether you are not a fool now—at least, if God's grace has saved you, you are bound to own that you were once a fool in capital letters; for every unrenewed and unregenerate man is a fool.

We call those fools who have a great want of knowledge of things which it is necessary to know. Many must confess that, though now they understand what faith in Jesus is, yet they were very slow in catching the idea. It is an idea which a babe in grace can explain, but

which wise men, classically instructed, do not receive. I may stand here, and beat my very heart out in trying to make plain how men are to believe and live, and yet out of my congregation not one will receive God's meaning into his heart unless God the Holy Ghost shall enlighten him; for we are such fools that the simplest matters of heavenly truth are utterly unknown to us.

He, too, is a fool who, when he does know, does not make right use of his knowledge. He is

A GREATER FOOL

than the former one. He knows all about it, but yet he does not do it. He understands that the only way to be saved is to believe in Christ; but he does not believe. He knows that men must repent of sin if they would find mercy; but he does not repent of sin. He knows that life is uncertain, and yet he is risking his soul upon the chances of his continuing to live. He lives as if he had a lease of his life, and was absolutely certain that he could not die till he chose to be converted. Now this is to be a fool—to act contrary to your own knowledge and better judgment. How many fools there are of this kind!

We call him a fool who hurts himself without any profit—without any justifying cause. The man who flings his life away to save a nation, or even to rescue one solitary person from death, is a hero; but what is he who, for no motive whatever, will maim himself—will take away his own health—will take away his own life? Are there none such here? Look at the drunkard! Look at the man who is guilty of unclean living! Look at such as prefer this world to the world to come, and throw themselves away on trifles! O sirs, there be many men that have injured themselves so that their sin lies in their bones.

Verily,

SINNERS ARE FOOLS!

We are great fools when we think that we can find pleasure in sin or profit in rebellion. Such fools have you and I been. Peradventure, some here are such fools now.

I call that man a fool who throws away jewels that he may gather pebbles, who casts away gold and silver that he may gather up mire and dirt. And what do they do who fling away heaven and eternal life for the sake of a transient joy, a momentary gain? Are there not some men living in this world only to get what will one day turn into smoke? They know that this great world, and all the works of men that are therein, must be dissolved with fervent heat; and yet they labor to build a mansion for their immortal souls in this place, which is to be utterly burned up. And, meanwhile, thou, O Son of God, Immortal Love, art treated as though thou wert a mere fiction!

The next thing about these people is rather worse; they were not only fools, but *sinn*ers. The text says that "fools, because of their transgression, and because of their iniquities, are afflicted." You see they had several sorts of sin—transgression and iniquities. They began with one transgression; they went on to multiplied iniquities. There was first in their heart a transgression against God; afterward there were found in their lives many in-equities, both toward God and toward man.

SIN MULTIPLIES ITSELF

very rapidly. It grows from one to a countless multitude. We will not go into the details of the transgressions and iniquities that you may have committed; but here is the point—these people, who were fools, and full of transgression and iniquity, nevertheless cried to God in their trouble, and He delivered them out of their distresses. What form has your sin taken? Think of it in your own heart. But whatever form it has taken, God is able to forgive you. "All manner of sin and blasphemy shall be forgiven unto men." "The blood of Jesus Christ, His Son, cleanseth us from all sin." There is no sin which is unpardonable if men repent of it. The sin that is unpardonable is one of which no man ever thought of repenting, for it is a sin

which is unto death, and when committed the man is spiritually dead, and never repents.

If there be a sin upon you, however black and foul—if it be a horrible sin which I could not mention because it might crimson the cheek of modesty if I did but even hint at it—if you are covered with it, polluted with it beyond all imagination—yet, of the saints in heaven it can be said, "Such were some of you, but ye are washed." It is written of our Lord that He is able to "have compassion on the ignorant, and on them that are out of the way." Oh, you out-of-the-way sinners, what a comfortable word that is for you!

But we must go on with the picture. These people were not only fools and sinners, which are two bad things; but they had a third mischief about them:

THEY WERE AFFLICTED.

"Fools, because of their transgression, and because of their iniquities, are afflicted." Their affliction was evidently the result of their folly and their transgression. Do I address any who are in that case? I hardly like to say what may have happened to some here. They may be distressed in spirit, and unable to pursue their business with anything like cheerfulness. They may be subject to doleful forebodings and heavy glooms, and all the result of sin in years gone by. They have now got to the core of the apple of sin. It is wonderfully sweet till you get to the core, and then it is bitter, ay, more bitter than death itself. How I long to say a word of comfort to those who are in that condition! If you repent, if you will arise and come to your Father, why should you not be delivered out of your distresses? Do you not see that God does deliver such as you are?

The picture is getting black, but we must put on another coat of color. In addition to this, these people had fallen into

A SOUL-SICKNESS.

Through their trouble and their consciousness of sin, they had fallen into such a state of illness that nothing could help them. The best food was brought to them, but they waved it away; their soul abhorred all manner of meat. Some are in such a state that the amusements which once were joys to them are now wearisome. You have been lately to the theatre, and you used to be charmed there. You cannot make out what has come over it; it seems so dull to you. You used to enjoy cheerful evenings with your merry-making friends, but now you would sooner get upstairs alone, for you feel so wretched. When you are alone, there is one person who plagues you; if you could only get away from him, you would be content; but that person happens to be yourself, and there appears to be no rest for you either in company or in solitude. Your soul abhors all manner of meat.

I have known souls to get into such a state that books, interesting and instructive, they could not read any longer. They felt

NO INTEREST IN ANYTHING

of the sort; and poetry, and all the charms of art, which once they very properly enjoyed, could afford them no pleasure. The best mental recreation cannot give such persons any stay from their fierce, self-destroying thoughts. Ay, and they even refuse good spiritual meat. If the preacher tries to give them milk for babes, that is too weak for them; if he brings out strong meat, that is too tough for their teeth. If he brings them "wine on the lees, well-refined," that is too heating; if he offers the water of life, that is too cold. Nothing will suit them. They grumble at all kinds of teaching. Religious books do not cheer them; even the Bible itself seems stale and unprofitable. You are in a frightful condition, my friends, are you not? You are so sick that the meat which best would suit you is that which you least care for. Yet God has saved some who have fallen into this wretched way; and He invites you to come to Him, and trust in Him, with the promise that He will save even you, though you are as bad as you well can be.

But the case was worse than that, for we read,

"They draw near unto the gates of death."
This poor creature was

ALMOST DEAD.

He could see death-gate and hell-gate right before him. He was lying at death's door, expecting every moment to be thrown through the portal into eternal destruction and endless wrath. I remember when I lay in the bosom of despair in my own apprehension. I knew that I was condemned on account of sin, and my conscience said "Amen" to the condemnation. I could not plead any reason why I should not at once be taken out to endless execution on account of my sin; and I certainly felt the dread shadow of coming wrath falling upon my soul. And yet I am saved, blessed be God! And so shall you, dear hearer, though you be ready to die, and ready to be damned, be saved by faith in Jesus. What a glorious gospel we have to preach to you miserable people!

But yet we have not quite touched up the picture with the last shade of black. This man not only lay at death's door, full of trouble, full of distress, but he was surrounded by many destructions. In the twentieth verse we read, "and he delivered them from

THEIR DESTRUCTION."

What! Are there many destructions to a man? Oh yes, a great many! I have known one man destroyed by his shop, another by his wife, another by his children. Many a woman is destroyed by her clothes; many a man is destroyed by his eating; millions are destroyed by their drinking. Everything about us will destroy us unless God saves us. There are a thousand gates to hell, though there is only one road to heaven. One man may perish by debauchery; another may perish by respectability. One man may be lost in the ale-house; another man may be lost through his teetotalism, *if he makes a god of it*. One man may go down to hell by his want of common decency, and another by his pride, and prudery, and self-righteousness. Do not deceive yourself—the way to ruin is easy, and many crowd it. If you want to go to heaven, well, we shall have to tell you a great deal about what is to be believed; but if you want to go to hell, I have no need to tell you anything.

II. I have but a minute or two left, where I should have wished for an hour, to speak upon

THE MERCIFUL LORD.

Very briefly indeed. This merciful Lord appears in this picture where you do not at first see Him. I think I see Him in that first verse: He sent the affliction. "Fools, because of their transgression, and because of their iniquities, are afflicted." Ah me! "Are afflicted." Who afflicted them, then? Why, their own Father—their own Shepherd, who saw that they would never come back to Him if it were not for affliction. I see you, friend. You are a stray sheep, and I could not get you back. Now you cry, "Alas, I am in trouble!" I am sorry that you should be troubled, but I am not altogether sorry. I can see the *black dog* is worrying you. It is that He may get you back to the Shepherd. Many will not come back till the black dog has his teeth in their flesh; but if it surely drives you to the Good Shepherd, it will be your true friend. I question whether many of us did come to the Lord Jesus Christ until we were afflicted in some way or other. Our bright days led us more and more into sin. Then came a dark day; and then we began to turn. "When He had spent all, there arose a mighty famine in that land."

BLESSSED BE GOD FOR THE FAMINE!

"He began to be in want;" now He will have to test his gay friends and flatterers. There was a gentleman who had drunk his champagne, and put his feet under his mahogany; and the prodigal said, "Now I have fed that man, I dare say He will entertain me now I am in poverty." "I cannot help you," he replied. "Can you give me some employment?" "No. What are you worth? Well, you can feed my pigs." And he "sent him into his fields to feed swine." That is the black dog again. If the gentleman had said, "Oh, yes, my dear young fellow, you

were very generous when you had plenty of money, I am very sorry for you; come and live with me; while I have a crust you shall have part of it;" that would have been the worst thing that could have happened, for the prodigal son would never have thought of going home. I say that your troubles are mercies in disguise. Your sicknesses, your poverty, and your misery—oh, I bless God for them! The Heavenly Father has sent this *rumbling wagon* to bring you home to Himself. Oh, that you would but come to yourself! Oh, that you would but come to Him! See, the grace of God appears in the very affliction of these rebellious fools.

But note this, further;

THEY BEGAN TO PRAY;

and here we see the Lord again, for no one seeks after God till God has put the prayer into his heart, and breathed a new life into his spirit.

Then as soon as ever he did pray, the Lord heard the prayer. We read, "He sent His word, and healed them, and delivered them from their destructions." So, beloved, all that God has to do, in order to save us, is to send us His word. He has done that by sending His dear Son, who is the incarnate Word. He sends us the word in the shape of the Holy Scriptures; He sends us the word in the preaching of His servants; but what we want most of all is to have that word sent home by the power of the Holy Spirit. "He sent His word, and healed them."

I want you to notice how the Lord rescued these people. You see, they could not eat. They had reached such a state of sickness that they could not take anything; they abhorred all manner of meat, and we do not find that the Lord sent them any meat. No, He sent His word. Did He send His word like a tonic, to give them an appetite? No; He made surer work. Many doctors try to deal with the disease, but God does not. He deals with the patient himself, and his constitution. He

HEALED THEM RADICALLY.

Then, when He had healed them their appetite came back. They did not abhor all manner of meat when once God had healed them. The Lord does not operate upon the symptoms, but upon the person; He does not deliver us from this sin and that sin and the other sin; but He takes away the old heart, out of which the sin comes, and gives a new heart, out of which there come repentance, and faith, and a change of life.

If you have a lantern, and it is dark, you may polish the outside of it as long as ever you like, and no light will come out of it; the first thing to be done is to put a candle inside the lantern. This is what the Lord does; and then, when He puts the candle inside the lantern, we say to ourselves, "This lantern looks very dirty, it must be cleaned." Is it any fouler than it was before the light was put into it? It is the same lantern exactly; but when you put the candle into it, you perceive how dirty it is by the light shining within. It is of no use to try to clean and polish it up till you have placed the lighted candle in it. You know

HOW MR. MOODY PUTS IT.

A lady, we will say, takes a looking-glass, and she looks into it; and she sees a spot on her face. That is the use of the looking-glass—to reveal spots; but you never heard of a lady trying to wash her face with a looking-glass, for that is not its use. No, the looking-glass shows the spots, but it cannot take the spots away. First of all, by means of the law, we find out our spots, but we have to go to Jesus Christ, in the gospel, to get those spots taken away. Blessed are those who have gone to Him!

"He sent His word, and healed them." With one word the Lord Jesus at this hour can heal every sin-sick soul before me, for where the word of a king is, there is power. Here is a word of the Lord. Obey it, I entreat you. "Look unto me, and be ye saved, all the ends of the earth; for I am God, and there is none else." Here is another; hearken to it, and live: "Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters, and he that hath no money; come ye,

buy, and eat; yea, come, buy wine and milk without money and without price." Let all that labor and are heavy-laden come unto Christ, and He will give them rest. The Lord grant that you may come at once, without delay, and to His name shall be the praise. Amen and Amen.

NEW BOOKS.

THE names of six eminent men of letters stand on the title-page of the second volume of the

PERSONAL TRAITS

of British Authors, of which series Mr. Edward T. Mason is the editor. They are: Wordsworth, Coleridge, Lamb, Hazlitt, Leigh Hunt, and Procter. This group of authors is a group not only of contemporaries, but of intimate friends. As in the first volume of the series, each author is depicted by extracts from the books of men and women who knew him. They describe him as he appeared to them; and in some cases the writers were ardent admirers, and in others hostile critics, we obtain a picture in which there are some curious contrasts. Of Wordsworth especially this is noticeable. His splendid genius and his intense love of nature are dwelt upon by several of those who visited him and recorded their impressions, while others who made his acquaintance carried away as the prominent characteristics of the man his extraordinary egotism and vanity, and his meanness in money matters. Harriet Martineau says that the poet advised her to do as he and his sister did, and when she had visitors to say to them, "If you like to have a cup of tea with us, you are very welcome; but if you want any meat, you must pay for your board." Even in the tea the hospitality does not appear to have been lavish, for Miss Martineau complains that she could not obtain a drop of cream with any ease of mind, Wordsworth appearing to part with it reluctantly. He was, she adds, *giving away all the milk* to his poor neighbors.

Probably, of the six eminent men dealt with in this volume the most curiosity will be felt about Coleridge. The group of thinking men, especially young men, who sat reverently at his feet looked to him as a prophet. It was the custom to speak of them as "going to Highgate [where Coleridge lived] to worship." His influence upon them was great and lasting; but others who were taken to Highgate, and found themselves unable to worship, averred that Coleridge's vaunted wisdom was empty sound, pleasant and musical as it was. A story is told here amusingly illustrative of this view, and it is told against two of his admirers. It is said that Wordsworth and Rogers were returning from Coleridge's house, where, as usual, Coleridge had talked incessantly. "What a wonderful man he is!" exclaimed Wordsworth. "Wonderful, indeed!" Rogers replied. "What depth of thought, what richness of expression!" Wordsworth continued, "There's nothing like him that ever I heard," Rogers rejoined, "Pray," inquired Wordsworth, "did you precisely understand what he said about the Kantian philosophy?" Rogers said, "Not precisely." "Or about the plurality of worlds?" Wordsworth asked. "I can't say I did," Rogers admitted. "Indeed," he continued, "if the truth must out, I did not understand a syllable from one end of his monologue to the other." To which Wordsworth replied, with laughter in which both joined, "No more did I." Probably they were not the only enthusiastic admirers of Coleridge who were similarly situated. Of Lamb, Leigh Hunt, Hazlitt, and Procter, the fund of anecdote contained here is very rich. The reader may be puzzled in making up his mind about these famous men, amid so much conflicting testimony, but he certainly has abundant material for forming a judgment. The book is published by Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons. Pp. 295. Price \$1.50.

DEMONOLOGY;

or, Spiritualism, Ancient and Modern, by Elder E. P. Hanson. This exposure of spiritualism is written by one who knows whereof he speaks. His father and mother embraced spiritualism



A Consultation with Native Guides in the Desert of the Soudan.

during his infancy, and for many years—in fact, until he was twenty-three years of age—he attended the lectures and séances as an ardent believer, and witnessed its phenomena in all its phases, from “the tiny rap to spirit materialization, from slate-writing to a floating violin in mid-air, played by invisible hands.” In November, 1876, Mr. Hanson was converted to Christ; and when the scales dropped from his eyes he saw spiritualism as it is, and could not rest until he had exposed it. In this work he deliberately records his opinion. It is not, he says, wholly fraudulent, though in many cases, especially in the slate-writing phase, the manifestations are frauds. “The greater part is the work of demons operating through human agents as mediums,” controlling them by a subtle power, similar to that of mesmerism. That is his belief after a long experience, and this work is written to prove it. Mr. Hanson, in our opinion, is right in his belief. He is evidently very much in earnest, and, as is common with writers who have suffered much and are indignant, he allows his anger to manifest itself in his pages. That is a pity. “It is cold steel that cuts,” and Mr. Hanson’s sword seems to be red-hot. If another edition of his work is called for, we would advise him to omit some of his most extravagant expressions, and to generally moderate his tone. As it now stands, his readers are apt to have their attention divided between the iniquities of spiritualism and the antics of a frenzied writer. A calm, judicious statement of the case would be better adapted to attain

his object of arousing society to do battle with spiritualism. Pp. 310. Price \$1.25. Published by E. F. Hanson, Belfast, Me.

THE UNKNOWN WAY.

a dainty little volume of illustrations of Bryant’s well-known poem, has been issued by Messrs. E. P. Dutton & Co. Each stanza has one, and some of them have two pictures appropriately representing the varied scenes which the poet’s words describe. The engravings are exquisitely done, and the publishers have done everything in their power by elegant binding, the finest paper, and excellent typography to produce a charming little book suitable for a wedding or birthday present. Price, 75 cents.

A COUNCIL IN THE DESERT.

(See Illustration on this page.)

THE scene depicted in our illustration was one of frequent occurrence during the recent campaign of the British in the Soudan. The native guides had to be consulted respecting each day’s march in the desert. How important a part of an expedition are the guides, when the route taken is in a desert, may be imagined. It may be said, indeed, that upon their intelligence and fidelity hung the very existence of the army. The desert is roadless; there are trails, but the shifting sands render them scarcely perceptible to the European eye, though the guides follow them without difficulty. It would, however, be possible, by the aid of the compass, to cross the desert in any direction without guides, were it not for another and more serious difficulty. It is in his knowledge

of the situation of the wells that the native guide is able to render essential service to the generals of the expedition.

The Soudan, when once the Nile is quitted, is a waterless region. An American officer states that during a journey of six thousand miles in the desert he saw but five living springs of water, and they were lost in the sand within a few yards. The natives told him they had had no rain in three years. In crossing the desert the traveller is therefore wholly dependent on the wells, which are few and far apart. On several occasions, though travelling swiftly, it required five days to journey from one well to another. The difficulties which were encountered by the British troops were therefore formidable beyond precedent. Their enemy in this matter had the advantage of them. The Soudanese soldier can, and generally does, exist for forty-eight hours without water, and being accustomed to a scarcity of water knows how to husband it better than Europeans, and is able to endure thirst longer than they are. The supply of water was therefore a matter of paramount importance to the expedition, and for this they were dependent upon their native guides, whose advice had more to do with the movements of the troops than the strategy of the generals.

CHRISTIANA AND HER SONS.

(See Illustration on page 189.)

ALL who are familiar with Bunyan’s “Pilgrim’s Progress” will understand the scene depicted in our illustration. It cannot be described better than in Bunyan’s own words:

"This Christiana, after her husband had gone over the river, and she could hear of him no more, her thoughts began to work in her mind. First for that she had lost her husband, and for that the loving bond of that relation was utterly broken betwixt them. For you know nature can do no less but entertain the living with many a heavy cogitation, in the remembrance of the loss of loving relations. This therefore of her husband did cost her many a tear. But this was not all; for Christiana did also begin to consider with herself whether unbecoming behavior toward her husband was not one cause that she saw him no more, and that in such sort he was taken away from her. And, upon this, came into her mind, by swarms, all her unkind, unnatural, and ungodly carriages to her dear friend; which also clogged her conscience, and did load her with guilt. She was, moreover, much broken by recalling to remembrance the restless groans, brinish tears and self-bemoanings of her husband, and how she did harden her heart against all his entreaties and loving persuasions of her and her sons to go with him; yea, there was not anything that

Christian either said to her or did before her all the while that his burden did hang on his back, but it returned upon her like a flash of lightning and rent the caul of her heart in sunder. Specially that bitter outcry of his, 'What shall I do to be saved?' did ring in her ears most dolefully.

"Then said she to her children, 'Sons, we are all undone. I have sinned away your father and he is gone; he would have had us with him, but I would not go myself; I also have hindered you of life.'

"With that the boys fell all into tears, and cried out to go after their father."

The scene so quaintly described is excellently depicted in our illustration. The artist seems to have caught exactly the idea the great allegorist had in his mind. The expression of the faces, the attitudes of all in that momentous family council, the costumes, which were those worn when Bunyan wrote, seem to unite in producing for us accurately the scene Bunyan imagined. We are indebted for the picture to Messrs. Anson D. Randolph & Company, of 900 Broadway, New York. It is one of a hundred which embellish their magnificent edition of the "Pilgrim's Progress," described in our issue of February 26th. The book, elegantly bound, is offered for sale at \$4; by mail, \$4.25.



"Then said she to her Children, 'Sons, we are all undone.'"

THE JEW'S WARD.

(Continued from page 175.)

In a Purer Air.

How to raise the depraved and degraded masses of humanity in our great cities out of the miseries of their lives, is a problem which has long puzzled social philosophers. Education has been tried, but the result has been disappointing. It has done something, it is true, but in many cases it has sharpened the intellectual faculties while leaving the moral nature untouched. The mental training has failed to reach the heart, and there the seat of evil is to be found. "Ye must be born again," said the Great Teacher, and His words are proved true in our experience. The work of the preacher of the Gospel is more productive than that of all other social reformers. The converted criminal steals no more; the educated criminal abandons burglary and highway robbery, but he takes to forgery and fraud. The only hope for our criminal population and the society menaced by its presence is in the Gospel, and therefore we preach Christ, the Saviour of the world. The little heedless city girl whose life is here portrayed is a type of her class. There is no transforming influence known to the world equal in power to the knowledge of Jesus. What the Jew could not do for the child he loved,

earnestly though he tried, the simple reading of the New Testament had done; she became a new creature.

A few days after old Matthias Levi had transferred her little fortune to Carola, she entered upon a new life. The post of village schoolmistress was offered to her through her governesses, and she accepted it gladly. It was a small endowed school, founded by a certain Lady Hazelmount more than a hundred years ago, with a salary worth five dollars a week and a cottage and garden attached to the school-house, rent free. The rector of St. Chad's had, before his death, recommended her to the office when it should next be vacant, and the vacancy occurred just as Carola was twenty-one.

She awoke with the earliest gleam of dawn on the morning after the long journey that had carried her down to Hazelmount. There was at first no sound to be heard save the rustling of the ivy-leaves round her open window—a sound more soothing than is dead silence; and she might have fallen asleep again but for the sudden crowing of a cock, which seemed to awaken a hundred chirping little birds under the eaves of

the thatched roof. Very soft and sleepy the twittering was at first, but as the light grew stronger, all the many cries and notes of country life resounded through her quiet chamber, and Carola made haste to dress herself, and see what her new home was like.

A short flight of stairs led her down into a large, old-fashioned kitchen, with a low ceiling crossed by massive oak-beams. A broad, deep window of lattice-panes stretched across the one side of the kitchen, and on the window-sill stood a blue jug, filled with tall white lilies, which just caught the first rays of the rising sun. The quarried floor was of dark red, and the oak chairs and table and the long dresser near the window were almost black with age. An eight-day clock, a hundred years old, was ticking softly in a corner. The tender sunlight was flickering here and there through the quivering ivy-leaves, and filling the pleasant room with a cool and subtle cheerfulness. Carola looked round with a smile of utter contentment. She had never seen a place like this before; never before had she felt as if she had a home. She breathed a sigh of satisfaction, though the tears started to her eyes. "Jesus Christ and His mother could have lived here," she said to herself.

The thought made it seem a holy place, with-

out taking away from its homeliness. Yes, Mary might have sat there, in the tall old arm-chair in the chimney-corner; and the Lord, weary and wayworn as He often was, could have rested on the oaken settee, with its high back, which screened the chimney-corner from the door. Oh, if she could but have ministered to Him as the women did! If she could but have washed His feet, and wiped them with her hair, and kissed them with many kisses! Or if He would have asked her, as He asked the woman of Samaria, to bring him water to drink! She had never seen a place before where she could fancy Him living at home, as He might have done here, in this spotlessly clean and solemn, yet cheerful room. The thought of it made her wondrously happy, as she crossed the quarried floor with quiet steps, and threw open the latticed casement.

"How lovely it is!" she breathed, half aloud. The cottage stood on the slope of a hill, and as far as her eager eyes could reach there stretched a vast plain of meadows and corn-fields, losing themselves in a hazy distance, yet with faint forms lying across the dim horizon, which might be either low soft clouds or far-off mountains. Near at hand the hedgerows were full of fine oak and elm trees, still in full leaf, but with shining gossamer webs woven round them. The sun was touching all the landscape with its earliest and tenderest rays; and low-lying beds of mist, brooding over the hollows, gleamed like pools of silver in the light.

A narrow lane ran past her cottage, and on the other side of it was a corn-field, with the corn gathered into brown shocks, which cast long shadows across the yellow ground; while the restless leaves of a row of aspen trees glistened and danced in the morning breeze. As she leaned through the window, scarcely breathing for very gladness, a lark began to sing so suddenly as almost to startle her with the flutter of sweet song that fell upon her ear. Carola listened as if she had never heard a bird sing before.

"Yes, certainly He might have lived here," she thought, "and yonder corn-field might be that where He walked with the disciples on the Sabbath-day. And it is *my own house*," she added, as she turned away from the open window.

Home was a thought entirely new to her. She had been happy at school, working hard to gain the knowledge she longed for; but it had been too full of little rules and regulations to possess the freedom of a home, and Carola had always loved freedom. It was very pleasant to her, lonely as she was, to set about her morning's work, kindling the fire, and hanging the kettle on to the chain and hook which fell from the chimney. The housewifely instinct stirred pleasantly within her. She had never tasted a meal so delicious as the breakfast she ate with her door open, and the little birds hopping fearlessly on to her door-sill to pick up the crumbs she scattered for them. How good it was to have a home, especially such a home as the Lord Himself might have lived in.

Her work as schoolmistress was not to begin till the harvest was over, but Carola found plenty to do, and the day passed quickly by. The corn-field before her house was a busy place, and now and then she paused to watch the wagons coming and going, and the band of harvestmen lading them, while little knots of women and children loitered round the gate and under the hedges. Toward evening, when half the field was cleared, they were allowed to enter and glean the stray stalks of corn, and Carola could no longer keep herself away from them. The thin film of school-girl shyness which had crept over her during the last three years was dispersed at once. Bare-headed, as she had been used to run about the streets of London, she stepped out of her cottage, and crossed over into the crowded corn-field. The old impulse to be in the front of any gathering of her fellow-creatures was astir again.

It was a very busy hour, for the sun would be

setting soon, and though there would be a long twilight under the harvest moon, night would be come before the field was cleared. The village folk had little time for more than a word and a smile as their new schoolmistress passed to and fro, helping the feeblest and the youngest to make up their tiny shocks of corn. Babies, wrapped up in cloaks and shawls, were lying under the hedge, most of them sleeping with their thumbs in their little mouths; but Carola came upon one that was fretting with low, languid wailing and sobs, unheard by its busy mother. She picked it up with a strange thrill of tenderness, for oh! how long it was since she held a baby in her arms! Soothing it very gently, she strayed on toward a closed gate, over which she could see the setting sun going down in a clear sky, with a soft green light lying all around it.

Almost unconsciously to herself, Carola's sweet ringing voice was heard over the busy corn-field, singing as the lark she listened to in the morning had sung:

"Glory to Thee, my God, this night
For all the blessings of the light."

The first two lines she sang alone, standing with the glow of the setting sun shining on her uplifted face; but then the familiar hymn was taken up by the deep voices of the men at the wagons, and the women who were gleaming lifted themselves up to join in it, and the children shouted it out with delight. A finely solemn feeling fell upon them all; it was almost like being in church the women said to one another afterward. When the hymn was ended, and the new schoolmistress came down the field again, still carrying the baby in her arms, she had won the hearts of all who were there.

Hazelmount was so small a village, that the news of what the young schoolmistress was like, and how she had sung the Evening Hymn in the corn-field, spread throughout it that evening. The men who carried in the last load spoke of it to Mrs. Arnold, of the Grange, as they sat slowly eating their supper, which had been spread for them on a long table in the farm-yard under her own superintendence. She had been too much occupied all day to pay her intended visit to the new schoolmistress, whose cottage had been made ready for her by herself and her servants the day before. The coming of a schoolmistress was always a little event in Hazelmount; and what the men said of her heightened Mrs. Arnold's curiosity. But her husband and her son would tell her more when they came in from the field.

They came in shortly after their harvesters. Both of them were tall, strong, handsome men, with a masterful air about each of them, as if there was no one with any right to dispute their authority. The son stooped down to kiss his mother, and she stroked his arm with her hands fondly.

"Well, and what is our Miss Fielding like?" she asked, somewhat eagerly; "and what is this I hear about you all singing 'Glory to Thee' together in the field?"

"She's as pretty a young maiden as any twenty miles round," answered her husband, "and she sang the hymn as naturally as a bird. She was singing to a baby she'd picked up under the hedge, and it sounded so hearty and so true we couldn't help joining in. It seemed just a right thing to do, and not a soul of us but was the better for it. We'll get her to sing for us at the Harvest Home."

"And what do you think of her, Philip?" asked Mrs. Arnold.

"Oh, she has a good voice," he answered, carelessly.

But he did not tell his mother that he could still see Carola standing bareheaded, with her rapt face toward the setting sun, singing out of the pure gladness of her heart; and that the sweet, joyous tones of her voice were still ringing in his ears. She had not noticed him among his men; how should she, when he was working as hard as any, in a dress very little differ-

ent? But he should not get the thought of her out of his head until he had seen her again.

The little hamlet of Hazelmount was not altogether a common country village. It lay at the gates of Hazelmount Park, and every cottage in it was built in a picturesque style, and surrounded by pretty gardens, that the eyes of the owners of the park, or those of their numerous guests, should not fall upon anything to shock them. There was no liquor-saloon in it, and only one little store, in a cottage down a by-lane. The parish church was a mile away, but there was a highly decorated private chapel at the hall, the road to which ran through the Park and past the village school; with a chaplain's house half-way between the hall and the school.

Hazelmount was built at the end of a long inland cliff of red sandstone, with the fresh air of thousands of meadows blowing across it whichever way the wind blew. There was no town nearer to it than Market Upton, which was seven miles away, and which was only a small country town numbering five or six thousand inhabitants. No manufactories were within thirty or forty miles of it, and the nearest railway station was four miles away.

The Arnolds of the Grange had lived there from generation to generation. The hall and the estate had passed away from the old family of the Hazelmounts, and had been bought by a rich manufacturer, whose widow, Mrs. Stewart, was still in possession of them. But the Arnolds, though tenant farmers only, held their old farm, with no fear of being disturbed, and inscribed their names in the parish register as their forefathers had done for hundreds of years back. It was the same with many of their laborers, whose names, usually attested by a cross, could be traced in the register of births, marriages, and deaths, as far back as the name of the Arnolds. The laborers who tilled the fields and tended the cattle lived and died, like their employers, under the same old roof-tree beneath which they were born. The ancient half-timber farm-house, with its dependent cottages, was like a strong old oak, with its branches; and the human beings dwelling in them came and passed by as the leaves came and went in their seasons.

It might have seemed, but for the sweet winds blowing all about it, that the air of the little hamlet was heavy and tainted with the deaths of so many untold generations of men and women; and that the cottages, so often visited by the last enemy, would strike a chill like that of a tomb; but the dead were as much forgotten as last summer's leaves. The sun shone as merrily for those who were in the land of the living, and the corn grew as thickly in the furrows where so many departed forefathers had sown and reaped; and the thick trees sheltered the harvesters as kindly; and the earth and all that is therein was as fresh and fruitful and as joyous as it had ever been in earlier and younger times.

The very core and heart of the little hamlet was the Grange; and the rulers of all its concerns and affairs were the Arnolds. There was no other farm in it, and Mr. Arnold was looked upon as the best farmer for many miles round. He was the agent of Mrs. Stewart, who was generally absent from the hall, where he was almost master. The great kitchen at the Grange, which was large enough to hold all the population of Hazelmount, was the common council-chamber and assembly-room of the village. Men and women and children brought their troubles and their wants there, sure of a patient audience from the master or the mistress. This was so natural a custom that the latter would have felt aggrieved if their humble neighbors and dependents had sought help and counsel elsewhere.

Mr. Arnold, like his father before him, was churchwarden; and neither he nor his wife and son were ever absent from their great square pew next to the reading-desk in the parish church. They were men much in earnest about doing their duty both toward God and man, and they were held in high repute as men of honor and integrity.

Mrs. Arnold went somewhat beyond this in her religion. Though she could not induce her husband to deviate from the customs of his forefathers, by having family prayer at any other time than Sunday night, she read some chapters in the Bible to herself, morning and evening, with scrupulous care; and as long as Philip was only a boy she had required him to read with her. She made a point of going through the Bible from beginning to end once a year; and she had accomplished this feat thirty times. When any of their cottagers were ill, she visited them daily, and read to them suitable and impressive passages of Scripture; sometimes with an inward thrill of emotion which made her feel that there was something more in the familiar words than she had yet laid hold of. It is natural to any community of human beings to seek a spiritual guide; and for many years Mrs. Arnold had been the spiritual guide at Hazelmount, as being the one among them who stood in relationship to the unseen world.

No stranger had settled in Hazelmount for many years; in fact, there were no other dwellings than the cottages of the farm laborers, and a few of the workpeople belonging to the hall gardens and the Park. The only persons from outside the old time-worn circle of village life were the mistresses of Lady Hazelmount's school, who came and went away again after a longer or shorter sojourn in the place. They had been a class of well-conducted, commonplace young women, who felt themselves above the cottagers, and were looked down upon as social inferiors by the families of well-to-do farmers in the neighborhood. Mrs. Arnold, in the absence of any lady at the hall, stood in the place of a patroness to them. She was invariably kind to them, and supplied them with frequent welcome presents of farm-house produce, which materially added to their salary, and Mr. Arnold was liberal in his presents to them; but there had been no attempt on either side at intimate social intercourse. The schoolmistresses had found the place too dull and lonely for them, and they had seldom stayed longer than one twelvemonth.

(To be continued.)

THE BODY OF CHRIST.

S. S. Lesson for March 29, 1 Cor. 12: 12-27. By Mrs. M. Baxter.

The Places in the Body Assigned—Complete Representation—Patience Represented by Afflicted Members—Representatives of Wisdom and Power—Members used by the Head—All Members Needed—Relative Importance—The Less Honorable Members—Correction only from the Head—Perfect Union of Members—The Complete Bride.

"Know ye not that your bodies are the members of Christ?" (1 Cor. 6: 15) asks Paul; and the same man makes this statement, "We being many are one body in Christ, and every one members one of another" (Rom. 12: 5). He goes even further, and says, "We are members of His body, of His flesh, and of His bones" (Eph. 5: 30). "By one Spirit" are we all baptized into one body; "fitted into Christ by the Holy Ghost, our place in the body is not by any chance, it is arranged of God, and equally so our membership one of another: "God hath tempered the body together."

Many of us are troubled that we so little or so partially manifest our dear Lord. His thought is to be

REPRESENTED FULLY

by the whole body unitedly. He may shine in His patience through one member, who may be tried on that point; in His wisdom through another, whose life may just present the opportunity for this very thing. His power may be manifest in another. Some may manifest Christ in His gentleness, some in the spirit of discernment which another may not so manifest. And thus we are taught that there are "diversities of gifts," as well as different fruits of the Spirit (Gal. 5: 22). In the cherubim, Christ is represented in four characters: as the lion, the ox,

the man, and the eagle—the kingly, the sacrificial, the human, and the divine side of His character—but it takes all the four to shew forth Christ. Thus it comes to pass that "to one is given by the Spirit the word of wisdom; to another the word of knowledge by the same Spirit; to another faith by the same Spirit; to another the gifts of healing by the same Spirit; to another the working of miracles; to another prophecy; to another discerning of spirits; to another divers kinds of tongues; to another the interpretation of tongues." But these gifts of the Spirit are no more at the command of the members of the body than are the fruits of the Spirit—love, joy, peace, etc.

A member of our bodies does not use itself; it is used by the Head, "All these worketh that one and the self-same Spirit." Then are diversities of operations, but it is the same

GOD WHICH WORKETH

all in all. How often Satan has tried to cast us down, when we have seen something of the spiritual gifts and the usefulness of a fellow-member in the body! We have had something like shame in thinking how short we came, and yet we knew that all we were and all we had was the Lord's, not only offered to Him, but accepted by Him. The precious lesson had been lost upon us that "God set the members in the body, as it hath pleased Him. And if they were all one member, where were the body?" A very active member of the body of Christ, winning his thousands to the Lord, untiring and full of zeal, may seem to be much more necessary to the body than other members, just as a hand is. But one who, as an eye of the body, endures as seeing Him who is invisible, who sees the dangers of Christian workers, and having the faith of God (Mark 11: 22, margin), asks and receives blessing wherever he sees the need, may be equally or even more necessary. He may reckon himself, and be reckoned by others, as one of the feeble members; but "those members of the body which seem to be more feeble are necessary"—how necessary only God knows. "If the ear shall say, Because I am not the eye, I am not of the body; is it therefore not of the body?" The ear which listens to God may make a very poor preacher, and may seem to be a feeble member; but none are more really blest to the body than such as take in quietly God's thought, and are still enough in soul to hear His voice.

GOD'S LISTENERS

are indispensable in the body. We can never be the judges as to whether any of the gifts of the blessed Spirit can or cannot be dispensed with in His working. There are some who think and say that the Holy Ghost's working in the way of physical healing or in the gift of tongues is not needed in our day; and that His working in wisdom and knowledge alone is necessary. Let God be the judge; He hath "set the members every one of them in the body, as it hath pleased Him," and it is the workman who must judge what tools his work requires; the Head must judge with what member he can carry out His purposes.

We are specially told that those members of the body which we think to be less honorable, upon these we bestow more abundant honor. That is to say, when a brother or sister in the Lord is particularly trying to our spirit, when such an one seems to spoil the meeting by the manifestation of self in his prayers or in the words he utters, or when a converted servant does anything but adore the doctrine of God her Saviour in all things (Tit. 2: 10)—when a Christian worker manifests the strongest self-will and the most domineering spirit, and such as these seem to be a real hindrance to the truth—these very members are the most necessary of all. How so? Because they give the most glorious opportunities for the manifestation of Christ in their fellow-members. Oh, how often we attempt to deal with one of our fellow-members as though we possessed power to set him right where he is wrong! As well might a member of our natural body attempt to aid

another member without any direction from the brain. Loosen the connection with the brain, and the physical member becomes powerless; suspend it, as in the case of madness or of epilepsy, and the hands, set free from the control of the brain, beat and bruise the head, tear the skin off the face, or maim some other part. The feet, undirected by the brain, bear the poor body into places of danger, " Ofttimes it hath cast him into the fire, and into the waters, to destroy him" (Mark 9: 22). When we attempt to touch a fellow-member, except through Jesus our Head, we always do harm rather than good. We wound the spirit, provoke resentment, and arouse the flesh. The Head alone can set another member right. When we only touch our fellow-members by going to Christ about them, He shows them what they cannot take from us.

It was His one great prayer, "That they all may be one; as Thou, Father, art in me, and I in Thee, that they also may be one in us" (John 17: 21). And here we see the precious truth that "God hath tempered the body together, having given more abundant honor to that part which lacked; that there might be NO SCHISM IN THE BODY."

Just as in our human bodies, not one member can be spared, so it is in the body of Christ. Not one of the feeblest, most unworthy, most unsatisfactory Christians could be spared from the body. "We are members one of another," we belong to one another, whether we will or not. The heathen who was converted yesterday in India or in China belongs to us as our hand and foot belong one to another. "If one member suffer, all the members suffer with it; or one member be honored, all the members rejoice with it." The whole body is affected by each member, consciously or unconsciously. Let an attack of neuralgia gripe a hold of agony upon one of the great nerve centres, there is not a member of our physical frame which is not dragged down into weakness or suffering with it. And exactly so is it with the church of Christ. And also the honor of Jesus, the life of Jesus, belongs to every member of His body. But it is only as the members of our body respond to the Head that they can respond one to another. Some grit or other substance enters the eye; a tiny branch-nerve communicates it instantly to the brain, and the brain dictates to the hand what is to be done to remove it. Thus through the head, the hand and the eye act as members one of another.

It takes all Christians combined to make a bride for the Lamb, a church which comes up to the measure of the stature of the fullness of Christ. One member, or even many members, cannot perfectly manifest the fullness of Jesus. But He wills that we "speaking the truth in love, may grow up into Him in all things, which is the Head, even Christ; From whom the whole body fitly joined together and compacted by that which every joint supplieth, according to the effectual working" (God's working) "in the measure of every part, maketh increase of the body unto the edifying of itself in love" (Eph. 4: 15, 16). Every joint through which Jesus has not full play, every one which does not freely subserve the interests of the Head and of the body, is really hindering the full manifestation of the love of God to the lost world. In writing to the Colossians, Paul speaks of such a one as is "vainly puffed up by his fleshly mind," wanting to be something in himself, "And not holding the Head, from which all the body, by joints and bands having nourishment ministered, and kept together, increaseth with the increase of God." We may hold a very feeble place in the body of Christ, but, thank God, we are necessary, just as every member is necessary. If we see defects or lacks in ourselves, let us praise and thank our God that some other member responds to Him in that point where we do not. The plan of the body is not with us, but with Him. Let us leave to Him where to set us in the body, and how to temper us together with our fellow-members.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES.

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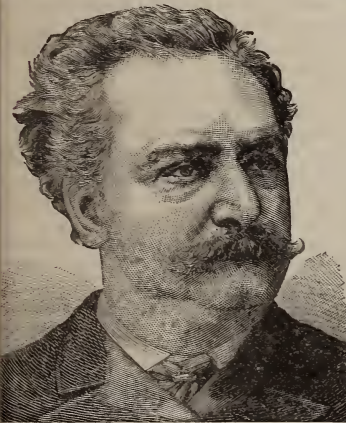
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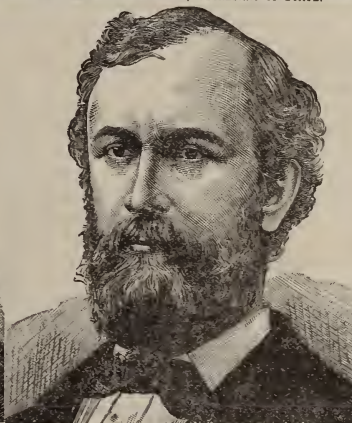


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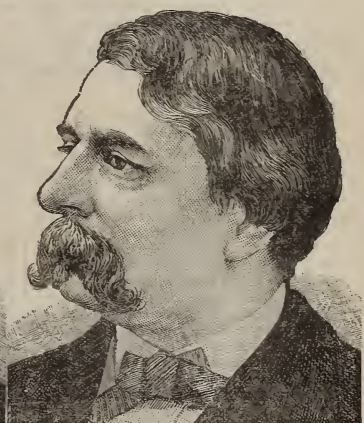
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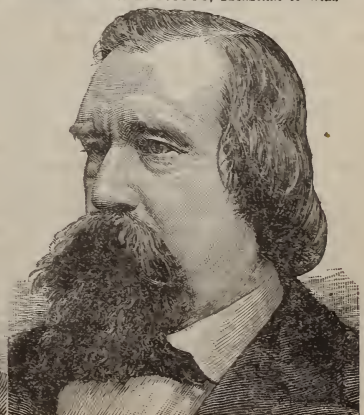
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THE MEMBERS OF PRESIDENT CLEVELAND'S CABINET.

THE CABINET.

PORTRAITS of the seven statesmen who compose the Cabinet of President Cleveland appear this week on the first page of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. From the time the election of Mr. Cleveland to the highest office in the land was declared an accomplished fact, speculations have been made to the men whom he would select for his Cabinet. Very much of the success or failure of an Administration, as we know by experience, depends upon the character of the men who surround the President by his own invitation. They are called upon to act in a double capacity—first, as chiefs of the respective departments of the Federal Government, and secondly as advisers of the President. It was natural, therefore, that some curiosity, if not anxiety, should be felt about the selections President Cleveland would make.

Beside this solicitude, which is common to the commencement of every Administration, there was at this time an additional element of uncertainty. It is now twenty-four years since the departments were controlled by Democratic chiefs. Almost a generation has passed away in that time, and it was evident that in every case the new officials would be men who had never before held offices of so great responsibility. That they would be unknown men was of course not to be expected; but such knowledge as the public had of them would be of their legislative rather than of their administrative capacity. The discussion therefore commenced with the question of who would be fit men for the various places. Later it changed its point of view, and the probabilities of the selections, based upon the movements of the President-elect, were the chief consideration. It is a remarkable fact that nearly every one of the nominations the President sent to the Senate on March 5th had, with an approach to unanimity, been indicated, and in some cases advocated, by the press of both parties.

THOMAS F. BAYARD,
Secretary of State.

AT the head of the Cabinet, in the position of the highest honor and responsibility, is Thomas Francis Bayard, of Delaware. His service of sixteen years in the United States Senate has rendered his name a familiar one throughout the country. Mr. Bayard is the fifth of his family who has represented his State in the upper legislative chamber. His father, uncle, grandfather, and great-grandfather were each in their day sent by Delaware to the Senate.

The family to which Mr. Bayard belongs is an ancient and honorable one, the record stretching back to the ages of French chivalry, and including among its representatives the honored name of Chevalier Bayard, whose valor and virtue won him the title of "*the knight without fear and reproach*." In the history of France, at the close of the fifteenth and the commencement of the sixteenth centuries, his name is a prominent one. The American branch of the family is descended from three brothers, who came to this country in 1647 with their mother. She was the widow of a French Huguenot minister, whose three fatherless boys she carried across the Atlantic to find the liberty of conscience denied them in the land of their birth. The present Secretary of State is sixth in the line of descent from the Huguenot preacher, whose great-grandson, James Asheton Bayard, was the Secretary's grandfather. The family secured an estate in Delaware, in which State, at Wilmington, Thomas Francis, the subject of this sketch, was born, October 29th, 1828. He is therefore in his fifty-seventh year.

Mr. Bayard was intended by his father for a business career, and at the close of his educational training he was placed in a business house in New York and subsequently in Philadelphia. When he was twenty years of age he was recalled to the parental roof by the death of his elder brother, which event changed his own future. He was now the eldest son, and his father naturally desired to associate him with himself

in his own profession of the law. Three years later Mr. Bayard, senior, was elected Senator, and the main burden of the business fell upon the shoulders of his son. He was so engaged when the great crisis of 1860 came upon the nation. Mainly through the influence of the Bayards, Delaware was kept out of the secession current, though their sympathies with the seceding States made them vigorous opponents of the war and strenuous advocates of a peace policy. It was at the memorable convention held at Dover, Del., on June 27th, 1861, that Mr. Bayard, in the absence of his father, delivered the memorable speech which fixed his position as "a copperhead," and which has since prevented Mr. Bayard receiving the nomination of his party for the Presidency.

In 1869 Mr. Bayard, senior, died, and his son succeeded him in the Senate. He has been twice re-elected, and has always been one of the most influential leaders of his party. He is tall and spare of frame, quick and active beyond his years; he has the fresh, healthy complexion of a youth, bright, sparkling blue eyes, and a broad, high forehead. He married early in his career Miss Louisa Lee, the daughter of a banker in Baltimore. Ten of their twelve children are living.

DANIEL MANNING,
Secretary of the Treasury.

MR. MANNING'S career is a typical one. At starting he seemed to have everything against him, and in any other country in the world would have been considered a very fortunate man if he had been able to save enough money out of his weekly earnings to support him in sickness and old age. Here, the genius, industry, and perseverance he possessed enabled him to rise, until now he holds the proud position of second officer in the Cabinet, and is at the head of the department in which are conducted the vast financial concerns of the nation.

Mr. Manning was born in Albany, N. Y., August 16th, 1831. He is therefore now in his fifty-fourth year. He is of English, Irish, and Dutch extraction. His parents were so poor that they found it necessary to send him to work when he was only eleven years of age. He found employment as office boy in the establishment of the Albany Atlas, where he swept the office, ran errands, and was at the beck and call of every one on the premises. But the boy meant to rise, and he did his work faithfully. His evenings were given to study, and he soon learned to read and set type. In a few years he rose from grade to grade until he was foreman of the composing room. The paper was merged into the Argus, and then Manning distinguished himself in a new line. He had taught himself short-hand, and obtained a place on the Argus staff of reporters. The same faithful, painstaking character distinguished him there, his reports of the State Senate proceedings being remarkably accurate and reliable.

He became, while engaged as a reporter, intimately acquainted with prominent politicians at Albany—an acquaintance which was maintained after he left the reporters' desk and became managing editor of the Argus. In 1873 he assumed sole charge of the Argus, and was elected President of the company, which position he yet holds, though he has done little or no writing for some time. When the fight against the Tweed Ring was begun, Mr. Manning identified himself with Samuel J. Tilden, Charles O'Connor, and other anti-Ring Democrats. He became a fast and trusted friend of Mr. Tilden, and was a prominent member of the Democratic State Convention in 1874, at which Mr. Tilden was nominated for Governor. The Albany Argus was unflinching in its advocacy of all the measures of reform which were started and pushed forward by Governor Tilden. Mr. Manning has been a member of the Democratic State Committee since 1876. He was its Secretary in 1879 and 1880 and its Chairman in 1881, 1882, and 1883.

It is not alone as a politician that the new Secretary of the Treasury has won distinction.

He has developed an extraordinary degree of skill as a financier and an organizer of various business enterprises. In 1873 he became Director in the National Commercial Bank of Albany. In 1881 he was elected Vice-President and he succeeded to the Presidency in the following year upon the death of General Robert H. Pruyn. For several years Mr. Manning has been the Director for Albany in the Albany and Susquehanna Railway Company. He is Par Commissioner and a Director in the Albany Electric Light Company. He is also one of the Trustees of the Fort Orange Club.

Mr. Manning was wedded to Miss Mary Little in 1853, by whom he had four children, one of whom—James Hilton Manning—recently became managing editor of the Argus. Mr. Manning's first wife died in 1882, and on October 19th last he married Miss Mary Margarita Fryer, of Albany.

WILLIAM C. ENDICOTT,
Secretary of War.

AN entirely different man in tastes, associations, and early education from the Secretary of State and the Secretary of the Treasury is Judge Endicott, who has accepted the portfolio of war in President Cleveland's Cabinet. It is a curious turn of affairs that has placed a distinguished lawyer, with no military experience beyond that of captain of a militia company, at the head of the Army Department. It is not, however, necessary for the efficient discharge of his duties that he should have been identified with the army. There have been precedents in this and other countries for such appointments. There have been successful chiefs of the department of military affairs who never wore a uniform, and of the department of naval affairs who never were on shipboard except as passengers. Happily for us, we have no complications or hand which threaten to involve us in war, and the chief duties of the new Secretary will be to see that the affairs of the army are conducted economically, honestly, and with justice. We want no more of the disgraceful proceedings of drunken officers kept in their places in defiance of public decency, which characterized Mr. Hayes's administration; and it may be hoped from Mr. Endicott's high moral character that he will work a reform in that respect.

William Crowninshield Endicott is fifty-eight years of age, having been born in 1827 at Salem, Mass. He is said to be the oldest lineal descendant of John Endicott, the first Governor of Massachusetts under the charter from the Crown in 1629. He gets his middle name—Crowninshield—from his mother, who was a daughter of Jacob Crowninshield, Thomas Jefferson's Secretary of the Navy from 1805 to 1809. He was graduated from Harvard College in 1847, subsequently took a course in law, and was admitted to the Massachusetts Bar in 1850. He married his cousin, who was a daughter of George Peabody, and he has now one son and one daughter. A few years after his admission to the bar he formed a partnership with the late J. W. Perry, and continued with him until his appointment, by Governor Washburn, to a seat on the Supreme Bench in 1873. This position he held until 1882, when he resigned on account of his health.

His resignation was an act which indicates the high and honorable spirit that has characterized his whole career. His health became impaired by long service in the Massachusetts Supreme Court—an overworked body—and he went abroad on six months' leave of absence about three years ago. While in Europe he chafed under the feeling of limitation in his vacation, and also under his delicate sense of obligation toward his associates on the bench, who were in the meantime doing his work. Consequently, he early made up his mind to cut loose from all public duty as a prerequisite to complete rest, and forwarded his resignation from across the water. He thereupon began to recuperate rapidly, and in the course of a year or two re-

turned wholly restored in health, and with a disposition to resume an active career. Politically Mr. Endicott is of Whig antecedents, his affiliation with the Democratic party dating from the Bell-Everett campaign of 1860; but he has never been an active politician. Last fall, it may be recalled, he was the candidate of his party for Governor in the State, but did not himself appear in the canvass, and received a comparatively small vote. As a lawyer and a judge Mr. Endicott holds high rank, and his reputation is untarnished. He will bring to the Cabinet sound judicial knowledge and acute sagacity.

WILLIAM C. WHITNEY,
Secretary of the Navy.

The head of the Naval Department is also a lawyer. He is one of the leaders and originators of the County Democracy of New York, established to counteract the influence of Tammany Hall, and was a zealous supporter of Mr. Cleveland's nomination.

William Collins Whitney was born at Conway, Mass., in 1839. His father, General James S. Whitney, who died in 1878, was a prominent railroad man and a well-known Democrat, having served as Superintendent of the Government Arsenal at Springfield, Mass., under the administration of President Pierce, and as Collector of Customs at Boston under President Buchanan. After going through the Williston Seminary at East Hampton William C. Whitney entered Yale College, where he was graduated with honor in 1863. Among his college classmates was Professor William G. Sumner, the well-known free-trade writer. Mr. Whitney was also graduated at the Harvard Law School, after which he came to New York and entered the law office of Abraham R. Lawrence, now one of the judges of the Supreme Court.

Mr. Whitney made his entrance into political life with Abraham R. Lawrence, during the campaign against the Tweed Ring in 1870 and 1871. In the latter year he was associated with Governor Tilden, Mayor Wickham, and others in the campaign when the Apollo Hall organization, of which Mayor Wickham was the head, aided in the overthrow of the Tweed Ring. In 1872 Mr. Whitney ran for District Attorney on the Apollo Hall ticket, and was defeated. He afterward joined the Tammany Hall organization, but remained in close relations with Mr. Tilden. In 1875 he was appointed by Mayor Wickham Corporation Counsel, to succeed E. Delafield Smith, removed.

Mr. Whitney's most valuable work has been performed in the defence of the city of New York against rings and corporations which preyed on the city treasury. When he became the official adviser of the mayor he was placed as a barrier between the Public Treasury and the establishment of claims aggregating millions of dollars growing out of the ring frauds. There were already over thirty-eight hundred suits pending against the city, involving \$15,000,000 to \$20,000,000, and new ones were beginning every day by the score. He held this office until December, 1882, having twice been reappointed, when he resigned the position, in which he was entitled to continue for two years more. During his term of seven years he not only saved large sums of money, but instituted a system for the protection of the city's legal rights which it is estimated that his saving to the city directly amounted to \$2,000,000, and indirectly to much more. Mr. Whitney will find in the Navy Department abundant opportunity for the exercise of the talents which have made him famous in New York.

LUCIUS Q. C. LAMAR,
Secretary of the Interior.

This selection on the part of President Cleveland is significant of the advance made in the work of reconciliation of the sections. Mr. Lamar was a prominent leader in the secession movement, and served under the Southern flag

in the war as colonel. He achieved military distinction at the battle of James Island, or Secessionville, near Charleston, S. C., June 16th, 1862. According to the Charleston *Mercury*, he directed the opening fire of the Confederate batteries in defence of the works, and "to his cool courage and energy in the early part of the action is due the preservation of the position. His brave example and personal efforts greatly inspired his command." He was finally wounded by a rifle bullet and carried from the field. In 1863 Jefferson Davis sent him on a diplomatic mission to Russia, which failed to accomplish anything in behalf of the Confederacy. Mr. Lamar has never attempted to ingratiate himself with the North by concealing or denying his sympathies or pretending that he has changed his mind. Nevertheless he frankly accepted the results of the war, and his speeches have been since that loyal and frankly patriotic.

Lucius Quintus Curtius Lamar was born in Putnam County, Ga., in September, 1825. He was graduated from Emory College when twenty years old, and after studying law was admitted to the bar in 1847. Two years later he removed to Oxford, Miss., and was there elected Assistant Professor of Mathematics in the State University. He resigned the next year and went to Covington, Ga., to resume the practice of law. In 1853 he was elected to the Georgia Legislature. After serving one term he moved back to Mississippi again and settled on a plantation in Lafayette County. He was elected to the Thirty-fifth and again to the Thirty-sixth Congresses, but resigned his seat in 1860 to participate in the Secession Convention in his State. He joined the Confederate Army as Lieutenant-Colonel of the Nineteenth Mississippi Regiment in 1861, and soon became its colonel.

After the war Colonel Lamar was elected Professor of Political Economy and Social Science in the Mississippi University, and in 1867 he was transferred to the Law Professorship in the same institution. He was elected to the Forty-third Congress, but attracted little public notice until he delivered an eloquent eulogy of Charles Sumner in the House of Representatives, March 14th, 1874. That address made Congressman Lamar somewhat conspicuous among his associates for a time. In 1877 he took his seat in the United States Senate.

WILLIAM F. VILAS,
Postmaster General.

THE representative of the West in the Cabinet is the Postmaster-General, who will sit at the same board with Mr. Lamar, who, had he met him twenty-three years ago on the battle-field, he would not have treated as a colleague.

William Freeman Vilas is the youngest member of the Cabinet; he is only forty-five years of age. He was born in Chelsea, Orange County, Vt., July 9th, 1840. His father, Judge Levi B. Vilas, took pride in showing to friends a genealogical tree which took root in the heraldic records of the time of Henry III. in England. The family name was originally *Villiers*, but the corruptions of pronunciation and spelling through the successive ages brought it down to Vilas. The subject of this sketch went to Wisconsin with his parents in 1851. His father settled in Madison, and soon established a lucrative law practice. He built a stately stone mansion, which is still one of the most imposing residences in Madison. Judge Vilas became Mayor of the city, and subsequently was Speaker of the Assembly. William F. Vilas was educated in the Wisconsin State University, from which institution he was graduated at the age of eighteen years. He studied law in the Albany Law School, and in 1860 was admitted to practice in the Supreme Courts of New York and Wisconsin. He opened a law office in Madison, and had just got well started in his profession when the war broke out.

Young Vilas organized a company of volunteers in 1862, and was elected captain of it. The

company went to the front as part of the Twenty-third Regiment of Wisconsin Volunteers. It took part in several engagements, and Captain Vilas's conduct was such that he was promoted in quick succession to the ranks of major and lieutenant-colonel, respectively. Owing to the illness of the colonel he was in command of his regiment for about three months while in the field. At the close of the war he returned to Madison and resumed his profession, in which he has been very successful. He married, in 1866, Miss Anna M. Fox, of Oregon, Wis. Colonel and Mrs. Vilas have three children.

AUGUSTUS H. GARLAND,
Attorney General.

ANOTHER prominent leader of the Confederate States, who now takes his seat in the Cabinet of the President, is Mr. Garland, of Arkansas. He was born at Covington, Tenn., in June, 1832. When he was only one year old his parents, who were natives of North Carolina, removed to Arkansas and settled on the rich bottom lands of the Red River Valley. They gave their son a thorough education, and fitted him for the bar. He first practised law in Washington, Ark., but three years later he removed to Little Rock. A Whig in politics, he was made a Presidential Elector on the Bell and Everett ticket in 1860. When all probability of a peaceful settlement of national difficulties seemed hopeless Mr. Garland sided with the people of his adopted State, and was elected to the Provincial Congress which met at Montgomery, Ala., in 1861, and framed the Constitution of the Confederate States. He also served in both Houses of the Confederate Congress.

After the war Mr. Garland resumed the practice of his profession in Little Rock. Desiring to practice in the United States Supreme Court he found himself much hampered by the iron-clad test oath, which was designed to exclude from public office and from practice in all the United States courts all men who had taken a voluntary part in the rebellion. In 1865 Mr. Garland, who had been admitted to the privileges of the Supreme Court in 1860, petitioned to practice there again without taking the iron-clad oath. The printed argument which he submitted on his own behalf attracted wide attention among lawyers, and marked its author as a man of unquestioned ability. A majority of the court sustained his views upon three of the four points raised. Four judges dissented.

While this test case was pending Mr. Garland was elected to the United States Senate for the term beginning March 4th, 1867, but he was not permitted to take his seat. He continued the practice of law until 1874, when he was elected Governor. After serving two years he was again elected United States Senator, and this time he took his seat in March, 1877. He was re-elected in 1883 for the term to expire in March, 1889. Seven years ago Senator Garland lost his wife, and his mother lives with him to care for his four children. Senator Garland is

A TOTAL ABSTAINER.

A correspondent of the New York *Sun* thus relates the circumstances under which he abandoned the use of intoxicating liquors: "He was asked one day how it happened that he, coming as he did from a part of the country where liquor was believed to be used as commonly as coffee, was a teetotaler. 'Well, it was this way: I used to drink as regularly and as frequently as any one, but one day some years ago I was walking through our cemetery at Little Rock, and I saw the grave of one very bright man who would have been my age, and then I saw another, and another, until I suddenly realized that almost all the young men with whom I began life had gone, and I almost alone was left, and I knew what had carried them away. Well, as I had been spared, it occurred to me that I had certainly had my share of alcohol, so I made up my mind that I wouldn't drink anybody else's share; that wouldn't be fair. So I just stopped right then and there.'"

THE BOY HOME.

Dr. Talmage's Sermon, Preached last Sunday Morning, March 22, 1885.

"Bring hither the fatted calf, and kill it."—LUKE 15: 23.

Festivity in the Old Homestead—The Favorite Son Returned—Joy at his Coming—The Joy Typified—When the Soul Comes Home—I. The New Convert's Joy—A Morning Visit from a Joyful Man—An Enriched Car-Driver—Paul's Testimony—The Song after the Battle of Shiloh—The Charmed Circle—The Closing Hours of Queen Anne—II. The Father's Joy—An Eastern Despot's Cruel Order—A Demented Father at the Depot—III. The Joy of Ministers: Why they Live Longer than Other Men—IV. The Joy of Christians—The Life-Boat Coming In from the Wreck—Brief Prayers Answered—A London Prisoner's Escape—A Great Communion Day—V. Joy in Heaven—Our Father's Table.

In all ages of the world it has been customary to celebrate joyful events by festivity—the signing of treaties, the proclamation of peace, the Christmas, the marriage. However much on other days of the year our table may have stinted supply, on Thanksgiving Day there must be something bounteous. And all the comfortable homes of Christendom have at some time celebrated joyful events by banquet and festivity.

Something has happened in the old homestead greater than anything that has ever happened before. A favorite son whom the world supposed would become a vagabond and outlaw forever has got tired of sight-seeing and has returned to

HIS FATHER'S HOUSE.

The world said he never would come back. The old man always said his son would come. He had been looking for him day after day and year after year. He knew he would come back. Now, having returned to his father's house, the father proclaims celebration.

There is a calf in the paddock that has been kept up and fed to utmost capacity so as to be ready for some occasion of joy that might come along. Ah! there never will be a grander day on the old homestead than this day. Let the butchers do their work, and the housekeepers bring in to the table the smoking meat. The musicians will take their places, and the gay groups will move up and down the floor. All the friends and neighbors are gathered in, and extra supply is sent out to the table of the servants. The father presides at the table, and says grace, and thanks God that his long-absent boy is home again. Oh! how they missed him;

HOW GLAD THEY ARE

to have him back. One brother indeed stands pouting at the back door and says, "This is a great ado about nothing; this bad boy should have been chastened instead of greeted; 'veal is too good for him!'" But the father says, "Nothing is too good, nothing is good enough." There sits the young man, glad at the hearty reception, but a shadow of sorrow flitting across his brow at the remembrance of the trouble he had seen. All ready now. Let the covers lift! Music. He was dead and he is alive again! He was lost and he is found! By such bold imagery does the Bible set forth the merry-making when a soul comes home to God.

I. First of all there is

THE NEW CONVERT'S JOY.

It is no tame thing to become a Christian. The most tremendous moment in a man's life is when he surrenders himself to God. The grandest time on the father's homestead is when the boy comes back. Among the great throng who in the parlors of this church professed Christ one night was a young man who next morning rang my door-bell and said: "Sir, I cannot contain myself with the joy I feel; I came here this morning to express it. I have found more joy in five minutes in serving God than in all the years of my prodigality, and I came to say so."

You have seen, perhaps, a man running for his physical liberty and the officers of the law after

him, and you saw him escape, or afterward you heard the judge had pardoned him, and how great was the glee of that rescued man; but it is a very tame thing that, compared with the running for one's everlasting life—the terrors of the law after him, or Christ coming in to pardon and bless and rescue and save. You remember John Bunyan in his great story tells how the Pilgrim put his fingers in his ears, and ran, crying, "Life, life, eternal life!" A poor car-driver in this city some months ago, after years having had to struggle to support his family, suddenly was informed that a large inheritance was his, and there was joy amounting to bewilderment; but that is a small thing compared with the experience of one when he has put in his hands the title-deed to the joys, the raptures, the splendors of Heaven, and he can truly say, "Its mansions are mine, its temples are mine, its songs are mine, its God is mine!"

Oh, it is no tame thing to become a Christian. It is a merry-making. It is the killing of the fatted calf. It is jubilee. You know the Bible never compares it to a funeral, but always compares it to something bright. It is more apt to be

COMPARED TO A BANQUET

than anything else. It is compared in the Bible to the water, bright, flashing water; to the morning, roscate, fireworked, mountain-transfigured morning. I wish I could to-day take all the Bible expressions about pardon and peace and life and comfort and hope and Heaven and twist them into one garland, and put it on the brow of the humblest child of God in this assemblage, and cry: "Wear it, wear it now, wear it forever, son of God, daughter of the Lord God Almighty. Oh, the joy of the new convert! Oh, the gladness of the Christian service!"

You have seen sometimes a man in a religious assembly get up and give his experience. Well, Paul gave his experience. He arose in the presence of two churches, the church on earth and the Church in Heaven, and he said: "Now this is my experience: 'sorrowful, yet always rejoicing—poor, yet making many rich—having nothing, yet possessing all things.'" If the people in this house this morning knew the joys of the Christian religion, they would all pass over into the kingdom of God the next moment. When *Daniel Sandeman* was dying of cholera his attendant said: "Have you much pain?" "Oh," he replied, "since I found the Lord I have never had any pain except sin." Then they said to him: "Would you like to send a message to your friends?" "Yes, I would; tell them that only last night the love of Jesus came rushing into my soul like the surges of the sea, and I had to cry out, 'Stop, Lord, it is enough; stop, Lord, enough!'" Oh, the joys of this Christian religion!

Just pass over from those tame joys in which you are indulging—joys of this world—into the raptures of the Gospel. The world cannot satisfy you; you have found that out—Alexander longing for other worlds to conquer, and yet drowned in his own bottle; Byron whipped by disquietudes around the world; Voltaire cursing his own soul while all the streets of Paris were applauding him; Henry VIII. consuming with hatred against poor Thomas à Becket—all illustrations of the fact that this world cannot make a man happy. The very man who poisoned the pommel of the saddle on which Queen Elizabeth rode, shouted in the street, "God save the Queen!" One moment the world applauds and the next moment the world anathematizes. Oh, come over into this greater joy, this sublime solace, this magnificent beatitude. The night after

THE BATTLE OF SHILOH,

and there were thousands of wounded on the field, and the ambulances had not come, one Christian soldier lying there a-dying under the starlight began to sing:

"There is a land of pure delight,"

And when he came to the next line there were scores of voices uniting:

"Where saints immortal reign."

The song was caught up all through the fields among the wounded, until it was said there were at least ten thousand wounded men reuniting their voices as they came to the verse:

"There everlasting spring abides,
And never-withering flowers;
Death like a narrow stream divides
That Heavenly land from ours."

Oh, it is a great religion to live by, and it is a great religion to die by. There is only one heart-throb between you and that religion this morning. Just look into the face of your pardoning God, and surrender yourself for time and for eternity, and He is yours, and Heaven is yours, and all is yours. Some of you, like the young man of the text, have gone far astray. I know not the history, but you know it, you know it.

THE CHARMED CIRCLE.

When a young man went forth into life, the legend says, his guardian angel went forth with him, and getting him into a field the guardian angel swept a circle clear around where the young man stood. It was a circle of virtue and honor, and he must not step beyond that circle. Armed foes came down, but were obliged to halt at the circle—they could not pass. But one day a temptress with diamonded hand stretched forth and crossed that circle with the hand, and the tempted soul took it, and by that one fell grip was brought beyond the circle and died. Some of you have stepped beyond that circle. Would you not like this day by the grace of God to step back? This, I say to you, is your hour of salvation. There was in

THE CLOSING HOURS OF QUEEN ANNE

what is called the clock scene. Flat down on the pillow in helpless sickness, she could not move her head or move her hand. She was waiving for the hour when the ministers of state should gather in angry contest, and, worried and worn out by the coming hour, and in momentary absence of the nurse, in the power, the strange power which delirium sometimes gives one, she arose and stood in front of the clock, and stood there watching the clock when the nurse returned. The nurse said, "Do you see anything peculiar about that clock?" She made no answer, but soon died. There is a clock scene in every history. If some of you I would rise from the bed of lethargy and come out from your delirium of sin and look on the clock of your destiny this morning, you would see and hear something you have not seen or heard before, and every tick of the minute, and every stroke of the hour, and every swing of the pendulum would say: "Now, now, now, now!" Oh, come home to your Father's house. Come home, oh, prodigal, from the wilderness. Come home, come home!

II. But I notice that when the prodigal came there was

THE FATHER'S JOY.

He did not greet him with any formal "How do you do?" He did not come out and say, "You are unfit to enter; go out and wash in the trough by the well, and then you can come in; we have had enough trouble with you." Ah! no. When the proprietor of that estate proclaimed festival, it was an outburst of a father's love and a father's joy. God is your Father. I have not much sympathy with that description of God I sometimes hear, as though He were a Turkish Sultan, hard and unsympathetic, and listening not to the cry of His subjects. A man told me he saw in one of the Eastern lands a king riding along, and two men were in altercation, and one charged the other with having eaten his rice; and the king said, "Then slay the man, and by post-mortem examination find whether he has eaten the rice." And he was slain. Ah! the cruelty of a scene like that. Our God is not a Sultan, not a Czar, not a despot, but a Father—kind, loving, forgiving, and He makes all Heaven ring again when a prodigal comes back. "I have no pleasure," He says, "in the death of him that dieth."

ALL MAY BE SAVED.

If a man does not get to Heaven it is because he will not go there. No difference the color, no difference the history, no difference the antecedents, no difference the surroundings, no difference the sin. When the white horses of Christ's victory are brought out to celebrate the eternal triumph you may ride one of them, and as God is greater than all, His joy is greater, and when a soul comes back there is in His heart the surging of an infinite ocean of gladness, and to express that gladness it takes all the rivers of pleasure, and all the thrones of pomp, and all the ages of eternity. It is a joy deeper than all depth, and higher than all height, and wider than all width, and vaster than all immensity. It overtops, it undergirds, it outweighs all the unfitted splendor and joy of the universe. Who can tell what God's joy is?

You remember reading the story of a king, who on some great day of festivity scattered silver and gold among the people, who sent valuable presents to his courtiers; but methinks when a soul comes back, God is so glad that to express His joy He flings out new worlds into space, and kindles up new suns, and rolls among the white-robed anthems of the redeemed a greater hallelujah, while with a voice that reverberates among the mountains of frankincense and is echoed back from the everlasting gates, He cries: "This, my son, was dead, and he is alive again!"

At the opening of the Exposition in New Orleans, I saw a *Mexican flutist*, and he played the solo, and then afterward the eight or ten bands of music, accompanied by the great organ, came in; but the sound of that one flute as compared with all the orchestra was greater than all the combined joy of the universe when compared with the resounding heart of Almighty God.

For ten years a father went three times a day to the depot. His son went off in aggravating circumstances, but the father said, "He will come back." The strain was too much, and his mind parted, and three times a day the father went. In the early morning, he watched the train, its arrival, the stepping out of the passengers, and then the departure of the train. At noon he was there again watching the advance of the train, watching the departure. At night, there again; watching the coming, watching the going for ten years. He was so sure his son would come back. God has been watching and waiting for some of you, my brothers, ten years, twenty years, thirty years, forty years, perhaps fifty years—waiting, watching, watching; and if this morning the prodigal should come home what a scene of gladness and festivity, and how the great Father's heart would rejoice at your coming home. You will come, some of you, will you not? You will, you will!

III. I notice also that when a prodigal comes home there is joy.

JOY OF THE MINISTERS

Oh, it is a grand thing to preach this gospel. I know there has been a great deal said about the trials and the hardships of the Christian ministry. I wish somebody would write a good, rousing book about the joys of the Christian ministry. Since I entered the profession I have seen more of the goodness of God than I will be able to celebrate in all eternity. I know some boast about their equilibrium, and they do not rise into enthusiasm, and they do not break down with emotion; but I confess to you plainly that when I see a man coming to God and giving up his sin I feel in body, mind, and soul a transport. When I see a man who is bound hand and foot in evil habit emancipated, I rejoice over it as though it were my own emancipation. When in our last communion service such throngs of young and old stood at these altars, and in the presence of Heaven and earth and hell attested their allegiance to Jesus Christ, I felt a joy something akin to that which the apostle describes when he says: "Whether in the body I cannot tell, or out of the body I cannot tell; God knoweth."

Oh, have not ministers a right to rejoice when a prodigal comes home? They blew the trumpet, and ought they not to be glad of the gathering of the host? They pointed to the full supply, and ought they not to rejoice when souls pant as the hart for the water-brooks? They came forth saying, "All things are now ready" ought they not to rejoice when the prodigal sits down at the banquet?

Life-insurance men will all tell you that ministers of religion as a class live longer than any other. It is confirmed by the statistics of all those who calculate upon human longevity. Why is it? There is more draft upon the nervous system than in any other profession, and their toil is most exhausting. I have seen ministers kept on miserable stipends by parsimonious congregations who wondered at the dulness of the sermons, when the men of God were perplexed almost to death by questions of liveliness, and had not enough nutritious food to keep any fire in their temperament. No fuel, no fire. I have sometimes seen the inside of the life of many of the American clergymen—never accepting their hospitality, because they cannot afford it; but I have seen them struggle on with salaries of five and six hundred dollars a year—the average less than that—their struggle well depicted by the Western missionary who says in a letter: "Thank you for your last remittance; until it came we had not any meat in our house for one year, and all last winter, although it was a severe winter, our children wore their summer clothes." And these men of God I find in different parts of the land, struggling against annoyances and exasperations innumerable; some of them week after week entertaining agents who have maps to sell, and submitting themselves to all styles of annoyance, and yet without complaint, and cheerful of soul. How do you account for the fact that these life-insurance men tell us that ministers as a class live longer than any others? It is because of the joy of their work, the joy of the harvest field, the joy of greeting prodigals home to their Father's house.

Oh, we are in sympathy with all innocent hilarities. We can enjoy a hearty song, and we can be merry with the merriest; but those of us who have toiled in the service are ready to testify that all these joys are tame compared with the satisfaction of seeing men enter the kingdom of God. The great eras of every minister are the outpourings of the Holy Ghost, and I thank God I have seen sixteen of them. Thank God, thank God!

IV. I notice also when the prodigal comes back, all earnest

CHRISTIANS REJOICE.

If you stood on Montauk Point and there was a hurricane at sea, and it was blowing toward the shore, and a vessel crashed into the rocks and you saw people get ashore in the life-boats and the very last man got on the rocks in safety, you could not control your joy. And it is a glad time when the Church of God sees men who are tossed on the ocean of their sins plant their feet on the rock Christ Jesus.

Oh, when prodigals come home just hear those Christians sing. It is not a dull tune you have heard in human congregations. Just hear those Christians pray. It is not a stereotyped supplication we have heard over and over again for twenty years, but a putting of the case in the hands of God with an importunate pleading.

NO LONG PRAYERS.

Men never pray at great length unless they have nothing to say and their hearts are hard and cold. All the prayers in the Bible that were answered were short prayers: "God be merciful to me a sinner." "Lord, that I may receive my sight." "Lord, save me or I perish." The longest prayer, Solomon's prayer at the dedication of the temple, less than eight minutes in length, according to the ordinary rate of enunciation.

And just hear them pray now that the prodigals are coming home. Just see them shake hands. No putting forth of the four tips of the

fingers in a formal way, but a hearty grasp, where the muscles of the heart seem to clench the fingers of one hand around the other hand. And then see those Christian faces how illumined they are. And see that old man get up and with the same voice that he sang fifty years ago in the old country meeting-house, say, "Now, Lord, lettest Thou thy servant depart in peace, for mine eyes have seen Thy salvation." There was

A MAN OF KEITH

who was hurried into prison in time of persecution, and one day he got off his shackles and he came and stood by the prison door, and when the jailer was opening the door, with one stroke he struck down the man who had incarcerated him. Passing along the streets of London, he wondered where his family was. He did not dare to ask lest he excite suspicion, but, passing along a little way from the prison, he saw a *Keith tankard*, a cup that belonged to the family from generation to generation—he saw it in a window. His family, hoping that some day he would get clear, came and lived as near as they could to the prison house, and they set that Keith tankard in the window, hoping he would see it; and he came along and saw it, and knocked at the door, and went in, and the long-absent family were all together again. Oh, if you would start for the kingdom of God to-night, I think some of you would find nearly all your friends and nearly all your families around the holy tankard of the holy communion—fathers, mothers, brothers, sisters around that sacred tankard which commemorates the love of Jesus Christ our Lord. Oh, it will be a *great communion day* when your whole family sits around the sacred tankard. One on earth, one in heaven.

V. Once more I remark, that when the prodigal gets back the

INHABITANTS OF HEAVEN KEEP FESTIVAL.

I am very certain of it. If you have never seen a telegraphic chart, you have no idea how many cities are connected together and how many lands. Nearly all the neighborhoods of the earth seem articulate, and news flies from city to city, and from continent to continent. But more rapidly go the tidings from earth to Heaven, and when a prodigal returns it is announced before the throne of God. And if these souls this morning should enter the kingdom there would be some one in the heavenly kingdom to say: "That's my father," "That's my mother," "That's my father," "That's my mother," "That's my son," "That's my daughter," "That's my friend," "That's the one I used to pray for," "That's the one for whom I wept so many tears," and one soul would say, "Hosanna!" and another soul would say, "Hallelujah!"

"Pleased with the news the saints below

In songs their tongues employ:
Beyond the skies the tidings go,
And Heaven is filled with joy.

Nor angels can their joy contain,
But kindle with new fire;
The sinner lost is found, they sing,
And strike the sounding lyre."

At the banquet of Lucullus sat Cicero the orator, at the Macedonian festal sat Philip the conqueror, at the Grecian banquet sat Socrates the philosopher; but at

OUR FATHER'S TABLE

sit all the returned prodigals, more than conquerors. The table is so wide its leaves reach across seas and across lands. Its guests are the redeemed of earth and the glorified of Heaven. The ring of God's forgiveness on every hand, the robe of a Saviour's righteousness adrop from every shoulder. The wine that glows in the cups is from the bowls of ten thousand sacraments. Let all the redeemed of earth and all the glorified of Heaven rise, and with gleaming chalice drink to the return, of a thousand prodigals. Sing! sing! sing! "Worthy is the Lamb that was slain to receive blessing and riches and honor and glory and power, world without end!"

WITH THE MOHAMMEDAN ANTI-CHRIST.

The Story of his Escaped Captives.

THE great Napoleon Antichrist of the last days, whom Christ will "consume with the spirit of His mouth and destroy with the brightness of His coming" (1 Thess. 2: 8), will be, as we learn by predictions scattered through the Word of God, a curious combination of

A DESPOT AND A COMMUNIST.

How principles so antagonistic can exist at the same time in the same person it is difficult to understand; but the Mahdi appears to be a practical illustration of the possibility of the combination. His sudden rise, his surprising success in inspiring the enthusiasm of the Soudanese, and his declared object of attaining world-wide dominion, also render him a type of the great Antichrist who will arise. He is one of the false Christs whose appearance the Saviour taught us to expect before His own advent and to recognize as one of the signs heralding its near approach (Matt. 24: 24).

A clearer idea than any we have had before of what the Mahdi is, how he governs, what he aims at, and how he, sincerely or hypocritically, uses the superstitious reverence of his followers to further his own ends, is given by the narrative of four men—three Greeks and a Copt—who saw much of him while they were held as his prisoners, but have now escaped. They related their experience to a newspaper correspondent at Massowah, who has given it publication. The escaped prisoners had been established for years as

MERCHANTS IN THE SOUDAN,

where they were doing a prosperous business, and when the recent troubles broke out they were residing at Ghedarif, and fell with that city into the hands of the Mahdi's followers, who sent them to his camp, together with other Christians captured on the same occasion. There they were forced to become Mussulmans, and detained for some months as unwilling guests, until at last they succeeded in making their escape and reaching the frontiers of Abyssinia, where they were furnished by the people of King John with the means of reaching the coast. During the first days of

THE REIGN OF TERROR

which followed the capture of Ghedarif, when the town was given over to sack and slaughter, they succeeded in hiding themselves away in an underground grain store. When thirst and hunger at last drove them out of their place of refuge to throw themselves on the mercy of the conqueror, their lives were spared on condition that they pronounced the Mussulman confession of faith, "There is no God but God, and Mahomet is his Prophet," and surrendered all their property and goods and chattels to the Beit-ul-Mal, or Public Treasure House. In the presence of the Mahdi's Ameer they were then stripped of their semi-European clothing, receiving in exchange a long strip of white linen stitched with green and red—the Mahdi's colors—to wind round their loins and throw over their shoulders, a pair of leather sandals for their feet, and a gray felt cap, round which was wound a bit of green and red rag, to replace the fez.

When thus arrayed in the orthodox costume prescribed by the Prophet of the Soudan they were made to recite the confession of faith, and kiss the Ameer's hands. Each of them then received from him two spears, with which they were told to strike the ground three times while uttering the sacramental war cry of the Mahdi's followers, "*Kh zebil Allah*" ("For the cause of God"). They were then dismissed to their houses, or to what remained of them, after the wholesale work of plunder and destruction which had followed the capture of the place, there to await the Ameer's further pleasure.

Their existence was, however, still by no means free from anxieties and annoyances. *Five times a day they were compelled to go forth to the Mosque and join in the public prayers, where they tried to follow and imitate exactly*

the complicated attitudes and prostrations of their fellow-worshippers. Their attention was stimulated by hard blows administered promptly when they inadvertently blundered. At home at no moment of the day or night were they free from the intrusion of the Mahdi's followers, who dropped in to observe with a jealously vigilant eye whether the neophytes ate and drank and dressed and slept as became good Mussulmans. After a few weeks of this irksome bondage they were told to proceed with the Ameer to the Mahdi's camp, which they joined a few days' march from Khartoum.

The Mahdi, who is always styled by his followers "*Saidna el Imamm*," which means

"PRINCE OF THE FAITH,"

appears to have received them with consideration. A tent was assigned to them, and an allowance was made to them of fifteen dollars a month per head from the general treasury. Moreover, the Mahdi's personal influence was always exercised to protect them against the ill-will of his over-zealous followers, many of whom were, as is usual in such cases, "more royalist than the royal person himself." Some of the leading lights in the Mahdi's camp, for instance, were much scandalized by the fact that these converts to Islam had not been duly circumcised, but the Mahdi promptly silenced the grumblers by receiving an opportune revelation that circumcision was not compulsory on adult converts. He occasionally favored them with his conversation, and used to make numerous inquiries about Constantinople, which after Cairo and Mecca, seems to be the goal of his ambition, though, as he places it on the confines of Hindostan, his geographical notions are evidently vague.

The Mahdi has followed the precedent of Mohammed and set himself above the general law which limits the number of a Mussulman's legitimate wives to four, but in all other respects he lives as simply and unostentatiously as the rank and file of his followers, and strictly observes the stringent discipline to which he has subjected their mode and manner of life. The use of tobacco, snuff, and intoxicating drinks is absolutely forbidden. Even sugar, spices, and sweet sherberts are looked upon as savoring of ungodliness. Sumptuary laws have been enacted prescribing the material, color, cut, and shape of every garment which a true believer may wear, and the possession even of any article of raiment of Egyptian or European origin or fashion is punished with a given number of strokes of the *koorbash*.

Altogether the *régime* inaugurated by the Mahdi seems to favor strongly of state socialism, with a dash of

COMMUNISM.

His paternal influence asserts itself in every detail of domestic and social life, and if the restrictions he imposes are sometimes irksome, he has provided ample compensation for the multitude in the unlimited prospect of plunder in this world and felicity in the next which he promises to his followers. All rents, all taxes, even the Koranic tithes, are abolished. *The nationalization of land* has been consummated in the most thorough-going fashion. Every vestige of the former bureaucracy down to the humble Sheikh-Beled, or village elder, has been swept away, and in its place has been substituted the sole authority of the Mahdi's Ameer or lieutenants, who wield *despotic power* in each district. The one great institution is the Beit-ul-Mal, or

PUBLIC TREASURE-HOUSE,

revived from the earliest Mohammedan traditions, into which are swept the plunder taken from the enemy, the property confiscated from Christians and other suspects, the voluntary offerings of devoted followers, and the forced contributions levied upon those whose zeal is more backward.

The last-named source of revenue is chiefly derived from the merchants, who, even though they be Mussulmans, appear to be under the Mahdi's special ban. By these means the Beit-ul-Mal is always kept sufficiently replenished to

provide for the requirements of the Mahdi's followers, and during the whole time the four prisoners were in the rebel camp around Omdurman there was never any lack either of provisions or of money.

The enthusiasm of the Dervishes appeared to be wrought up to the highest pitch by the Prophet's

FERVENT PREACHINGS,

and to be in no way abated by the repeated checks they experienced before Omdurman. To account, however, for the stubborn resistance which General Gordon successfully opposed to the Prince of the Faith, he was fain to explain that Gordon was no ordinary unbeliever, but *the Antichrist himself*, spoken of in the prophetic passages of the Koran, whom the Mahdi is *destined to overthrow before the establishment of the Islamic millennium*.

CRUEL CHEAPNESS.

By Archibald G. Brown.

[In the great cities of the United States we have entered upon a course of pauperization, the consequences of which we have not yet realized. Few citizens are aware how low are the wages paid to women who toil with their needle for their daily bread. A few inquiries will prove that here where the cost of living is double that of living in Europe, the wages paid to needlewomen is almost as low. The evil is a serious one. A few years more and we shall find out that it is too late to remedy it. Perhaps the following appeal from the eminent Baptist minister of London may arouse Christians here to an effort to check the evil before it reaches the desperate stage it has reached in England.—Ed.]

"CHEAP!" "Very cheap!" "Remarkably cheap!" "Astonishingly cheap!" Who has not read or heard these words times without number? To many there must be music in this one-syllable word, for it flows so glibly, so gladly from the lip. To say that anything is "cheap" is counted the highest commendation that can be uttered. The article at once becomes invested with a charming attractiveness; peculiar pleasure is experienced in its purchase, and yet greater pleasure in telling of the skillful bargain. The "cheap" house is praised to the skies, and patronized from far and near. "Cheap!" It is the peroration of many a laudation. The garment is not only "well cut, well made, and well finished, but is *so* cheap." This is a climax. It were folly to try and add another word. What more can any one want?

This style of doing business is contagious, and when a few have caught the infection, it becomes *compulsory* with the many. One cannot afford to let the other out-bid him.

A WAR OF PRICES

is carried on. Every lowering of figure in one house is answered by a similar reduction in the other. Competition becomes keener, and the houses do what is called a "cutting" trade—in other words, "cutting their own and their neighbors' throats at the same time."

Many who read these lines will doubtless reply, "True; but the public reaps the benefit by everything being cheap." Who is this "public," so distinct from every trade and class you can mention, which profits by others' losses? *There is no such body.* We are all so linked in social life that no one class can isolate itself, and look upon the rest as making up the public. The social body is not one member, but many. It takes *all* to make the public. In the body politic no one member can say, "I have no need of thee." Indeed, those members of the body which seem to be more feeble are most necessary.

The "public" can never gain by others' losses, whatever individual schemers may do. I confess to a growing hatred to the word "cheap." So far from being an angel of mercy, it often appears to my eyes as a blood-stained tyrant. Let those who find comfort in things being cheap make a little inquiry, and find out *how it is* that they are so. Their comfort will

soon depart, and their present solace become their sorrow.

A few lines back I spoke of the cutting trade, and the ever lowering prices ticketed upon the goods. Does my reader know what that means? Has he ever looked into the well set-out window, read the bold figures, and thought what a mercy things are so cheap? I tell him that, if he knew all, he would turn with shuddering from figures that ought to be written with blood—and in heaven's sight are. He only sees the victory of cheapness; he does not behold the battle-field that has won it.

Each fierce charge in the war of competition which has succeeded in forcing back the prices, has only won by forcing down the wages of the workers, who make a large portion of the public supposed to be benefited by the reduction. The pressure of that forcing down is passed on from class to class. The poor bid against the poorer, and the hungry against the starving. The complacent purchaser says, "It is cheap." The frenzied woman, with her tattered children, cries, "IT IS DEATH."

I write that I do know, and see, and hear.

I charge also the word "cheap" with being a lie. If the money paid were *all* the article cost, perhaps the purchaser might congratulate himself on having obtained it cheaply. But when boasting of his bargain, let him remember that others have paid a price which must be added to his money. The real price of the article is what he gave for it, *plus* what others suffered for it. Ticket it rightly, and it will stand—"So much money and so much misery. So much cash and so much life-blood. So many shillings and so many sighs. So many pence and so much prostitution!"

Start not in anger! It is simply true. I am only telling a fact. It is no alliterative fancy.

RUINED GIRLHOOD

must be reckoned in the price. The child's suit, with its careful braiding, does not look so cheap when you add this item. No, nor shirts and jackets, and baby hats, and lawn-tennis aprons, and children's frocks, and a host of other things beside. The true value of any article is what it costs, not what it fetches. How much "buying on the cheap" is responsible for fallen virtue, only God knows. The marvel to me is, not that there are so many seeking a livelihood upon the streets, but that so many, in spite of want and hardship, still hold with tenacious grip the innocence of childhood. Nothing is cheap that is bought at the cost of misery, weariness, hopelessness, and virtue.

Having thus written, I wish it distinctly to be understood, that I do not level any charge against manufacturers, nor insinuate that low wages are the result of heartless greed, and a desire for exorbitant profits. I deeply regret that some have, by their unguarded utterances, rather more than insinuated such an explanation of affairs. While such examples are doubtless to be found, I believe them to be exceedingly rare. *The fact is, that employers, as well as employed, are sufferers.* It is

A VICIOUS CIRCLE

in which both are working. Through the smallness of profits, the manufacturer has to do two or three times as much trade as he had a few years ago, in order to realize the same income. He naturally tries to do it; so do all the rest. The consequence is, enormous over-production. This reduces prices still further. Thus, cheapness demands quantity, and quantity produces greater cheapness. They act and react on one another. In the fierce fight of competition, without any deliberate intention, the weak are trodden down. This is grievous, and ought not to be, for it is a violation of Christ's law; but let us not impute motives or judge harshly. Thousands of employers are being carried along in a rush they have no power to stem.

SOMETHING MUST BE DONE—

done quickly, and on a large scale! What is that something? This is a question hard to answer. It is always far easier to see a difficulty than point a way out of it. Yet is there one

remedy I venture to suggest. It is one I have frequently advocated and hold by more strongly than ever: "Let teaching a trade be considered a necessary part of the national education of a lad." It was so with the Jewish nation. "To the Greeks and Romans all mechanical trade appeared mean, vulgar, contemptible, and was therefore left to slaves. The Jews, with a truer and nobler wisdom, enacted that every boy should learn a trade."

It is the mass of *unskilled* labor that fills our slums and constitutes a national danger and disgrace, and this will never be removed by mental training only. Last week a child of thirteen stood in the doorway of a house near by. It was filthy, dirty, ragged in garments, with toes looking through the rotten shoes. In answer to the question, "What are you doing at school?" the reply was, "Decimal fractions, please, sir." Poor little creature! It looked a decimal fraction itself. Would it not be striking at the very root of the evil if, with the decimal fractions, we taught the use of saw, chisel, and file, etc.?

I have little hope of anything being done with the fathers and mothers, but we may save their children from sinking into the slough after them. Trade education, combined with State-directed emigration, would, in my judgment, go far to eradicate the evil.

It is recorded of Christ that, in helping the helpless one, "He took him by the hand." There are thin, tired hands all around us. Let them feel our grasp.

ANECDOTES RELATED AT THE EVANGELISTIC MEETINGS IN SCOTLAND.

Christ Versus a Fortune.—At a Recent Meeting Mr. McFarlane said: "I was speaking to a man one night about his soul. After I had urged Christ upon him, he said: 'No, I will not accept Christ to-night; I will go home and think about it.' 'Go home and think about it!' I rejoined; 'how dare you treat Christ in so careless a way? If I were to offer you a fortune just now, would you tell me you would go home and think about it?' 'Oh, no,' he said, 'I would take it at once.' Oh friends, think of it! he would take a fortune rather than the Lord Jesus Christ! May God have mercy upon all who thus cheat themselves and dishonor Him!"

How an Injured Blood-Vessel was Healed.—A Christian worker narrated: "Some time ago I burst a blood-vessel, and I was at once taken to the Infirmary. I put myself entirely into the Lord's hands, telling Him that I was willing to die or to live, whichever was His blessed will. I had such confidence in the Lord that I kept calm and peaceful through all my illness. God revealed Himself so much to me that I had a blessed time of it. After I recovered, the doctors told me that if it had not been for my entire trust in God, I would not have recovered. And now, dear friends, I am here, a living witness, to thank the Lord for that illness, for it was supereminently blessed to my soul."

Snatched from Suicide.—Mr. Simpson Related: "In the month of March of last year a gentleman was standing at the edge of a pond, at two o'clock in the morning, ready to plunge into the water to put an end to his life. While he was about to take the fatal leap a thought struck him. 'When my dead body is found they will not know who I am, or to whom I belong; and putting his hand into his pocket he drew forth a piece of paper for the purpose of writing his name on it. It was a tract which some one had given him, and it being a beautiful moonlight night, he could easily read the words at the top of the tract, which were, 'Where shall I spend eternity?' He read the words aloud, and then turned from the pond. He has since given his heart to the Lord, and is rejoicing in the unspeakable riches of Jesus Christ."

End of Two Sailors' Pleasure.—The Rev. Mr. Evans told the following: "A young sailor with his ship came into Cardiff in the month of November, and when he landed he leaped about for very joy because he was going to spend his

Christmas there. Looking at that morning's paper, he exclaimed, 'Ah, mates, my brother's ship will be here in a few hours, and a rare and happy day we will have together.' The young man could scarcely contain himself; he walked about impatiently for his brother's arrival. Ah! he did not see what was just before them, or his joy would have turned into mourning. The ship at length arrived, and the brothers met and shook each other warmly by the hand, and went to seek their day's pleasure; but before twelve o'clock that night they were both committed to prison on a charge of murder. They had gone to a rum shop first, thinking that the greatest pleasure could be found there. A heated quarrel ensued, and this was the sad end of it." "The way of transgressors is hard."

A Very Common Mistake.—Mr. Jack Related this narrative of an incident in actual life: "I was speaking to a gentleman who has an extensive business to attend to, and he said to me, 'I can trust God for my eternal welfare without the least shadow of a doubt; and when I am among my machinery I have implicit confidence in Him for my life; but do what I will, I cannot trust Him with my temporal matters. I have tried again and again, and I find I cannot trust Him.' And that business man sometimes suffers the greatest agonies in consequence of his business, and yet he does not—he says he cannot—trust God. I think such a person is to be pitied. How many there are like him! And yet the Lord is willing to manage everything connected with our temporal affairs, in the business or the family, if only we will let Him."

A Converted Circus Performer.—An Evangelist tells us of "a young man who lived a quiet and peaceful life, and was brought up by godly parents. He went to a northern commercial city, and joined himself to a circus company. They were not in the habit of drinking to excess, but they sometimes met together to have a glass of beer and talk of the events of the evening. This young man said to me: 'I never got drunk but once, and on that occasion when I went home I dropped on my knees and repeated the prayer that my mother had taught me. I don't know what impelled me to pray, for I had not prayed for years; I had been trying to live without God. At any rate, this prayer awoke old memories, which caused me to think of the sinful life I was leading, and made me turn to the Saviour. Such is the power of a mother's prayer.' Very soon this young man is going as a missionary to a foreign land to preach the Gospel of Christ to others."

An Entry in a Young Lady's Diary.—A well-known Christian worker in the North related the following: "A young lady came into one of Mr. Moody's meetings, and went away very much troubled about her sins. When she went home she wandered about the house, taking pleasure in nothing, trying one thing after another to put to silence the thoughts that had been stirred within her. At length she thought, 'I must make up my mind to do something to get rest, for this is agony,' and taking her diary she said, 'I will write in here that I will give myself to the Lord in two years, for I cannot give up the pleasures of the world yet; I am young, and there is time enough.' But again, she thought, 'Two years is a long time; I might die before they expired, and then what would become of my soul? I would give myself to the Lord just now, but I must go to that ball next week.' Thus she argued with herself, and in her diary she wrote, 'I will give myself to the Lord next week.' Her mind was now at rest, and she went to the ball with a light heart, and was one of the gayest of the company; but she came home heated from it, and caught cold, and within a few days she was tossing about on her bed quite unconscious, and said, 'Mother, how long have I been ill?' 'Just a week to-day, Mary,' answered her mother. 'Just a week too late!' Mary exclaimed. 'O mother, I'm lost; and with these awful words upon her lips she died.'



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CURRENT EVENTS.

President Cleveland has Disappointed the hopes of Democrats who expected prompt and extensive removals in the civil service. Last week only four important changes were made. They were the nomination of Joseph S. Miller, of West Virginia, to be Commissioner of Internal Revenue; Malcolm Hay, of Pennsylvania, for First Assistant Postmaster-General; Milton J. Durham, of Kentucky, for First Controller of the Treasury, and Martin V. Montgomery, of Michigan, for Commissioner of Patents. All these nominations were approved by the Republican press and by a large section of the Democratic journals. The nominees are described as capable men, whose fitness for their respective offices is more conspicuous than their political qualifications. One appointment made since the inauguration alone is condemned, and the newspapers of both parties disapprove it. It is for the office of appointment clerk in the Treasury, to which Eugene Higgins, of Baltimore, is appointed. The most severe strictures on the selection come from Maryland, and efforts are being made to have it cancelled.

Two Government Departments are to be thoroughly overhauled, with the object of putting them on a more efficient and economical basis. Mr. Manning has placed the work in the Treasury in the hands of a commission composed of Messrs. Fairchild, Coon, and E. O. Graves. Mr. Fairchild is a new-comer, but Mr. Coon and Mr. Graves are both familiar with the business of the department, and are both Republicans. Mr. Whitney has engaged the services of a New York accountant to examine the books of the Navy Department, not with a view of discovering irregularities as much as to introduce a more systematic and careful system of keeping the accounts. It is possible that discoveries may be made, as it is stated that "points" have been supplied voluntarily by persons employed in the department some years ago. It is a significant fact that the Secretary declined last week to authorize the payment of the final instalment for the new despatch boat "Dolphin," which John Roach has been building. He wished, he said, to look over the contract a little, examine bills, and satisfy himself that Mr. Roach has fulfilled all the terms

of his contract before authorizing payment. If Mr. Whitney adheres to that system he will never become so popular with contractors as Mr. Robeson was, but perhaps the country may have a navy worthy the name.

The Court-Martial on General Hazen concluded the hearing of testimony last week and has now to consider its verdict. The responsibility of General Hazen for the disaster at Cape Sabine was unhappily not a question for its consideration. Its inquiry was limited to the question of whether General Hazen committed an offense in making public strictures on the conduct of Secretary Lincoln. There is no doubt about the strictures being made, but General Hazen contended that the sending of relief to the Greely party was in the immediate charge of the President, and that the decision of the Secretary of War against sending an expedition in the autumn of 1883, after Garlington's return, was therefore not made "in the performance of official duty." Consequently a criticism of that decision was not an offense under the articles of war. He further argued that it was not a criticism of an act of military administration, as it related to the nautical question whether Melville Bay was navigable in October. The public is not greatly concerned in this settlement of the question of discipline, but it would be much interested in knowing who is responsible for the lives lost through an evident blunder on the part of some one in office.

The Dissensions in the Republican Camp in New York show no signs of being healed. Last week the Republican County Committee decided that a large number of prominent members of the party, including ex-Governor Alonzo B. Cornell, William Dowd, Thomas C. Acton, John I. Davenport, and Charles T. Wing, have lost their right to enroll as Republicans and cannot participate in the primaries. The Committee on Appeals considered the action of the County Committee and approved it. The reason given for excluding Governor Cornell was that he refused to answer the question whether he voted for the Republican Presidential electors in 1884. In another case the appellant declared that he was unable to vote for the Republican electors, but that, nevertheless, he was a Republican. The committee excluded him also. Some protests are heard against these acts of the committee from Republicans, who think this a bad time to exclude any one from the party, especially members so eminent as those now ruled out. They contend that it is more important to secure the success of the party in the State than to punish the members of it who were "unable" to vote for Blaine.

An Amicable Settlement of the Extensive railroad strike in the West has been effected through the mediation of the Governors of Kansas and Missouri, who advised the companies to restore to their striking employes the same rate of wages paid previous to the recent ten per cent reduction, including one and one half price for extra time worked. The railroad managers accepted this basis of agreement. The strikers throughout the contest maintained a quiet and peaceable demeanor and won the respect and sympathy of the people by their moderation. No intimidation was used at any place.

A Battle was Fought near Suakin on Thursday by the English forces under General Graham against Osman Digna's army. The encounter, though represented as a British victory, appears to have been really a drawn battle. The engagement lasted five hours. The marines were first sent to the front to drive the Arabs from the hills west of Hasheen. As soon as possible they were re-enforced by batteries of Gardner and Krupp guns and by cavalry. There was a hot engagement, during which the British cavalry charged repeatedly upon the Arabs, while the machine guns were worked with deadly effect whenever their fire could be made available. Great bravery was displayed on both sides. At the end of the engagement the Arabs retreated slowly toward Tamai. The

valor of the Arabs is described as extraordinary. For more than two hours victory for them seemed certain. The British superiority in artillery at last turned the tide, but the Arabs retreated unmolested and in good order. This battle renders it clear that the attempt to reach Berber from Suakin will be a hazardous and costly one.

War between England and Russia is still considered probable in European capitals. The London correspondent of the New York Times cables to that journal that "the situation could hardly be in a more critical and menacing stage than it is in now. I find among politicians that the better informed a man is the more firmly he believes that the outcome must inevitably be war. The only way out of it is an abject and complete surrender on the part of England, and that the country would not tolerate the bare thought of." The Ameer of Afghanistan has gone on a visit to Lord Dufferin, the Viceroy of India, which will, it is expected, lead to an extension of British influence over him. Nevertheless he is a man unworthy of confidence and is capable of surrendering to Russia if he sees his interest in that course. Between his two mighty neighbors the Ameer is in an embarrassing position, and he appears to be in doubt, as he naturally may be, as to the wisest step to take. Both in England and India preparations for war are being actively pressed forward. Russia, too, is trying to raise money and is massing troops on the Afghan frontiers. It may be hoped that in spite of these ominous signs war may yet be providentially averted.

Mr. Parnell's Manifesto on the Visit of the Prince and Princess of Wales to Ireland has been declared a treasonable document by the law officers of the government. The manifesto was an expression of the attitude Mr. Parnell considered proper to be observed by the National League toward the Prince of Wales during his coming visit to Ireland. It advised nationalists to maintain an attitude of reserve, to make no hostile demonstrations and no expressions of welcome, and declared that the visit of the Prince and Princess of Wales to Ireland was inopportune while an unspeakably indecent coterie remained in possession of Dublin Castle. The decision of the government on the course it will pursue toward Mr. Parnell is awaited with anxiety. It would be a most imprudent act to arrest Mr. Parnell and try him for treason just as the royal visit is to take place.

The Emperor of Germany Celebrated his eighty-eighth birthday on Sunday last. The sacred character of the day was disregarded, and it was kept in Berlin as a popular holiday. The city wore a festival appearance, thousands of flags flying from public and private buildings. About a hundred princely persons were present, including the Prince of Wales, the Duke of Edinburgh, and the King of Saxony, to whom the Crown Prince and suite attended the greatest attention. The Duke of Genoa went as representative for King Humbert. All the distinguished guests called on the Chancellor, the Prince of Wales staying nearly an hour with him. The Prince wore the uniform of a Prussian hussar. The aged Emperor appeared to be in excellent health, and on Saturday he entertained his princely guests at dinner. On Sunday Prince Bismarck gave a grand entertainment in honor of the day. Two hundred guests were invited.

The French Government has made Overtures of peace to China. A dispatch to the New York Herald states that the French Government has intimated to the Chinese Minister at Berlin that it considers a renewal of peace negotiations desirable. To this intimation the Minister replied that China would never pay the indemnity demanded by France for the affair at Langson. In view of this reply the St. James Gazette concludes that if negotiations for peace are resumed they will be resumed on the basis of a complete cession of Tonquin to the French. China, the Gazette says, will not permit the temporary occupation of Formosa.

The Ohio Divorce Statistics Show that that State is not behind others in this serious evil. In its recently issued report, the Ohio Divorce Reform League states that since 1870 the number of divorces granted annually has increased ninety-five per cent. In 1883 the ratio of divorces to marriages in Ashtabula County was one divorce to every four marriages; in three other counties one to five; in nine counties one to seven; and in forty-three counties one to ten. The League, in view of these startling facts, is agitating for greater stringency in the Ohio divorce law, and especially for the repeal of the clause granting divorce for the vague cause of "gross neglect of duty" under which many divorces are claimed. The need of a uniform divorce law for all the States is apparent, and might be effected if Congress would pass such a law as would serve as a model for the State Legislatures.

A Death from Roller-Skating was Reported last week. Joseph Cohen, one of the most graceful of the skaters who took part in the recent six days' contest in Madison Square Garden, New York, died on Sunday, March 15th. During the contest he skated five hundred and forty-eight miles. He looked tired and dispirited, and seemed much disappointed at being last in the race. He fell ill on March 11th, and soon became delirious. His thoughts were running on the race, and he was continually calling out to have his record marked up. After his death an autopsy was made which showed that he had died from acute spinal meningitis, the result of the skating.

A Test Case has been Decided under the Prohibition Amendment by the Supreme Court of Iowa. A saloon-keeper of Des Moines paid no heed to the new law, and after the usual remedies had failed, an injunction was served against him in the Circuit Court. The saloon-keeper was backed by the Brewers' Association, and in effect it became a test case. In the lower court the application was for a permanent injunction, which was resisted on the ground that the defendant was estopped by the proceedings from demanding a jury. The objection was overruled by the lower court, and an appeal was taken to the Supreme Court, which on March 17th sustained the court below and affirmed the validity of the sections of the new liquor law allowing injunctions to be issued against both saloons and saloon-keepers. This decision will strengthen the hands of the Prohibitionists by providing them with an efficient weapon against transgressors.

Dr. Talmage has Returned from his Tour in the West with hopeful prognostications. In the course of his Friday evening talk, on March 20th, he said: "I return to report a great revival of religion in many cities as well as our own, and business slowly but surely improving, and that the almost universal opinion is that we are on the eve of restored prosperity. All classes of fair-minded people are willing to give the new administration at Washington a fair hearing." He then spoke of what he termed the four episodes in American politics of to-day. The first episode, he said, was the unparalleled geniality with which President Arthur bowed himself out and his successor in. "There are millions of people in the North, South, East and West, and on both sides of the sea, myself among them," said Dr. Talmage, "who think we never had a better President." The second episode," he said, "was the mother's Bible on which President Cleveland took the oath of office. The unthinking," said he, "might call it a mere sentimentality, but to me it means more than words can express. It means, first, the faithful remembrance of a departed one, as much as to say, if it were not for her this honor would never have come to me; and next it means, May my mother's God help me in this tremendous responsibility! Make way for the administration that starts from the worn and faded lids of a Bible presented by a mother's hands at parting." The third episode was Mr. Blaine's visit to President Cleveland. The

fourth episode, he said, was putting General Grant's name on the retired list. Concluding, he said: "May God alleviate the distress of the ex-Commander-in-Chief, give him strength to put reliance in the remembrance of the Scripture passage, 'No discharge in that war.' The conqueror on the pale horse rides down our former military chief."

Genuine Counterfeit Money is in Extensive circulation. Warning was given last week that a large number of spurious half dollars were in use. Business men call them "genuine counterfeits," because they are identical in size, weight, and composition with those from the Government mints. Counterfeiting of this sort is exceedingly profitable when done on a large scale, as detection is practically impossible. It is believed that most of the metal used is from remelted trade dollars. By the purchase of these in large quantities the counterfeiters obtain the metal already mixed at just the standard alloy. The market price of one hundred trade dollars is \$84, and the metal in them is sufficient to make two hundred and seventeen standard half dollars, which gives a profit of \$24.50. The coins pass readily in the course of trade, neither the public nor the merchant detects them, but when they go to the Treasury or the mint, where the genuine coins are made, they are quickly found out. It is so with human imposture. Ministers and churches and the world frequently think the hypocrite a genuine Christian, but when he appears before God he will certainly be unmasked (Matt. 7: 22, 23).

Compensation after Seventy-two Years is to be made by the Federal Government to a citizen of Georgia. A despatch from Americus, Ga. states that in 1813 the Washington Government seized two ships belonging to a prosperous merchant of Baltimore, Md., and impressed them for service in the war. The value of them was \$200,000, but the merchant was never able to collect his claim. His son and grandson endeavored to recover payment, but were unable to prove their right, owing to the absence of certain papers in which the obligations of the government were admitted. The great-grandson of the merchant received a few days ago a letter from R. T. Merrick, of Washington, telling him that the long-missing papers have been found in the files of the Navy Department, and that not only is he secure in his claim for the \$200,000, but that he can collect seventy-two years' interest in addition. It may be supposed he will lose no time in applying for the large sum of money to which he is entitled. Men are usually prompt in such matters, though the offer of eternal riches in the Gospel needs to be pressed on their acceptance and frequently is neglected until too late (Matt. 6: 19, 20).

An Infuriated Elephant was Subdued at Forepaugh's Menagerie, in Philadelphia, recently by an ingenious method. Among four elephants shipped to this country two months ago was one named Ajax, who seemed sullen when he arrived. He was chained up and submitted quietly, but was always regarded as a vicious beast. At the end of last month he grew violent, and one night broke his chains, burst down the iron-bound doors of his room, and effected an entrance into another part of the menagerie, where he did much mischief. It was found difficult to secure him, but eventually he was chained again. His temper, however, continued violent, and it was dangerous to approach him. Such an elephant is a constant source of terror until his spirit is subdued and he learns that resistance to man is useless. Very cruel means are sometimes employed to enforce this lesson, but Mr. Forepaugh resolved to avoid them. Leather bands of enormous strength were passed under the animal and attached to stout chains, which were drawn over pulleys fixed in the roof. The next time Ajax became violent he was raised from the ground and suspended a few feet from the floor. The huge beast was as helpless as a child, and was allowed to butt the air and plunge and kick as he pleased. He was let down when he grew

weary; but when he again became violent he was quietly hoisted. A short experience, in which he suffered no pain except from his temper, completely conquered him, and he has become docile. If men would observe the providences of God they would see that He designs them to learn the identical lesson the elephant was taught. Those suffer least who most quickly learn complete submission to the will of God. Rebellion entails suffering in this world and the next, and will eventually be completely subdued (Phil. 2: 10).

How Lives were Saved by a Fire is Explained by Dr. Hughes in the current number of *The Alienist*. He says that "during the week of the great St. Louis fire, in 1849, the ravages of cholera, which up to that event had reached a mortality of over two hundred a day out of a population of fifty thousand, almost entirely ceased, so stimulating and invigorating was the excitement of that week to the brains and nervous systems of the people, and the physical exaltation inseparable from the sudden necessity thrown upon so many business men for repairing the sudden damage and re-establishing their abruptly interrupted business." A similar effect is observable in spiritual life. It is not those who are actively engaged in Christian work who fall into scepticism and spiritual darkness, but those who seldom do anything to help the cause of Christ in the world. The idle man is Satan's easiest prey (Heb. 6: 4-12).

The Osteotome is a New Surgical Instrument invented by a professor in the New York University. It is designed for the treatment of diseases in the joints, such as hip disease. The instrument is similar in its mode of operating to the instruments used by dentists in scraping out the diseased cavities of teeth. It is operated by electricity and is capable of making twelve thousand revolutions per minute. It is designed to leave the patient's joint as useful as it was before being attacked with the disease. The instrument, as shown last week in operation, has an auger with a circular blade, which, when rapidly revolved by electric power, excavated all the diseased part of the bone without touching the delicate articular surface. The operation is described as inconceivably painful, but as it successfully removes the diseased parts of the bone, there are many sufferers who will brace up their courage to undergo it. Acute suffering for a short time is preferable to lifelong agony, ending in permanent disability or death. It is so in our moral nature. The afflictions God sends upon His children are often intended to act as the osteotome, removing the parts on which the spiritual disease of sin has fastened. The suffering is hard to bear, but its results are of eternal benefit (Mal. 3: 3).

A Marriage in a Police Court in New York last week ended a painful trial. A man was arraigned for wounding the young woman to whom he was engaged to be married. Last November he had an altercation with her in the street, and in a fit of ungovernable rage he drew his pistol and shot her in the mouth, making an ugly wound. She has been in the hospital since then, but being cured, was taken to court to give evidence against her assailant. She refused to testify, and when the Judge questioned her, it appeared she still loved the man. "Are you willing to marry him?" said the magistrate, addressing the woman. "Yes, sir," she answered, with a blush. "Will you take her for your wife? The Justice asked the prisoner. "I will only be too glad to have the opportunity," he replied, frankly. "Then go into my room." They did as they were requested, and in a few minutes they were made man and wife. The bridegroom seemed overwhelmed with joy and solemnly promised to be a kind husband. He will be an ungrateful monster if he breaks his promise, for his wife has given a noble proof of her love to him by not only forgiving him, but taking him for her husband. Such magnanimity in an infinitely greater degree God shows to those whom he receives as His sons. Having had much forgiven they love much (Luke 7: 47).

EXCEEDING GLADNESS.

A New Sermon by Pastor C. H. Spurgeon.

"For thou hast made him most blessed forever: thou hast made him exceeding glad with thy countenance."—PSALM 21: 6.

The Man of Sorrows—Also a Man of Joys—His Joy in Doing Good—In Finished Work—The Source of Joy to Men—Joy in Conversions—In the Deeds of His Followers—In their Suffering—I. Gladness the Privilege of Saints—Present Solaces—Brilliant Future—Blessings Secure—II. Gladness of Peculiar Sort—The Worst Side Foremost—Knights of Rueil Countenance—The Facts of the Case.

YOU have heard a great many sermons upon the Man of Sorrows. I am sure that you have not heard too many; and if, from this time to the end of your life, you should every Sabbath hear of Him, and of His sufferings, you will not be nauseated with that theme. You will still feel an intense pleasure in hearing the story of your Lord's griefs, and in having fellowship with Him in His sufferings, for by His agonies and death He has redeemed you unto Himself. Probably you have never listened to a discourse upon

"THE MAN OF JOYS!"

I venture thus to name the Christ of God. We do not often enough meditate upon the happiness of the Lord Jesus Christ.

Remember that it was for the joy that was set before Him that He endured the cross, despising the shame; and the expectation of joy is joy. The light of His coming reward shone on our Lord's daily path, and made it bright with a glorious hope. Sin is the mother of sorrow, and Jesus knew no sin; conscience never made Him a coward; remorse never pricked His heart; malice, envy, and discontent never gnawed at His soul. He was the Prince of Peace, even when He was despised and rejected of men. Deep as were His griefs, we may reckon Jesus of Nazareth among the happiest of men. There was nothing of that efflorescence, that effervescence, that froth of joy, which carnal men value so highly; but there was a deep peace, a calm content, which is beyond all price. Jesus did not enter into such mirth as might have befitted Herod's palace, or Dives's gilded saloons, or Cæsar's luxurious banquets; but He knew such joy as the Son of God must know when His Father heareth Him always, and as the Saviour of men must know when His every word and act are blessing a fallen race.

A man cannot be full of such benevolence as that which filled the heart of Christ, and yet be utterly miserable. Unselfishness brings with it necessarily a measure of joy. A man could not open blind eyes, and unstop deaf ears, make lame men leap, heal lepers, and raise the dead, and yet remain comfortless himself; as well suppose that the sun, which scatters so much heat, may be itself a huge globe of ice. The fountain which yields such streams of blessing has its own flash and sparkle; we feel sure of it. As pearls may lie in plenty in caverns, over which there rolls a dread tempestuous sea, so there slept in the heart of Jesus treasures of joy, even when the ocean of His holy soul was lashed with hurricanes of woe. There is

A JOY IN DOING GOOD

which cannot be separated from the doing of the good; and the Saviour possessed it beyond conception. There is a joy in living entirely out of one's self for the good of others, and this Jesus drank to the full. There is a joy in achieving a great purpose, even when it is only by sorrow that our design is wrought out, and that also our Redeemer knew. In Him was perfectly explained that enigma of Paul, "As sorrowful, yet always rejoicing."

I need not enter into the joy of Christ as God, for this is inseparable from His Godhead; but I speak of Him now as Mediator, in His complex person standing between God and man. In that capacity, as risen from the dead, and gone into glory, He is supremely glad—glad because

HIS WORK IS FINISHED.

Such a work as His had so taken up His whole

heart, and engrossed His whole being, that it became a baptism to be baptized with, and He was straitened until it was accomplished. It is accomplished now, and the straitening is ended.

Nor is this all, for Jesus Christ our Lord rejoices to think that now, from this day forth, God has made Him to be the fountain of priceless, numberless, endless blessings to men. Observe the first clause of our text, and remember that it may be read thus: "Thou hast made Him blessings forever"—that is to say, God has now opened in His Son Jesus Christ, a well of blessings, which will never cease to flow as long as there are men to drink thereat. He is no curse to men, but only blessing; He is not one blessing only, but all blessings; these blessings are the chief boons that even God can give, and they are in Christ Jesus to all eternity. The Lord Jesus, who was once the centre of grief, has now become the source of love, favor, help, healing, benediction, delight, heaven, and whatever else may be called blessing. Whenever God makes any one of you to be

THE CHANNEL OF BLESSING

to other people, are you not very happy? Yes, certainly, in your measure. But what must be the superlative gladness of the Christ in being the centre of centres, the fountain of fountains, to all those who draw near to Him?

Our Lord has joy beyond this. I want you to think much of His gladness that you may be able to obey Him now, should He say to you, "Enter thou into the joy of thy Lord." At this very hour may His joy be in you, that your joy may be full. Jesus sympathizes with you in your sorrows; will you not sympathize with Him in His joys? Should we not rejoice with them that do rejoice, and especially with Him, the Bridegroom of our souls? This is a further part of His gladness—He joys in the conversion, the comfort, the justification, the salvation of every soul that comes to Him. "There is joy in the presence of the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth."

Moreover, I believe that Jesus in glory finds great joy in all the deeds of His saved people. Whenever He sees one of His believing people counting His reproach to be greater riches than all the treasures of Egypt, our Lord is glad. When He sees a heart that has been washed in His blood true to Him, refusing to believe false doctrine, or to do that which is unjust, then is Christ glad over His disciple. When He sees you plotting and planning how you can honor Him, when He marks your self-denials, when He sees you prayerful, earnest, active, spiritual, loving, His gladness is great. I tell you all the love you have to Him He delights in; and your childlike confidence in Him, and your little struggling light which seeks after more light, and your earnest longings for His coming and His kingdom, and those broken words of yours by which you speak to others of His love—all those things He sees with exquisite pleasure.

Moreover—and I speak gently and softly here—I believe that our Master derives

A DIVINE SATISFACTION

from the holy sufferings of His people, when they bear pain with patience, when they praise His name on their beds, and adore Him in the fires, and when coming to die, they bear themselves calmly in the last dread article, behaving themselves as men who know no fear. When they walk through the very jaws of death, fearing no evil, simply confiding in the eternal Christ, then is Jesus glad to see how well they have learned the lesson which He taught them. When they come up on the other side of Jordan, like sheep from the washing; when they appear before His throne, "without spot, or wrinkle, or any such thing;" when the shining ones draw near before Him, and cast their crowns at His dear feet; when they lift their united hallelujahs unto Him that loved them, and washed them from their sins in His precious blood—then is the King exceeding glad.

All this is my preface at this time, and I need not apologize for the length of it, since its theme might fitly have been that of the whole dis-

course. The sermon shall be somewhat short, and I trust it will be sweet. This is the subject of it: I desire that the Lord's people may enter into this joy of Christ, and that, as each one of them is made a king, the text may be fulfilled in each one of them. I have not described to you the gladness of our Lord as it ought to be described, but I can do no better. If you will endeavor to share in it, you will make up for my deficiencies. May the Holy Spirit aid you!

I. First, I would remark, that gladness is

THE PRIVILEGE OF SAINTS.

"Happy art thou, O Israel!" "Rejoice in the Lord, ye righteous." Why should we not be glad? It is all right between us and God. If, having rebelled against Him, we had never repented, and had never been reconciled, we ought to be miserable. He that is out of order with God may well be out of order with himself. But we have been brought nigh; we have been adopted into the family of God; we have obtained reconciliation through the precious blood, and have enjoyed the forgiveness of sins according to the riches of His grace; ought we not to be glad? Dear heart, there is no quarrel between thee and God; peace has been made through Jesus Christ; the peace of God, which passeth all understanding, doth keep thy heart and mind through Christ Jesus. If thou hast not a right to be happy, who has?

In addition to the fact that they are right with God, believers have their

PRESENT SOLACES

in many ways. Grace endows them with immediate joys. I like that part of our song which we sang just now:

"The hill of Zion yields

A thousand sacred sweets,

Before we reach the heavenly fields,

Or walk the golden streets."

If I were to try and tell all the things that make Christians glad, even here below, I should have to make an endless catalogue. Where should I begin? Once beginning, where should I leave off? You can count your sorrows, dear brother, I dare say. You are quite *au fait* at adding them all up; but I would have you to recapitulate your joys with equal readiness. O my brothers, God has done so much for us that we are glad! He has surprised us with the greatness of His goodness! If I had been sure, thirty-five years ago, that I should have possessed, in the covenant of grace, such a portion as I have at this hour, I think I should have leaped out of my body for joy. When I was under a sense of sin, if I had been assured that I should yet be forgiven, I do not know that I could have contained myself for delight. When I was lying under the chastening hand of God, on account of my transgressions, if I had known that He would turn His face upon me, and smile upon me, and make me His child, and put me into the ministry, and permit me the great privilege of telling out the wonders of His grace, I verily believe that it would have been too great a weight of joy; it would have crushed me with too much delight.

Come, do not rob your God of His praises. Defraud not your King of His revenue of glory. Do not get fretting and stewing about nothing at all; but rejoice in the Lord always, and then again rejoice. This is an appointed feast; let us keep it. "The Lord hath done great things for us, whereof we are glad." I heard a brother in a prayer-meeting say, "The Lord hath done great things for us, whereof we desire to be glad;" and I wanted to jump down that man's throat, and pull that passage back again, and put it into its natural shape. What business had the brother to mend the Bible, and talk such wretched stuff? "Whereof we desire to be glad"! Why, if the Lord has done great things for us, we are glad, we cannot help it, and blessed be His name we do not wish to do so!

In addition to that, we have

A BRILLIANT FUTURE

before us. We are the heirs of great expectations. The children of God not only possess

present mercies, like the leaves and flowers of summer, but things which God hath prepared for them that love Him, laid by in store, like the fruits of autumn. At this present moment there is a place in heaven for me that nobody can ever fill but my own self; and Jesus has gone before, not only to prepare it, but to prepare it *for me*. There is a crown that no head but mine can ever wear, and a song that no tongue but mine can ever sing; and I shall soon cast my crown at Jesu's feet, and chant before Him my hallelujahs. That is true of every believer here. Therefore, be glad; yea, rejoice before the Lord with all your might.

The children of God have further cause to be glad, because they have

ALL BLESSINGS SECURED

to them, so that they shall never lose them. That which their God has promised them shall never be alienated from them. They are in a position of indisputable security, for they are hidden in the wounds of Christ, as in the clefts of the Rock of Ages. They shall never die, for they are members of His body who is immortal. They are in that hand from which none can ever snatch them. "I give unto my sheep eternal life, and they shall never perish; neither shall any pluck them out of my hand." Wherefore let us begin to be merry, as it is said in the parable of the prodigal son. "They began to be merry." I have read that parable ever so many times, and I have looked to see whether it is written that they ever left off being merry, and I cannot find that they did.

II. Secondly, let me remark that the saints' gladness is

OF A PECULIAR SORT.

The gladness which is peculiar to the children of God is a gladness that God has wrought in them. "Thou hast made him exceeding glad." Oh, yes, I heard him! He seemed very glad, but when he began to explain to me his gladness, I could tell by his hiccough where he got it; he owed it to the deadly cup. Shame on him! Oh, yes, he was exceeding glad; but when I saw his merriment, I could tell that it was his youth and his good health that gave him his gladness! These will soon vanish away.

But the child of God owes his gladness to a deeper source; God has made him glad. He that can touch the secret springs of the heart, apart from circumstances or conditions, has often made a man glad when he has been racked with pain, or when he has been in the depths of poverty, or when he has been suffering at the demoniacal hands of inquisitors.

I know that worldlings imagine that we Christians are a miserable crew, and I fear that too often we turn

OUR WORST SIDE FOREMOST

when we are with them. I am told that many shop-keepers are so poor that they put the most of their goods in the shop-window; but this is a method which few Christians follow; for the opposite is the fact, their window is badly set out, and yet they have a costly stock upon their shelves. The children of this world are wiser in their generation than the children of light, in this as well as other things. I would recommend such believers to dress their window a little, and show some of their better things. Put your ashes into the back yard, but pour out the oil of joy in the parlor. Let people see that, after all, there are great advantages in belonging to the Lord's household. But whether we *seem* to be happy or not, I can speak as one who has not been without abundant affliction and trial, we who believe in Jesus are a happy people, an enviable people.

But, according to the text, this joy comes to us in one way. "Thou hast made him exceeding glad with thy countenance." Have you not sometimes been made very glad with the look of a friend's face? Certain friends of ours carry with them countenances which are always a half-day's holiday to me whenever I look on them. I do not say that this is true of all of you, for I know some

KNIGHTS OF THE RUEFUL COUNTENANCE, whose faces are long and dismal; and I would urge these to look into the face of Jesus till His brightness illuminates them. There are those among us who are so brimming over with sacred joy that a glance at their faces refreshes our hearts. Now, catch my thought—What must the countenance of God be? The countenance of a friend to a friend, of a bridegroom to his bride, of a wife to her husband, of a father to his child; each of these spreads gladness; but what is the countenance of God to His elect? It is a countenance that seems to say, "I am reconciled; your sin is put away." Oh, the gladness of seeing that face! It is a face that seems to say, "I am watching you; I am caring for you; I am smiling upon you." Is not this a gladdening look? Lord, thou hast made me glad with thy countenance.

Again, when you come before God in prayer, and you are pleading with Him, and your faith discerns that glorious face—

THE FACE OF JESUS,

your heart cries, "I am accepted; God is hearing my prayer. I may ask what I will, and that shall be done unto me. I am not praying like a stranger; I am pleading like a child. I have my Father's ear and heart, and His countenance is toward me." Oh, then it is a glad time with you! You are being heard, and answered, and your heart beats to music.

I have not time, you see, to open up this grand subject fully, but such is the joy of God's people. It comes from a clear sense of the divine approbation.

WE MUST WALK WITH GOD,

and be heartily agreed with Him, or we shall not possess this felicity. Whenever the child of God feels, "I was wrong; God is grieved with me;" then he goes slinking off to bed like a child that cannot have a good-night kiss; and there is no gladness for him. But when, on the contrary, the Lord turns to him in love and mercy, and says, "I have blotted out, as a thick cloud, thy transgressions, and, as a cloud, thy sins; return unto me; for I have redeemed thee;" and when he smiles upon us in Christ Jesus, then we can say with the Psalmist, "Thou hast made me exceeding glad with thy countenance."

This is my last word to you—be glad in the Lord. I do not ask you to simulate happiness—to pretend to be glad when you are not; I do not ask you to sing when your heart feels that it must sigh; but I do ask you to be glad when there is reason so to be. Be true and real in all your expressions; but let that truth and that expression spring from an educated soul that has been in the school of Christ, and has learned what the facts of the case really are. Let your feelings be according to truth, and your condition of heart according to the eternal settlements of immutable love. What are

THE FACTS OF THE CASE?

Here they are—O Lord, I will praise thee; though thou wast angry with me, thine anger is turned away, and thou comfortedst me." If I do not praise thee, the timber out of the wall must cry out against me. If I do not rejoice in thee, I shall be a traitor to my own consciousness, and false to my own convictions, for thou hast brought my soul up out of the horrible pit, and out of the miry clay, and thou hast set my feet upon a rock, and established my goings; and I must have a new song in my mouth, even praise forever more. I would, if I could, stir you all up to a burst of holy joy, a blaze of sacred gladness.

Put on your silver sandals, and your bridal ornaments. Take off your weeds, and gird yourselves in white raiment. Do off the sackcloth and ashes, and put on your beautiful array. Cast aside your chains; leave them for those to wear who love them; and walk at large, in liberty, bedecked with the jewels of infinite grace, and crowned with the diadem of loving-kindness. Sing unto the Lord a new song; and end it not till you get to heaven, and then it will never end. "I will sing unto the Lord as long as I

live. I will sing praises unto my God while I have any being."

"Blessed be the God and Father of our Saviour Jesus Christ,
Who hath blessed us with such blessings, all uncounted and unpriced!
Let our high and holy calling, and our strong salvation be,
Theme of never-ending praises, God of sovereign grace, to Thee!"
Hallelujah! Amen.

[The prayers of the readers of this Journal are requested for the blessing of God upon its Editors, and those whose sermons, articles, or labors for Christ are printed in it; and that its circulation may be used by the Holy Spirit for the conversion of many sinners and the quickening of God's people. Dr. Talmage and Mr. Spurgeon especially request prayer every Sunday morning on behalf of their labors.]

NEW BOOKS.

THE CHRISTIAN SANCTIFIED BY THE LORD'S PRAYER.

PÈRE GROU, the author of this little work, which is translated from the French, seeks to impress his readers with the beauty and power of Christ's model prayer. Taking each petition singly, he shows how wide a field it covers and how far-reaching is its import. The lesson needs teaching, for the prayer familiar to us from infancy, offered morning and evening in every Christian home and in our churches every Sunday, is often spoken without a thought of its true meaning. Père Grou would have us make it a power in daily life, rightly believing that a life which is the perfect and habitual practice of the Lord's prayer is a sanctified life. The perusal of his little book may be the means of opening many eyes to the significance of the incomparable prayer and an encouragement to many Christians to strive more earnestly for the attainment of the blessings for which they have often prayed. His closing words are in themselves a sermon: "You will certainly be heard if you desire to be." Pp. 118. Price, 50 cents. Published Mr. Thomas Whittaker, New York.

JOHN KNOX.

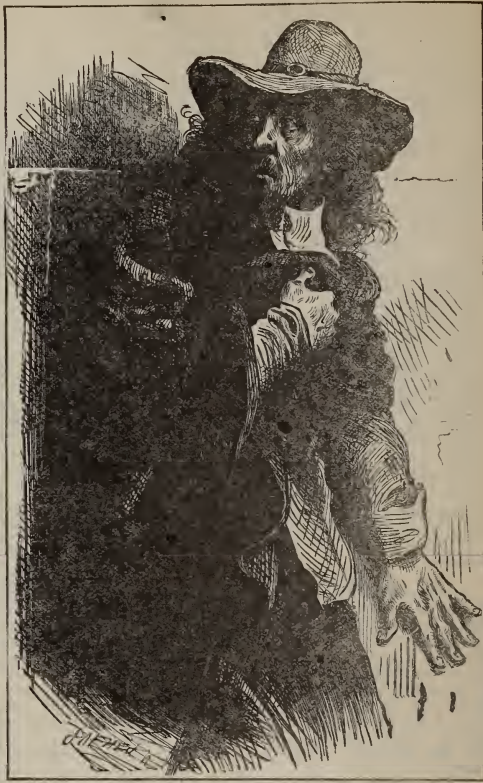
By William M. Taylor, D. D., LL.D. We heartily welcome this biography of the great Scottish hero. The lessons which the life of Knox is fitted to teach need to be very thoroughly learned in our day. A wide tolerance for all forms of religious belief is the demand made on all hands now, and it is made with so much emphasis that a man like Knox is apt to be regarded as a narrow-minded bigot. Even religious teachers have been heard to deplore the ferocity of his intolerance, while the world can never forgive the austere priest who sternly rebuked his beautiful and charming queen, and was not moved to compassion even by her tears. Three centuries have passed away since Knox was laid in the tomb, and even now a vindication of him is not unnecessary. Men do not now understand why Knox waged so stern a fight against the Queen. The fact is, that with him religion was something more than an opinion. He saw that Mary was scheming to sell her realm to the devil, and he, for one, dare not stand by quietly and witness the transaction. Politeness to a high-born lady by all means; but it is no time for honeyed words when the high-born lady is about to commit a crime which will engulf a whole nation. Knox did his duty manfully, and he saved Puritanism in Scotland, to become a power in England and to live anew in America. The whole world is indebted to Knox, and the least we can do is to revere, his memory and hold him up as an example for the rising generation. Dr. Taylor's book, which is a graphic delineation of the great Scottish hero, ought to be widely read; its influence will be altogether beneficial. Pp. 217. Price, \$1.25. Published by Messrs. A. C. Armstrong & Son, New York.

HOW TO BUILD, FURNISH, AND DECORATE

is the title of a work which forms part of a series which we described in a former number of this journal. This book is the largest and most



A Talk with a Blind Cobbler.



Timorous.

complete of the series. It is divided into four departments: (1) Building Plans; (2) Furniture and Decoration; (3) Barns and Outhouses; (4) Law, Legal Forms, Specifications, etc. The editor of this useful series, Mr. R. W. Shoppell, has spared no pains to render his book a thoroughly practical and efficient guide to the citizen intending to build his own house. He does not write for architects or builders, but for the unprofessional man who, he supposes, has no knowledge of technical terms, and needs to have every detail fully explained. An important feature, too, is that the financial aspect of the undertaking is not overlooked. Plans and specifications are given for mansions to cost \$50,000; but it is to the smaller houses, costing from \$500 to \$5,000, that the main attention is paid. That is wise, as the fortunate citizen who is prepared to spend \$50,000 on his house is able to employ an architect, and will not need a book of this character. There are in all about six hundred and seventy illustrations in the book, rendering the verbal description clear to the eye. It comprises two hundred and twenty-six large quarto pages. Price \$5. Published by the Co-operative Building Plan Association, 24 Beekman Street, New York. (See advertisement on last page.)

PERSONAL TRAITS OF BRITISH AUTHORS.

The group of distinguished writers which Mr. Mason selects as the subject of his third volume of this series consists of six Scotchmen and one Englishman. They are Scott, Hogg, Campbell, Chalmers, Wilson, Jeffrey, and De Quincey. The close friendship existing between Wilson and De Quincey suggested to Mr. Mason the propriety of including De Quincey with the

group of Scotchmen rather than with his own countrymen.

Naturally the chief place in the group is given to Sir Walter Scott. It is a most lovable picture of him that his contemporaries have left on record. It would have been better for the posthumous fame of some men of genius had their personal acquaintances been less plentifully endowed with the power of writing caustic delineations of character, but of Scott his friends have nothing to say but good. Hogg writes of him: "He was the only one I ever knew whom no man, either poor or rich, held at ill will." His strong, resolute bearing under adversity, his steady industry, his cheerful demeanor in sickness and misery, his liberal charities and his ready helpfulness are mentioned by one after another and illustrated by incidents.

Dr. Chalmers is of the other authors described the most important. His personal appearance is minutely depicted by several of his friends. It seems to have impressed every one who saw him, owing to its being so different from the conception his fame had suggested. His low stature and his somewhat coarse features were in striking contrast to his gigantic intellectual power. "Na, na," said a policeman on one occasion, when he arrested the great preacher as a suspicious character, on finding him on his way to a midnight boat; "Na, na; you're no Dr. Chalmers; he's no such a man as you," and the man took the doctor to the police station, where he had to prove his identity before he was released.

Of Wilson, better known as Christopher North, of Hogg, the Ettrick shepherd, of Campbell, Lord Jeffrey, and De Quincey the opium-

eater, many interesting memories are recorded. It is a strange group, its members differing widely from each other in mind, character, and life, yet each endowed with genius of a rare order. A new light dawns upon their writings as we read these sketches of personal character and learn what manner of men they were. Pp. 345. Price, \$1.50. Published by Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

THE BLIND COBBLER.

(See Picture on this page.)

AN English country vicar relates the following: "On one occasion, when taking my evening's stroll, I noticed a man leaving his house, situated in a country road. Knowing that he was, totally blind, I felt curious to see how he would find his way without stick or dog, and was anxious to watch him cross safely over two bridges we were approaching.

"Speaking in a kind tone, I observed to him, 'What, out for a walk, old friend?' "'No,' he replied, 'I am taking to the mill some boots I have been mending.'

"Brought up to the trade?' I inquired. "'No,' he answered: 'I was blind when a lad, and was sent to Liverpool, and they taught me at the Blind School to weave, and then to mend shoes, and, if I had been there of late years, I should have been taught to read. But God has been very kind to me,' he said: 'for after leaving Liverpool I married, and now I have children that can read to me; and my memory is so good that I can repeat many long passages from Milton's 'Paradise Lost.' I am very fond of poetry, especially Cowper. I can recollect the words,' he continued, 'after hear-

ing them once or twice, pretty well. It's very nice to have something to think about when I am alone."

"I asked him if he could tell the time of day. 'Oh, yes,' he said; 'I rise very regular, but I open my watch and feel the hands; and the birds tell me when the sun rises, and I know by other sounds how the day goes on; and the atmosphere tells me how the weather is—I can feel the sunshine. Although I cannot see, I like to hear talk of the fields being full of flowers, and how beautiful the trees are in bloom. I can smell the sweet flowers.'

"He spoke so contentedly; and as I left him I felt constrained to ask myself the question, Have I made good use of those talents wherein eyesight alone has made me this man's superior?"

TIMOROUS.

(See Illustration on page 204.)

AMONG the characters who figure in John Bunyan's matchless allegory is Timorous, whom, in the appropriate company of Mistrust, Christian met at the top of the hill Difficulty. "Now when he was got up to the top of the hill there came two men running again—the name of the one was Timorous and of the other Mistrust—to whom Christian said, 'Sirs, what's the matter? You run the wrong way.' Timorous answered that they were going to the city of Zion, and had got up that difficult place; but, said he, 'the farther we go the more danger we meet with; wherefore we turned and are going back again.'

"Yes," said Mistrust, 'for just before us lie a couple of lions in the way, whether sleeping or waking we know not; and we could not think, if we came within reach, but they would presently pull us in pieces.'

"Then," said Christian, 'you make me afraid; but whither shall I fly to be safe? If I go back to my own country, that is prepared for fire and brimstone, and I shall certainly perish there; if I can get to the Celestial City I am sure to be in safety there. I must venture. To go back is nothing but death; to go forward is fear of death and life everlasting beyond it. I will yet go forward.' So Mistrust and Timorous ran down the hill, and Christian went on his way."

Christian, as we know, saw the lions; they were really there, as Mistrust had said; but they were chained, and Christian passed them unharmed. Perhaps Timorous would have done so too if he had not had Mistrust for a companion. But then he might not have been timorous at all. The man who is tormented by mistrust in the spiritual life is very apt to be scared by the lions which the trusting man passes safely.

Mr. F. Barnard, the artist whose pencil drew the picture of Timorous published on page 204, has succeeded with marvellous skill in depicting the face Bunyan would conceive. The shrinking attitude, the hand clutching the cloak while the other hand clings for support to a blank wall, and the nervous, frightened gaze cast around him, all make up an idea of the man exactly in keeping with his character. This is one of the smaller of the pictures contained in the beautiful edition of the "Pilgrim's Progress"



Missionaries Attacked by Natives in Borneo.

published by Messrs. Anson D. Randolph & Company, Broadway, New York. Price, \$4; by mail, \$4.25.

MISSIONARIES ATTACKED BY DYAKS.

(See Illustration on this page.)

A TOUCHING record is found among the early missionary records of Borneo. It is stated that seven Rhinish missionaries settled on the island, built themselves huts, and labored among the inhabitants, who are a strange mixture of Malays, Chinese, Javanese and Europeans. The aboriginal inhabitants are called Dyaks, and it was principally to these that the efforts of the missionaries were directed. Little success attended their early labors; the climate was trying, and there was some talk of the mission being abandoned. But fully a million and a half of people were on the island, and the missionaries were reluctant to give up their work. The devoted servants of Christ toiled on, though their constitutions were being undermined in a land lying immediately under the equator, and where a large portion of the ground is a pestilential swamp.

At length mutterings of a coming storm reached their ears. The Dyaks were pure heathens, but they were largely under the influence of the Mohammedan settlers, whose hatred of the missionaries was as fierce as that manifested by the followers of the Prophet in other countries. Eventually the Dyaks were incited to violence, and one of the missionaries was surrounded in his hut and slaughtered. In another hut lived a missionary who had with him his wife and child, a little girl of some seven years of age. He, with a third missionary, realized that the time was come for them to obey the Lord's command, "When they persecute you in one city, flee ye unto another" (Matt. 10:23), and they held a parley with the savages. It was agreed that the missionaries should depart unmolested in an open boat, providing they left behind them every article of property they possessed.

No time was to be lost, and the two men, with the lady and little girl, hurried forthwith into the boat, the savages standing watching them with angry looks. "Mamma," said the little girl, to whom this sudden voyage was inexplicable, "where are we going?" Then, observing the unwonted gravity which sat on every brow, she said, "Are we going to Jesus altogether?" She spoke more truly than she knew. The missionaries' strong arms pulled the boat quickly out into the stream, but they were not a hundred yards from the bank when a flight of arrows fell around them. The mother drew her child closer to her bosom, while the missionaries pulled for dear life. They would probably have escaped the treacherous attack of the Dyaks in the water, but in a moment a native boat shot out in pursuit and two well-aimed arrows struck home. Both the missionaries were hit by the poison-tipped missiles and the fatal work was done. Happily the mother and child were rescued and were cared for by a European resident until they could be sent home; but both the missionaries died, killed, like their Master, by those whom they went to save.

THE JEW'S WARD.

A SERIAL STORY.

(Continued from page 191.)

New Friends,

EARLY in the afternoon of Carola's second day in Hazelmout, Mrs. Arnold went down to the schoolhouse. The school itself was a large and lofty room, built with thick stone walls, with a window of stained glass in the high-pitched gable; but the old-fashioned cottage beside it was half of timber, with a thatched roof overrun with ivy. The door was open, and as Mrs. Arnold walked slowly up the narrow garden path she could see Carola sitting in the pleasant kitchen, so lost in the reading of a book that she had time to notice the new schoolmistress well before she was seen herself. It was a sweet young face, she thought—a pretty face—prettier than any she knew for miles round, as her husband had said. There was a subtle feeling of discomfort and dissatisfaction in her mind. Mrs. Stewart had engaged this Miss Fielding at a distance, and sent her down to Hazelmout, without asking her opinion.

But there was not much time for these reflections, for at the first sound her footsteps made as she approached the open door, Carola lifted up her head and hastened to meet her, with a warm flush and a smile of welcome on her face. She clasped Mrs. Arnold's outstretched hand in both of her own, and gave her a half-shy kiss, then drew back a little and looked into her face with tears sparkling in her eyes.

"Oh, I know who you are!" she cried; "you are Mrs. Arnold, and everybody says how good you are; and if you had not come to see me soon, I should have come to you. You were kind to me before you knew me, for it was you who made this place so beautiful for me. Almost all the pretty things in my new house came from you. And oh! how beautiful it is here, wherever I go. I have never had a home before. If there is ever anything I can do for you, how glad I shall be!"

Carola spoke rapidly and eagerly, though in a low and half timid voice, and she looked entreatingly into Mrs. Arnold's face, as if anxious to win her favor. Mrs. Arnold was almost ashamed that she could not give the impulsive girl a warmer welcome; but the secret dissatisfaction she felt made her manner colder than was usual.

"You can teach the children well," she said, in her quietest tones; "that will repay me."

"But that, of course, I shall do for my Lord's sake," answered Carola, "because that is what He has sent me here to do. If He had asked me what I would choose, and if I had considered it for years, I could not have thought of any place more beautiful than this, or any work better than teaching little children. It is so good of Him to send me here!"

There was no doubting the sincerity and simplicity of the fervent voice and earnest face; and Mrs. Arnold felt that the young schoolmistress was saying exactly what she thought.

"I can talk to you about our Lord Jesus Christ," she went on, "for everybody says how good you are, and how it is you who teach them about God. I shall do all I can to work for my Lord; but some day there may be something I can do for you, and then I shall feel as if I belonged to you. I have no friend in the world belonging to me; and I want to find a home and friends here. Will you not care for me, and love me a little—by and by, perhaps?"

"My dear child," answered Mrs. Arnold, "of course I will care for you."

"Then I shall be perfectly happy," said Carola. "And ever since I knew about Jesus Christ I have not had a day's trouble—not one day's real trouble. That is three years ago. And now He has sent me to this place, where there seems to be no hard trouble for anybody. Life is very easy here, and very pleasant. You all know one another like brothers and sisters; and nobody is hungry, or ragged, or drunken, or miserable."

For in Carola's memory there was a black background, toward which she seldom gave a glance, but which was there nevertheless, and gave all the more glow and light to this new life of hers. Like the dark and heavy background of some old picture, which serves only to throw into relief the loveliness of some face looking out of the dingy canvas at us; if the face was gone, who would throw away a glance at the obscure painting? Carola sighed softly as she spoke of being drunken and miserable.

"But we all have our crosses and our trials," said Mrs. Arnold.

"Oh, these are nothing!" cried Carola; "they can be nothing to people who know about Jesus Christ. It is people who don't know that have hard troubles—too hard to bear. There is nobody to make us afraid here; there is nothing to make us forget God. It is almost like the Garden of Eden when the Lord God walked in it in the cool of the day."

"Yes; and the tempter was there," said Mrs. Arnold, gravely, "and the man and his wife hid themselves from the presence of the Lord. It is the same thing here. You will soon find the tempter at work, and man trying to hide himself from God. We all do at times, my dear."

"Are you sure I shall do it some time?" asked Carola. "I don't know much yet, and I've only known about Jesus Christ for three years; but I've never wished that He could not see me. Oh, I could not bear to think that!"

"You know very little of real life," answered Mrs. Arnold; "you are young, and you fancy these feelings will last forever, but they will die away in time. Your mind will get full of other things."

She was about to say that when Carola married her household cares would engross most of her time and thoughts; but she checked herself; she would put no notions about love and marriage into the girl's head.

"Oh, I cannot bear to think it!" she exclaimed; "it would be like losing everything again. It would be worse than not knowing it

to forget it. To think that my Lord should have lived in this world, and died on Calvary; and me to forget it! No, no; that is impossible! I wish sometimes He would set me something hard to do; something painful; something like the crown of thorns and the cross. If I could do anything painful to myself it would make me more like Him."

"The time will come," said Mrs. Arnold.

There was a faint stirring of trouble in Mrs. Arnold's heart as she went homeward. Carola was altogether so unlike the other schoolmistresses who had been before her that she could not dismiss the thought of her. There was a charm about her fresh young enthusiasm and her vividness of speech which she could not resist. The girl did not speak of her Lord as of one who had died long ago and gone back to the heaven from whence He came, but as of one whom she knew personally, and whose footsteps she was really following. And she took it for granted that she as a Christian felt the same. There had been something very spirit-stirring in her eager tone and words; and Mrs. Arnold's heart warmed toward her at the recollection of them.

But if there was a charm for her in the girl's pretty face and sweet voice and fresh enthusiasm, what might there not be for Philip? He was her only child, and the deepest desire of her heart was to see him well and happily married. No girl came into the circle of their acquaintance without being closely observed; and there was scarcely any end to the qualifications necessary in Philip's wife. It was simply impossible that he should marry a village schoolmistress.

The secluded little village, usually jealous and curious enough of any stranger, accepted Carola without a question. She had been chosen by Mrs. Stewart to be the schoolmistress, and that was sufficient guarantee of her suitability. But before long it came out that she possessed a fortune of her own, and her claim upon their respect was doubled. They had never had a governess before with an independent income; and no better proof was needed that this girl, who had no home or friends, came of a good parentage. Mr. Arnold, who as agent had many chances of investing money profitably, proposed to her to put out the money at a higher interest.

"But I don't want more money," she said, simply; "I have more than I can spend now. There is nobody poor here, for they have all enough to eat and to wear. I could not spend it if I had it."

"You may want more money by and by," said Philip Arnold, with a light on his face as he looked at her. "Couldn't you spend more upon yourself? Are there no trinkets or fine clothes, such as girls like, that you could spend money on?"

"I don't think I could," she answered, smilingly. "How should I look with fine clothes on in my schoolroom or my kitchen? Besides, I don't care to be higher in the world than Mary was, my Lord's mother. She was poor, you know, but not very poor. I think she might have lived in a house like mine, and I should choose to live as she lived as near as an English woman can. And there were Mary and Martha, who prepared the supper for our Lord, and served Him at the table; and Peter's wife's mother, who ministered to Him herself. I think I must be more like them than if I were richer; and I'm glad to have it so."

"Then you have no ambition," said Philip; "you don't want to rise in the world?"

"How could I?" she asked. "Didn't our Lord say, 'Whosoever of you will be chiefest shall be servant of all?' Oh, you don't know; I am more than content to be as I am!"

For a moment a shade passed over Carola's face. She felt they did not understand her, though they regarded her with such friendly eyes. To care little for money, to have no wish to rise in the world; that was a childish view to take of the Christian religion. It was all very well for this young girl, who knew nothing of real life, and fancied she could live as the birds

live, secure in the care of that God by whom the sparrows were not forgotten; but such a view of religion was impracticable for men of business, whose forefathers had been thrifty farmers, and had left them money, which must be made into more money. They were doing it honorably, and no man could reproach them with doing a shabby thing; not even the small meannesses that many other Christian men of business permitted themselves.

The time passed by very happily for Carola. When the harvest was over the nutting and the blackberrying began; and she wandered along the lanes that were filled with autumn scents, treading on a carpet of moist brown leaves, while the band of merry children, delighted to have their new schoolmistress as a companion, dragged down the bramble-bushes, and the tall hazel shoots, and brought to her feet the finest of the fruit. When the winter came she would often make her way across the fresh furrows where the corn was newly sown, to visit the boys who were scaring away the hunger-stricken birds, lest they should feel lonely at their work from dawn to dusk, short as the days were growing.

So busy she kept herself that there was not an idle moment in her day. Before long her pleasant kitchen became the favorite resort of the villagers; a common meeting-place such as they had not had before. For there was no liquor saloon in the hamlet, and the "master's" large kitchen at the Grange was something of an audience-chamber. But in Carola's cottage there was always a cheerful fire burning, and there was a warm welcome to whomsoever knocked at her door. She was glad to see them, and they felt it. Sometimes there was singing, if those who came could sing, and sometimes she had a book to read in her clear, natural voice which all could understand. She could cut out clothing and turn old things into new; and if one could find her alone, how full of sympathy she was when all their thoughts and troubles were falteringly told! The schoolmistress's house became a rival of the farm-house, and Mrs. Arnold, when she drew aside the thick curtains of her sitting-room window, could see the lattice casement all alight, and knew that some of the people, who in former days brought their troubles to her, had carried them to their new friend.

"It is pretty to hear her talk o' Jesus Christ," said one of the old women to her; "she do talk of Him as if she'd known Him. It's like hearin' o' somebody that lives close by. And everything make her think of Him, the hens scratchin' on the ground, and the flowers in the gardens, and the great white clouds, ay, and the sparrows fightin' under the eaves. I niver thought as He'd lived just like us."

"Yes, she's full of fancies," said Mrs. Arnold, ungraciously.

For it was a hard thing to see those who had once looked up to herself for spiritual guidance and consolation flocking around this young girl, and repeating her words one to the other as if there was some special sacredness in them. There was a change in the village. It had not been an ideal village in former times, though no great crime or vice was likely to happen in it. There had always been village squabbles and jealousies; the men had got drunk occasionally, though it was more than a mile to the nearest liquor store; and the women had been idle and thriftless, spending their time in unfriendly gossiping.

Mrs. Arnold had seldom been asked to teach any but the sick and dying, for religion had seemed a thing fit chiefly for those who were about to quit this familiar life—a thing good for the other world, of no use in this. But now it was becoming the subject of every-day talk, and the wonderful life of Christ was being thought about and pondered over in quite a new manner. The old family Bibles, which had lain dusty and unopened on the shelves or the window-sill in the cottages, were being read, sometimes by the children who went to school, but quite as

often by their parents. They were beginning to realize that the Lord had been a working man as poor as themselves, and that the Testament was a book for working people. A new and keen interest was awakened in them.

It was a new thing that would not last very long, thought Mrs. Arnold. Was it a comfort to her to think so? She did not dare to ask herself the question. But it was a comfort to find Miss Fielding so busy and so absorbed in her work as to be unable to give any special attention to her son Philip. There was not a trace in her manner of seeking admiration; she was as simple and frank in her tone to him as she was to John Windbank, the wagoner. But though Philip spoke of her as indifferently as he had been used to speak of the school-mistresses, he spent an hour or two, now and then, in her cottage of an evening when there was some singing going on. Even Mr. Arnold would turn in, and linger there, finding it a pleasant change from the monotony of his own fireside.

"What is it you see in that girl?" she asked one evening, when her husband came in with a bright look of pleasure on his face, after leaving her alone till supper time was come.

"Well, she's pretty and kindly," he answered, "and full of life. It's pleasant to see a young creature as full of life and energy as that. She's a little hasty in her temper, but then she's quick to be sorry for it. She keeps them all alive in her kitchen, I can tell you. Ah! Mary, my dear, if we'd only had a girl of our own like her!"

"I think all men are foolish," she replied, sharply. She had been about to say fools, but checked herself, for that was too harsh and petulant. "I suppose," she added, in a lower tone, "you would not like Philip to make her your daughter?"

"No, no; that would never do," he answered, "oh, that would never do! She's a good girl, and pretty, but she's not Philip's equal. Philip must look higher than that, very much higher. If I saw anything of that sort going on I should put a stop to it."

(To be continued.)

A PERILOUS VOYAGE.

S. S. Lesson for April 5, Acts 27: 1-25. Golden Text, Ps. 56: 3. By Mrs. M. Baxter.

God's Use of the Roman Officials—An Entrance for the Gospel in Rome—Character of the Centurions—A Tedious Voyage—Its Uses—Instruments in Preparation—Paul's Admonition—His Message Disregarded—The Storm—Paul Encouraging Assurance—God's Way of Dealing with the Erring.

NEITHER the Jews of Jerusalem, nor Felix, Festus, nor Agrippa had it their own way with regard to Paul. God made use of them all to work out His own purposes, and to make an entrance in Rome, the most powerful city of the then known world, for the blessed Gospel of Christ. "Luke, the beloved physician" (Col. 4: 14), who gives such glorious accounts of the Lord's healing in the Acts of the Apostles, writes: "And when it was determined that we should sail into Italy, they delivered Paul and certain other prisoners unto one named Julius, a centurion of Augustus' band." God gave Paul favor in the eyes of this man Julius, who "courteously entreated Paul, and gave him liberty to go unto his friends to refresh himself."

There was a great deal of solid honesty and uprightness among the centurions of the Roman army, as we can see from the centurion (Matt. 8: 8, 9; Luke 7: 4, 5), from Cornelius (Acts 10: 1), from Sergius Paulus at Jerusalem, and from this man Julius. They could not deal with an uncondemned prisoner as they would with one whose undoubted crimes made him "worthy of death or of bonds." Thus Paul was always

AN HONORED PRISONER.

There is no doubt that God had blessed messages for the brethren of Sidon through His servant Paul, and they were as much, or more refreshed than he. Luke and Aristarchus took

passage in the same ship with Paul, probably at their own expense; and Julius seems in no way to have objected to their accompanying him. The ship in which they sailed belonged to Adramyttium, which had probably brought a cargo from that port, situated on the shores of Asia Minor, to the south of Troas and Assos. This was hired for service of the government, and so became, for the time, a convict ship for the convey of prisoners to Rome.

The intended course of the vessel was close to the coasts of Asia. To sail close to shore was the ordinary navigation of those days, in which striking out to sea was generally thought too dangerous. But contrary winds, permitted by God, caused them instead to sail under Cyprus, from whence they sailed to Myra, on the south coast of Asia Minor, where they changed ships because the centurion found there a ship of Alexandria sailing into Italy. This served his purpose better, and thus prisoners, passengers, and cargo were transferred into it. But sailing in those days was no easy task—the compass was unknown. It was only by the stars at night, when it was clear, that the captain of a vessel could ascertain the direction which the ship was taking. In cloudy nights or fogs, and during the day when the sun was hidden, he had no guide.

They sailed slowly many days, the wind against them, and then at last sailed under Crete, over against Salomene, and later on to a place called the Fair Havens, near whereunto was the city of Lasea. How long this part of the voyage took we know not. The tour of the world is made now in about the time that it took Paul to get from Casarea to Rome. Were all his journeys thus tedious? Far from it. But now God had a purpose of mercy to those who sailed with Paul, and also to some needy ones whom he would meet with on his journey. God does not waste time, but His measure of time is other than ours. We think how much work we can accomplish in such a length of time, we being the economists of time and strength. The Lord, with whom a thousand years is as one day, and one day as a thousand years (II Pet. 3: 8), and who in His breath of eternity is the Strength of His people, thinks far otherwise. God's resources are inexhaustible. With Him that days and weeks shall slip by and no manifest work be done in the salvation of souls is no hindrance while He is occupied in

PREPARING HIS INSTRUMENTS,

just as in the forty years of Moses' sojourn in the desert, or the ten days' waiting of the hundred and twenty disciples before the outpouring of the Spirit on the day of Pentecost. That forty years of Moses' acquaintance with God was necessary to the deliverance from Egypt, and doubtless all the apparent loss of time in the life of Paul was necessary for the accomplishment of God's purposes in his future life and in his writings. "My Father worketh hitherto, and I work."

"And when much time was spent, and the voyage was now dangerous, because the fast" (Day of Atonement, late in the autumn) "was now past, Paul admonished them." In those infant days of navigation it was madness to set sail just at the time of year when much wind and storm might be expected. Such it was at this time, "and Paul said unto them, Sirs, I perceive that this voyage will be with hurt and much damage, not only of the lading and ship, but also of our lives." How did Paul perceive this? His experience as a traveller might count for something; but this was not the great thing. Paul, as a man filled with the Spirit, saw things in the light of God. "Nevertheless the centurion believed the master and owner of the ship, more than those things which were spoken by Paul. And because the haven was not commodious to winter in, the more part advised to depart thence also, if by any means they might attain unto Phenice, and there to winter."

This is just like man, following human reason rather than giving heed to a message from God. Men are satisfied to do the best for themselves,

relying on their own judgment, which is so short-sighted, rather than on the judgment of God, who knows all things. The centurion would argue: "Of course the master and owner of the vessel will run no dangerous risks with the property in which his capital is sunk! And, after all, this Paul may have an interested motive in wanting to remain in this commodious haven." How few men really believe in God's overruling of weather, of seasons, of any of the natural laws which He has constituted, and which are kept in force by Him! So many think, act, speak, and write as though natural law was

LORD OF ITS CREATOR,

instead of being, as His creation, subject to Him.

A soft south wind encouraged the sailors to think that they had obtained their purpose, so they set sail close by the coast, when "there arose against it a tempestuous wind, called Euroclydon." Paul's prediction began to be accomplished. The sailors lost all power over the ship. With great difficulty they let down the boat and undergirded the ship, fearing doubtless that she would go to pieces. Notwithstanding this precaution, they dared carry no sail, and thus were driven at the mercy of the wind. To better matters, part of the cargo was cast into the sea, and finally also the tackling of the ship. Still, all looked very dark; the tempest continued to rage day and night, and the heavy clouds never broke so as to allow of sun or stars being seen, so that the course of the vessel was utterly unknown, and at last "all hope that we should be saved was then taken away." All hope in man, all hope in navigation, all hope in master and owner of the ship gone! What was Paul doing in this time of trial? He had been asking of God a great thing, the lives—probably the souls and bodies—of all who were in the ship.

AND GOD HAD ANSWERED HIM.

For his own safety Paul had no fear; he knew God's purposes regarding him, but he knew it was no accident which had shut him up in the ship with his fellow-passengers in this time of trial. So Paul dealt with God about it, them. "After long abstinence" [Rev. Ver.], "When they had been long without food," Paul stood forth in the midst of them, and said, "Sirs, ye should have hearkened unto me, and not have loosed from Crete, and to have gained this harm and loss. And now I exhort you to be of good cheer; for there shall be no loss of any man's life among you, but of the ship."

The ship's crew had already evidence enough that Paul was no dreamer, no fanatic; that which he had prophesied was come to pass, as the rocking and tossing of the dismantled ship was evidence, and thus they were more inclined to give weight to his message. Oh, how acceptable must have been his words of encouragement, "Be of good cheer," you have made a mistake, but there is hope! This is

GOD'S WAY OF DEALING

with the erring. Paul gave freely the grounds for what he said. "For there stood by me this night the angel of God, whose I am, and whom I serve, saying, Fear not, Paul; thou must be brought before Caesar; and lo, God hath given thee all them that sail with thee. Wherefore, sirs, be of good cheer; for I believe God, that it shall be even as it was told me." What a revelation it must have been to these men of the world that God was real, and that intercourse with Him was a reality! What a revelation of Christ in His people, that Paul, only a prisoner, as it seemed to them, should have cared so much for mere strangers as to seek and to obtain their safety from Him! How about those who sail with us? those who live in our houses, who work for us, etc.? Have we asked and obtained them from the Lord, so that He emboldens us to know assuredly that not one of them shall be lost? Whatever we ask in faith we have. It is most certainly His will that we should believe, not for ourselves only, but for our "house" also (Acts 16: 31), and claim salvation for each single member.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES.

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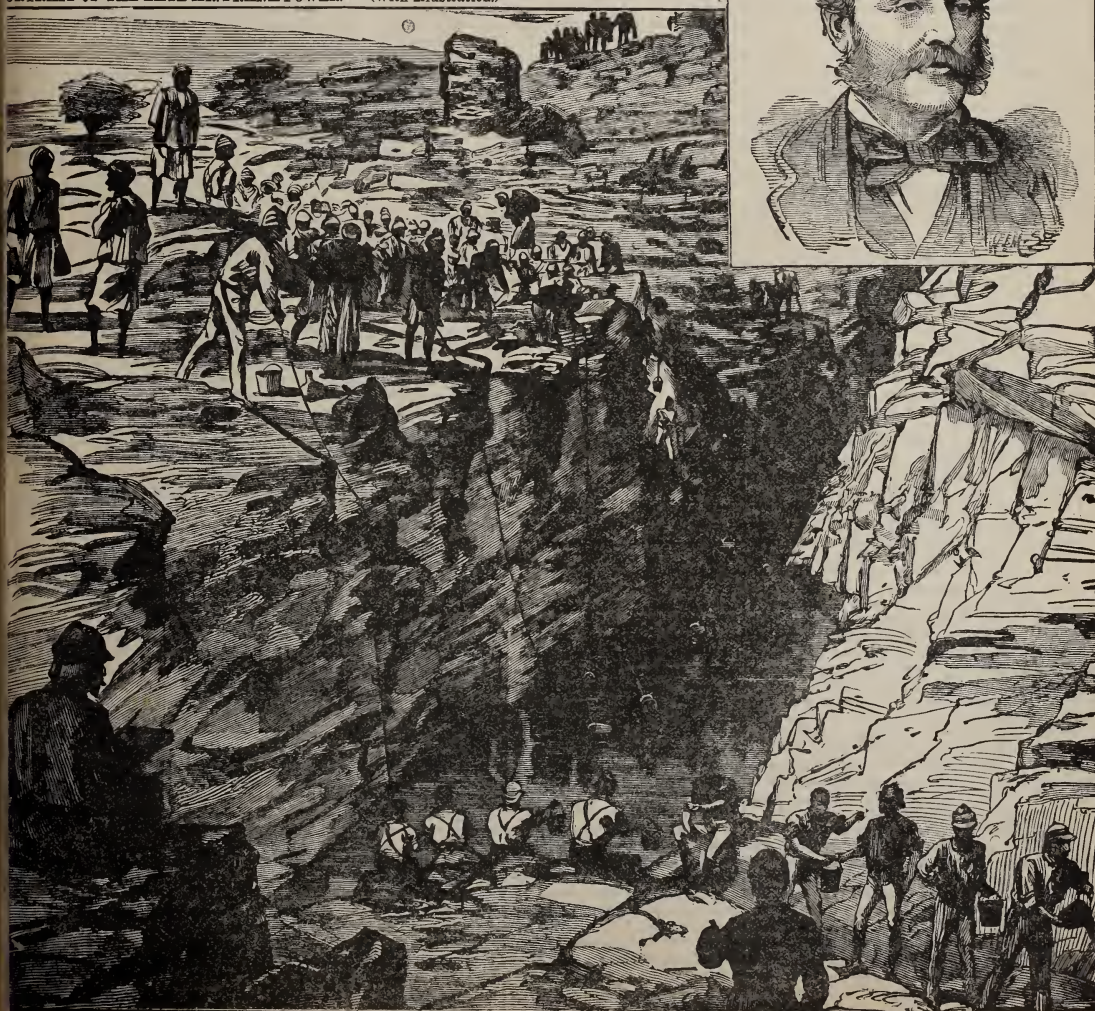
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The Late MAJOR-GENERAL EARLE, Killed in the Soudan—The Wells at Gakdul.

THE LATE MAJOR-GENERAL EARLE.

Few wars of late years have been so remarkable as that in the Soudan for the large proportion of distinguished officers who have fallen in battle as compared with the rank and file. It has been a costly war for England. Some of the officers she has lost were men of whose skill and courage Englishmen have long been proud. They were men of high birth and considerable wealth, with experience gained in India and the Crimea, and with valor tested in many a hard-fought field. The Arabs appear to have singled them out for their attacks, doubtless noting the medals and orders they wore, with a sure instinct that to kill them would injure their foe far more than to kill a dozen of the less distinguished soldiers. Among the greatest of those who have thus fallen was General Earle, whose portrait is on the first page of this journal.

General Earle at the commencement of the operations in the Soudan was in command of the British forces at Alexandria. It was expected that he would have led the expedition for the relief of General Gordon; but as the difficulties of the enterprise became fully recognized by the government, the need of the most distinguished general in the British Army appeared imperative. Lord Wolsley was therefore sent out and placed in supreme command; but his most important subordinate and his second in command was General Earle.

The particular service in which General Earle met his death was an attempt to reach Berber, avenging on his way the cowardly murder of Colonel Stewart, who was decoyed into a hut and foully assassinated, not in fair fight, but by treachery, while on his way from Khartoum, where he had been General Gordon's companion, to the British headquarters. General Earle's force followed the Nile valley until they arrived at Berti, where they found the enemy occupying a strong position at the summit of a razor-backed ridge.

The British force consisted of the Black Watch and South Stafford regiments, two famous regiments, noted for their steadiness and courage. With them were a squadron of Hussars, two guns of Egyptian artillery, the Egyptian camel corps, and a section of the field hospital corps. The troops at once set to work to form a zereba. In the mean time the enemy fired several shots from the high hills. The British pickets advanced and drove back the Arabs, who had descended the hills to make an attack. Night ensued, and guards were posted.

Everything passed quietly during the night. On Tuesday morning, February 10th, the troops formed and advanced to the enemy's position, marching in two parallel columns. This was the first time in the campaign that the British took the offensive. Previously they had been the force attacked. Two companies of the South Stafford Regiment and two guns occupied the ground directly in front of the enemy to attract their attention. At eight o'clock the guns opened the attack, and for some time a desultory fire was maintained. In the mean time the main body of the British troops was advancing steadily over almost impracticable ground, pushing the enemy before them, and seizing each successive ridge by a short, determined rush. The forward movement was continued until the advanced troops reached the right rear of the enemy, which rested on the river. This completed the movement whereby the Mahdi's forces were surrounded. All that there remained to be captured was the little fort on the river bank. As the British column advanced, it was met by a steady and well-directed fire from behind sand and watlings which composed the Arab fort, and many men of the attacking party were killed. General Earle again ordered his men to charge, and put himself at the head of the column. He was killed during this charge by a bullet fired by a sharpshooter concealed in a hut. The fort was ultimately captured, but at a terrible cost. In addition to General Earle two colonels and nine men were killed and thirty-five men were wounded.

It is evident that this encounter was one of the fiercest in the campaign. That the general commanding the force and two colonels should be killed in an encounter wherein the total death-roll on the British side was but twelve, speaks much for the personal bravery of the officers, and indicates also the difficult character of the fight; for General Earle would assuredly not have exposed himself, as he must have done, had not the fighting been somewhat critical, and the necessity for his presence in the front urgent. The precision with which the general was shot, added to several incidents of the same kind that have occurred in the campaign, suggests that there are among the Mahdi's forces some crack shots, who pick off the officers as their particular and special prey. General Earle's strategy appears, however, to have been thoroughly well designed and successfully executed, the Arab camp being so surrounded that escape was impossible except by the desperate resort of swimming across the river; and Lord Wolsley's report says of the result: "Our success is complete. We have captured ten standards, and the whole of the position is in our hands." He adds to his despatch a few sorrowful words, showing how deeply he was touched by the death of General Earle.

The deceased officer was fifty-two years old, having been born May 18th, 1833. He was the third son of Sir Hardman Earle, Bart., of Allerton Tower, near Liverpool. He was educated at Harrow, and entered the army in 1851.

His first services were in the Crimea, at the battles of Alma and Inkerman, and the siege of Sebastopol, including the sortie of October 26th, and the assault on the Redan on June 18th, for which he obtained the medal with three clasps and the Order of Medjidieh. Exchanging into the Grenadier Guards, he acted as instructor of musketry and adjutant until 1863, when he became lieutenant-colonel.

He married, July 1st, 1864, Mary, second daughter of General Sir William J. Codrington, G.C.B., at one time commander-in-chief of the British forces in the Crimea. He leaves two daughters, Rachel and Grace. In 1870 he obtained his colonelcy, and was promoted major-general in 1880.

After filling military appointments at Gibraltar, in Canada, and in India, he was made, in 1882, brigadier-general to the expeditionary force sent to Egypt, and commanded the base and lines of communication. He was mentioned in despatches published in the *Gazette* of October 6th and November 2d of that year, and had the rare honor of being thanked by both Houses of Parliament.

THE GAKDUL WELLS.

In a former article we explained the importance of the wells in the desert to the British expedition in the Soudan. The picture on the first page gives an idea of the scene when the thirsty soldiers, wearied by their long journey over arid sands and under a broiling sun, reach the rocky basin in which are the Gakdul Wells. They are reached only by a circuitous path winding in and out of the rocks from below. They are on the road from Korti to Shendi, nearly midway between these two places, and in a desert almost entirely devoid of other water. For this reason possession of them was of the first necessity, in a strategical point of view, to Lord Wolsley's expedition, as without them it would be impossible to march a force across nearly two hundred miles of desert. The first step, therefore, after arriving at Korti was to secure the wells. General Sir Herbert Stewart was intrusted with this duty. He marched two thousand camels the one hundred miles from Korti to Gakdul at the rate of a little over thirty miles a day. Lord Wolsley's instructions to him were to leave four hundred of his men at Gakdul, where they were at once to entrench themselves; then to return with the remaining seven hundred to Korti, from whence, some days afterward, they advanced again, re-entranced, to Gakdul, and from that proceeded

toward the Nile at Shendi. It should be added that these two thousand camels marched, with their riders, in five days, the whole of the two hundred miles, there and back, with a daily allowance of only two pints of water per man.

The mountains in which the wells are situated are absolutely destitute of vegetation. Dr. H. M. Field thus describes

THE MOUNTAINS

which he saw in his journey three years ago: "There is not one long chain, like the Pyrenees or the Apennines, of a general average height and form, but innumerable peaks, sharp and pointed, as if piercing the sky, while other summits are broad and dome-like, as if the very heavens might rest on the support of such 'everlasting hills.' And these mountains are unlike those of other countries in being more barren and desolate. I have seen mountains in all parts of the world, and have found in almost every case that they had some feature of beauty mingled with their ruggedness, which took away somewhat of their desolate character. However lofty their elevation, their lower sides were clothed with vegetation, which relieved their sterner aspect and softened their rugged grandeur. Not so here. They rise up abruptly from the plain, and as their substance is the hardest granite, which affords little support to vegetation, they have an aspect of savage desolation which I do not remember to have seen in the Alps or the Himalayas.

"Between these awful mountains, and winding round among them in countless turnings, are the Wadys. In studying the geography of the desert, the first lesson to be learned is to know what is meant by a Wady. Destitute as are these vast plains of water, yet at times they are swept by storms which furrow deep channels in the sand. The dry beds which they leave behind are Wadys. Several of these we crossed in which the half-dried mud showed that there had been recent rains."

It is appropriate in this place to quote the opinion of the distinguished traveller on

THE GENERAL ASPECTS

of this terrible campaign in the Soudan. A mistaken view has been industriously promulgated by ignorant newspaper writers in America, who, desiring to propitiate the Irish citizens, lose no opportunity of assailing England, whether she is right or wrong. Dr. Field, who has travelled over the whole of that region, and knows well the condition of the people there, thus writes of the work England is trying to do:

"As an American, I am not likely to be swayed from a sense of justice by the haughty English pride. What I say is the result of a good deal of reflection, aided by my own personal observations. The first question which an American who undertakes to offer an apology or defence for

THE COURSE OF ENGLAND,

is sure to have thrown in his face, is 'What business have the English in the Soudan or in Egypt?' I answer: Suppose they have not any special rights, have they not the common rights of strangers in a foreign country, to go about their business or their pleasure, and to have the protection of the laws? But there was a time, and that not very long since—indeed, only a few weeks after I left Egypt—when I could not have gone about in safety; when quiet travellers like myself were killed in the streets of Alexandria by a mob—an outrage for which the government of Arabi Pasha made no reparation whatever, but showed, on the contrary, that it was in full sympathy with the murderers. Is it so very strange that, after waiting a whole month for some atonement for that fearful massacre, the English fleet should let the Arabs hear the roar of their guns?

"Beside this, it is a matter of vital necessity in

THE INTERESTS OF CIVILIZATION

that England should keep her hand on the Suez Canal, that great highway between the seas. This necessity abundantly justified England in landing an army, overthrowing Arabi, and occu-

pying Cairo. But here, in my humble opinion, she made a fatal mistake—not in what she did, but that she did not do more; that in the stern necessity of the case she did not *take Egypt absolutely, and make it at once and forever a part of the British Empire.*"

Dr. Field then shows that Egypt must be held and governed in peace with the Soudan hostile, and that the conquest of the Soudan was therefore a necessity. He thus concludes his argument: "The war, as it now stands, is a war between barbarism and civilization. Let England retreat now, and the Mahdi be uncontrolled and unchecked master of the Soudan, and Africa will be *plunged into deeper darkness than before.* The slave trade, which Livingstone called

THE OPEN SORE OF THE WORLD,

will be set running afresh, and the wail of the captive, the sighing of the bondman, will rise up again from all along the waters of the Upper Nile. This I cannot believe to be. With my religious faith, I cannot but feel that all this complication of affairs has been permitted by the Great Ruler of the world for some good to Africa; that in some way it will be a means of driving an entering wedge into the Dark Continent. Lord Salisbury says sneeringly in the House of Lords, that when England leaves the Soudan he hopes she will leave behind her some traces of her occupation besides the bones of her soldiers bleaching on the desert! The best way to leave a fit memorial of her presence, is not to give up the Soudan, but to hold it with a mighty hand; to take Khartoum, and keep the English flag flying over it; to build railroads across the desert, and put steamers on the Blue and the White Nile; and thus she may create a civilized State in the heart of Africa."

A DRUNKARD'S RESCUE.

The following typical case of the rescue of "a hopeless" inebriate may encourage Christian workers to persevere even after hope has been abandoned by the victim and the world.

George Manners was a drunkard at twenty-one. Of a nervous, susceptible, excitable temperament, not bodily strong, full of the enjoyment of pleasures such as ensnare dozens of young, ardent natures; fond of social pleasures; clever, witty, he was much sought after by those who, while delighting in his company, thought but little of the valuable life they were blighting.

George was the youngest son of a certain cricket-ball maker in Kent, England, and followed his father's trade when he followed any trade at all. More often than not, however he was away drinking, idling his time, breaking the heart of his stepmother, who loved him like a son, tormenting his friends with anxiety, torturing a favorite sister almost to distraction. At last his health failed. He was prostrated in *delirium tremens*, and his life almost despaired of. All grieved over the fate of one so young, so sadly straying; even those most harsh in their judgment sorrowed that a bright young spirit should be quenched so early, and many prayers ascended for his recovery. They were heard. George rallied, appeared among his old associates like the ghost of his former self, went back to his work, and again fell under the influence of his old enemy.

It seemed that nothing could save him. The prayers of a goodly father, who some time before had entered into his rest, the patience and pleading of his mother and sisters, the love of one who had consented to share his sorrows and joys with him by and by, all seemed of no avail. He was killing himself by drink. He knew it. His friends knew it. But who could save him? The prayers which constantly found an entrance into the ear and heart of a sympathizing God appeared at that time to be utterly disregarded. Matters grew worse and worse. At last the village was startled by tidings that in a wretched state of madness George Manners had left his home, scarcely clothed sufficiently to protect his weak, trembling body from the cold, and had gone none knew whither.

The weary search for him which followed interested all who knew him. Some days passed. At length came a letter. He had enlisted in his insanity, had now come to himself, and piteously begged to be set free. His friends had no means; if they had had they would all have been gone ere this; his prodigality would have wasted them. But in her situation as lady's-maid one who loved him heard of his distress, and, woman-like, gave all her little store to release him, and then gave herself to be the magnet which she hoped would draw him home and keep him there. Poor thing! in a year from that time she stood waiting at the door of a liquor saloon, a fortnight-old baby in her arms, waiting to lead her husband home. Such a home, too! What that little fair, frail creature endured it would be heartrending to describe. Not that George was brutal, he never would be that; but he was simply starving her and ruining his soul, and that nearly broke her heart.

All who knew George said his case was beyond hope, unless he gave up the drink, and that seemed to be the thing farthest from his mind, until God Himself in mercy interfered.

Mr. T., a well-known and much-loved speaker, was preaching in George's native village, and for some reason George went to hear him. While there his wretched and critical state came so forcibly to his mind that he was in an agony. His wife, too, seated by his side, seemed to partake of his anxiety of soul, and both bowed together, seeking the Lord who "receiveth sinners."

Of course serious questions arose in many minds as to whether George would "stand," but he leaned with all his falling strength tremblingly but trustingly on the Lord Himself, and comfort and peace and happiness floweth in, changing a dwelling to a home.

THE SIGNS OF THE TIMES.

By the Right Rev. Bishop Fallows, of the Reformed Episcopal Church.

A LECTURE DELIVERED IN ST. PAUL'S CHURCH, CHICAGO, MARCH 15TH, 1885.

"CAN ye not discern the signs of the times?" was the question," said Dr. Fallows, "Christ addressed to the Pharisees, who were wise in foretelling the weather by the signs in the sky, and their voluntary ignorance in not being able to discern the coming of the Messiah and the establishment of Christ's kingdom upon the earth. They were blind to the teachings which were so unique and sublime, and His miracles, so numerous and mighty, had not for them the meaning which they conveyed to the observant mind. They did not discern in the events about them that first predicted coming. So the best commentators in applying this passage to the affairs of to-day think that men who are wise on the plane of business and politics and literature and the history of nations do not discern the manifest signs of the equally-predicted second coming of Christ.

"The leading minds of the church are by no means agreed as to what that second coming and the end of the world signify. The notion that this end of the world means the literal destruction of the world is now pretty much abandoned. It is in general held to mean the end of the present economy. At its close the Lord Jesus Christ is to come again in His glorified personality and accomplish all the magnificent prophecies declared by Him regarding His relations to His friends and to His foes.

"Without following any school of religious thought to the extreme of its position, we may hold, and must hold, fast to the

LITERAL PERSONAL SECOND COMING

in His divine majesty of the once crucified but now glorified and forever incarnate Son of God. We must, as firm believers in the inspired Scriptures, hold the idea that the divine providence is continually carrying forward the plans and purposes of God; that all history is the prophetic fulfilment of the prophetic utterances of the sages and seers and writers of the Old and New Testaments. The events of to-day are

as full of meaning as the events of eighteen hundred or three thousand years ago. Men who are not fanatics, but thoughtful and learned and conservative as any leaders of opinion the church can claim, read in the signs about us the speedy coming of the catastrophe of this present dispensation and the comparatively immediate coming again, in a personal form, of the Saviour and ruler of mankind.

HISTORY IS LUMINOUS

with its hints and presagings. Its lines are convergent to one grand, predestined end. The divine hand is seen shifting the marvellous panorama of the ages at the time and in the manner laid down in His revealed truth. One sign is the possession of Egypt by England. The prophecy, which must be fulfilled, gives the sway over that land and the country beyond it to the power which represents, as no other can, the sceptre of the house of Israel.

"Another sign is

THE WANING OF THE CRESCENT

before the cross. A spasmodic effort, like the one which has been made by the false prophet, will not delay, but rather accelerate, the utter downfall of the Mohammedan power. The great Euphrates of this system shall rapidly dry up, while the river of God, which is full of water fed from eternal springs, shall roll in its ever-deepening and ever-widening currents, and make everything live wherever it cometh.

"Another sign is earthquakes and pestilences and famine. These, it is true, have taken place in all periods, but that does not rob them of their significance when they are taken in connection with other manifestations. Rarely have such earthquakes visited the world as have been recently felt in Italy. The pestilence that walketh in darkness has been scourging the cities of the remote east and of the continent, and now, like a tiger in its lair, is waiting to prey upon us. Famine, a very few years ago, almost depopulated the remaining portion of that great empire of Persia, which was once almost mistress of the world. "Another sign is that

INIQUITY SHALL ABOUND

and the love of many shall wax cold. That iniquity does abound is too apparent to be long dwelt upon. The outcry against it is continually heard. The love of money and the love of pleasure divide the empire of the hearts of millions of our fellow-men. The few are amassing fortunes never dreamed of in the days of old. Private citizens are piling up wealth which monarchs of vast provinces never were able to gather together. Moneyed corporations have been bidding defiance to common law, statute law, and the laws of political economy. This wealth of private persons has been acquired in many cases by unjust methods. The toiling masses have been compelled by the imperfect adjustment of affairs to assist in building up these colossal fortunes of the favored few.

INCREASED CHRISTIAN EFFORT.

"And yet another sign, seemingly the opposite of all these, is that the Gospel is being preached or proclaimed as never before in the history of the Christian Church. More money is given for missionary work, more missionaries are supported in the various foreign fields, than at any other period. More benevolent and philanthropic movements connected with the spread of the Gospel have been begun in our day than in any other century. The whole world is now being opened to the hearing of the Gospel. It would seem as though in the last decade the last stronghold of heathenism had been taken. The heart of Africa, that mysterious land, for all the ages past the terra incognita of the civilized world, has been opened up to Christianity, commerce, and civilization by the noble band of explorers, among whom Livingstone and Stanley stand at the head. For the first time has the Gospel the opportunity to penetrate into the midst of that heathen darkness. The lecturer did not wonder that reverent and thoughtful students of the divine word had dwelt upon these facts as signs of the second coming of the Son of Man."

LEFT-HANDED MEN.

Dr. Talmage's Sermon, Preached last Sunday, March 29, 1885.

"But when the children of Israel cried unto the Lord, the Lord raised them up a deliverer, Ehud the son of Gera, a Benjamite, a man left-handed: and by him the children of Israel sent a present unto Eglon the king of Moab."—JUDGES 3:15.

Eglon's Oppression—Ehud's Commission—Assassination of Eglon—I. The Power of Left-Handed Men—The Achievements of the Undenuded—Their Early Failures—Persevering Efforts—An Oculist's Operation—Garibaldi and his Men—II. Danger of Worldly Elevation—Eglon within Reach of the Dagger—Be Content—III. Death Comes to the Summer-House—Death is Blind—Passing the Miserable—Striking the Brightest—An Aged Mother's Death—The Bottom Out of the Grave—The Gate of Tears—The Phosphorescent Track—Three Passengers in a Rail-Car.

EHUD was a ruler in Israel. He was left-handed, and, what was peculiar about the tribe of Benjamin, to which he belonged, there were in it seven hundred left-handed men; and yet so dexterous had they all become in the use of the left hand, that the Bible says they could sling stones at a hair's-breadth, and not miss.

Well, there was a king by the name of Eglon, who was an oppressor of Israel. He imposed upon them a most outrageous tax. Ehud, the man of whom I first spoke, had a divine commission to destroy that oppressor. He came, pretending that he was going to pay the tax, and asked to see King Eglon. He was told he was in the summer-house, the place to which the king retired when it was too hot to sit in the palace. This summer-house was a place surrounded by flowers, and trees, and springing fountains, and warbling birds. Ehud entered the summer-house, and said to King Eglon that he had a secret errand with him. Immediately all the attendants were waved out of the royal presence. King Eglon rises up to receive the messenger. Ehud, the left-handed man, puts his left hand to his right side, pulls out a dagger, and thrusts Eglon through until the haft went in after the blade. Eglon falls. Ehud comes forth to blow a trumpet of recruit amid the mountains of Ephraim; and a great host is marshalled, and proud Moab submits to the conqueror, and Israel is free. So, O Lord, let all thine enemies perish! So, O Lord, let all thy friends triumph!

THEIR POWER.

I. I learn, first, from this subject, the power of left-handed men. There are some men who, by physical organization, have as much strength in their left hand as in their right hand; but there is something in the writing of this text which implies that Ehud had some defect in his right hand, which compelled him to use the left. Oh, the power of left-handed men! Genius is often self-observant, careful of itself, not given to much toil, burning incense to its own aggrandizement; while many a man, with no natural endowments, actually defective in physical and mental organization, has an earnestness for the right, a patient industry, an all-consuming perseverance, which achieve marvels for the kingdom of Christ. Though left-handed as Ehud, they can strike down a sin as great and imperial as Eglon.

I have seen men of wealth gathering about them all their treasures, snuffing at the cause of a world lying in wickedness, roughly ordering Lazarus off their door-step, sending their dogs, not to lick his sores, but to hound him off their premises; catching all the pure rain of God's blessing into the stagnant, rosy, frog-inhabited pool of their own selfishness—right-handed men worse than useless—while many a man, with large heart and little pulse, has, out of his limited means, made poverty leap for joy, and started an influence that overspans the grave, and will swing round and round the throne of God, world without end. Amen.

THEIR ACHIEVEMENTS.

Ah me, it is high time that you left-handed men, who have been longing for this gift, and

that eloquence, and the other man's wealth, should take your left hand out of your pockets. Who made all these railroads? Who set up all these cities? Who started all these churches, and schools, and asylums? Who has done the tugging, and running, and pulling? Men of no wonderful endowments, thousands of them acknowledging themselves to be left-handed, and yet they were earnest, and yet they were determined, and yet they were triumphant.

THEIR PERSEVERANCE.

But I do not suppose that Ehud, the first time he took a sling in his left hand, could throw a stone a hair's-breadth, and not miss. I suppose it was practice that gave him the wonderful dexterity. Go forth to your spheres of duty, and be not discouraged if, in your first attempts, you miss the mark. Ehud missed it. Take another stone, put it carefully into the sling, swing it around your head, take better aim, and the next time you will strike the centre.

The first time a mason rings his trowel upon the brick, he does not expect to put up a perfect wall. The first time a carpenter sends the plane over a board, or drives a bit through a beam, he does not expect to make perfect execution. The first time a boy attempts a rhyme, he does not expect to chime a "Lalla Rookh" or a "Lady of the Lake." Do not be surprised if, in your first efforts at doing good, you are not very largely successful. Understand that usefulness is an art, a science, a trade.

There was

AN OCUList

performing a very difficult operation on the human eye. A young doctor stood by and said, "How easily you do that; it don't seem to cause you any trouble at all." "Ah," said the old oculist, "it is very easy now, but I spoiled a hatful of eyes to learn that." Be not surprised if it takes some practice before we can help men to moral eyesight, and bring them to a vision of the cross. Left-handed men, to the work! Take the Gospel for a sling, and faith and repentance for the smooth stone from the brook; take sure aim, God direct the weapon, and great Goliaths will tumble before you.

When Garibaldi was going out to battle, he told his troops what he wanted them to do, and after he had described what he wanted them to do, they said, "Well, general, what are you going to give us for all this?" "Well," he replied, "I don't know what else you will get, but you will get hunger, and cold, and wounds, and death. How do you like it?" His men stood before him for a little while in silence, and then they threw up their hands and cried,

WE ARE THE MEN!

we are the men!" The Lord Jesus Christ calls you to His service. I do not promise you an easy time in this world. You may have persecutions, and trials, and misrepresentations; but afterward there comes an eternal weight of glory, and you can bear the wounds, and the bruises, and the misrepresentations, if you can have the reward afterward. Have you not enough enthusiasm to cry out, "We are the men! We are the men!"

II. I learn also from this subject the danger of

WORLDLY ELEVATION.

This Eglon was what the world called a great man. There were hundreds of people who would have considered it the greatest honor of their life just to have him speak to them; yet although he is so high up in worldly position, he is not beyond the reach of Ehud's dagger. I see a great many people trying to climb up in social position, having an idea that there is a safe place somewhere far above, not knowing that the mountain of fame has a top like Mont Blanc, covered with perpetual snow.

We laugh at the children of Shinar for trying to build a tower that could reach to the heavens; but I think, if our eye-sight were only good enough, we could see a *Babel* in many a doorway. Oh,

THE STRUGGLE IS FIERCE!

It is store against store, house against house, street against street, nation against nation. The

goal for which men are running is chairs, and chandeliers, and mirrors, and houses, and lands, and presidential equipments. If they get what they anticipate, what have they got? Men are not safe from calamity while they live, and, worse than that, they are not safe after they are dead; for I have seen swine root up grave-yards.

One day a man goes up into publicity, and the world does him honor, and people climb up into sycamore-trees to watch him as he passes, and, as he goes along on the shoulders of the people, there is a waving of hats and a wild huzza. To-morrow the same man is caught between the jaws of the printing-press and mangled and bruised, and the very same persons who applauded him before cry, "Down with the traitor! down with him!"

Belshazzar sits at the feast, the mighty men of Babylon sitting all around him. Wit sparkles like the wine, and the wine like the wit. Music rolls up among the chandeliers; the chandeliers flash down on the decanters. The breath of hanging gardens floats in on the night air; the voice of revelry floats out. Amid wreaths, and tapestry, and folded banners a finger writes. The march of a host is heard on the stairs. Laughter catches in the throat. A thousand hearts stop beating. The blow is struck. The blood on the floor is richer-hued than the wine on the table. The kingdom has departed.

Belshazzar was no worse, perhaps, than hundreds of people in Babylon, but his position slew him. Oh, be content with just such a position as God has placed you in! It may not be said of us, "He was a great general," or "He was an honored chieftain," or "He was mighty in worldly attainments," but this thing may be said of you and of me, "He was a good citizen, a faithful Christian, a friend of Jesus." And that in the last day will be the highest of all eulogiums.

III. I learn further from this subject that

DEATH COMES TO THE SUMMER-HOUSE.

Eglon did not expect to die in that fine place. Amidst all the flower-leaves that drifted like summer snow into the window; in the tinkle and dash of the fountains; in the sound of a thousand leaves fluting on one tree-branch; in the cool breeze that came up to shake feverish trouble out of the king's locks—there was nothing that spake of death, but there he died! In the winter, when the snow is a shroud, and when the wind is a dirge, it is easy to think of our mortality; but when the weather is pleasant, and all our surroundings are agreeable, how difficult it is for us to appreciate the truth that we are mortal! And yet my text teaches that death does sometimes come to the summer-house.

DEATH IS BLIND.

and cannot see the leaves. He is deaf, and cannot hear the fountains. Oh, if death would ask us for victims, we could point him to hundreds of people who would rejoice to have him come. Push back the door of that hovel. Look at that little child—cold, and sick, and hungry. It has never heard the name of God but in blasphemy. Parents intoxicated, staggering around its straw bed. Oh, Death, there is a mark for thee! Up with it into the light! Before those little feet stumble on life's pathway, give them rest.

Here is an aged man. He has done his work. He has done it gloriously. The companions of his youth all gone, his children dead, he longs to be at rest, and wearily the days and the nights pass. He says, "Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly." Oh, Death, there is a mark for thee! Take from him the staff, and give him the sceptre! Up with him into the light, where eyes never grow dim, and the hair whitens not through the long years of eternity. Ah! Death will not do that. Death turns back from the straw bed, and from the aged man ready for the skies, and comes to the summer-house.

What doest thou here, thou bony, ghastly monster, amidst this waving grass, and under

this sunlight sifting through the tree-branches? Children are at play. How quickly their feet go, and their locks toss in the wind. Father and mother stand at the side of the room looking on, enjoying their glee. It does not seem possible that the wolf should ever break into that fold and carry off a lamb. Meanwhile an old archer stands looking through the thicket. He points his arrow at

THE BRIGHTEST OF THE GROUP

—he is a sure marksman—the bow bends, the arrow speeds! Hush now. The quick feet have stopped, and the locks toss no more in the wind. Laughter has gone out of the hall. *Death in the summer-house!*

Here is a father in mid-life; his coming home at night is the signal for mirth. The children rush to the door, and there are books on the evening stand, and the hours pass away on glad feet. There is nothing wanting in that home. Religion is there, and sacrifices on the altar morning and night. You look in that household, and say, "I cannot think of anything happier. I do not really believe the world is so sad a place as some people describe it to be." The scene changes. Father is sick. The doors must be kept shut. The death-watch chirps dolefully on the hearth. The children whisper, and walk softly where once they romped. Passing the house late at night, you see the quick glancing of lights from room to room. It is all over! *Death in the summer-house!*

Here is

AN AGED MOTHER

—aged, but not infirm. You think you will have the joy of caring for her wants a good while yet. As she goes from house to house, to children and grandchildren, her coming is a dropping of sunlight in the dwelling. Your children see her coming through the lane, and they cry, "Grandmother's come!" Care for you has marked up her face with many a deep wrinkle, and her back stoops with carrying your burdens. Some day she is very quiet. She says she is not sick, but something tells you you will not much longer have a mother. She will sit with you no more at the table, nor at the hearth. Her soul goes out so gently, you do not exactly know the moment of its going. Fold the hands that have done so many kindnesses for you right over the heart that has beat with love toward you since before you were born. Let the pilgrim rest. She is weary. *Death in the summer-house!*

Gather about us what we will of comfort and luxury, when

THE PALE MESSENGER

comes he does not stop to look at the architecture of the house before he comes in; nor, entering, does he wait to examine the pictures we have gathered on the wall; or, bending over your pillow, he does not stop to see whether there is color in the cheek, or gentleness in the eye, or intelligence in the brow. But what of that? Must we stand forever mourning among the graves of our dead? No! No! The people in Bengal bring cages of birds to the graves of their dead, and then they open the cages, and the birds go singing heavenward. So I would bring to the graves of your dead to-night all bright thoughts and congratulations, and bid them sing of victory and redemption. I stamp on the bottom of the grave, and it breaks through into the light and the glory of heaven.

The ancients used to think that the straits entering the Red Sea were very dangerous places, and they supposed that every ship that went through those straits would be destroyed, and they were in the habit of putting on weeds of mourning for those who had gone on that voyage, as though they were actually dead. Do you know what they called those straits? They called them

THE "GATE OF TEARS."

Oh, I stand to-night at the gate of tears through which many of your loved ones have gone, and I want to tell you that all are not shipwrecked that have gone through those straits into the great ocean stretching out beyond. The sound

that comes from that other shore on still nights when we are wrapped in prayer makes me think that the departed are not dead.

WE ARE THE DEAD—

we who toll; we who weep; we who sin—we are the dead. How my heart aches for human sorrow! this sound of breaking hearts that I hear all about me! this last look of faces that never will brighten again! this last kiss of lips that never will speak again! this widowhood and orphanage! oh, when will the day of sorrow be gone!

After the sharpest winter, the spring dismounts from the shoulder of a southern gale and puts its warm hand upon the earth, and in its palm there comes the grass, and there come the flowers, and God reads over the poetry of bird, and brook, and bloom, and pronounces it very good. What, my friends, if every winter had not its spring, and every night its day, and every gloom its glow, and every bitter now its sweet hereafter! If you have been on the sea, you know, as the ship passes in the night, there is

A PHOSPHORESCENT TRACK

left behind it; and as the waters roll up, they toss with unimaginable splendor. Well, across this great ocean of human trouble Jesus walks. Oh, that in the phosphorescent track of His feet we might all follow and be illumined!

There was a gentleman in a rail-car who saw in that same car

THREE PASSENGERS

of very different circumstances. The first was a *maniac*. He was carefully guarded by his attendants; his mind, like a ship dismasted, was beating against a dark, desolate coast, from which no help could come. The train stopped, and the man was taken out into the asylum, to waste away, perhaps, through years of gloom. The second passenger was a *culprit*. The outraged law had seized on him. As the cars jolted, the chains rattled. On his face were crime, depravity, and despair. The train halted, and he was taken out to the penitentiary, to which he had been condemned. There was the third passenger, under far different circumstances. She was a *bride*. Every hour was gay as a marriage bell. Life glittered and beckoned. Her companion was taking her to his father's house. The train halted. The old man was there to welcome her to her new home, and his white locks snowed down upon her as he sealed his word with a father's kiss.

Quickly we fly toward eternity. We will soon be there. Some leave this life condemned culprits. They refused a pardon, they carry their chains. Oh, may it be with us, that, leaving this fleeting life for the next, we may find our Father ready to greet us to our new home with Him forever. That will be a marriage banquet! Father's welcome! Father's bosom! Father's kiss! Heaven! Heaven!

Dr. Talmage, Referring to the President's nominations at his weekly talk on Friday evening last, said: "The President is actually embarrassed by the richness of the material he has to draw from. During the last week men who have never been thought of before have been selected to fill important offices, and both parties clap their hands and cry 'well done.' Never before was there so much good breeding, so much knowledge, so much sobriety at our nation's Capitol as there is now. Our politics are growing purer, our civilization is growing higher because of the elevating character of the literature of the present day. And it is only a fitting recognition of what our literary men have done that the President should have appointed one of them as Minister to Turkey. There, in his palace on the banks of the Bosphorus," said the speaker, in conclusion, "Mr. S. S. Cox will continue his literary work and make the world happier by the products of his brain. Because of a picturesque description of a sunset in France which he once wrote he has been called 'Sunset' Cox. But now, in view of the new life opened out before him by President Cleve-

land's wisdom, I rechristen him. His name shall no longer be Sunset, but it shall be Sunrise Cox."

The Prohibitionists of Kansas are Preparing to enforce the stringent law passed by the Legislature last session for the better observance of the amendment to the Constitution. The law went into effect on March 14th. Dispatches from various points indicate that the saloon men are divided as to what stand they will take. Some are defiant but others have gone out of business. In Atchison the county-attorney gave notice that all saloons or wholesalers of liquor doing business on and after Monday, March 23d, would be prosecuted under the law. It is believed that this action will settle the saloon business, so far as the city is concerned. The managers of the different railroad and transportation companies have issued circular letters calling the attention of their agents to that section of the new law which provides that any officer, agent, or employé of any railroad, express company, or common carrier who knowingly delivers any intoxicating liquor to any person in the State shall be fined from \$100 to \$500 and imprisoned from thirty to sixty days. This has resulted in the stoppage of liquor shipments. The city of Topeka boasts that it has not a single open saloon, that seventeen liquor dealers are in prison for violating the law, and that \$12,500 has been paid into the county school fund from fines collected from saloon-keepers.

A Bride is the Latest Victim of Monte Carlo gambling. The Paris correspondent of the London Times writes: "The death of another victim of Monte Carlo has to be recorded. A clerk in a large counting-house in Germany was spending his honeymoon in Italy, and received a sum worth \$8000 in payment of a bill due to his employers. On his way back he stopped at Monte Carlo, and, fearing its temptations, entrusted the money to his wife's custody. He was called away for a time, and found, on his return, that his wife was missing. He made inquiries to no purpose. At last he learned that a young woman, after losing a large sum at the gaming tables, had thrown herself into the sea. The bride, it appeared, had entered the Casino from curiosity, had staked some small sums, and then, egged on by women believed to have been stationed there for the purpose, had lost everything. The Casino authorities had ordered the affair to be kept secret, and, but for one of the officials being touched by the husband's anguish, the young man might never have known what had become of his wife. As it is, the interested advocates of Monte Carlo will probably deny the whole story."

Last Struggle of Mohammedanism.—Referring to affairs in the Sudan, and the reported advance of the Mahdi with forty thousand men, the London Rock remarks: "The end of the Mohammedan rebellion is not likely to come just yet. If the records of prophetic announcements are to be taken into consideration, it would seem that this movement is the last expiring effort of the followers of the false prophet who has for centuries exercised such sway over the Eastern population. If prophecy be interpreted according to the views of Bishop Newton and men of his school, it would appear that Popery and Mohammedanism are to lose their temporal power before the time of the end. This revolution looks very like the final break-up of Mohammedan power. Our rulers had evidently a very insufficient knowledge of the programme of the future in Egypt, judging from the rash promises as to the almost immediate withdrawal of our troops from that country after the battle of Tel-el-Kebir. There seems every probability that England is destined to play a very conspicuous part in this African campaign. It is very doubtful if she will ever leave Egypt without the occupation of our troops. In fact, England will probably be compelled to establish a protectorate over that country."

THE YOUNG LIONS IN PROPHECY.

In the course of an address recently delivered in London the Rev. Henry E. Brooke referred to the critical condition of English foreign affairs. He called attention to the unexpected offers made to the British Government by India, Australia, Canada, and other English colonies of military assistance in the event of war with Russia and the existing war in the Soudan. He dwelt on the spontaneous character of those offers as an evidence of identity of feeling and a remarkable fulfilment of prophecy. In the course of his address he said:

"I have been very much struck by the critical CHARACTER OF THE TIMES

in which we live, and their evident connection with God's purposes. Who would have supposed that England—I believe I may say very much against her will—would have been involved in a war of this sort in Africa, and in this particular part of Africa? It seems to me that we are engaged in this war against our own will and against the will of our rulers. We have been obliged to go to war, to make war on this great power; a great power, which is a religious power, not a political power; and a religious power which has great influence in India, and which may be used, we know not how extensively, in bringing about God's purposes with regard to the Jews.

"At this critical time one cannot help seeing how Russia is involved, and from Ezek. 38 we find that Russia has largely to do with the events of the future. You are aware that the word rendered 'chief' is Rosh, or in modern language Russia, while Meshech and Tubal seem to be identified with Muscovy and Tobolsk, and that the power thus indicated is to come up against Israel. Now I had my attention called yesterday to

A CURIOUS ILLUSTRATION which has just appeared, with no prophetic allusion, of a statement in the chapter. We read, in verse 13, that when the Prince or Rosh comes up to take a spoil, 'Sheba, and Dedan, and the merchants of Tarshish, with all the young lions thereof, shall say unto him, Art thou come to take a spoil?' I think all interpreters are agreed that Tarshish means England, and that 'the merchant' is an allusion to the commercial character of our country; but what about 'the young lions thereof'? It has been timidly suggested it might mean our colonies; but there was this difficulty, nobody would have supposed our colonies would have mixed themselves up with our wars. What, however, have we seen? The colonies throwing in their lot with England in the war in the Soudan.

"And now for the unexpected illustration. In *Punch's* cartoon for this week, prepared, we may feel sure, without any thought of prophecy, England is represented as a lion, looking on at a number of young lions being drilled as soldiers. The lion is our national symbol, and here we have in the natural language of symbol the very truth expressed in Ezek. 38: 13—England, 'the merchants of Tarshish,' and her colonies 'the young lions thereof.'

THE QUESTION, that addressed by England to Russia. Lord Granville's first inquiry was as to the meaning of the Russian advance into Afghanistan. He demanded to be informed what was the design of the movement, and whether it indicated an intention on the part of Russia to annex the country.—'Art thou come to take a spoil?' I only mention this as a by-way illustration of how prophetic events are being fulfilled in these days.

Meanwhile these events seem to say to us, it becometh us to be upon the watch-tower. While, therefore, we have specially in view at such a time the critical condition of things, the critical state of our soldiers and sailors in the East, and while we are praying for them, do not let us forget to pray that the people of God may be stirred up to use the opportunity afforded them of being to the nation around as a river that maketh glad the desert places of the earth,

so that we may make glad in every sense of the word. We pray there may be a blessed result from such a state of things, while we also pray our rulers may be guided aright, and that the present unbelieving age may be taught to know there is a God who ruleth in the earth, even while they are so ready to reject Him.

"And in the midst of all let us hear the words, 'Be still and know that I am God: I will be exalted among the heathen, I will be exalted in the earth. The Lord of hosts is with us; the God of Jacob is our refuge.'

ANECDOTES RELATED AT THE EVANGELISTIC MEETINGS IN SCOTLAND.

How Luther Taught his Children.—The Rev. Mr. Stewart said at a recent meeting: "Luther used to teach his children to read the Bible in the following way: First, to read through one book carefully, then to study chapter by chapter, and then verse by verse, and lastly word by word, for, he said, 'It is like a person shaking a fruit tree. First shaking the tree and gathering up the fruit which falls to the ground, and then shaking each branch and afterward each twig of the branch, and last of all looking carefully under each leaf to see that no fruit remains. In this way, and in no other, shall we also find the hidden treasures that are in the Bible.'

Pawning a New Testament.—The Rev. Mr. Gault said: "I know of a Jew who keeps a pawnbroker's shop. One day a woman in straitened circumstances came in with a beautifully bound New Testament, for which, in return, he gave her money, and told her that she could redeem it at any time she wished. The Jew, for some reason or other, began to read the New Testament, and probably he had never seen one before, and as he read he became intensely interested. He read it again and again, and was convinced of its truth. In this wonderful way God blessed it to the Jew's conversion. He accepted Jesus of Nazareth as the promised Messiah and his own personal Saviour, and realized peace."

An Invalid's Marked Bible.—A Minister of the Gospel related: "I lately heard of a woman who was ill, and when her minister went to see her he lifted her Bible to read a portion of the Scripture, and when he opened it he noticed several verses through the Bible with a T and a P placed before them. He inquired of her the meaning of this, and she answered him thus: 'Whenever I am in trouble or distress I open my Bible, and look for one of God's promises suitable for the occasion, and take it to Him, and tell Him that I believe it because He has said it, and T. P. means tried and proved.' Dear friends, when we ask anything of the Lord, let us see that it is in accordance with the conditions on which He has promised to answer our prayers, and if we prove that it is so, be sure that the Lord will answer it. "Ye have not because ye ask not, or because ye ask amiss." "Whatsoever ye ask the Father in my name, I will do it."

Stealing Eggs for Mother.—The Rev. Mr. Ross said: "I knew a woman who, in temporal things, was in poor and very needy circumstances, and oftentimes had to go without food. Her eldest son, who loved his mother dearly, was walking through a field when he came upon a number of eggs in a corn stack. 'Ah, he thought, 'mother is ill just now, and she is not having enough of food; I am sure she would like these,' and, so thinking, he spread his handkerchief on the ground and lifted the eggs carefully into it. With a swift and light step he turned homeward, and did not stop until he had crossed the threshold of his humble home, and joyfully spread out the contents of his handkerchief before his mother. She quietly looked him straight in the face, and not a single word did she utter; but that look plainly said, 'Charlie, did you steal them?' That look was enough; he needed no more. With flushed face and tears starting into his eyes, Charlie tied them up again and hurriedly returned to the field, and replaced them in the cornstack from

which he had taken them. Charlie says he would never forget the look which his mother gave him; it did him more good than any angry words could have done."

A Man with a Rope Round his Neck.—An earnest evangelist said: "I knew a young man who was much given to indulgence in strong drink. I have lifted him again and again out of the street helplessly intoxicated. He sank so low at last that his nearest friends refused to have anything to do with him. About two years ago he was found with a rope round his neck, intending to put an end to his life, and would undoubtedly have done so had it not been for a friend providentially coming upon him, and hindering the sinful act. So thankful was he afterward for being thus detained from becoming his own murderer that he gave himself body and soul to the Lord and His work, and through his heaven-blessed instrumentality, many to this day are flocking into the kingdom of the Saviour."

A Band of Foolhardy Skaters.—A Minister said: "In Philadelphia, United States, about three years ago, during a keen frost, hundreds of young men were on a skating pond. A hole was made in the ice so as to warn them of danger when it should come. The ice began to crack round the hole, but the excited skaters did not seem to be aware of their danger, until some one with authority stepped on to the ice, telling them to leave the pond at once, because in a few minutes the ice would give way beneath them. 'Just another round before we leave it,' shouted a merry voice. Hundreds took warning and left the pond, but many followed their leader for 'just another round.' It was only another round, but a round too many; all who stayed on the pond fell through and perished. There are some people who think they will take just another round of the pleasures of the world; but, friends, it may be a round too many, and you may be lost. 'To-day if you will hear His voice, harden not your hearts.'"

Climbing out of a Deep Pit.—Mr. Jack said: "A man was very anxious about his soul. Night and day he continued crying, 'Who shall deliver me? Who is able to deliver?' What is not made plain in the visions of day, God sometimes makes plain in the visions of night. This man dreamed one night that he was in a deep pit, and tried to climb up the slippery walls. At length, after many vain attempts, he caught sight of a bright star in the sky. Fixing his eyes on the star, he again tried to climb the slippery sides; but now he kept his eyes fixed on the star, and not on the darkness around him. He was but a very short distance from the top, when he took his eyes from the star for one moment, and looked down to see how far he had ascended, and at once he fell to the bottom of the pit. He now saw it was by taking his eyes from that bright star that he had fallen; and again going up, resolving to keep his eyes on the star, he safely reached the top. He awoke, and knew now what was the reason of his not obtaining deliverance. It was by not keeping his eyes on the great Light of the world, and very soon he found peace and pardon by looking simply with the eye of faith to Jesus."

A Mother and her Runaway Son.—A Well-known worker in Christ's vineyard said: "One night I went down to the railway station and got into a carriage. I sat down beside a woman who was bitterly weeping. Her son, a young man, was standing at the carriage window, bidding his mother good-by. On our journey I learned part of that woman's history. She belonged to Ireland, and had come to the metropolis to see her son. She told me that one day in the old country her son told her that he was going out to make some purchases, but he never returned, and she knew nothing of where he had gone. Some time afterward she heard through a friend where he was, and obtaining his address, she had written to him several times, but received no reply. The poor mother's heart yearned after her son, and she made up her mind to leave her home and seek for him.

erself. When her brother heard of it he said, 'I will go instead of you.' 'Go instead of me!' he rejoined. 'No; I will go and seek for my own boy myself, until I find him.' And she sought for him until she *did* find him. I said to her, 'And will he not come home with you?' No, she said, 'He will not return with me, and again the tears began to flow. That just illustrates what Jesus has done for you. At first he Lord sent message after message to His rebellious children, but they paid no attention until Jesus said, 'I will go myself and seek the lost.' And He came, and suffered and died that we might live, and yet many, like the young man, will not go with Him.'

THE OBSERVANCE OF LENT.

By Rev. George D. Hultz.

PART OF A SERMON DELIVERED IN THE SOUTH BUSHWICK REFORMED CHURCH, BROOKLYN, MARCH 15TH, 1885.

Increased Observance in America—The Early Churches—Origin of the Fast—Its Theoretical Design—Its Spiritual Influence—The Average not Raised—Reduced by Excesses before and after the Reformation—Spiritual—More Outward Observance Worthless—A Lenten Life—How Christ Fasted—Better Things.

RELIGIOUS observances in the matter of church days and fasts have in this country in the main gone in two lines. On the one side they have been altogether neglected, and on the other side have been strictly observed. On the side of those who observe are especially the Roman Catholics, the Greek Church, Lutherans, and Episcopalians; and on the other side are the main portion of the great Protestant bodies—the Presbyterians, Congregationalists, Baptists, Methodists, and Reformed churches.

The first strong religious force in our country was the Puritan element. They were people who not only had convictions, but they were aggressive in their faith, and they made New England their own, religiously speaking, and have never ceased to exert an influence in the line of their beliefs over the whole North. Then came the Presbyterian element, as positive in their convictions and no less aggressive than the Puritans. They spread themselves more or less over the whole country, South as well as North, and carried on and to a great extent nationalized the non-observance of holy feasts and fasts.

THE MODERN ATTITUDE.

But a great change has been taking place. The Roman Catholics, in a few years, by immigration (not by conversion) have become a mighty multitude, and they have their churches, and follow their customs in every city and hamlet the country over. The Episcopalians have, for various reasons easy to see, become the church of social standing, as Congregationalists and Presbyterians have been and are yet the churches of the intellect, and the Methodists the churches of the emotions. The Episcopalians have had a vast deal in the last few years to do with church social observances, and so Christmas has been observed, and is largely, not religiously but socially, the country over; and so it has come that Lent has in one way an almost universal observance; by the prelatical churches in a religious way, by the rest of the world as a matter of social requirement. Even infidels think twice before they will appoint any great social event during the season of Lent, for two questions inevitably came up: first, What will society say? and second, Can we, in view of how people are governed by social tyranny—can we make it pay at this time? At any rate, not by its religious character, but its social observance, the season of Lent has been thrust upon the attention of those who do not observe it.

The season of Lent was observed very early in the history of the Church—certainly as early as the third century. No authority states that it went back to the times of the apostles. Intended in its early history as a preparation for Easter, which has always been held as the great holy day of the Church of God, it at first con-

sisted of but one, two, three, or four days. Then lengthened in the eighth century, it was finally changed from thirty-six days to its present length. There is no basis whatever that the forty days are observed in memory of the forty days' fast of our Saviour in the wilderness.

THE THEORETICAL DESIGN.

It is twofold: first, a preparation for Easter, that the follower of Christ could go to the celebration of that day feeling that his sins were forgiven, his soul through communion purified, and able on that greatest of all days to the Christian—able to come to the Supper of the Lord and partake of the Holy Communion; and second, the design of Lent is to give to the Christian a special season of religious experience, when he should separate from the world, meditate upon his sins, fight against his evil tendencies, cleanse himself from the contamination the world has brought, and prepare himself specially against its influences in future. The Lenten season is in theory identical with the Week of Prayer now observed by many of the Protestant churches. Lent differs from that only in its greater solemnity, its carnal restrictions, and its greater length. With the Roman Catholic Church authoritatively, and others rather optionally, it is a time of fasting. And this method of observance serves to hold more or less perforce before the mind the religious character of the days of the season.

There is no doubt, in the view of all this, that theoretically the season of Lent ought to be productive of spiritual good. But as we are to concern ourselves with what is, as a result, not what ought to be, about facts rather than theories, let us look to see what.

THE SPIRITUAL INFLUENCE OF LENT

is upon those who have observed it. I think we can say, comparing the great churches who observe Lent with the great churches who do not—the Episcopalians, Lutheran, Roman Catholic, and Greek churches with the Presbyterian, Baptist, Methodist, Congregationalist and Reformed churches—comparing these, I think we will not be accused of prejudice if we say the churches observing are on the average in spirituality not only not equals of those not observing, but are, in truth, far behind them; and we will find, as a matter of fact without exception, just as these churches who do observe put stress on the observing of the season, they are spiritually dead.

As the observing of the season goes, in the first place, it seems, in fact, that Lent really is, in the main, no restriction on the average of the life. For as it is observed, the one who observes considers that both before and after he has some extra right to indulgence; and where Lent is very strictly observed there comes the license of carnival time, which the forty days of comparative abstinence can hardly atone for. However foolish the argument be, so people in fact argue by their action: I am going to be very good for seven weeks, so I will indulge myself a little; and they often thus do deeds and go to an extent of dissipation that they would not be guilty of were it not for what they know is before them.

In the second place, the abstinence of Lent is inevitably looked upon as

A SORT OF PENANCE.

People are only human, and it is human to take a pride in ourselves and in what we do. It is pretty difficult for a man not to think he has a little better chance of heaven if he give a large sum of money to the Lord, and so it is difficult for a person to give up fleshly indulgences for a while without thinking that somehow he thereby has a hold on God, and by the merit of his actions is to get heaven as his right. As a matter of fact, this is largely the result of Lenten observance.

Now, I am of course aware that mere abstinence from the full swing of fleshly pursuits is something of worth in character; but I feel confident that it is almost worthless when the abstinence is only abstinence outwardly. I doubt whether a person is advanced

at all spiritually who, while outwardly holding himself in check, grieves over the necessity, and in imagination gloats in the doing of that which in body he does not allow himself to do, and after to an extent, at least, both before and after the restraint, feels himself entitled to a certain liberty to more freely indulge in view of the abstinence, as the drinker who agrees to give up his liquor for forty days goes on a great spree before, gloats over drinking during the time, and has considerable of a spree afterward. And so, however beautiful the season may be in theory, the observance of holy days and the Lenten season, as such, has not tended to the increase of spirituality and piety. It seems to me as observances increase beyond a certain limit, there is an increase of trust in the observance as a means of salvation, and consequently the form becomes the summary of religion. The observance is sure to be taken as an atonement for excesses indulged in, in view of the observance as well as for the sins of the rest of the life.

A LENTEN LIFE.

What, then, in view of all this, would I say and advise with regard to Lent? Well, I say nothing against its observance, but rather the contrary, if only it be observed on the basis of its theory. But the one who has the spirit to rightly observe forty days must have in him the spirit which will make his life a true Lenten season. In the true sense of the season every true Christian's life should be a Lenten observance—a drawing near to the Master, in communion with Him and meditation upon His life and love, and a crucifying of the flesh with its carnal desires; and if Lent be looked upon only as a special season of religious contemplation for the Christian, then, too, it may become a means of blessing; but the end must be nearness to Christ.

One thing, however, let me say in regard to all fasting. Under Christ it is not abstinence from eating that constitutes a service to God. In Christ is liberty, and service must be of the heart. The penance and fasting of the monk, though continued for many years, in themselves bring him no nearer to Christ. The essence of religion is the spirit which goes out toward God in worship and the desire of self-conquest. True fasting is not to abstain from eat and eat bitter herbs, but to abstain from carnality, to conquer and hold down the fleshly tendencies which war against the divine. The outer form may serve as a type, may serve to hold the spirit in view, but in itself it is nothing.

THE SAVIOUR'S FAST.

Another thing: apart from the forty days' fast of our Saviour, we have no record that He fasted, and the fast of forty days was at most an incidental matter—not as a means to an end, but a result in view of the glory which He realized as called of God to do His atoning work. The true following of Jesus ought to be a state of spiritual ecstasy which might lead us to forget to eat or be indifferent to eating; not a stopping of eating in the hope it would lead to spiritual ecstasy. Apart, I say, from the one fasting, which has no significance save as it gave the devil a good chance to tempt and lead astray, Christ never fasted, and we can hardly think He attached much, if any importance to it. To be sure, He said, after the Bridegroom was taken the children of the Bridechamber would fast; but, blessed be His name, we who love realize the fulfilment of His promise—"Lo, I am with you always, even to the end of the world." To be sure, He told His disciples how they should do when they fasted, but those were instructions for them as Jews, and at any rate demanded the careful *hiding of the fact* that they were fasting.

So, in summary, we fail to see the necessity of Lenten observance in fact, or the good result in fact, and we hold before you the better things: Seek to develop yourselves in the likeness of Christ, in having in you the spirit of worship, of prayer, and of true fasting, that not on Sundays alone, nor in Lent, but always, you may be fully His.

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CURRENT EVENTS.

Important Diplomatic Changes were Made last week by the President. On Monday he sent to the Senate the nominations of the following ministers plenipotentiary and envoys extraordinary of the United States: Edward J. Phelps, of Vermont, to Great Britain; George M. Pendleton, of Ohio, to Germany; Robert M. McLane, of Maryland, to France; Henry R. Jackson, of Georgia, to Mexico. On Wednesday Congressman S. S. Cox was nominated minister to Turkey. The nominations caused much surprise. The English mission being regarded as one of the most coveted prizes in the gift of a new administration, it was expected that it would fall to the lot of some prominent Democrat for whom room could not be found in the Cabinet. *Mr. Phelps* is a comparatively unknown man, but those who do know him speak highly of his qualifications for the position. Senator Edmunds, with whom he is personally acquainted, said he regarded him as "the foremost lawyer at the North," and Secretary Bayard is reported to have declared him a fitter man than himself for his own post as head of the Department of State. Mr. Phelps is sixty-one years of age. He is Kent Professor of Law in Yale College, and in 1881 he was elected President of the American Bar Association. It is generally admitted that in nominating Mr. Phelps the President has been guided by considerations of fitness, as Mr. Phelps has never been in a position to render partisan service to a Democratic candidate. The Irish are dissatisfied with the selection, but as those who desired a quarrel with England supported Mr. Blaine, they had no reason to expect that Mr. Cleveland would consider their wishes in this appointment. *Ex-Senator Pendleton* is the most conspicuous Civil Service Reformer in the Democratic party. In nominating him for the Berlin mission the President has administered a delicate reproof to his own party in Ohio, who deprived Mr. Pendleton of his seat in the Senate as a punishment for his zeal in the cause of reform. The Ohio Germans are much pleased with the appointment. *Governor McLane* has already served as Minister. In 1853 President Pierce gave him the Chinese mission, and in 1859, on the nomination of President Buchanan, he represented his country in Mexico. He was elected in 1884 Governor of

Maryland for four years. He is seventy years of age. *Mr. Jackson* has also had some experience in diplomacy. He was five years minister resident in Austria, from 1853 to 1858. He served in the war as brigadier-general of the Confederacy. The nomination of *Mr. Samuel S. Cox* was well received, the Democrats being agreed that the Congressman was fully equipped for a diplomatic position, and especially for the mission to Turkey, in which country he had travelled, and about whose people he had written in his entertaining way. It is understood that Mr. Cox, who has not been in good health for some time, has been anxious to represent the government abroad, and that his choice was to go as Minister to Turkey.

An Important Decision in the Polygamy cases was rendered by the United States Supreme Court on March 23d. Five test suits were submitted, with the object of deciding the constitutionality of the Edmunds act of 1882. By that act a board was created to supervise elections in the Territory, and this board prescribed as a condition of the registration of voters a discriminating test oath. Under the operation of this act, persons who would not swear that they were not bigamists or polygamists were not permitted to register. It was urged on the part of the voters rejected, that it abridged the rights of electors in the Territory under previous laws. But the Supreme Court decides that the United States has sovereign power over the Territories and their inhabitants; that it rests with Congress to say whether any of the people resident in the Territory shall participate in elections or in making laws; "and it may therefore take from them any right of suffrage it may previously have conferred, or at any time modify or abridge it, as it may deem expedient." The decision gives increased power to the President, and if he should find it insufficient, will justify him in asking Congress for laws still more stringent.

General Grant Testified in the Trial of James D. Fish, of the Marine Bank, on March 26th. The general declared that he was entirely ignorant of anything wrong in the business of the firm of Grant & Ward. He had no knowledge of the peculiar transactions of Fish and Ward in the Marine Bank. On the other hand, Mr. Fish, who was an original partner in the firm, had the knowledge of its business, the possession of which, General Grant testifies, would at once have made him distrustful. He supposed he was a special partner in the firm of Grant & Ward until the failure of the firm. He paid in \$50,000 about the time he became a partner, November 1st, 1880, and \$50,000 a short time later. On the 1st of May, 1884, he supposed himself worth nearly a million dollars. He felt no distrust or uneasiness up to the very day of the failure. The physicians attending General Grant state that his want of sleep is caused only in part by his disease; the chief reason for it is mental distress occasioned by the consciousness that people have lost large sums of money through confidence in his integrity.

A Rebellion of Half-Breeds was Reported from Ottawa on March 24th. It is headed by Louis Riel, who led the Red River outbreak in 1870. The insurgents are at Prince Albert in North-west Territory. Sir John Macdonald informed the Dominion Parliament that the insurgents had cut the wires and stopped communications between Quappelle and the crossing of the south branch of the Saskatchewan. Several of the operators had been taken prisoners. The immediate cause of the trouble was not known. It is stated that at Prince Albert most of the settlers are Scotch, and they find good land for a hundred miles on three sides of the town. There are eight hundred or nine hundred French half breeds, and these, with the Scotch and Irish half breeds, largely outnumber the settlers from other parts of Canada, who do not exceed four hundred or five hundred. What the half breeds at Prince Albert want is more land. They received liberal grants when the

Territory was made part of Canada, but they ask now far more in proportion to the number of families.

An Outbreak of Hostilities in Central America is reported. Guatemala is opposed by the Republics of Nicaragua, Costa Rica, and San Salvador, which have formed an alliance offensive and defensive against Guatemala. On March 24th the citizens of San Salvador learned that President Barrios, of Guatemala, was approaching with fifteen thousand men. Barrios desires a union of the Central American States, which he proposes to effect by force, as diplomatic means have failed. President Diaz, of Mexico, will assist the three Republics in opposing Barrios. Several United States ships have been sent to the scene of the disturbance to protect American citizens, and the Senate has passed a resolution offered by Senator Edmunds to the effect that an invasion of Nicaragua by Guatemala "ought to be treated by the United States as an act of unfriendly and hostile interference with the rights of the United States."

The Probabilities of War between Russia and England formed the chief topic of interest in transatlantic affairs last week. The events of the week have a decidedly warlike aspect, although both governments profess to be, and probably are averse to taking up arms. The great danger is that matters may drift, as they did before the Crimean war, into a state in which it is impossible to withdraw peaceably and with honor. Mr. Gladstone's weak and vacillating policy is distinctly tending to that end. A profound conviction exists in England, Germany and France that Russia would withdraw from Afghanistan if she were sure that her refusal to do so would involve war with England. That fact is by no means clear, and therefore she temporizes, hoping that she may retain the coveted country without fighting. The English people manifest impatience with the administration. They contend that Mr. Gladstone should either have allowed the annexation of Afghanistan to be made by Russia without protest, or should have acted promptly.

A Message from the Queen was Sent to the British House of Commons on March 27th which caused much public excitement. The Queen's message informed the House that "the present state of public affairs and the extent of the demand on Her Majesty's military forces for the protection of the interests of the empire having constituted in the opinion of Her Majesty a case of great emergency, Her Majesty has deemed it proper to provide additional means for the military service. She has therefore thought it right to communicate to the House of Commons that she is about to cause the reserve forces and such proportion of the militia as might be deemed necessary to be called out for permanent service." Orders for arms and ammunition were also issued, and a notice was served on the transatlantic steamship companies that their swiftest steamers might be required by the government for transport service. It is reported that the calling out of the reserves was rendered necessary by an imperative demand for twenty-five thousand men sent by the Earl of Dufferin, the Viceroy of India, accompanied by an intimation that he would resign if they were not sent.

Another Slaughter in the Sudan is Reported. A small English force under the command of General McNeil was attacked by the Arabs on March 22d. The English formed a square as quickly as possible, but the camels, mules and horses were driven back in confusion on the troops, causing a stampede, and, amid clouds of dust, the Arabs penetrated the south and north sides of the square. The fighting for some time was very desperate, but at the close the English held their ground, and the Arabs, retired still firing and in good order. The English loss was five hundred and eighty men killed and wounded. Efforts are being made in Parliament to procure the withdrawal of General McNeil, who, the press dispatches state, displayed gross carelessness, which was the cause of the disaster.

Many Letters Have Been Received During the past two weeks from colored ministers and others to whom we were enabled to send the paper last year through the kindness of generous friends. About two hundred ministers were thus reading THE CHRISTIAN HERALD every week. In a large proportion of cases the terms for which our friends paid have expired, and we have been compelled, though with extreme reluctance, to remove the names from our list. Our correspondents beg us to make another appeal this year, and plead pathetically that it is an opportunity which will not be rejected, because each copy of the journal does good not only to themselves but to their congregations. It is the only paper they see, and it supplies them, they say, with illustrations and suggestions in the preparation of their sermons which have been the means of much benefit. We the more willingly present their plea because we are convinced that the solution of the critical problem of the colored race in the South lies in the propagation of Christian truth. For every dollar we receive we will put one name on the list for a year.

Temperance Legislation in Nevada Takes the shape of an anti-treating law which went into operation on March 17th. The act makes it unlawful for any person to treat or entertain gratuitously any other person to or with any spirituous or malt liquor, wine or cider, or any beverage whatever, or to or with any other article whereby any beverage shall be obtained gratuitously, in any public barroom, saloon, beer hall or grocery in the State. It is also unlawful for any one to attempt to evade the provisions of the act by any chicanery or subterfuge whatever, such as pretending to sell one article and delivering another, or by falsely pretending to buy or sell any such beverage. Any person violating the law is to be declared guilty of a misdemeanor, and on conviction punished by a fine of not more than \$20 nor less than \$4, or by imprisonment in the County Jail not more than ten days nor less than two days, or by both fine and imprisonment.

The Faith Home For Fallen Women Celebrated its second anniversary on the mission premises, 103 West 27th Street, New York, on March 18th. In the two years of its work under the superintendence of its founder, Miss Strachan, several hundred girls and women have found shelter, sympathy and renewal there, and have gone out to begin the world as followers of Jesus; two hundred and three have been restored to friends; one hundred and fifty-five have found situations; many have married. Between fifty and sixty are now crowded into the small house which Miss Strachan occupies. She proposes taking a second house for the work, trusting God to provide means, as more accommodation is needed.

A Christian Convention Will Be Held at Pittsburgh, Pa., April 9th-12th, at which both Mr. Moody and Mr. Sankey have promised to be present. The executive committee conducting the arrangements shows by its general character the unanimity of the Protestant churches in their desire for a revival of Christian work. It consists of Rev. J. C. White, Episcopal; Rev. E. P. Cowan, D.D., Presbyterian; Rev. C. W. Smith, Methodist; Rev. David Jones, Welsh Calvinistic; Rev. J. G. Goettman, Lutheran; Rev. J. T. McCrory, United Presbyterian, and Rev. B. F. Woodburn, D.D., Baptist.

Tidings of the New Missionary Ship, the Morning Star, have been received in a letter from the wife of Captain Bray. It came by way of Valparaiso, and is dated January 17th, at which time the vessel was at Sandy Point in the Straits of Magellan, with all on board well.

Two Kinds of Sermons have been Preached by a minister in Florida, according to the Jacksonville Herald. It says: "There is a man in Florida that we never pass without a sigh of regret. This man was the finest pulpit orator of the South. His tongue dropped diamonds, and his thoughts were pearls. No congregation ever tired of his eloquence. He held attention

breathless, and thousands hung upon his words. If he had followed one good purpose with unflinching zeal through his life; if he had kept his eye single and his heart set in one direction; if to all his radiant gifts had been added stable purpose and sincere consistency, he might have been among the most famous and the most useful men of his time. But he followed all things; he sought to give God and Mammon equal service, and his melancholy shipwreck points the solemn moral of his plan of life. The story of this man is more eloquent of warning than the best sermon that he ever preached." Such men are not peculiar to this generation—the type has always been present in the world, and prophets and apostles have deplored their fall (Isa. 56: 11).

An Alligator Attended a Baptismal Service in Florida recently. The Charleston (S. C.) News reports that while several converts were being baptized by immersion "at McGirt's Creek, Jacksonville, Fla., on Sunday last, Rev. T. R. Banks officiating, an alligator approached, but the congregation objected to his presence and handled him roughly." The report may be a mere canard, the invention of some opponent of baptism by immersion; but such services, whether they take place in the open air or in a church, are certainly watched by an enemy more ruthless and voracious even than the alligator. Of that fact we have apostolic warning (1 Peter 5: 8).

A Handsome Collection in a Colored Church in Georgia was taken up some time ago as the result of a warning by the preacher that he did not want the contributions of certain persons. The Youth's Companion relates that when the ushers were about to start with the plates the minister said: "I 'se tole dat Mr. Thomas, up de land yonder, had some turkeys stole Friday night. I don't want any man who had a han' in stealing dem turkeys to put any money in de plate." Every one present gave something, even the editor of an out-of-town paper, who had only one half dollar in his pocket, which he had reserved to pay his fare home, was so concerned for his reputation in the matter of "dem turkeys" that he deposited it in the plate. This was only a glaring evidence of a fact well understood, that people who will not give from the pure motive of a desire to promote the cause of Christ will give to retain the good opinion of their neighbors. There would be poor collections in our aristocratic city churches if no one gave from that motive; but the collections would vastly increase, and there would be no lack of funds for the Lord's service if Christians realized the true extent of their obligations (Philemon 19).

The Queen of the Earthmen was Buried at Chicago, with grotesque ceremonies, on March 23d. While a number of the N'Chubbas or Earthmen from the Kalahari Desert in Africa were on exhibition in Chicago, their queen died, and the surviving members of the tribe buried her with native rites. They took two soft stones, which they brought with them from Africa, and drew broad lines from their foreheads to their chins in black, and from ear to ear in red. Around their eyes they marked alternate rings of red and black, until they bore not the least resemblance to human beings. To heighten the weird effect, they had obtained some blood from a butcher's shop and traced fantastic designs upon their breasts. When these preparations were completed they covered their faces with their hands and marched slowly around the body, chanting a mournful dirge. Suddenly, and with a terrific shriek, they all prostrated themselves upon the floor and remained perfectly silent for about ten minutes. At a signal from the chief they got up with another shriek, and gazed mournfully upon the corpse for the last time. It was with great difficulty that their manager could get them away and induce them to let the body be taken to the Forest Home Cemetery for burial. The ceremonies appeared foolish to the spectators, but they were entitled to respect as expressions of

natural sorrow for the departed. Only at the grave of a Christian can there be any alleviation of the grief death causes. There the value of Christ's promises is realized (John 11: 25).

How an Invisible Communication May be made visible and a visible one be made invisible is explained by the Paper World. That journal informs its readers that in using postal cards they may write so that only the initiated can read the message, and write a misleading message which will disappear. The true message, it says, should be written with a gold or a quill pen dipped, not in ink, but in a mixture of one part sulphuric acid and seven parts water. When dry the card bears no trace of writing, but, as a blank card might excite suspicion, it may be covered with writing in tincture of iodine. When heat is applied to the card, the writing in iodine disappears, and the writing in diluted sulphuric acid becomes legible. There is reason to fear that the same process is going on in the record of some people's lives. In the day when all secrets are revealed and every one appears in the naked light of the great white throne, the records on the tombstones will disappear, and in their place will stand the hidden, true record of the actual life (Eccles. 12: 14).

A Large Reward for a Missing Book is being offered by a Wall Street lawyer in advertisements in the New York daily papers. The book sought is a manuscript record of marriages solemnized in 1772 by the Rev. John Ogilvie, who in that year was assistant minister of Trinity Church. The Reverend Ogilvie appears to have been rather an unmethodical man, for the registers of the church contain no records of any marriages solemnized by him during the whole of that year, though it is known that he officiated at many weddings. It was his custom to make a rough memorandum in his diary that he had married such and such persons on a certain day, intending, it may be hoped for his credit, to write up the register when he had opportunity. If the diary can be found it is believed that it will contain proof of a certain marriage having been solemnized between a man and woman whose great-grandson is the claimant of an estate worth more than half a million dollars. The claim will be valid if the book can be found with the record of the marriage in it. The search for the missing volume is very ardent, as may be imagined, and its discovery would be hailed with joy. The time is coming when men will find that in their Bible they had a far more valuable treasure had they but had the sense to know it. It tells them how to attain everlasting riches (Isa. 34: 16, 17).

The Sale of a Child for \$1000 in New York was a matter investigated by the Supreme Court last week. Two weeks ago a man advertised that he was willing to give away his daughter, a girl eleven years old. An agent from the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children called upon him and states that the father said he wanted capital to start in business and intended to get it by selling his daughter for a thousand dollars. The child was in a benevolent institution at the time, and the society served the managers of the institution with a notice restraining them from surrendering her. Last week a wealthy gentleman applied for the child and was informed that he could not have her. The case was carried to the Supreme Court, where Judge Van Vorst closely questioned the parties. He finally sanctioned the transfer of the child, on condition that the father received no money for her, and that she should be adopted and brought up by the wealthy people as their own. The judge would not believe that any man could be so destitute of natural affection as to be willing to dispose of his child for money. Judge Van Vorst's faith in natural affection is remarkable—many parents are as destitute of it as this father was said to be. The father who forces his daughter into a marriage for the sake of the wealth and station it will secure her, really sells her. Many such bargains, which are sacrifices to the god of our time, are carried out in defiance of natural affection and of God's displeasure (Jer. 32: 35).

HOW "THE UNSPEAKABLE" IS SPOKEN OF.

A New Sermon by Pastor C. H. Spurgeon.

"And men shall speak of the might of thy terrible acts: and I will declare thy greatness. They shall abundantly utter the memory of thy great goodness, and shall sing of thy righteousness."—PSALM 145: 6, 7.

David in Beulah Land—His Prophecy—His Own Determination—How Men Speak of God's Works—I. Awe-struck Talk—Nations Judged in this World—Visits to Cholera Patients—The Time to Speak—II. Bold Discourse—Characteristics of this Century—III. Grateful Outpouring of Thankfulness—What There is to Sing about—The Righteousness of God—Horror of Worshipping Jupiter—God Righteous in Everything—Wanderings from Orthodoxy—The Attitude for Bible Readers.

IN this psalm David has reached the Beulah land of his songs, where we hear nothing else but praise. He begins, "I will extol Thee, my God, O king; and I will bless thy name forever and ever. Every day will I bless Thee; and I will praise thy name forever and ever," and he closes with, "My mouth shall speak the praise of the Lord; and let all flesh bless His holy name forever and ever." Happy is our condition when the glory of God fills both heart and tongue!

This leads to a consideration of the various ways in which men speak of the Lord and His acts when their minds are moved in that direction. All see not the same points of His greatness, neither do they see with the same eyes, nor speak in the same spirit. It is ours at this time to review the various orders of mankind, and to observe how the revelation of God to them affects their minds and moves their tongues.

There is an ascending scale in the four sentences of our text, as the poet-prophet observes and records the ascending forms of human thought and speech.

I. We begin at the lowest step of the ladder. "*Men shall speak of the might of thy terrible acts.*" We mingle with the multitude during a great occasion of national calamity, or upon the receipt of thrilling news from a foreign land, and we hear the

AWE-STRUCK TALK

of the throng. We join a sobered and thoughtful company; they have come together under a common fear, and they speak one to another of the terrible acts of God because they impress them at the moment. They are of the Athenian kind, desiring continually to say and hear some new thing, and now they have found a novel subject which has the piquant flavor of terror.

There have been times in human history when this text has been fulfilled with tremendous emphasis. The first men who lived after the flood must have been affected with the solemn memory of the universal deluge; they must have often spoken to one another concerning God's terrible acts, when He drew up the sluices of the great deep, and burst open the reservoirs of heaven to drown a guilty world. They that dwelt over against the five cities of the plain, once so prosperous and rich, withal so luxurious and vicious—they, I say, that dwelt in the neighboring cities must have said one to another, "Have you heard what has happened—how God has rained fire out of heaven upon those wicked cities?"

These are but early instances in the gray old past, but they are typical of like judgments which are scattered throughout history. The terrible acts of the Lord are few, but no age is quite left without them, for the Lord liveth still, and He is evermore the same.

HE PUNISHES NATIONS

in this present life. Seeing that there will be no resurrection for nations as nations, and no judgment day for nations as nations, they are judged in time, and their sins are followed up by national judgments. Have ye not heard of the might of His terrible acts that happened unto Babylon? Know ye not that He made Nineveh to be such a heap of ruins that for

many a century it was altogether hidden away from mortal ken? Have ye not heard what God did to the colossal empire of Rome, when it had filled up the measure of its iniquity? Do ye not remember how He broke it in pieces as with a rod of iron?

No Englishman should ever forget in modern times how the Armada of Spain was given as chaff to the wind, and that cruel, persecuting power was degraded from her pre-eminence. Men have spoken again and again to one another as they have hidden away from the scourge of war, or as they have stood weeping at the graves of their beloved ones slain by the pestilence which walketh in darkness, and they have said, "Behold the might of Jehovah's terrible acts!" Men will speak of that side of the Lord's dealings if they are dumb concerning His innumerable benefits.

When God's judgments are abroad in the world the inhabitants thereof shall learn righteousness; and this is a consolation in times of disaster and death. None of us would dare to desire these judgments; we are of another spirit from Elias, who, in holy jealousy for Jehovah his God, could pray that there should be no rain by the space of three years except according to His word. But yet the thought must have crossed the mind of many a faithful follower of God that atheistic nations ought to feel

THE ROD TO STARTLE THEM

into thoughts of God, and oppressing peoples ought themselves to taste the bitter cup of tyranny. The least that we can do, whenever these terrible acts are abroad, is to turn them into special prayer, and cry mightily to God that men may speak of the might of His terrible acts, and may learn to "kiss the Son, lest He be angry, and they perish from the way, when His wrath is kindled but a little."

Sinners pray in a storm, and curse again in the calm. When the pestilence is abroad, they tremble and adore; but they become atheists when the graves are all filled, and things return to their usual course. When God sends forth pestilence (and He has of late scourged cities that are scarce a day's ride from us), let us pray that the scourge may not fall upon our own land. Yet I do remember, when first I came to this city, how many days and nights I stood at the bedside of men and women dying of cholera; and though it was a grievous thing, and this neighborhood felt the scourge very heavily, yet I noticed that infidelity was singularly quiet, and that persons who never entered a place of worship before began to attend our services. Bibles were routed out of the dust in those times, and religious talk was tolerated. The minister, who was formerly the subject of their caricatures and jokes, was viewed with reverence for the time being, and his visits were sought for in the hour of sickness.

Dear friends, whenever you find sickness in a house, or death in a darkened chamber, seize the opportunity to speak for your Lord. Your voice for truth will be likely to be heard, for God Himself is speaking, and men must hear Him whether they will or no. Meanwhile plead earnestly that the hammer of God may only break hard hearts, and that the fire of God may consume nothing but that which is evil. Pray that the Holy Spirit may work with the chastisement, to produce health and healing to the souls of men.

II. Be ready with the second part of our subject, which is this—

THE BOLD DISCOURSE.

Observe how the one follows the other: "Men shall speak of the might of thy terrible acts, and I will declare thy greatness." After the many have spoken in awe, I will deliver my soul with courage. Come in, O single testifier for God, for now you will be welcomed! When they have advanced so far as to tremble at God because He has begun to smite them, do you stand forward and declare His infinite greatness. Tell them of the greatness of His justice, and how He will by no means spare the guilty. Tell them of the greatness of His grace,

and how in the person of Jesus Christ He passeth by iniquity, transgression, and sin.

To-day, my brethren, the most approved preaching makes much of *man*. Philanthropy, which is good enough in its place, has supplanted loyalty to Jehovah; the second table is put before the first, and in that position it genders idolatry—the worship of man, which is only a form of self-adoration. All divinity is now to be shaped according to man, and from man's point of view; and men are to think out their theology, and not take it from God's mouth, or from the Book inspired of the Spirit of God. Men are such wonderful beings in this nineteenth century that we are called upon to tone down the Gospel to

"THE SPIRIT OF THE AGE."

that is, to the fashions and the follies of human thought, as they vary from day to day. This, by God's help, we will never do—no, not by one diluting drop, nor by the splitting of a hair. I believe in God, the God of Abraham, and of Isaac, and of Jacob; if there be another god newly come up, let those worship him who will; but the stern God of the Old Testament, the loving God of the New Testament, it is evermore my resolve to magnify. He who is faithful to His God, and declares His greatness in this evil time, shall be accepted as a faithful servant in the day of the last account. Of course, he will to-day be stigmatized as "*behind the times*," and be little esteemed by those who deem themselves cultured and advanced, but of this he may make small account.

III. In the third sentence you see a company of godly people, and in their talk you mark

THE GRATEFUL OUTPOURING

of thankful spirits: "They shall abundantly utter the memory of thy great goodness." Did you ever tell out the story of your life to anybody to the full? Did you ever write it? I am sometimes not a little amused, certainly not surprised, when I get, as I did this week, a *letter upon foolscap*, twelve sheets, four and twenty pages, all filled up with the story of a man I never saw, who lives far away in the backwoods. Nothing will do but he must tell somebody or other what God has done for him, and he has selected me to be the receiver of the narrative. He has only followed the example of many others. I regret that so many of these autobiographies come to me, for such good things ought to be a little more evenly distributed. I have scarcely the time to get through that length of writing, and having so many other epistles, it is possible that I am not as grateful for this one as I ought to be; but it is a good theme, of which we cannot weary. I would encourage all believers abundantly to utter what they remember of the Lord's love; and if they cannot tell it *viva voce* they must write it. You need not send me the manuscript; but do not let it be lost. Tell your friends the happy tale of Jesus and His love.

Such utterances would help us in reference to the former sentences of the text. When men are speaking of the terrible acts of God with bated breath, then come you in and say, "But He is good. These acts of judgment are few and far between. It is not often that we have a thunder-storm. What soft, bright mornings, what clear days, what dewy evenings we have, and only now and then a tempest!" Tell them of God's great goodness. And when at other times you have declared His greatness, it will be wise to change the strain, and soften down the terror of His grandeur by speaking of the majesty of His love.

IV. And now, you see, all the while it has been tall, but now in the fourth part we rise a stage higher, for we come to singing. Listen to

THE SELECT SONG.

"They shall abundantly utter the memory of thy great goodness, and shall sing of thy righteousness." When good men talk of God they soon find that the tongue leaps with liberty, for the strings that held it are broken. Then they cannot be satisfied with talking to men; they must rise to something better, and talk with

God in holy song. "They shall sing." Singing is the language of joy, the special vehicle of praise, the chosen speech of heaven.

But is not this a very singular text? Do you not wonder at the subject of their song? "They shall sing of thy righteousness." Probably a large part of my audience will not understand how it can be regarded as a joyful subject. The righteousness of God is a theme of terror to many; they wish He were not righteous. He will by no means spare the guilty, but will hold His plummet to every bowing wall and tottering fence, and His hall shall sweep away all the refuges of lies; and because of this men dread the Lord, and turn away from Him; and yet, you see, there are hearts that can sing of His righteousness, and who, having other themes, having God's terrible acts, having God's greatness, having God's goodness to sing of, yet prefer this to their song—"They shall sing of thy righteousness."

WHAT IS THERE TO SING ABOUT in this? Just let me enlarge upon it for a minute or two. I count it a very great joy to every Christian that God is essentially righteous. What an awful thing it would be to have an unrighteous God! If the heathen who worshipped Jupiter, for instance, had sat down and deliberately studied the character of Jupiter, as taught to them by their own priests, they must have felt it a degrading thing to be under the rule of such a detestable being as Jove was said to be. A licentious God—fancy that! An unrighteous God, who could do what He pleased, and pleased to do iniquity! What a horror! An unrighteous God! That were to remove the foundations upon which all things must rest; for, after all, the character of God must be the basis of our confidence. If He were not righteous, what reliance could we place upon Him? His promises of grace might be broken; His covenant might be a fiction; the atonement itself might turn out to be a sham, and save nobody, unless the contract involved in it had been made by a righteous God.

RIGHTEOUS IN ACT. He is righteous; let us be sure of it, and sing about it—righteous in all that He reveals. There is no revelation of God in the Bible, or anywhere else, that is unrighteous. It is the same with God's *doings*. The Lord has never performed an unrighteous act. I want you people of God, especially, to feel this, so that if you have lost any one very dear to you, you may hold your peace, like Aaron, even if you cannot go further, and bless the Lord in the midst of your trials. That surgeon's knife of His does but remove a cancer. That bitter medicine does but heal you of a disease that else would be your death. Therefore, accept all that cometh from God, and kiss the hand that smiteth, and honor the lip which upbraideth.

And here is matter to sing about. The Lord is righteous in all His *judgments*. You may not need this fact at this present, but you may require it in some darker hour, when you lie under a false charge, and your defence is not believed. You have been doing your best in your situation, and you are accused of dishonesty, and you cannot clear yourself; perhaps the circumstantial evidence looks against you, though you are as innocent of the deed as the angels of light. If you have faith enough, you may now sing of the righteousness of God. Some of us have sung of it when everybody has misrepresented us; and we have been sustained thereby.

But the loudest song and the sweetest is concerning the *righteousness of God in Christ Jesus*. The cross is at once the loudest proclamation of divine righteousness and the plainest proof of divine love. The Lord is able to save to the uttermost; but He is not able to retract His declaration, "The soul that sinneth it shall die." He must punish, even though He must pardon. It is necessary that the authority of law should be sustained, and therefore the Lord will not withdraw from the execution of His justice upon the ungodly, though it be His strange work, and He desireth it not. On His Son He

has executed justice for all those who are in Him.

And now at this time I want you to sing of the divine righteousness, because the righteousness of Christ is yours. If you are believers you can joyfully wrap yourselves up in the righteousness of God Himself. This is the name whereby she shall be called, The Lord our Righteousness." See Jeremiah 33:16. Notice the feminine; it is not "wherewith *he* shall be called," but "wherewith *she* shall be called." The wife takes the husband's name; the Church is named after Christ, her Bridegroom. It is a wonderful sentence to be in God's book—that His Church shall bear His name, and Jesus Christ the eternal God shall become the righteousness of poor sinners like ourselves.

But I must close, and I want, therefore, to say to you, dear friends, that I conceive this singing of God's righteousness to be the choicest evidence of real conversion and reconciliation to God, and of likeness to God. If we were more sanctified we should be less tempted to cavil at the righteousness of God. Here is a man who takes down his Bible, and he reads, "These shall go away into everlasting punishment." "Can't bear it," says he. It is because you do not know the mind of God fully, or else, terrible as it is, you would say, "It must be right if God determines it." Instead of that the man assumes to judge God, and dares to weigh the Word of God in his scales, and say, "This does not suit my inner consciousness, and therefore it is wrong." Is our inner consciousness infallible? Is revelation a nose of wax to be shaped by our inner whimsies?

When a man once alters the Word of God a little, within a year he alters it again. I have noticed brethren who began their

WANDERINGS FROM ORTHODOXY with the life-in-Christ theory, who have now reached the restitution of all things; devils included. Why preachers who believe this last theory keep on preaching, I do not know, for there is no practical reason why they should. If what they say is untrue, they had better hold their tongues; and if what they say is true, their occupation is gone; for clearly it is only a matter of time, and everybody will come right.

Brethren, let me not deceive you by pandering to the idle prattle of the times. Men dream, and then assert that their visions are truth. If there be anything of conjecture and of "larger hope," so be it. I may conjecture, and I may imagine; but for me to preach my conjectures and my imaginations as doctrines would be damnable. It is an atrocious disloyalty to the majesty of revelation to add to it the manderings of our poor fallible judgments. The better thing is always to feel as a little child at his father's knee, when we are reading the Scriptures; and to ask to be taught of the Spirit. Whatever the truth may be, I shall never quarrel with God. Paul was wont to silence those who had objections to offer concerning the ways of the Lord; he did not argue, but he simply said, "Nay but, O man, who art thou that resistest against God?" "Bad argument," modern thinkers dare to say. Yet it is the best that such people deserve, and the best that inspiration deigns to offer them.

My brethren, say one of you unto the Lord, "I will sing of thy righteousness." It is

AN AWFUL TRUTH! It is a truth that makes me tremble as I utter it; but I do read in the Revelation, concerning those that are tormented day and night, that it is "in the presence of the holy angels, and in the presence of the Lamb." Whatever that torment may be, it must be right. Nothing in the presence of the angels of God can be contrary to their joy over repenting sinners—nothing in the presence of the Lamb can be contrary to His ineffable love. It is not for us to explain to others, or even to understand for ourselves, all that the Lord does or is; but it is our duty as His subjects, our pleasure as His children, to bow before Him and adore.

Oh, eternal God, I do not understand Thee!

If I could comprehend Thee Thou wert not God, or I not man. The parts of thy ways which thou hast revealed stagger and almost slay me, but, as I fall at thy feet as dead, my heart cries, "Though He slay me, yet will I trust in Him." For the Lord is good, and righteous are all His ways. My hearer, when you speak thus from your heart, you are a converted man. There is no mistake about it; you are reconciled to God, indeed, when you thus honor Him. Alas, many are only reconciled to the half of God, or to the tenth part of God! Indeed, I fear that many have shaped a god for themselves, and so are not reconciled to the true God at all. We want a conversion which shall make us run in *parallel lines with the God* who has revealed Himself by His prophets and apostles, and by His ever-to-be-adored Son. So may it be with each one of us, for Jesus' sake. Amen.

NEW BOOKS.

ACROSS THE RIVER.

SCRIPTURAL views of the Heavenly Home. A miniature gem of a book only two and a quarter inches in width by three and a half inches in length, gilt edged, its cloth cover profusely gilded, and its one hundred and twenty-eight diminutive pages ornamented with a red line. It contains six short articles on the Heavenly Home from the writings respectively of Dr. Allon, Dr. Norman McLeod, Dr. James Hamilton, Dr. R. W. Hamilton, and Dr. James Spence. Their subjects are: Our One Life has Two Homes; The Spiritual Body; A Glimpse of the Redeemed in Glory; The Perfect Service of Heaven; The Recognition of Friends in Heaven, and Perfect Manhood in Heaven. The passages are selected with the design of consoling bereaved Christians by directing their thoughts to the home "Across the River." Price 25 cents. Mr. Thomas Whittaker.

THE REALITY OF RELIGION.

by Henry J. Van Dyke, Jr., D.D., is a disappointing book. Its theme is of the highest importance, both to the church and to the world, but the author fails to use it so as to benefit either of them. In the church are many young people who were converted in seasons of religious excitement and are now distressed to find a slow but sure decrease of the joy and happiness they experienced when they first found peace. They need to be taught that the reality of religion consists not in the ecstasy, the decline of which they are deploring, but in that union with God through Christ which transforms the life. The world, too, mistakes the reality of religion and doubts whether there is any reality in a religion the professors of which are often guilty of grievous sins, and whom they see seeking their pleasure in the theatre, the ball-room, and other places to which ordinary people resort. A writer on the reality of religion should have a message for each of those classes, and he cannot be more usefully employed than in delivering it. But Dr. Van Dyke has missed his opportunity. His dogmatism and his feeble arguments will be only ridiculed by the world, while the anxious young Christian will turn in utter weariness and disappointment from the trite remarks, the stale platitudes, and the empty, sonorous phrases with which Dr. Van Dyke fills his pages. Many a hungry soul will we fear, open this book hoping to find bread and will find not even a stone—nothing but wind.

Very elementary is some of the teaching here given. It surely was not necessary to devote so much space to explaining that reality in religion is not "a literal and physical touching of" God. Nor does it need an elaborate argument by a doctor of divinity to convince us, as Dr. Van Dyke labors to do (p. 13), that "appearances are not realities. Far from it." The mere child is aware of that fact very early in his existence. On the other hand, propositions which are not exactly self-evident are stated without any evidence to support them. "Many of the grandest theories of science," says Dr. Van Dyke (p. 88), "are but the unfolding of seeds



Getting the dirt out.



Mr. Power, Killed in the Soudan.

which have fallen from the fulness of Scripture into the hidden places of the human mind." It may be so, but that is not the prevalent opinion, and if a few of the "many" had been mentioned the world might have been the wiser. Again, we are informed (p. 111) that "myriads of bulls and goats should take away sin." We knew that "it is not possible that the blood of bulls and goats should take away sin" (Heb. 10:4), but, until this doctor of divinity told us so, we did not know that anything done in obedience to an express command of God was ever done absolutely "in vain." Dr. Van Dyke informs his readers that the book was written from his heart. It is well that every man should put his heart in his work, but in writing books, the head, too, should not be idle or the book may be worthless. This work is an illustration of that fact. Price, \$1. Published by Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons.

A Handy Classical and

MYTHOLOGICAL DICTIONARY

for popular use, by H. C. Faulkner, is, as its title indicates, a valuable book of reference for readers who have not had a classical education. How numerous such readers are is often forgotten by writers for the press, preachers and lecturers. They frequently make allusions to classical stories which are sufficiently apt when the reader or hearer has been to college or to a good school, but which are meaningless to "the common people who ken Latin but little," and who know nothing of Greek. Mr. Faulkner's little work will be of great service to such readers. In brief, concise paragraphs, arranged in alphabetical order, he supplies an astonishing amount of classical information, which will aid the uneducated reader to understand the allusions and illustrations most frequently employed by public writers and speakers. Bound in cloth, with seventy illustrations. Pp. 183. Price 50 cents. Mr. J. E. Jewett, 77 Bible House, New York.

The Prophetic News and Israel's Watchman (London) for March contains the following articles: "The Fall of Khartoum and Death of General Gordon," "Spiritualism and the Napoleon Family," by G. Warrand Houghton, Esq.; "The Visible Return of Christ to the World," by Dr. Edgren, Part II.; "Symbolic Wild Beasts of Daniel and Revelation," by G. B. Taylor, Esq.; "Apocalyptic Frogs on the Croak," "The Great Antichrist," by Mrs. Fieldler; "Expatriation and Restoration of Israel," by Rev. E. J. Hytche; "The Mahdi and the Soudan Campaign," "The Luck of the Mahdi," Passing Events, viewed from a prophetic standpoint. May be had from the office of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, 63 Bible House, New York. Price, six cents, including postage. Annual subscription, seventy cents. Volumes containing twelve numbers, each handsomely bound in cloth, for 1885 and 1884, \$1 each.

THE BEATEN CARPET.

(See Illustration on this page.)

ON one of those bright days in spring when all nature seems joyous with returning life, an aged Christian walked meditatively along an unfrequented road on the outskirts of a city. A glance sufficed to show that the old man was not happy. He walked slowly and wearily, as if under a heavy burden. His eyes were downcast, taking no note of the bright sky or the budding trees; he sighed heavily and shook his head with a mournful expression, as if in silent protest against his lot. "The Lord hath dealt very bitterly with me," he muttered, audibly, quoting the sad words of the desolate widow. It was the old problem that has exercised the minds of God's children since the days of Job that was disturbing the old man's soul: How is it that the trials of life fall so heavily on men who are honestly serving God? How many Christians have had occasion to consider that problem!

There was no need for him to review the circumstances of his lot; they were ever present before him. His neighbors, had they been asked, would have told the inquirer that he was an unlucky man. He had plenty of energy when he was young. He carried out extensive works which should have brought him a large fortune, but the people on whom he relied failed, and he lost all he should have had. Then he procured remunerative employment and for some years succeeded well. He was thrifty and saved sufficient money to support him in his old age. A bank cashier was now the life of "the American Colony" in Canada, living joyously on the old man's money and that of other depositors. In his old age he had to go to work again, and he worked even harder than he did in his youth, serving his employers faithfully and well. But a hypocritical colleague, jealous of him, sent false and slanderous reports of him to his employers, who were in a foreign land, and he was discharged. His eldest son, on whom his hopes were set, and of whose abilities he was justly proud, fell into an untimely grave in a railroad catastrophe. His wife, who should have been his support in trial, was a burden to him through her querulous and discontented temper. Her reproaches added the last drop of bitterness to his cup. Aged, infirm, broken in spirit, and his faith often wavering, it was no wonder that the bright sunshine and the glad face of nature awakened no response in the old man's heart.

As he slowly sauntered along a road at the back of a long avenue of handsome brown-stone houses—for he avoided the streets where the presence of prosperous people seemed to taunt him with his poverty—he heard the sound of heavy blows. He started, fearing that some crime was being committed. He listened, and

the thuds ceased for a minute. Then a voice said encouragingly, "At her again, George," and the heavy blows recommenced. Turning a corner, the old man saw two strong men beating a carpet suspended over a line, their sturdy blows driving a cloud of dust out of it. They stopped for a minute, and one of them suggested that that would do. "No," said the other; "there's a lot more dirt in her yet; come on!" and again the blows descended, with perceptible evidence that he was right. Presently the work was done, and as the carpet was taken down and trailed over the grass, the men agreed that the beating had done it good. "She looks as good as new, and is clean and sweet, anyhow," they said.

"That's so," thought the aged spectator, diverted for a moment from his sad thoughts; "but those blows must have damaged the carpet some. Well, it's no business of mine, and the owner's right to prefer cleanliness to anything else." He passed on, but the carpet mixed itself up in the current of his thoughts. What if he had himself been going through that process? "I will turn my hand upon thee, and purely purge away thy dross" (Isa. 1:25) was a passage with which the old man was familiar, but he had never thought of it in connection with himself before. Surely in the darkness surrounding him, such a solution was a light beautiful and comforting. Long years ago he had given himself to God; he would utter no more complaints. God was doing what He would with His own. He would soon understand it fully; until then he would trust blindly, and holding fast his faith would murmur no more.

THE LATE MR. FRANK POWER.

(See Portrait.)

NEARLY all we at present know of the events which occurred in Khartoum after General Gordon arrived there we have learned from the communications of Mr. Power, who was British Consul at Khartoum, and who acted as the special correspondent of the London Times. He was shut up in Khartoum with General Gordon and Colonel Stewart, but contrived to get his letters and journals through to Dongola, whence they were sent to London and published there and in this country. The three Englishmen were held together by no common tie in the presence of continual danger. A pathetic sentence which General Gordon uttered as he stood on the platform of the railway depot in London, just before starting on his fatal expedition, shows that his confidence and love for Colonel Stewart was very deep. Speaking to a relative of Colonel Stewart, he said: "Be sure that he will not go into any danger which I do not share, and I am sure that when I am

in danger he will not be far behind." The reports received of subsequent events show that Mr. Power enjoyed the confidence of both officers. All three are now dead.

Mr. Power was murdered at the same time as Colonel Stewart and M. Herbin, the French Consul. They were conveying dispatches from General Gordon to Dongola when they lost their lives. They set out in a steamer from Khartoum on September 10th. In passing a cataract the steamer was wrecked, owing to the treachery of a pilot. It did not sink, but remained fixed on the rock. A sheik, named Suleiman, invited Colonel Stewart to land, promising to conduct him safely to Merawi. The invitation was accepted, and, leaving some of the men in charge of the boat, Colonel Stewart, Mr. Power, and the French Consul went ashore. They were taken to the house of a blind man, named Fabri, to drink coffee. While they were there the natives armed themselves and surrounded the hut. Sheik Suleiman appeared at the door and gave a signal, on which the Arabs rushed in and killed all except one man, a stoker of the steamer, who in the confusion succeeded in making his escape, from whom these details were obtained. General Brackenbury visited the scene of the murder on February 21st, and found there some papers that belonged to Mr. Power, some of Colonel Stewart's visiting cards, and a shirt sleeve stained with blood. He ascertained that the bodies were thrown into the river immediately after the murder.

General Wolsley, who has no love for newspaper correspondents, appears to have had a genuine admiration for Mr. Power. His secretary thus wrote to the mother of the murdered man: I am directed by the General to express to you, not alone his deep sympathy with you in the heavy blow that has fallen upon you, but to add, after the gallant defence made at Khartoum, in which Mr. Power, your son, played so distinguished a part, that in his opinion his sad death is a national loss.

THE GRAVE-DIGGER'S LITTLE FRIENDS.

(See illustration on this page.)

THE evening shadows of a glorious summer day fell on an old graveyard in the country. The rays of the setting sun touched many an inscription cut nearly a century ago, and put a warm tint on the newer marble headstones, lessening the glaring contrast of the black letters. A group of merry children were playing among the graves and around the giant trees, under which generation after generation had walked, now lying at rest beneath their sheltering branches. The children, unvexed as yet by the problems of life and death, skipped around light-hearted. They were enjoying a holiday in the country.

"Mamma is sick," said the eldest of the group, in reply to a question; "oh, very sick, indeed, and we have come to stay with grandmamma while she gets better. It is so nice to play here among the trees. We have no trees nor grass like this in the city, and there are ever so many little flowers we haven't seen before. Look here," opening her little sister's apron and revealing a collection of floral treasures; "we shall take these to show mamma when we go home. Grandmamma says mamma used to play here when she was a little girl, so she is sure to like them. Here's old John going to dig a grave. This as a bent old man



The Gravedigger avoids his little Friends.

with a spade on his shoulder entered the graveyard.

John knew the little folks very well. He knew their mother, and could remember her playing around those very trees a little toddler like them. He had been present when she was married in that very church, and remembered how all the school children had come to the wedding and thrown flowers in her path. He was a Scotchman of a taciturn disposition, peculiar in dress and speech, and he had been grave-digger there ever since he came across the Atlantic a young man. Generally he had a kind word for these little folks, whom he loved for their mother's sake; but to-day as he passes them he turns his face away, and affects to be deeply interested in the top of an old gravestone on the other side of his path. The gloomy expression on his face repelled the children, and prevented their running to him with joyous greetings, as they usually did.

John went on his way through the graveyard to a spot where a willow spread its graceful branches over a family lot. There he began to dig.

"Those little things don't know yet," he soliloquized. "I'm glad they didn't speak to me. Poor motherless bairns, it'll be hard work telling them. Ay, but she was a bonnie lass. I didna think I'd ever have to dig her grave. Strange that a poor withered fellow like me, that don't care to live and has nobody to wish him to live, should stay, and such a bonnie lady as that should be taken. Well, the Lord knows best, but I canna understand it."

As the sun sank below the horizon, the children left the graveyard, and walked slowly homeward to show "grandma" the pretty flowers, and take counsel with her how to preserve them for mamma. The old lady saw them coming, and her eyes, red with weeping, were wet again as she thought of the desolation she must put in their young hearts.

"What is the matter, grandma?" asked the eldest of the group. "You've been crying."

"You haven't been naughty, grandma, have you?" asked one of the younger ones.

"I am afraid I am, my dear," said the old lady. "I cannot do as my Father wishes me."

"O grandma, have you a father? We did not know that."

"Yes, my dear, the best and kindest of Fathers. My Father is in heaven, and He has taken my best treasure from me. I know He is wise and kind and I ought not to grieve, as He wills it, but I do still. I am trying to be patient, but I am very sad. Then the old lady told them of the bliss of heaven, of its pure, unalloyed happiness, and how those who went there never wept again, and were saved from all weariness and pain. Then very gently she told them that God had taken her daughter, their dearly loved mamma, to that happy place, where she would be ready to welcome them when God called them.

"Shall we never see dear mamma again?" was the agonized cry of the eldest child, whose sense of present loss was too strong to be overpowered by the thoughts her grandmother had presented.

"When God calls you to join her, my dear, not until then; and while you wait you must be getting ready to go, doing just as she wishes you, and loving God, and taking care of your sisters."

It was a hard lesson to instil, but the old lady found that in helping those young hearts to grasp by faith the hand of the All-wise, her own heart was strengthened. In spite of her long Christian experience it was the children who first learned to say, "Thy will be done."

THE JEW'S WARD.

A SERIAL STORY.

(Continued from page 207.)

A Rescue.

A YEAR passed by, with all the changes of the seasons, and Carola had not been absent for a night from her new home. It had grown dearer to her every day, the first spot on earth that had been dear to her. It was known by all about her that she was an orphan, and had no friends, having come direct from school to take her present post; but she had not spoken of her past life, and no one had felt curiosity enough to ask her any questions. As for herself, the past had been cast so completely behind her that she had well-nigh forgotten it. Her life was too full, and her interest in the present too deep and absorbing, to allow her to look back into a past that was utterly set aloof from her.

The harvest was gathered in again, and the busiest season of the farmer's year was over. Great ricks stood in the stack-yard, which lay immediately behind Carola's cottage, near enough to allow Philip Arnold to hear her voice singing, or to catch sight of her figure flitting past the window as he loitered along the narrow path running between the ricks, keeping out of her sight and his mother's. His love for her had been growing slowly and secretly, though he could see no one hopeful point in it. He did his best to conquer this perverse and secret love.

For if he spoke to her of it, it might drive her from the quiet home, where she was so happy. It would make him unutterably miserable to bring trouble upon her. Even if she cared for him trouble must come of it, for his father and mother would never give their consent to his marrying beneath him.

Beneath him! The young man's heart rose in revolt. It was he who was beneath her. There was nothing he could offer her which she would care to accept. What were riches, and lands, and stores of this world's goods to her who cared not at all to be richer than her Lord

was? Poverty had greater attractions for her than wealth. If she did not care for him personally, there was nothing belonging to him to tempt her.

He could have wished himself a poor man for Carola's sake almost; but he had been brought up to think much of his position, and the money that was accumulating for him. He knew how many thousands were profitably invested as his future inheritance, for his father liked to talk of the different investments he made, priding himself upon his shrewdness and knowledge of the money-market. It was a very subtle worship of mammon that had taken possession of them both. But Carola's vivid and picturesque convictions of what Christ's disciples must be was piercing through the thick scales that crusted his conscience. Only a little while ago, when he heard her speaking familiarly, as she always spoke of people in the New Testament, of the rich young ruler who came to Jesus asking what was lacking in him to inherit eternal life, Philip Arnold had confessed in his heart that he, too, would have turned and gone away very sorrowful, but unwilling to sell all and follow Christ. Yet he could almost wish himself a poor man to win Carola's love.

It was early in November, and the yellow leaves were falling fast and thick from the trees at every gust of wind, when Philip rode down the lane past the school-house one morning. There was a meeting of the hounds on the other side of the Park, and a day's hunting was before him, though the busy and monotonous hum of a steam threshing machine sounded from the stack-yard. His father, who had long since given up hunting, would see to the day's work.

Philip had seen his mother watch him out of sight, with an expression of fond pride on her grave face; and surely Carola could not but look at him favorably to-day. He saw her afar off, leaning against the gate through which he must pass, and watching a group of merry children at play. At the sound of his horse's feet she looked round, and made haste to open the gate for him, holding it open with a smile upon her face. How pretty she looked in the soft sunlight! But she would have held the gate open, and looked as pretty, if John Windbank had been riding through on one of the wagon-horses. That was the vexation of it. But as he drew nearer he saw the smile fading away into a wistfulness that was almost sadness. Was it possible she was afraid of some accident befalling him in the hunting-field? He had heard other girls express such fears when they had been visiting at the Grange; how pleasant it would be to hear them from Carola's lips!

"What is the matter?" he asked, taking off his hat, and bending down to her. "What are you thinking of?"

Carola cast down her eyes, and a slight flush suffused her face, but she looked up again frankly and answered him unhesitatingly. "I was trying to think," she said, "if our Lord was holding this gate open for you to pass through, what He would think about what you are going to do. You know He and His disciples were workmen, and they had not time to go out for pleasure. But they would think about it of course. Would He be grieved as you passed by? There is nothing about it in the Testament, I know; and I am only a girl, and very likely to make mistakes. But it will be on my mind all day."

"But you would take all pleasure out of life," he said, almost angrily.

"Should I?" she asked, wistfully. "I should not like to do that, for I am so happy myself. And I hope you will enjoy it, and have a very pleasant day," she added, looking at him again, with a bright flush and smile.

But how could he enjoy the day with her words ringing incessantly in his ears, and her sweet and serious face haunting him? It was in vain to tell himself it was only a girl's fond; the notion of one who led a very narrow life, and saw everything from a fanatical standpoint. It was a manly sport. His mother was one of

the best women living, and she never said a word against it. What allied him that the words of an ignorant girl, who had never been away from school, should spoil his enjoyment?

He was fifteen miles away from home when the day's run was over, and his horse was too fagged to carry him back. He put him in a stable, and waited for a train that would take him to the station nearest to Hazelmount. He had four hours to make away with at the inn where he dined; they were slow and dreary hours to him. He could not but feel that if he took Christianity simply and literally, as Carola seemed to think it necessary to take it, his existence would be all changed to him. How many trivial things, making up a large sum of daily life, would become impossible to him? Really to do what the teachings of Christ demanded, to become the salt of the earth, to be the light of the world, whether he ate or drank, or whatsoever he did, to do all to the glory of God; why, what an astonishing, what a terrifying change it would require in him!

He fancied he could hear Carola's clear, unflattering voice, saying, "One thing thou lackest; go thy way, sell all that thou hast and give to the poor, and thou shalt have treasure in heaven; and take up the cross and follow Christ." His spirit died within him at the thought of such a claim and such a sacrifice. "One thing thou lackest! one thing thou lackest!" rang through and through his brain.

He was glad to leave the train and start on his midnight walk homeward. It had been uncertain whether he would return that night, and no one would be sitting up for him, but the key of the kitchen-door would be left for him with John Windbank, who slept in a loft over the stables. He was in no hurry to reach home, and he loitered along under the dark sky with the hedgerows on either side of him as black as ebony. All the desolate country was as silent as if every creature was dead. Part of his way lay across a heath, all the little by-paths of which were as familiar to him as his own fold-yard, but to-night his feet stumbled among the tufts of heather as if he was walking on strange land. His thoughts were so busy he could pay no heed to his footsteps.

He was still more than a mile from home, and the long inland crag lay dark against the sky in front of him, when suddenly a fine thin tongue of flame darted into the air, flickered for a moment and then died out. His eye caught it instantly on the horizon, and he stood still for a minute gazing at the point where it had flashed and vanished. But now a second flame, and a third, leaped upward against the blackness of the night, and with the quick promptings of terror he hurried on swiftly. There was a small thick coppice to pass through in the park, and he tore his way through the underwood which hid the fire from his view; but coming out upon the road along which he had ridden in the morning, he saw the gate Carola had held open for him, and behind it Carola's cottage forming a background of leaping flames.

How far off it seemed as he sped along, and how silent and still the night was! There was no stir of any one coming to her help. The whole village would be asleep at this time, and the school-house, standing alone at the end of a lane, might burn to the ground before any one knew of it. He remembered that the steam-engine had been at work all day; no doubt a spark from it had fallen somewhere on the damp thatch and smouldered there. All the stack-yard was in danger, and so scarce was water on the brow of this hill, nothing could be done but stand by and see it burn. But Philip was thinking only of Carola. Could he get to her in time? What hindered him that he ran so slowly?

When he reached the porch all the roof was alight, the roof underneath which she was sleeping. The door was fast, so she could not have made her escape; but it resisted all his efforts to burst it open. He had uttered no shout while he had been speeding to her help, and he

could not spare breath now. It was too late for any one to help but himself. If he could not save her in a minute or two there would be no hope for her.

He ran round to the school-house door and flung his whole weight upon it; it gave way before him, but the dense smoke that filled the place almost suffocated him. He groped his way through the thick folds to the inner room, and reached the foot of the little staircase. The current of air from the open doors fanned the smouldering thatch at the head of it, and there lay Carola insensible at his feet.

To catch her up in his arms and make his way back to the open air was the work of an instant, and scarcely had he carried her out of the deadly peril than he heard the shouts of people waking up to the discovery of the fire. All the village seemed running to them, but his strength was gone, and now that she was safe he felt himself trembling in every limb. Yet he held her fast in his arms till his father, who was the first to reach them, could take Carola from him. "Take care of her, father," he said, gasping for breath; "she is dearer to me than my life."

It is of no use fighting against fate, thought Mrs. Arnold, as she received Carola, cold and shivering, from her husband's arms. There could be no more sleep that night for any one in the farmhouse, for the stack-yard must be closely watched, and every hand be ready lest a fire should break out anywhere. The pits were full of water, but they lay at the bottom of the hill, and the machinery for pumping it up was slow and heavy. There was no chance of saving the schoolhouse, but fortunately the wind blew away from the stack-yard, and the firebrands of burning thatch fell harmlessly into the fallow fields on the other side of the cottage. Nothing was left of Carola's first home but the thick stone walls.

"I would rather it had been anybody else," said Mrs. Arnold, when Philip and her husband were lingering over their early breakfast, after all danger was over.

"No, my dear no," answered Mr. Arnold; "there's not a girl who would make us a better daughter. And if our boy here loves her better than his life, don't let us spoil the matter for him. I never thought to say I'd take a schoolmistress for my daughter-in-law, but I've watched her closely, and they'll be happy together—as happy as you and me."

"But perhaps she will not have me," said Philip, with an anxious glance at his mother's clouded face.

"No danger!" she said, fretfully; "if she was a girl I should choose for you, your equal, Philip, perhaps I should think her a little indifferent in her manner. But she will jump at you; oh, yes! a girl in her position; after saving her from such a horrible death, too!"

But Philip Arnold soon discovered that he could base no claim to Carola's affection on having rescued her from death. It was evident she did not hold her life very dear to her; there was in her something of that contempt of death which made the early followers of Christ meet martyrdom joyously. Probably she had never heard any speculations about the hereafter, and had no idea except that which Paul had, that

to be absent from the body was to be present with the Lord. She listened to Philip's account of how he had forced open the door and found her lying insensible at the foot of the staircase, with wonder at the strong emotion the recollection of it produced in him, for his voice faltered and his hands shook as he spoke of it.

"I would have been such a terrible death," he said, shuddering and drawing nearer to her.

"I did not think of that," she answered; "it would have seemed terrible to you, but oh, how much I should have known by this time! Perhaps the first thing I should have seen would have been the face of my Lord. I suppose I must have been very near dying, but I did not know it, the time, for when I awoke, almost suffocated, I crept down-stairs at once to find

the door. But if you had not found me, I wonder where I should have been now?"

"Are you sorry, then?" he asked.

"Oh, no!" she cried, holding out her hand to him. "I am glad you saved me; I am thankful, very thankful to you. Of course, if God wishes me to be here, I am glad to be here; but I am not afraid of going away, you know. You need not have been very grieved if you had not been in time to save me."

But the thought that he might have been too late to save her almost unmanned him. He left her abruptly, and went away down to the ruined cottage, wondering what would have become of him this day if he had been only a few minutes later in reaching it a few hours ago. One necessary result from the conflagration was, however, full of pleasure to him: Carola must find a home under their roof until the place could be rebuilt. The school-room, which was built altogether of stone, with a roof of red tile, had not been destroyed by the fire, and might in a few weeks be ready for occupation again; but the half-timber cottage could not be rebuilt till the spring came. Until then Carola must live at the Grange, and if he could not win her by that time there would be no hope left in him of ever doing so.

It was an unutterable delight to Philip to see her going to and fro about the house, taking her full share of the household cares, and busying herself in the winter work of the farm. For Carola could not hold herself aloof from the life around her, and this new chapter of farmhouse doings was crowded with interest to her. December is always full of work, and the days are short; and Mrs. Arnold had often sighed for a daughter who would take some part of the burden of house cares off her shoulders. There could hardly be a better daughter than Carola; and Mrs. Arnold half-grudgingly admitted it. Nor could she detect in her any lurking coquetry of manner with regard to Philip. If she had been a girl whom she wished to see his wife, her fears would have turned in the direction that she was indifferent to him.

(To be continued.)

A MEMORABLE SHIPWRECK.

S. S. Lesson for April 12, Acts 27: 27-44. Golden Text, Ps. 107: 28. By Mrs. M. Baxter.

The Distraction of the Ship's Company—Paul's Calm Confidence—He Assures them of Safety—No Encouragement to Idle Security—Means to be Used—Cannot be Saved if the Sailors Go—Their Health to be Preserved—Encourages them to Eat—Cargo must be Thrown out—The Wreck—The Prisoners in Danger—Paul's Prediction Exactly Fulfilled.

PAUL's words, "I believe God that it shall be even as it was told me," were left undisputed by the ship's crew, and he said, moreover, "Howbeit, we must be cast upon a certain island." It must have been somewhat startling to the mariners that a simple passenger, and he a prisoner, should pretend to know more about the course they were taking than even the captain of the ship; that while there were no human means by which it could be ascertained, this man should speak with such quiet,

CALM ASSURANCE

about it! They saw a man living in communion with God—a man in whom God dwelt; one who could not be tossed to and fro by circumstances, inasmuch as He who overruled all circumstances was with him and in him. They saw him, by faith in God, superior to circumstances; and just where all human knowledge of geography and of navigation failed, they saw him acquainted with the knowledge which they longed for in vain; and while they were all in terror for their lives, they saw him, not only in perfect quiet regarding his own life, but perfectly sure that God was about to spare theirs in answer to his prayer. What amount of theology, what amount of logic, would have so convinced them of the reality and of the presence of God? It needed but that Paul, filled with the Holy Ghost, should be on board—that Paul and his

God should be at one; and no single member of the crew could be unaffected by it. There is unconscious but certain power in the very presence of a man who is filled with the Spirit. It is not that the man is anything in particular, but Christ is in him, and

HE CANNOT BE HID.

"When the fourteenth night was come, as we were driven up and down in Adria, about midnight the shipmen deemed that they drew near to some country." Were Paul's predictions about to be realized? They "sounded, and found it twenty fathoms; and when they had gone a little further, they sounded again, and found it fifteen fathoms." Having gone on a whole fortnight in a dread uncertainty, with no indication as to their route, it must have been a relief to find that they were at least near shore. "Fearing lest they should have fallen upon rocks, they cast four anchors out of the stern, and wished for the day." Suspense was adding now to the strain of the long uncertainty; hope had revived; would the long hours of darkness never pass that they might once more see something besides the white foam of the sea and the leaden, heavy clouds above? There was one on the ship who was not anxiously wishing for the day. Paul was quietly resting in his God, knowing that "all things work together for good to them that love God." Seeing the vast machinery of God's purposes at work, knowing the mighty power which moved that machinery, and having perfect confidence in that Power, Paul could wait.

But he was not asleep. Under cover of the darkness some of the sailors, selfishly thinking of their own safety, plotted to desert the ship and "let down the boat into the sea, under color as though they would have cast anchors out of the foreship." Their real intention, however, was to flee out of the ship in the hope of saving their lives. Oh, how ready man is to depend upon himself and his own efforts! how unready to trust in God alone! "Paul said to the centurion and to the soldiers,

EXCEPT THESE ABIDE IN THE SHIP,

ye cannot be saved." Paul had asked and received safety for all those that sailed with him, for the company as a whole, not for the sailors only. Any interference with God's dealings might cut the soldiers off from blessing. Circumstances had proved that they were unable to save themselves. Paul had put them into God's hands, and they must not take themselves out. "God helps those who help themselves" is a very common saying, but we do not find it in God's Word. On the contrary, we find that which God seeks in us is faith. Faith rests in what God is, what God does, what God says. When we put a thing or a person into God's hands by faith, we believe God undertakes that thing or that person, and that we need not meddle with it or with him, except when clearly directed to do so by God. Some think they have trusted God to make them holy, but they are continually dealing with themselves—judging themselves—legislating for themselves, watching themselves—all of which hinders God from undertaking and carrying out His purpose. If they are going to do the work, why then ask God? If God is going to do the work, why not leave it to Him, unless they think Him incompetent? Again, some trust God to heal their bodies, or think they do; but they think they must help Him somewhat. They must continue to diet themselves, they must avoid all which has formerly induced the disease, or they must continue some remedy—they must, in fact, have a hand in it. Now, nothing hinders God like this. "Except these abide in the ship," in the place of apparent danger, but just where God has met them, "ye cannot be saved."

GOD WAS IN COMMAND

of the ship; the man who of all on board had the least official right, from a human point of view, was used as His instrument. Influenced by him, "the soldiers cut off the ropes of the boat, and let her fall off." Here was a prisoner in command over the soldiers whose office was

to guard him, and he and they completely frustrating the designs of the sailors, whose part it was to manage the ship; so strangely God overturns human relations of men, the one to the other.

The state of terror among the crew had been so great that no regular meal had been taken all this time. Paul, knowing how certain their safety was, while the day was coming on, besought them to take food, saying, "This is the fourteenth day that ye have tarried and continued fasting, having taken nothing. Wherefore I pray you to take some meat; for this is

FOR YOUR HEALTH:

for there shall not a hair fall from the head of any of you." God in command, misery and terror ceased, and like a loving Father He cared for His children's needs. Paul when he had thus spoken "took bread, and gave thanks to God in presence of them all; and when he had broken it, he began to eat." Living before God as he did, no consideration as to what they might think of it would hinder him from publicly thanking God both for their coming deliverance and also for the food which they were about to take. God had made the opening for Paul to testify of Him, and he simply walked into it; there was no forcing; God had set before him an open door, and no man could shut it (Rev. 3: 8).

THE WRECK.

"Then they were all of good cheer, and they also took some meat." The influence of one man so free in spirit, so confident and happy in God, reacted on them all. The current was turned. Thus two hundred and seventy-five persons were brought to see something of God. Courage rose, they were all ready to lend a hand to help; and so, after a good meal, they cast out the wheat into the sea. Morning dawned, and with it they saw the shore, but it was unknown to them. However, they discovered "a certain creek with a shore, into the which they were minded, if it were possible, to thrust in the ship." So they took up the anchors and committed themselves to the sea, as it seemed; but really to God, who has winds and waves under His command. "They loosed the rudder bands, hoisted the mainsail to the wind, and made toward shore." It did not look as though Paul's word would come true that the ship would be lost. But before reaching the shore they came to a place where two seas met, and ran the ship aground. Until they touched shore the Lord did not permit the ship to go to pieces. Then the forepart stuck fast, and "the hinder part was broken with the violence of the waves."

Still another danger threatened. The soldiers gave counsel that all the prisoners should be killed, "lest any of them should swim out, and escape." It would seem as though at the very last the word of the Lord would fail. But it could not; God is not a man that He should lie; neither the son of man, that He should repent; hath He said, and shall He not do it? or hath He spoken, and shall He not make it good (Num. 23: 19)? "The centurion, willing to save Paul, kept them from their purpose; and commanded that they which could swim should cast themselves first into the sea, and get to land: and the rest, some on boards, and some on broken pieces of the ship. And so it came to pass, that they escaped all safe to land." And every one of them knew that the hand of that God whom Paul worshipped had brought about their deliverance. Who knows whether all this crew were not saved in soul as well as body?

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This Journal contains every week a Portrait and Biography of some eminent person; a new Sermon by the Rev. C. H. SPURGEON, of London, and the Rev. Dr. TALMAGE'S latest Sunday morning Sermon; also always a Prophetic Article, and a Summary of Current Events, as well as Stories, Anecdotes, etc.
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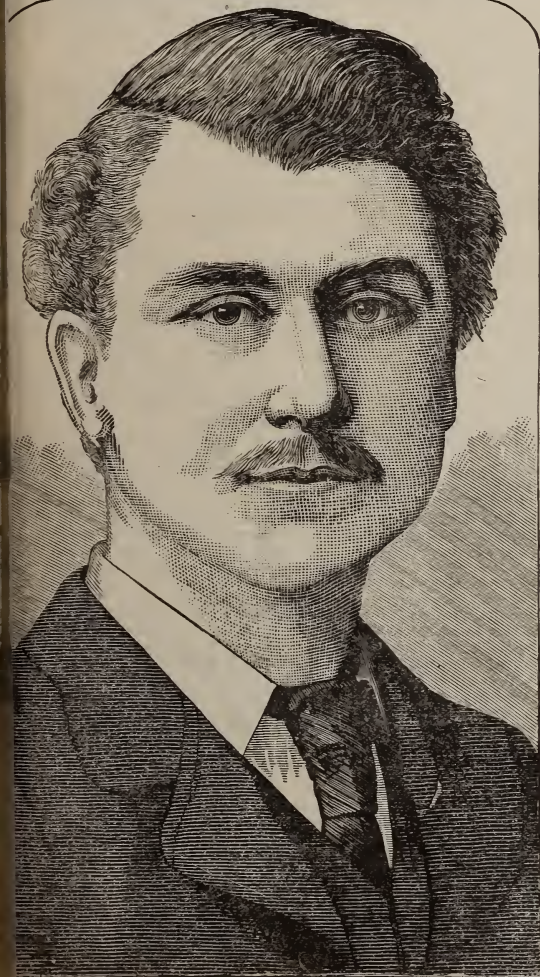
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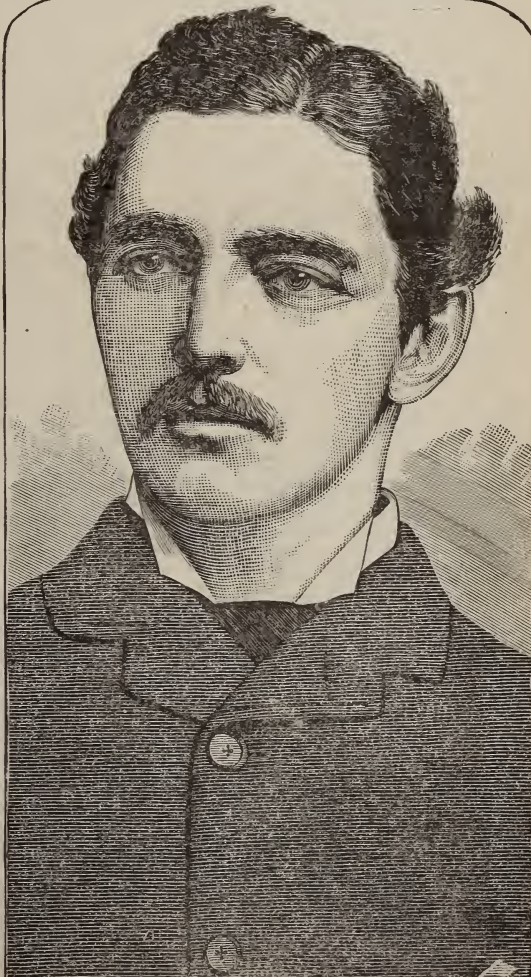
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THE QUEEN OF FESTIVALS. Dr. Talmage's Sermon Last Sunday Morning.
Lord Lawrence and the Moravian Mission.
NECDOTES RELATED AT THE EVANGELISTIC MEETINGS IN SCOTLAND.
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CURRENT EVENTS: Gen. Grant's Illness—The Renomination of Mr. Pearson—Diplomatic Changes—The Public Debt Statement—The Rebellion in the Northwest—The Trouble at the Isthmus—French Reverses in Tonquin—Prince Bismarck's Birthday Celebration—Preventive Trees—How a Wedding was Deferred—A Man Caught by the Nose, etc.
PICTURE OF THE DEATH OF MR. J. A. CAMERON IN A ZAREBA.

THE SINGULAR ORIGIN OF A CHRISTIAN MAN.
A New Sermon by C. H. Spurgeon.
The Mother's Last Journey.
ISRAEL'S EXILE AND RECALL.
Notices of New Books.
A SEVENTEENTH CENTURY REVELLER. (With Illustration.)
THE JEW'S WARD. A Serial Story. (Continued.)
Divine Protection. S. S. Lesson by Mrs. M. Baxter.



Mr. Stanley P. Smith (Late Stroke of the Cambridge Eight).



Mr. C. T. Studd (Late Captain of the Cambridge Eleven).

CAMBRIDGE COLLEGIANS JUST EMBARKED AS MISSIONARIES TO CHINA.

THE UNIVERSITY MISSIONARIES.

University Life—Famous Athletes—Their Aristocratic Companions—The Valedictory Meeting—A Chinese Bible—Appeals of Mr. Stanley Smith—Bird's Eye View of the World—The Needy Places—Mr. Studd's Experience—One of Mr. Moody's Workers—Christian Effort on the Cricket Ground—The Lord's Leading.

SEVERAL popular books widely read in this country have made American readers very familiar with life in the English universities. Mr. Tom Hughes, the founder of the colony at Rugby, Tennessee, wrote "Tom Brown's School-days" and "Tom Brown at Oxford." These with "Frank Fairleigh" have all been so extensively circulated that the ways of English undergraduates, their customs, their modes of thought, and especially the amusements of which they are fond, are well understood here. It will, therefore, be easy for our readers to share in the astonishment of the English people at the announcement that the two heroes of their year at the University of Cambridge have gone as missionaries to China. Though the universities are seats of learning, the undergraduates themselves are apt to regard as the most enviable men among them, not the men who stand highest at the examinations, but the men who excel in athletic sports. The majority of them if offered the choice of being senior wrangler or captain of the University Cricket Club would unhesitatingly choose the latter. Reading men are not popular outside of their set, but the man who pulls stroke in the university boat or is captain of the university eleven, commands the respect of the whole university. They are men of whom all the undergraduates are proud, and of whom great things are expected. That both should give up their brilliant prospects in life to endure hardship and privation that they may preach Christ to the heathen, is an event causing absolute amazement to all university men. Yet this is what has occurred, and we this week publish on the first page the portraits of the two noble, devoted men.

The fact that renders the event especially interesting to American Christians is, that it is mainly due to the blessing of God on the labors of Messrs.

MOODY AND SANKEY

that these young men have given their lives to Christian work in the foreign mission field. The London *Christian* says: "It would not perhaps be easy to connect in complete succession the various links in the chain of events that have culminated so happily, but we cannot help feeling that two important links are the London missions of Messrs. Moody and Sankey. It will be an unspeakable joy to these brethren to know that such far-reaching fruits are growing out of their earnest labors in the gospel in this land."

The two missionaries whose portraits we give are not going out alone. Five other young men accompany them, three of whom are Cambridge men, and the other two are officers in the army, who have resigned their commissions to work in the army of the Prince of Peace. They are all members of the aristocratic families of Great Britain. Their names are W. W. Cassels, B.A., D. E. Hoste, Montagu Beauchamp, B.A., Cecil Polhill-Turner, and Arthur T. Polhill-Turner, B.A. They sailed for their new sphere of labor on February 5th. On the previous evening a valedictory meeting was held in Exeter Hall, London, which was crowded, in spite of a pouring rain, with friends anxious to bid them God-speed. The great gathering was one of very remarkable and even historic interest. It formed a fitting climax to a series of meetings in London and the country districts that can find no parallel in the records of missions. Larger bands of missionaries have gone forth, but not at any time has there been a band the members of which were so remarkable for high social position, personal character, and attainments, as those who sat on the platform of that meeting.

Apart altogether from the work they may do in China, it is evident that by their means a remarkable work has been done in Great Britain—young men and others in Scotland, the North of England, London, and the Universities have been stirred as never before with regard to the mission field.

Forty undergraduates were present from Cambridge, a large body of students from the Wesleyan College, from Mr. Grattan Guinness's Training College, and Mr. Spurgeon's Pastors' College, while members of the Young Men's Christian Association turned out well.

Personal details of the lives of the young missionaries are supplied by the English newspapers, but the following reports of the addresses they delivered at the valedictory meeting furnish indications from which it is not difficult to form an estimate of the men. The chairman of the meeting having told the apocryphal story about Queen Victoria having once given a Bible to a heathen chief, which chairmen of missionary meetings are expected to tell, and the people to applaud, he presented a copy of the Bible in Chinese to each of the young men. The secretary of the China Inland Mission then explained the methods and principles of the mission under the auspices of which the band of young missionaries are going out. Then

MR. STANLEY S. SMITH, B.A.

whose portrait appears on our front page, who was the stroke, or leading oarsman of the Cambridge University boat, said: "I suppose we all allow that we are under solemn obligation to spread the knowledge of the Gospel. It is this conviction which is sending us out from England's shores. This Gospel made the Thessalonian Church of old such an evangelistic church, that in the space of one year the Word of the Lord had sounded out throughout the regions of Macedonia and Achaia. The secret of it was this: Paul had been through Amphipolis and Apollonia, and came to Thessalonica, and the burden of his message was that there was another King, one Jesus. This Jesus was received as the Lord of their whole being, and they gave themselves right up to Him. This Gospel must be preached until all mankind and womankind bow their hearts before this Almighty Saviour, whose blood has atoned for sin, and made peace for the whole world, if only the whole world knew it."

"In England we have every possible privilege for getting truth and bathing ourselves in Gospel light; but the Gospel has been rejected by the people of this country, and the words might go from many throats—Ye put it from you, and now we go to the Gentiles." God has unbosomed His heart to the world to show that He desires to bring it back to Himself, and He has committed to us the glorious privilege of making known to men the way by which they may come to the Father. If we take

A BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF THE WORLD

and its needs, we shall not long keep our hearts fixed upon England. Yet it was not until the beginning of this century that we began to think at all of the great need of the world. The pope was ready enough to send his missionaries; but this nation, with the Bible open before us in the spoken dialect of the people, read for three centuries, 'Go ye unto all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature,' and until the end of the last century nothing was done to obey that command. And the first man to send the Gospel to the heathen was not a man great or learned, but a cobbler.

THE CELEBRATED WILLIAM CAREY.

"You will remember that in the miracle of feeding the five thousand the apostles were employed to distribute the bread to the people; and I will ask this audience to imagine that it constitutes the multitude to be fed, and to suppose that the distribution has been made to about eight rows just here in front of the platform, and that then, instead of going on to those behind, those who are dispensing the food begin again at the first row, and so on to the eighth, beginning again at the first, and so on,

pouring the bread and fish into their laps, a piling it up around them and leaving the den multitude behind there in the hall to starve. This is what we have done. The Syrophenician woman told our Lord that even the dogs ate the crumbs that fell from their master's table but we have almost been

KEEPING BACK THE CRUMBS.

Our Lord wants us to go and take the Gospel the perishing world, and by our lives among these people to commend the Gospel. Unfortunately, many English people who go out distant unevangelized lands do not commend the Gospel, and the Chinaman, observing their conduct, turns away from the message, belittling his own religion better. He says: 'I have got my little stone idol. My grandfather we shipped it, and my great-grandfather worshipped it, and at any rate it has the honor of antiquity. If you ask me to take the Christian's God answer that I would rather have my little stone idol. It is at least quite harmless, and it certainly does not teach me to get drunk and impure.'

"We look at Africa, and remember how a brave young Scotchman—Frederick Stant Annott—started from the bottom of the continent and went through hardships cold a wet alternating with the parching desert. Little farther north, and we saw, a few years ago, that great man,

LIVINGSTONE, IN HIS TENT.

He was breathing his dying prayer for Africa. He died, and his body was brought to England. Crowds followed that body to its last resting place, and spoke well of the dead man's deed. If Livingstone could have come back to tell what would he have said to those crowds? He would have said: 'Don't follow my body here to this cathedral, but follow to where my lies, away yonder in Africa, and obey ye the Lord's commands to go forth and preach the Gospel to every creature.'

"I do not know whether God will raise Scotchmen or Englishmen to do it, but work will be done and the Gospel shall spread. It seems to me that Christ has come right into our midst, and has looked into the face of young, middle-aged, and old. Bishop Taylor, at the age of sixty-three, started a day ago for the heart of Africa. Christ has come into our midst, and His command 'Go ye into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature.'

Mr. D. E. Hoste (late Royal Artillery), Mr. Cecil Polhill-Turner, Mr. M. Beauchamp, B.A., and Mr. Arthur Polhill-Turner having spoken.

MR. FARRINGTON,

representing the Cambridge undergraduates said: "There are many of our friends who are the missionaries their great privilege of going out so soon. It has been said to me that a great pity that these men are going abroad that such men are wanted at home; that, having distinguished themselves in athletics, they could win the souls of young men in England but some said doubtfully they hope for the best. I do not hope at all. I know what it is for the best, because I know what it is going out has done for me and others at Cambridge. We had been having missionary meetings, and had been hearing missionaries, when we heard of these men going out, we brought face to face with the heathen abroad it taught us that the Church of Christ is Church of the world, and not merely of England. Not only has their going out stirred the missionary interest at Cambridge, but it taught us what it is to give ourselves to Christ. It has taught us that there is to be no compromise, however small, and that there is to be nothing between us and Christ. On behalf my fellow-students I will give Mr. Smith his co-missionaries a verse to remember: 'Be strong and of good courage, be not afraid, neither be dismayed, for the Lord thy God with thee whithersoever thou goest.'

MR. C. T. STUDD, B.A.

(late captain of the Cambridge Cricket Club)

whose portrait appears on the first page, said: 'I have been a Jack-of-all-trades, but now I have found the best of masters, and I want to tell you how I sought the Lord, and found Him. It is seven years since I was converted; but I kept the knowledge of God's love to myself, and consequently grew cold. The love of the world began to come in again, and for six years I was in an unhappy backsliding state. God brought me back to Himself at the beginning of last year, and I then saw how little the world is worth. It is all due instrumentally to what was thought to be the death-bed of my brother. As night after night I watched beside that bed, I began to see how little is the value of the things of this world; and when it pleased God to restore my brother, I went to hear Mr. Moody.

MR. MOODY SET ME TO WORK

for the Lord, and I tried to induce my friends to read the Gospel, and spoke to them individually about their souls. I soon had the consolation of leading to the Saviour one of my nearest and dearest friends, and I can speak of the great joy it gave me to bring the first soul to the Lord Jesus Christ. I have tasted, I believe, of every pleasure that this world can give; but I can say before God and before man that the whole lot of them are nothing compared to the joy it gave me to save that one soul.

"I went on working in the mission for some time, and then the cricket season came on, and I thought I would go into the cricket-field, and get the players to accept the Lord Jesus as their Saviour. It was, perhaps, a mistake, but still it was my honest intention. I had as much

LOVE FOR CRICKET

as any man ever had; but when the Lord Jesus came into my heart I felt I had got something infinitely better than cricket. My heart was no longer in the game, for I wanted to win souls to the Lord Jesus Christ. I knew that cricket would not last—that indeed nothing in this world would last—but it is really worth while living for the world to come. Shortly after this the mission came to an end. Mr. Moody left for America, and I wanted to know what my life's work was to be for the Lord Jesus, whom I wanted to serve. I afterward prayed devoutly to God to show me what I was to do. I remembered to read for the Bar, but I became restless, and thought how could I spend the best hours of my life in the pleasures and honors of this world, while thousands and thousands of souls are perishing every day without having heard of the Lord Jesus Christ, and going down to Christless and hopeless graves. I remember about this time reading

AN ATHEISTIC TRACT,

which stated that if Christians were consistent their whole lives should be given up to going about the world doing good. It went on to say that they should consider the pleasures, honors, and riches of this world as dross, and that their whole lives should be spent in pleading that men might come and be reconciled to God through the Lord Jesus Christ. I at once saw that the atheist's view is the truly consistent light, and I determined that from that time forth, with God's help, my life should be a consistent one.

"Just then a great friend of mine asked me to go to a Bible reading with him; and he said, 'Have you heard of the extraordinary blessing so and so has received lately?' 'No, I have not,' I replied. Well, he told me she had been an earnest Christian worker for years, but God had given her lately such a blessing that, although she had much trouble, nothing seemed to ruffle her peace. We resolved to look into the Bible and see if God really promised such a blessing as this. We found He had promised a 'peace that passeth understanding'—and our peace did not go beyond comprehension—and a 'joy unspeakable'—and we had no such joy. We wanted this peace and joy, and knelt together to ask it, and then we separated. When I got home I fell on my knees, and asked God to give me this great blessing. After I rose from my knees, my eyes fell on a book,

entitled 'The Christian's Secret of a Happy Life.' Why, that was the very thing I wanted! I opened it, and saw it was nothing more or less than a gift, and further, I saw I had not received it because I had not made room for it. I found I had been keeping back what was not my own, but really belonged to Him who gave His life for me; so there and then I gave myself up to Him, in the words of Miss Havergal's hymn—

'Take my life, and let it be
Consecrated, Lord, to Thee;
Take my moments and my days,
Let them flow in ceaseless praise.'

So I gave up to Him my hands, my feet, my voice, my goods, my all. I found that, when I thus yielded to Him, He did give me the 'peace that passeth understanding,' and the 'joy unspeakable.' Well, it was not very long before God led me to determine to go to China. I had never thought of going there before. England had seemed big enough and good enough for me; but everything went out of my heart.

AND CHINA CAME IN.

Some friends of mine said one day, 'Are you going to hear Mr. McCarthy to-morrow?' 'Who is he?' I inquired. 'He is the man that walked across China,' was the reply. 'Well,' I thought, 'if he walked across China, he's certainly worth going to hear.' Next day my friend Stanley Smith came to the house, and I asked if he was going to hear Mr. McCarthy. He said he was, and we went together. I thank God He led me to that meeting. I was greatly stirred by what I heard; but I meant to be cautious. We sang—

'He leadeth me! He leadeth me!
By his own hand He leadeth me;
His faithful follower I would be,
For by His hand He leadeth me.'

"I plainly recognized, however, that God was leading me to China, but I said I won't decide here and now, but wait until I get home and make sure that it is God's leading. I asked Him for definite guidance, and He gave it me in these words, 'A man's foes shall be they of his own household.' I knew only one thing could keep me back, and that was my mother's love. I went and told my eldest brother, 'The Lord hath told me to go to China, and I am going.' He did not see it at first, but we prayed over it, and I shall never forget the solemn way in which my brother asked that God would convince me at once whether it was His will or not that I should serve Him in China. I went back to my room, and after reading the Bible for some time, I got into my bed, but could not sleep! For two hours I lay awake, and when at length I dozed twenty times or more I would awake, and this verse kept running through my mind, 'Ask of me and I will give thee the heathen for thine inheritance, and the uttermost parts of the earth for thy possession.' I had not read the verse for months. I knew it was the voice of God speaking to me, and telling me in answer to prayer what I should do, telling me to go to Hudson Taylor and say, 'If you are willing to take me, then

I AM WILLING TO GO.'

I cannot tell you how the Lord has flooded my soul with blessing since I resolved to follow Him where He is leading. Let me say to you it is easy to follow if you only yield yourselves to God. 'How long halt ye between two opinions? If the Lord be God, follow Him.' Let us follow Him fully. God or the world! which is it to be? Will you not come right out and yield to Him? Remember, you are only going to be on earth a very short time, eternity is coming very soon; which are you living for? God grant His power may flood England, and that thousands may arise and go and tell of Christ to the perishing nations who are dying without Christ and without hope."

The Rev. Hugh Price Hughes having spoken, the Rev. J. T. Waller commended the outgoing missionaries to God in prayer. With hearty handshakings and promises that unceas-

ing prayers should be offered to God for them, the devoted young men bade all friends farewell, and the next morning commenced their journey to China.

A CONVERTED GERMAN INFIDEL'S SUCCESSES.

MR. VON SCHLUEMBACH, the converted German infidel, whose work in New York is well known and has now been crowned by the organization of a German Young Men's Christian Association, has been laboring in evangelical work for a considerable time in Berlin. The conservatism of some of the Lutheran State Church clergy necessitated the utmost caution, and although Dr. Stocker, the court chaplain and Jew-baiter, Professor Christlieb, and a few others supported the movement, it was carried on with great quietness. Halls were rented in the most obscure and poorest parts of the city, handbills carried to the homes of the people, but no announcements were made through the public press. Meetings were for some time conducted in six different parts of the city. The largest halls that were available were crowded by poor people, who stood, hungry and weary, listening to hear the word of God.

After months spent in such labor, a clergyman invited the evangelist to speak in his church. This called out a warning in a religious paper against these novelties, with the Latin quotation of church law, forbidding any man to preach who had not passed the regular theological examination. But the storm blew over, and the work went on.

In the northern portion of Berlin stood the old *Fursten Blucher*, a notoriously disreputable dance-hall, where the most vicious and degraded people of the city gathered, especially on Sunday night, for purposes of dancing, drunkenness, and debauchery. Hardly a Sunday evening passed without bloodshed, and on January 2d, 1883, the tumult was so outrageous that the military were called in to clear the hall. That ended the dancing, and on the third of January the hall was purchased for \$21,000 for a Christian Association Hall, receiving its new name, *Christlich Vereint House*. Its walls were hung with Scripture mottoes, and the place that so long had echoed sounds of drunken revelry, is now resounding with Gospel hymns.

The time of private meetings is now over. The new association has been recognized and sanctioned by the highest personages in the empire. The Emperor has given \$500, the Empress \$125, and the Crown-Prince \$75, to its funds. The work of the evangelist was then publicly applauded, and the most aristocratic churches threw wide their doors to receive the man whom royalty had honored. The rooms of the association were soon opened; noblemen, high professors, and pastors were present, the most prominent society of Berlin gave hearty support to the enterprise, and a candle has been lighted which we trust may shed its beams far and wide through the German Empire.

Mr. Schluembach, after a brief period of work among Germans in London, has again returned to Germany. None can tell the value of the work he is doing; there is no antidote so successful as that Herr Schluembach presents with convincing force to his countrymen, to the rapidly spreading socialistic doctrines which constitute the greatest danger in our time to the welfare of society. Germans are the leaders in this anarchical crusade, and in converting them to Christianity Herr Schluembach is serving his country and the whole world. The will of the wisp of political and social brotherhood and the equality of men cannot be realized in this world, though men labor and sacrifice their own lives and shed a sea of blood to attain it; but the instincts which lead the best of the socialists to seek it can find supreme satisfaction in a religion which has but one door for all, and which admits the poor more easily than the rich. There is hope for the world in this mission, and we wish that in all countries a similar effort to reach the foes of society was in progress.

THE QUEEN OF FESTIVALS.

Dr. Talmage's Sermon Preached Last Sunday Morning, April 5, 1885.

"Death is swallowed up in victory."—1 COR. 15: 54.

The Royal Court of the Sabbaths—An Ejaculation Spun out of Hallelujahs—The Rout of an Army—A Worse Discomfiture—The Army Death Gathers—His Antagonist—The Decisive Battle—The Victory—The Abolition of Death—The Cloak of Flesh—The Flight of the Soul—Cremation or Sepulture—The Resurrection Body—Resurrection in Nature—Vitality of Buried Seeds—Resurrection in the Garden—The Trance State—Superfluities in the Body—Bases of a Resurrection Body—A Renovated House—A Heathen Warrior's Dread of the Resurrection—The Day of Victory.

ABOUT eighteen hundred and fifty-one Easter mornings have awakened the earth. In France for three centuries the almanacs made the year begin at Easter, until Charles IX. made the year begin at January 1st. In the Tower of London there is a royal pay-roll of Edward I., on which there is an entry of eighteen pence for four hundred colored and pictured Easter eggs, with which the people sported. In Russia, slaves were fed and alms were distributed on Easter. Ecclesiastical councils met at Pontus, at Gaul, at Rome, at Achaia to decide the particular day, and after a controversy, more animated than gracious, decided it, and now through all Christendom, in some way the first Sunday after the full moon which happens upon or next after March 21st, is filled with Easter rejoicing.

THE ROYAL COURT

of the Sabbaths is made up of fifty-two. Fifty-one are princes in the royal household, but Easter is queen. She wears richer diadem, and sways a more jewelled sceptre, and in her smile nations are irradiated. *Unusually welcome this year* because of the harsh winter and the late spring, she seems to step out of the snow-bank rather than the conservatory, come out of the North instead of the South, out of the Arctic rather than the tropics, dismounting from the icy equinox; but welcome this queenly day, holding high up in her right hand the wrenched-off bolt of Christ's sepulchre, and holding high in her left hand the key to all the cemeteries in Christendom.

My text is an ejaculation. It is

SPUN OUT OF HALLELUJAHS.

Paul wrote right on in his argument about the resurrection and observed all the laws of logic; but when he came to write the words of the text, his fingers and his pen and the parchment on which he wrote took fire, and he cried out, "Death is swallowed up in victory!"

It is an exciting thing to see

AN ARMY ROUTED

and flying. They run each other down. They scatter everything valuable in the track. Unheeded artillery. Hoof of horse on breast of wounded and dying man. You have read of the French falling back from Sedan, or Napoleon's track of ninety thousand corpses in the snow-banks of Russia, or of the retreat of our own armies from Manassas, or of the five kings tumbling over the rocks of Bethoran with their armies, while the hail-storms of Heaven and the swords of Joshua's host struck them with their fury. In my text is

A WORSE DISCOMFITURE.

It seems that a black giant proposed to conquer the earth. He gathered for his host all the aches and pains and malarias and cancers and distempers, and epidemics of the ages. He marched them down, drilling them in the north-east wind and amid the slush of tempests. He threw up barricades of grave-mound. He pitched tent of charnel house. Some of the troops marched with slow tread commanded by consumptions, some in double-quick, commanded by pneumonias. Some he took by long besiegement of evil habit, and some by one stroke of the battle-axe of casualty. With bony hand he pounded at the door of hospitals and sick rooms, and won all the victories in all the

great battlefields of all the five continents. Forward march, the conqueror of conquerors, and all the generals and commanders-in-chief, and all presidents and kings and sultans and czars drop under the feet of his war-charger. But one Christmas night his antagonist was born. As most of the plagues and sicknesses and despotisms come out of the East, it was appropriate that

THE NEW CONQUEROR

should come out of the same quarter. Power is given Him to awaken all the fallen of all the centuries and of all lands, and marshal them against the black giant. Fields have already been won, but the last day of the world's existence will see the decisive battle. When Christ shall lead forth His two brigades, the brigade of the risen dead and the brigade of the celestial host, the black giant will fall back, and the brigade from the risen sepulchres will take Him from beneath and the brigade of descending immortals will take Him from above, and death shall be swallowed up in

VICTORY.

The old brag that threatened the conquest and demolition of the planet has lost his throne, has lost his sceptre, has lost his palace, has lost his prestige, and the one word written over all the gates of mausoleum and catacomb and necropolis, on cenotaph and sarcophagus, on the lonely khan of the Arctic explorer, and on the catafalque of great cathedral, written in capitals of azalia and calla lily, written in musical cadence, written in doxology of great assemblages, written on the sculptured door of the family vault, is "victory." Coronal word, embannered word, apocalyptic word, chief word of triumphal arch under which conquerors return.

Victory! Word shouted at Cluloden and Balaklava and Blenheim, at Megiddo and Solferino, at Marathon, where the Athenians drove back the Medes; at Poitiers, where Charles Martel broke the ranks of the Saracens; at Salamis, where Themistocles in the great sea-fight confounded the Persians, and at the door of the Eastern cavern of chiselled rock, where Christ came out through a recess and throttled the King of Terrors, and put him back in the niche from which the celestial Conqueror had just emerged. Aha! when the jaws of the Eastern mausoleum took down the black giant "death was swallowed up in victory." I proclaim

THE ABOLITION OF DEATH.

The old antagonist is driven back into mythology with all the lore about Stygian ferry and Charon with oar and boat. Melrose Abbey and Kenilworth Castle are no more in ruins than is the sepulchre. We shall have no more to do with death than we have with the cloak-room at a governor's or President's levee. We stop at such cloak-room and leave in charge of a servant our overcoat, our overshoes, our outward apparel, that we may not be impeded in the brilliant round of the drawing-room. Well, my friends, when we go out of this world we are going to a King's banquet, and to a reception of monarchs, and at the door of the tomb we leave

THE CLOAK OF FLESH

and the wrappings with which we meet the storms of this world. At the close of an earthly reception, under the brush and broom of the porter the coat or hat may be handed to us better than when we resigned it, and the cloak of humanity will finally be returned to us improved and brightened and purified and glorified.

You and I do not want our bodies returned as they are now. We want to get rid of all their weaknesses and all their susceptibilities to fatigue and all their slowness of locomotion. They will be put through a chemistry of soil and heat and cold and changing seasons out of which God will reconstruct them as much better than they are now as the body of the rosiest and healthiest child that bounds over the lawn at Prospect Park is better than the sickest patient in Bellevue Hospital. But

AS TO OUR SOUL,

we will cross right over, not waiting for obsequies, independent of obituary, into a state in

every way better, with wider room and velocities beyond computation; the dullest of us into companionship with the very best spirits in their very best mood, in the very parlor of the universe, the four walls burnished and panelled and pictured and glorified with all the splendors that the infinite God in all the ages has been able to invent. Victory!

This view of course makes it of but little importance whether we are

CREMATED OR SEPULTURED.

If the latter is dust to dust, the former is ashes to ashes. If any prefer incineration let them have it without caricature. The world may become so crowded that cremation may be universally adopted by law as well as by general consent. Many of the mightiest and best spirits have gone through this process. Thousands and tens of thousands of God's children have been cremated—P. P. Bliss and wife, the evangelistic singers, cremated by accident at Ashtabula Bridge; John Rodgers, cremated by persecution; Latimer and Ridley, cremated at Oxford; Pothinus, and Blandina, a slave, and Alexander, a physician and his comrades cremated at the order of Marcus Aurelius—at least a hundred thousand of Christ's disciples cremated, and there can be no doubt about the resurrection of their bodies. If the world lasts as much longer as it has already been built, there perhaps may be no room for the large acreage set apart for resting-places, but that time has not come. Plenty of room yet, and the race need not pass that bridge of fire until it comes to it. The most of us prefer the old way. But whether out of natural disintegration or cremation we shall get that luminous, buoyant, gladsome, transcendent, magnificent, inexplicable structure called

THE RESURRECTION BODY.

you will have it, I will have it. I say to you today, as Paul said to Agrippa: "Why should it be thought, a thing incredible with you, that God should raise the dead?" That far-up cloud, higher than the hawk flies, higher than the eagle flies, what is it made of? Drops of water from the Hudson, other drops from the East River, other drops from a stagnant pool out on Newark flats—Up yonder there, embodied in a cloud and the sun kindles it. If God can make such a lustrous cloud out of water drops, many of them soiled and impure and fetched from miles away, can He not transport the fragments of a human body from the earth and out of them build a radiant body? Cannot God, who owns all the material out of which bones and muscle and flesh are made, set them up again if they have fallen? If a manufacturer of telescopes drop a telescope on the floor and it breaks, can he not mend it again so you can see through it? And if God drops the human eye into the dust, the eye which he originally fashioned, can He not restore it? Aye, if the manufacturer of the telescope by a change of the glass and a change of focus can make a better glass than that which was originally constructed, and actually improve it, do you not think the Fashioner of the human eye may improve its sight and multiply the natural eye by the thousandfold additional forces of the resurrection eye?

RESURRECTION IN NATURE.

"Why should it be thought with you an incredible thing that God should raise the dead?" Things all around us suggest it. Out of what grew all these flowers? Out of the mould and the earth. Resurrected! Resurrected! The radiant butterfly, where did it come from? The loathsome caterpillar. That albatross that smites the tempest with its wind, where did it come from? A senseless shell. Near Bergerac, France, in a Celtic tomb under a block were found flower seed that had been buried two thousand years. The explorer took the flower seed and planted it, and it came up; it bloomed in bluebell and heliotrope. Two thousand years ago buried, yet resurrected. A traveller says he found in a mummy-pit in Egypt garden peas that had been buried there three thousand years

ago. He brought them out and on the 4th of June, 1844, he planted them, and in thirty days they sprang up. Buried three thousand years, yet resurrected. "Why should it be thought a thing incredible with you that God should raise the dead?"

Where did all this silk come from—the silk that adorns your persons and your homes? In the hollow of a staff a Greek missionary brought from China to Europe the progenitors of those worms that now supply the silk markets of many nations. The pageantry of bannered host and the luxurious articles of commercial emporium blazing out from the silk worms. And who shall be surprised if out of this insignificant earthly body, this insignificant earthly life, our bodies unfold into something worthy of the coming eternities? Put silver into diluted nitre and it dissolves. Is the silver gone forever? No. Put in some pieces of copper and the silver reappears. If one force dissolves another force organizes.

"Why should it be thought a thing incredible with you that God should raise the dead?" The insects flew and the worms crawled last autumn feeble and feeble, and then stopped. They have taken no food, they want none. They lay dormant and insensible, but soon the south wind will blow the resurrection trumpet, and the air and the earth will be full of them. Do you not think that God can do as much for our bodies as He does for the wasps and the spiders and the snails? This morning at half-past four o'clock there was a resurrection. Out of the night, the day. In a few weeks there will be a resurrection in all our gardens. Why not some day a resurrection amid all the graves?

Ever and anon there are instances of men and women entranced.

A TRANCE

is death followed by resurrection after a few days; total suspension of mental power and voluntary action. Rev. William Tennent, a great evangelist of the last generation, of whom Dr. Archibald Alexander, a man far from being sentimental, wrote in most eulogistic terms. Rev. William Tennent seemed to die. His spirit departed. "People came in day after day and said: 'He is dead, he is dead.' But the soul that fled returned, and William Tennent lived to write out the experiences of what he had seen while his soul was gone. It may be found some time that what is called suspended animation or comatose state is brief death, giving the soul an excursion into the next world from which it comes back, a furlough of a few hours granted from the conflict of life to which it must return. Do not this waking up of men from trance, and this waking up of insects from winter lifelessness, and this waking up of grains buried three thousand years ago, make it easier for you to believe that your body and mine after the vacation of the grave shall rouse and rally, though there be three thousand years between our last breath and the sounding of

THE ARCHANGELIC REVELLÉ?

Physiologists tell us that while the most of our bodies are built with such wonderful economy that we can spare nothing, and the loss of a finger is a hindrance, and the injury of a toe-joint makes us lame, still that we have two or three useless physical apparati, and no anatomist or physiologist has ever been able to tell what they are good for. They are no doubt the foundation of the resurrection body, worth nothing to us in this state, to be indispensably valuable in the next state. The Jewish rabbins had only a hint of this suggestion when they said that in the human frame there was a small bone which they said was to be the basis of the resurrection body. Perhaps that may have been a delusion. But this thing is certain, the Christian scientists of our day have found out that there are two or three superfluities of body that are something gloriously suggestive of another state.

I called at my friend's house one summer day. I found the yard all piled-up with the rubbish of carpenter and mason's work. The

door was off. The plumbers had torn up the floor. The roof was being lifted in cupola. All the pictures were gone, and the paper-hangers were doing their work. All the modern improvements were being introduced into that dwelling. There was not a room in the house fit to live in at that time, although a month before when I visited that house everything was so beautiful I could not have suggested an improvement. My friend had gone with his family to the Holy Land, expecting to come back at the end of six months, when the building was to be done. And oh, what was his joy when at the end of six months, he returned and

THE OLD HOUSE

was enlarged and improved and glorified. That is your body. It looks well now—all the rooms filled with health, and we could hardly make a suggestion. But after awhile your soul will go to the Holy Land, and while you are gone the old house of your tabernacle will be entirely reconstituted from cellar to attic, and every nerve, muscle and bone and tissue and artery must be hauled over, and the old structure will be burnished and adorned and raised and cupolaed and enlarged, and all the improvements of Heaven introduced and you will move into it on resurrection day. For we know that if our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens. Oh, what a day

WHEN BODY AND SOUL MEET AGAIN!

They are very fond of each other. Did your body ever have a pain and your soul not pity it? or your body have a joy and your soul not re-echo it? or, changing the question, did your soul ever have any trouble and your body not sympathize with it? growing wan and weak under the depressing influence. Or did your soul ever have a gladness but your body celebrated it with kindled eye and cheek and elastic step? Surely God never intended two such good friends to be very long separated. And so when the world's last

EASTER MORNING SHALL COME

the soul will descend, crying, "Where is my body?" and the body will ascend, saying, "Where is my soul?" and the Lord of the resurrection will bring them together, and it will be a perfect soul in a perfect body, introduced by a perfect Christ into a perfect heaven. Victory! Do you wonder that to-day we swathe this house with garlands? Do you wonder we celebrate it with the most consecrated voice of song that we can invite, and with the dearest fingers on organ and cornet, and with doxologies that beat these arches with the billows of sound as the sea smites the basalt at Giant's Causeway? Only the bad disapprove of the resurrection.

A CRUEL HEATHEN WARRIOR

heard Mr. Moffat, the missionary, preach about the resurrection, and he said to the missionary; "Will my father rise in the last day?" "Yes," said the missionary. "Will all the dead in battle rise?" said the cruel chieftain. "Yes," said the missionary. Then said the warrior, "Let me hear no more about the resurrection day. There can be no resurrection, there shall be no resurrection. I have slain thousands in battle. Will they rise?" Ah, there will be more to rise on that day than those who want to see whose crimes have never been repented of. But for all others who allowed Christ to be their pardon and their life and their resurrection it will be

A DAY OF VICTORY.

The thunders of the last day will be the salvo that greets you into harbor. The lightnings will be only the torches of triumphal procession marching down to escort you home. The burning worlds flashing through immensity will be the rockets celebrating your coronation on thrones where you will reign forever and forever and forever. Where is death? What have we to do with death? As your reunited body and soul swing off from this planet on that last day you will see deep gashes all up and down the hills, deep gashes all through the valleys, and they will be the emptied graves, they will be the

abandoned sepulchres, with rough ground tossed on either side of them, and slabs will lie uneven on the rent hillocks, and there will be fallen monuments and cenotaphs, and then for the first you will appreciate the full exhilaration of the text, "Death is swallowed up in victory."

"Hail the Lord of earth and heaven!
Praise to Thee by both be given;
Thee we greet triumphant now,
Hail the resurrection Thou!"

Special Services have been Held during the past six weeks at the Trinity Methodist Episcopal Church of Chicago by the Rev. Thomas Harrison (the boy preacher). On April 3d a remarkable jubilee service was held, in which the new converts to the number of five hundred took part. An extensive work of grace has been going on in the city since New Year's day. Large accessions have taken place in all the churches.

The President's Selection of a Church has occasioned some surprise in Washington. He has taken a pew in the Presbyterian Church of which the Rev. Byron Sunderland is pastor. The Washington correspondent of the New York Sun thus explains the selection: "Thirty-five years ago Dr. Sunderland was pastor of a Presbyterian Church in Buffalo, and came from that city to Washington. Among those who attended his church there was Mrs. Cleveland, the President's mother, and in all probability the little boy Grover was often taken to hear the man who will now preach to him as President. Miss Cleveland, some days ago, recalled to the President's mind the many times she had heard her mother speak in warmest terms of regard for the pastor, Byron Sunderland, who was then noted for his impassioned eloquence and sturdy zeal.

Free Quarters at a Virginia Hotel were En-joyed by a New York merchant recently. The New Yorker alighted at the hotel, and having registered and inspected his room, proceeded to explore the neighborhood. Day after day passed and the visitor seemed to be enjoying Virginia with a great deal of zest. When he finally made up his mind to move homeward again he tripped once more to the clerk's desk, this time to ask for his bill. He gave his name and the number of his room, but the clerk said he had no bill for him. "No bill? why, what are you talking about. Do you know how long I've been here, Mr. Clerk?" "Yes, sir, I do know; but I have orders from headquarters to take none of your money—not a cent." The New Yorker then sought the proprietor and asked for an explanation. To his surprise the guest found himself heartily grasped by the hand. "Don't remember me, eh?" said the hotel man. "Well, let me recall a little incident which happened when I was struggling along in the world years and years back. You belonged to one of the leading wholesale drug firms in Maiden Lane, and I was the driver of an express wagon. One day I had to unload some packages going from your store to some Western town. My horses were scared just as I was handling the goods, and one package was dumped to the ground and broken. At headquarters I was told that I'd have to make good the loss, a little matter of \$20 or so, which meant a great deal to me. With a sore heart I went down to your store the next day to ask what was the lowest figure at which I could settle, and you, without a moment's hesitation, told me that I need not pay one cent, that you could stand the loss better than I could, and that must be the end of it. But it isn't the end of it, all the same, for I'm making a round \$100 a day down here now, though if I wasn't making a cent I would not let you pay for anything under my roof, if you stayed here the whole year through." Many instances are related of bread cast upon the waters thus returning after many days, but acts of kindness to the poor are often uncompensated in this life. That, however, as the hotel man said, though in another sense, is not the end of it (Luke 14: 13, 14).

ANECDOTES RELATED AT THE EVANGELISTIC MEETINGS IN SCOTLAND.

Satan's Fatal Falsehood.—At a recent Meeting a Scotch pastor said: "In Edinburgh some years ago, when I was quite a young man, I was working for the Lord in a meeting such as this. A case came under my notice of one who, in great distress of soul on account of sin, said: 'It is too late!' Just a second lie of the devil. And when, shortly afterward, she was stretched upon her death-bed, loving friends bent over her sweetly, telling her of forgiveness through a crucified Saviour; but her only sad answer was, 'It is too late!' I shall never forget that pale face and those petrified lips as she died, exclaiming, 'It is too late! too late!' What a warning for us all! 'Now is the accepted time, now is the day of salvation.' Boast not thyself of to-morrow."

All Saved from a Wreck.—A Christian worker said: "One very dark stormy night a ship was wrecked on the Scotch coast, and several brave men manned the life-boat, and went at once to the assistance of the crew who were in peril. After leaving the harbor, the boat rounded a point, and for a time was lost sight of by the excited watchers on shore, but very soon it reappeared, and the people, straining their eyes seaward, saw a man standing in the bow of the life-boat and crying aloud, 'All saved! all saved!' and soon the precious freight reached the harbor in safety. I wonder when we shall raise our voices with the glad tidings 'All saved! all saved!' All the family saved! All our friends saved! Oh, for the time when righteousness shall flow like a river, and when Satan shall be cast into the lake of fire forever!"

An Obedient Minister.—The Rev. Mr. Ross related that the Rev. Dr. McDonald in all his sermons preached the divine sovereignty, and expected to see souls converted to Christ at every service. One of those persons who are always prone to find fault with others, and their mode of doing the Lord's work, asked him why he always preached divine sovereignty, and yet expected to see souls saved at every service, when he knew that the people had not the power to save themselves. "Why is it?" said Dr. McDonald, "because I am told by God to do so. I just do what I am told, and leave the results with Him whose Word I preach. I have no power of myself to save the people." They were standing in a graveyard, and Dr. McDonald pointing to the graves, said: "Should the Lord order me to command these dead to arise I would do so, and fully expect to see them all rising from the grave."

An Old Man Gathering Sticks.—Mr. Steel said: "A parable is told of an old man, an angel, and another individual who were in a forest. The old man was gathering sticks, and after he had gathered a quantity together, he lifted them to try if he could carry them. He was able with an effort to lift his bundle, but he laid it down, and proceeded to gather more. He added so many to the bundle that he was now absolutely unable to lift the load. Night came on, and the weary old man lay down by the side of his bundle and fell asleep, and perished there. The person accompanying the angel, who was standing by, inquired of his celestial companion the meaning of this, and he answered: 'This scene shows how people carry about a burden of sin, already too heavy for them; but they continue adding sin to sin, until the burden becomes too heavy, and they sink beneath its load, and go to that world where God has forgotten to be merciful.'"

A Man without Any Hope.—The Rev. Mr. Carstairs tells us: "Some time ago I was speaking to a man about eternal matters, and he said, 'No, there is no hope for me, no!' 'That is strange,' I said, 'because it is just what the Lord has said about you.' He gave me such a look as if to say, 'Is that all the comfort you can give me? I at any rate expected sympathy from you.' For people who say such things really do not believe what they say themselves; but they seem to have a morbid satisfaction in mak-

ing the very worst of themselves. I directed him to Jer. 2: 25, 'But thou saidst: There is no hope;' and to Jer. 2: 19, 'Thine own wickedness shall correct thee, and thy backsliding reprove thee,' etc. 'And you have well said, there is no hope; no, because if you continue in your sin you will not be able to answer for one of your countless sins.' 'Do not think,' he said, 'I never wished to be better. I have tried it, and even gone to my knees; but when I tried to utter a word it seemed as though I should choke, and I could not pray.' And in great distress he added: 'Oh, I believe I have sinned the sin against the Holy Ghost, and I shall not be forgiven.' I prayed for him, and God had mercy on that soul, and led him to trust in Christ as his Saviour."

Three Vows Made to Mother.—Mr. Ferry Related: "I heard recently of a worker who was called in to see a man who was dying. When he reached his bedside the dying man, looking at him, said, 'Oh, I am afraid I am lost; I have broken the vows which I made to a dying mother.' 'And what were they?' asked the worker. 'Before she died she called me to her bedside, and made me make three promises to her; the first was, that I would never let a day pass without reading my Bible and praying to God; the second was, that I would go to church every Sunday; and the third and last was, that I would meet her in heaven; and not one of these vows have I kept.' 'It is now past your power to keep the two first vows,' answered the worker, 'but the third one you can still keep.' After telling him to flee to the Saviour, and asking prayer for him, the man was enabled to cry, 'God be merciful to me a sinner,' and we have no doubt he kept his third vow, and met his mother in heaven."

A Hungry Man's Lament.—Dr. Cameron Related: "In an evangelistic meeting last night I noticed a young man who looked very much troubled. At the end of the meeting I spoke to him, and he said: 'I am just going empty away, as I have done hundreds of times before. I have been attending meetings for more than a year, and each time I go empty away. I do not understand this love of which you so confidently speak.' Whose fault is it that you are going empty away? Is it the speakers' or is it mine?' 'No,' he replied, 'it is neither.' I then said: 'If a starving man were to come to a free breakfast, and find the tables loaded, and yet go away without satisfying his hunger, whose fault would it be? Would it be the fault of the people who supplied and prepared the food?' 'No,' he answered, 'it would not be their fault.' 'Is the food, then, not good enough?' 'No,' he replied, 'the food is very good.' 'Well,' I said, 'it is just the same with you; the food is provided, why not take it? It is a free gift. He did take it that very moment, and went away trusting in the Saviour, whose love flashed upon him as a bright revelation, and filled him with a satisfying joy.'"

A Dying Girl's Frenzy.—A Well-Known friend of evangelistic work observes: "An earnest Christian worker told me the other day of a visit he had paid to one who was dying without hope. When he stood by her and tried to speak to her of Jesus, that dying girl, on the threshold of the eternal world, uttered a shriek and exclaimed: 'Oh, don't speak to me! don't speak to me!' 'But I must speak to you about the love of Jesus and His willingness to save, even unto the uttermost,' said the Christian worker; but she continued to cry, 'Don't speak to me! Don't speak to me! Take away that nian, and don't let him speak to me.' My friend replied tenderly, 'You will let me pray?' And he and a friend that was with him knelt down; but when he tried to pray, not a word could he utter; his tongue seemed to cleave to the roof of his mouth. His friend, thinking that his heart was too full to speak, tried to pray, but the only words which he could say were, 'O Lord! O Lord!' Their tongues seemed to be tied, and speech to fail them, and they had to rise from their knees

without prayer, even in thought, for they could not think, and they went away from the house weeping bitter tears for the dying girl they had left in that awful condition."

JEWISH EXILE AND RECALL.

By the Rev. E. J. Hytche.

Moses on the Dispersion—Never to Become Extinct as a Race.—The Dispersion to End—Judah and Israel to be United in the Millennium—Distinctions between the Houses—The Present Indifference Predicted—Number of Jews in the World and in Palestine.

THE great Hebrew lawgiver, Moses, about fifteen hundred years before the Christian era, in his valedictory charge to the Israelites, said that (Deut. 4: 25-27), "When Israel shall beget children and children's children, ye shall have remained long in the land, and shall correct yourselves, and make a graven image, and shalt do evil in the sight of Jehovah thy God to provoke Him to anger—Jehovah shall scatter you among the nations, and ye shall be left few in number among the Gentiles, whither Jehovah shall lead you."

TWO SUCH SCATTERINGS OF THE JEWS, consequent on the violation of the covenant of the Jews to serve God loyally and continuously are recorded in the national annals known as the Book of Kings. The first occurred under the Assyrian king Shalmaneser (II Kings 18: 11), who "carried away Israel unto Assyria, and put them in Halah, and in Habor, by the river of Gozan, and in the city of the Medes; because they obeyed not the voice of Jehovah their God, but transgressed the covenant." This expatriation into Central Asia mainly concerned the ten tribes, whose whole history had been one of disobedience and idolatry. The remaining two tribes were about one hundred years after this even also punished by exile, as predicted by Moses, for similar violations of the national covenant with God.

THE LAST DISPERSION OF THE JEWS under Titus need not be referred to, save to say that whenever we see the Jews we have a practical proof that their expatriation was not a mere allegory of their national ruin, but a terrible literal fulfilment of Old Testament prophecies beginning with Moses and ending with Malachi. But whether of the tribe of Judah, or of Ephraim, the Israelites were, in the design of God, never to become extinct as a distinct race. There are many definite promises that, whether they be Judahites, or the sons of Ephraim,

THEIR DISPERSION SHALL END.

and that at an assigned period. One prediction will suffice to show this fact (Deut. 30: 1-5): "For when they shall return unto Jehovah, their God, and shall obey thy voice according to all that I command thee—thou and thy children, with all thy heart and all thy soul"—then as a result of such national penitence God says, "I will have compassion on thee, and will return and gather them from all the nations, and will return and gather thee whither the Lord thy God hath scattered thee. If any of thee be driven unto the utmost parts of heaven, from thence will the Lord thy God gather thee, and from thence He will fetch thee. Yet after all, this is but a specimen of the teaching of all the Hebrew prophets, from Isaiah to Malachi, as to the future national existence and the restoration of the Jews when "the times" or the reign of the Gentiles shall come to an end.

DURING THE MILLENNIAL AGE

they will—as in the days of David and Solomon—become one nation. For the divine promise, by the pen of Ezekiel, has never been fulfilled (Ezek. 37: 15-23), "I will take the children of Israel from among the Gentiles whither they be gone, and will gather them on every side, and bring them into their own land, and I will make them one nation upon the mountains of Israel: and one king shall be king to them all; and they shall be no more two nations, neither shall they be divided into two kingdoms any more at all." Thus will the parabolical "sticks" of Judah and of Ephraim be once more united.

There is a noticeable contrast between the dispersion and recall of Judah and that of Ephraim, consequent on their different expatriations by halmenezar and Nebuchadnezzar. This distinction between the ten and the two tribes is poignantly expressed by Isaiah when he intimated that God (Isa. 11: 12) will "assemble the outcasts of Israel, and gather together the dispersed of Judah from the four corners of the earth." This fact is further confirmed by the prophecy of Zechariah (12: 1-14), respecting

THE LAST INVESTMENT OF JERUSALEM
Antichrist and his ten vassal kings. For in the penitential mourning of the inhabitants of the besieged city, the only tribes mentioned besides that of Levi are those of Judah and of Benjamin. We may thus infer that it is not until the multitudinous hosts of Antichrist are destroyed by Christ in person (Rev. 19: 11-16), that the ten tribes will be restored, and become one nation with Judah to be disunited no more.

And here a glance at another distinction between the restorations of Judah and of the ten tribes cannot be omitted, as it throws much light on the subject. We learn from Zechariah 12: 6-8) that "in that day (or day of Messiah, say all the Jewish Rabbis rightly affirm) I will take the governors of Judah like a hearth of re, and like a torch of fire in a sheaf, and they shall devour all the Gentiles round about, on the right hand and on the left." There is reason to believe that at first the Judahites will not arrive there *en masse*, but in units; and hence we read (Jer. 3: 14), "I will take you one of a city, and two of a family, and will bring you to Zion," a phrase synonymous with Jerusalem. The ten tribes, however, will not thus return by elays which may be counted on the fingers; they will be restored not by units, but as a great nation (see Hosea 2: 14, 15).

At present there are but few signs of the approaching restoration of Judah, and much less of Ephraim. Though the bankers of Europe are of Hebrew race, and so

COULD COMMAND THEIR RETURN
to their Fatherland if they pleased by making their financial arrangements conditional on their restoration as a nation, yet they are so immersed in money-getting, or so engrossed by luxury, stentation, or the craving for social distinction, that they do not care for the prophetic future of their race. Unhappily, too, those British Jews who are of a higher type are so influenced by German rationalism that they have either given up, or do not care for the hope of their fathers. But even this fact was predicted, for in Ezekiel's vision of the dry bones it is stated of the *whole* house of Israel (Ezek. 37: 11), "Behold they are dead, and our hope is lost—our parts are cut off" from any expectation of national revival. Hence, for example, Mr. Claude Montefiore, in a recent article in the *Fortnightly Review*, entitled "Is Judaism a Moral Religion?" indicates that the Jews are merely the custodians of the doctrines of Monotheism. Thus, too, in the *Fortnightly Review* of October, 1884, Mr. Lucien Wolf, in a paper entitled "What is Judaism?" represents the Pentateuch to be only a code of health and temporal prosperity, irrespective of any hereafter, a doctrine which he asserts Moses did not teach. It is painful to find that those who ought to be the "men of light and leading" of their kinsmen never advocate a refined Deism which leaves no room for that supernatural element which is the very basis of their marvellous history. Both these leading Jews ignore, even if they believe in, the coming of the Messiah. They also practically deny that doctrine of vicarious sacrifice which permeates the Pentateuch, and which was thus summarized by Moses (Lev. 17: 11), "It is the blood which maketh atonement for the soul."

THE NUMBER OF KNOWN JEWS
is variously estimated at from 455,000 to 3,500,000. The last of these statistics are supplied by Volger in his "Manual of Geography," and the first by the "London Society for Promoting Christianity among the Jews." As the

former figures were tabulated by their devoted missionaries—many of whom are of Israelitish descent—they might be accepted as correct, were it not that the four or five millions of Afghan Jews are omitted in their calculation. There are too few Jews at present in Palestine to constitute a distinct nationality, but they have much increased of late years. In 1847 there were only 20,000 in the Holy Land; but in 1884 there were 40,000—or about the number who accompanied Ezra from Persia. Of these 10,000 live in Jerusalem, who are chiefly supported by European Jews.

The noblest of the Benjamites, the apostle Paul, confirmed the predictions of the distinctively Hebrew prophets, and assigns three reasons for their restoration: First (Rom. 11: 25-32): "The gifts and calling of God are without repentance." Second: That "the Jews are still beloved for the fathers' sake." Third: The excision of the Gentiles consequent on the universal apostasy of Christendom. No wonder, then, that when he was instructed to declare the reinstatement of his kinsmen, Paul was constrained to utter an anthem of gratitude: "Oh, the depth of the riches both of the wisdom and knowledge of God—how unsearchable are His judgments, and His way past finding out; for He hath concluded them all (Jews and Gentiles) in unbelief, that He might have mercy on all" (Rom. 11: 32-36)!

THE MOTHER'S LAST JOURNEY.

THE following pathetic picture is from the *Detroit Free Press*. It tells its own touching story of a sorrow that only faith in Christ can alleviate.

When the doctor came down-stairs from the sick-room of Mrs. Marshall, the whole family seemed to have arranged themselves in the hall to waylay him.

"How soon will mamma dit well?" asked little Clyde, the baby.

"Can mamma come down-stairs next week?" asked Katy, the eldest daughter and the little housekeeper.

"Do you find my wife much better?" asked Mr. Marshall, eagerly. He was a tall, grave man, pale with anxiety and nights of watching.

The doctor did not smile; he did not even stop to answer their questions. "I am in a great hurry," he said, as he took his hat. "I must go to a patient who is dangerously ill. This evening I will call again. I have left instructions with the nurse."

But the nurse's instructions were all concerning the comfort of the patient; she was professionally discreet and silent. The children playing on the stairs were told to make no noise. The gloomy day wore on, and the patient slept and was not disturbed. But that night, before they went to bed, the children were allowed to go in and kiss their mother good-night. This privilege had been denied them lately, and their little hearts responded with joy to the invitation. Mamma was better, or she could not see them. The doctor had cured her. They would love him for it all their lives.

She was very pale but smiling, and her first words to them were: "I am going on a journey."

"A journey," cried the children. "Will you take us with you?"

"No; it is too long a journey."

"Mamma is going to the South," said Katy; "the doctor has ordered her to go. She will get well in the orange groves of Florida."

"I am going to a far-distant country, more beautiful than the lovely South," said the mother, faintly, "and I shall not come back."

"Are you going alone, mamma?" asked Katy.

"No," said the mother, in a low, tremulous voice, "I am not going alone. My Physician goes with me. Kiss me good-by, my dear ones, for in the morning before you are awake I shall be gone. You will come to me when you are made ready, but each must make the journey alone."

In the morning she was gone. When the children awoke their father told them of the beautiful country at which she had safely arrived while they slept.

"How did she go? Who came for her?" they asked, with the tears streaming down their cheeks.

"A messenger from God," their father said, solemnly.

People wonder at the peace and happiness expressed in the faces of these motherless children; when asked about their mother they say, "She has gone on a journey," and every night and morning they read in the book she loved of the land where she now lives, whose inhabitants shall no more say, I am sick, and where God Himself shall wipe all tears from their eyes.

LORD LAWRENCE AND THE MISSIONARY.

AN incident has recently come to light which illustrates the noble character of the late Lord Lawrence, the illustrious Governor-General of India, and shows how true a Christian was the gallant soldier and wise statesman. England has carried to an extreme limit in India her toleration of the religion of the people. She has sanctioned their idolatrous practices, and her viceroys have been so careful to show respect for the native religion that not a few of the people mistake their conduct for personal respect for the doctrines of that religion. Lord Lawrence, however, was never so misunderstood. Every one knew he was a Christian, not in name only, but in heart, and used his influence in his high position to advance the cause of Christ in every way that the regulations of the government permitted.

A small brotherhood of Moravian missionaries had been stationed for some years at Lanou, on the borders of Thibet, and about one hundred miles from Simla, where Lord Lawrence resided as Governor-General of India. Their isolated position, their extreme poverty, and their self-denying labors among a semi-barbarous people were known only to a few; but one of Sir John Lawrence's staff told him how they were accustomed to work in the fields as common peasants, to manufacture their own paper, and to make their own clothes. He suggested that one of the body might be invited for a few days to Peterhoff, the Governor-General's house at Simla, and Lord Lawrence promptly accepting it, an invitation was sent out by special messenger.

The missionary selected by the Moravian brethren to make the visit walked the whole distance. His dress was a coarse suit of brown camel's-hair cloth, which had been woven in the village and cut out and sewed by the brotherhood. He had no shoes, only sandals made of hemp and coarse string, and his whole baggage consisted of a portable coffee-pot in one pocket and his Bible in the other. In the course of conversation Sir John elicited the fact that the greatest hardship, next after the severe cold which the missionaries had to endure, was the want of medicine and candles. The latter articles, in fact, were indispensable to enable them to carry on the work of translating the Bible during the long six months of winter.

A stock of quinine and other medicines was at once obtained from the government dispensary, and a large quantity of half-burned wax candles, amounting to several thousand pieces, which had been accumulating in the store-room of the Government House, was ordered to be melted down in the bazaar and formed into candles of a convenient size. These were the self-appropriated perquisites of a well-paid native servant, who, having no missionary proclivities, was indignant at the use to which the fragments were applied. But the grateful thanks of the missionary, as he departed, with his precious burden strapped on a mule's back, and his last beaming words of joy, "You have given us life and health," have never been forgotten by those who wished him God-speed as he passed out of their sight.

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Renewals.—To prevent the possibility of mistake it is best to cut the address label from the paper, and attach it to the letter containing the renewal. If there is a change of address always state past, as well as present, address.

CURRENT EVENTS.

The Bulletins Issued by General Grant's physicians day by day last week were eagerly read throughout the country with profound sorrow and unaffected sympathy. There were crowds around the newspaper offices, all anxious to learn the latest news of the illustrious hero, who so calmly and patiently awaited death. Not a few had tears in their eyes, for the feeling of the public toward the sufferer was one of personal admiration and love. Thousands of citizens in all the States shared in the emotion which prompted one man to a *pathetic act*. On Thursday night, when the General's death was expected hourly, the reporters, who were watching the house in which the dying man lay, saw a middle-aged man who had been pacing in front of the house halt at the stoop; removing his hat, he ascended three or four steps and knelt. Raising his clasped hands, he uttered an earnest prayer, remaining in that posture for several minutes. When he arose he was sobbing, and hurried off toward Fifth Avenue. In all the churches and in thousands of homes that prayer had its echo. But even the prayer was a sad one, for none could pray for his recovery. Though at the close of the week of anxiety the General was slightly better, and on Monday the improvement was continued, it is certain that his death cannot be far distant.

The President's Nomination of Mr. Pearson as Postmaster at New York is one of the most significant events of the day. It is an indication of the growth of public opinion, both in character and power. The President had to decide whether he would yield to the wishes of the people, who demanded the reappointment of Mr. Pearson, or to the wishes of the leaders of the Democratic party, who demanded that the best place in the postal service should be given to a Democrat. The demand of the people indicated that in the matter of the civil service public opinion had undergone a change in character; the compliance of the President was an indication that it had increased in power. The fact encourages the hope that a brighter day has dawned on American politics. A careful study of the events of the past few years shows that this brighter prospect is only accidentally connected with the advent of a Democratic ad-

ministration. Mr. Blaine, had he been elected, would doubtless have made this very appointment. Its significance consists in the fact that the public notion of the principle which ought to regulate all appointments has changed. That change has been rapid. A few years ago it was not thought an inconsistent thing for President Garfield to put in the New York Custom House a man whose title to the post was that he had rendered valuable service to the new President. The office was regarded as a prize awarded to discharge a personal obligation. The question of Robertson's fitness for the post was but little considered. In Mr. Pearson's case there is no obligation. It is probable that he did not even vote for Mr. Cleveland. But he has proved an efficient postmaster, and on that account alone the people demanded and the President granted his reappointment. This view that Uncle Sam ought to have the best servants available, and that efficiency and honesty are the best qualifications for a candidate for office is unquestionably the right one, and its acceptance will do much to promote the purification of politics.

The Following Important Diplomatic Appointments were made by the President last week: *Envoys Extraordinary and Ministers Plenipotentiary*—Thomas J. Jarvis, of North Carolina, to Brazil; Alexander R. Lawton, of Georgia, to Russia; Anthony M. Keiley, of Virginia, to Italy; *Ministers Resident and Consuls General*—Isaac Bell, Jr., of Rhode Island, to the Netherlands; Rufus Magee, of Indiana, to Sweden and Norway; George W. Merrill, of Nevada, to the Hawaiian Islands; Edward Parke Curtis Lewis, of New Jersey, to Portugal; Rasmus B. Anderson, of Wisconsin, to Denmark; Thomas M. Waller, of Connecticut, at London; Frederick Raine, of Maryland, at Berlin; Edmund Jussen, of Illinois, at Vienna, Austria. The nominees were confirmed with the exception of Mr. Lawton, on whose nomination the Senate Committee on Foreign Relations reported adversely. It was contended that the pardon he received from President Johnson did not make him eligible for office. The President thought otherwise, but in deference to the committee withdrew the nomination. On Thursday the Senate adjourned, leaving about a dozen nominees unconfirmed. They were chiefly internal revenue collectors.

A New Form of Debt Statement has been adopted by Secretary Manning, which presents the national balance-sheet in a less brilliant light than heretofore. On March 1st the "cash balance available" was stated at \$152,000,000. The statement of April 1st, after a necessary correction has been made, places it at \$11,396,629. The difference is caused by the Secretary of the Treasury deducting from his balance the \$100,000 which by the law of 1882 he is required to keep in reserve to maintain specie payments, and the \$31,500,000 of fractional and minor coin now in the Treasury, which cannot be regarded as available cash. This leaves a balance of \$22,259,029, from which should be deducted as interest accrued but not due, \$10,362,396. The statement shows that the government is steadily tending to a condition when it will be unable to pay its obligations in gold, and that the suspension of the silver coinage is becoming an imperative necessity.

The Rebellion in the Northwest is Causing anxiety to the Canadian Government. Riel has received assistance from the Indians, and it is believed that a large number of Fenians are on their way to his camp. At last reports he had nineteen hundred men under his command, of whom seven hundred are Indians. They are all armed, and have six cannon with them. On April 3d a dispatch from Winnipeg, Manitoba, stated that the wires at Battleford had been cut by the rebels, and it was feared that they had burned the town. A correspondent of the New York Herald gives a new version of the trouble. He says that the half breeds sold out the lands granted them by the Dominion Government for anything offered them, and moved back into

the Prince Albert country. Here they became dissatisfied and sent to the United States for Riel to visit them, and during his visit, which every one supposed was of a friendly and conciliatory nature, he quietly sowed seeds of disension, which finally culminated in this rebellion. The Dominion authorities expect a long guerilla warfare, which will probably last a year or more.

The Central American Disturbances have taken a more hopeful phase, if recent reports may be relied upon. It is stated that the Guatemalan troops have been routed, and that Barrios is dead. The frontier of San Salvador was crossed on March 30th at El Cocco. There and at San Lorenzo the battle waged fiercely for two days, ending in the defeat of the invaders. The San Salvadorian forces concentrated at Chalchuapa, at which place there was an engagement in which it is stated Barrios was killed. *An outrage on the United States flag* was a product of these disturbances. Colombian revolutionists at Aspinwall on March 30th seized the steamer Colon, which had a cargo of arms on board. They arrested the captain and purser of the ship and the United States Consul, but afterward released them, on their pledging themselves to deliver the arms on board the Colon. On April 1st the insurgents set fire to the town of Aspinwall and burned it to ashes. The United States and British consulates were among the buildings destroyed. The United States sloop-of-war Galena was crowded with refugees but was unable to protect property. A force of two hundred marines has been dispatched to maintain our treaty rights of transit across the isthmus.

The Anglo-Russian Dispute on the Afghan question assumed a more pacific phase last week. The Russians are adepts in diplomacy and are anxious, if possible, to maintain by peaceful means the advantage they have gained. They have conceded the unimportant demands made by England, but resolutely refuse to withdraw from the disputed districts. It is considered improbable that England will insist on the withdrawal if it is found that firmness will involve war. The Indian press strongly urges war and obviously will regard the fact of Russia remaining unmolested in possession of the territory she has seized, as evidence of the weakness and cowardice of England. That is a dangerous impression to leave undisturbed in the minds of the natives. Meanwhile Lord Dufferin, the Viceroy of India, has succeeded in effecting an arrangement with the Ameer of Afghanistan looking to measures for the resistance of further encroachments. By this arrangement England is to supply him with funds and skilled men to fortify his capital, build new forts on the frontier and place the exposed positions in telegraphic communication. The garrisons are to be composed exclusively of Afghans, but English officers will assist in organizing them. The Ameer has received an invitation to visit the British Court.

The Emperor of Austria Duly Performed the annual ceremony of washing the feet of twelve beggars on April 2d. The ceremony is supposed to show the humility of the monarch. As a matter of fact, no washing takes place. The feet of the twelve men are carefully cleansed before they enter the royal presence, and the monarch, with great condescension, touches their ankles with a wet sponge, after which an archduke applies a towel. If Republican principles continue to spread in Europe as they have done recently, monarchs may have a use for the humiliating lessons the ceremony was intended to teach.

Thy Healer: God's Dealings with Soul and Body, edited by Mrs. M. Baxter, a magazine devoted to holiness and healing, published in London on the first and fifteenth of every month. Copies are sent to subscribers in America direct from Bethshan as soon as printed. Annual subscription, including postage, seventy-five cents. Subscriptions for 1885 should be sent to Mrs. M. Baxter, 10 Drayton Park, Highbury, London, England, or to the office of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, 63 Bible House, New York, whence they will be forwarded to London.

Prince Bismarck's Seventieth Birthday was celebrated on April 1st in Berlin, with immense enthusiasm. Hundreds of presents were sent to him from all parts of the world some of which are highly valuable. Among them are the golden crown offered by the Emperor, the gold and silver tea-set by the Germans in Russia, the golden sword by the Germans in Constantinople, the silver and gold votive tablet from Munich, and two and a half million marks presented by the people of Germany. There were about fifteen hundred addresses and diplomas presented, most of them artistically gotten up, two being from Colorado. The day was observed as a general holiday, and the city was alive with processions and festivities.

A Severe Reverse has Befallen the French army in Tonquin. On March 30th news was received that on the previous Friday the Chinese forces made a desperate attack upon the entrenched camp which had been established by the French General Négrier between Langson and Kilua, and from which General Négrier had been making reconnaissances beyond the frontier separating Tonquin from China proper. The Chinese drove the French back to Langson and recaptured that town. During this series of fights General Négrier was grievously wounded and the French casualties were very serious. The latest accounts represent the French troops to be in full retreat with the Chinese vigorously pursuing them. A vast quantity of commissary and other stores has been lost. General Négrier received a gunshot wound in the chest. He was brought from the field, but his recovery is doubtful. In Paris the news caused intense excitement, and when the Prime Minister, M. Ferry, asked the Chambers for an appropriation for the war it was refused by a large majority. M. Ferry was hooted and hissed at by a disorderly mob which surrounded the Legislature, and threats of lynching were freely uttered. M. Ferry resigned, and M. Freycinet has been requested by President Grevy to form a Cabinet, but at the end of last week he had been unable to do so. M. Ferry's foes in the Legislature intend to impeach him. The fall of the Ferry ministry indicates that the anarchists of Paris are increasing in number and influence.

The Evacuation of the Soudan by the British forces is believed to be in contemplation. The withdrawal of the expedition from Suakim has already commenced, and it is announced that General Graham, who commands it, has been instructed to open peace negotiations with Osman Digna. The reason assigned is that the climate is fatal to British troops. The announcement is regarded as portending an entire abandonment of the Khartoum enterprise. The withdrawal is ridiculed throughout Europe. The undertaking has been so far an utter failure, fearfully costly in life and money, and without a single result to show for it. General Graham and General McNeill are blamed for their lack of energy and sagacity, and the latter, who owes his appointment to the Queen's friendship, is charged with a total incapacity and foolishness approaching imbecility. The reputation of Mr. Gladstone and his colleagues has fallen to the lowest point in the country in consequence of this disastrous and abortive expedition.

An Extensive Missionary Campaign will be inaugurated in New York in the fall by the Protestant Episcopal Church. The Rev. H. M. Hay Aitken, Canon Wilberforce and Canon Knox Little, the three most eminent evangelical preachers in the Church of England, are expected to visit this country and assist in the services. The arrangements are in charge of a committee of clergymen and laymen, who have prepared a document setting forth the reasons for holding the mission. Some of the reasons are of a practical character and show that the committee realize how much genuine religion would do to solve our most serious social problems. Among the reasons are the following: The evil of class churches and the lack of personal spiritual ministry to the rich; the fact that a large portion of society is loaded down with too much wealth.

Another reason is the evil of late hours, stores open on Saturday nights, the lack of half-holidays, and the wrongs inflicted by employers upon employes, the overweening desire for wealth, resulting in the manifold evils of unscrupulous competition, overwork, underpay, "scamped" work and the mutual enmity between employer and employe.

A Startling Statement about the Washington Monument, a picture of which appeared in this journal on February 26th, is made by the *Engineering and Mining Journal*, which says: "It appears that the Washington Monument is, after all, founded on quicksand. Since this assertion is based upon the report of Colonel Casey, the engineer who has recently received praise for strengthening the foundations, there can be no doubt of its truth. What must be thought of such a piece of engineering? It appears that nothing but the weight of the soil overlying this two feet thick bed of quicksand prevents the monument from squeezing the sand out from under it; and should it do this a little more on one side than the other, the monument might fall. This is certainly a serious matter and should receive prompt attention, if the facts are as represented by Colonel Casey." It may be hoped that there is some mistake about this report, and that as between the statement and the monument there is a better foundation for the latter than the former. It would be a humiliating thing for the nation and would bring upon us the ridicule of Europe if the monument should fall. The ridicule would, however, be for us, not for Washington himself, whose character is honored the world over. It is different with the monument every man is rearing of himself by his life; if that is built on the sand it is he who suffers (Matt. 7: 26, 27).

A Man Caught by the Nose in a Tree was in a ridiculous as well as a dangerous position in Wisconsin last week. A dispatch from Oshkosh, Wis., dated March 28th, states that a German living there tapped a maple tree with an axe and inserted a wedge. He then stooped to sip the oozing sap. While in this posture his nose was inserted in the slit in the tree. The wedge in some way, probably by his touching it with his forehead in his eagerness, became dislodged and his nose was caught as in a vice. It was two hours before he was discovered and rescued. We often hear of men being led by the nose in the sense of helplessness and foolishness, as when God said He would put a ring in the nose of Sennacherib (Isa. 37: 29) and turn him back by the way he came, but it is rare to hear of a man being caught by the nose as this German was. His situation, however, in its helplessness is a type of many whose desire to sip, but not of a beverage yielded by the maple, leads to their being made prisoners as securely as was the Oshkosh German. They, too, are helpless until He delivers who sets free all captives who appeal to Him (Isa. 61: 1).

Where Was the Garden of Eden Situated? Mr. William F. Warren, in a book recently issued by Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., contends that it was in the North Pole. A very ingenious theory is this he advances, and he supports it by arguments drawn from astronomical geography, geology, botany, zoology, ethnology and comparative mythology. Quoting Darwin, he believes that "in scientific investigations it is permitted to invent an hypothesis, and if it explains various large and independent classes of facts, it rises to the rank of a well-grounded theory." One argument advanced is that from no other part of the world's surface could men have wandered to America, Europe and Asia without having to cross the ocean. Another suggestion is that it explains the strange fascination and attraction the region of the North Pole still exerts over mankind, drawing men toward it in spite of the misery, suffering and death which have attended all the expeditions which have been sent to explore it. Mr. Warren calls his book "Paradise Found." We may leave Mr. Warren and the scientists to settle this question to their own satisfaction; it is curious and

interesting, but not practical. The real question that concerns all is how to attain the state of innocence and communion with God which the Bible describes as existing in Eden. Eden may have been at the North Pole, as Mr. Warren supposes, or at the northern base of the Himalayas, as Quatrefores believes, or somewhere else, but Paradise Found is the state into which the Christian enters when, through Christ, he finds peace with God (Rom. 5: 18-21).

Trees that Ward off Disease form the Subject of an interesting article in the Boston *Youth's Companion*. It mentions, among others, the eucalyptus tree, which is efficacious in preventing malaria. The cause is supposed to be that its thirsty roots drain the soil for many yards around, and that its large leaves exhale an aromatic oil and intercept the malarious germs. An incident shows its efficacy: An officer in India whose troops were often attacked by sickness removed their huts to a place where several large trees grew between them and the swamp, and from that time until the trees were cut down the troops enjoyed excellent health; afterward sickness reappeared. It appears to be only in the case of zymotic diseases that the trees operate as a preventive, but that is of no slight value in many districts. It reminds us that in the symbolical imagery of the Apocalypse we are told that in the midst of the Paradise of God there is a tree whose leaves are for the healing of the nations (Rev. 2: 7, 22: 2).

The Contents of a Fish's Stomach are Described by a writer in the current number of the *Gentleman's Magazine*, who calls attention to the cannibalistic propensity of fishes. He says: "A few days ago I opened the stomach of a codfish weighing nine and a quarter pounds. I found in it two full-grown herrings, one large whiting, one codling, seven flounders, one small sole and one small skate, all newly swallowed. From the mouth of the whiting a *large live worm* issued. Besides these there were half-digested remains of other fish, chiefly flounders. All the large-mouthed fishes are curiously voracious and usually cannibals. I have seen a small eel swallow a still smaller eel, head first. It seems horrible to human beings that any creatures should devour others of the same species, but they act according to their nature. Those who closely watch the conduct of the business world and note the principles which govern its motions, often see merciless behavior which indicates a disposition akin to that of the fishes, and a selfish disregard for the interests of others which shows that Christ's teaching has little influence in financial circles (Luke 10: 29-37).

How a Wedding was Deferred is told by the officiating clergyman in the Philadelphia *Methodist*. He says: "An interesting-looking couple called at the parsonage, and I was requested to celebrate the rite of matrimony, and being assured that they were of proper age, and finding no impediment in the way, the ceremony was commenced. The question, 'Wilt thou have this woman to be thy wedded wife?' etc. was answered promptly and distinctly by the young man, 'I will.' I addressed the young lady: 'Wilt thou have this man to be thy wedded husband?' but there was no response. Again I asked, but still no answer, and the suspense began to be painful. I said that I could not proceed further without an answer in the affirmative, whereupon she said: 'I think I had better consult mother; she knows we have been keeping company, but she doesn't know we are to be married to-night.' They soon left, thoughtful and sad. Some four weeks later they called again, looking bright and cheerful. Mother was willing, and the ceremony was performed." The bride would have saved her lover some humiliation if she had not deferred the consultation quite so long, but it was better to have it then than not at all. Young people contemplating matrimony would often save themselves much misery if they would before the ceremony consult not only mother, but heed what St. Paul has to say on the subject (II Cor. 6: 14).

THE SINGULAR ORIGIN OF A CHRISTIAN MAN.

A New Sermon by Pastor C. H. Spurgeon.

"For we are His workmanship, created in Christ Jesus unto good works, which God hath before ordained that we should walk in them."—EPHESIANS 2:10.

Good Works the Result of Salvation.—Not the Cause of it.—I. God's Workmanship.—A Terrible Combination—No Hope in Unsanctified Development.—His Workmanship from the First—Will be so to the Last—Should Clearly Appear.—II. The Origin a Creation.—Neither Improvement nor Development.—Effected by a Word.—In Christ Jesus.—III. The Object of the Creation—What Good Works are.—The Christian's Walk.—IV. The Preparation.—Personal.—In Circumstances.—By His Grace.

THIS text is written by the apostle as a reason why salvation cannot be a thing of human merit: "not of works, lest any man should boast, for we are His workmanship." The *for* indicates an argument. It is a conclusive reason why salvation cannot be by our good works, because even when we have an abundance of the best of works, they are far more due to God than to ourselves. We ourselves, in our saved condition, are the workmanship of God, and with each of us the argument holds good—"Not of works, for we are His workmanship." Good works are not the cause of salvation, for they are the result of it, and were contemplated as a result by God when He saved us.

I want, at this time, to call your attention to four things in the text; and if you can carry in your mind's eye the first creation, and the making of Adam, and what he was made for, and where he was put when he was made, it will serve as a background to the picture of the second creation, which I shall attempt to paint. I would dwell upon man as God's workmanship in a still higher sense than by His first making. I would set him forth as created anew "unto good works, which God hath before prepared"—for that is the word properly used in the new translation—"which God hath before prepared that we should walk in them."

I. To begin, then; notice first, the singular origin of a Christian man—of all Christian men, whether Jews or Gentiles; of all Christian men, even if they be the highest apostles, like Paul, or the least of all the family of love, such as we may be. As many as are truly saved, and brought into union with Christ, are the workmanship of God. No Christian in the world is a chance production of nature, or the outcome of evolution, or the result of special circumstances. "By the grace of God I am what I am," may be said by every man who is saved. To nothing can we ascribe the fact that we are in Christ except this—that we are

GOD'S WORKMANSHIP.

Of regeneration we must say once for all, "This is the finger of God." The spiritual life cannot come to us by development from our old nature. I have heard a great deal about evolution and development, but I am afraid that if any one of us were to be developed to our utmost, apart from the grace of God, we should come out worse than before the development began. Our flesh would be apt to produce by evolution something exceedingly brutish and devilish. Mr. Whitefield once raised a great outcry against himself by saying that man by nature was half beast and half devil; I have never seen any reason why the description should be altered; but I have sometimes wondered which was the worse of the two—the devil in the man, or the beast in him.

As to spiritual life coming out of our unregenerated nature, it is impossible. "Out of nothing comes nothing." There is no spiritual life in men dead in trespasses and sins; how then can life come out of them? Out of death truly there comes a something congruous thereto; horrible are the forms of corruption that arise from the body in which death holds sway; but this is dissolution and destruction, and not life. What the corruption of a human soul may be, I

cannot attempt to say. Terrible as hell must be, there is nothing in the pit more awful than those who are in it. The lost themselves are more unutterably dreadful than any punishment that justice may have imposed upon them.

DEVELOPED MANHOOD,

developed without any restraining influences, if it be shut up in vast numbers, must be a fermenting mass of hate, envy, malice, lust, cruelty, and pride. Speak of evolution—here it is—"When lust hath conceived, it bringeth forth sin; and sin, when it is finished, bringeth forth death." Darkness never begets light, filth never creates purity, hell never yields heaven, and depravity never produces grace.

But the point is that we are God's workmanship. We are His workmanship from the very first. It was the Lord who first taught us our need of a Saviour, and gave us our sense of sin, and our early tremblings, and our new desires. The faintest breath of spiritual life that was ever breathed by any one of us came from God Himself. We shall remain the Lord's workmanship to the very last. "It doth not yet appear what we shall be." Since, then, we do not even know what we are to be, we cannot intrude into the work, and take the pencil from the hand of the great Artist, and complete His design, but the Author must be the Finisher of what He has begun.

This is very beautiful to remember, and it should stir up all that is within us to magnify the Lord. If it be so, that from the first the Lord has wrought all our works in us, what an amount of patience, what an amount of power, what an amount of skill, what an amount of love, what an amount of grace, has God spent upon us hitherto! I was surprised when I was told, the other day, by a friend, who was a maker of steel-plate engravings, how much of labor had to be put into a finely-executed engraving. Think of the power that has cut lines of beauty in such steel as we are! See how He has continued to work upon us, year after year, with final perseverance of undiminished love! How much more of power will still be needed, and how much more of long suffering, and how much more of careful wisdom, ere we shall be perfect and complete! Happy is it for us that we are His workmanship!

One thing I would say to you who are God's people: if we are His workmanship, never let us be ashamed to let men see God's workmanship in us. "Let your light so shine before men, that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father which is in heaven." Let us be very much ashamed to let them see the remains of

THE DEVIL'S WORKMANSHIP

in us; hide it behind a veil of repentant grief. Christ has come to destroy it; let it be destroyed. Yet let your simple faith be known and spoken of, even though it be ridiculed by the wise men of the age, who by wisdom know not God. Let your meekness, your kindness, your uprightness, your truth, your purity, appear unto all men. Never let it be a question whether you are a Christian. Do not tremble at the persecution which the enmity of the ungodly may inflict upon you because you belong to Christ, but the rather accept it as an honor, esteeming the reproach of Christ greater riches than the treasures in Egypt.

As to any of you who hear me at this time, and feel forced to say, "Ah, me! I do not see how I am to be a Christian," let me speak with you. I am thinking of the matter very differently. I see very plainly how you can become Christians; for all of us who are believers are God's workmanship, and that God who has made us His workmanship can make you to be the same. "Oh, but I cannot do anything!" Who said you could? Who asked you to do any part of God's work? We are God's workmanship. There is in your fallen nature no power or will toward good, and if the question were about *your* workmanship, the answer would be full of despair; but while God works there is hope.

"Oh, but I have a withered hand!" When Jesus bids you stretch it out, do not inquire about your own power, but look to His power who gives the command. Do not say, "I cannot save myself. I cannot make myself holy." Look you, then, to Him who is a Saviour, able to save to the uttermost, who was born for this end, that He might save His people from their sins. What is there that God cannot do for you? Rough material as you are, He can make you what you should be; He can make you what it will delight you to be. God grant that we may learn to look to the strong for strength, and no longer waste our time in inquiring for it where there is nothing but perfect weakness! Here, then, is the origin of a Christian man; he comes out of the workshop of God.

II. Secondly, here in the text we see the peculiar manner of this origin. "We are His workmanship, created in Christ Jesus." "Created in Christ Jesus." Catch that thought. Our new life is

A CREATION.

This goes further than the former expression; for workmanship is less than creation. A man may produce a picture, and say, "This is my workmanship;" a piece of mosaic, or a vessel fresh from the wheel, may be a man's workmanship, but it is not his creation. The artist must procure his canvas and his colors, the maker of a mosaic must find his marbles or his wood, the potter must dig his clay, for without these materials he can do nothing; for he is not the Creator. To One only does that august name strictly belong. None other could create a gnat, or the beam of light in which it dances, or the eye with which it is seen.

In this world of grace, wherever we live, we are a creation. Our new life is as truly *created out of nothing* as were the first heavens, and the first earth. This ought to be particularly noticed, for there are some who think that the grace of God improves the old nature into the new. It does nothing of the sort. That which we possess since the fall is corrupt and dead, and has to be buried, whereof our baptism is the type and the testimony. That which is of God within us is a new birth, a divine principle, a living seed, a quickening spirit; in fact, it is a creation; we are new creatures in Christ Jesus. What a sweeping statement!

Creation was

EFFECTED BY A WORD.

"By the word of the Lord were the heavens made." "He spake, and it was done; He commanded, and it stood fast." "God said, Let there be light; and there was light." Is not that again an accurate description of our entrance into spiritual light and life? Do we not confess, "Thy word hath quickened me"? See, then, poor sinners who may hear these words, that they have a relation to you. You are saying, "How can we become Christians?" Why, you can become Christians by being created, and there is no other way. "But we cannot create ourselves," says one. It is even so. Stand back, and quit all pretence of being creators; and the further you retreat from self-conceit the better, for it is God who must create you. How I wish that you felt this! "It would drive us to despair," say you. It might drive you to such despair as would be the means of your flying to Christ, and that is precisely what I desire. It would be greatly to your gain if you never again indulged a shred of hope in your own works, and were forced to accept the grace of God. This truth lifts the whole matter out of the region of the creature's merit, worth, or ability, and puts it on another footing, full of hope to man, and of glory to God.

But the text speaks of this creation as "in Christ Jesus." This is a deeply instructive subject, which at this present cannot fully be discussed, partly from want of time, and partly from want of ability on my part fully to open it up. It would require a series of discourses, such as Dr. John Owen, or Stephen Charnock might have been able to deliver; the theologians of to-day, if there be any, cannot come near it.

Herein is a great deep: "created in Christ Jesus." Beloved, there is a mystic unity between Christ and the twice-born, into which I will not further go. I point to a casket which just now I will not unlock. But to return to the text, here is the glory of it: first, we are God's workmanship, and the peculiar manner in which we have been created is that we have been created "in Christ Jesus."

III. We come, thirdly, to dwell upon the special

OBJECT OF THIS CREATION:

"unto good works, which God hath before ordained that we should walk in them." And

WHAT ARE GOOD WORKS?

In that question lies another large subject. Tell me, ye who talk so much of good works, what are they? I should say that they are works such as God commands—*works of obedience*. When we heartily keep the divine precepts, we must be right; for it can never be evil for a man to do what God bids him.

Next, I should say that they are *works of love*; of love to God, and love to man; works done out of a pure affection to the great Father, and out of unselfish regard to men. That which we do to display our own liberality is done unto self, and so is spoiled; but where there is a single eye to God's glory, the work is good. Works done out of love to Christ, and love to saints, and love to the poor, and love to lost sinners, are good works.

ACTS OF COMMON LIFE.

I am bound to add that good works include the necessary *acts of common life* when they are rightly performed. We are to produce good works in our home, in our shop, in our workroom, in our travel abroad, or on our sick-bed; everywhere we are to be filled with good works to God's glory. All our works should be good works, and we may make them so by sanctifying them with the Word of God and prayer, according to that precept, "Whether ye eat or drink, or whatsoever ye do, do all in the name of the Lord Jesus."

Observe that God has not created us that we may talk about our good works, but that we may walk in them. Practical doing is better than loud boasting. God has not created us that we may occasionally perform good works, but that we may walk in them—that they may be so habitual to us that the common course of our conversation may be full of them. God grant that His holy object may be carried out in us to such a degree that our path may be luminous with holiness, that we may leave behind a shining track, like that of a vessel upon the sea!

IV. And now I close with this last head. Fourthly, the remarkable

PREPARATION MADE

for that object, for so the text may be rendered, "which God hath prepared that we should walk in them." God has personally prepared every Christian for good works. "Oh," say some, "I sometimes feel as if I was so unfit for God's service." You are not unfit, so far as you are His workmanship, created in Christ Jesus unto good works. God's purpose is subserved by that which He makes, else were He an unwise worker. We are in a special degree God's workmanship, created to this end, that we may produce good works; and we are fitted to that end as much as a bird is fitted to fly, or a worm is fitted for its purpose in the earth.

"Oh," says one, "but I find it so difficult to walk in good works." Then you are not your true and real self. Pray God to put the flesh back, and to let that dead and carnal part of you be gone; and ask that the new life, which He has infused, may have good scope to carry out its own natural instincts; for it is a holy thing, created on purpose to walk in good works, and it will do so if it be not hindered. Give it liberty. Give it opportunity. Feed it. Bring it before God to strengthen it; and it must, it will, as certainly produce good works as a good tree brings forth good fruit.

Once more, observe with content that everything around you is arranged for the production

of good works in you. When the Lord God created you in Christ Jesus, as you believe He did, He had prepared for you a position of service and usefulness, exactly

FITTED FOR YOUR CAPACITY.

That place for the present is the position which you now occupy. "No," says one, "but I am in the place of poverty." That is it; it is God's design that you may in that place produce the sweet fruits of contentment and patience. "Alas!" cries another. "I dwell among the ungodly." It is intended by your Lord that your light may shine among them, and that you, having your graces tried, may become all the stronger and the better man. "Oh," says one, "I am a Christian, but I believe that I am in the worst place that ever was. I am alone, like a plant in the desert." Is it not written, "The wilderness and the solitary place shall be glad for them; and the desert shall rejoice, and blossom as the rose?"

Full often the most advantageous place for our manhood is that which is surrounded with splendid difficulties. A soldier is trained by battles, and a mariner by storms. What can a man do when he has everything to his hand? Everything is possible to him, but so it is to every simpleton. He is truly a man who has nothing to assist him, and yet is aided by the opposition which confronts him. To sail against wind and tide would be more notable than to drift with gale and current. Is not he a true man who can turn to account the worst possible circumstances so as to produce the best possible results? He has an opportunity for distinguishing himself who is placed amid temptations and perils. In your life, good works are provided for—"God hath before prepared that we should walk in them."

On the whole, you are placed in the best position for your producing good works to the glory of God. "I do not think it," says one. Very well. Then you will worry to quit your position, and attain another footing; mind that you do not plunge into a worse. The wise man saith, "as a bird that wandereth from her nest, so is a man that wandereth from his place." It is not the box that makes the jewel, nor the place that makes the man. "Oh, but anywhere rather than this!" Yes, and when you get into the place you now covet, you will pine to be back again. *A barren tree is none the better for being transplanted.* Oh, sirs,

THE REAL DIFFICULTY

lies not without you, but within you. Your present possibilities are the best for this present; use them as they fly. At any rate, rest assured that divine wisdom has not only prepared you for the hour, but the hour for you. All things are in a divine sense your friends; "For thou shalt be in league with the stones of the field; and the beasts of the field shall be at peace with thee."

Moreover, the Lord has prepared the whole system of His grace to this end—that you should abound in good works. Every part and portion of the economy of grace tends toward this result, that thou mayest be perfect even as thy Father which is in heaven is perfect. All events, whether terrible or joyous, shall be made to work together for this highest form of good, namely, your sanctification. January's snow, February's cold, April showers, March winds, and July suns, all co-operate to prepare the wheat for the garner; and all earthly changes are sent of God

TO RIPEN US

for the eternal future. Yes, I may even say that the glories of heaven call us to a sublime life of holiness, and the thunders of hell urge us to conquer the temptations which are in the world through lust. The crown which Christ holds over our heads inspires us with ardor in our race; while the cross on which He died stirs us to a fervent enthusiasm for His praise. Nothing in heaven, or on earth, or in hell, rightly used, will excite us in lukewarmness, but everything will impel us to intense zeal for holiness. Even the sin, which so sadly abounds around us,

should make us the more watchful and careful in life.

Oh, sirs, if God calls you His workmanship, take care that none can justly find fault with the Worker! If you be indeed God's creation in Christ Jesus, take care that none despise the second birth, or the second Adam. And if it be so, that the Lord has afore prepared all things that we may walk in good works, let us get into gear with creation; let us be in harmony with providence; let us keep step with the march of God's purpose. What more shall I say? I have not yet breathed a wish. Oh, that you who have not yet believed in my Lord Jesus would do so now; for "to as many as received Him, to them gave He power to become the sons of God, even to them that believe on His name"! Amen.

NEW BOOKS.

PERSONAL TRAITS

of British authors, the series of works edited by Mr. Edward T. Mason, three volumes of which have already been noticed in these columns, is brought to a conclusion by the fourth volume, now issued. Some surprise will doubtless be felt that the series should close with no mention of authors so eminent as Carlyle and George Eliot. The omission, however, is not an oversight. The editor explains in his preface that the plan of including them in this final volume was reluctantly abandoned because the available material concerning one was too recent, and concerning the other too scanty to warrant the attempt. The authors selected are those with whose works the present generation of readers is best acquainted. Macaulay, Dickens and Thackeray have had as many readers and admirers on this side the Atlantic as on their own. Jane Eyre and Shirley have made the name of Charlotte Brontë a familiar one in the majority of American households, while Hood, Sydney Smith, and Douglas Jerrold are dear to lovers of wit and humor the world over. Those are the seven authors whose personal traits are described in this volume.

Of Tom Hood some harsh things have been said by those who misunderstood his hatred of hypocrisy; he was accused of being an infidel because on one occasion he resented with some vehemence the intrusion into a sick room of a woman whom he knew to be insincere, but who was making a show of religious zeal. He had his share—a share larger than common—of trial and sorrow, but late in life he could say, "In my graver troubles I profess a Christian faith that consoles and supports me even in walking through something like the Valley of the Shadow of Death." Very interesting are these memorials of Tom Hood, gleaned chiefly from the recollections of his own children, who loved him with passionate affection.

Of Macaulay, the chief source of information is the work of his nephew, Mr. G. O. Trevelyan. As in the case of the other subjects, this naturally favorable estimate of the great historian is qualified by quotations from the writings of others who thought less highly of him. His brilliant conversation, his prodigious memory and his profound learning are admitted by all, but complaints are numerous of the way he monopolized conversation, especially from men who, like Sydney Smith, were themselves good talkers, but who when Macaulay was present could not get a chance to speak. "I do not believe," Sydney Smith used to say, "that Macaulay ever did hear my voice. Sometimes when I have told a good story I have thought to myself, 'Poor Macaulay, he will be very sorry some day to have missed hearing that.'"
Miss Hannah More was fond of describing her first introduction to him. She called at his father's house and was received at the front door by "a fair, pretty, slight child, with abundance of light hair, about four years old, who came to tell her that his parents were out, but that if she would be good enough to come in he would bring her a glass of old spirits, a proposition which greatly startled the good lady, who never



The Death of Mr. J. A. Cameron, Newspaper Correspondent in the Soudan Desert.

drank anything stronger than cowslip wine. When questioned what he knew about old spirits he could only say that Robinson Crusoe often had some." He was from his early childhood an insatiable reader, and could remember verbally almost everything he read. Late in life he said—not boastfully—that if all the copies of Milton's Paradise Lost were accidentally destroyed he could reproduce the first six books from memory.

Sydney Smith's quaint drolleries furnish matter for many amusing anecdotes. They were uttered in pure good nature and like summer lightnings illumined without doing harm. Some of them were a little puzzling to dull people. Calling one day on an artist who was painting a portrait of one of his friends, he gravely asked him if he could not "contrive to throw into his face somewhat of a stronger expression of hostility to the church establishment." His laughable conception of a duel between two doctors is very amusing. Smith thought such a duel should be fought with professional weapons, and drew a ludicrous picture of the two men with oil of croton on the tips of their fingers trying to touch each other's lips. *Jerrold's* wit was of a very different type. It cut deep, and instances are related in which the sharp edge must have given pain. Speaking of a certain air, some one said in Jerrold's hearing, "That air always carries me away when I hear it." "Can nobody whistle it?" asked Jerrold. Mr. Bentley told him that his new periodical, which he had called "Bentley's Miscellany," he thought at one time of calling "The Wits' Miscellany." "Well," was the rejoinder, "you needn't have gone to the other extremity." In spite of these keen remarks which Jerrold made whenever there was opportunity, he was essentially a most kind-hearted man. Harriet Martineau said of him, "I never feared him in the least, nor saw reason why any but knaves or fools should fear him." He was a generous giver and was often imposed upon, and was occasionally absolutely without money, having given it all away. He was once asked by a literary acquaintance whether he had the courage

to lend him a guinea. "Oh, yes," Jerrold replied; "I've got the courage but I haven't got the guinea." His carriage was scratched by the street-boys who clambered on it for a ride, and the coachmaker proposed putting a few spikes in to keep the urchins off. "By no means," said Jerrold, severely; "a thousand scratches on my panels would be more welcome to me than one on the hand of a footsore lad to whom a stolen lift might be a godsend."

Of Dickens, Thackeray, and Miss Brontë, the reminiscences gathered here are very full and intensely interesting. Many exquisite pictures of these three authors might be quoted if the space at our disposal were not exhausted. We must refer our readers to the book itself, which they will find very enjoyable reading. Pp. 334. Price \$1.50. Published by Messrs. Charles Scribner & Sons, New York.

INSPIRATION,

a clerical symposium, will be read with deep interest at the present time. The assaults on the Bible made from within and without the church of Christ, render it more than ever necessary that the claims of the Bible as the Word of God, directly inspired by Him, should be thoroughly understood. It is also most important that the sense in which the Bible is inspired should be clearly apprehended, or the young student may be bewildered by the subtle distinctions drawn by those who are undermining the faith of the world in the Bible. In no better way can that knowledge be attained than by a comparison of the views of the eleven representative clergymen whose essays on the subject make up this volume. Among them are men of eminent learning, who differ widely in their views, but who all bring thoughts of sterling value to the discussion of this, the most prominent religious subject of our time. The best-known of these writers are: Principal John Cairns, D.D.; Archdeacon Farrar, D.D.; Rev. Edward White, Dr. Stanley Leathes and Professor J. Radford Thompson. In order to make the symposium complete, Bishop Weathers states the Roman Catholic idea of inspiration, and Professor Israel Abrahams, M.A., the orthodox Jewish concep-

tion. All these authors differ, more or less, from each other in their theories, but each viewing the subject from his own standpoint contributes light to the discussion. Pp. 242. Price, \$1.50. Published by Mr. Thomas Whittaker, New York.

Volume VII. of the *Christian Herald*, containing the Numbers for 1884, with complete index, bound in cloth, may be had from this office; price \$3.

THE DEATH OF MR. J. A. CAMERON, The Special Correspondent in the Soudan of the London Standard.

(See Illustration.)

A PORTRAIT and a sketch of the life of Mr. Cameron, the able and daring newspaper correspondent of the *London Standard*, appeared in the issue of this journal dated March 5th. We are now enabled to give a picture of the scene, taken from a sketch made on the spot by one of his fellow correspondents on an illustrated journal. The fatality occurred on January 19th. Mr. Cameron was with the little force with which General Stewart was making a dash across the desert toward Metamneh, with the hope of there going by the Nile to Khartoum. While the troops were rapidly pushing forward a large body of Arabs was seen approaching. General Stewart at once formed a camp, technically called a zereba, in which he placed the wounded, the sick and the non-combatants, the camels being on the outside as a protection. The effective troops then formed a square and went forward to encounter the enemy. Arab riflemen possessed the heights, while their horsemen closed the roads in the rear.

As the square moved slowly from the zereba all felt that their fate depended upon its steadiness. It was soon out of sight, but those in the zereba knew by the heavy firing that a desperate battle was in progress, and that their lives hung on the issue. Not until the next morning did they learn that the Arabs had been repulsed. While they were in suspense they were also in danger. The riflemen on the hills were expert marksmen, and several times in the course of the afternoon a well-aimed shot entered the

areba with fatal results. One of these bullets struck Mr. Cameron. He ad ensconced himself behind a camel intending to have a little lunch. He urned to take a tin of arduines from the hand of is servant, when a bullet truck him in the back and enetrated to his heart, illing him instantly. His eath struck gloom into he whole party, for he as very popular. Next ay a column of British roops returned to the reba with the glad news hat the main body had eached the Nile and were afely encamped on its anks. Then, we are told, the small garrison greetd their comrades as betted the occasion. The en holding the work heered them rapturously, ome weeping for joy at heir deliverance from a orrible death at the hands f a barbarous foe." Preparations were at once made or the move to Gubat, ut before marching the ody of the dead journalst was reverently carried o the grave by Lord Charles Beresford and Mr. ameron's colleagues, Mr. urleigh, of the *Daily Telegraph*, Mr. Villiers, of *the Graphic*, Mr. Melton Prior, of the *Illustrated London News*, and Mr. H. I. S. Pearse, of the *Daily News*. His grave was dug longside those of two officers and Mr. Herbert, of *the Morning Post*. Lord Charles Beresford read the burial Service, which the ircumstances rendered oot impressive.



Wayneffete Confronted the Topsy Reveller.

church with me, instead of going to the alehouse and singing in the streets to the shame of God's people."

"Nay, nay, the church is not for me, and I'm not for the church. Go thy ways and leave me—I'll go home quietly. I'm not minded to offend anybody. I'm no good, and I'll soon be in my grave," and with one of those sudden transitions of feeling drunken men exhibit, Blake began to weep.

Now Walter and Will had been schoolmates and had played together on the green, and when boyhood merged into youth, were to be met in the long summer evenings and the autumn twilights, wandering side by side along the margin of the river. But Will fell into idle habits and bad company. The conversation of Walter became too serious for his taste; his moral as well as his physical appetite became depraved, and could only be appeased by loose talk and strong drink. Wayneffete could not forget those old days of friendship, and doubtless the degraded man before him was mindful of them too. Intense pity for his old companion filled the heart of the young Christian, and taking him by the arm, he led him by a side street to his home. Leaving him there to his reflections, he went on himself to the church, but in the evening he went again to the blacksmith's house. There he prayed with him and pleaded with him, and had the satisfac-

tion of seeing him weep tears of real penitence. From that time forward Wayneffete watched over him with fraternal solicitude, and soon a work of grace was commenced in the blacksmith's heart which transformed his life.

THE JEW'S WAR.

A SERIAL STORY.
(Continued from page 232.)

A Proposal.

The days and weeks passed by quickly for Carola, who, to her own wonder, felt herself as much at home in the great rooms at the Grange as she had been in her little cottage. There was not perhaps the same freedom; but there was an atmosphere of love and care surrounding her, which she had never felt before. She could not help seeing that Philip's face brightened at the mere sight of her, and that Mr. Arnold looked at her with tenderness. As she had lost all her little possessions by the fire, except an old brown Testament which she had caught up hastily as she made her way through the smoke, he never returned from market without bringing her some article which he fancied she might want, and which he gave to her with a fatherly delight. It was a new thing to Carola to find herself the object of so much thought and affection.

The schoolhouse was ready by Christmas, and school was to begin again as soon as the new year came, though the blackened walls of the cottage still stood bare under the gray skies. On Christmas eve Carola went down to look at some decorations the village children had put up, and when they were gone she entered the

whom several pairs of bright eyes rested approvingly as he strode down the street that summer morning.

Suddenly, to the scandal of the quiet groups on the way to church, a loud, hilarious tavern song was trolled out in a powerful bass voice. All heads were turned in the direction of the sound. There they saw the blacksmith, Will Blake, his dirty and scorched leather apron still on, and his doublet off, while the dirt on his face and hands testified that Will had either been at work that morning, or had not washed since his work last night. There was a hiccup, too, now and again that interrupted the song, and a staggering uncertainty of step which showed that Will had been thirsty some time lately.

Wayneffete turned, and, walking across the narrow street, confronted the blacksmith. "How now, Will Blake," he said. "Are you minded to have all men in the city know of your wicked and ungodly habits? What mean you by appearing here in your working clothes, and with your mouth full of licentious songs on the Lord's day?"

Blake's potatoes had given him courage, and he answered Wayneffete with more hardihood than he would have shown in his sober moments. "It is no matter to you, Master Wayneffete, what I do. When I'm happy I sing, and I'm happy now. Hold thy prate, and mind thy business. Leave me in peace, I say. Who made you my keeper?"

"The Lord maketh every man his brother's keeper, Will," said Wayneffete, with more softness in his tone; "I would have thee go to

A SEVENTEENTH CENTURY REV-ELLER.

(See Illustration.)

If one of our forefathers of two centuries ago could revisit the scenes of his life, he would find marvellous changes, which would astonish him. Our telegraphs, our railroads and the innumerable kinds of machines with which we save time and labor would excite his wonder, and he would find that in the interval that has elapsed since he left the world, the ingenuity of man has been marvellously active. We are right in calling this an age of progress when we limit our view of it to the material changes which it has wrought. But we have no such reason to congratulate ourselves when we extend our range of view to take in the moral aspect of our condition. The following little sketch, taken from the columns of a contemporary, might have occurred any day in any of our cities.

A bright, sunny Sabbath morning, the respectable citizens, clad in their go-to-meeting apparel, the silence of the streets broken only by the bells and the hum of conversation in the little groups wending their way to the sanctuary. Walter Wayneffete was also on his way hither, as was evident, for in his hand was his Bible with its massive silver clasp. Master Walter was well-to-do for so young a man; he was only twenty-five years old, but his strength and substance had not been wasted by dissipation, and already his business as a builder was well established, and Walter was a man highly respected in the community. A decorous, deeply religious man was Walter Wayneffete, on

little ruin, which looked as desolate as a greater one could have done. The roof was gone, and the clouds driven by the wintry wind swept over the open space, while the keen air blew in through the open casements. She stood sadly on the blackened hearth, with the charred fragments of the thick oaken beams overhead falling about her. The old oak chair in the chimney-corner and the settle opposite it were destroyed, and all the small household treasures were gone. They might be replaced; but her first home could never be the same again. It was only a little ruin, and no great calamity had befallen any one; but in her heart there was a vague and indefinable sadness. This would be her home again no more.

She was shivering as much from sadness as from cold when she turned back into the school-room where a large fire was burning in the wide grate, filling the dusky room with flickering light. But the room was no longer empty as she left it, for Philip was standing on the hearth. The thick wall had been between them; but he had been standing opposite to her, and facing her, in the warmth and light of the fire, while she had been lingering on the desolate hearth on the other side.

"I came down to see if there was anything you wanted," he said, as she came toward him.

"No," she answered, softly, "I only want my little home again, just as it was before; and that can never be. It can never be the same again."

"Nothing is ever the same again," he said. "Do you think if you had died that night life would ever have been the same again to me? Listen to me for one minute. I know I'm not as good as you, but I love you. I've had a happy life; but to-morrow will be the happiest day in it if you'll promise me to be my wife. Only promise."

He looked across the hearth at her with an eager face, but he did not take a step nearer to her, so fearful was he of startling her; and she stood motionless, gazing at him with a look of wonder. She had never thought of such a thing as this; but the surprise had a strange sweetness in it. It was almost as if some young prince had come wooing her. All the people about her looked up to him and his father as their natural rulers and masters. How could it be that he should come and ask her, the village schoolmistress, to be his wife? A crimson flush suffused her face, which had been pale and sad a minute ago, at the thought of Philip Arnold coming to her as a lover; and a minute's silence passed by before either of them moved or spoke again.

"Can you say nothing to me?" he asked at length.

"I don't know what to say," she answered, almost in a whisper; "I never thought of it before. Is it true?"

"It's as true as that I'm alive," he said, vehemently; "it's true that I never loved any girl before; and it's true that I've loved you from the first moment I saw you. I cannot keep it in any longer. Promise me that you'll try to love me."

"But I never thought of it before," she repeated, in a tone of wonder.

"You're not slow in thinking," he answered, "and you know all about me. Surely, here in Hazelmount, you know all that people think of me. There is nothing to be found out. I've lived here all my life; and you have known me many months. Oh, be quick in thinking! I only want you to promise to try to love me."

"Oh," she said, speaking very low, "there isn't any need to try! How could I help loving you, if you love me?"

It was so marvellous a thing to her! She could not see anything in herself that he should love her. Why should he pass by all the accomplished young ladies who so often visited at the Grange, and fix his love on one who knew so little, and could do so few things? As he clasped her closely to him, she looked up almost anxiously into his face.

"Are you quite sure I shall suit you?" she

asked; "I can do nothing but sing; and oh, your mother would like you to have so much more!"

"Well," he said, exultingly, "I'd rather have your singing than the best music in the world! And I'd rather have you at my side, keeping me right, and helping me to be a truer Christian, than have the cleverest girl in the country. My mother will love you with all her heart when you're my wife; ay, and my father too. I have never forgotten the first moment I saw you, my darling."

They walked back to the Grange slowly, hand in hand. The cottage doors were closed as they passed by, but every window was lit up, and they knew well who were gathered round the fire in each little homestead. A strangely sweet and solemn feeling was in Carola's heart. She had loved these people, and served them faithfully; and now they were to be her own people all her life long. Her place was here, in Hazelmount, not an uncertain place as schoolmistress, but a settled habitation as Philip Arnold's wife, the mistress of the little village. The old, many-gabled farm-house, the windows shining out into the dark night with the blazing fires and the lighted lamps within, put on quite a new aspect to her. This was her home; the roof under which she and Philip were to live and die together.

Carola could not sleep that night for pure gladness. There was no restlessness of mind or body; and she lay as still, with her eyes closed, as if she was sleeping like a happy child. But no unconsciousness unfolded her. A solemn sense that all happiness must come from God, and must be in harmony with His will, or it could be no happiness for her, was impressed upon her; and a ceaseless prayer was in her inmost heart. "Thy will be done" was the cry of her spirit; but without dread, and with no fears for the future, and no anticipations of trouble. Hitherto the will of God had filled her with inward blessing and tranquillity, with no sorrow added. The narrow path had been for her a path of peace.

It was Christmas-day, her Lord's birthday; and until this year it had been filled from morning to night with thoughts of Him. But there was naturally a distraction to-day. She had been very much alone in other years, either at school, or in her own quiet cottage. This morning she walked down to the parish church, with Philip at her side, and she sat in the pew beside him, and sang with him out of the same hymn-book. It was Philip's way of announcing that a change had taken place in their relationship to one another. He had not spoken of their engagement yet to either his father or mother; but they knew only too well what he meant, and Mrs. Arnold wept some bitter tears as she knelt down during the long litany.

Others besides Mrs. Arnold understood the exultant expression on Philip's face. The Hazelmount cottagers gossiped about it on their way home along the frosty lanes. It had been suspected for a long time that Mr. Philip was in love with the young schoolmistress; and some were of opinion that he was about to marry beneath him, when he might have had other girls with a large fortune. But the majority, in consideration that Carola, too, was not altogether without fortune, looked favorably on the little romance being played out before their eyes, and said to one another it was wiser to marry for love than to marry for money. At any rate, it was plain Mr. Philip was going to have his own way now, as he had done all his life long.

"Come with me round the fields, Carola," said Philip, as soon as their early dinner was over. All the farm servants who could be spared were sent to spend the rest of their Christmas-day at home; and there were the sheep and cattle to be looked at in distant fields. It was a very pleasant thing to do, thought Carola. The low December sun was going down, a hazy ball of red, in the gray sky; and a white rime, here and there tinged with rose-color, lay on all the ground, and changed the

bare hedges into white-coral. The furrowed ground was frozen hard; the great meadows stretched before them spangled with frost, and the old corn stubble in the unploughed fields crackled under their feet. The pale gray-blue sky shone with delicate clearness behind the line of Scotch firs, which stood in array along the brow of the hill; and as they looked down upon the village they saw the blue wood-smoke rising from every cottage chimney, and melting softly away into the moist air.

Philip's forefathers had tilled every field and trodden every path they walked along; the hedge-rows had been planted by them; the seed been sown and the harvest gathered for hundreds of seasons. All the true wealth and blessedness of these old familiar fields were his; and as Carola walked beside him, his heart was full to overflowing. Had his father and mother known such happiness as this when they were young, and all the long years lay before them? It was like singing an old song that had been the joy of many generations. There had never been such a Christmas-day for him, as well as for her. All the world seemed full of their gladness.

The sun had sunk behind a bank of dun-colored clouds, and the moon was rising over the fir-trees before they returned into the fold-yard, and went in at the kitchen door; Mr. Arnold was sitting in the chimney-corner smoking a long clay pipe, and he made room for Carola to sit down beside him, putting his arm round her shoulders, and stroking her cheek fondly with his rough hand. John Windbank was seated at the end of a long bench, cutting with a clasp-knife at a huge piece of pork-pie, and speaking slowly, with his mouth full.

"Phil," said Mr. Arnold, in a tone of unusual animation, "you recollect poor Lumley, of Market Upton—"

"Him as was robbed and drowned four year ago," interrupted John Windbank, "that's him, sir. They've took up the man as was suspected. He's been out o' the country ever since; but he were seen one o' these last days, and the p'lice hadn't forgot him. I s'pose the reward 'll hold good yet; a hundred pound it was. I wouldn't ha' minded catchin' him myself."

"Poor fellow!" said Philip, "he went to school with me, Carol, and turned out badly; and his relations sent him up to London, with money to take him out to New Zealand, and buy a little land there. But nothing more was heard of him till the police found his body in the river, with marks of violence on it enough to cause his death."

The glow upon Carola's face died away, and the smiling light in her dark eyes grew dim. It seemed to her that once before in some former life she had heard these words spoken, and had shrunk from hearing what was about to follow, as if it would blight and crush her whole being. Her breath came and went fitfully, but she kept silence; not a word escaped her trembling lips.

"Why! what a nervous little creature it is!" said Mr. Arnold, tenderly; "that's the shock from the fire. You've no courage to hear of bad things, or sad things, my Christmas Carol. Come, come!"

"He do say he can prove he were an alibi," continued John Windbank; "he were with his sweetheart that night, if she could be found. But girls like them are always shiftn' about, and never livin' in one place. But the man's name is George Bassett; and I were wonderin' if he belonged to the Bassetts o' Market Upton anyhow. They were a bad lot, them Bassetts; and young Lumley might ha' known them, and fell in his way very likely."

But Carola heard nothing except the name George Bassett. The blow stunned and benumbed her brain, and for the moment she could think of nothing, and realize nothing.

"George Bassett! George Bassett!" she repeated again and again to herself; but the name did not seem to mean anything yet. Her face was tranquil, and she looked steadily across at the weather-beaten face of the old wagoner.

Her pulse beat no faster or slower. She felt almost as if she was going to sleep, and perhaps the long walk in the frosty air had made her drowsy. Mechanically she untied her bonnet-strings, and rose from the seat by the fire.

"I will come down by and by," she said to Philip, with a little smile and nod; "I'm tired just now."

The moon was shining in at her bedroom window, giving as much light as she needed for what she had to do. For what could she do? She crouched down on the floor, and laid her arms on the low window-sill, to wait until this unnatural calm and stupor should pass away, and the tempest break in upon her soul. She looked out, with eyes as steady and heedful as if she had nothing else to think of, on the wintry landscape flooded with the light of the full moon.

The great far-off plain was lost in the blackness of the night; but near at hand every cottage window twinkled with light, and the dark outlines of their lowly roofs showed clearly against the sky. Yonder lay the fields, dim and shadowy now, where but an hour ago she was walking hand clasped in hand with Philip; and across the eastern sky stretched the jagged line of fir-trees, over which they had watched the moon rise. The Christmas chimes from the church tower in the invisible plain below came softly and merrily up to her listening ear. She could catch, also, through the still and frosty air, the shrill voices of children singing the carols she had taught them from door to door. Almost without knowing it, she herself chanted in an undertone the anthem they had sung in church at the morning service—"Glory to God in the highest; peace on earth; good-will toward men."

Then suddenly, with a heart-shaking swiftness, she saw the narrow, dirty street where she had spent her girlhood, with its knots of demoralized men and women, and its swarms of miserable children. There was herself passing in and out among them, going with them into the gaudy gin-palaces, and reeling back again in their company. She could hear them talk; and every nerve tingled with shame. Their homes were open to her; not homes but styies, unclean and squalid. George Bassett was beside her; his arm had caught her round the neck, and she was fighting to free herself, amid the jeers and laughter of her companions. It seemed like hell to her; and she had dwelt there once. She had grown up in it.

(To be continued.)

DIVINE PROTECTION.

S.S. Lesson for April 19, Acts 28 : 1-15. Golden Text, Ps. 34 : 4. By Mrs M. Baxter.

Hospitality of the Islanders—Welcome to the Shipwrecked Crew—Opportunities of Service—Opened to the Willing Worker—Paul a Practical Man—The Viper Prepared for Satan's Service—Natural Inferences—Job's Comforters—The Message to the Fallen—A Life the Viper Could not Touch—The Hospitality of Publius—How Paul Repaid it—The Voyage to Rome—Welcome to Rome.

ALL which Paul had foretold was come to pass, the ship was lost, all who were on board were saved, and they were "cast upon a certain island." "And when they were escaped, then they knew that the island was called Melita" (the modern Malta). The inhabitants, apparently uncivilized, whom Luke calls "the barbarous people," were nevertheless very kind to the shipwrecked crew. "They kindled a fire, and received us every one." This implies that they gave them hospitality, such as they had to give. It was no small drain on the resources of this island people when two hundred and seventy-six people were turned in suddenly upon them; but they soon learned that their gain was greater than their loss. The Lord, who had saved Paul's prayer and answered it, did not leave the ship's company from the sea in order to let them die of cold and hunger. He had been at work upon the island, softening the

hearts of the inhabitants that they might receive their distressed fellow-creatures.

Paul did not need to

MAKE FOR HIMSELF

an opportunity of usefulness. When God's children are in His hands, to be led by Him, used by Him, or set aside by Him as He wills, it ceases to be their responsibility to open a path of service for themselves. All the drive, the hurry and struggle goes out of their lives. They are no longer under a terrible dread of losing chances to speak to one and another, while they are ready at any moment, when the Spirit shall lead them, to be His voice, and to speak His words. Paul did not feel it incumbent upon him to go round to all who were present and force upon them attention to his life message—Jesus and the resurrection; but he just lent a hand to help, and went in the pouring rain to gather a bundle of sticks and lay them on the fire. This shows what a practical man Paul was.

Satan had many a grudge against Paul, and he knew four thousand years before how to use a serpent as his instrument. With Job he used hostile tribes, wind, lightning, and sickness to destroy, as far as God permitted him. Now he used a viper, which came out of the peat and fastened on Paul's hand. What a gain it would be to the kingdom of darkness if Paul should never reach Rome! What a proof to the saved crew of the vessel that only good luck had overtaken them, and that their deliverance was a mere chance, if Paul died by the bite of a serpent! The enemy of souls had no difficulty in lodging his suggestions in the hearts of the poor barbarians; they said: "No doubt this man is a murderer, whom, though he hath escaped the sea, yet vengeance suffereth not to live!" How like the natural heart of man! Always ready to condemn and find fault. A man cannot have a misfortune but that some wise persons find some reason why he is to be blamed for it. A man cannot be ill but that he has reproach to bear from his friends for something he did which caused it, and this in addition to the pain. "You shouldn't have overworked," say Job's comforters to one whose nerves and brain are strained to the last degree of tension, and who is more tried by such a remark than by the suffering itself. "I told you what would happen if you persisted in wearing yourself out with that sick friend." How easy to say; but oh, how difficult to bear, just when a maddening attack of neuralgia has set in! "He has brought it on himself" may be true, but who has commissioned him who speaks it to say the words when the self-slain drunkard or opium eater, or the self-made beggar is just suffering to the utmost? God will have mercy, and not judgment. Our message to the fallen and to the suffering is REDEMPTION, NOT RETRIBUTION.

Paul knew the heart of God, and he knew the Word of God too: "Thou shalt tread upon the lion and adder; the young lion and the dragon shalt thou trample under feet" (Ps. 91 : 13). So spoke the Lord by David of old. And most strongly did our blessed Lord confirm the word when He said: "Behold, I give unto you power to tread on serpents and scorpions, and over all the power of the enemy; and nothing shall by any means hurt you" (Luke 10 : 19); and also by His last charge given after His resurrection: "In my name . . . they shall take up serpents" (Mark 16 : 17, 18). Paul's custom was to "do all in the name of the Lord Jesus" (Col. 3 : 17), and thus we may know that it was in His name "he shook off the beast into the fire, and felt no harm."

The people of the island looked for the usual effects of a poisonous serpent's bite—swelling and sudden death. But they looked in vain. A life was in Paul strong enough to counteract any poison; the very life of the Son of God was in him. The poor ignorant people now changed their tone, and "said that he was a god." Oh, how men avoid attributing anything to God! They will believe in the prayers of the righteous, and so in their hearts, defy the man who prays

instead of God who answers the prayer. Men dread of all things to have to do

DIRECTLY WITH GOD.

We are not told what we are sure *was* the case—that Paul took this God-given opportunity to preach Christ to the people. The manifest present power of God in saving him from the serpent's bite gave him a splendid vantage ground. None could deny that an unseen power was present; to explain it was an open door for the Gospel.

Publius, the chief man of the island, had property in the neighborhood, and he "received us, and lodged us three days courteously." Paul could not repay this generous hospitality, but One was with him who could. The father of Publius lay ill with fever and hemorrhage. Paul went in, "and prayed and laid his hands upon him," as all who believe are commanded to do (Mark 16 : 17, 18), and the man was healed. God did not break His promise; then, as now, signs followed "them that believe." Luke, the beloved physician, who records this blessed testimony of divine healing, seems to have been so occupied with the power of God in this direction that he does not tell us what spiritual result followed Paul's labors in Melita. But he *does* tell us that when the father of Publius was healed, "Others also, which had diseases in the island, came, and were healed." If the same spiritual blessing accompanied divine healing *then*, as we see it does in those of all countries who are healed directly by the Lord *now*, there must have been a glorious ingathering of precious souls in this island, and there is little doubt that thus God's purpose in the shipwreck was accomplished. The people were filled with gratitude, and far from feeling such an influx of strangers a burden, they "honored us with many honors, and when we departed, they laden us with such things as were necessary." The history of this three months in Melita settles a question often asked, "Can we pray for

THE HEALING OF THE UNCONVERTED?"

"God is love;" wherever a soul will touch Him, God will respond. How many an unconverted man, when feeling the pangs of hunger, has cried to God for bread, and the answers to that prayer have been the first touch of God which he has known! And so in thousands of cases of sickness, where there has been as yet no other dealing with the Lord. He uses every circumstance, every need to draw His wandering creatures to trust Him.

After a sojourn of three months the whole company embarked "in a ship of Alexandria, which had wintered in the island, whose sign was Castor and Pollux." Their first landing-place was Syracuse, in the island of Sicily. After three days' stay they crossed to the coast of Italy, where they first touched at Rhegium, the most southerly port of that land. After one day's stay they set sail under a south wind for Puteoli, the modern Pozzuoli. And here for the first time since they left Sidon they "found brethren, and were desired to tarry with them seven days." How came it that a prisoner such as Paul, and one whose only offence was his religion, should have had such liberty and such influence that the whole band of prisoners on their way toward Rome could be allowed thus to tarry for his sake? It tells a tale which the exact words of the narrative do not so clearly convey. Perhaps the centurion was already himself a brother in the Lord, and desired as much as Paul, Luke, and Aristarchus the refreshment of contact with other believers. God so ordered it that if Paul had possessed the means to hire all the ship's company, and the centurion and soldiers as his special bodyguard, the journey could not have turned out more for *his* interest and service. "And so we went toward Rome. And from thence, when the brethren heard of us, they came to meet us as far as Appii Forum and the Three Taverns." It is somewhat unusual that a prisoner on his way to his trial should be met by an ovation of friends, but so it was. And when Paul saw them "he thanked God, and took courage."

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES.

is Journal contains every week a Portrait and Biography of some eminent person; a new Sermon by the Rev. C. H. SPURGEON, of London, and the Rev. Dr. Talmage's latest Sunday morning Sermon; also always a Prophetic Article, and a Summary of Current Events, as well as Stories, Anecdotes, etc.

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The Late Rev. JAMES M. PHILLIPPO, Fifty Years a Missionary in Jamaica—Scenes in his Life.

THE LATE JAMES M. PHILLIPPO.

The Friend of Jamaica Slaves.

Born in 1798—Origin of the Family—Striking Escapes from Death—Conversion to Christ—Missionary Aspirations—Becomes a Village Preacher—An Important Ride to Norwich—His Application to the Baptist Missionary Society—Acceptance, and Preparatory Tuition—Selected to Go to Jamaica—Interesting Incident of Captain Whittle—Arrival in the West Indies—Settles down to Work in Spanish Town—The Long Struggle for the Abolition of Slavery—The Day of Emancipation—Praying with Cholera Patients—Ministerial Jubilee—Fall Down a Precipice—Illness and Death.

THE devoted missionary whose portrait appears this week on the first page was a man whose work was exceptionally difficult and arduous. He was sent to preach to the colored people of Jamaica then in a state of slavery. His work was opposed by men of his own race and color, who had good reason for believing that the spread of education and religion would pave the way for emancipation. Their apprehensions were justified by the result, though the loss entailed upon them by the loss of their slaves was amply compensated by a grant of money. After the emancipation, Mr. Phillippo's difficulties were not ended. He had the difficult task of inculcating on his colored converts habits of industry and respectful obedience in their new relations. He was a man of marvellous tact, and the influence he had obtained over the colored people stood him in good stead. His labors were unceasing, and his success extraordinary. His name is venerated now throughout the island, especially by the colored people, who found in him a faithful friend, a wise counsellor and a devoted pastor.

Mr. Phillippo was born at East Dereham, England, on October 14th, 1798, and died at Spanish Town, in May, 1879, in the eighty-first year of his age. The family were originally emigrants from the Netherlands driven hither by the persecutions of the infamous Duke of Alva in 1575 or 1580. Very early in his young life James Phillippo exhibited a striking aptitude for the acquisition and retention of knowledge. When he was fifteen years old he was the subject of religious impressions, and expressed an intense longing for

A CHANGE OF HEART AND LIFE.

Up to this point it appeared as if the pious instructions and Christian example of his godly mother were lost upon him. His chosen companions were irreligious, and his habitual resorts were the beer-garden, the bowling-green, the theatre, the club-feast, and the "country wake," or fair. The Lord's day was desecrated, he showed a contempt for the Word of God, and became sceptical as to the existence of God and a future life, nevertheless, "all my reward," he says, at a later time, "consisted in disappointment, disquietude, and remorse."

In the midst of this career of worldliness and sin, God did not leave Himself without witness in the heart of His wandering child. Frequently he was, as he stated in after years, filled with fearful apprehensions of a judgment to come. A voice as of thunder would summon him to repent, and, although appetite and passion might resume their sway, there was left an abiding conviction that sooner or later he would be constrained to abandon his evil life and become a Christian. The struggle with his inclinations was often violent. "More than once," he says, "I ran from the house of prayer to the theatre, there to check the rising tide of conviction."

SEVERAL ESCAPES FROM DEATH

also had a lasting influence on his mind. Twice he was saved from drowning; once, he barely escaped with life from a fall from an upper floor, caused by the breaking of an elevator-chain. He was precipitated on to a wagon thirty feet below, as shown in the picture on the first page. At another time, returning from a harvest-home on a very dark night, his horse stumbled in a narrow lane which was popularly sup-

posed to be haunted, and the terror of an apparition was added to the heavy fall and the contusions he received. The horse had stumbled over the clanking chain of a hobbled donkey.

In this state of feeling the desire one Sunday sprang up in his mind to go to the Baptist Chapel. As he sat beneath the pulpit, the words of the minister, the Rev. Samuel Green, smote him to the heart. He was overwhelmed with shame. Tortured with anger and remorse, he hastened from the chapel, determined, if possible, to

STIFLE HIS CONVICTIONS.

For several weeks the strife against the voice of conscience and the Spirit of God was severe. In his distress he at length found a friendly counsellor, who led him to the footstool of mercy, and there, as he himself expressed it, "With all my sins about me, I earnestly supplicated mercy through the blood of Christ, as the greatest boon that heaven could bestow." The prayer was heard, "I felt," he said, "like Christian, in John Bunyan's 'Pilgrim's Progress,' when he lost his burden at the sight of the Cross; my mind was filled with joy unspeakable. I thought I was in a new world, surrounded by new objects, and possessed of new senses. It was heaven to me to please God, and to be fashioned into His likeness. Old things emphatically passed away; behold, all things became new." And James Phillippo entered on a life of consecration and devoted service to the Saviour, and secured for himself a place among that heroic band of soul winners who shall one day "shine as the brightness of the firmament and as the stars forever and ever."

THE MISSIONARY FIELD.

A year after his conversion, and when he was nearly seventeen, Mr. Phillippo joined the Baptist Church, and the new life in Christ increasingly manifested its power. He became a most diligent student of God's Word. Stirrings of desire for usefulness among his fellow-men began to be felt, especially toward the far-off nations living in darkness and in the shadow of death. He read the missionary publications of the African traveller, Campbell, with avidity, and gave his leisure to the acquisition of such handicrafts as he thought would be useful in a missionary's career. Medicine, brick-making, house-building, cabinet work, the wheelwright's craft, agriculture, and the manufacture of articles of food and clothing, all received in turn his serious and ardent attention. His natural gifts, too, secured him employment as

A PREACHER OF THE GOSPEL

in the surrounding villages. He also assiduously visited the houses of the villagers for religious conversation, and many were led through his efforts to Christ.

As a result of a conversation with Mr. Green, the clergymen under whose preaching he had been converted, the young man now entirely abandoned business, and resolved to become a missionary to the heathen. He was introduced to the Rev. Joseph Kinghorn, of Norwich, whose experience and influence rendered him adviser-general to young aspirants to the missionary's life. "I conveyed my letter of introduction in person," writes Mr. Phillippo, in his journal, "my late employer lending me a horse for that purpose. As some evidence of the anxiety of mind as to the result of the interview with this venerable minister of the Gospel, I prayed earnestly to God during the whole of the journey, a distance of fourteen or fifteen miles, sometimes

DISMOUNTING FROM MY HORSE

to pray in private places in the fields or along the road. My earnestness amounted to an agony that God would give me favor in the sight of His honored servant, so that my journey might be successful." (See picture on first page.) The interview took place, and the young man was encouraged to communicate his views and wishes to the Committee of the Baptist Missionary Society, with the assurance that Mr. Kinghorn would sustain the application.

On October 27th, 1819, after nine month suspense, Mr. Phillippo was invited to meet the Committee, on November 25th, at the Baptist Mission Rooms in London. The result was that he was cordially accepted for foreign service, and on November 29th he began a course.

SPECIAL PREPARATORY TUITION

in the house of the Rev. William Gray, pastor of the Baptist Church in Chipping Norton. Among his fellow-students was the late Mr. Mursell, father of the Rev. Arthur Mursell, with whom a very intimate friendship was established. In January, 1822, Mr. Phillippo was transferred to Bradford, to complete his preparations for missionary life under the tutelage of the eminent Rev. Dr. Steadman; and there he remained till the autumn of 1823, when he was

SELECTED TO GO TO JAMAICA,

in the West Indies, as a missionary of the Gospel. The farewell service took place on September 23d, and shortly afterward he was married to Hannah Selina Cecil, at Chipping Norton, and found in her one every way fitted to hold up his hands in his arduous and self-sacrificing career. And now the young missionary actually enters upon the stern labors of his long life work, sustained as many have been by the spirit to which one of the poets thus gives expression:

"Henceforth, then,

It matters not if storm or sunshine be
My earthly lot; bitter or sweet my cup,
I only pray—God fit me for the work;
God make me holy, and my spirit nerve
For the stern hour of strife. Let me but know
There is an arm unseen that holds me up,
An eye that kindly watches all my path
Till I my weary pilgrimage have done."

On October 29th, 1823, Mr. and Mrs. Phillippo sailed from Gravesend, in the ship *Ocean* commanded by Captain Whittle. They found in him a courteous and Christian friend. It was a remarkable coincidence that the captain during an imprisonment at Arras, in France, was instrumental in the conversion of the Rev. Thomas Godden, who was the predecessor of Mr. Phillippo in his work at Spanish Town. Mr. Godden had, like his friend, Captain Whittle, in early life entered the Royal Navy. His naval career was brought to an end when the ship to which he belonged fell a prey to a French cruiser. A captivity of eight years followed, in which he met with Captain Whittle like himself a prisoner of war, and by him Mr. Godden was led to the Saviour.

Jamaica was safely reached on December 19th and the missionaries landed at Morant Bay. The next day they started by water for Kingston, forty miles distant, and about nine o'clock a night landed from their boats under the guns of the fort of Port Royal. "The cheering of the sailors," says Mr. Phillippo, "the lights from the shipping and the shore, made us, for moment, think that our long journey was dream. It seemed so like home."

As soon as Christmas was over Mr. Phillippo paid his

FIRST VISIT TO SPANISH TOWN,

his designated sphere of service for Christ which he continued to occupy almost without intermission, till he was summoned home. The ancient name of the place was Jago de la Vega. It was at that time the capital of the island which it continued to be till a few years ago when the Government offices were removed to Kingston. On entering the streets, Mr. Phillippo found them crowded with colored Christians revellers, whose hideous yells and grotesque attitudes, with the rough music in which they delight, deafened the ears of the missionary and his companions, as they almost forced their way to the temporary mission-house, a dirty and in convenient dwelling of two rooms, with a sadly dilapidated interior.

HOSTILITY OF THE PLANTERS.

Mr. and Mrs. Phillippo were scarcely settled in their wretched habitation, when the difficulties of their chosen work began to make them selves felt. From a very early period the plant

ers had shown a most determined hostility to the propagation of the Gospel among the slaves. But in 1823 this hostility assumed a form of more than usual virulence. It was intensified by the action taken by Mr. Thomas Fowell Buxton, in the British House of Commons. In March of that year that celebrated man brought forward a resolution declaring that slavery was repugnant to the principles of the British Constitution, and the Christian religion, and that it ought to be gradually abolished throughout the British dominions. It was not adopted, but a resolution of a similar, though less comprehensive kind was carried by Mr. Canning, and commended by him to the immediate consideration of the Colonial Legislature.

"This mild recommendation was received by the Legislature of Jamaica, and by the planters," says Mr. Phillippo, "with indignation, and finally rejected with contempt and scorn." Ebulitions of

ANGRY FEELING AGAINST THE MISSIONARIES became more violent than ever. They were denounced by all the white people, by the press, and by the Colonial Legislature, as being in league with the Anti-Slavery Society, by whom the British Government was instigated to effect their ruin. Accordingly, when Mr. Phillippo presented himself to the authorities to ask the necessary permission to preach, he was at first peremptorily refused. Five months afterward temporary permission was granted, only to be almost immediately revoked. On every hand the missionary was exposed to annoyances and humiliations at the hands of the public officials and their subordinates, but he committed himself and his cause to God. At length, with the opening of the year 1825, he was able uninterceptedly to devote himself to the great and inspiring object of his life.

A new chapel was erected, schools were established, and wherever he proclaimed the tidings of salvation, a large number of conversions took place. Meanwhile in England the struggle for

THE ABOLITION OF SLAVERY

was growing vehement, while through the preaching of Mr. Phillippo hundreds of slaves were on every hand rejoicing in the liberty wherewith Christ makes men free. The rapid growth of missionary churches throughout the island was observed by the slaveholding interest with uneasiness, and like dismay, and the less scrupulous of the planters missed no opportunity of opposing the progress of the Gospel, but still, as in apostolic days, "the word the more mightily grew, and prevailed."

For the next ten years the contest in the British Parliament for the abolition of slavery went on vigorously led by the energetic band of men, among whom the most prominent were Burchell, Knibb, Macaulay, Wilberforce, Granville Sharpe, T. Clarkson, and T. F. Buxton. On February 20th, 1838, Lord Brougham brought in a motion in the House of Lords that what was called "Apprenticeship" should cease on the 1st of August. It was supported by only seven peers. The same motion was made in the House of Commons on March 20th, only to be rejected by a majority of 54 in a House of 484 members. But a bolder proposal was made on May 23d—viz., that the negro should be

EMANCIPATED.

It was carried by a majority of three. It was now evident that the cause of the slaveholders was lost. Indeed, Lord Sligo, a large owner of slaves in the West Indies, declared that on the 1st of August, he should set free all his "apprentices," and the announcement was hailed both in Britain and Jamaica with enthusiasm. The Legislature of Jamaica met on June 5th. The Governor called their attention to the uncontrollable agitation existing in the mother country, and said it was evident that the Government of England itself was unable to insure the continuance of the "apprenticeship" as an act of national obligation in the face of

THE NATIONAL PROTEST.

The negroes were also excitedly expecting that the 1st of August would set them free; and in

some of the other islands the local Legislatures had already decreed the abolition. Thus pressed, the House, on the third day of their sitting read for the first time a bill to terminate the "apprenticeship," on August 1st. The next day it was amended, read a third time, and passed. On the 16th of June it received the Governor's assent, and thus, notwithstanding an energetic protest which marred the gratefulness of the act, freedom was secured, and the three hundred thousand bondsmen of Jamaica were made absolutely free.

THE FIRST OF AUGUST, 1838, dawned amid scenes of intense excitement. Thousands of people had gathered in the chapel and in the mission premises on the previous night, and many more kept pouring in from all quarters during the night. Appropriate and deeply interesting services of prayer and praise, interspersed with addresses, were held until dawn; and when the sound of the clock striking six was heard, one universal shout burst forth from the lips of the multitude within the building, echoed by a great multitude, without: "Freedom's come! Our wives, and our children are free! Glory to God for this blessed day!" Hymns prepared for the occasion were sung in strains that showed unmistakably the melody of the heart, and none with fuller emotion than the hymn,—

"Joy! for every yoke is broken,
And the oppressed all go free;
Let us hail it as the token,
That our much-loved land may be,
Blessed of the Lord most high,
Ruler of the earth and sky."

During the day there were other services, as well as

DEMONSTRATIONS AND PROCESSIONS

of an impressive character, one of which is illustrated in the picture on the first page. "The whole scene which the mission presented," says an eye-witness, "will never be forgotten. Over the two principal entrances to the chapel were three triumphal arches, decorated with leaves and flowers, and crowned with flags bearing the several inscriptions of—'Freedom's come,' 'Slavery is no more,' 'Thy chains are broken, Africa is free!' " "God," says Mr. Phillippo, "was universally recognized as the Giver of the bounties enjoyed, and from first to last He was regarded as the Great Author of their deliverance from bondage."

We have only space to give two other items of interest in connection with Mr. Phillippo's history.

CHOLERA SWEEPED OVER THE LAND

In October, 1850, sparing neither sex nor age. Not less than twenty thousand persons fell before the blast of the pestilence in three months, and before its ravages ceased in the following year, it is calculated that at least one tenth of the population was swept away. While it was at its height in Spanish Town, Mr. Phillippo went one day to the hospital, where he found two lying dead, and about sixteen or seventeen more rapidly following them. Both nurses and people belonged to the missionary's flock. He asked them if they wished him to pray. Several of the dying cried out, "Yes, minister, yes!" He did so, as shown in the front page picture, kneeling on the floor in the middle of the room, the poor creatures lying on mats around him. Numbers were attracted from all parts of the hospital, and all responded with sighs, ejaculations, and tears.

THE JUBILEE OF HIS MINISTRY

was celebrated at Christmas, 1873. For a few weeks before this event, Mr. Phillippo was seriously ill, from injuries sustained in a fall down a precipice in the mountains, as represented in the picture on the first page. This was not the first accident of the kind he had met with during his numerous journeys among beetling rocks and unfrequented paths. But he was now seriously injured, and for some weeks compelled to keep his room, but through Divine mercy he was enabled to be present at the jubilee services. His

RETIREMENT FROM THE MINISTRY

was rendered necessary five years later by his advanced age. He was eighty years old, and his originally strong constitution was breaking down under the weight of years and exhausting labors. His final withdrawal took place on July 7th, 1878, and the Rev. Carey B. Berry, of Cullingworth, was inducted as his successor. For the next few months he was filled with a deep longing to be with Christ. His desire was speedily realized. In October he was prostrated by ague and fever; in the following January aneurism paralyzed the whole of his left side; and on May 11th, 1879, he was seized with difficulty of breathing and violent pains in the chest, and in a few minutes he was dead. He was deeply mourned by his late congregations to whom he had devoted so many years of labor. The colored people almost idolized him.

THEOSOPHIST FRAUD.

The doings of Madame Blavatsky, who went from America to India, some few years ago to practise Spiritualism in connection with Buddhism, have been frequently referred to in the daily journals. We are now favored with a revelation made in a book published by a lady who appears to have acted for some time as Madame Blavatsky's chief assistant. This lady, one Madame Coulomb, shows how communications purporting to come from the spirit world are delivered. A certain Mr. S., in a communication to the *Theosophist*, had described the circumstances which led to his conversion to Madame Blavatsky's faith. He was convinced, it appears, by the receipt of a letter which fell apparently from the sky, and which contained answers to questions he had propounded to a spirit named Koot Hoomi, of whose existence Madame Blavatsky had told him. Who Koot Hoomi was when in the flesh we are not informed, but some clue to his nationality is obtained from his spelling. In the letter was the word "skepticism," so spelt, whereas it had been an East Indian who had learned English under an English teacher, he would have spelt it "scepticism," the inference being that the writer was an American, or had been taught by an American.

The delivery of the letter Madame Coulomb explains. She says it was done in the following manner: An ingeniously and well-combined trap was fixed on the floor of the garret above Mr. S.'s room; the floor was boarded one, and between the boards was a space sufficiently wide to permit a thick letter to slip through easily. The aperture of the trap met with that of the boards, so that once the letter was freed from the arrangement which retained it, it slipped down and, being heavy, did not flutter in the space, but fell right on the table before him.

In order that you may easily understand how the letter slipped through, I shall have to tell you that the opening of the trap was performed by the pulling of a string which ran from the trap, where it was fastened, all along the garret above Mr. S.'s room, to that part of the garret above Madame Blavatsky's bedroom, where it passed through a hole and hung down behind the door and the curtain of her room, which was adjoining to that of Mr. S. As to the writing of the letter, she declares that she saw Madame Blavatsky write it.

An Indication of the Effect of High License was recently given in the Missouri Legislature. A license bill having been defeated, some of the members declared themselves in favor of a much higher license law. A graduated measure, with licenses rapidly increasing according to the size of towns, was introduced, and by the committee reported back favorably within an hour. On the part of the dealers it was urged that even a high license law would be much better than no such law at all, because, without a license, there would be a strong probability of the success of prohibitory measures. It is evident that the dealers think they are reduced to a choice between two evils.

THE ROLLER-SKATE CRAZE.

Dr. Talmage's Sermon, Preached last Sunday Morning, April 12, 1885.

"The noise of the wheels over against him."—

EZEK. 3: 13.

"The noise of the rattling of the wheels."—NAHUM 3: 2.

The World's Wheels in Operation—An Indication of Progress and Tendency—The Wheel in Recreation—The Scarcity of Healthful Amusements—The Evening Entertainments Offered—The Difference in Rinks—A Graceful and Healthful Recreation—The Dangers of the Amusement—The Restrictions Needed—Ladies to be Chaperoned—No Senseless Prolongation—No Unwarranted Gallantries—What Filtration is—Not to become an Insanity—The Use of Recreation—A Preparation for Usefulness—A Test—A Recipe for Happiness.

In one verse are the wheels of help, and Ezekiel heard them. In the other verse are the wheels of destruction, and Nahum heard them. The good wheels and the bad wheels will decide the destiny of this planet. Archimedes eulogized the lever, and he said if he had a place for the fulcrum outside of this world on which the lever could rest, he could move the world; but he found no such resting-place for the fulcrum. And it is not the lever that is to lift or sink this world, but the wheel, whether the solid disk, or made up of the rim and spokes and hub. Wheel of railroad accelerating travel; wheel of printing-press multiplying intelligence; wheel of sewing machine alleviating toil; wheel of chronometer announcing the passage of the hours.

Balance wheel, fly wheel, belt wheel, spur wheel, driving wheel, racket wheel, the wheel invented by whom I know not, but the idea of it is suggested to us by the planetary system, which is a wheel, and the constellations and the galaxies, which are wheels, and these smaller wheels playing into the great wheel of the universe, the axis of which is the pillar on which rests the throne of God. Tell me which way

THE WORLD'S WHEELS

turn, and I will tell you whether it is going toward ransom or ruin. Tell me how many revolutions they make in a minute, and I will tell you how rapidly it hastens on toward disenfranchisement or demolition.

In our day the principle of the wheel has been applied to recreations and amusements, and the velocipede and the bicycle and the tricycle and the roller skate are the consequence, and the thousand-voiced question to be met is, "Are the roller-skates wheels of help, like those which Ezekiel heard, or wheels of ruin, like those that rattled in the ears of Nahum?" Never in your time or mine has there been such high, wide, popular agitation of the question of amusements, and all ministers of the Gospel, and all parents, and all young people, and all old people need to be able to give an answer to these questions, and a right answer, and a reason for the answer.

Let me premise that for the last twenty-five years I have been looking for some

HEALTHFUL AMUSEMENT—

healthful for the body and the mind—and an amusement that would come in time to rescue this generation. Of healthful, honest, useful amusement, you know as well as I there has been an awful scarcity. Plenty of places to blight and blast and consume body, mind, and soul. No lack of gambling saloons! Within an hour of every home and every hotel and every boarding-house in these cities there are places where a young man may get divorced of his money, and where the old spider of the gaming table officiates at the funeral of the innocent flies. You can lose ten cents, or you can lose a house and lot, or you can lose all you have in a night. Plenty of gambling saloons! I do not know a community on earth that is lacking in this direction.

PLENTY OF GROGSHOPS,

where the owner, by expending twelve dollars for genuine alcohol, can fix up a mixture that he can sell for two hundred. Nice little percentage of

profit! They let a young man have all he wants as long as his money lasts—one glass, two glasses, three glasses, four glasses, five glasses, until his money is all gone, and it is demonstrated that he has not so much as a postage stamp left, and then they turn him into the street to take care of himself, or be helped home by some one not quite so intoxicated as himself, for the grog-seller never accompanies his victim to his home, lest at the door he confront mother or wife, to whom the Lord may have lent for a little while one of His smaller thunderbolts with which to smite the despoiler into ashes. Plenty of gates of hell, and all of them wide open, and temptresses to say, "Come in, come in!" But of honest, useful, healthful amusements

A GREAT SCARCITY.

Seven o'clock P. M. finds tens of thousands of young men at their home, or at the hotel, or at the boarding-house. The young man says, "How shall I spend this evening?" You say, "Go to prayer-meeting." Good advice for two nights of the week, and add to that the Sabbath night; subtracting three nights for religious purposes, you have four nights left for secular purposes. What shall the young man do with the four other nights? You say, "Go and hear a lecture on astronomy." But the young man's brain is all tired out with running up long lines of figures in the account book, or from trying to sell goods to people who do not want to buy them, and he has no appetite for astronomy. He does not want to know anything about other worlds, when he has more than he can do to take care of this one!

Now, you are a good man, you are a good woman, you take up a newspaper to tell that young man where to go. You will find, if you have ever tried it, that the vast majority of the advertisements announce places illy ventilated, with depraving companionship and much of the spectacular indecent. Two hours and a half in such a place of amusement, and the young man will come forth with body asphyxiated, mind weakened, soul scarred. Continuous entertainment of that kind makes *lively work for undertakers*, and gives tragedy of illustration for discourses on the text: "The end thereof is death." What our young people want is some style of recreation that shall help the body and help the mind—something that will allow them to be sound asleep at eleven o'clock at night and to awaken at seven o'clock in the morning, or earlier, thoroughly rested.

We want something for

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

that will put them at the goal of manhood and womanhood, ready for practical and useful life. Not mere splinters of humanity, not invalids at nineteen, twenty, and twenty-one, not masculine and feminine apologies, but ready to command respect, and with their own right arm, under God, put aside all obstacles. Now, a great many people are asking the question, "Does the roller-skate recreation afford this?" This amusement was invented in 1819 by Mr. Plympton, a Frenchman, who has been called

THE "FATHER OF THE RINK."

He kept a tight grip on the invention of the skate until, in 1883, the patent ran out, and now there are factories all over the land producing roller skates, and every evening there are tens of thousands of people, young, middle-aged, and old, on these wheels, good or bad. You ask me if I favor the roller-skate exercise? I reply, Yes, with restrictions, and No, if there be no restrictions; yes, if it be restricted, and no, if it be unguarded. In other words, you can make it the best thing, or you can make it the worst thing. They have already, some of them, been exhilaration to the body—they have given health to the sick and the enfeebled, and have been innocent hilarity to a vast multitude. Other of the rinks have broken up families, have set surgeons to perform most painful operations, have produced lifelong ailments and everlasting misfortune. There is as much

DIFFERENCE BETWEEN SKATING RINKS

as between light and darkness, as between

heaven and hell. I will not be misunderstood on this subject. If any one shall go away from this house this morning and say I gave unrestricted praise or blame to the skating-rink exercise, he misrepresents me, and will be found to be a defamer when the full stenographic report of this sermon shall be published.

The skating-rink exercise, with proper precautions—and I shall show you what they are before I get through—the skating-rink exercise, with proper precautions, seems to me the most

GRACEFUL AND HEALTHFUL

of all amusements and all recreations. It eclipses coasting, it eclipses croquet, it eclipses football, and lawn-tennis, and skating under moonlight over frozen pond, and all the other amusements that I know of, and recreations. It is good for the muscles, it is good for the nerves, it is good for the lungs, it is good for the limbs, it is good for the circulation, it is good for the spirits—under proper precautions. It has all the advantage of the gymnasium, with more exhilaration of spirit; it has all the advantage of the skating pond over which our fathers and mothers used to dart, without any of the danger of breaking through the ice; it has all the exhilaration of outdoor sport without being dependent on the condition of the atmosphere. With proper precautions, I say.

It would be well if our young men almost every night or afternoon of the secular week would take one hour for this healthful recreation, and come back to their duties again. It would be well if the women of America, who decline the brisk walk called the "constitutional," which keeps the English women rosy and strong, would one hour—one hour of the secular afternoon or the secular evening, turn back on darning and mending and bread-making and housekeeping and try this exhilarating sport. It would bring health to some of these hollow cheeks, it would bring to the lack-lustre eye the lost light, it would give strength to the worn-out body, it would straighten the stooped shoulders and drive away consumption and merciless neuralgia, and nervous prostration would be gone forever. The great demand in this country is some reasonable, honest, healthful recreation for the women of America, who are perishing for the lack of it. It would be well if the young man in the hotel of New York or Brooklyn, while during the day he purchases goods for a Western house, should in the evening just go to a respectable rink and hire a pair of skates, and interfering with no one, independent of everybody else, take a little of this exercise and go back to his hotel again.

But while I see the possibilities, the immense possibilities of this exercise—more possibilities in it for health than any exercise I ever heard of or ever dreamed of, it has been the means of destruction to body, mind, and soul of a good many. And now come

THE RESTRICTIONS.

First of all, let us have no more of the vulgarity or immodesty of young women going along the streets of these cities unattended and alone to any place of amusement, whether it be rink or anything else. Let them be chaperoned by mother, or older sister, or father, or brother. If in a skating rink a man, without proper introduction, tips his hat to a lady, let the officers of the rink hasten that offender to the door and help him down the front steps with all modes of accelerating momentum he can think of. If these well-dressed devils who haunt skating rinks, and sometimes stand at church doors, would get their quick justice done them, there would be less crime abroad and less ruin of society, and more honest amusement allowed, and more pure recreation.

Another remark I have to make, and that is, let not the bright lights and the enchanting music tempt you to

SENSELESS PROLONGATION

of the amusement. Let there be no strife as to who shall be the swiftest skater, or shall count up the most fabulous number of circuits. Stop when you have got all the health there is in

the amusement. Remember that the laws of health are the laws of God. Keep the Ten Commandments written on your nerves, and on your bones, and in the tissue of your lips, and on your lungs, and on your heart. Remember that at the door of every skating rink and every place of amusement, honest or dishonest, on every cold night a whole group of pneumonias stand ready to escort you to the sepulchre. Cool off before you face the north wind. Accept.

NO UNWARRANTED GALLANTRIES.

Let the law that dominates the parlor dominate the place of amusement. And I want all the people to understand that the evil I hint at is not a characteristic of skating rinks any more than of a great many other places and a great many other conditions. In other words, it is high time that people in this country understood that *flirtation is damnation*. When on Broadway, New York, or Fulton Street, Brooklyn, toward the evening hour, when gentlemen of business are returning from their work, I see the daughters of respectable families, with conspicuous behavior and a giggle intended to attract masculine attention, a horror goes through my soul, and I wonder if their parents are at all observant. The vast majority of those who make everlasting shipwreck carry that kind of sail. The pirates of death attack that kind of craft. If I had a voice loud enough to be heard from the Penobscot to the Rio Grande, I would cry out, "Flirtation is damnation!"

MUST NOT BE A CRAZE.

Another remark: a craze on any subject is deplorable. Ball-playing, which has given to many of us the muscle and the strength with which we have gone on to discharge the duties of life, has become with many a dementia, and the gamblers have clutched it with their fingers, and from the innocent game of ball many have gone home robbed of their person, worst of all, robbed of their morals. Is that anything against ball playing? Boating, which with many of us who lived on the banks of rivers resulted in development of chest, which has allowed us easy respiration for twenty, thirty, forty years, and which would have given stout lungs to many who long ago vanished under pulmonary complaints—innocent boating has been seized upon by college students, who have sacrificed book for oar, and brain for muscle. Victors at the boat race dead failures in all the practical business of life. Is that anything against boating? Strip this roller-sket excitement of the craze, and substitute common-sense.

There is another very important thing for us all to remember—especially those of us who have got beyond forty years of age—and that is,

WE WERE BOYS AND GIRLS

once ourselves. From the memory of a great many good people that seems to be obliterated. Go back forty years, and then think what was necessary for you then, and what was appropriate for you then. Rheumatism is incompetent to give law to solid ancles! You cannot expect people to have the tastes of the aged before they get to thirty. Do not go out looking for golden rod and China asters on a May morning. These people who have the tastes of the aged before they get to the thirties after a while are the people who bore the life out of prayer-meetings, and turn religion into a sniffing cant, and disgust the world with that which ought to be attractive.

Do not forget that we once enjoyed the hilarities of life, if indeed we have passed along so far that we have forgotten it. Ah! no, we cannot improve on God's arrangement. God knew what was best. He made them boys and girls, and He intends them to stay boys and girls until they are called to some other condition. They will come to the tug of life soon enough. Do not be envious of them, do not be jealous of them. They have the same battle ahead that we are fighting. Let them now cultivate broad shoulders and brawny arm and stout health, which will be taxed to the utmost long after you and I are under the ground.

Nothing of a secular nature pleases me so

well as to see the young people laugh and have a good time—I mean by that

A GOOD INNOCENT TIME

—for I say to myself, in a little while all the generation now at the front will pass away, and these will come on, and they will have the battle of life to fight, and they will have burdens to carry, and oh, how many sorrows and annoyances and vexations! I rejoice now if they have amusement and hilarities. Let all the proprietors of skating rinks and all parents unite in one grand conspiracy to overthrow the poor health and the physical stagnation of our cities and the bad places of amusement will be empty, and the coming generation will have a vigor rebounding and athletic. Oh, that they might all start life with more strength of body than we have! Their battle may be greater than our battle has been. As we come on toward the great Armageddon the strife is going to be the more tremendous. And most certainly we want human

LONGEVITY IMPROVED.

We want the average of human life instead of thirty, one hundred and fifty. Why not? In olden times they lived two hundred, three hundred, four hundred, five hundred, six hundred years. The world ought to be as healthy now as it ever was. Many of the marshes have been filled up. Medical science has gone forth and crippled and balked and destroyed many diseases, and why not the average of human life now something like what it used to be? But you know now the way it is. By the time we get our education or learn our trade and get fairly started we have to quit because we are *emeritus*. We fall at the opening of the great war of existence instead of at the close, at Bull Run instead of Gettysburg.

Another remark I want to make—for there has not been a mail that has come to my house for the last six weeks that has not been burdened with these questions, and I propose this morning and on following Sabbath mornings to discuss the whole subject and say all I have to say—I want all to understand that our amusements and recreations are merely intended

TO FIT US FOR USEFULNESS.

I hope that none of you, my friends, have fallen into the delusion that your mission in life is to enjoy yourself. You just hand me a list of the people you find at all hours of day and night at places of entertainment, and in one minute I will give you a list of the people who are sacrificing themselves for both worlds. Pepper and salt and sugar and cinnamon are very important, but that would be a very unhealthy repast that had nothing else on the table. Amusements and recreations are the

SPICE AND CONDIMENT

of the great banquet. But some of you overpleasuring people are feeding the body and soul on condiments. Ah! it is only those who have work to do and are doing it well—it is only such persons who are really entitled to the amusements and the recreations of this life. I know many people think this is a sarcastic passage which says, "Rejoice, O young man, in thy youth, and let thy heart cheer thee in the days of thy youth, but know thou that for all these things God will bring thee into judgment." It is not sarcastic, it is not ironical; it simply means to say, have a good time, have a real good time, but do not go into anything that will be frightened by the judgment throne, do not forget your duties, do not forget you are immortal. We are to make these recreations of life preparations for practical usefulness.

Solon made a law that once every year every man should show by what trade or occupation he got his living, and if he could not show some trade or occupation by which he got his living, he was imprisoned and punished as a thief. In olden time when a man wanted to become a Roman citizen the officer of the law would take his hand and feel it; and if the hand felt hard, the conclusion was that the man was industrious; and if the hand felt soft, the conclusion was he was idle. While in our time many a dili-

gent man has a soft hand for the reason that his toil is with the brain, and hence the palm does not get calloused, nevertheless we must all have some earnest work to do, and we must concentrate on that work. We must make our amusements

A RE-ENFORCEMENT

of our capacity. My brother, if at the close of any recreation or amusement you go home at night and cannot get down on your knees and say, "O Lord, bless the amusement and entertainment of this night to my better qualification for usefulness!" that is an amusement in which you ought not to have engaged. Living is a tremendous affair, and alas! for the man who makes recreation a depletion instead of an augmentation.

Can you imagine any predicament worse than that which I now sketch? Time has passed, and we come up to judgment to give an account for what we have been doing. The angel of the judgment says to us: "You came up from a world where there were millions in sin, millions in poverty, millions in wretchedness, and there were a great many people, philanthropists and Christians, who tolled themselves into the grave trying to help others—"

WHAT DID YOU DO?"

And then the angel of the resurrection, the angel of the judgment, will say: "Those are the women who consecrated their needle to God and made garments for the poor." And the angel of the judgment will say: "Those are the men who consecrated their sword to patriotism and fought for their country; those out yonder are the angels of Northern and Southern battlefields; these people are those who were eyes to the blind and ears to the deaf and bread to the hungry and heaven for the lost. What did you do?" The angel of the judgment, facing the group of pleurists: "What did you do?"

"Well," says one of them. "I was very fond of the drama, and I spent my evenings looking at it." "Well," says another. "I was the champion of ball pitchers." "Well," says another. "I could beat any one in our town in lawn-tennis." "Well," says another, "I could go around swifter on the skate than any one else, and my gyrations won many applaudits."

"WAS THAT ALL?"

says the angel of judgment. "That was all," say the pleurists. "That was all!" says the keeper of the records. "That was all," say multitudes who were saved by others, but not saved by them. "That was all!" says the earth, reddening in the last conflagration. "That was all!" says the Judge of quick and dead as He seals their destiny. "That was all!" echo the ages of eternity. "That was all, that was all!" May the Almighty God forbid that you and I should make the terrific mistake of substituting merriment for duty.

Pliny says that the mermaids danced on the green grass, but all around them were dead men's bones. Neither bat nor ball, nor boat, nor skate, although they all have their uses, can make death life and eternity happy. A king said to two of his wise men, "You go out and get me a recipe, you make me a recipe for happiness, and you will have two months to make the recipe in, and I want you to tell me in that prescription how I can be happy, and how I can make all my subjects happy." Well, they took two months, and then the wise men came in, and one of them had a roll of two hundred rules by which this king should be happy and make all his subjects happy, and the king got tired with the recital. Then he turned to the other wise man, and said: "What is your prescription for making myself happy and making all my subjects happy?" and the wise man answered in two words: "Love God." "Why," said the king, "I gave you two months to give me a rule for happiness; is that all you have to offer?" "Yes," he replied; "that is all I have to offer. Love God, and if you love God you will be happy, and if you love God you will make all your subjects happy." Love the world and you will be miserable. Love God and you will be happy.

"MOTHER GILES."

By Mr. T. C. Garland.*

"MOTHER GILES" having found peace with God in Spitalfields Chapel, became a member of the society at the Seamen's Chapel. She became very anxious to do something for Him who had done so much for her, and earnestly besought the Lord to teach her what He would have her to do. She was soon deeply impressed with the thought that she must go to the Tower of London and distribute tracts among the soldiers who are kept on guard there, and on the following Sunday went with her bag well filled, and commenced her work by giving tracts to officers and men. At first they were amused at what they called the "little woman's" efforts to make them "pious"; but her faith never failed, and she toiled on in this field of labor alone for many years. In all weathers she was at her post on the Sunday mornings, and many will be her crown of rejoicing at the last great day.

One evening she attended a love-feast at Spitalfields Chapel. During the evening a soldier gave his experience, and told what a wicked life he had lived for several years, till a tract given by "good Mother Giles" had led him to Christ. "Since then," he said, "my dear mother has been saved through my efforts and prayers, and four of my comrades have given their hearts to God." Mother Giles sat unobscured by the speaker, her heart overflowing with joy. At length she exclaimed, "Bless the Lord! I give all the glory to His holy name."

At one time her heart was drawn out in deep concern for two tradesmen who opened their shops on the Lord's Day. She regularly called with her tracts, and spoke faithfully to them as to the sin they were committing, and urged them again and again to close their shops on the Sabbath; but all in vain. One told her, "We cannot afford to close; it would be our ruin." On account of these refusals she would often weep in secret before the Lord. One Sunday when she called with her tracts the shopkeeper said: "My dear woman, how ill you look! what is the matter with you—what's your trouble?" She was silent till all the customers had left, and then she replied: "Oh, sir, I am in trouble about your soul, and those of your wife and family. I have been asking the Lord to stop your Sabbath-breaking, and I have the answer. Sir, He will stop you; but how or when I cannot say;" and bursting into tears, she added, "I feel sure it will be a heavy blow when it does come." The man only smiled, and began to serve another customer who had entered the shop.

Next morning, very early, the cry of "Fire" was raised, and flames were seen proceeding from the baker's shop. In a short time the house was burned down, the tenant, his wife and family, having only time to escape with their lives. The house was not insured, and they were left utterly penniless. The other tradesman, when he heard of the calamity, said, "If it had been my house and shop it would not have been so bad, for I am well insured." Strange to tell, however, before the week was over, the Almighty visited that family with an awful affliction, and in his deep sorrow the Sabbath-breaker sent for this godly woman, urging her not to pray *against* him any longer, but to pray *for* him, and he would never open his shop again on the Lord's Day. She entreated the Lord to withdraw His hand and show mercy to the penitent. Both men were converted to God.

Another case is, I think, more remarkable still. There lived in Limehouse a sailor, James Witchell, a professed infidel, and in other respects a very wicked man. He appeared to have only one good quality—he was passionately fond of his mother. This man was quite a stranger to Mrs. Giles, and she only heard of his name

and wickedness while taking tea at a friend's house. The good woman could not restrain her feelings, but began to weep, saying, "Poor James! I must pray for him!"

The next Sabbath morning, immediately after breakfast, she left home with her bundle of tracts. She offered one to the first person she met, but the man looked at her with contempt, saying with an oath, "Keep your tracts." "I have plenty more," was her soft answer. "Please take and read it, it may do your soul good."

"I have no soul," said the man. "There is no soul, no God, no hereafter. Why, my little woman, you don't know whom you are talking to; my name is Witchell, of Limehouse. Nobody that knows me would offer me a tract." She looked him in the face and asked, "Is your name James?" "Yes, James Witchell is my name."

Placing her hand on his shoulder, she said, solemnly, "Listen to the word of the Lord of Hosts: Turn ye, turn ye, . . . for why will ye die?" James, I have heard of you, and of your wicked life, and have been asking the Lord to convince and save your soul. Once more listen to me, James. He says, 'Turn ye, turn ye, . . . for why will ye die?' The astonished sinner turned pale, his lips quivered, and he could scarcely speak. At length he inquired what place of worship she attended.

"That's my chapel," she said, pointing to the Seamen's Chapel. "Then I'll be there this evening," he said. James was true to his word, and became a true Christian, a zealous worker, and died a most triumphant death.

She was seized with a slight attack of paralysis, which for a time affected her speech and one side of her body. In answer to prayer God restored her speech so that she could speak quite distinctly. For several weeks her sufferings were great, but not a murmur escaped her lips. The last time I saw her she said, "Praise the Lord! The race is almost over. I want you to pray for two things: first, for my speedy release, if it is God's will; if not, for perfect resignation. And I want you to pray for my family; I have done it, as you know, for many years, but I can pray no longer." Then with a significant look, she whispered in my ear, "You know all about them; pray till they are all saved." She closed her eyes and lay quiet for some minutes; then raising her hands, she cried out, "He is faithful—who hath promised—I do believe—all, yes, all will be saved." In a few days her happy spirit had left the body to be forever with the Lord. She entered into rest on the 13th of January, 1883.

CRUEL CHEAPNESS.

AN article under the above heading, from the pen of Rev. Archibald G. Brown, appeared in this journal on March 26th. A Christian gentleman in New York, Mr. S. F. Kendall, was impressed with the vivid picture of the misery of the workers presented by the London clergyman, and wrote him asking the question: "How can Christian women individually lessen 'to-day' the awful evils in the lives of their suffering sisters, caused by 'cruel cheapness'?" and adding: "May we not hope that the aggregate of even individual effort, wisely directed, may accomplish some amelioration of the untold anguish which is caused by 'cruel cheapness'?" This is Mr. Brown's reply:

"MY DEAR SIR: The question is no easy one to answer. I always feel that the bitterest thing about the bitter cry is the inability to respond to it in any other way than that of sympathy. I feel it is humiliating to have to say: 'I don't know'; but it is better to say so, like Moses (Num. 9: 8), than sacrifice truthfulness to keeping up an appearance of knowledge. I see the evil, but I do not see how Christian women are to materially lessen it. While human nature remains human nature, it will be selfish, and soon to get the most it can for the least return. In addition to this, thousands, by the lowness of their wages—the result of cheapness—are

driven to the cheap market. That which they suffer from they must yet patronize. Paid on the cheap, they must buy on the cheap. It is a vicious circle, from which there seems no escape.

"On the other hand, there are many to whom 'cheapness' is not a necessity of life, and on these I believe it is incumbent to keep clear from complicity with the wrong, if powerless to undo it. When a lady deliberately and needlessly patronizes 'a cutting house,' and purchases things concerning which she is herself bound to say, 'I cannot think how it is done for the money,' I hold she is implicated in the evil. There are still in all trades respectable dealers, who are trying to hold out against the mad competition of the day, and do not court customers by the bait of 'excessive cheapness'—men who pay fair wages and charge fair prices. These traders should be supported by Christian customers.

"I do not for a moment suppose such action would go far to cure the evil. It would, however, save from complicity, bear a faithful witness, and help the deserving. Let Christians, as far as possible, support businesses that are conducted on Christian principles. It is hard for a godly tradesman to see fellow-Christians give all their support to any worldling, simply because he owns a noted cheap house. A Christian conscience in the matter of bestowing custom is sorely needed.

"The whole matter is an intensely difficult one, and I can only wish the remedy was as clear before my eyes as the evil. Yours sincerely,

ARCHIBALD G. BROWN."

THE REIGN OF CHRIST.

By Rev. G. W. Pendleton, A.M.

Expected in Ancient and Modern Times—Its Spirituality a Modern Idea—Allusions to it in Prophecy—More Numerous than those of the First Advent—Testimony of Milton, Bunyan, and Others—All Believers will Reign with Christ—The Millennial Glory.

The belief prevailed among both ancient and modern men of God that a great King would come in the line of David, who would conquer all His enemies and establish a universal reign of righteousness and peace over all the earth.

The idea of a spiritual reign, except that over the Church in its present state, is a novel conception of modern times. And it is encouraging to know that the number of those who have been holding this novel conception are continually decreasing, as they are led to investigate the Scriptures on the subject of Christ's reign. They find

THE PROPHECIES

touching the personal reign of Christ more numerous than those which point to His humiliation, sufferings, and death. If they take the Old Testament and turn to Isa. 16: 5 they read: "And in mercy shall the throne be prepared; and He shall sit upon it in truth in the tabernacle of David, judging and seeking judgment, and hasting righteousness." Ezek. 37: 22: "And I will make them one nation in the land upon the mountains of Israel; and one king shall be king to them all; neither shall they be two nations, nor divided into two kingdoms any more at all," etc. Jer. 23: 5-8: "Behold the days come, saith the Lord, that I will raise unto David a righteous Branch, and a king shall reign," etc. Amos 9: 11: "In that day will I raise up the tabernacle of David that is fallen, and close up his breaches, and I will raise up his ruins," etc. Jer. 3: 17: "At that time they shall call Jerusalem the throne of the Lord; and all the nations shall be gathered unto it, to the name of the Lord, to Jerusalem," etc. Isa. 24: 23: "Then the moon shall be confounded, and the sun ashamed, when the Lord of hosts shall reign in Mount Zion, and in Jerusalem, and before His ancients gloriously;" or, "There shall be glory before His ancients," Ps. 72: 8-11: "He shall have dominion also from sea to sea, and from the river unto the ends of the earth." "Yea, all kings shall fall down before Him; all nations shall serve Him."

* Mr. Garland's work among the soldiers, sailors, and destitute poor in the most squalid districts of London is well known. The incidents related here happened within his own personal knowledge, and are facts, not fictions.

If they take

THE NEW TESTAMENT

d turn to Luke 1: 32, 33, they read: "And the Lord God shall give unto Him the throne of His father David; and He shall reign over the house of Jacob forever; and of His kingdom there shall be no end." This means that Christ must reign on the throne of David in Palestine. David never had a throne anywhere else. This is a personal reign of Christ over the redeemed people of God after their resurrection, when He hath put all enemies under His feet, and He is manifested head of creation, ruler over land and sea, and making His name glorious to the ends of the earth.

This cannot be a spiritual reign, for Christ is been reigning, spiritually, over His Church for near two thousand years. Christ said to Satan: "Now my kingdom is not of this world." He had not, at that time, come to sit on the throne of His father David; and yet He was born to be King, and He will "reign over the house of Jacob forever, and of His reign there shall be no end."

John Milton, the poet, says of Christ's personal reign: "That this reign will be on earth evident from many passages." Quoting Ps. 8: 9; Dan. 7: 22-27; Ps. 110: 5, 6; Isa. 6: 7; Luke 1: 32, 33; also 22: 29, 30; Rev. 25: 27. John Bunyan held to the doctrine of the personal reign of Christ on the throne of David forever. Thomas Goodwin says: "There is a special world, called the world to come, appointed for Jesus Christ eminently to reign in." "There is a world to come appointed for the second Adam." "And as God takes the same substance of man's nature, and engrafts the new creature upon it, the same man still, so He takes the same world that was Adam's, and makes it new and glorious, a new world for the second Adam." "And He shall reign on the earth."

All believers will reign with Christ. Matt. 9: 28, 29: "And Jesus said unto them, Verily say unto you, that ye who followed me in the generation (new world), when the Son of Man shall sit in the throne of His glory, ye," etc. "And every one that hath forsaken houses, or brethren," etc. Rev. 5: 9, 10: "And they sung a new song," etc. "And

WE SHALL REIGN

on the earth." David's throne will be established, and Christ will sit upon it, and this promise will be fulfilled, "I will make my firstborn higher than the kings of the earth. My mercy will I keep for Him for evermore, and my covenant shall stand fast with Him. His seed also will I make to endure forever, and His throne as the days of heaven" (Ps. 89: 27-29).

Isaac Watts says of this reign: "The Wonderful, the Counsellor, shall have honor and wide dominion. Jesus shall sit high on the throne of His father David, and crushing all His foes beneath." His feet, He shall reign to unknown ages." Then all the promises of the Bible touching the universal prevalence of the truth and peace will be fulfilled. The song of the angels which they sang over the plains of Bethlehem—"Glory to God in the highest, on earth peace and good-will to men"—will be repeated, as of a fact accomplished. "The lamb and the lion shall lie down together." Then the true Israel of God will inhabit the land from the river of Egypt unto the great river Euphrates (Gen. 15: 18), which land the Israelites have never inhabited. Then the ancients shall be raised out of their graves (Ezek. 37: 12-14), and shall dwell in their own land, and "the Lord of hosts shall reign in Mount Zion and in Jerusalem, and before His ancients gloriously."

How the heart of Abraham swelled with joy as he looked down through the intervening ages and "saw the Lord high and lifted up, and His train filled the temple!" How joy lifted up the souls of all the ancient people of God, when, by faith, they saw the Conqueror of kings and of wicked nations coming in triumphant majesty to maintain the rights of a long-outraged throne in the presence of all His saints!

THE MILLENNIAL GLORY.

Now, earth's long dark night is passed; the toils, sorrow, and pain of the Church are ended; Antichrist and all false systems of religion and governments are overthrown; and the mystery of God is finished; and the Sabbath, the rest, the crowns, the joy, the glory, and the throne have come. "And pains, and groans, and griefs, and fears, and death itself shall die." The reign of heaven will be restored to earth. The divine administration will be established among men. Rev. 21: 3: "And I heard a great voice out of heaven, saying, Behold, the tabernacle of God is with men, and He will dwell with them, and they shall be His people, and God Himself shall be with them, and be their God."

THE NEW JERUSALEM

—the redeemed of all nations, coming down from heaven with their raised bodies to reign on the renewed earth—will be lighted and enriched by the presence and pervaded by the living energy and love of the reigning King. "The Lamb is the light thereof."

ANECDOTES RELATED AT THE EVANGELISTIC MEETINGS IN SCOTLAND.

Bound with his Own Chain.—At a recent meeting the Rev. Mr. Cowe said: "There was a certain blacksmith who was ordered by an emperor to make a chain. He did so, and brought it to the emperor, but was told to take it back, and make it a little longer; and a third time he was ordered to take it back and make it longer still. When he brought it the third time the emperor said: 'Take the chain which he has made, and bind him with it, and throw him into prison.' Is now this what sin is doing to many everywhere, around us? Men and women, at the bidding of the devil, are slowly but surely forging a horrible chain for themselves, and ultimately they will be seized, and bound tightly by the chain of sins and evil habits, and thrown into the bottomless pit, without hope of mercy or liberation."

A Knotted Tree.—A Christian Worker Said:

"In a wood, near the place where I lived when a boy, there was a tree in which I took very great interest. It was a large strong tree and knotted right through the middle of the trunk, and I often used to wonder how that knot came there. One of the oldest men in the village told me that when he was quite a boy the tree was a slender green twig, and he tied a knot upon it, wondering if it would grow, and it had grown into a strong tree, but the knot was still there. This, dear friends, is like the sin tied in our children's hearts; if the knot of sin be not unloosed when the children are young, and their hearts tender, that knot of sin will grow, and strengthen with the child, and will be almost as hard to unloose as the knot in the tree. Lead them while children to Christ."

The Only Man on the Wreck.—A Temperance advocate said that:

"A ship was wrecked, and a cry for help arose. The small boats were hurriedly being prepared to go to the assistance of the drowning crew, when some one said, 'Where is John Harding?' 'I have no idea,' was the reply; 'he was seen going into the town some time ago.' Well, we shall have to go without him, said the first speaker, and off they went. A shout of joy arose when the boats returned, filled with people. John Harding was now on the scene, and was one of the most eager of the waiting crowd. 'Have you saved every one?' he eagerly asked. 'All but one,' they joyfully answered. 'All but one,' he repeated; 'and you have left a poor fellow to perish on that sinking ship alone?' 'Who will come with me into the old boat, and risk their lives for the man on board the wreck?' he exclaimed. Eleven hands were at once raised as a signal that they would go. When they were about to leave the shore a woman was seen eagerly pushing her way through the crowd until she came right up to Harding, and said, 'Oh, don't go out on such a stormy sea; you know that your

father was drowned, and your brother Will went to sea eight years ago, and we have not heard anything of him since, and you are all that is left to me; don't go, John!' 'O mother, let me go!' cried Harding; 'I cannot stay here and see a poor fellow perishing; you may be sure that the Lord will provide for you if anything comes over me.' 'Go, my son,' said the mother, 'and may God bless you.' The brave men got into the old boat, and were soon tossing on the stormy sea, and the eager crowd waited anxiously for their return. They soon came in sight of the shore, and some one shouted, 'Have you got him?' 'Yes,' answered Harding, 'and tell mother that it is brother Will.' 'Yes, it was the long-lost son and brother, who was left on the sinking ship.'

An Old Man's Prayer.—A Scotch Evangelist

said: "I recollect a woman who was converted in our meeting at Bridge of Weir. The first week after she had given herself to Christ, she was a happy, joyful woman; but the second week all was dark; she had no faith, and she could not see the love of Jesus, although she continued coming to the meeting. At the end of the meeting, one night an old man rising, said: 'Let us close with the prayer that we learned at our mother's knee,' and the old man clasping his hands together, and closing his eyes, repeated the well-known prayer beginning with, 'This night I lay me down to sleep, I give my soul to Christ to keep.' The childish prayer was not without effect; it awoke old memories in the woman's heart of the time she had learned that prayer at her mother's knee. She again entered into light and liberty, and is now a faithful and rejoicing child of God."

From Destitution to a Kingdom.—A Member

of the Mizpah Band thus testified: "Although I had been a Presbyterian church member for many years, and the father of a family, I had wandered from God and from the enjoyment of communion in consequence of intemperance. I had suffered severely in body and mind, and lost all I had—business, position, and friendship. I went to London for a change, to work there for a year and a half, and gave way on one or two occasions to the old enemy. At last, in despair, having no one near to pity or help, I resolved to call upon the Lord with all my heart, and in a lonely room in the north-west of the great city, I pleaded with my Father in heaven to save me. Blessed be His holy name, deliverance came; the drink appetite was taken away, and there came new joy in my soul. I now sing in my heart, 'My tears are wiped away, for Jesus is a Friend of mine; I'll serve Him every day.' I prayed to God to send me home to my beloved wife and family. He did so, and I have been singing and praying with them ever since, and, believe me, I never was so happy in my life as I am now."

Secret Indulgence Discovered.—A Christian

gentleman narrated: "There was a young man, a friend of mine, who was much given to strong drink; but he indulged his degraded appetite in a secret way, quite unknown to his family. One night, coming home at a late hour very much the worse for drink, and sick from the effects of it, his mother met him at the door. She had waited up for him, although all the others had retired to rest. She pleaded with him to take some refreshment before retiring for the night; but he, not willing to let his mother know that he had been drinking, hastily brushing past her, said that he did not wish for anything to eat. But she, with all a mother's care, followed him into his room, saying, 'Oh, William, you must take something to eat.' At this moment he could stand no longer; he staggered and fell, and now she knew what was the matter with her boy. Speaking of it afterward to me, he said: 'I was so filled with shame at mother, for the first time, finding me overpowered by drink, that I resolved from that moment the accused thing should never touch my lips again.' And neither has it, dear friends. He has been true to his resolve, and has given himself, body, soul, and spirit, to the Lord."



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CURRENT EVENTS.

Notwithstanding the Improvement in General Grant's condition, which the physicians reported at the beginning of last week, neither the illustrious patient nor the public had any hope of his recovery. It was, however, some relief to know that his acute sufferings had diminished, and that he was more cheerful than before. It was, therefore, with a new disappointment that the people learned on Tuesday, April 7th, that an alarming attack had that morning caused apprehension of a sudden collapse. At about four o'clock in the morning the general had a fit of coughing, which was followed by a flow of blood from the mouth. It soon ceased, but it showed that the disease had weakened the arteries of the throat. This of itself was cause for alarm, apart from the fact that the loss of blood was serious in the patient's weak condition. It was thought he could not live through the day, but his amazing vitality and his unruffled composure were strong points in his favor. He rallied, and on Wednesday he was pronounced much better. On Thursday, too, an improvement was reported, but the reply cabled to Queen Victoria, who had instructed one of her attendants to inquire after General Grant, showed that the family were not deceived. Colonel Fred Grant acknowledged the Queen's sympathy on his mother's behalf, but added: "General Grant is no better." On Friday and Saturday the general's condition was unchanged, except that the cancer was slowly but surely making progress. About eleven o'clock on Saturday night he had a severe paroxysm of coughing, but without hemorrhage. Sunday night was tranquil and on Monday the bulletins were again favorable.

The Secretary of State has Directed the representatives of the United States in Europe to signify to the governments of those countries the willingness of this government to consider the question of adjusting and fixing a common rate between the coinage values of gold and silver when European countries are ready to unite, with a view of securing the unlimited coinage and legal tender of the two metals on an internationally agreed upon ratio. These instructions have been sent up in view of the approaching monetary congress in Paris of the represen-

tatives of the countries forming the Latin Union. This makes no change in the attitude of this country, though the action of the convention may seriously affect our interests. If the convention should agree on a ratio, the value of our silver dollar would fall to eighty-three cents. The probability, however, is that the government will fix no ratio, but allow the United States to go on coining silver alone. The subject is a serious one, as our present system threatens the treasury with the loss of all its gold.

The Serious Illness of the Hon. Frederick T. Frelinghuysen, ex-Secretary of State, was announced last week. The ex-Secretary is said to have contracted his disease five years ago, when he had an attack of intermittent fever, which was followed by a liver trouble. It was against the advice of the family physician that he became Secretary of State. He devoted himself with much assiduity to his duties, with the result that when he quitted office he was suffering from nervous prostration. On Thursday, April 2, he was obliged to take to his bed. Mr. Frelinghuysen rallied a little on Saturday night, and his condition was more comfortable than during the day. The physicians, however, give but little hope of a favorable termination to his disease.

James D. Fish, the Ex-President of the Marine Bank, of New York, who was implicated in the transactions of the firm of Grant & Ward, was found guilty on Saturday last of misapplying the funds of his bank and making false entries on the books, with intent to defraud the bank and deceive the bank-examiner. The indictment originally contained twenty-one counts, and the jury found Mr. Fish guilty on twelve counts. These charged specific acts of misapplication of the bank moneys and making false entries. On three of the counts, or, as afterward condensed, one count, charging abstraction of the bank's securities, he was not found guilty. One count alone would give Mr. Fish from three to five years in prison. The trial has occupied the court for a month, and has been watched with the closest interest by financial circles. The jury were six hours in consultation before they agreed upon a verdict. A new trial is to be asked for; meanwhile the defendant has been sent to prison.

A Massacre by the Half Breeds and Indians is reported from Winnipeg, Man. The agent there of the Hudson Bay Company received intelligence on April 10th that an attack had been made on the inhabitants of Frog Lake, a place about one hundred and twenty miles north-west of Battleford, and fourteen persons were killed. The rebels had surrounded Battleford, and were believed to have one thousand Indians as allies. They are chiefly Crees under the command of Big Bear. The Crees are threatening the Blackfeet with extermination if they do not join in the rising. Reports from Fort Pitt, which is forty miles from Frog Lake, lead to the fear that the fort has fallen into the hands of the rebels. If so, the massacre has been terrible, for the fort was crowded with refugees from the surrounding country, among whom were many women and children. There is intense excitement throughout the Dominion, and troops are being rapidly sent forward.

The Probability of War between England and Russia was increased last week by the report received on April 6th, that a battle had been fought between the Russians and Afghans. It appears that on March 20th the Russian commander, General Komaroff, attacked the fortified positions of the Afghans on the Kushk River. The Afghan force, numbering four thousand men, with eight cannon, was defeated. Their loss was five hundred men killed and wounded. All the artillery, two standards, the entire camp equipage and provisions, were captured. The Afghans stubbornly resisted their assailants. The weather was wet at the time of the attack, which rendered the muzzle-loading guns of the Afghans useless. Two companies held one position against the Russians until its

defenders were killed. The Afghans retreated in perfect order. The Russians made no pursuit. Mr. Gladstone, in announcing this outbreak of hostilities to the British House of Commons, characterized the Russian attack as an act of unprovoked aggression. At a late hour, however, when he had received further information, he qualified his first statement. He then stated that the Afghans had made an advance into the territory claimed by Russia, which advance the Russian general may have regarded as provocation.

A Decidedly Warlike Spirit has been manifested by the British press and people since the news of the battle in Afghanistan was received. The attack is spoken of as an insult to England and an act of treachery, which must be avenged. Underlying this feeling is the true cause of the excitement. For many years England has seen with uneasiness that Russian troops have been creeping nearer to the frontiers of India. The frontier on the north is protected along the greater part of its course by the Himalayas, but at the north-western extremity there is a vulnerable place. There Afghanistan is situated. Russia ever makes her way into India, it will be through Afghanistan. The English Government, therefore, has always watched that country with a jealous eye. This particular quarrel has arisen out of a demand on the part of England that the boundary line between Afghanistan and Merv, the province recently annexed by Russia, shall be clearly defined.

The New Premier of France is M. Brisson, who has formed a cabinet since M. Freycinet proved unequal to the task. M. Brisson at first could not succeed, as he had not sufficient followers in the Legislature to give him a majority over all. Ultimately a coalition was effected between him and M. Freycinet, who enters the cabinet as Secretary of the State Department. The ministry is regarded in France as a weak one, unlikely to have a long life. The department of Foreign Affairs is the most critical of all, and in the hands of M. Freycinet will inevitably be mismanaged. M. Freycinet has held the office once before, when he proved that he had neither the ability nor the experience necessary to keep him from gross blunders. M. Brisson is a lawyer, who is, however, better known in France as a journalist of the radical republican type. He was sub-Mayor of Paris during the siege, and in 1882 he was elected President of the Chamber of Deputies. He is an able speaker, but his qualities as an administrator have yet to be tested. A part of his programme is the separation of Church and State. At present the Roman Catholic priests draw the bulk of their income from the public treasury. The withdrawal of this money will array all zealous Roman Catholics against the new cabinet.

The Prince and Princess of Wales, accompanied by their eldest son, arrived in Dublin on April 8th. They were received by a large crowd with enthusiastic cheering. It was, however, remarked that in parts of Dublin where the Nationalists are most numerous there was a sullen apathy maintained. The Lord Mayor's absence from the demonstration was conspicuous. The prince's reply to the addresses presented to him was prudent, and his words well chosen. He plainly intimated that the present tour would inaugurate a series of visits to Ireland, which would be continued every year hereafter. Such an intimation, if it had been made a few years ago, would have gone far to render the present hostile attitude of Ireland impossible. The Princess of Wales captured the populace at sight. The refined beauty of her face and the elegance of her figure were most artistically set off in a special costume of green, which had been made for the occasion. The dress was composed of a close-fitting, dark-green velvet bodice, with a silk skirt to match, and a princess bonnet, trimmed with shamrocks and green feathers. This tribute to the Irish colors, so deftly and beautifully made, was instantly recognized by the people, and her Royal Highness was everywhere greeted with applause.

The Death of Another of the Roller-Skaters who took part in the recent six days' race in New York occurred last week. William Donovan, who won the race with a record of ten hundred and ninety-two miles, died on April 10th. The physicians who attended him say that the race was only indirectly the cause of his death. At the conclusion of the race he was much exhausted and in need of rest, but he visited other links to exhibit himself, and was at his father's liquor saloon, attracting business, until a late hour every night. As a consequence, he sank under a cold which he caught, and died of pneumonia. The physician warns roller-skaters that after rapid skating it is dangerous to go into the open air without a previous rest.

Mr. Moody Conducted a Christian Convention in Kansas City, Mo., of three days' duration, March 20-22d. A local correspondent of the *Observer* says: "The attendance at all the services was very large. At the three principal meetings of the Sabbath the throngs were so great that the doors of the Opera House were closed a full hour before the time for beginning. Great good seems to have been done by the simple preaching of the Gospel and practical suggestion of these services. Two hundred and fifty for the first time expressed an interest in the things of religion. The pastors of the churches attended very regularly. Mr. Moody organized the Young Men's Christian Association at this point in 1876, and last Sabbath night inaugurated the first collection toward a building. It amounted to over \$6000. The association owns a fine lot in the best portion of the city."

The Twenty-Fifth Anniversary of Dr. Theodore L. Cuyler's entrance into the pastorate was celebrated on April 6th, with much enthusiasm, at his church in Lafayette Avenue, Brooklyn. Two services were held, at which the church was crowded with Dr. Cuyler's ministerial and lay friends. In the course of the doctor's remarks, in reply to the congratulations, he said: "Forty years have I been in the harness. I have lost but two Sabbaths during that period, and those through illness. If any man can show a cleaner bill of health than that, I should be pleased to meet him. May God bless you for what you have been to me and mine!" After a tender tribute to his wife's potential influence in his career, he spoke of his literary work for religious journals. He had written twenty-seven hundred articles, many of which were reprinted in London in many forms, to the extent of many million copies. The doctor had also written ten volumes, two of which trickled from his pen with tears; one when a little crib was empty, and another when a lovely face and lovelier character left a void that never, never could be filled.

A Testimony to the Value of Prohibition as a means of checking crime is rendered by a lawyer in Mobile, Ala., who thus states the results of his own observation: "In Clarke and Washington counties (where for four years I practised law as a State solicitor) the people at court manifested evidence of great lawlessness while spirituous liquors were vendued in the towns where courts were held, and much of the crime on the State docket was traceable directly to its influences. Subsequently, prohibition enactments not only lessened the State docket, but brought peace where riot and lawlessness had once prevailed. I frequently discussed this manifest fact with the presiding judge; and we both agreed that prohibition, in the instances named, had proved inestimably beneficial. This opinion, therefore, is founded on facts, and not on theory. I believe that intemperance is not increasing among the negroes of this section. In the cities, where they are more intelligent, they do not oppose prohibitory laws, and in the country they know nothing about them."

A Banker Acting as a Policeman has been waging war on the liquor dealers of Quincy, Mass. A correspondent of the *Voice*, writing to that journal, says: "In 1881 there were forty-two licenses granted in Quincy, Mass. In April

of that year the Board of Selectmen of that town, knowing Mr. Henry H. Faxon's fearless temperance principles, selected him as a police officer to enforce the laws pertaining to the sale of intoxicating liquors. This was a novel position for a wealthy banker and distinguished citizen to accept, but he did not hesitate. The result was a thorough enforcement of the laws in question, and so thorough that the Board of Selectmen, friendly to liquor interests, thought he was "doing too much duty," and displaced him. At the next March election, Quincy was carried for no-license, and Mr. Faxon was again appointed policeman. Since then the saloon-keepers of Quincy, whether underground or in drug-stores, have had no peace, day or night. The liquor pest has been expelled as completely as possible; and this has been done chiefly through the fearlessness of Mr. Faxon himself."

Diamonds were Found through a Dream in New Orleans recently. Mr. A. Dessau, a diamond broker in Maiden Lane, New York, informed a reporter last week that his firm had just recovered two packages of valuable diamonds, worth several thousands dollars, in a very remarkable manner. The diamonds were being taken by an agent to the New Orleans Exposition to be exhibited. When the agent arrived in New Orleans his diamonds were missing. Pinkerton's detectives were sent out to hunt them up, but their efforts were unavailing. About ten days ago the agent says he had a dream in which he thought he had lost the gems in the car, and they were swept out by the porter. The next morning he hunted up the porter, and induced him to show him the dirt heap where he usually dumped the contents of his dust-pans. After a prolonged search in the dirt the diamonds were found intact. It could not have been an agreeable task to search through the dirt heap, but the agent felt himself repaid when he discovered his employers' property. It is so with Christian workers who descend into moral filth to discover and rescue lost souls which are their Master's jewels (Mal. 3: 17).

Earthquakes are Predicted by a European scientist who has devoted his attention for several years to these phenomena. A London paper announces that Herr Rudolph Kalb, whose theory of earthquakes has been much discussed in scientific circles, and whose predictions have frequently been substantiated by events, has just promulgated a new theory with reference to the choke damp in mines. He says that explosions coincide for the most part with earthquakes, and he predicts a very critical state of things shortly, when, he says, the greatest caution should be observed in mines. The next days when he anticipates danger are the 12th of June and the 12th of July. Several months before the recent destructive earthquakes in Spain he issued warnings that such events would take place, but was unable to specify the locality. It is doubtful whether any precautions will be taken as a result of Herr Kalb's warning, as people do not believe that science has yet arrived at such a stage as to justify any one in predicting an earthquake with absolute confidence. No such excuse, however, can justify doubters who scoff at another prediction of a coming earthquake. The sure word of prophecy will certainly be fulfilled (Rev. 16: 18).

Girls Guarded by Dogs are Living in an isolated house in Wisconsin, if the statements made on oath by a witness in a Chicago Police Court are true. On March 31st a man appeared before the judge and begged his interference on behalf of his daughter, who, he said, had been decoyed into the house for immoral purposes. "In Marinette, Wis.," said he, "there is, three miles from town, a disreputable house kept by two Chicago men," whom he named. "Nearly all the inmates are no better than slaves, and belong in Chicago. They are picked up on Washington Street and induced, by promises of being employed at high wages, to go to Wisconsin. They receive a railroad ticket, and are sent to this house, where their clothes are taken from them, and they are put in short dresses.

All letters which leave the place are examined by a manager and destroyed. About the yard and near the building are stationed *twenty-two bloodhounds*, so that none of the girls can escape except by the front entrance, and that is well guarded. The girls who once get into that place never get out, unless their friends accidentally learn of their whereabouts. When they die they are buried in the woods in the rear of the den of infamy." It may be hoped that this revelation will stop this horrible iniquity and lead to the deliverance of the prisoners. Their fate is a most doleful one, cut off from escape and unable to appeal for help. A perfect hell, say the newspapers, describing it; but that's a mistake. Dreadful as it must be, it is not a perfect type of the abode of the lost. The poor girls had always the hope that the officers of the law would discover their prison and liberate them, while hell is described as a place absolutely without hope (Rev. 14: 10, 11).

A Mistake about the Law Probably Involved the loss of a life recently in a farm in New York State. A farmer, at Hornesville, Steuben County, was suffering from mental depression, and on March 26th he went into his barn and, hanged himself. A few minutes afterward, and it is believed, before life was extinct, some members of the family followed him and saw him suspended from a beam. The whole family, the bereaved wife and eleven children, soon assembled in the barn, and cried in the most heart-rending manner. They did not cut him down, nor did any of the neighbors attempt to do so. They thought they had no right to touch the body until the coroner saw it, and so they stayed around the hanging body for some hours waiting for the coroner. But for the grief of the widow and her family it might have been thought that the inactivity was the result of satisfaction at the course the farmer had taken, but their tears proved that it was caused by a mistaken notion of the law. The same mistake should be avoided by Christian people. When they see their neighbors committing spiritual suicide they should not wait for the interference of a clergyman or evangelist, but should themselves do their utmost to save a soul from death. The duty is imperative, and the reward is sure (James 5: 20).

The Exciting Pursuit of a Fox by a Dog interested the passengers of a train on the Rochester and Pittsburg Railroad on March 30th. The train was on the viaduct which carries the road over Cattaraugus Creek, when those passengers who sat on the right-hand side of the cars saw a fox, closely followed by a hound, dash over the snow directly toward the very highest part of the precipice on that side of the creek. The hound was not more than ten feet behind it as the brink of the chasm was reached, and, as neither fox nor dog slackened its pace, the excited passengers expected to see them both tumble headlong in the ravine. The fox leaped to the very edge of the rocks, and the dog was but one jump behind it, when, like a flash, the fox turned abruptly out of its course and ran along the edge of the ravine. The dog was unable to imitate the agility of the fox, and the more jumps brought its fore feet within a foot of the brink. It saw its peril, and tried to throw itself back, but its momentum was too great, and the next second it went whirling down into the ravine, and was dashed to death on the ice at the bottom. The fox stopped on the edge of the rocks as the dog went over and turned and looked down at it for a moment as it lay dead on the ice. The fox then turned and trotted leisurely back across country and disappeared in the woods. The cunning of the fox saved its life, and if it was capable of feeling satisfaction it must have done so when it saw its enemy lie dead. The crafty enemy of mankind is thus luring men to their destruction. When they start on the race for wealth or fame or power they think they can stop when they will, but many have found that the end of their course is death (1 Tim. 6: 9).

ELIJAH'S PLEA.

A New Sermon by Pastor C. H. Spurgeon.

"Let it be known that I have done all these things at thy word."—1 KINGS 18 : 36.

Elijah's Course of Action—Putting God's Honor to the Test—His Justification—Acting under God's Direction—I. The Plea a Firm Ground for Prayer—By Preachers and Teachers—Expecting a Blessing—By a Whole Church—How to Insure Prosperity—By Individual Believers—By Seeking Sinners—II. A Test for Self-Examination—As to Preaching—Should be Plain—Backed by Example—Fig-Headed People—Separation Required—Complete Obedience.

THE acts of Elijah were very singular. It had not been known from the foundations of the earth that a man should shut up the doors of the rain for the space of three years. Yet Elijah suddenly leaped upon the scene, announced the judgment of the Lord, and then disappeared for a time. When he reappears, at the bidding of God, he orders Ahab to gather the priests of Baal; and to put to the test the question as to whether Baal or Jehovah was indeed God. Bulls, rocks shall be slain and laid upon the wood without fire; and the God who shall answer by fire shall be determined to be the one living and true God, the God of Israel. We might question within ourselves what right the prophet had to restrain the clouds, or to put

GOD'S HONOR UNDER TEST.

Suppose the Lord had not willed to answer him by fire; had he any right to make the glory of God hang upon such terms as he proposed? The answer is that he had done all these things according to God's word. It was no whim of his to chastise the nation with a drought. It was no scheme of his, concocted in his own brain, that he should put the Godhead of Jehovah or of Baal to the test by a sacrifice to be consumed by miraculous fire. Oh, no! If you read the life of Elijah through, you will see that whenever he takes a step it is preceded by "the word of the Lord came unto Elijah the Tishbite." He moves acts of himself; God is at his back. He moves according to the divine will, and he speaks according to the divine teaching; and he pleads this with the Most High: "I have done all these things at thy word; now let it be known that it is so." It makes the character of Elijah stand out, not as an example of reckless daring, but as the example of a man of sound mind. If a man acts as your agent and does your bidding, the responsibility of his acts lies with you, and you must back him up. It were, indeed, an atrocious thing to send a servant on an errand, and, when he faithfully performed it to the letter, to repudiate your sending him. It is not so with God. If we will only so trust Him as to do as He bids us, He will never fail us; but He will see us through, though earth and hell should stand in the way. It may not be to-day, nor to-morrow, but as surely as the Lord liveth, the time shall come when he that trusted Him shall have joy of his confidence.

It seems to me that Elijah's plea is to obedient saints a *firm ground for prayer*, and to those who cannot say that they have acted according to God's Word, it is a *solemn matter for question*.

I. To begin with, this is

A FIRM GROUND FOR PRAYER.

You are a minister of God, or a worker in the cause of Christ, and you go forth and preach the Gospel with many tears and prayers, and you continue to use all means, such as Christ has ordained; do you say to yourself, "May I expect to have fruit of all this?" Of course you may. You are not sent on a frivolous errand; you are not bidden to sow dead seed that will never spring up. But when that anxiety weighs heavily upon your heart, go you to the mercy-seat with this as one of your arguments, "Lord, I have done according to thy Word. Now let it be seen that it is even so. I have preached thy Word, and Thou hast said, 'It shall not return unto me void.' I have prayed for these

people, and Thou hast said, 'The effectual fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much;' let it be seen that this is according to thy Word."

Or, if you are a teacher, you can say, "I brought my children in supplication before Thee, and I have gone forth, after studying thy Word, to teach them, to the best of my ability, the way of salvation. Now, Lord, I claim it of thy truth that Thou shouldst

JUSTIFY MY TEACHING,

and my expectation, by giving me to see the souls of my children saved by Thee, through Jesus Christ, thy Son." Do you not see that you have a good argument, if the Lord has set you to do this work? He has, as it were, bound Himself by that very fact to support you in the doing of it; and if you, with holy diligence and carefulness, do all these things according to His Word, then you may come with certainty to the throne of grace, and say unto Him, "Do as Thou hast said." You may plead in this fashion with the same boldness which made Elias say in the presence of all the people, "Let it be known this day that Thou art God in Israel, and that I have done all these things at thy word."

Next, I would apply this teaching to a whole church. I am afraid many churches of Christ are not prospering. The congregations are thin, the church is diminishing, the prayer-meeting scantily attended, spiritual life low. If I can conceive of a church in such a condition which, nevertheless, can say to God, "We have done all these things at thy word," I should expect to see that church soon revived in answer to prayer. The reason why some churches do not prosper is, because they have *not* done according to God's Word. They have not even cared to know what God's Word says. Another book is their standard. A man is their leader and legislator, instead of the inspired Word of God. Some churches are doing little or nothing for the conversion of sinners. But any man, in any church, who can go before God, and say, "Lord, we have had among us the preaching of the Gospel; and we have earnestly prayed for the blessing; we have gathered about thy minister, and we have held him up in the arms of prayer and faith; we have, as individual Christians, sought out each one his particular service, we have gone forth each one to bring in souls to Thee, and we have lived in godliness of life by the help of thy grace, now, therefore prosper thy cause," shall find it a good plea. Real

PROSPERITY MUST COME

to any church that walks according to Christ's rules, obeys Christ's teaching, and is filled with Christ's Spirit. I would exhort all members of churches that are in a poor way just now, to see to it that all things are done at God's word, and then hopefully wait in holy confidence. The fire from heaven must come; the blessing cannot be withheld.

The same principle may be applied also to any individual believers who are in trouble through having done right. It happens often that a man feels, "I could make money, but I must not; for the course proposed would be wrong. Such a situation is open, but it involves what my conscience does not approve. I will rather suffer than I will make gain by doing anything that is questionable." It may be that you are in great trouble distinctly through obedience to God. Then, you are the man above all others who may lay this case before the Most High: "Lord, I have done all these things at thy word, and Thou hast said, 'I will never leave thee nor forsake thee.' I beseech Thee interpose for me." Somehow or other God will provide for you. If He means you to be further tried, He will give you strength to bear it; but the probabilities are that now He has tested you, He will bring you forth from the fire as gold.

Once again. I would like to apply this principle to

THE SEEKING SINNER.

You are anxious to be saved. You are attentive to the Word, and your heart says, "Let me

know what this salvation is, and how to come at it, for I will have it whatever stands in the way." Now, listen: thou canst not have heaven through thy doings, as a matter of merit. There is no merit possible to thee, for thou hast sinned, and art already condemned. But God has laid down certain lines upon which He has promised to meet thee, and to bless thee. Hast thou followed those lines? For if thou hast, He will not be false to thee. It is written, "He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved"—can you come before God, and say, "I have believed and have been baptized?" then you are on firm pleading ground. It is written again, "Whoso confesseth and forsaketh his sins shall have mercy." When you have confessed them, and forsaken them, you have

A JUST CLAIM

upon the promise of God, and you can say to Him, "Lord, fulfil this word unto thy servant, upon which Thou hast caused me to hope. There is no merit in my faith, or my baptism, or my repentance, or my forsaking of sin; yet as Thou hast put thy promise side by side with these things, and I have been obedient to Thee therein, I now come to Thee, and say, 'Prove thine own truth, for I have done all these things at thy word.' " No sinner will come before God at last, and say, "I trusted as Thou didst bid me trust; and yet I am lost." It is impossible. Thy blood, if thou art lost, will be on thine own head; but thou shalt never be able to lay thy soul's damnation at the door of God. He is not false; it is *thou* that art false. You see, then, how the principle can be applied in prayer: "I have done these things at thy word; therefore, O Lord, do as Thou hast said."

If we shall go a little over the same ground while I ask you to put yourselves through your paces by way of

SELF-EXAMINATION

as to whether or not you have done all these things at God's Word. First, let every worker here who has not been successful answer this question—Have you done all these things at God's word? Come. Have you preached the Gospel? Was it the Gospel? Was it Christ you preached, or merely something about Christ? Come. Did you give the people bread, or did you give them plates to put the bread on, and knives to cut the bread with? Did you give them drink, or did you give them the cup that had been near the water? Some preaching is not Gospel; it is a knife that smells of the cheese, but it is not cheese. See to that matter.

If you preached the Gospel, did you preach it rightly? That is to say, did you state it affectionately, earnestly, clearly, plainly? If you preach the Gospel in Latinized language, the common people will not know what it means; and if you use great big academy words and dictionary words, the market people will be lost while they are trying to find out what you are at. You cannot expect God to bless you unless the Gospel is preached in a very simple way. Have you preached the truth lovingly, with all your heart, throwing your very self into it, as if beyond everything you desired the conversion of those you taught? Has prayer been mixed with it? Have you gone into the pulpit without prayer? Have you come out of it without prayer? Have you been to the Sabbath-school without prayer? Have you come away from it without prayer? If so, since you failed to ask for the blessing, you must not wonder if you do not get it.

And another question—Has there been an

EXAMPLE TO BACK YOUR TEACHING?

Brethren, have we lived as we have preached? Sisters, have you lived as you have taught in your classes? These are questions we ought to answer, because perhaps God can reply to us, "No, you have not done according to my word. It was not my Gospel you preached; you were a thinker, and you thought out your own thoughts, and I never promised to bless your thoughts, but only my revealed truth. You

spoke without affection; you tried to glorify yourself by your oratory; you did not care whether souls were saved or not." Or suppose that God can point to you, and say, "Your example was contrary to your teaching. You looked one way, but you pulled another way." Then there is no place in prayer: is there?

And now let me turn to a church, and put questions to that church. A certain church does not prosper. I wish that every church would let this question go through all its membership; do we as a church acknowledge the headship of Christ? Do we acknowledge the Statute-Book of Christ—the one Book which alone and by itself is the religion of a Christian man? Do we as a church seek the glory of God? Is that our main and only object? Are we traveling in birth for the souls of the people that live near us? Are we using every Scriptural means to enlighten them with the Gospel? Are we a holy people? Is our example such as our neighbors may follow? Do we endeavor, even in meat and drink, to do all to the glory of God?

ARE WE PRAYERFUL?

Oh, the many churches that give up their prayer-meetings, because prayer is not in them! How can they expect a blessing? Are we united? Oh, brothers, it is a horrible thing when church members talk against one another, and even slander one another, as though they were enemies rather than friends. Can God bless such a church as that?

Next I speak to Christian people who have fallen into trouble through serving God. I put it to them, but I want to ask them a few questions. Are you quite sure that you did serve God in it? You know there are men who indulge crochets, and whims, and fancies. God has not promised to support you in your whims. Certain people are obstinate, and will not submit to what everybody must bear who has to earn his bread in a world like this. *If you are a mere mule, and get the stick, I must leave you to your reward; but I speak to men of understanding.* Be as stern as a Puritan against everything that is wrong, but be supple and yieldable to everything that involves self-denial on your part. God will bear us through if the quarrel be His quarrel; but if it is our own quarrel, why then we may help ourselves. There is a deal of difference between

BEING PIG-HEADED

and being steadfast. To be steadfast, as a matter of principle in truth which is taught by God's Word is one thing; but to get a queer idea into your heads is quite another.

Besides, some men are conscientious about certain things, but they have not an all-round conscience. Some are conscientious about not taking less, but they are not conscientious about giving less. Certain folks are conscientious about resting on the Sabbath; but the other half of the command is, "Six days shalt thou labor," and they do not remember that portion of the law. I like a conscience which works fairly and impartially; but if your conscience gives way for the sake of your own gain or pleasure, the world will think that it is a sham, and they will not be far from the mark. But if, through conscientiousness, you should be a sufferer, God will bear you through. Only examine and see that your conscience is enlightened by the Spirit of God.

And now to conclude. I want to address the seeking sinner. Some are longing to find peace, but they cannot reach it; and I want them to see whether they have not been negligent in some points so that they would not be able to say with Elijah, "I have done all these things at thy word." Do I need to say that you cannot be saved by your works? Do I need to repeat it over and over again that nothing you do can deserve mercy? Salvation must be the free gift of God. But this is the point. God will give pardon to a sinner, and peace to a troubled heart, on certain lines. Are you on those lines wholly? If so, you will have peace; and if you have not that peace, something or other has

been omitted. To begin with, the first thing is *faith*. Dost thou believe that Jesus Christ is the Son of God? Dost thou believe that He has risen from the dead? Dost thou trust thyself wholly, simply, heartily, once for all, with Him? Then it is written, "He that believeth in Him hath everlasting life."

GO AND PLEAD THAT.

"I have no peace," says one. Hast thou unfeignedly repented of sin? Is thy mind totally changed about sin, so that what thou didst once love thou dost now hate, and that which thou didst once hate thou dost now love? Is there a hearty loathing, and giving up, and forsaking of sin? Do not deceive yourself. You cannot be saved in your sins; you are to be saved from your sins. You and your sins must part, or else Christ and you will never be joined. See to this. Labor to give up every sin, and turn from every false way, else your faith is but a dead faith, and will never save you. It may be that you have wronged a person, and have never made restitution. *Mr. Moody did great good when he preached restitution.* If we have wronged another we ought to make it up to him. We ought to return what we have stolen, if that be our sin. A man cannot expect peace of conscience till, as far as in him lies, he has made amends for any wrong he has done to his fellow-men. See to that, or else perhaps this stone may lie at your door, and because it is not rolled away you may never enter into peace.

Possibly, however, you may be a believer in Christ, and you may have no peace because you are associated with ungodly people, and go with them to their follies, and mix with them in their amusements. You see you cannot serve God and Mammon. Thus saith the Lord, "Come out from among them;"

BE YE SEPARATE;

touch not the unclean thing, and I will be a Father unto you, and ye shall be my sons and daughters, saith the Lord Almighty." I know a man who sits in this place; he is probably here now; and concerning him I am persuaded that the only thing that keeps him from Christ is the company with which he mingles. I will not say that his company is bad in itself, but it is bad to him; and if there be anything that is right in itself, yet if to me it becomes ruinous, I must give it up. We are not commanded to cut off warts and excrescences, but Jesus bids us cut off right arms, and pluck out right eyes—good things in themselves—if they are stumbling-blocks in our way so that we cannot get at Christ. What is there in the world that is worth the keeping if it involves me in the loss of my soul? Away with it.

Perhaps, however, you say, "Well, as far as I know, I do keep out of all ill associations, and I am trying to follow the Lord." Let me press you with a home-question—*will you be obedient to Jesus in everything?*

"For know—nor of the terms complain—"

Where Jesus comes He comes to reign."

If you would have Christ for a Saviour, you must also take Him for a King. Remember, if Christ gives you the command—if you accept Him as a King—you are

BOUND TO OBEY

Him. The less there seems to be of importance about a command, often the more hinges upon it. Say, "Lord, what wouldst Thou have me to do? Be it what it may, I will do it, for I am thy servant." I want you, if you would be Christ's, to be just like the brave men that rode at Balacava.

"Yours not to reason why;

Yours but to do and die!"—

if it need be, if Jesus calls you thereto. Be this your song:

"Through floods and flames if Jesus lead,
I'll follow where He goes."

That kind of faith which at the very outset cries, "I shall not do that, it is not essential;" and then goes on to say, "I do not agree with that, and I do not agree with the other;" is no faith at all. In that case it is you that is mas-

ter, and not Christ. In His own house you are beginning to alter His commands. We all ought to do what He bids us, as He bids us, when He bids us, in the order in which He bids us. It is ours simply to be obedient, and when we are so, we may remember that to believe Christ and to obey Christ is the same thing, and often in Scripture the same word that might be read "believe," might be read "obey." He is the Author of eternal salvation to all them that obey Him, and that is to all them that believe on Him. Trust Him then right heartily, and obey Him right gladly. You can then go to Him in the dying hour, and say, "Lord, I have done all these things at thy word. I claim no merit, but I do claim that Thou keep thy gracious promise to me, for Thou cannot run back from one word which Thou hast spoken." God bless you, beloved, for Christ's sake.

[The prayers of the readers of this Journal are requested for the blessing of God upon its Editors, and those whose sermons, articles, or labors for Christ are printed in it; and that its circulation may be used by the Holy Spirit for the conversion of many sinners and the quickening of God's people. Dr. Talmage and Mr. Spurgeon especially request prayer every Sunday morning on behalf of their labors.]

NEW BOOKS.

PHYSICAL GEOGRAPHY

for grammar and high schools and colleges, by James Monteith, is a work of the high class for which its author has become famous. It conveys information respecting its subject in the form in which it is most likely to be remembered, concisely and with remarkable lucidity. It commences with a simple exposition of the earth's position and relations in space, and passes on to describe its crust and interior stratification, its physical superficial geography, the elemental forces which operate on and around it, ocean tides, atmosphere, storms, winds, the phenomena of climate, the distribution of minerals and of life, and all the elementary points of its physical history, geography and structure. Its most astonishing feature is the large quantity of information compressed into the space. A decided improvement on all previous books of the kind published in this country very welcome here is the Bird's-eye Relief maps showing in relief the physical features of the continents. The chapters on Ocean Currents, Volcanoes, Rivers and Drainage and Winds are based on the newest discoveries, and the chart of the Arctic regions is endorsed by Lieutenant A. W. Greely, and shows the point reached by Lockwood, the furthest ever yet trodden by man. Price, \$1.25. Published by A. S. Barnes & Co., New York and Chicago.

GOSPEL PARALLELISMS,

illustrated in the healing of body and soul, by the Rev. R. L. Stanton, D.D., covers the whole ground of faith-healing in an exhaustive manner. A summary of its contents will show, perhaps better than any description, the course of Dr. Stanton's argument. These are some of the headings of the chapters: The Two-fold Design of Christ's Death; Analogy between Spiritual and Physical Healing; Why all are not Healed Immediately; Why Healing is not always Permanent; Sickness always Treated as an Evil; Mental Trials Removed through Christ; Special Gifts and Unrestricted Privileges; Bodily Healing Supernatural Rather than Miraculous; God calls His People to their Work; Faith the Essential Demand; Consecration also Essential; Christ's Power Limited by Unbelief; Healing in Christ's Ministry sometimes Gradual; Ancient and Modern Proofs of Healing; Laws of Health for Body and Soul; Physical and Spiritual Nursing; Physical and Spiritual Tests of Healing.

As will be seen from the foregoing list of subjects, Dr. Stanton's primary object is to set forth the strict parallel which exists between the blessings which the Gospel offers to the soul on the one hand, and to the body on the other. Also that the difficulties which prevent people



The Conductor of the Irish Mail on its Fatal Journey.



An Incident in the Cuban Insurrection.

believing in the possibility of receiving healing for the body are in their essence precisely identical with those which keep inquirers back from accepting salvation for their souls. This theory he keeps clearly before his readers throughout the book, pressing with irresistible force upon those who have been born again the argument that they ought consistently to believe that they may have physical healing in the same way and by the same means. Dr. Stanton is exceedingly temperate and candid in the statement of his views, and we believe that his work, if read in the same fair spirit in which it is written, will convince many Christians of its possibility who have hitherto looked upon faith-healing with doubt. There is no better method open to an advocate than to show those whom he desires to convince that the principles on which his argument is based are those on which they act in other matters.

Another very important feature of his book is in the way he deals with failures in faith-healing. Here again he relies on analogy. Of the anxious inquirers after salvation not all enter into peace and rest in Christ, and those who fail are generally of the same type of character as those who are not healed of their diseases. Those who have a relapse, too, are generally of the same category as those who are seen among backsliders in our churches. These facts, presented with much affectionate kindness, will have two good effects. They will operate as a warning to those who seek physical healing, and they will silence Christian scoffers. Men who know the efficacy and reality of Christ's salvation by experience sometimes dwell with unkind vehemence on some case in which a sufferer has failed to obtain relief through faith, and argue from it that those who have been healed were either the victims of imaginary disease or were healed by ecstatic emotion. Such sceptics should read this book, from which they will see that by the same line of argument the efficacy of faith in

Christ for salvation, of which they are confident, may be proved baseless. We trust Dr. Stanton's book will have a wide circulation; it will do good. Pp. 174. Price, in paper covers, 40 cents; in cloth, 75 cents. Published by Miss Carrie Fudd, 260 Connecticut Street, Buffalo, N. Y.

WILLIAM SMITH, THE CONDUCTOR OF THE IRISH MAIL.

(See Illustration on this page.)

ON the 20th of August, 1868, William Smith, the much-esteemed and trusty conductor of the Irish-Mail train, stood on the steps of his car, which was one of some ten or twelve drawn up at the London terminus ready to start on its journey with the mail to America, which is conveyed to Holyhead in Wales, and thence by swift steamer to Ireland, where it is put on board the great transatlantic steamers for transportation to New York. Smith looked carefully along the platform, and then sounded his whistle and gave the signal "All right!" He little supposed then that it was for the last time.

When, on the last Sabbath on which he was "off duty," and he was in his usual seat in the church, little did he suppose that it was the last earthly Sabbath service in which he would be privileged to join. Yet so it was. On that fatal 20th of August the terrible collision took place near Abergele, the carriages were set on fire by petroleum, and poor Smith was one of the first of the thirty-two victims who fell a prey to the devouring flames.

It is unnecessary to recapitulate details which, for appalling horror, are happily rare in the annals of railway misadventure. One's heart turns sick as we think of that terrible story of the carriages being literally one burning mass—of the liquid fire running over the surface of the ground, charring and blackening everything with which it came in contact, and blazing for an hour until all was consumed.

"Be ye also ready" was the solemn admoni-

tion which the clergyman gave to those who assembled in Abergele church the Sunday after the accident.

THE PROTECTION OF THE FLAGS.

(See Illustration on this page.)

THE incident depicted in the illustration occurred during one of the many disturbances in Cuba. It is well authenticated by the records in the State Departments of the two countries.

After the rising had been suppressed a man remained in prison charged with having aided in the insurrection. He was tried by court-martial, and condemned to be shot. He was a seaman of American birth, but the son of British parents, and he appealed to the consuls of both countries. The English Consul, Mr. Ramsden, and the American Vice-consul, having satisfied themselves of the man's innocence, protested in the name of England and of America, and demanded his immediate release. But the authorities would not yield.

On the morning appointed for his death the prisoner was marched out to the place of execution, in solemn military procession, and a company of soldiers were drawn up to execute the sentence. But the consuls were there also, having determined to make one more effort to save his life. An eye-witness describes what followed:

"It was the work of an instant, and Mr. Consul Ramsden and the American Consul, rushing forward with the flags of their respective nations and in front of the unfortunate man, shouted, 'Hold!' Throwing the flags around the condemned man, and addressing the officer in charge of the firing party, Mr. Ramsden said: 'Gentlemen, as a Consul of her Britannic Majesty, I cannot stand by and see this foul murder of an innocent man. It is my duty to protect his life, and if you are to take that life you must take it through these'—pointing to the flags—'and your officers know the consequences

of firing on the national flags.' The determined attitude of the two officials and the sight of the national symbols produced the desired effect. A consultation was held by the Spanish officers, the execution was stopped, and that day the sailor was set at liberty."

The incident has been often used as an illustration of the safety of the sinner saved by Christ. Has He not taken every believer under the protection of His own righteousness, and is He not ready now to wrap around every sinner the blood-stained banner of the Cross? Wrapped in this banner, who can take away his life? As the Apostle Paul cried triumphantly, "It is God that justifieth; who is he that condemneth" (Rom. 8: 34)?

IN THE SOUDAN NEAR SUAKIN.

(See illustration on this page.)

The scene depicted in the illustration on this page was drawn by the correspondent of one of the British journals, who is with General Graham in the Soudan. Osman Digna, the lieutenant of the Mahdi, has for a long time been threatening Suakin, the great seaport of the Red Sea. General Graham was accordingly sent to protect the city from capture and the massacre which always ensues when the Mahdi's followers take any place. On the arrival of the British, Osman Digna withdrew a short distance into the desert, whence he sent a message of defiance to General Graham. The scene represented in the picture was that of the setting out of a British reconnaissance preparatory to a battle.

The ground it was intended to occupy resembles in shape a half-opened fan, the centre of which is Suakin. From Suakin to Handub is the northern limb of the fan; from Suakin to Tamai the southern. Handub and Tamai are nearly equi-distant from Suakin (Tamai being about sixteen miles). On the outer rim, or circumference, of the fan, and four miles to the south of Handub, is Hasheen, the point toward which a reconnaissance was directed March 19th. According to the information collected by the intelligence department, Osman had about seven thousand men. The march was very brief. The enemy evacuated the village of Hasheen and retired to the mountains—to Tamai, according to some accounts. General Graham did not pursue them, but marched back, and reached the Suakin camp shortly after midday.

On the following day, March 20th, the British returned to Hasheen in force. What followed is thus vividly described by the special correspondent of the London *Daily Telegraph*: "General Graham lost no time in utilizing the information which he had obtained in the course of yesterday's reconnaissance. All the troops, except one battalion, which was left to guard the camp, marched out in a direction due west at four o'clock this morning, March 20th. The advance took place in hollow-square formation, the Guards being on the right, the British in-



A Reconnaissance from Suakin.

fantry in front, the Indian contingent on the left, while the Cavalry Brigade scouted along the front and on the flanks. In this order we arrived, unopposed, at the first spurs of the outlying hills, when the outposts of the Arabs were seen slowly falling back.

"Thereupon the Surrey Brigade were sent up to seize and hold Baker's old zereba. This accomplished, the sappers immediately began the work of constructing redoubts on two of the overhanging hills, and also additional small zerebas in the intervening hollows for the protection of the water supply, the camels, and baggage.

"Continuing its progress, the column advanced through a pass, debouching upon a wide plain encircled on all sides by craggy hills of volcanic formation, having crater-like tops. After traversing this African strath, we found the Arabs lodged in a position of great strength on a spur to the left of our front. Our men quickly climbed and lined the crest, and smart firing immediately commenced, very soon increasing to a rolling thunder of musketry, which woke up a furious echo among the surrounding hills.

"Volley succeeded volley, on both sides, and bullets began to fall unpleasantly thick around us, the sand puffing up in spirits between the horses' legs. Where I stood with the Sikhs the leaden hail was by this time whistling all around. The Mahdists appeared thoroughly plucky, but after a time our disciplined fire became too hot for them, and they cleared off.

"Some retired to the right, but the largest body moved off to the left of our front, the obvious intention of the latter manœuvre being to turn the hill; so, in order to checkmate the attempt, the Bengal Cavalry was slipped at them. The Indian horsemen met the Mahdists on the ridge, and a determined fight here took place. After their charge the cavalry fell back, and the enemy rounded the hill, and there—all at once—came upon the Guards' Brigade drawn up in a square. With a yell the Arabs went straight at it without hesitation, but in the face of the withering fire which met them they never succeeded in getting nearer than fifteen or twenty yards of the line of bayonets.

"Meanwhile the cavalry having re-formed, were again ready for the enemy, who, after their futile assault on the Guards' phalanx, scattered between the hills.

They had retreated into the hills."

THE JEW'S WARD.

A SERIAL STORY.

(Continued from page 239.)

Cast Out.

It was in the silence of her room that Carola realized her situation. She had been silent about her past life as her friend the clergyman advised; she had been so busy with her school and so happy, that all that filth, moral and material, in which her childhood had been spent, was to her as if it had never been. But the mention of George Bassett's name had called it all back to her memory.

Carola writhed at the recollection; and the sorest anguish of repugnance took possession of her soul.

She hid her face even from the pale moonlight. It was as if the years that had passed over her since she was that ignorant and shameful creature were blotted out, and she was again, at this moment, what she had been then. And yet there was an awful feeling of those happy years haunting her. She had been born again; she had been a new creature; she had been a child of the light, and had been walking in the light. But night was come again, with a thick darkness of degradation.

Yet why could she not keep her secret, and bury this dead past in the depths of her own heart? Why should she sacrifice the fair and sweet and peaceful life that was before her? No one knew anything about it; these new friends, so dear to her, had no suspicion of it. Matthias Levi, her old friend, had no clue to her present home; and he had made no effort to find her. There was nothing to link her with that disgraceful time. Why should not she let the dead past bury its dead, and herself act in the living present only? Must she thrust a sharp poignard into the heart of this useful life?

She tried to imagine herself hushing the persistent outcries of her awakened memory, and becoming Philip Arnold's wife. He, so honored, and so honorable, with his long line of worthy forefathers behind him, not one of whom but had been of good report and fair fame. And what of her parentage? The thought of her old grandmother drinking day after day, on her miserable bed in her miserable garret, came

"At this time, however, another body of Mahdists coming round on our right re-enforced them. Their courage was admirable, but their tactics seemed, at this juncture, somewhat bewildered. Evidently, however, they were full of fight. Our troops quickly followed them up as they circled round the crests, pouring in a very hot fire at every point, and never letting them stop to concentrate. But they were not to be cowed, even by such constant punishment."

"By 11.30 A.M. all the adjoining hills had been cleared of the Arabs, and our outposts held all the points originally occupied by these brave fellows."

vividly to her mind. She had never known any other relation.

If only Philip had never loved her, or never asked her to be his wife, she might have kept her secret. How happy she had been in her little cottage; and how quickly had the days gone by! She knew all the people and their affairs at Hazelmout, and had become as one of them. It would not have been necessary to tell them of her former life. This country village might have continued her home, her garden of Eden. But she was to be driven out of it, for now her eyes were open she knew there was no one there that would not shrink away from her.

Yet if she told all and went away what good would come of it? She must come forward as a witness against George Bassett; probably the one that would seal his fate, and send him to an awful doom. This was a matter to be pondered over, and weighed carefully in the balance, before she opened her lips in confession. She would be the cause of his death, perhaps unrepentant and unforgiven. There was no doubt in her mind that the struggle she had seen and thought so little of was the silent death-struggle between him and his victim. If she told who she was, there would be for her the shame and agony of bearing evidence against him, and for him the last awful penalty. What good could there be in that? It would not bring the murdered man to life again. No; she would keep her secret, and save herself and him.

She lifted herself up, stiff and aching as with some long and laborious task, and bathed her face and made her roughened hair smooth. She looked into the glass to see how tranquil she could make her eyes, and how sweet a smile she could call to her lips; but there was some expression far back in the depths of her dark eyes which frightened her, as if some spirit not her own had taken possession of her. She gazed at herself with the fascination of terror, till all the color faded out of her face, and her mouth quivered instead of smiling. Yet she could not turn away from it.

What was this that was coming upon her? What agony of loss and desertion? She felt as if she was losing her utmost strength; the waters, the proud waters, were too deep for her, they were overwhelming her soul. Was God hiding His face from her?

The little, old, well-worn Testament, in which she first read the life of Christ, lay on the table close to her hand. How well she remembered the night when she first opened it! She took it up in her cold hands. With an unconscious touch of superstition she left it to chance to open the pages for her. Was it then chance that the yellow leaves opened where they did? Her eyes, dim and heavy with sorrow, fell upon these verses: "And when he was at the place, He said unto them, Pray that ye enter not into temptation. And He was withdrawn from them about a stone's cast, and kneeled down, and prayed, saying, Father, if Thou be willing, remove this cup from me; nevertheless, not my will, but Thine be done."

She sank down on her knees and hid her face again. Oh, to do what was right! to do what God willed! The cup had not been taken away from her Lord; the shame and the spitting, the smiting on the face, the crown of thorns, the mockery and the jeering. His soul had been exceeding sorrowful, even unto death, and His Father had not delivered Him out of His afflictions. He endured the cross, despising the shame. And the servant could not be above her Master, nor the disciple above her Lord.

There was a plain path open to her, a path leading down into a valley darker than the valley of the shadow of death, but it must be trodden. She rose up to do it at once, and made haste to go down, for the hour was come when she must do the Lord's will, though her whole nature shrank from it. That it should be done quickly was all her desire.

Yet Carola paused for a minute or two at the door of the oak parlor. It was a half-glass door, covered by a curtain of crimson silk; but

the curtain had been drawn a little aside, and she could see all the pleasant room within. The thick curtains had been drawn across the windows, but the lamp-light and the fire-light fell upon the wainscoted walls, and made her all at once feel how cold and dark it was to be standing there outside. The table was set for tea, and a little brass kettle, as glittering as gold, was singing on the hob of the old-fashioned grate. Mr. Arnold and Philip were reading, but Mrs. Arnold leaned back in her chair with her eyes closed, and a wistful expression on her face.

Carola opened the door so silently that none of them heard her or looked toward her. It seemed almost an impossibility to break this silence, to destroy all this tranquil happiness. The dread of it drew a sob from her so deep and sad that every one looked up at her at once. The girl's face was wan and pale, and her eyes gleamed feverishly. She was shivering visibly, and her lips moved, though no sound came from them. Philip sprang to his feet to hasten to her, but with a sorrowful gesture she forbade it. "No! I have come to tell you something," she cried; "perhaps I ought to have told you before, but indeed I never thought of it. I am the girl George Bassett used to call his sweet heart; and now I know I saw that murder done."

"Carola!" exclaimed Philip, "it is impossible! You are ill and dreaming, my darling." "No," she said, most mournfully; "it is like a dream. Oh, if it could only be a dream! But it's true. I was standing on the wharf, and I saw the two men in a boat wrestling together as clearly as I see you now. But I never thought the man was murdered. I never heard anything of it, and just then my grandmother died—that very night—and all my life was changed. I never thought of it again till now."

"My child, sit down and tell us all this quietly," said Mr. Arnold, and she let him place her on a chair by his own, while Philip stood opposite to her, and Mrs. Arnold, leaning forward eagerly, gazed intently upon her.

"Oh," she sobbed, in short sentences, "perhaps I ought to have told you before; but it seemed to have gone out of my mind. When I was a little girl I lived there, at the East End, in one of the wickedest parts. Oh, it is horrible! Here you don't know how wicked and miserable people can be. And George Bassett lived in the same street. I didn't know it was any sin to get drunk—that was almost the least wrong thing the people did. They were as ignorant and savage as heathens. No good persons could have lived among them."

"But how did you come to be there?" asked Mrs. Arnold, for neither her husband nor son could utter a word.

"I was born there," she answered, in a steadier voice, yet in a voice of despair; "my grandmother lived in a garret overlooking the river, and drank gin from morning to night. It is no wonder I took to drink it too. She was bed-ridden; and I was eighteen when she died. Then the rector of St. Chad's sent me to school, and told me not to talk about my former life; and everything was so different, and so good and beautiful, especially here, where I've been so happy, that it seemed as if I had forgotten it all."

"Carola," cried Philip, "is it true?"

"Oh, it's true!" she said. "I would give all my life to have it untrue. It all came back to me when I heard George Bassett's name. And now it seems as if I should bring shame and disgrace upon you; and I must forget you, and you must forget me. I know I can never be your wife."

There was a deathlike silence in the room. Mrs. Arnold rose and laid her hand tenderly on Philip's arm; she was sore at heart for the pain her boy was suffering, yet there was a secret satisfaction in knowing that he must come back to her for consolation and love. Outside the frosty air was wailling round the closed window, like the cry of some lost creature shut out from the

warmth and comfort of the pleasant hearth. Carola lifted up her sad eyes to Philip's face, but he was not looking at her. He stood like a man in blank amazement, gazing intently on the floor. It was impossible that this story could be true, yet it was impossible for it not to be true. There was a despairing positiveness in Carola's tones and words which forbade him to think she did not know what she was saying. The shock of it paralyzed him. O Carola! his little Christmas Carol, who had made this Christmas Day the happiest day of his life, was it possible that she had been steeped in all this baseness and villenous? Could she have wormed herself into his inmost heart if she had not always been the sweet, innocent, winsome girl she had seemed to him?

"Tell me what I ought to do," said Carola, at last turning to Mr. Arnold, who sat beside her. He took her icily-cold hand into his own as he answered her.

"My dear," he said, kindly, "you spoke wisely when you said Philip and you must forget one another. But I'm grieved for you both from my very heart. You had better leave us at once—to-morrow morning. Is there no old friend you could go to?"

"Yes," she replied, "I remember him now, and oh! I ought not to have forgotten him so! There was an old Jew who was very kind to me, and taught me the ten commandments, and made me keep them. I will go to him."

"Is it near your old home?" inquired Mr. Arnold.

"It is my old home," she answered, shuddering; "but I must go to him, for he will know the exact time when I saw George Bassett on the river. It was the night my grandmother died, only I do not know the date. I was so ignorant then. But Matthias will know; and if it was that night the man was drowned, then I saw it."

"You must let the police know," said Mr. Arnold; "they will want your evidence on the trial."

"Yes," she continued, with a deep sob, "there will be a trial, and I shall have to tell all, and everybody will know. I can never come back here again."

"No, my dear," he replied, "it would be better not to come back again. But there are other village schools, and other places, and you've ways that will always win hearts to you. By, and by you will get over this."

"But oh! I shall never love any people again as I have loved you all," she moaned; "and what good would it be if they cast me off when they knew all about me? If I only had died when I was so near dying! Why did God let me live any longer?"

But none of them could answer that question. Philip Arnold looked at her white and pitiful face for a moment, and went away, and they heard his footsteps passing hurriedly through the hall and out into the moonlit night. Then his mother wrung her hands, and turned angrily toward Carola.

"Why did you not tell us all this at once?" she asked. "Why did you come among us as an impostor? You have broken my boy's heart."

"I had almost forgotten it myself," repeated Carola, wearily. "The rector forbade me to talk about it. If anybody had asked me any questions, I should have told the truth. It seemed as if my Lord Himself had taken me quite away from my old life and made me altogether a new creature. But I shall have the worst to bear; and oh! if I could bear all Philip's trouble, how willing I should be!"

"I don't know how I can ever forgive you!" cried Mrs. Arnold.

Carola rose up silently, though the room was growing dusky to her eyes, and their forms were becoming indistinct. If she could only be alone again, out of the reach of their voices, alone with her great sorrow! She heard the clanging of the great fold-yard gate as it swung to and fro after Philip had passed through it, and she

clasped her hands together with a gesture of profound grief. She could not bear his burden; her own was more than she could bear. Before she could reach the door she fell senseless to the ground.

Early the next day, before the late rising sun was up, Carola was driven down to the nearest railway station by Mr. Arnold himself. It was a day's journey to London, and she could reach it only by starting with the earliest train. It was her earnest wish to leave Hazelmount before it was light; for all was quite over now. This home of hers, her first real home, was casting her out as unworthy to remain in it. She could not even see the little homesteads lying amid their gardens, and the pleasant lanes and fields which were as dear to her as if this had been her birthplace. They were shrouded in a darkness as black as her own future.

"I thought," she said, speaking half aloud to herself, "that Christian people would never turn against me." Poor girl! she was unused to the ways of Christians, or she would have known that comparatively few of them follow their Lord's example in associating with the poor and those who are meanly born. She was finding out that some of those who claim to be followers of the Carpenter of Nazareth would consider it an insult if a Christian brother who had to work as a carpenter for his living spoke to them, and would shrink from the acquaintanceship of people poorly dressed, or who had lived among the poor and degraded. It was a surprise to her to find Christians blending their religion with the doctrines of the world, and making so poor a mixture of it.

"My dear," answered Mr. Arnold, "you may be always sure of finding a friend in me. But this is different. We think more of character [he meant caste and class distinction, not character, which is a different thing altogether, and in which Carola was unobjectionable] than anything else. We were a little grieved when Philip fell in love with you, though we loved you ourselves. But now you know yourself the thing is impossible. The Arnolds of Hazelmount have never had to be ashamed."

"Yes, but you don't understand it all," she said. "May I write to you some day and tell you all about my young days? I want you to think—not badly of me."

"Ay, do," he replied, heartily, "and may God bless and comfort you. Shall I telegraph to your old friend, and tell him you are on your way to him?"

"No," she said, "I can find my way; but I do not know exactly how to send to him. I know that part of London well."

(To be continued.)

PAUL AT ROME.

S. S. Lesson for April 26, Acts 28 : 16-31. Golden Text, ver. 24. By Mrs. M. Baxter.

A Prisoner of Distinction—His Heart's Desire—His Explanation to his Countrymen in Rome—A Sect Spoken against—The Christian's Credentials—The Meeting in Paul's House—His Testimony—The Power to Accept or Reject—A Solemn Responsibility—The Great Reasoning—Two Years of Fruitful Labor.

PAUL was still a prisoner, although treated with such courtesy and consideration. On the arrival of the party at Rome a distinction was made between him and all the other prisoners. While they were delivered to the captain of the guard, he was permitted to dwell by himself with a soldier that kept him. The man of God saw the Lord's hand in this, and making use of the liberty thus granted to him, he lost no time in calling together the chief of the Jews, that he might make known among them that theme of apostolic times, "Jesus and the resurrection." Ever since his own conversion

HIS HEART'S DESIRE and prayer to God for Israel [was] that they might be saved" (Rom. 10 : 1); and he was always ready at the call of the Holy Ghost to preach Jesus to his own countrymen. In all his journeys Paul had first sought out the Jews,

and only when Jesus was rejected by them had he turned to the Gentiles. Although he had accepted from God his commission as "the apostle of the Gentiles" (Rom. 11 : 13), and as such considered that he magnified his office, yet his own people did not cease to be his first care; therefore he let only three days elapse after coming to Rome before he "called the chief of the Jews together." He first accounted for his presence in Rome by speaking in a summary way of how, without having committed anything against "the customs of our fathers," he was made prisoner and delivered into the hands of the Romans; how they, having examined him, were about to acquit him; but when the Jews appealed against their verdict, he, on his part, appealed to Cæsar. "Not," he said, "that I had ought to accuse my nation of. For this cause therefore have I called for you, to see you, and to speak with you: because that for the hope of Israel I am bound with this chain." The "hope of Israel," the promised Messiah, this was the touchstone. For more than two years Paul had known that God would send him to this very company of men who were now gathered before him. This was perhaps the first time that the claims of Jesus of Nazareth were represented to them by a living witness who was, at the very hour when he spoke with them, suffering persecution for His sake.

The Roman Jews asserted that they had neither by letter nor by word of mouth heard anything against Paul. His appeal to Cæsar had been made too recently to allow of the Jews at Jerusalem sending letters to Rome to prejudice their compatriots against Paul. But he had touched on a subject which was evidently known in Rome, and they added, "But we desire to hear of thee what thou thinkest: for as concerning this sect, we know that it is everywhere spoken against."

SPOKEN AGAINST!

How little knew these Jews of Rome that this very thing was one of the credentials of true Christians! "Blessed are ye, when men shall revile you, and persecute you, and shall say all manner of evil against you falsely, for my sake. Rejoice, and be exceeding glad: for great is your reward in heaven: for so persecuted they the prophets which were before you" (Matt. 5 : 11, 12). A child of God who has not accepted his heritage of persecution has not yet learned the Lord's lesson—"They are not of the world, even as I am not of the world" (John 17 : 14, 16). Self-justification belongs to the world, is part of its spirit, and one of its weapons of defence. The world's principles are self-assertion, self-help, self-defence, self-esteem, self everything. In the life of Jesus we seek self in vain; it is nowhere to be found. When Peter said "Pity thyself," Jesus spoke of it as savoring the things that be of men (Matt. 16 : 22, margin). Paul himself in writing to Timothy said: "All that will live godly in Christ Jesus must suffer persecution" (1 Tim. 3 : 12); thus it was no unwonted thing for him to hear at the outset of his mission to the Roman Jews that the sect which he represented was everywhere spoken against, and it could not act upon him in the way of discouragement.

This first meeting of

THE JEWS IN PAUL'S HOUSE

resulted in the appointment of a day when they should meet at his lodging, and there together search the Scriptures and discuss, as their subject, the Hope of Israel. When the day arrived the meeting was very numerous; "there came many unto him into his lodging; to whom he expounded and testified the kingdom of God, persuading them concerning Jesus, both out of the law of Moses, and out of the prophets, from morning till evening." It was

AN ALL-DAY MEETING,

and one of absorbing interest. Paul's position with his nation in Rome, and their position in regard to Christ, hung upon it. All Paul's arguments were drawn from the written Word, and filled as he was with the Holy Ghost, he expounded and testified. Scripture sustained

Scripture, and then the personal testimony followed, his own wonderful conversion, the glorious fruits of his ministry, and the fulfilment of Christ's own Word that signs should follow them that believe.

Much went on in that house of which there is no record on earth: hearts were melted, consciences were touched, reason was convinced. But then the cost! Should these proud, rich Jews take a position which would make them the scorn of their nation, and put them on a level with the despised Gentiles? Should they risk wealth, position, ease, comfort—everything but their own souls? Could this Jesus fill so great a void? The shining faces of Paul and Luke and Aristarchus were the sufficient answer; yes, and fully. What was the result? "Some believed the things which were spoken, and some believed not." This is always the way, and the will of man must decide. No man can save himself, or contribute in the smallest degree to his own soul's salvation. But at every step of the way—first for pardon and separation from the world, then for sanctification, for the anointing of the Spirit for service, for healing of the body, for deliverance from temptation—there always comes the point where Jesus says, "Will you let me save you? Will you yield yourself up absolutely and trust me?" The I will of each one must answer. They "agreed not among themselves," and God sent them one solemn message through Paul: "Well spake the Holy Ghost by Esaias the prophet unto our fathers, saying, Go unto this people, and say, Hearing ye shall hear, and shall not understand; and seeing ye shall see, and not perceive: for the heart of this people is waxed gross, and their ears are dull of hearing, and their eyes have they closed; lest they should see with their eyes, and hear with their ears, and understand with their heart, and should be converted, and I should heal them. Be it known therefore unto you that the salvation of God is sent unto the Gentiles, and that they will hear it." This was

AN UNEXPECTED BOMBHELL,

and no wonder it caused the Jews great reasoning among themselves. Alas! in that day, as in this, men tried to find out by reason the truth of God—"The world by wisdom know not God" (1 Cor. 1 : 21). Revelation is above reason. Reason was created only as the servant and not the master of revelation. Oh, if men would only learn that spiritual things are "spiritually discerned" they would come to be taught, and would be in a position to learn!

Paul dwelt two whole years in his own hired house (probably working for his living as usual), "and received all that came in unto him, preaching the kingdom of God, and teaching those things which concern the Lord Jesus Christ, with all confidence, no man forbidding him." In this precious time of service for the Master, Paul had to trust the Holy Ghost to bring inquirers to him. The work which God did by him caused a great stir in Rome, at that time the mistress of the world. He wrote at this date to his beloved Philippian converts: "My bonds in Christ are manifest in all the palace, and in all other places." God had the care of extending His own truth; Paul had none of the responsibility; he knew how to cast all his care on God, who cared for him. He saw God overruling evil as well as working good, and he rejoiced and praised Him. We may well believe that the radiant face of Paul, and his joyous spirit in this time of trial, must have gone far to prove the blessed truths he taught. "We glory in tribulations also" (Rom. 5 : 4) was something more than mere words to him. "Always delivered unto death for Jesus' sake, that the life also of Jesus might be made manifest in our mortal flesh" (1 Cor. 4 : 11); this was his daily life.

Paul's life as a prisoner was perhaps as fruitful as any other part of his ministry. Rome was leavened with Christianity, the Christian Church all over Asia and Europe was influenced, and all generations of Christians since have been blessed by the letters Paul wrote from Rome.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

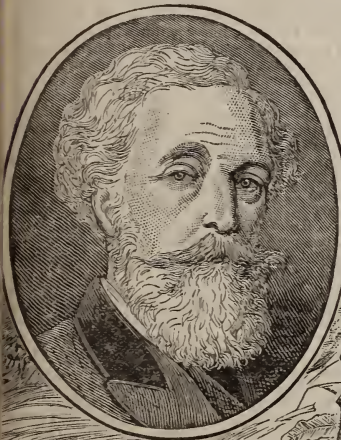
AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES.

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The Late Lieut.-Colonel COLIN MACKENZIE, C.B., the Christian Soldier—Scenes in his Life.

THE LATE LIEUTENANT-GENERAL COLIN MACKENZIE, C.B.

Birth and Early Trials—Becomes a Cadet in the Madras Army—Novel Adventure in India—First Religious Impressions—A Night with "Tiger Sheriff"—Marriage—Death of His Wife at Sea—Decision for Christ—Sent to Afghanistan—Cheetahs, or Hunting Leopards—Attacked by a Mad Bull-Dog—Peril in the Cabul Pass—A Night Retreat with Women and Children—Second Marriage—Death of a Native Christian Servant—Honors and Home Life—Closing Years and Death.

PUBLIC attention being at this time directed to Afghanistan by the threatened war between England and Russia, the career of General Mackenzie, a Christian officer whose military laurels were won in that strange country may interest our readers.

Colin Mackenzie, whose portrait, with several scenes in his eventful life, we give this week, was born in London, on March 25th, 1806, and died in Edinburgh, on October 22d, 1881, at the age of seventy-five.

His was not a happy childhood, owing to the injudicious severity of his father; and when he was twelve years old he was sent with his elder brothers, James and Kenneth, to a school in Cumberland, of which he used to speak with horror, from the "brutal severity of the punishment." He was subsequently transferred to the Academy, at Dollar, among the heather-clad hills of Scotland, completing his education at the Rev. Dr. Donne's at Oswestry. His father's circumstances not allowing him to go to the University, he procured a cadetship for him, in 1825, in the Madras army. He sailed in the East Indiaman, on November 15th, and reached

MADRAS

in May, 1826.

At this time he was a lad of nineteen, slender, agile, and very strong. The adjutant of his regiment declared he was the "most beautiful boy he ever beheld." He speedily became quite a favorite with the Commander-in-chief, Sir George Walker, Lady Walker, and two handsome daughters, one of whom made a great impression on the young subaltern. One of his first adventures was on a march from Madras, when, in endeavoring to cross the Godavari River, at Rajamundri, the strength of the current carried his horse off his feet. He disengaged himself and swam, accoutred as he was, to the opposite bank, landing with his whip in his hand. His horse found his way to shore lower down. *(The scene is illustrated in front picture, No. 1.)*

Being quartered at Aska, a place in the Northern Sirkars, he made a trip to Jagannath in December, 1825, when he passed through Ganjam, then totally deserted in consequence of a virulent fever, which swept away almost every inhabitant. The houses and gardens were infested by snakes, and the woods by ravenous wild animals; carriages were rotting in the stables, and the native town and public buildings were alike abandoned. On his way back from the scene of desolation, and while crossing the Chilika Lake, he read Pope's "Essay on Man," a book to which he traced his first religious impression, and which he ever after took pleasure in quoting.

A TIGER HUNT.

The extensive jungles near Nagpur abound in tigers and other wild monsters. Mackenzie used to go after them in company with Major Sheriff, commonly called "Tiger Sheriff," from his love of the dangerous sport, and success in it. Once, about seven o'clock on a fine spring evening in 1827, they went to a tree which had been fixed on in the heart of the forest, and in which a platform of branches, covered by a thin mattress, and fenced round with boughs, had been made for them. Here they waited in silence for their game, an unhappy bullock being tethered to the tree beneath. It was a moonlight night. The jungle opposite had caught fire, and the flames were darting up the mountain side. The night bird broke the deep silence of the woods

with its melancholy note, and occasionally a bear was seen passing with its loose, shambling gait, or a pack of wolves went stealthily by, their tails between their legs, and their cunning eyes peering hither and thither, and ever and anon the unearthly, ghost-like laugh of the hyena was heard. All the sights and sounds were of a nature to fascinate and enthrall the imagination.

At last they heard the roar of a tiger in the distance, and then the dull, heavy plunge he made in leaping the stream. He soon drew near the tree in which Mackenzie and Major Sheriff were, and began gliding round and round the bullock, his destined victim. The poor creature, waving itself to and fro, so as almost to touch the ground with its body, turned and faced the tiger wherever he went, and at last broke its rope, and the tiger bounded away. The Major desired his Brahman attendant to go down and tie the bullock, but the terrified animal, suspicious of men and beasts in general, rushed at the poor Brahman, tossed him in the air *(see front picture, No. 2)*, made off into the jungle, and was seen no more.

In March, 1830, Colin Mackenzie obtained leave of absence and embarked for England. In the following year his father died, and shortly afterward, in May, 1832, Mr. Mackenzie married Adeline Pattle, a young French lady. He and his wife then set sail for Madras, where they arrived in October, 1832. Two years later we find him gazetted as Adjutant at Bangalore. In 1834 also he first saw active service, though on a somewhat limited scale. By this time

HE HAD LEARNED TO PRAY,

to trust to the providence of God, and to feel gratitude for His protection. On a march to Merkara he wrote to his wife thus: "This (March 28th) is Good Friday, and fervently do I implore Almighty God, for the sake of Him who died for us on this day, to bless you and our darling child, and to protect you from all evils, especially those which may affect your immortal souls. Would that my practice were conformable to my feelings, for I dare not call those sensations principles which yield to almost every bad impulse of my unworthy nature."

Mackenzie's regiment was ordered to the Straits of Malacca in July, 1836, where a period of trying inaction gave him the opportunity of learning by bitter experience that the purest natural pleasures are but husks so long as the soul is far from God. He had a sincere desire to serve God, with no knowledge of how to do so. He knew God, in fact, only as an earnest Jew or even Mohammedan might do; as his Creator and Preserver, not yet as His God and Saviour. He knew Him only afar off as "Jehovah, Jove, or Lord," not yet as "the Lamb of God who taketh away the sin of the world."

Mrs. Mackenzie, having undertaken a voyage to England to recruit her shattered health, her husband spent some months in searching for Malay pirates in the Straits of Malacca. While engaged in their suppression, on October 11th, 1836, the news arrived that on May 28th, on the fourth anniversary of her wedding-day, at the age of twenty-four, his wife had breathed her last, and was buried at sea. At this juncture Mr. and Mrs. Dyer, the good missionaries at Malacca, were very helpful to the bereaved husband, and this was the time to which he always referred his conversion. Henceforth, he threw himself wholly on the grace of Christ as his Redeemer, and from this time took his stand on the Lord's side.

Mr. Mackenzie was induced to spend a short time in England, but in March, 1840, we find him once more in Calcutta, where he was selected by Lord Auckland for political service in AFGHANISTAN.

During his journey thither, he was invited by the Raja of Bhartpur to join him in the excitement of the chase. This is how the event is recorded in Colin Mackenzie's journal: "We mounted an elephant and proceeded by a circuitous route through the forest with four very handsome hunting leopards, called cheetahs,

who, as they stood erect in their carts, waving their long tails, and making a sort of complaining noise from time to time, looked very noble and graceful. Meanwhile the cheetahs were kept with their eyes hooded; at last, the requisite distance being reached, one was unhooded and unbound. Glancing round with an eye of fire, he slipped down from the cart, and singling out his victim, in an instant he dashed after it. In less than a couple of hundred yards the last fatal bound was made, the death-stroke fell, and at the same time the cheetah's fangs were sunk deep in the jugular of the unhappy deer. This kind of leopard is only met with in the deserts of Rajputana." *(See frontispiece picture, No. 3.)*

During his residence at Cabul, in Afghanistan, Mackenzie formed a friendship with Lieutenant Michael Dawes, a brave young officer, and who was a most loving and consistent Christian. He had met Mackenzie for the first time at Sir William Macnaghten's, at Jellalabad, and was very much struck with him. Some months after, at Cabul, Dawes was on a committee for purchasing horses, when Captain Mackenzie came into the tent exclaiming, "I've lost it! I've lost it!" Somebody asked, "What have you lost?" and he explained that he had wished to purchase a Persian and a Pushtu Testament at a sale, but someone had already bought them. Dawes said, "If you will allow me I shall be very happy to give you one of each." The offer was accepted, and thus the intimacy was commenced.

NOT LONG AFTER HIS ARRIVAL

AT CABUL, Mackenzie experienced another of those remarkable deliverances from death which marked his career. Strolling early one morning into the garden of the Yabu Khana, a mulberry grove attached to the fort in which he lived, he recognized a bull-dog belonging to his friend Captain Troup, and called to it, "Nettle, Nettle!" but it took no notice. A moment after it was clinging like a leech to his right arm with all a bulldog's tenacity. He saw at a glance that it had gone mad, and squeezed its throat with his left hand until it let go its hold, and then at arm's length *(see front picture, No. 4)*, he succeeded at last in throttling it. It was a struggle for life, the creature snapping alternately at each hand, and he was almost exhausted when, to his relief, its head dropped, and it swung lifeless in his desperate grasp. Many natives were present, but were too startled to give any assistance.

In October, 1841, Afghanistan broke out into open and armed rebellion against its rulers, and it being the English policy to support the Ameer or king of the country, a British force was sent to assist him in suppressing the revolt. Mackenzie was one of those upon whom devolved the re-opening of the Cabul Pass, which was in the hands of the rebels. Mackenzie and Dawes entered the gorge to carry a sangar, or barrier, from behind which the rebels were firing with deadly aim, picking off officers in particular. As they did so, the rebels poured in such a tremendous storm of bullets that a number of the Sappers were knocked over, and the rest, demoralized by the novelty of the thing—never having been fairly under fire before—halted, and then gave ground. Mackenzie was left alone, but standing firm, the mark for the Afghan sharpshooters, and at last rushing to the front, waving his sword and cheering, he succeeded in rallying the corps, and they then won the Pass. Dawes and his guns were in some danger, when Mackenzie, with the Sappers, rushed to his rescue. Michael Dawes met his grasp with a cordial smile, the only man, Mackenzie said, except one other, whom he ever saw wear a natural smile in battle. On October 15th, Mackenzie was summarily recalled to his political duties at Cabul, having in his enthusiasm gone out without "leave or license."

In the following November, however, insurrection broke out in the city of Cabul itself, and the rebels actually besieged the fort of Nishan Khan, in which Mackenzie had his quarters, and in which there was a considerable number

women and children, the families of the tive Sappers. Matters were looking so serious in a day or two that

A NIGHT RETREAT

is determined upon. Writing of the incident, Mackenzie says: "We were to avoid the town, follow the course of the small canal near the rt, and afterward to strike off by lanes and lds in the direction of the military cantonments, a mile and a half distant. A night retreat is generally disastrous, and this proved no exception to the rule, for, notwithstanding my strict order that all baggage should be left behind, it being very dark, many of the poor women contrived to slip out with loads of their property on their shoulders, making their children walk, whose cries added to the danger of discovery.

"Going among the women to see that my orders for leaving everything were obeyed, a young Ghoorah girl of sixteen or eighteen, who I d girded up her loins and stuck a sword into her kameband, came to me, and throwing all she possessed at my feet, said, 'Sahib, you are right: life is better than property.' She was a beautiful creature, with fair complexion and large dark eyes, and as she stood there with her arms swathed around her, leaving her limbs bare, she was a picture of life, spirit, and energy. I never saw her again, and fear she was either killed or taken prisoner on the night march.

"Before we had proceeded half a mile the enemy had begun to fire. All my regulars crept ahead with the Jezailchis, or Afghan men, and I found myself alone in the midst of a helpless and wailing crowd of women and children. One of these women, not being able to carry both her child and her pots and pans, I put down the former, who was crying at the top of its lungs. I made her take up her child, was attacked immediately afterward (see illustration, No. 5).

"Riding on alone along a narrow lane to try and pick out the road I found myself suddenly surrounded by Afghans.

From at first I took to be my own Jezailchis, I spoke to them as such. They quickly un-answered me, however, by crying out, 'Feringhi ast' ('Here is a European'), attacking me with swords and knives. Spurring my horse violently, I wheeled round, cutting from right to left. My blows, by God's mercy, parried the greater part of theirs, and I was lucky enough to cut off the hand of my most formidable assailant.

"My sword went clean through the man's arm, but just after, I received such a tremendous blow on the back of the head that, although he sabre turned in my enemy's hand, it knocked me almost off my horse. The idea passed through my mind—'Well, this is the end of my career, and a miserable end it is, in a night skirmish with Afghans.' But then came the thought that all was right. I commended my soul to God, and became insensible, hanging on the saddle by only one foot, but I did not let go the bridle. How I was rescued from that fearful peril I know not, but the next thing I remember is finding myself upright in the saddle in advance of the rebels, the whole picket firing after me. I passed unhurt through two volleys of musketry. After wandering about for some time, and passing unchallenged by a sleepy host of the Afghans, we reached the cantonments. During the night many stragglers of my party, principally followers, dropped in. From first to last I had about a dozen killed and half as many wounded."

Passing over a large number of incidents and experiences, for which we have no space, we may mention that in November, 1843, Colin Mackenzie married his second wife, the eldest daughter of Admiral Douglas, and after a pleasant furlough spent among their friends in Europe, it was again necessary for Mackenzie to return to India, and his wife accompanied him. He was commissioned by Lord Harding to raise a regiment of Sikhs.

While living at Lodiana, Mrs. Mackenzie speaks of the grief she and her husband experienced on account of the

DEATH OF A NATIVE CHRISTIAN.

their servant, Jacob. The kind captain read many sweet and helpful passages of Scripture to him, the dying man meanwhile keeping tight hold of his master's hand, and when asked if his faith were strong in Christ, squeezed it and nodded. He strove to say something to a Hindu-tani horsekeeper, who had been with him in Afghanistan, pointing to his heart and then to heaven, as if he wished to exhort him to believe in the Lord. Mackenzie asked the man if he knew what Jacob meant. "Oh, yes," he replied, "this is what he has been saying to me for many days." (See illustration, No. 6.) He had been unwearied in speaking of the Gospel to all the servants and everyone within his reach, and all were attached to him from his kindness and helpfulness. By his last letters he evidently thought his time might be short. He wrote, "I myself looking to Jesus, where is my resting-place—that is to say my sweet grave."

After thirty-five years' service, Colin Mackenzie became a lieutenant-colonel in 1861, and in 1866, upon the representations of Lord Dalhousie and Sir Charles Napier, he was gazetted as C.B. (Commander of the Bath). In July, 1871, he became a Major-General, and on March 22d, 1873, he quitted India forever. He spent the last eight years of his life in England and Scotland, in an active, peaceful, and useful manner. He and his old friend, General Robert Alexander, always worshipped in the Presbyterian Church.

CLOSING YEARS AND DEATH.

While upon the Continent with his wife in the autumn of 1880, General Mackenzie's health showed signs of completely breaking down. On his way home he more than once said to a friend, "I long to see the Lord face to face." Having reached England in June, 1881, he at once attended the committees of the various societies in which he was interested. He also conducted family worship every morning, and said frequently: "I can say with Spurgeon—when you see my name in the *Times* I shall be glorified." He was evidently fast ripening for heaven. In July he journeyed to Edinburgh, and spent a happy fortnight with a large party of dear cousins at Grangemuir. Almost every morning, when asked how he was, he used to say,

"I FEEL VERY NEAR THE OTHER SHORE."

During the closing weeks of his earthly life he read with difficulty; and latterly hardly anything but Spurgeon's "Morning by Morning," and "Evening by Evening." His wife and sister read the Bible to him daily, which he greatly enjoyed. On Thursday, October 20th, he had a very restless night with shooting pains in his left leg. The next morning he said at the breakfast-table that he thought he was dying. At 10 P.M. he said to Mrs. Mackenzie, "Let's go to bed," I'm so tired." On Saturday, the 22d, the doctor found him in a state of unconsciousness, and about nine o'clock the same evening, after a loving, happy look upon the face of his wife, he closed his eyes and "fell asleep in Jesus."

"Is that a deathbed where the Christian lies?"

Yes; but not his: 'tis death itself there dies."

THE CRESCENT AND THE CROSS.

In the course of a deeply interesting article on Africa in a geographical magazine, the methods adopted in the dark continent by Dr. David Livingstone and the founder of Mohammedanism are vividly contrasted by Mr. H. M. Stanley, the explorer of Africa. In the course of the article the following striking passage occurs:

"Africa—that dark, forgotten continent, rimmed around by mountain ranges of an altitude from one thousand to nine thousand feet high, divided into fair and fertile basins, and watered by mighty rivers, and peopled by count-

less millions! A fleet of Arab vessels sails across the Red Sea; an army of these fanatics debark; they climb the steep passes of Abyssinia, and surmount the lofty plateau. They are mounted on fleet dromedaries, with coverings of velvet, adorned with gold and silver filigree, on coursers of Yemen and white asses of Arabia. They unfurl their standards, and, with banners streaming, they advance against Paganism, with the fierce cry of 'Death to the Unbeliever—there is no God but God, and Mohammed is his prophet.' Terror precedes them, death accompanies them, desolation follows them. The apostle of Islam knows no mercy.

"Ages elapse, and this creed overruns North Africa; from Guardafui to Cape Juby the Crescent is triumphant. The Libyan Desert and the Sahara are traversed; and, invincible and dauntless, the proud riders advance toward the Equator, when suddenly the camels are stricken down as by a pestilence, the high-spirited steeds become nerveless and die, and the white asses shrink under this mysterious change of nature. Baffled, they return, to resume their conquests over the dry deserts and rocky plateaus of Northern Africa, leaving the southern half of Africa to other influences, and to higher nations. That is one picture.

"The other is of a more modern period. From the Cape of Good Hope advances a Christian missionary, with a meek and humble following of Hottentot servants, a wagon, and a few teams of oxen. He advances northward toward the untravelled wilds of Southern Africa. He seeks the heathen in his home. To his astonishment he hails him as a brother. He soothes the benighted man with the vision of a heaven, comforts him with the assurance of a Redeemer, and infuses into him the hope of salvation. And ever as he advances northward he repeats the song of the angels, which they sang over Bethlehem: 'Peace on earth, goodwill toward men.'

"This same Christian arrives finally on the banks of the Zambesi, and thence directs his paths westward to the Atlantic Ocean. Back again, whence he came, he retraces his wearied steps; and he halts not until he has viewed the waters of the Indian Ocean, and along all that vast route he has dropped the sweet words of peace and love. After a short pause among his own kind, he returns to Africa, and for fifteen years more he continues to move among the lost nations, loving and loved, blessing and being blessed, and at last surrenders his life in their midst on the shore on Bangweo; and as we turn to the map of Africa, to regard the traces of his footsteps, we behold the outlines of the Cross of the Redeemer drawn by Livingstone during his thirty-two years of travel in the southern half of Africa.

"There was pomp and majesty in the proud advance of Mohammed into Abyssinia, but the picture of the lone Christian wandering in those untrodden wilds of South Africa, with charity and good-will for his motto, is almost divine. It is grand to think of the brave, undaunted Arabs, so invincible in war, carrying the Crescent flag from the Red Sea to the Atlantic! but it is still grander to think of the large conquests achieved by this meek and patient follower of Christ by the simple power of Christian love. Give due meed to this Arabs for the valor and matchless courage with which they carried their faith over many a thousand leagues in Northern Africa; but the undying constancy, the persistent resolution, the patient fortitude of this lone soldier of the Cross, during his long and blameless crusade in the strongholds of Paganism, is sublime.

"Well, then, since this Christian, with all his unrivalled goodness and piety, has declared that the end of the geographical feat is the beginning of commercial (the missionary) enterprise, do you wonder that I, the last of his race and color who talked with him, should take up his work with the view of redeeming Africa from its forlornness and squalid poverty by initiating legitimate commercial enterprise?"

SOCIAL DISSIPATION.

Dr. Talmage's Sermon Preached Last Sunday Morning, April 19, 1885.

"When Herod's birthday was kept, the daughter of Herodias danced before them, and pleased Herod."—MATT. 14: 6.

The Birthday Festival—Feasting and Drinking—Salomi Called for—The Enchanted Monarch—The Awful Tragedy—The Place of Dancing in Modern Society—An Educated Chinaman at a Ball—The Abomination of the Round Dance—A Universal Exercise—Opinion of Early Christians—Innocent Dancing—The Need of Demonstration of Exuberance—The Dissipations of the Ball-Room—Physical Ruin—An Old Flirt—The Army Minstrel of Sybaris—A Belittling Process—A Brilliant Victim—The True Purpose of Amusements—Life in a Mask—The Mask Taken Off.

It is the anniversary of Herod's birthday. The palace is lighted. The highways leading thereto are all ablaze with the pomp of invited guests. Lords, captains, merchant princes, the mighty men of the land, are coming to mingle in the festivities. The table is spread with all the luxuries that royal purveyors can gather. The guests, white-robed and anointed and perfumed, come in and sit.

AT THE TABLE.
Music! The jests evoke roars of laughter. Riddles are propounded. Repartee is indulged. Toasts are drunk. The brain is befogged. The wit rolls on into uproar and blasphemy. They are not satisfied yet. Turn on more light. Pour out more wine. Music! Sound all the trumpets. Clear the floor for a dance. Bring in Salomi, the beautiful and accomplished princess. The door opens, and in bounds the dancer. The lords are enchanted. Stand back and make room for the brilliant gyrations. These men never saw such

POETRY OF MOTION.
Their soul whirled in the reel and bounds with the bounding feet. Herod forgets crown and throne and everything but the fascinations of Salomi. All the magnificence of his realm is as nothing now compared with the splendor that whirled on tiptoe before him. His body sways from side to side, corresponding with the motions of the enchantress. His soul is thrilled with the pulsations of the feet and bewitched with the taking postures and attitudes more and more amazing. After a while he sits in enchanted silence, looking at the flashing, leaping, bounding beauty, and as the dance closes and the tinkling cymbals cease to clap and the thunders of applause that shook the palace begin to abate.

THE ENCHANTED MONARCH
swears to the princely performer: "Whatsoever thou shalt ask of me I will give it thee, to the half of my kingdom." Now, there was in prison at that time a minister of the Gospel by the name of John the Baptist, and he had been making a great deal of trouble by preaching some very plain and honest sermons. He had denounced the sins of the king and brought down upon him the wrath of the females of the royal household. At the instigation of her mother, Salomi takes advantage of the extravagant promise of the king and says, "Bring me the head of

JOHN THE BAPTIST
on a dinner plate." Hark to the sound of feet outside the door and the clatter of swords. The executioners are returning from their awful errand. Open the door. They enter, and they present the platter to Salomi. What is on this platter? A new glass of wine to continue the uproarious merriment? No. Something redder and costlier—the ghastly, bleeding head of John the Baptist, the death glare still in the eye, the locks dabbled with the gore, the features still distressed with the last agony.

'Tis woman, who had whirled so gracefully in the dance, bends over the awful burden without a shudder. She gloats over the blood, and with as much indifference as a waiting-maid might take a tray of empty glassware out of the room

after an entertainment, Salomi carries the disheveled head of John the Baptist, while all the banqueters shout with laughter, and think it a good joke that in so easy and quick a way they have got rid of an earnest and outspoken minister of the Gospel.

Well, there is no harm in a birthday festival. All the kings from Pharaoh's time had celebrated such occasions, and why not Herod? No harm in kindling the lights. No harm in spreading the banquet. No harm in arousing music. But from the riot and wassail that closed the scene of that day every pure nature revolts. I am not this morning to discuss the old question, Is dancing right or wrong? but I am to discuss the question, Does dancing take too much place and occupy too much time in modern society? and in my remarks I hope to carry with me the earnest conviction of all thoughtful persons, and I believe I will.

You will all admit, whatever you think of that style of amusement and exercise, that from many circles it has crowded out all intelligent conversation. You will also admit that it has made the condition of those who do not dance, either because they do not know how, or because they have not the health to endure it, or because through conscientious scruples they must decline the exercise, very uncomfortable. You will also admit, all of you, that it has passed in many cases from an amusement to a dissipation, and you are easily able to understand the bewilderment of the educated Chinaman who, standing in the brilliant circle where there was dancing going on four or five hours, and the guests seemed exhausted, turned to the proprietor of the house and said, "Why don't you allow your servants to do this for you?"

You are also willing to admit, whatever be your idea in regard to the amusements I am speaking of, and whatever be your idea of the old-fashioned square dance and of many of the professional romps in which I can see no evil,

THE ROUND DANCE
is administrative of evil and ought to be driven out of all respectable circles. I am by natural temperament and religious theory opposed to the position taken by all those who are horrified at playfulness on the part of the young, and who think that all questions are decided—questions of decency and morals—by the position of the feet, while, on the other hand, I can see nothing but ruin, temporal and eternal, for those who go into the dissipations of social life, dissipations which have already despoiled thousands of young men and young women of all that is noble in character and useful in life.

UNIVERSALLY POPULAR
Dancing is the graceful motion of the body adjusted by art to the sound and measures of musical instrument or of the human voice. All nations have danced. The ancients thought that Castor and Pollux taught the art to the Lacedaemonians. But whoever started it, all climates have adopted it. In ancient times they had the festival dance, the military dance, the mediatorial dance, the bacchanalian dance, and queens and lords swayed to and fro in the gardens, and the rough backwoodsman with this exercise awakened the echo of the forest. There is something in the sound of lively music to evoke the movement of the hand and foot, whether cultured or uncultured. Passing down the street we unconsciously keep step to the sound of the brass band, while the Christian in church with his foot beats time while his soul rises upon some great harmony. While this is so in civilized lands, the red men of the forest have their scalp dances, their green-corn dances, their war dances.

IN ANCIENT TIMES
the exercise was so utterly and completely deprecated that the church anathematized it. The old Christian fathers expressed themselves most vehemently against it. St. Chrysostom says: "The feet were not given for dancing but to walk modestly, not to leap impudently like camels." One of the dogmas of the ancient church reads: "A dance is the devil's posses-

sion, and he that entereth into a dance entereth into his possession. As many paces as a man makes in dancing, so many paces does he make to hell." Elsewhere the old dogmas declared this: "The woman that singeth in the dance is the princess of the devil, and those that answer are her clerks, and the beholders are his friends, and the music are his bellows, and the fiddlers are the ministers of the devil. For as when hogs are strayed, if the hogherd call one all assemble together, so when the devil calleth one woman to sing in the dance, or to play on some musical instrument, presently all the dancers gather together." This indiscriminate and universal denunciation of the exercise came from the fact that it was utterly and completely depraved.

But we are not to discuss the customs of the olden times, but customs now. We are not to take the evidence of the ancient fathers, but our own conscience, enlightened by the Word of God, is to be the standard. Oh, bring

NO HARSH CRITICISM
upon the young. I would not drive out from their soul all the hilarities of life. I do not believe that the inhabitants of ancient Wales, when they stepped to the sound of the rustic harp, went down to ruin. I believe God intended the young people to laugh and romp and play. I do not believe God would have put exuberance in the soul and exuberance in the body if He had not intended they should in some wise exercise it and demonstrate it. If a mother join hands with her children and cross the floor to the sound of music, I see no harm. If a group of friends cross and recross the room to the sound of piano well played, I see no harm. If a company, all of whom are known to host and hostess as reputable, cross and recross the room to the sound of musical instrument, I see no harm. I tried for a long while to see harm in it. I could not see any harm in it. I never shall see any harm in that. Our men need to be kept young, young for many years longer than they are kept young. Never since my boyhood days have I had more sympathy with the innocent hilarities of life than I have now. What though we have felt heavy burdens! What though we have had to endure hard knocks! Is that any reason why we should stand in the way of those who, unstung of life's misfortunes, are full of exhilaration and full of glee?

GOD BLESS THE YOUNG!
They will have to wait many a long year before they hear me say anything that would depress their ardor or clip their wings or make them believe that life is hard and cold and repulsive. It is not. I tell them, judging from my own experience, that they will be treated a great deal better than they deserve. We have no right to grudge the innocent hilarities to the young.

As we go on in years let us remember that we had our gleeful times; let us be able to say, "We had our good times, let others have their good times." Let us willingly resign our place to those who are coming after us. I will cheerfully give them everything—my house, my books, my position in society, my heritage. After twenty, forty, fifty years we have been drinking out of the cup of this life, do not let us begrudge the passing of it that others may take a drink. But while all this is so, we can have no sympathy with sinful indulgences, and I am going to speak in regard to some of them, though I should tread on the long trail of some popular vanities. What are the dissipations of social life to-day, and what are the

DISSIPATIONS OF THE BALL-ROOM?
In some cities and in some places reaching all the year round, in other places only in the summer time and at the watering-places. There are dissipations of social life that are cutting a very wide swathe with the sickle of death, and hundreds and thousands are going down under these influences, and my subject in application is as wide as the continent and as wide as Christendom. The whirlpool of social dissipation is

drawing down some of the brightest craft that ever sailed the sea—thousands and tens of thousands of the bodies and souls annually consumed in the *conflagration of ribbons*.

Social dissipation is the abettor of pride, it is the instigator of jealousy, it is the sacrificial altar of health, it is the defiler of the soul, it is the avenue of lust and it is the curse of every town in America. Social dissipation. It may be hard to draw the line and say that this is right on the one side, and that is wrong on the other side. It is not necessary that we do that, for God has put a throne in every man's soul, and I appeal to that throne to-day. When a man does wrong he knows he does wrong, and when he does right he knows he does right, and to that throne that Almighty God lifted in the heart of every man and woman I appeal.

As to the

PHYSICAL RUIN

wrought by the dissipations of social life there can be no doubt. What may we expect of people who work all day and dance all night? After awhile they will be thrown on society nervous, exhausted imbeciles. These people who indulge in the suppers and the midnight revels and then go home in the cold unwrapped in limbs, will after a while be found to have been written down in God's eternal records as suicides, as much suicides as if they had taken their life with a pistol, or a knife, or strychnine.

How many people in America have stepped from the ball-room into the graveyard! Consumptions and swift neuralgias are close on their track. Amid many of the glittering scenes of social life in America diseases stand right and left and balance and chain. The breath of the sepulchre floats up through the perfume, and the froth of Death's lip bubbles up in the champagne. I am told that in some parts of this country, in some of the cities, there are parents who have actually given up housekeeping and gone to boarding that they may give their time illicitly to social dissipations. I have known such cases. I have known family after family blasted in that way in one of the other cities where I preached. Father and mother turning their back upon all quiet culture and all the amenities of home, leading forth their entire family in the wrong direction. Annihilated,

WORSE THAN ANNIHILATED

—for there are some things worse than annihilation. I give you the history of more than one family in America when I say they went on in the dissipations of social life until the father dropped into a lower style of dissipation, and after awhile the son was tossed out into society a nonentity, and after awhile the daughter eloped with a French dancing-master, and after awhile the mother, getting on further and further in years, tries to hide the wrinkles but fails in the attempt, trying all the arts of the belle, an old flirt, a poor miserable butterfly without any wings.

If there is anything on earth beautiful to me

AN AGED WOMAN,

her white locks flowing back over the wrinkled brow—locks not white with frost, the poets say, but white with the blossoms of the tree of life, in her voice the tenderness of gracious memories, her face a benediction. As grandmother passes through the room the grandchildren pull at her dress, and she almost falls in her weakness; but she has nothing but candy or cake or a kind word for the little darlings. When she gets out of the wagon in front of the house the whole family rush out and cry: "Grandma's come!" and when she goes away from us never to return, there is a shadow on the table, and a shadow on the hearth, and a shadow on the heart. There is no more touching scene on earth than when grandmother sleeps the last slumber and the little child is lifted up to the casket to give the last kiss, and she says: "Good-by, grandma!"

Oh, there is a beauty in old age. God says so. "The hoary head is a crown of glory." Why should people decline to get old? The

best things, the greatest things I know of are aged. Old mountains, old seas, old stars and the old eternity. But if there is anything distressful, it is to see an old woman ashamed of the fact that she is old. What with all the artificial appliances, she is too much for my gravity. I laugh even in church, when I see her coming. The worst-looking bird on earth is a peacock when it has lost its feathers. I would not give one lock of my old mother's gray hair for fifty thousand such caricatures of humanity. And if the life of a worldling, if the life of a dissipation-given to the world is sad, the close of such a life is simply a tragedy.

Let me tell you that the dissipations of American life, of social life in America, are

DESPOILING THE USEFULNESS

of a vast multitude of people. What do those people care about the fact that there are whole nations in sorrow and suffering and agony, when they have for consideration the more important question about the size of a glove or the tie of a cravat? Which one of them ever bound up the wounds of the hospital? Which one of them ever went out to care for the poor? Which of them do you find in the haunts of sin distributing tracts? They live on themselves, and it is very poor pasture.

Sybaris was a great city, and it once sent out three hundred horsemen in battle. They had a minstrel who had taught the horses of the army a great trick, and when the old minstrel played a certain tune the horses would rear and with their front feet seem to beat time to the music. Well, the old minstrel was offended with his country, and he went over to the enemy, and he said to the enemy: "You give me the mastership of the army and I will destroy their troops when those horsemen come from Sybaris. So they gave the old minstrel the management, and he taught all the other minstrels a certain tune. Then when the cavalry troop came up the old minstrel and all the other minstrels played a certain tune, and at the most critical moment in the battle when the horsemen wanted to rush to the conflict, the horses reared and beat time to the music with their forefeet, and in disgrace and rout the enemy fled." Ah! my friends, I have seen it again and again—the minstrels of pleasure, the minstrels of dissipation, the minstrels of godless association have defeated people in the hardest fight of life. Frivolity has lost the battle for ten thousand folk. Oh! what

A BELITTLING PROCESS

to the human mind this everlasting question about dress, this discussion of fashionable infinitesimals, this group looking askance at the glass, wondering with an infinity of earnestness how that last geranium leaf does look—this shrivelling of a man's moral dignity until it is not observable to the naked eye, this Spanish inquisition of a tight shoe, this binding up of an immortal soul in a ruffe, this pitching off of an immortal nature over the rocks when God intended it for great and everlasting uplifting.

You know as well as I do that the dissipations of social life in America to-day are destroying thousands and tens of thousands of people, and it is time that the pulpits lift their voice against them, for I now prophecy the eternal misfortune of all those who enter the rivalry. When did the white, glistening boards of a dissipated ball-room ever become the road to heaven? When was a torch for eternity ever lighted at the chandelier of a dissipated scene? From a table spread after such an excited and desecrated scene who ever went home to pray?

A BRILLIANT VICTIM.

In my parish of Philadelphia there was a young woman brilliant as a spring morning. She gave her life to the world. She would come to religious meetings and under conviction would for a little while begin to pray, and then would rush off again into the discipleship of the world. She had all the world could offer of brilliant social position. One day a flushed and excited messenger asked me to hasten to her house, for she was dying. I entered the room,

There were the physicians, there was the mother, there lay this disciple of the world. I asked her some questions in regard to the soul. She made no answer. I knelt down to pray. I rose again, and desiring to get some expression in regard to her eternal interests, I said: "Have you any hope?" and then for the first her lips moved in a whisper as she said: "No hope!" Then she died. The world, she served it, and the world helped her not in the last.

And I tell the hundreds and thousands of young people in this house this morning, the world will laugh with you when you laugh, and romp with you when you romp, but they will not weep with you when you die.

I would wish that this morning I could marshal all the young people in this audience to an appreciation of the fact that you have

AN EARNEST WORK

in life, and your amusements and recreations are only to help you along in that work. At the time of a religious awakening a Christian young woman spoke to a man in regard to his soul's salvation. He floated out into the world. After awhile she became worldly in her Christian profession. The man said one day, "Well, I am as safe as she is. I was a Christian, she said she was a Christian. She talked with me about my soul; if she is safe I am safe." Then a sudden accident took him off without an opportunity to utter one word of prayer.

Do you not realize, have you not noticed, young men and old—have you not noticed that the dissipations of social life are blasting and destroying a vast multitude? With many life is a masquerade ball, and as at such entertainments gentlemen and ladies put on the garb of kings and queens or mountebanks or clowns and at the close put off the disguise, so a great many pass their whole life in a mask,

TAKING OFF THE MASK

at death. While the masquerade ball of life goes on, they trip merrily over the floor, gemmed hand is stretched to gemmed hand, gleaming brow bends to bleaming brow. On with the dance! Flush and rustle and laughter of immeasurable merry-making. But after awhile the languor of death comes on the limbs and blurs the eyesight. Lights lower. Floor hollow with sepulchral echo. Music saddened into a wail. Lights lower. Now the maskers are only seen in the dim light. Now the fragrance of the flowers is like the sickening odor that comes from garlands that have lain long in the vaults of cemeteries. Lights lower. Mists gather in the room. Glasses shake as though quaked by sullen thunder. Sigh caught in the curtain. Scarf drops from the shoulder of beauty a shroud. Lights lower. Over the slippery boards in dance of death glide jealousies, envies, revenges, lust, despair and death. Stench of lamp-wicks almost extinguished. Torn garlands will not half cover the ulcerated feet. Choking damps. Chilliness. Feet still. Hands closed. Voices hushed. Eyes shut. Lights out.

Oh, I see some of my friends who floated far away from God through social dissipations, and it is time you turned. For I remember that there were two vessels on the sea, and in a storm, and in the sea. It was very, very dark, and the two vessels were going straight for each other, and the captains knew it not. But after awhile the man on the lookout saw the approaching ship, and he shouted, "Hard a-larboard!" and from the other vessel the cry went up, "Hard a-larboard!" and they turned just enough to glance by and passed in safety to their harbors. Some of you are in the storm of temptation and you are driving on and coming toward fearful collisions unless you change your course. Hard a-larboard! Turn ye, turn ye, for "why will ye die, oh, house of Israel?"

Volume VII. of the Christian Herald, Containing the Numbers for 1884, with complete index, bound in cloth, may be had from this office; price \$3, including postage. A few volumes of 1882 and 1883 are also for sale.

A LADY'S VISIT TO A THIEVES' HAUNT.

In the *Sunday Magazine* for December, Mr. G. S. Reaney writes a brilliant and petical paper on "Finding and Doing One's Own Work," and quotes the following realistic illustration:

"In a street, known for its open profligacy and sin, down which the police paraded toward dusk in couples, turning a deaf ear to many a cry from some wretchedly drunken woman or man, because it was impossible to deal with tens and twenties as they might with individual cases—at the far end of this street stood a house known to be the haunt of thieves. To the door of this house at dusk, one summer's evening, came a worker whose energy of love made her unmindful of the difficulties which must have driven back one less moved.

"What do you want here, I should like to know?" said a bloated, hard-faced woman, in answer to the visitor's knock. "I heard in the next street, but one," was the simple answer, "that your husband was dying, and I came to see him."

"Well, well, that's a joke, if ever there was one," said the woman, laughing boisterously, and swaying herself backward and forward in her hilarity. "Come to see my husband, have you? To talk religion to him, eh? Bless me! How would you like now if I took you at your word, and really let you see him? May be you wouldn't mind a black eye or two? Why, look at mine; I got one for doing a thing not half as crossing to his temper! Are you ready for that, I say, and abuse into 'ne bargain?"

"I'm ready for anything," is the quiet answer, spoken in firm tones, although the cheek has blanched somewhat. "I feel sure you need not fear. Your husband would not behave in less than a gentlemanly way to a lady who is a stranger to him!"

"What a way of putting it!" exclaimed the woman, with another burst of laughter. "Well, come along," she added; "I'll put you in the way of getting up-stairs, but mind, I don't ask you to go, and I wash my hands of consequences!"

"So saying she opened an inner door, passed through a low room, fairly furnished, but very dirty and untidy, and motioned to a staircase. "First door on the right," she whispered, as she pointed upward.

"With a beating heart but firm step the self-invited visitor ascended. Possibly her very footfall, so gentle when compared with the heavy steps of the wife, arrested the notice of the sick man pleasantly. As she crossed the threshold he was looking toward the door with an eager, wondering look. This look became, however, dark and almost fierce as his visitor approached the bed. Instinctively his hand felt for a stick which lay within easy reach, there doubtless to be used to knock on the floor did he require anything from below; but the action was a menacing one. Quite undaunted, the visitor said gently, not waiting for him to speak, nor moving from the spot by his pillow where she had paused:

"I am so sorry you are ill. It is hard for women to suffer, but far harder for men. I have come to sing to you something that will comfort you. Listen," and without a moment's hesitation she sang the hymn, beginning:

"I heard the voice of Jesus say,
Come unto me and rest;
Lay down, thou weary one, lay down
Thy head upon my breast.
I came to Jesus as I was,
Weary and worn and sad;
I found in Him a resting place,
And He has made me glad."

"The fevered and almost glaring look in the man's eyes gradually softened before the first verse ended, and toward the middle of the second, tears, large and full (as if the first flowing of some new spring suddenly started in this hitherto barren wilderness nature), rained down the furrowed cheeks. And the worker's work began. It came simply enough afterward to repeat various portions of Scripture, and to kneel

in prayer, and on the sick man's part as naturally to plead, "You'll come again; please say you'll come again."

"This illustration touches only one class of work, and that reckoned perhaps the hardest work among the outwardly debased and profligate; but the same principle applies to all life, and therefore to all work. The energy of love creates its own opportunities."

ANECDOTES RELATED AT THE EVANGELISTIC MEETINGS IN SCOTLAND.

A Good Foothold.—The Rev. Mr. Duncan, speaking of faith in God, said at a recent meeting: "I spent several hours by the bedside of a dying boy last night. He was perfectly happy and without a fear. When I spoke to him of Jesus, I discovered that his feet were firmly planted on the Rock of Ages. He had entire faith and confidence in God to lead him through 'the dark valley of the shadow of death,' and when he died his last breath was used to give utterance to his triumphant joy in Christ. He has left a bright record behind him, and, as one result of my interview with him, my own faith in God is considerably strengthened, and my heart is nerved with a firmer courage."

An Artist's Eye.—A Minister Related: "A painter was looking with great delight at a beautiful picture, when a friend said to him, 'Why do you look so long and earnestly at that picture?' If you could see the picture as I see it you would know why I look so earnestly at it," replied the painter; "I see a great beauty in it which only the eye of an artist can discern. This is what the children of God see in Jesus, a great beauty, which those who are blinded by the world cannot see. To those who have graciously been enlightened by the life-imparting rays of the Sun of Righteousness, Jesus is 'the Chief among ten thousand, and the altogether lovely.'"

A Widow Comforted.—A Christian Minister related that a poor widow woman was sitting with her fatherless children, trying to look into the unknown future, and thinking that there was no hope, and no happiness for her, or them, when quite unexpectedly a friend called in to see her, and happened to repeat a passage from the Bible, which turned the widow's thoughts in quite a different direction. She was enabled to look through the clouds and the dreaded future right up to her beloved Master's face. She lifted her weak, weary heart to Jesus, staying herself on Him. She was soon strengthened and even cheered, and her children have now grown up about her to call her blessed. She has been the means of training them all for honorable and useful positions in life, and of leading them also to Christ as their Saviour.

The Envelope under the Door.—A Well-known minister said: "In the early part of my ministry I had the care of a young family, and was in great temporal need. There was one day in particular which I shall never forget. We had been without food for a whole day, and had to put our little ones to bed hungry. When we were alone my wife and I knelt down and earnestly besought the Lord for bread for ourselves and little ones, and we rose from our knees cheered, knowing that God who feeds the beasts of the field and the birds of the air would not let His own children starve. Passing the entry door on our way to bed, we saw put underneath it a white envelope, and when it was opened, we found that it contained a cheque for a considerable sum of money. We did not know when it had come or by whom it was brought, but this we *did* know, that the Lord had sent it in answer to our prayer."

A Well-Directed Arrow.—The Rev. Mr. Robertson, in counselling servants of the Lord not to lose courage in their work, said: "When I first began work for Christ I was very much discouraged because I did not see souls being saved. I could not recollect one instance of conversion under my preaching or teaching. One day I was wearily walking along a country road, very much disheartened when I thought of it,

and was almost making up my mind to give up the work in which I was engaged, and go to some other field of labor. When I entered the man's I was told that there was some one waiting to see me. It was a young girl, who came to tell me that I was the means of her conversion. She was weeping bitterly, and it was with difficulty she told me the circumstances. I learned that it was a sentence in a prayer that had been the means of leading her to put her trust in Jesus. She said, 'Oh, sir! it was when you said "Lord, put thine arrow into thine enemies' hearts!" Just as you said these words the Lord heard your prayer, and put His arrow of conviction deep into my heart, and from that moment I trusted Him.' Some time ago I was standing at a dying woman's bedside, and she told me that it was this young girl who had led her to put her trust in the Saviour."

Happy Old Grannie.—A Devoted Evangelist related: "I went one night to see a friend of mine, over ninety years of age, who was dying. After some conversation with her, I said 'Grannie, are you happy?' 'Happy!' she rejoined, 'I should think I am happy,' and she repeated her favorite text, 'God is my salvation; I will trust and not be afraid,' and before leaving her I knelt down and prayed that the Lord would guide her through the dark valley which she was about to enter. After the prayer was finished she, with one of her withered hands in mine, and the other resting on my head, called down God's blessing upon me, and on all the work which I had undertaken for Him. She has been a great blessing to many of her friends, and to the district in which she lives, in leading them to Christ, and now on her death-bed she is giving a faithful testimony of the Lord's great love and goodness."

A Pleasure-Loving Schoolmaster.—The Rev. Mr. Gault said: "In the great revival of 1859 in Ireland, there were many who professed conversion, most of whom remained steadfast. There was one case in particular; it was that of a young man who was the principal of a day-school. After his day's work was over, he thought of nothing else but what shall I do to amuse myself. One night he was persuaded to attend a meeting, where he heard the text read 'How shall we escape if we neglect so great salvation?' The young man's conscience told him that he was neglecting salvation. He thought that he had done nothing really bad, but that he had done enough to secure damnation. He had neglected salvation, and thought of nothing but amusement. Before entering his home that night, he gave himself to the Lord, and is to this day one of the most earnest evangelists throughout the land, stirring up and showing people their great need of salvation, and successful in conducting many sinners to the cross of the Saviour."

A Slave Woman Finds Freedom.—A Christian worker said: "I read the other day of a poor Hottentot who was a slave in a farmer's family. The farmer went to a distant place to have a child baptized, and poor Jejena, who never had heard the sound of church bells, was permitted on this occasion to tread the courts of the Lord's house. When the minister rose, her eager eye was fixed upon him. His text was taken from Rev. 3:15—'I know thy works.' Jejena listened with deep attention to the minister as he described the sinner's evil-doings. She left the church with a very sorrowful heart. The minister invited the farmer and his wife to his house; and as Jejena stood behind her mistress' chair he fixed his eyes upon her, and said: 'Do you know that there is a God?' 'I have often used His name wickedly, but I know nothing of Him; oh, sir! tell me who He is and where He is to be found,' said the poor slave. 'He is everywhere; God is a Spirit,' replied the minister. 'Do you know you have a soul, and when you die you must be happy forever or sent to everlasting fire?' 'Oh, sir, what shall I do? I have never done anything but evil in my life.' Here the conversation was interrupted. By night and by day

her heart overflowed with anxiety and sorrow. At length she obtained help from an aged Christian Hottentot. To her inquiry how she should pray, he told her to kneel down and say, "O God, teach me! O God, help me!" From that time this was her prayer, and God did help and teach her; she found balm in Gilead and a kind Physician there."

THE SCATTERED DRY BONES.

By the Rev. E. J. Hytche.

The Complete Scattering of Israel—Colonies in Strange Places—Always Distinct—Always Monotheists—Possess the Pentateuch—The Location of the Colonies—1. In Malabar—2. In Afghanistan—The Benjamites—3. Abyssinian Jews—4. Central China—5. In Cochín—White and Black Jews—6. In British India—7. In Madagascar—The Approaching Gathering of the Bones.

In sketching the present localization of *some* of the scattered Jews—especially of what are commonly known as the "lost ten tribes," or Israelites proper—I do not think it needful to discuss the theory of the Ephraimitish origin of the English nation. Suffice it to say, that no Ethnologist of any repute has sanctioned this novel theory, but they rather have shown that the British is eminently a mixed race, in which the Saxon element preponderates.

Both prophecy and geographical facts indicate that the expatriated Jews—more especially the ten tribes—were exiled to various countries contiguous to, or which had Assyria for a centre, and that they would there remain until the period when by Divine leadings they should again become one nationality. And then, in the Divine analogy of Ezekiel (37: 7), there will be a "noise and a shaking, and the bones shall come together, bone to his bone."

In connection with this prediction of the wide dispersion of the Jews, it is remarkable how many

COLONIES OF SCATTERED ISRAELITES have been discovered by recent travellers, and that in far-off countries where even their existence was not formerly suspected. There are, in fact, few countries, either in Asia or Africa, where there are not colonies of Hebrews planted there from time immemorial. And, though surrounded by idolaters, or by the more philosophical Buddhists, they have not abandoned their creed, however much it has been distorted through the lapse of centuries since the time of their expatriation; and they almost invariably expect a Deliverer or Messiah to restore them to their GOD-GIVEN PATRIMONY.

From their non-possession of any of the sacred books save the Pentateuch, we are, I think, warranted in the inference that they are mainly remnants of those tribes who were transported beyond the river Euphrates by Shalmanezar. During the present century much has been done, not so much by missionaries as by travellers, to discover the Jewish colonies in such widely separated districts of the earth, as to fulfil to the letter the numerous prophecies of their being deported to "the ends of the earth." To some of these I would more especially refer, because the very fact of their discovery proves the truth of the prophecy (Ezekiel 36: 8), "O ye mountains of Israel, ye shall shoot forth your branches, and yield your fruit to my people of Israel; for they are *nigh to come*." It also indicates the nearness of the time of their restoration.

1. Early in this century Dr. Claudius Buchanan, in his "Christian Researches," discovered in the Hindoo province of

MALABAR

a colony of Jews. From long residence there they had become totally black. Rarely marrying outside their own race, they had that facial expression by which the Hebrews, whatever their creed or country, are detected, and which is found indelibly traced on the war triumphs of Assyria everywhere. They were proud of their Abrahamic descent, though for the most part

despised by the dominant races. And even those who had lost the hope of their fathers still regarded Palestine as their fatherland. A still more recent author, Mr. J. H. Stocqueler, in his "Oriental Interpreter," says "that the Jewish colony in Malabar consists of many thousands who have dwelt there from time immemorial."

IN AFGHANISTAN.

2. That most warlike race, the Afghans, are also of undoubted Jewish extraction. Mr. Stocqueler intimates that "the Afghans assert that they are descended from the Jews, and often style themselves Ben-Israel, or children of Israel, though they consider the term Yahooder or Jew as one of reproach." It is certain that they have in many points a strong resemblance to the Jews, and there appears reason to believe that the tradition of their origin is not unfounded." They

CLAIM THEIR DESCENT FROM KING SAUL, and so are Benjamites, if their tradition is correct. Not only their literature, but many of their root words are Hebraic; and even the name of their capital, Cabul, recalls the phrase used by King Hiram (1 Kings 9: 13), to indicate his opinion of the worthless cities presented to him by Solomon.

3. There is also another large colony of Jews which has been many centuries settled

IN ABYSSINIA,

known in the Bible records as Ethiopia. They answer to the name of Falashas. The celebrated Hindoo missionary, Dr. Wilson, in his "Lecture on Foreign Churches," published in 1845, while speaking of the Abyssinian Christians, says "that they practice circumcision, abstinence from unclean animals, the observance of the last day (or Sabbath), in addition to the Lord's Day, the wearing of a ribbon of blue as a symbol of their faith, abstinence from the sinew that shrunk, and from blood, the practice of confession on the day of atonement—these customs have evidently a Jewish origin. I think it probable that the Jews in some numbers extended themselves from Egypt and Yemen to the country, before the Christian era." Many of their descendants, estimated by Dr. Wolff at two hundred thousand, are still in Abyssinia, known by the name of Falashas."

4. All Europeans who have penetrated into

CENTRAL CHINA

have found many persons who boast of their Abrahamic extraction. They are, however, not so congregated together as a nationality as in the case of Afghanistan, but are scattered here and there throughout that vast empire. But this fact might have been anticipated from prophecy, which almost invariably speaks of the events of the last days as if they were actually present events. This led Isaiah, when referring to the return of his kinsmen to the land of their inheritance, to say (Isa. 49: 11, 12), "I will make all my mountains a road, and my highways shall be exalted. Behold, these shall come from far: and, lo, these from the north and from the west; and these from the land of Sinim." The great Hebrew scholar, Gesenius, has given every proof that by "the land of Sinim" China is intended. How these Hebrews in China or the land of Sinim migrated there, so distant is China from Palestine, as well as so apparently inaccessible, is a question of much interest. Probably the enigma may be solved by the light conveyed by the cuneiform inscriptions of Assyria. For many Assyrian scholars, who are also versed in the Chinese language, indicate that so many root-words of the Chinese correspond with the inscriptions of the Babylonish cylinders, that of their Assyrian origin there can be no doubt. If so, we may infer that the Chinese Jews are remnants of their ancestors, who were carried away from Palestine as captives by Shalmanezar and Nebuchadnezzar.

5. There is a small colony of Hebrews,

IN COCHIN CHINA

who, more than most Asiatic Jews, are faithful to their creed amid the prevailing Buddhism. An American Jewish magazine gave the follow-

ing account of this interesting remnant in 1880 from the pen of one of their co-religionists who had visited them. He says that there passed through the streets of Cochín men fairer of countenance than are the inhabitants of India, and with strongly marked Jewish features. These men were known as the Jerusalem or white Jews. They occupy a quarter of the city by themselves. The part of the city which they occupy is called Jews' town, and the houses are all built alike. They number between thirty or forty families. Their synagogue is situated at the upper end of the street they occupy.

There are, in Cochín, black as well as white Jews. These black Jews occupy the lower part of Jews' town. Little is known of the early history of these Jews, but they have in their possession, engraved on copper, a grant or license from the sovereign of Malabar, bearing a date corresponding to A.D. 308.

6. Dispersed throughout the length and breadth of

BRITISH INDIA.

and probably in independent Hindostan, there are large numbers who call themselves Beni-Israel, or sons of Israel. They are fairer than the aborigines, and have the Jewish cast of countenance. They are proud of their descent, and in their dialects many Hebrew words have survived their long exile from their Fatherland. They know little or nothing of their history. But amid the scorn of Moslems and idolaters they cling tenaciously to their Abrahamic descent, and expect their recall when Messiah comes to reign as King of the Jews, and to subdue the Gentiles.

7. But the most remarkable discovery of scattered Israel, is that of the remnant found in the far east kingdom of

MADAGASCAR.

The Rev. Henry W. Little, an eminent Malagasy missionary, in his recently published work, entitled "Madagascar: Its History and People," says that there is another tribe in the South, who are called Malagasy "Tanaka Ibrahim (sons of Abraham)." Many of their words are Hebrew Malagasy; and they also use some of the Hebrew letters in their writings, and retain many Jewish traditions among them to this day. The fact, however, that they have retained their name unchanged is perhaps the most remarkable; and that evidently points to an origin neither Polynesian nor African, but most probably Arabian or Abyssinian. The sprinkling of blood upon the door-posts and lintel of the houses, and, in some cases, suspending a root or bunch of grass dipped in blood over the entrance—an observance now almost discontinued—has also a striking resemblance to the Great Act of the Jewish Passover."

All these facts prove the possibility of the fulfilment of the predictions respecting the restoration of the Jews in the latter days, for they exist as a distinct race

IN ALL PARTS OF THE WORLD

—even at the very "ends of the earth." From the largeness of their numbers, they also show the truth of the pre-vision of Ezekiel 36: 10, 11: "I will multiply men upon you, all the house of Israel [or the Twelve Tribes]—even all of it—and the cities shall be inhabited, and the wastes shall be builded: and I will multiply upon you man and beast, and they shall increase and bear fruit; and I will settle you after your old estate, and will do better unto you than at the beginning."

It is in connection with this and analogous prophecies that the recent disinterment of so many of the lost Ten Tribes becomes so striking. Such discovery we cannot err in inferring is the *initial* step in their national resuscitation and subsequent conversion [see Zech. 12: 10, 14] after an exile of about two thousand years. Well then might the pen of prophecy speak of this far-off episode in the marvellous history of Israel, and say (Ezek. 36: 8), "Behold ye, oh mountains of Israel: ye shall shoot forth your branches, and yield your fruit to my people of Israel, for they are *nigh to come*."



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CURRENT EVENTS.

General Grant's Condition Last Week was one of marked improvement. The bulletins issued on Tuesday described him as better than he had been in two weeks. The morphine injections administered to relieve the pain and give him sleep were reduced, and he was able to take more nourishment. By frequent syringing the throat was kept clear of mucus, in order to prevent coughing, which is liable to bring on the hemorrhage again. On Wednesday the improvement was continued, and on Thursday the General felt so much better that of his own accord he joined the family at lunch and ate a little solid food for the first time in three weeks. On Friday his strength was so far increased that he wished to go for a drive, but it was not deemed prudent for him to leave the house. On Saturday there was a halt in his progress, but he was still described as holding his own. The family, though rejoicing in his improved condition, are not encouraged by the physicians to hope for his recovery. They are still firm in their conviction that the disease is a cancer, from which not one sufferer in a thousand recovers, when, as in this case, it attacks the throat, where a surgical operation is necessarily almost impossible.

The President has Issued a Proclamation annulling the order of President Arthur which admitted settlers to the Crow Creek Indian reservation. President Cleveland declares the order inoperative and void, because the Indians hold the lands in question by treaty. For that reason President Arthur had no lawful power to take them from the Indians and restore them to the public domain. Unhappily, hundreds of settlers were led by President Arthur's order to go upon these lands, who now must vacate their claims. It is stated that President Arthur's order was issued by the advice of Secretary Teller, who is now Senator from Colorado, without consultation with the Indian Committees of Congress, which disapproved of the order. The Indians have suffered so seriously in past times, notably at the hands of President Hayes and his Secretary, Mr. Schurz, that it is gratifying to notice the promise made in the proclamation issued last week that the new administration will "maintain inviolate the solemn pledges and

plighted faith of the government" found in treaties negotiated with the Indians. It may be hoped, for the sake of the national honor, that this promise will be kept.

The Decision of the Court-Martial on General Hazen has been made public. It is not precisely the vindication that officer was represented as expecting. The court, it appears, found him guilty on several counts, and recommended that he be censured by the President. The sentence was approved by President Cleveland, who, in administering the reprimand as directed by the court, said: "To an officer of fine sensibilities, the mere fact of being brought to trial before a court-martial must be in itself a mortification and punishment. In the foregoing case the accused, whose high rank and long experience in the service should have inspired him with a full realization of that respect for constituted authority which is essential to military discipline, has been adjudged guilty of indulging in unwarranted and captious criticism of his superior officer, the Secretary of War, thereby setting a pernicious example, subversive of discipline and the interests of the service."

The accused has brought upon himself the condemnation of his brother officers who examined the charges against him, and seriously impaired his own honorable record of previous conduct. It is to be hoped that the lesson will not be forgotten. General Hazen will be released from arrest and assume the duties of his office." It must be remembered that the charge against Hazen was limited to his relations to Secretary Lincoln, and did not include his responsibility for the Cape Sabine horror.

An Investigation of Labor Problems suggested by Mr. Carroll D. Wright, Commissioner of Labor, and approved by the Secretary of the Interior, if intelligently conducted ought to lead to the acquisition of valuable information of practical benefit to workmen. It is proposed to investigate the question of industrial depressions, involving a study of their character, their causes, and whether they are contemporaneous in the great producing countries of the world, and whether, as to duration, severity, and periodicity, they are alike in such countries. Such an investigation would involve the question of the influence of depressions on the cost of living, the influence of taxes on all matters relating to living, and as to industrial depressions; how far corners may be influential in such matters; what industrial, commercial, and financial conditions have preceded such depressions, and whether large importations or exportations or extensive railroad building, etc., have preceded them. It may be hoped that the Labor Bureau will be able to secure information on these topics which will throw light on the difficulties of the intricate labor problem.

The White Cross Movement for Promoting purity of life among young men is taking firm hold in New York, and its beneficial influence seems likely to be permanent and extensive. Clergymen in other cities desiring to organize a similar movement should send to Dr. B. F. De Costa, 33 West Twenty-fifth Street, New York, for sample copies of the White Cross books, inclosing four cents for postage. They may be purchased in quantities at a low price from the publishers, Messrs. E. P. Dutton & Co.

The Anglo-Russian Crisis Assumed a Slightly more peaceful phase last week, though at the end of the week there was still cause for apprehension. Mr. Gladstone is plainly anxious to avoid war if possible, and though he is jeered at and denounced by the press and in Parliament, there is a strong feeling throughout England, especially among thoughtful religious men, that he is right and is deserving of honor. A serious difficulty in the way of opposing Russia is that for a British army to take the field against her it will be necessary to march through Afghanistan. The last time a British army was in that country it was as an invading force, and it is not by any means certain that the Afghans would understand the changed circumstances.

This time the British would go as the allies of the Afghans against the Russians, but they would be in a critical situation if, in the face of the enemy, the Afghans attacked them, which, as recent advices show, is a very probable contingency. Both England and Russia continue making extensive war preparations, and it is obvious that but for Mr. Gladstone's conciliatory, forbearing attitude, war would have been declared before now. Russia has acted treacherously and in defiance of treaty obligations and the assurances of her government made by diplomats to the British. Her advance is clearly a menace to British supremacy in India, which, if avoided, may be construed in a dangerous way by the natives. That is the danger which the British Government is chiefly concerned about. The explanations of the Russian Government of the battle of March 30th are awaited with anxiety.

Riots Broke Out in Cork on the Occasion of the visit of the Prince and Princess of Wales on April 15th. They were directly instigated by the Nationalists. During the festivities in Dublin the Lord Mayor, who had been conspicuous by his rudeness to the royal visitors, was seen driving through the city. He was hissed by the Loyalists, who were rejoicing over the visit of the Prince and Princess. The mayor was exasperated and angrily declared he would complain to Mr. Parnell and notify the Nationalists in Mallow and Cork of the insult to himself. It is supposed that he did so, for on the royal party arriving at Mallow three of Mr. Parnell's friends, who are members of Parliament, were at the station with a gang of roughs and a brass band. The band played the Nationalist air, and the roughs hooted and hissed the Prince and his party. After the train had left the station there was a fight on the platform between the police and the mob. At Cork there was a repetition of the Mallow scenes. One man in the crowd threw an onion at the Princess, which struck a footman who interposed. Stones were thrown at the royal carriages, and at night there was a riot, in which windows were smashed and the flags and decorations put up in honor of the Prince's arrival were torn down and burned. The insult to the Princess has caused much ill feeling against the Nationalists. It is regarded as an act of rudeness without justification.

The Expenses of the Sudan War will be a heavy item in the expenditure of Great Britain for the year, and the newspapers are discussing the best way of raising the money. *The Christian*, referring to a proposal that an extra tax should be levied upon tea, asks: "Would it not be a more commendable plan in every way to levy an additional tax on wines, spirits, beer, etc.? Tea represents the chief beverage of thousands of industrious working people, while alcoholic drinks are simply luxuries, and too often destructive ones. It is an age of luxury and extravagance. In the midst of an expensive war, we yet read of theatrical representations put upon the stage at fabulous cost, while the dresses alone in one recent ephemeral piece cost \$25,000! The evil does not stop here, for that world which gets its fashions and fashions from the stage attires its votaries in similitude of habit, and the result is often bankruptcy and ruin. The married daughter of a Christian merchant recently gave sixty guineas for a dinner-dress made in exact copy of one worn by a popular but second-rate actress! Well may the bitter cry ascend, and the Lord's missionaries go begging."

Bethshan Tracts.—The Following Tracts, by Mrs. M. Baxter and others, on the subject of Faith-Healing and Holiness, have been received from England, and can be obtained at the following prices: Bethshan: A House for Healing, 3 cts. each; Pastor Blumhardt, 3 cts. each; Paul's Thorn, If it be Thy Will, Does Sickness Sanctify? Repeating Prayer, What about the Use of Means, The Apostolic Attitude, all at 12 cts. a dozen; The Law of Liberty, Simple Truths about Faith, God's Purpose in Sickness, The Great Physician, Job's Sickness, God's Side of Prayer, Pastor Rein, Redeemed from all Evil, Health by Grace, all at 20 cts. a dozen. Also the following books by Mrs. M. Baxter: S. S. Lessons, 1877-78, in cloth, 50 cts. each; Lessons from the Gospel of Matthew, 50 cts. cloth, 30 cts. paper; Daily Life, 30 cts. cloth, 20 cts. paper; Life Lessons, 25 cts. paper, 35 cts. cloth; Practical Lessons, 25 cts. cloth. Address: The Manager, CHRISTIAN HERALD OFFICE, 63 Bible House, New York.

In a Letter Recently Received from Virginia, the writer says: "We are truly grateful to the kind friends who sent us THE CHRISTIAN HERALD last year; we lent it around, and it was a blessing to many as well as to ourselves. I hoped that we should have been able to pay for it ourselves this year, but it is not to be. I am scarcely able to find bread for our little ones; so, unless it comes to us free, as it did last year, the dear little paper must stop." A great many poor people will miss it sadly. Many letters of similar purport are coming to hand which it is sad to read. We are very thankful to acknowledge receipt of \$52 for this fund from various friends since the subject was mentioned three weeks ago. Fifty-two colored ministers will receive the paper for a year through their kindness. As in several cases the donors request that their names may not be published, we mention only the places and amounts: Seaward, Me., \$4; Des Moines, Iowa, \$10; Riverside, Iowa, \$40; Washington, Pa., \$1; Latimore, Pa., \$10; Brooklyn, N. Y., \$1; Batesville, Va., \$1; Bronxville, N. Y., \$2; Oswego Falls, N. Y., \$5; Lockport, N. Y., \$3.

The Revised Version of the Old Testament will be issued on May 21st. The original editions have been printed in England and will be imported for sale here. A cable dispatch states that several American publishers have made efforts to forestall the issue in England by attempting to secure advance proofs. American book-publishers have offered as high as \$500 for single advance prints. It is not believed that any of these have succeeded in getting what they have sought. Their efforts becoming known have caused those having the work under control to adopt the strictest precautions to prevent advance publications. Investigation shows that the recent reports to the effect that the committee of revisers have found reason to believe their work will prove a popular failure have been entirely without foundation. The orders for the revised Old Testament already exceed those secured before publication for the revised edition of the New Testament.

Attendance at Morning Prayers is to Remain compulsory on the students at Harvard. On April 16th a committee of college overseers considered a petition presented by some of the undergraduates asking that attendance at morning prayers be made voluntary with students over the age of twenty-one years, and optional with the parents or guardians of others, and presented an adverse report. The committee recommends the continuance of the service under the present arrangement, on the following grounds: First, and least of all, is the reason that the college can ill afford the loss of reputation which would ensue on its being the first of all the literary institutions in New England to abandon religious observances. In the next place, there is an intrinsic fitness in devotional services in educational institutions. Next, the daily religious service is to a large extent a means of moral and religious benefit to the students. For all the students this daily service is a reminder of spiritual relations and of a higher than this earthly life. It is a matter for regret that the undergraduates desired to be "relieved" of attendance.

Gospel Work Among the Chinese is Making progress in New York. At a public meeting held in Dr. John Hall's church recently it was stated that there are now eighteen schools in New York and ten in Brooklyn, with an average attendance of seven hundred out of a total population of four thousand or five thousand. The speaker dwelt to some extent on the characteristics of the pupils, and spoke at length of their persistency to accomplish a desired end. In their converse with one another, it was stated they were kind and gentle. It is proposed to secure the Chinamen a club-house, with accommodations for social gatherings, reading, and study, where they may spend their spare hours. At the same meeting, Nam Sio Yang, the son of the Chinese Consul, read a chapter of the Bible in English with only

a slight accent. A prayer was offered by Saum Song Bo, in which he asked God's blessing on "these great United States of America," and prayed that her rulers might "receive to their shores all nations of the earth, as their forefathers have done," blotting out the present exception in the case of the Chinese.

Hospitality to a Tramp was Rewarded in an unexpected way in North Carolina recently. Two ladies who live alone in a house near Wadesboro, N. C., were asked by a stalwart Irish tramp one cold night last month to give him shelter for the night. They were somewhat timid at acceding to his request, but eventually pity for the man's tired and poverty-stricken appearance partly overcame their fear, and they agreed that he might sleep in a large closet if he would consent to being locked in. The tramp was willing and was duly installed and the key turned upon him. The ladies retired to rest, but shortly after midnight they were waked by a negro who had come into the room. He demanded money and threatened to kill them if they made an outcry—one of the ladies was ordered by the negro to get the money and valuables for him. She went to the closet and unlocked the door, when the tramp, who had heard the whole conversation, sprang out and grappled with the burglar, who tried to escape. A desperate fight ensued, in which the negro was killed by the tramp. The ladies were extremely grateful; they were doubtless saved from robbery and violence by their obedience to the apostolic injunction (Heb. 13: 2).

A Campaign against Insects has been Conducted during the past few weeks in New York City by Mr. E. B. Southwick, the public entomologist. In his report of his work in protecting the trees in the parks from destructive insects, he states that he has found seven hundred and twenty-four distinct species on the trees, shrubs and plants. They include the cotton worm of the South, the wood borers of the West, the sugar-cane beetle, many species unknown to Mr. Southwick, and some entirely new species. The most destructive insects to the trees are the bag worm, the tent and web caterpillars, the scale insect, the coccus and the elm beetle. Of these insects nearly seven bushels of cocoons and eggs were removed from the Central, Washington Square, Battery, City Hall, Riverside, and Tompkins Square Parks alone. In the City Hall Park, as well as elsewhere, it was found that many trees were being destroyed by the scale insects, and in Washington Square the trees were found literally covered with larvæ. Mr. Southwick works on the right principle in removing the cocoons and the eggs before the mischief is done. Perhaps some day the authorities will adopt it. At present the main reliance of the State in the work of preserving society is on the police and the prisons (Cant. 2: 15).

A Perilous Ride on a Raft was Undertaken on April 16th by two citizens of Steuben County, N. Y. They were standing on the banks of Tuscarora Creek, at Woodhull, looking at the water which was rushing by in a torrent, when one of them challenged the other to make a voyage with him on a raft as far as Addison, fourteen miles away. The stream for that distance generally has a wild and rapid flow, but in time of flood it becomes a torrent, flowing between high, rocky banks and bordered by overhanging trees whose branches extend directly above the channel. The creek has a fall of four hundred feet in the fourteen miles, and no attempt had ever before been made to navigate it. But the challenge was accepted, and the two gentlemen at once set to work to construct the raft. A large number of their friends assembled to see them start, some on horses, intending to ride along the banks and watch the dangerous experiment. That, however, was impossible, for the raft shot by them like an arrow and was soon out of sight. It came into collision with several rocks, one of which stove it badly, but the men clung to it over a distance

of six miles, but they went no further. A fallen tree lay across the stream which they were unable to avoid. The raft struck the tree with terrific force and then passed right under it. If the men had not rolled off they would have been crushed between the raft and the fallen tree. They were able to grasp some overhanging branches, by which they climbed into a tree, and late at night they were rescued with ropes, half dead with shocks and bruises. As they had no steering gear, and were, therefore, at the mercy of the rapids, it is surprising that they escaped with their lives. It was a hazardous enterprise, but not half so foolhardy as that thousands of young men are starting upon, who are beginning the voyage of life without committing themselves to God's guidance, which alone is able to avert disaster (Prov. 3: 21-26).

A Land of Fabulous Wealth is the Description given of the Territory of Wyoming by ex-Governor Hoyt, who lectured on the subject before the Geographical Society in New York, on April 11th. "It equals in area," he said, "the States of New York, New Jersey and Pennsylvania together, and is half again larger than all New England." He gave a glowing account of its resources. In the course of the catalogue he mentioned the following items: "The larger portion of the 100,000 square miles it contains is a perfect garden, supporting at present over 1,500,000 head of cattle. In the mountains are gold, silver, tin and immense deposits of copper. There are *two iron mountains*, the one red hematite and the other magnetic ore, the smaller of which is 1000 feet high, and contains 1,300,000,000 tons of iron. Immediately below this are immense fields of lignite, a species of bituminous coal large enough to supply the world. There are also large soda lakes, one of which alone contains 4,000,000,000 tons of soda, which is worth \$50 a ton. Then there are untold miles of petroleum fields, which contain 1,000,000,000 barrels to the square mile!" The Governor's statement seems to open up the prospect of boundless wealth to those who go to the Territory with capital and labor to develop its resources. If he also promised health, happiness and long life, and the people had faith in him, Wyoming itself would not hold the settlers who would flock thither. The title to a home there would not be spurned so often as is the offer of a far better one to which God invites men (Rev. 7: 16, 17).

A Discovery Affecting Railroad Companies has been made by the State geologist of Indiana. Some years ago his attention was directed to the fracture of certain iron bars and bolts in a bridge which were known to have been of the best quality when put into the structure. He was intent on finding the cause of the break, and commenced a series of experiments which have now satisfied his mind. He states that he has proved that the best of iron, when subjected to continuous vibration, would undergo changes in its structure which would, after a time, render its use dangerous, and that these structural changes were the explanation of many otherwise inexplicable accidents, particularly to railway bridges. Several car-axes which he tested were crystallized two thirds of their length by vibration. For another experiment he took from the Wabash dam at Delphi a number of bolts and spikes, which were, when the dam was constructed, of the best quality of malleable bar iron. Of these bolts and spikes he found that seventy per cent of the whole number were as weak as cast iron, while ninety per cent of those which were near the bottom of the dam were worthless; yet of those which were rotten the tips, which were inserted in immovable rocks, were fibrous and strong. The discovery is important and will doubtless lead to a more frequent examination of iron that is subject to continuous vibration. But iron inserted in the solid rock may be trusted to retain its strength. It is so with Christian character. The man whose soul is united with God through Christ is like the iron in the rock, strong to the last (Ps. 62: 2-7).

THE BLIND MAN'S EYES OPENED.

A New Sermon by Pastor C. H. Spurgeon.

"Jesus answered, Neither hath this man sinned, nor his parents: but that the works of God should be made manifest in him. I must work the works of Him that sent me, while it is day: the night cometh, when no man can work."—JOHN 9: 3, 4.

Christ's Wonderful Composure—Not Elated by Praise—His Heart Set on his Work—I. The Worker—Did not Ignore Sorrow—Does not Upbraid the Sufferer—The Dismal Science—How Christ Receives Wanderers—II. The Work-Room—Room for Jesus—Opportunity for Mercy Work—III. The Work-Bell—IV. The Work-Day—No Postscript to Life.

OBSERVE, dear friends, how little disconcerted our Lord Jesus Christ was by the most violent opposition of His enemies. The Jews took up stones to stone Him, and He hid Himself from them; but almost the moment after, when He had passed, perhaps, through a single court, and was sufficiently out of range to be unobserved of them, He stood still and fixed His eyes upon a blind beggar who had been sitting near the temple gate. I am afraid that the most of us would have had no heart to help even the most needy while ourselves escaping from a shower of stones; and if we had attempted the work, moved by supreme compassion, we should have gone about it blunderingly, in a great hurry, and certainly should not have talked calmly and wisely, as the Saviour did when He answered His disciples' question, and went on to discourse with them.

One reason, I take it, for His being so self-contained was that He was never elated by the praise of men. Take my word for it, for I know it, that if you ever allow yourself to be pleased by those who speak well of you, to that extent you will be capable of being grieved by those who speak ill of you. But if you have learned (and it is a long lesson for the most of us) that you are not the servant of men, but of God, and that therefore you will not live upon the breath of men's nostrils if they praise you, and you will not die if they denounce you—then you will be strong, and show that you have come to the stature of a man in Christ Jesus.

There was perhaps another reason for our Saviour's wonderful composure when He was attacked with stones—namely, that His heart was so

SET UPON HIS WORK

that He could not be turned away from it whatever the unbelieving Jews might do. The ruling passion bore Him on through danger and suffering, and made Him calmly defy all opposition. He had come into the world to bless men, and He must bless men. The Jews might oppose Him for this reason and for that, but they could not turn the current of His soul from the riverbed of mercy along which it rushed like a torrent.

Let that stand for an introduction. The Saviour in His worst and lowest estate, when near to death, thinks of nothing but the good of men. When cruel eyes are spying Him out that they may slay Him He has an eye for the poor blind; there is no stone in His heart toward the sorrowful even when stones are flying past His ears.

I. So I introduce you to-night to the first topic of the present discourse, which is

THE WORKER.

I give that as a well-earned title to the Lord Jesus Christ. There are many in this world who ignore sorrow, who pass by grief, who are deaf to lamentation and blind to distress. "Where ignorance is bliss it is folly to be wise," so said some easy-going ignoramus of old time. If beggars are importunate, then passers-by must be deaf. If sinners are profane, it is a simple matter to stop your ears, and hurry on. If this blind man must needs sit and beg at the gate of the temple, then those who frequent the temple must slip by as if they were as blind as he. Crowds pass by and take no notice of him. Is not that the way with the multitude to-day? If you are in trouble—if you are suffering heart-

break, do they not ignore you, and go their way to their farm and to their merchandise, though you lie down and starve? Dives finds it convenient to remain ignorant of the sores of Lazarus. It is not so with Jesus. He has a quick eye to see the blind beggar if He sees nothing else.

There are others who, though they see misery do not diminish it by warm sympathy, but increase it by their cold logical conclusions. "Poverty," they say—"yes; well, that of course is brought on by drunkenness and by laziness and by all sorts of vice." I do not say that it is not so in many case; but I do say that the observation will not help a poor man to become either better or happier; such a hard remark will rather exasperate the hardened than assist the struggling. "Sickness," say some—"oh, no doubt, a great deal of sickness is caused by wicked habits, neglect of sanitary laws," and so on. This also may be sadly true, but it grates on a sufferer's ear. A very kind and pleasing doctrine to teach in the wards of our hospitals! I would recommend you not to teach it till you are ill yourself, and then perhaps the doctrine may not seem quite so instructive.

Even Christ's disciples, when they saw this blind man, thought that there must be something particularly wicked about his father and mother, or something specially vicious about the man himself, which God foresaw, and on account of which He punished him with blindness.

A CRUEL DOCTRINE,

a vile doctrine, fit for savages, but not to be mentioned by Christians, who know that whom the Lord loveth He chasteneth, and even His best beloved have been taken away on a sudden. Yet I do see a good deal of this cruel notion about, and if men are in trouble, I hear it muttered, "Well, of course they brought it on themselves." Is this your way of cheering them? Cheap moral observations steeped in vinegar make a poor dish for an invalid. Such censures are a sorry way of helping a lame dog over a stile—nay, it is putting up another stile for him so that he cannot get over it at all. Now I mark this of my Lord—that it is written of Him that He "giveth to all men liberally, and upbraideth not."

It is beautiful to me to see how the Master breaks up the fine speculation which the disciples are setting forth. He says somewhat shortly, "Neither hath this man sinned, nor His parents," and then He spits on the ground, and makes clay, and opens the blind man's eyes. This was work, the other was mere worry. "Father," said a boy, "the cows are in the corn. How ever did they get in?" "Boy," said the father, "never mind how they got in, let us hurry up and get them out." There is common sense about that practical proceeding. Here are these people sunken in vice, and steeped in poverty. Postpone the inquiries—How did they get into this condition? What is the origin of moral evil? How is it transmitted from parent to child? Answer those questions after the day of judgment, when you will have more light; but just now the great thing is to see how you and I can get evil out of the world, and how we can lift up the fallen and restore those who have gone astray.

I say that the Master was no speculator; He was no spinner of theories; He was no mere doctrinalist; but He went to work and healed those that had need of healing. Now, in this, He is the great example for us all in this year of grace. "I heard the other day," says one, "a very favorable and interesting lecture upon

POLITICAL ECONOMY,

and I felt that it was a very weighty science, and accounted for much of the poverty you mention." Perhaps so; but political economy in itself is about as hard as brass; it has no bowels, or heart, or conscience, neither can it make allowance for such things. The political economist is a man of iron, who would be rusted by a tear, and therefore never tolerates the mood of compassion. His science is a rock which will

wreck a navy, and remain unmoved by the cries of drowning men and women. It is as the simoom of the desert which withers all it blows upon. It seems to dry up men's souls when they get to be masters of it, or rather are mastered by it. It is a science of stubborn facts, which would not be facts if we were not so brutish. Political economy or no political economy, I come back to my point—What have you done for others? Do let us think of that, and if any of us have been dreaming day after day what we would do "if," let us see what we can do now, and, like the Saviour, get to work.

Yet that is not the point which I am driving at. It is this. If Jes' be such a worker, and no theorizer, then what a hope there is to-night for some of us who need His care! Have we fallen? Are we poor? Have we brought ourselves into sorrow and misery? Do not let us look to men or to ourselves. Men will let us starve, and then they will hold a coroner's inquest over our body to find why we dared to die, and so necessitated the paying for a grave and a coffin. They will be sure to make an inquiry after it is all over with us; but if we come to Jesus Christ,

HE WILL MAKE NO INQUIRY,

but receive us and give rest unto our souls. That is a blessed text, "He giveth to all men liberally, and upbraideth not."

Is there a street-walker here? Come, poor woman, as you are, to your dear Lord and Master, who will cleanse you of your grievous sin. "All manner of sin and blasphemy shall be forgiven." Is there one here who has transgressed against the rules of society, and is pointed at as especially sinful? Yet, come, and welcome, to the Lord Jesus of whom it is written, "This man receiveth sinners, and eateth with them." The physician never thinks it scorn to go among the sick; and Christ never felt it shame that He looks after the guilty and the lost. Nay, write this about His diadem—"The Saviour of sinners, even of the very chief;" He counts this His glory. So much concerning the worker.

II. Now, the second thing is

THE WORK-ROOM.

Every worker needs a place to work in. Every artist must have a studio. Did Christ have a studio? Yes, He came to do very wonderful works—the works of Him that sent Him; but what a strange, strange place, the Lord found to do His work in! and yet I do not know that He could have found any other. He resolved to work the works of God, and He selected the fittest place for so doing. In the blind beggar of the temple

THERE WAS ROOM FOR JESUS

to produce that which was lacking in the cur'us mechanism of the eye; the blind eye was, therefore, His workshop. If there were eyeballs, they were completely sightless, and had been so from the man's birth; and this gave the occasion for Jehovah Jesus to say, "Let there be light!" That is a blessed thought if you will think it over! Apply it to yourself. If there is anything wanting in you there is room for Christ to work in you. If you are naturally perfect, and there is no fault in you, then there is no room for the Saviour to do anything for you; for He will not gild refined gold, nor lay enamel on the lily. But if you suffer from some great deficiency, some awful lack that makes your soul sit in darkness, your necessity is Christ's opportunity, your need of grace supplies His need of objects for His pity. Here is room for the Saviour to come and display His pity toward you, and you may be sure He will soon be with you. Even so, come, Lord Jesus.

Then, again, it was not only this man's deficiency of sight, but it was this man's ignorance which required Almighty aid. It is a work of God not only to create, but to *illuminate*. The same power which calls into existence also calls into light, whether that light be natural or spiritual. It is a divine work to enlighten and regenerate the heart. This man was as dark in mind as he was in body—what a grand thing to enlighten him in a double sense!

I may venture to say to-night that all affliction may be regarded in the same manner as affording

OPPORTUNITY FOR THE MERCY-WORK

of God. Whenever you see a man in sorrow and trouble, the way to look at it is, not to blame him and inquire how he came there, but to say, "Here is an opening for God's almighty love. Here is an occasion for the display of the grace and goodness of the Lord." This man being blind gave the Lord Jesus opportunity for the good work of giving him his sight, and that work was so great a wonder that all around were obliged to remark it and admire it. The neighbors began to inquire about it; the Pharisees had to hold a conclave over it; and though nearly nineteen centuries have slipped away, here are we at this hour meditating upon it. That man's opened eyes are enlightening our eyes at this hour.

I leave that thought of the workshop when I have added that I do believe that sin itself has somewhat of the same aspect as affliction, for it makes room for the mercy of God. I hardly dare say what Augustine said: when speaking of the fall and of the sin of Adam, and looking to all the splendor of grace that followed after it, he said "*Beata culpa*"—happy fault—as if he thought that sin had furnished such opportunities for the unveiling of the grace of God, and so displayed the character of Christ, that He even dared to call it a happy fault. I will not venture upon such an expression, I scarcely dare do more than repeat what that great master in Israel once said; but I do say, that I cannot imagine an occasion for glorifying God equal to the fact that man has sinned, since God has given Christ to die for sinners.

III. You will bear with me now if I pass on, in the third place, briefly to notice

THE WORK-BELL.

You hear early in the morning a bell which arouses the workers from their beds. See how they troop into the streets, swarming like bees hastening to or from the hive. You see them going forth to labor, for the bell is ringing. There was a work-bell for Christ, and He heard it. Then He said, "I must work; I must work; I must work." What made him say that? Why, the sight of that blind man. He no sooner saw him than he said, "I must work." The man had not asked anything, nor uttered a sound; but those sightless orbs spake eloquently to the heart of the Lord Jesus, and rang aloud the summons which Jesus heard and obeyed, for He Himself said, "I must work."

And why must He work? Why, He had come all the way from heaven on purpose to do so. He had come from His Father's throne to be a man on purpose to bless men, and He would not cause His long descent to go for nothing. He must work; why else was He here where work was to be done?

Besides, there were impulses in His heart which we need not stop now to explain, which forced Him to work. His mind, His soul, His heart, were all full of a force which produced perpetual activity. Sometimes He selected a route when He was travelling because "He must needs go through Samaria." Sometimes He went after men because He said, "Other sheep I have, which are not of this fold: them also I must bring." There was a sort of instinct in Christ to save men, and that instinct craved gratification, and could not be denied.

Now learn this lesson, all ye followers of Christ. Whenever you see suffering, I hope you will each one feel "I must work, I must help." Whenever you witness poverty, whenever you behold vice, say to yourself, "I must work, I must work." If you are worthy of the Christ whom you call leader, let all the necessities of men impel you, compel you, constrain you to be blessing them. Let the world which lieth in the wicked one arouse you; let the cries of men of Macedonia awaken you, as they say "Come over and help us!" Men are dying, dying in the dark. The cemetery is filling, and hell is filling too. Men are dying with-

out hope; and are passing into the eternal night. "I must work."

Well, that is a grand lesson; but I do not mean it to be the chief one, for I am looking out for those who long to find mercy and salvation. What a blessing it is for you, dear friend, if you want to be saved, that

CHRIST MUST SAVE!

There is an impulse upon Him that He must save. I know you say, "I cannot pray. I cannot feel as I wish to do." Never mind about that; the matter is in abler hands. You see, this man did not say a word; the sight of Him was enough to move the heart of the Lord Jesus. As soon as Jesus had seen him He said, "I must work." To-night, when you reach home, kneel at your bedside, and say, "Lord Jesus, I cannot pray; but here I am. I am perishing, and I put myself within sight of Thee. I tell you, the bell will ring, and the great worker will feel that the time has come for Him to labor; He will say in the words of my text, "I must work," and in you the works of God shall be made manifest. You shall be the workshop of Christ.

IV. One more head, and that is

THE WORK-DAY.

Our divine Master said, "I must work the works of Him that sent me, *while it is day: the night cometh, when no man can work.*" Now, listen. This is not meant about Christ the risen Saviour, but this refers to the Lord Jesus Christ as He was a man here on earth. There was a certain day in which He could bless men, and when that day was over He would be gone; there would be no Jesus Christ on earth to open blind men's eyes, or to heal the sick; He would be gone from among men, and be no more approachable as the healer of bodily disease. Brothers, some of us have had thirty years of work, but we have done very little, I am afraid; and what if we have only three years more? Let us feel the impulses of the coming eternity! Within a little while I shall no more look into the faces of the throng, they will remember me but as a name; therefore, I will preach as best I can while my powers remain, and my life is prolonged. Within a little while, my brother, you will not be able to go from door to door winning souls; the street will miss you and your tracts; the district will miss you and your regular visits. Do your work well, for your sun will set.

If you and I shall omit any part of our life-work, we can never make up the omission. When we have written a letter we add a postscript; when we have made a book we can write an appendix or insert something that we have left out. But to this life of yours and mine there can be

NO POSTSCRIPT.

We must do our work now or never; and, if we do not now, even now, while our opportunity serves us, perform our service to our God, we can never do it. If you omitted anything yesterday, you cannot alter the fact of imperfect service on that day. If you are more zealous now it will be the work of to-day; but yesterday will still remain as incomplete as you left it. We must therefore be on the alert to do the work of Him that sent us while it is called to-day.

To this conclusion I come, and here draw to a close—if our Lord Jesus Christ was so diligent to bless men when He was here, I feel certain that He is not less diligent to hear and heal them now in that spiritual sense in which He still works upon men. Oh, come to Him—come even now. "I do not know what it is to come," says one. Well, to come to Christ is simply to trust Him. You are guilty; trust Him to pardon you. "If I do that," says one, "may I then live as I did before?" No, that you cannot, for if a ship needed to be brought into harbor, and they took a pilot on board, he would say to the captain, "Captain, if you trust me, I will get you into harbor all right. There, let that sail be taken down." And they do not reef it. "Come," says he, "attend to the

tiller, and steer as I bid you." But they refuse. "Well," says the pilot, "you said you trusted me." "Yes," says the captain, "and you said that if we trusted you, you would get us into port; but we have not got into port at all." "No," says the pilot, "you do not trust me, for if you trusted me you would do as I bid you." A true trust is obedient to the Lord's commands, and these forbid sin. If you trust Jesus, you must leave your sins, and take up your cross and follow Him. Such trust shall surely have its reward; you shall be saved now and saved forever. God bless you, dear friends, for Christ's sake.

[The prayers of the readers of this Journal are requested for the blessing of God upon its Editors, and those whose sermons, articles, or labors for Christ are printed in it; and that its circulation may be used by the Holy Spirit for the conversion of many sinners and the quickening of God's people. Dr. Talmage and Mr. Spurgeon especially request prayer every Sunday morning on behalf of their labors.]

NEW BOOKS.

RAYS OF LIGHT,

a daily text-book for divine guidance, is an exquisitely illustrated little book of texts for morning and evening reading. The texts are compiled by E. Keary, and the illustrations are designed by W. H. L. Thompson. Each page has one text surrounded by a colored picture beautifully executed. There are sixty-two of these—one for every morning and evening in the month. The hope of the compiler is that the texts "may be messengers bringing joy and help to the reader through busy days, and suggesting peaceful thoughts for the hours of rest."

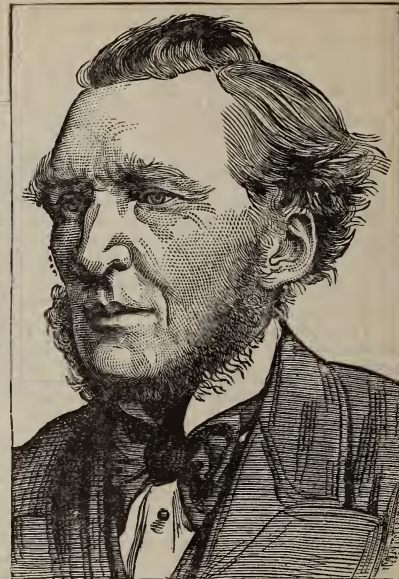
The diminutive pages (they measure only three inches by three and a quarter) are a marvel of tasteful design, with their delicately colored flowers and grasses and their tiny vignettes of sea and landscape. A companion volume of the same size, also with morning and evening texts for a month by the same compiler and designer, is also issued under the title of "A Casket of Pearls." As a present to a Christian lady in her teens either volume is very suitable. Its elegance would render it acceptable, and if the texts were taken as mottoes for the day, many a life would be purer and brighter. The price of either volume, in cloth, is 35 cents; French morocco, 75 cents; calf, 81. Published by Frederick Warne & Co.

THE RUSSIANS AT THE GATES OF HERAT,

by Charles Marvin, is a work that will be read with intense interest at the present time when the cable is occupied with rumors of an impending conflict between England and Russia. How it is that Russia comes to be at the gates of Herat, and why England is so exasperated by her approach, is fully explained in this volume. Mr. Marvin possesses peculiar qualifications for writing a narrative as impartial as any Englishman can give it. He is intimately acquainted with Russia, her people and her political life, having spent many years in that country. Knowing well her gigantic resources and her weakness, her ambition and her insatiable earth-hunger, he understands better than most Englishmen the danger of her advance and what is its ultimate design. The plan of the work is partly historical and partly descriptive, principally the former. Commencing with the first step taken by Russia on this line, toward India, which was the descent upon Keshnovodsk in 1866, after the abandonment of the other line of advance by way of Cabul, he describes the operations for the capture of Merv. They were completed last year and then for the first time England became really alarmed. From that time Mr. Marvin's narrative of events is minute, and shows how Russia has shrewdly, stealthily, but persistently pressed forward to the gates of Herat where she now is, and is waiting to see whether she can proceed farther without provoking England to war. The remaining chapters are devoted to the question of the boundaries, the strategical value of Herat, the plans



The Successful Appeal.



The Late Earl Cairns, Ex-Lord Chancellor of England.

of Skobelev for the invasion of India, and the probable future of the struggle. The book contains two maps and several portraits, among which are those of Kamaroff, who fought the battle of March 30th, Sir Peter Lumsden who is representing Great Britain in Afghanistan, and General Roberts, who, if war is declared will have command of the British forces. Pp. 185. Paper covers, 50 cents. Published by Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

TEACHING OF THE TWELVE APOSTLES, edited, with a translation, introduction, and notes, by Professors Roswell D. Hitchcock and Francis Brown. Our readers are already acquainted with the circumstances under which this ancient manuscript was found by Bishop Bryennios. A year has passed since the American translation was first published, and during that time the learned have had an opportunity to consider the question whether it is genuine or not. Of course there is a difference of opinion, but the weight of authority is in favor of its acceptance. The two editors have now issued a new edition of the Teaching, in Greek and English, prefixing to it a general summary of the opinions advanced by scholars for and against it, and a statement of the reasons on which they base their conviction that it is a genuine and true document, disclosing the belief of the early church on various matters of doctrine and practice. Price, \$2. Published by Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

TALKS WITH YOUNG MEN,

by J. Thain Davidson, D.D. Young men will appreciate this book. The author lays aside the sermonic style, and talks with his readers in a shrewd, common-sense, practical manner of the difficulties and temptations of every-day life. The volume contains, in fact, a series of actual talks or lectures to young men, and the colloquial style is preserved. It is impossible to read the advice here given without feeling that one is in council with a man who has a vivid recollection of his young days, and desires to use his own experience for the benefit of others. Dr. Davidson knows what are the temptations that especially beset young men, and in a kindly, friendly way he shows them that those who yield must suffer, and, in fact, that sin is folly. His talks are often humorous, though

his readers always see that he is in earnest, even when they must smile at his quaint observations. The chapters entitled *An Artisan, yet a Gentleman*; *Putting away Childish Things*; *Master over One's Self*; and *The Way to Get on in the World* should be read by every young man who desires to make the best of his life. Pp. 286. Price, \$2.25. Published by Messrs. A. C. Armstrong & Son, New York.

AN INFIDEL BLACKSMITH OVERCOME.

(See Illustration on this page.)

THE story has often been repeated which was first told in a Christian meeting by a converted blacksmith, who explained how he was led to Christ. Before his conversion Rogers was a noted blasphemer, and his powers of argument often gave him the victory over Christian people, whose religion was of the heart, not of the head. It is not difficult, as we have seen recently in New York and Brooklyn, for a man of strong, incisive wit to turn the Bible into ridicule.

Rogers would argue with any one, and as it is far easier to attack than to defend, he generally succeeded in holding his ground. Many Christian men had been puzzled by his arguments, and had been driven to seek light in prayer. Rogers, at last, believed himself to be impregnable.

A good elder, who had listened to one of these debates—if he had not himself taken part in it—was much moved about this atheistical blacksmith, and, as was usual with him, he carried his trouble to his closet. Through the long hours of the night he wrestled for that man's soul. The morning dawned, and the elder looked out. It had been snowing fast, and the ground was thickly covered. It did not matter; he must make one more effort for the blacksmith's salvation. Mounting his pony, he rode through the snow over the two miles between his house and the blacksmith's shop. He did not know what he should say, and had not decided when he arrived. But he dismounted and entered. Seizing the blacksmith's hand, his eyes wet with tears, he said, "I am deeply concerned for your salvation." Tears choked his utterance, and he turned, mounted his horse, and without saying

another audible word, rode sorrowfully homeward.

"That," said the blacksmith, when he told the story, "was an argument I could not answer." The spectacle of a good man anxious about his soul, while he himself was careless, affected him so no argument had done, and the Holy Spirit used it to his salvation.

THE LATE EARL CAIRNS.

(See Portrait on this page.)

THE cable on April 3d announced the sudden death, at his residence, in England, of Hugh McCalmont, Earl Cairns, the ex-Lord Chancellor. He was the son of a private Irish gentleman, the late William Cairns, of Cultra, County Down, and was born on December 6th, 1817. He received his education at Trinity College, Dublin, and was graduated with high honors. He chose the law as his profession, and in January, 1844, he became a member of the English Bar. His learning, logical powers, and rhetorical abilities soon won him a position of eminence. As the way to the highest prizes of the profession lies through politics, the young Irish barrister got himself elected to Parliament by the town of Belfast in Ireland, in 1852.

He took his seat among the Conservatives, and was able to render important service to that party in several debates. The Liberals were then in power, but in 1858 they were defeated, and the late Lord Derby became Prime Minister, and offered the office of Solicitor-General to Mr. Cairns, who was then made *Sir* Hugh Cairns. In a year and a half Lord Derby and his cabinet resigned, so the first term of official life enjoyed by the Irish barrister was brief. He still continued to practise law, and retained his seat in Parliament. In 1866 the Conservatives were again in power, and this time Sir Hugh Cairns received a higher office than before, being made Attorney-General. Three months afterward a high judicial appointment fell vacant, and Sir Hugh Cairns finally left the House of Commons to take his seat on the Bench. The Premier died in 1868, and Mr. Disraeli succeeded him. He recollected the valuable services rendered him in the House of Commons by Sir Hugh Cairns, and desiring to strengthen his

party in the House of Lords, he removed him from the Bench and gave him the office of Lord High Chancellor, which includes the duty of presiding in the House of Lords. Sir Hugh Cairns then became a Peer of the realm by the title of Baron Cairns. He held the post until the resignation of Disraeli's Ministry, in 1868. After that, however, he continued to take part actively in the legislative and judicial business of the House of Lords. When the Conservative party once more returned to power in February, 1874, he was again appointed Lord High Chancellor. In September, 1878, he was created an Earl of the United Kingdom, with the title of Earl Cairns.

In 1880 he went out of office with his party, but, as before, continued to speak and vote in the House of Lords. He was a deeply religious man and actively sympathized in Christian work. He was frequently seen at the *Moody and Sankey meetings*, and was one of the most earnest and indefatigable supporters of the American Evangelists had.

The title and estates of Earl Cairns and his seat in the House of Lords are inherited by his eldest son, Viscount Garmoyne, who was in New York when his father died. If our readers wish to realize the absurdity of the English constitution, they should consider this particular case. A better man for the responsible duty of legislating for the realm than the late Earl Cairns could not have been found under any system. He was an eminently pious, conscientious man, an able jurist, and a wise statesman. Such men are needed in the House of Lords, which answers

to the Senate in our constitution. But he dies, and his place is to be filled. It is not to be filled by a man selected on account of his possessing the brilliant qualities which distinguished the late Earl, but by his eldest son, in spite of the scriptural warning (Eccles. 2:18, 19). This successor to the distinguished statesman, is that Lord Garmoyne who engaged himself to Miss Fortescue, the actress, and was liberated from his engagement by his father paying her fifty thousand dollars. The half imbecile nincompoop has now the right to assist in guiding the destinies of the nation. Happily for suitors a judge is not succeeded by his son; but it is strange that a constitution which puts a son into his father's place in the Legislature does not also put a son into his father's place on the Bench.

THE KING'S TRUMPETER.

(See illustration on this page.)

The picture of the King's Trumpeter appearing here is one of the plates which embellish Barnard's edition of Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress," published by Messrs. Anson D. F. Randolph & Co., of New York, a handsomely bound quarto book of two hundred and seventy-



The King's Trumpeter.

seven pages, which measure eleven inches by eight and one quarter inches. The book contains one hundred illustrations, and is printed on heavy toned paper, with gilt edges. Price, \$4; by mail, \$4.25. This picture of the King's Trumpeter is reduced in size; in the book it is larger than here. It will be seen that the artist, Mr. J. D. Linton, has carefully followed, in the matter of costume, the period in which Bunyan wrote. The renowned dreamer, it will be remembered, fought in Cromwell's army for the deliverance of his country from the yoke of the despicable Stuarts. That was a period of which many pictures survive, chiefly portraits, so that there has been no difficulty in finding out how people dressed in those times. There is no doubt that when Bunyan wrote about the King's Trumpeter the image he had in his mind was just that the artist has here drawn, just such a man as Bunyan might have seen any day at the gates of King Charles' palace.

The duties to which the King's Trumpeter was assigned by Bunyan were of a different kind from those the miserable Stuarts' trumpeters had to perform. In Bunyan's allegory the trumpeter's notes of joy were heard when a penitent sinner was seen seeking Christ, a sight which

Charles and his trumpeters would have seen without emotion, unless it was that of contempt.

Bunyan describes how Christiana and her children and her friend Mercy approached the wicket gate, and were affrighted because Christiana's rap set certain dogs within barking at them, from which we learn that the seeking penitents of Bunyan's time were in danger of being driven back into the world by causes with which we are still unhappily familiar. But Christiana continued to knock until the keeper of the gate said, "Who is there?" when "the dog left off to bark, and he opened unto them." Then Christiana told who she was and whence she came, and begged that she and her children might be "graciously admitted by this gate into the way that leads to the Celestial City. With that the keeper of the gate did marvel, saying, 'What, is she now become a pilgrim, that, but a while ago, abhorred that life?' Then she bowed her head, and said, 'Yes; and so are these, my sweet babes, also.' Then he took her by the hand, and let her in, and said also, 'Suffer the little children to come unto me;' and with that he shut up the gate. This done, he called to a trumpeter that was above, over the gate, to entertain Christiana with shouting and sound of trumpet for joy. So he obeyed, and sounded, and filled the air with his melodious notes." Christiana then, as those do who have found peace and pardon for themselves, began to plead for others, and at her intercession her companion, Mercy, who was also knocking on her own account, was admitted.

THE JEW'S WARD.

A SERIAL STORY.

(Continued from page 255.)

The Jew Recovers his Ward.

CAROLA's journey was long, and it was quite dark when she reached the last station. It was the day after Christmas Day, and the streets were thronged with rough men and squalid women, who made a dreary pretence at pleasure, gathering most thickly round the spirit-vaults, where they were treating one another. The scene was terribly familiar, yet terribly strange to Carola. Once she paused and stood still for a minute, asking herself why she was returning voluntarily to this life of degradation and misery. Nobody could compel her to come back. The world was all before her, and she could choose her own dwelling-place.

But there was an instinctive return of her heart to her first, and now her only, friend. Christian people were casting her out, and turning their backs upon her; and to whom could she go but to the old Jew, who had so faithfully taught her God's commandments, and had done his utmost to keep her in the path of them?

The Sabbath was just over for Matthias, for

the Jewish Sabbath commences at sunset on Friday and ends at sunset on Saturday, and now it was Saturday night. He was about to take down his shutters and light the twinkling lamp he worked by on his bench. He might well have forgotten Carola; it was so long since he had lost sight of her. But though the bitterness of his disappointment that she was a Christian in spite of all he had done to save her had passed away, the memory of her remained fresh and green in his heart. He missed her most keenly on the Sabbath-day, when some Christian woman from the outcast herd of Gentiles came in to do his work in the place of the pretty, sweet-voiced little maid, whom he had watched growing up. He had tried to do without fire and light through the twenty-four hours of the Sabbath; but he was too old to bear that. Many a Sabbath day the tears had stolen slowly down his wrinkled face as he sat, solitary and sad, brooding over the fate of the child gone out from safety into the wild and wretched life of those who called themselves followers of the crucified Nazarene. He had given up the hope of ever seeing her again. "Neither in this world, nor in the world to come," he often muttered to himself, shaking his head sorrowfully over the shoes he was patching.

Matthias had been grieving thus over Carola this evening; and the sun had gone down, bringing his Sabbath to a close an hour ago without his perceiving it. Now he came down his spiral staircase into the small shop and lit his lamp; but he felt loath to take down his shutters, though Saturday night brought his best hours of business. This Saturday night was a season of special and more odious revelry than usual; and all the villenous of the Christian rabble whom Carola had chosen as her people would force itself upon his notice. But as he hesitated, puckering his heavy eyebrows together, there came a low but steady knock at the closed door. Three or four voices were talking loudly on the other side of it; but before he could take down the heavy bar, the knock was repeated with more urgency.

"Matthias, let me in!" cried a voice which made his old hands tremble. He would have known it among ten thousand: his little Carola's voice, which had so often recited the ten commandments to him. He could hardly open the door for very eagerness; and there, standing on the step and pressing forward as if seeking refuge from a little knot of his Christian neighbors, stood Carola herself!

"I will see you to-morrow," she said to them, eagerly, "not to-night. Go away now. I promise to see you to-morrow."

"Carol!" exclaimed Matthias, hardly able to trust his senses. "Is it Carol?"

"Yes," she answered, closing the door and fastening it in the face of her old comrades, "it is Carol come back again, if you'll have me, Matthias."

"The God of Israel be praised for this; the God of my fathers be praised!" he said, fervently. "But is it really you, and no vision of the night?"

"Take hold of my hand," she replied, "and tell me if I can stay here a little while. I've no other home, and no other friend in all the world."

"No other friend, and no other home!" he repeated, as he followed her up-stairs; and trimming the lamp there, which had burned low, he gazed eagerly into her face. What a beautiful and graceful woman his little Carol had grown! How different from the wild, rough girl she was when she went away! "Our daughters are as corner-stones, polished after the similitude of a palace," he said to himself; but then, alas! she was not one of the daughters of Israel. She had sunk down as one utterly worn out in his antique, high-backed chair, and was looking up at him with a little glimmer of a smile in her dark eyes; but even his sight, dim with age, could not help seeing the wantonness of her dear face and the sadness of her smile. She looked as if she had neither home nor friend,

"Has it been well with you, Carol?" he asked, anxiously.

"Oh, it has been well," she answered; "but I have lost it all. I'm too tired to tell you to-night. Can you let me stay in the old garret for a time?"

"Ay! it's been kept as you left it, my dear," he said. "I couldn't let any body else live in the place. Only let me give you some food to eat; you'll feel better, my child, when you have eaten. Sit you still there while I wait on you."

But when he tried to stir up the smouldering fire, his hands shook too much for him to use the heavy poker. Carola roused herself and made him sit down, while she, to satisfy him, boiled the kettle and prepared supper as in the olden times. They ate together almost in silence; the old man was too overjoyed and Carola too sad and heart-troubled to talk much.

When the meal was over, she went up into the garret overhead. Yes, it was just as she left it; but how little there had been to leave! There was the low pallet-bed, with its dingy counterpane, where she had been used to sleep the untroubled sleep of childhood beside her drunken grandmother. The broken chair and the little table standing in front of the few bars of rusty iron which formed the grate were there. The low broad window, with its broken panes covered with brown paper, or stuffed with rags, was unchanged, and through it the moon was shining—that moon which had shone down upon her in the pleasant chamber at the Grange only last night. Was it possible it could be only last night?

She knelt beside the window as she had knelt in the moonlight the night before. The bitter cup which last night pressed to her lips she was drinking now; and it was tenfold more bitter than she had foreseen. For had she not been rejected and cast out and forsaken altogether? *What had she been guilty of?* From this familiar standpoint she looked back on her two lives, so distinct and separate. And as her childhood passed before her she saw for the first time what the old Jew had been to her, and what evils he had saved her from. He could not keep her from the knowledge of evil; but he had kept her from plunging into it. She had played on the brink of an abyss, but his hand had held her back from falling into it. A rush of tender gratitude for a minute or two swept away the sadder thoughts of her heart. She would never leave him again; he should be to her as a father stricken with age, to be honored and cherished and loved till death parted them.

It was not that she did not feel that her early life had been full of faults; but then she had known no better. As soon as she knew Christ she followed Him as truly as did the disciples who saw His form and heard His voice. He had forgiven her sins, and what did Christian people want more than that? If her Lord accepted her, why should they turn away from her? Did the disciples of old reject Mary Magdalene, out of whom Christ had cast seven devils? Poor Carola! It would have been impossible for her to understand the reasons which justified their conduct to Mr. and Mrs. Arnold.

She could not have been Philip's wife, she said to herself, if he was ashamed of her. She knew how they prided themselves on their unstained name. But why should that have made them banish her from her little home, to which she would have gone back; and when he married some happier girl she would have seen their happiness from afar, and never grudging it. Did they look upon her as so contaminated that she was unfit to teach even the village children? Ah! that must be it. They could not believe that her early sins were not only forgiven but taken away.

She threw herself, dressed as she was, on the low bed, and fell into a deep, unbroken slumber; for her heart was heavy with sorrow. For a few minutes the hideous noises in the street below haunted her like bad dreams, though her ear was soon deaf to them. It was a long sleep, for she was worn-out with fatigue, excitement,

and grief; but when she awoke in the morning, her first thought, before trouble could thrust itself in upon her, was, "Christ loved me, and gave Himself for me."

It was with a smile, then, that Carola awoke to a new day. It was to be a day of humiliation and suffering. Hitherto her experience of Christian life had led her only among green pastures, and beside still waters; and by and by it might be that her cup would again run over; but between now and then the valley of the shadow of death must be passed through. For now she began to see more clearly the terrible task that lay before her, which she must perform unaided and alone. There was no escape from that dark and rough road. By making her confession, and coming back here, she had bound herself to bear fatal witness against the unhappy man accused of murder.

She sat on the side of the bed pondering over it. The open court; the eyes of the people staring at her; the crowd of familiar yet terrible faces of those who had known her and George Bassett in bygone days, and who would flock to hear the trial. And George Bassett's face turned to her, intent upon every word she spoke; and what she had to say would seal his doom. Oh, if she could have been spared this torture and disgrace!

She could hear presently through the badly made floor that Matthias was getting breakfast, and she made haste to go down. He had been out and spent his last shilling to buy some salted fish as a dainty to set before Carola; and as she came down the steep ladder, he met her with a smile on his withered face, full of happiness.

"It's like seeing the sun rise again to look on your dear face," he said.

"Have you missed me so much?" she asked. "Sitting down and rising up, waking and sleeping, eating and fasting, I've missed you," he answered, in a tone of mingled sadness and rejoicing; "but you've come back to me in the end of my days, and I've a hope you'll never leave me again."

"Never!" she said, fervently, laying her hand on his arm, and looking at him with tearful eyes. "I will take care of you as if I were your daughter."

His daughter! For a moment the old Jew's memory went back to his young wife and their infant child, whom he had laid, nearly fifty years ago, in the Jewish burial-ground, and buried all his joy and gladness with them. But the memory fitted past like a fading vision; for here was Carola herself, with her warm hand upon his arm, and her living face close to his. Perhaps she might marry a Jewish husband yet. She had been out among Christians and found neither home nor friends with them.

"The Lord bless thee with a full blessing," he said, solemnly, "for thou hast sought refuge under the shadow of His wing."

The shop was closed, for it was Sunday, and long ago the neighbors had made the old Jew understand that he was not free to open it on their Sabbath, if he shut it on his own. There was still a hope lurking in Carola's heart that the night she saw George Bassett was not the night of the murder; then a part of her trouble would be spared her. With a sickening alternation of hope and dread she told Matthias what had brought her back to London.

"Ah!" he said, without surprise, "the police have been here asking after you, Carol; and I told them where you'd gone to school. For the rascal said he'd spent the night with you; and I could swear against him; for it was the very night your poor old grandmother died, and you were here at home all but one half hour. We must go to the police, my dear. But he's committed for trial, and you'll not have to go before the magistrates; it comes on in two or three days, for I'm to bear witness he was not with you that night."

This then explained the commotion that had arisen in the street last night, when one of her old acquaintances had recognized her. It had startled and even frightened her, so much

greater was it than she could account for. So she could not have kept her secret, if she would; the policemen from Market Upton might even now be seeking her, and would find her gone. There was a gleam of relief on the darkness of her sorrow that she had had courage to take up her cross, and had not waited for it to be laid upon her reluctant shoulders.

All day long the street was filled with crowds of curious people; for the whole neighborhood was seething with excitement about this murder, perpetrated four years and a half ago. George Bassett had been a well-known personage amid the rough population; and Carola herself was no less well known. There had been a mystery about her sudden disappearance, which had tended to keep her in their memory; and Matthias Levi's obstinate silence about her had increased the mystery, and increased greatly his own unpopularity among his Christian neighbors. Now Carola was come back as suddenly as she went, no doubt to save her old lover from a terrible fate. They could not think otherwise; for who would give evidence against a former friend for a murder committed so long ago, that this evidence could only be given in cold blood? No; she was come to save him.

(To be continued.)

OBEEDIENCE.

S. S. Lesson for May 3, Eph. 6:1-7. Golden Text, ver. 7. By Mrs. M. Baxter.

The Difficulty of Obedience—Children who do not know its Joy—The Springs of Obedience—The Work of the Holy Spirit—Difficulties in Circumstances—Parental Duties—Employers and Employes—Hindrances to the Gospel—Not fit for a Missionary.

PERHAPS there is nothing more difficult to the natural heart than to obey, unless it be to believe. The very fact of being told to do a thing raises up a disinclination to it in our natural hearts. "John, it's time to get up," says his mother. John feels more inclined to lie in bed than before his mother called him; and although he knows the breakfast will be cold, and he will be late, and perhaps get into trouble when he reaches his office, yet he will assert his independence by taking another quarter of an hour in bed. He is uncomfortable, knows he has made his mother so, goes off to business in a bad temper, but he thinks he has made his mother feel he is not to be dictated to; he does not know the joy of obedience. "Mary, I want that letter posted at once; run and take it without delay," Mary is reading an interesting book; she puts on her bonnet, book in hand, draws on her boots with the book on her knee, and at last takes up the letter, thinking or saying, "I wonder why Emily could not take it. I don't see why I should always be sent on errands." Going unwillingly, she reaches the post just after it is closed for the night—the letter is about an important engagement. Her mother is grieved, and speaks hard words; the daughter retaliates, and the whole evening there is wounded feeling on both sides. Mary does not know the joy of obedience.

"Children, obey your parents in the Lord: for this is right. Honor thy father and mother; which is the first commandment with promise; that it may be well with thee, and thou mayest live long on the earth."

REAL OBEEDIENCE

springs from a renounced will and from a well-grounded confidence. We never really obey God until we know and love Him. Fear may restrain us from some flagrant transgression, but true obedience comes when we understand His love, and joyously accept His right to command us, so that His will is our delight. It is just so between parent and child: where there is real love on both sides obedience is not irksome to a child, it is his joy; he has learned to have confidence, and he says in his heart, "Father knows best," or "Mother knows best." Wherever there is disobedience on the part of a child, he has, lurking somewhere in his heart, a contempt of his parents and a con-

fidence in his own superiority, either of strength or wisdom.

The Apostle exhorts, "Obey your parents

IN THE LORD.

This is no strained obedience, the result of restrain which we put upon ourselves by force of will. There is immense purport in those words of Peter, "Elect according to the foreknowledge of God the Father, through sanctification of the Spirit unto obedience" (1 Pet. 1, 2). True obedience in the Lord, whether to God or to man, is the work of the Holy Ghost. He worketh in us "both to will and to do of His good pleasure" (Phil. 2:13). Obedience by effort, stirred up by a strong sense of duty, may last for time, but it will break down in the end; it is not the real thing; it has to be kept up by force from without. But when the law of God is written by the finger of God upon "fleshy tables of the heart," then the obedience comes from within. The Holy Spirit so reveals to us the unutterable love of Jesus that we see in it an appeal to us that we should present our bodies a living sacrifice to God as our only reasonable service. And it is as thus presented to God, as laid upon the altar, as yielded up to and accepted by Him as His own, that we can "prove what is that good, and acceptable, and perfect will of God" (Rom. 12:1, 2). Once persuaded that the will of God is "good," where is the difficulty in obeying? Once finding it "acceptable," how can we *but* obey? Finding it "perfect," how can our own imperfect will but yield before it, or coincide with it?

A converted daughter may say, "Well, I have no difficulty in obeying the will of God when I know it is His will; but how can I obey my unconverted mother, who tries to force me into the world, stops my going to meetings where I get blessing, or where I can work for God, makes me spend my money in dress, which is

AGAINST MY CONSCIENCE,

instead of doing good with it, and tries in every way to hinder the life of my soul—can I obey God in doing these things?" Well, dear child, it does seem difficult, but who permits this state of things? Is it not God? He knows the way out of this tangle; you belong to Him, and you cannot be put in a position in which He will not make it possible for you to glorify Him. Can you fully trust Him, and hand over yourself, your mother, your soul and body to His keeping? and then, without making up your mind at all what you will do, wait till the moment comes for any decision? If so, you will find that God has been on before, opening the way for you. As long as you are fighting your own battles and maintaining your own cause with your mother, she feels you are resisting her authority; and this will not commend your faith to her. But if she finds you willing in every way to yield to her, then, whenever a point of conscience comes up, you can trust the Lord to make your way to do what is right; He desires it far more than you do. And while you are thus dealing with Him, He can deal with your mother, and bring her to Himself. All your difficulties come from your seeing the matter as one between yourself and your mother, instead of seeing it as between God and you; and thus in your heart you are judging your mother instead of obeying her "in the Lord."

"And ye fathers, provoke not your children to wrath, but bring them up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord." Parents are perhaps more mortified in seeing their children's faults than in any other way, and unless they know how to deal with their children in the Lord, and to bring them up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord, they are apt to visit on their children their own

WOUNDED PRIDE.

"I could not do a mean or underhand thing," a parent will say, "and I am sure not one of my children would either." But it comes to light that one in whom he has placed the greatest confidence does the very thing which the father has boasted he never would do. He is disappointed, his pride is wounded, he shows his vex-

ation to his child, and kindles bitterness in his heart. Thus he loses the opportunity which God has given him of showing his son that in him dwelleth no good thing, and that far from being disappointed in him, he never expected anything from him, but only from the grace of God. So he might have loved his son to the cross of Jesus, and the fall would have turned out to be God's opportunity for blessing.

But can the same rule of obedience in the Lord,

OBEEDIENCE FROM LOVE,

apply to servants? What says Paul through the Spirit, "Servants, be obedient to them that are your masters, according to the flesh, with fear and trembling, in singleness of your heart as unto Christ." It is an old saying, "A good master makes a good man," or "A good mistress makes a good servant." We would rather say, "Christ makes a good master or mistress, and Christ makes a good servant." That which fits us for any position in life whatever is this glorious fact—God knows I am here, He has put me here, and Christ in me is equal to this position." Then be it master or servant, parent or child, teacher or scholar, the very singleness of heart which sees Christ and counts on Him conquers.

"Not with eye service, as men-pleasers"—i.e., not doing a duty only when some one is looking on, or when it is liberty to be noticed—"but as the servants of Christ, doing the will of God from the heart." "I don't like cleaning grates and sweeping rooms," said a young housemaid; "I would rather be a missionary." She had the chance of being a missionary, but she did not use it. An unconverted servant in the same house, who was very particular about her work, was watching the young girl to see how much of Christ there really was in her. The carelessness with which she did her work prejudiced the unsaved fellow-servant against the gospel. How could such an one succeed as a missionary? Had this girl possessed a true missionary spirit, she would have trusted the Lord to keep her from anything which would hinder others, and the presence of Christ in her would have made her see the will of God in every little common thing in her life of service, until *He* should make the way for her to enter into direct missionary work. The mission field is not for those who fail in other paths of life. The better a man is in his trade or profession, the better adapted he is to be a missionary. "With

GOOD WILL DOING SERVICE,

as to the Lord, and not to men: knowing that whatsoever good thing any man doeth, the same shall he receive of the Lord, whether he be bond or free." "I'm sure I shan't dust down the stairs every day; what's the use?" my mistress is so fussy! "With good will doing service, as to the Lord." Would you clean down the stairs for Jesus once a day? "With good will" does not mean to do everything with a heavy, dissatisfied face, or with a face like a martyr, but bright with the joy of serving God.

"And ye masters, do the same things unto them." God has not commanded that servants shall serve "with good will," while masters and mistresses may grumble as they like; the good will is to be on both sides. "Forbearing threatening: knowing that your Master also is in heaven; neither is there respect of persons with Him." God would have neither servants nor children discouraged; Jesus Himself dwelling in us is ready to enter into all these relationships, and so bring out in us divine obedience.

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"THE LORD KNOWETH HOW."

2 PETER, II. 9.

"I will trust, and not be afraid"—Isa. xli. 21.

The storm-clouds are rolling across the horizon, And peal upon peal of the thunder is heard: The flashes of lightning vivid and fearful: Yet never a light in this bosom is stirred, For 'tis it not written, and everywhere shown, "The Lord knoweth how to deliver His own!"

"The gleam of the sword can be seen in the distance, The moans of the wounded and dying we hear, And the face and the bloodied are growing more rampant: The Lord knoweth how to deliver His own!"

The foe we contend with is artful and cunning, A deadly enemy, indeed, the snare he has laid: We are not unmindful of Satan's devices, Though of his temptations we are not afraid; For is it not written, and everywhere shown, "The Lord knoweth how to deliver His own!"

"The Lord knoweth how," though we often are puzzled, And to our conceptions no pathway is clear; But since we are guided by infallible Word, The word He hath spoken forbids every fear: For is it not written, and everywhere shown, "The Lord knoweth how to deliver His own!"

"The Lord knoweth how," is our strength in our weakness, The promise of sunshine, though storm-clouds appear;

A peaceful assurance amid every battle, The way of escape from each trial and fear: For is it not written, and everywhere shown, "The Lord knoweth how to deliver His own!"

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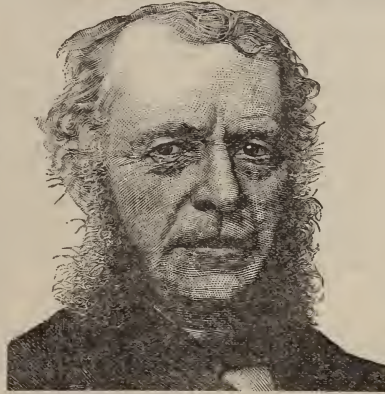
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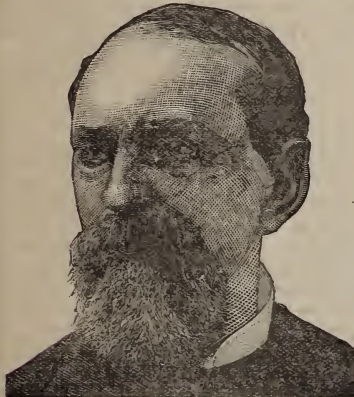
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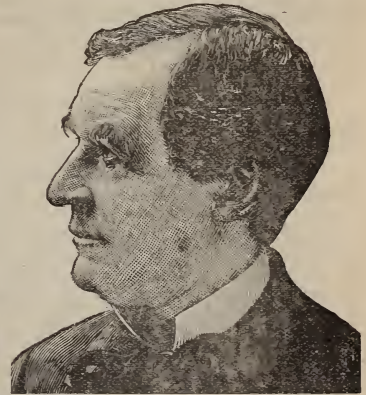
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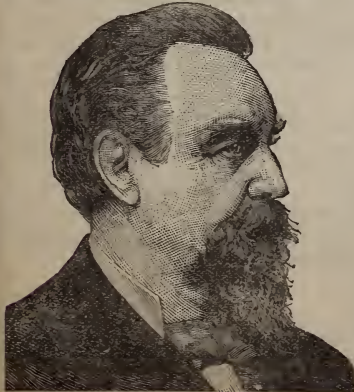
HON. S. S. COX, MINISTER TO TURKEY.



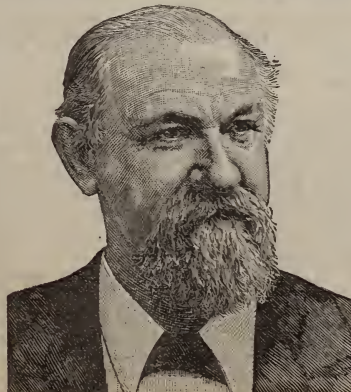
HON. GEORGE H. PENDLETON, MINISTER TO GERMANY.



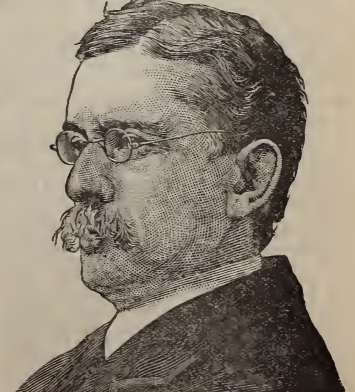
HON. ROBERT M. McLANE, MINISTER TO FRANCE.



HON. WILLIAM R. ROBERTS, MINISTER TO CHILE.



HON. THOMAS J. JARVIS, MINISTER TO BRAZIL.



HON. ANTHONY M. KEILEY, MINISTER TO ITALY.

SEVEN NEWLY APPOINTED UNITED STATES MINISTERS.

SEVEN NEWLY APPOINTED UNITED STATES MINISTERS.

ONE of the most important duties of a new President is that of filling the missions abroad. In these times of cable communication the duties of ministers are not so responsible as in pre-telegraph days. They can now always communicate quickly with the Secretary of State and the President, and receive definite instructions, while a few years ago they were necessarily left much to their own discretion. Nevertheless, it is important that men of intelligence, sagacity, courage, and energy should represent this country at the European courts. They can, if they are able men, supply the home government with much valuable information, and are able to protect the interests of our citizens travelling abroad. The position of a minister is one of dignity and honor, and we are glad to see that in the majority of cases Mr. Cleveland and Mr. Bayard have made their selections with wisdom and discretion.

HON. EDWARD J. PHELPS,
U. S. Minister to England.

It occasioned some surprise when it was announced that the most coveted place in the diplomatic service would go to New England. Mr. Phelps himself has not been a conspicuous man in politics, and though a thorough, and in some respects an extreme, Democrat, his reputation is rather that of a scholar and a lawyer than of a politician. The appointment, however, is generally approved, and even the Republican press admits that Mr. Cleveland has selected a worthy man to succeed Mr. Lowell. Mr. Phelps is Professor of Law in Yale College, and is sixty-three years of age. He has spent nearly all his life at Burlington, Vt., where he has Senator Edmunds for a near neighbor. Though radically opposed in politics, it is stated that an intimate friendship exists between the two men, and it is certain that the great Republican statesman has often spoken of Professor Phelps with profound respect.

Mr. Phelps is the son of Samuel S. Phelps, who represented Vermont in the United States Senate and was for a long time Justice of the State Supreme Court. The new minister is said to have been noted as a studious lad, and at the age of twenty-three was graduated at Middlebury College, a small but excellent institution. The young man, following the custom of those times, studied law in his father's office, and soon established himself in Burlington, then the largest town in the State. He was admitted to the bar of Chittenden County about the time that George F. Edmunds brought his first case into the same court. It was in the office of Mr. Phelps's father that Mr. Edmunds began the study of law. Young Phelps's ability was quickly recognized, and he was not long in obtaining an excellent practice. For two successive terms he was President of the American Bar Association, which position he held until, in 1882, he accepted the position of lecturer on international law in Yale College.

In his early days Mr. Phelps was a Whig, and under President Fillmore held the office of Second Comptroller of the Treasury. In the quarrel between Fillmore and Seward he was an enthusiastic supporter of the President, and at the next election he came out for Franklin Pierce as a regular Democrat. His ardor grew in the subsequent years, so that, in 1872, he found himself unable to support Horace Greely, though the regular candidate of the party, and cast his vote and used his influence on behalf of the candidate of the ultra-Democrats, Charles O'Connor. In the campaigns of 1876 and 1880 he worked for the Democratic candidates, and in the Garfield-Hancock campaign he received the nomination of his party for Governor of the State. It was, of course, a forlorn hope in Vermont, but Mr. Phelps worked sturdily for his party, and made several remarkable speeches. He polled probably the largest vote ever cast for a Democrat in the Green Mountain State. He was strongly urged to change his political faith by friends,

who pointed out to him that in a State so strongly Republican as Vermont his Democracy would be a bar to his progress. That, however, he always refused to do, his opinions being strongly in favor of slavery, and it is stated that even now he cannot forgive the Republicans for its abolition.

For the last two years he has been delivering a course of lectures on special branches of the law before the students of the Yale Law School, and has frequently lectured before the theological students upon legal topics of interest to the ministry and to the academic students upon international and municipal law, and has made his instructions popular and successful. He was given the degree of LL.D. at his Alma Mater in 1870, and the degree of A.M. at Yale when he was appointed Kent Professor of Law in the academical department. He is one of the most popular instructors in the college, and all, both students and professors, express their gratification at the appointment, but regret his leaving the college. Probably no instructor is better liked in the class-room, and his courses to the Seniors in municipal and international law were attended by more students than any others. He is exceedingly courteous, fond of society, and will no doubt be greatly liked in London. Mr. Phelps is an able lawyer, and has a reputation among those who know him for his sarcasm and wit.

HON. SAMUEL S. COX,
U. S. Minister to Turkey.

THE appointment of Mr. Cox surprised all the friends of that genial and cultured gentleman. It was thought that nothing would ever tempt him to voluntarily quit the scenes of his triumphs in the House and the society of his many friends in Washington. To a personal friend he explained his motives by saying that the advent of new men and his long career of service had combined to make a period of rest and relaxation welcome to him. Besides he said he had a strong desire to pass a few years in the land in which he feels a strong interest, and about which he has written much.

Samuel Sullivan Cox was born in Zanesville, Ohio, on September 30th, 1824. His father, Ezekiel Taylor Cox, was a leading Democrat of Ohio, who held several State offices. His grandfather, General James Cox, of Monmouth, N. J., fought in the Revolution, and later was a personal friend of Thomas Jefferson. Mr. Cox was educated at Ohio University and was graduated from Brown University in 1846. He was at school at the last-mentioned place during the Door rebellion. He was one of a family of twelve children. His father being poor, young Cox had to use his own exertions to get money to carry himself through college. Board in those days was only \$2 a week. He earned nearly enough to keep himself by writing. His first efforts were printed in the *Knickerbocker Magazine* of New York. At the close of his educational course he studied law and practised for two or three years, and then made an extended European tour. He published a book, on his return entitled "The Buckeye Abroad," giving a description of his travels. In 1853 he became owner and editor of the (Columbus) *Ohio Statesman*, then the Democratic organ of the State. In 1855 he was offered by President Pierce the position of Secretary of Legation at London, which he declined, but later he accepted a similar position at Lima, Peru. Returning home in 1856, he was elected to Congress from his district, and was three times re-elected, serving throughout the whole of Buchanan's and Lincoln's administrations. He was the Democratic nominee for Speaker of the House in 1863 against Schuyler Colfax.

In 1865 Mr. Cox published "Eight Years in Congress," and in that year he moved to New York. In 1868 he was again elected to Congress. He travelled through England, France, Spain, and other parts of Southern Europe and Northern Africa, the winter following his election, and as a result of this trip published "A

Search for Winter Sunbeams." He was re-elected in 1870, and in 1872 he was nominated for Congressman-at-Large, but the entire State ticket was defeated. James Brooks died before Congress met, and Mr. Cox was elected to fill the vacancy. Since then he has been continuously re-elected. In 1877 he wrote his best known book, "Why We Laugh," an analytical description of American humor. In the summer of 1882 Mr. Cox visited Sweden, Norway, Russia, Turkey, and Greece. The volume describing this trip he called "Arctic Sunbeams, or from Broadway to the Bosphorus by way of the North Cape."

HON. GEORGE H. PENDLETON,
U. S. Minister to Germany.

THE appointment of ex-Senator Pendleton to this important mission was especially gratifying to the best elements of both the political parties. The important part Mr. Pendleton took in the much-needed work of reforming the civil service, and the punishment he suffered at the hands of his party for doing that work, won for him the regard and sympathy of the advanced members of the Democratic and Republican parties, who are abandoning the old spoils system.

Mr. Pendleton was born at Cincinnati, Ohio, July 19th, 1825, and is thus about to complete his sixtieth year. "Gentleman George," as the new minister has long been familiarly called, received his education at the Woodward High School and Cincinnati College, and in 1844 went to Europe, where, after some time spent in study at Heidelberg, he travelled for three years, and became acquainted with languages, manners, and men in all the chief capitals. Returning home, he began the practice of the law. At the same time he allied himself with the Democratic party, and made himself a factor in Ohio politics. In 1853 he was elected to the State Senate. In 1854 he ran for Congress, and was beaten, but two years later was elected, and three times thereafter was returned, serving until 1865. In the campaign of 1860 he supported Douglas for President.

During the war he was a member of the House Military Committee, and in Congress he served as chairman of a special committee on the subject of admitting Cabinet officers to the floor of the House and giving them the right to explain measures of legislation affecting their departments, a plan which he zealously advocated. In 1864 he was candidate for Vice-President, with McClellan, on the Democratic ticket, but carried only the States of New Jersey, Delaware, and Kentucky. But in 1868 he was at first far ahead of all other candidates for the Democratic Presidential nomination, and came within two and a half votes of getting that honor, which finally was granted to Horatio Seymour. Next year he ran for Governor of Ohio, and was beaten by Rutherford B. Hayes. In 1872 he made a second visit to Europe, and in 1878 he was elected to the United States Senate, his term in that body expiring on the 4th of March last. The most notable feature of his Senatorial career has been his advocacy of Civil Service reform. He was the author of the bill under which the executive departments of the government are now conducted, and urged its passage in a notable speech in the Senate on December 13th, 1881.

Mr. Pendleton is a graceful speaker, a versatile scholar, and a polished gentleman. He was married, in 1846, to Miss Alice Key, daughter of the author of "The Star Spangled Banner" and niece of ex-Chief-Justice Roger B. Taney. They have a son and two daughters. They have a handsome mansion in Cincinnati, a "cottage" at Newport, and a fine house in Washington, where they rank among the most exclusive and aristocratic of families.

HON. ROBERT M. McLANE,
Minister to France.

MR. LEVI P. MORTON's successor at the Paris Mission is the Governor of Maryland, Mr. Robert Milligan McLane. This is the third time that this gentleman has represented his country

oad. In 1853 President Pierce appointed him Minister to China, and in 1859 President Buchanan sent him to Mexico. He is nearly ninety years old, having been born at Wilmington, Del., on June 23d, 1815. His appearance, however, and his active, vivacious manner are those of a much younger man. His hair is still black, and is scarcely tinged with gray. He is of medium height, with a slim, slightly rounded figure. He has intensely black eyes, a straight, aquiline nose, and a sharp, smooth, angular face. He comes of an old Delaware family, and speaks the French language as well as English. He is still in strong, vigorous health.

Mr. McLane's father was a man of considerable distinction. He was a midshipman in the navy when he was twelve years of age. He was appointed to the bar in 1807, and served in the House of Representatives from 1812 to 1827, and then was elected a Senator. In 1829 he was appointed Minister to Spain. Upon his return home, two years afterward, he was made Secretary of the Treasury. He was soon afterward transferred to the position of Minister to France. During the administration of President Polk he was our Minister to Spain, pending the Oregon negotiations. He died in 1857.

His son Robert, the newly-appointed Minister from France, commenced his education at a public school of his native city, and was for a time a student in St. Mary's College at Baltimore. When fourteen years of age he went abroad with his father, studying under a tutor in Paris for two years. Upon returning he received a cadetship from General Andrew Jackson, and entered the West Point Military Academy, from which he graduated in 1837. The same year he was appointed second lieutenant in the First Artillery, and served with General Jessup in the Florida campaign. He also served with General Scott in the Cherokee country of Georgia, and soon afterward was transferred to the corps of topographical engineers. He was sent to Europe in 1841 to examine the system of dykes and drainage in Holland, and before he returned he married the daughter of a Louisiana merchant in Paris. Having been admitted to the bar, he resigned his engineering duties in 1843, and began the practice of law in Maryland. In 1845 he was elected to the Maryland House of Delegates, and two years later became a member of Congress in the Twelfth Congressional District of Maryland, which position he occupied for two consecutive terms. He won the confidence of the State Department by his ability while acting as Commissioner to China, and during his short mission to the Republic of Mexico he negotiated treaties for the protection of the lives and property of citizens of the United States.

Upon returning to Baltimore he again resumed the practice of the law, and took no active part in public affairs until 1877, when he was elected State Senator. The following year he was elected to Congress, and in 1880 re-elected to the Forty-seventh Congress as a Democrat by a vote of 15,702 against 13,540 for his Republican opponent. Mr. McLane was a delegate to the National Convention which nominated Samuel Tilden for President, in 1876, and a Commissioner for Maryland at the last Paris Exposition. In 1883 he was nominated by the Democrats for Governor of Maryland, and elected by a good majority. His term as governor began on January 1st, 1884, and would have been completed, had he continued to serve, on January 1st, 1888.

HON. WILLIAM R. ROBERTS, U. S. Minister to Chili.

THIS appointment is a recognition of the influence of the Irish element in the campaign. A long effort was made by the *Tribune* and other journals in the Blaine interest to win the Irish vote for the Democratic party by suggestions that Mr. Blaine could and would do so on behalf of Irish plotters, who, in spite of their American citizenship, are in English prisons. Doubtless a large number of Irishmen were induced to vote

for Mr. Blaine, but the result of the election in New York showed that many of them must have voted the Democratic ticket, as they usually do. Colonel Roberts was credited with having been influential in checking the stampede of the Irishmen to the Republican party, and this mission appears to be his reward. His antecedents would, in any other country, bar his way to responsible office, but the principle of reward for service rendered is too deeply rooted among us to be easily or quickly eradicated.

Mr. Roberts has lived in New York forty years. He is of Irish birth, and in early life was in the dry-goods business in the Bowery. When he retired, in 1876, he carried with him a large fortune, much of which he afterward lost in the real estate business. He was connected with the Fenian movement which had for its object the invasion of Canada, and for his participation in the affair was arrested by the officers of the Federal Government. Subsequently he was released on bail, and the charges against him were never pressed. In 1870 Mr. Roberts, who is popularly known as "Colonel," was elected to the Forty-second Congress. He was re-elected, and at the expiration of his second term might have had a re-nomination, but declined it. In 1877 Mr. Roberts joined the Tammany Hall organization, and remained with it until the quarrel between Kelly and Mayor Grace, when he followed the latter, and was expelled from Tammany Hall. He served two terms as Alderman-at-Large, in one of which he was President of the board.

HON. THOMAS J. JARVIS, U. S. Minister to Brazil.

GOVERNOR JARVIS, of North Carolina, is the son of a Methodist minister, and was born in Currituck County, N. C., January 18th, 1836. He is therefore now in his fiftieth year. He graduated from Randolph Macon College (Virginia) in 1860, and in the spring of 1861 he entered the Confederate Army as a private. In August of the same year he was made a first lieutenant in the Eighth North Carolina Regiment, and in 1863 he became a captain. He served actively until May 14th, 1864, when his right arm was shattered at the engagement near Denny's Bluff, and he was unfitted for further military duty. He was delegate to the North Carolina Constitutional Convention in 1865, and from 1866 to 1868 he was engaged in mercantile business. He began the practice of law in 1868, and in the same year he was elected to the Legislature from Tyrrell County and was also an elector on the Democratic Presidential ticket. He was re-elected to the Legislature in 1870, and was chosen *Speaker of the House*. In 1872 he was one of the electors-at-large on the Democratic ticket, and in 1875 he was a delegate to the State Constitutional Convention, where he was a recognized leader on the Democratic side. In 1876 he was elected Lieutenant-Governor of North Carolina, and in February, 1879, he became Governor when Governor Vance was chosen United States Senator. In 1880 he was re-elected Governor. He is a man of genial, pleasant manners, and an able public speaker.

THE HON. ANTHONY M. KEILEY, U. S. Minister to Italy.

THE selection of Mr. Keiley for the Italian mission is not an evidence of discretion on the part of the President and the Secretary of State. The fact of Mr. Keiley being an ardent Roman Catholic of itself should have aroused doubt of his suitability for that particular office. Roman Catholics, as a rule, have a strong antipathy, on religious grounds, to the King of Italy, and it appears that Mr. Keiley has put himself on record in this matter with strong emphasis. At the time when King Victor Emmanuel, the father of the present King of Italy, took advantage of the fall of the French Empire to seize the ancient capital of his kingdom, a meeting of American Roman Catholics was held to protest against the injury to the Pope. Mr. Keiley pre-

sided and denounced the action of the King of Italy in strong terms. Of course the protest had no effect, and the king may never have heard of the meeting until Mr. Keiley was appointed; but there is not much doubt that his representatives in this country have by this time informed him of the sentiments expressed by Mr. Keiley on the occasion.

We notice that the press generally contends that we have a right to send to Italy, or any other country, any man we choose, and the government of that country has no business to interfere. That is so; but it is impolitic to send to any court a man who, on personal grounds, is objectionable to that court. If ministers are of any use at all, they are useful in transacting business between the two governments, and we know that business seldom runs smoothly when there is a personal antipathy between the two parties. The Italian Government will doubtless in any case concede all the rights due to us; but should we need any favor, Mr. Keiley would be less likely to obtain that favor than most people. Beside this, the relations between the King and the Pope are not by any means amicable, and in the event of their becoming openly hostile Mr. Keiley's sympathies would not be with that party to the dispute whose good-will is of importance to this country. It is rumored that Mr. Keiley recognizes this fact, and has declined the mission; but there is, at the time of writing, no authoritative confirmation of the rumor.

Mr. Keiley is a native of New Jersey, where he was born in 1834—fifty-one years ago. He has, however, spent nearly all his life in Virginia, where he has been the leader of the Democratic party in that State. He first came into prominence as the founder and editor of the *Norfolk Virginian*, and afterward as editor of the *Petersburg Index and News*. In the campaign of 1881 he was chairman of the State Democratic Committee, and in every election has taken a prominent and active part. He is strongly opposed to the readjustment policy of Senator Mahone, and an advocate of honest payment of the State debt. He has been thrice elected Mayor of Richmond, in which city he has obtained much repute as an able lawyer. During the war he went with his adopted State, and attained the rank of major in the Confederate Army.

The Death of the Republican Party is Decried by Neal Dow. In a letter to a contemporary, the man who in 1880 was a Presidential candidate in opposition to Garfield, and in 1884 was a worker for Blaine in opposition to St. John, thus expresses himself: "But now we are free from all entangling alliances with it [the Republican party], and are sure, beyond all possible mistake, that prohibition cannot be a perfect success in Maine, nor be adopted largely in the Union in the life-time of the Republican party. *It must die* that the homes of the people may be delivered from the infinite evils of the liquor traffic, from the poverty, pauperism, wretchedness and crime, coming upon them from the grog-shops which the Republican party in the nation, as well as in Maine, has taken under its care and protection. The party has deliberately placed itself between them and the friends of temperance, and we have no alternative than to put it down that we may come hand to hand in a death grapple with the liquor traffic, the gigantic crime of crimes, the great enemy of God and man." As Neal Dow has no alternative than to put it down, it will evidently have to go down, though the general feeling is that it is already pretty low in spite of his efforts to raise it last year. It is an ominous fact for the party to which Neal Dow proposes to return, that when he was its champion it polled only 10,305 votes, and when he left it and worked in opposition, the vote rose to 150,633. When he opposed the Republican party it triumphantly elected its President, while when he helped it it was defeated. If the Prohibitionists were believers in luck they might wish Neal Dow to remain in the Republican camp.

INFLUENCE OF CLUBS.

Dr. Talmage's Sermon, Preached last Sunday Morning, April 26, 1885.

"Every tree is known by his own fruit."—LUKE 6:44.

A Universal Principle—Men are Gregarious—Ancient Celebrated Clubs—Two Specimen Club-Houses—Tests for the Club—Its Influence on the Home—A Wife's Fatal Blunder—Home Life Sacrificed—Homes Clubbed to Death—How to Divide a Week—An Obituary and an Epitaph—Test of Its Influence on the Occupation—On Moral and Spiritual Obligation—Choosing Eternal Companions—Your Little Child—Prizes too Good for the Devil—The Influence on Sons.

FALL pippins will not grow on a crab-apple tree. Chokey pears cannot be found in an orchard of Bartlett's. That principle of Christ always applicable and everywhere applicable. So if you want to know whether any institution is good or bad, you have but just to see what kind of character it produces. I remember that in my father's orchard there was a tree that bore luxuriant fruit; there was a hollow in the tree in which we boys sometimes used to hide. Which was the better place from which to judge of the character of the fruit on that tree, from inside the trunk, or standing outside looking up through the branches? People inside an institution are not as competent to judge of its tendencies as those who, outside of it, are looking to see what style of fruit it showers down. "Every tree is known by his own fruit."

I am asked, What is the influence of club-houses in America? And to the answering of that question I devote this morning's sermon.

MEN ARE GREGARIOUS.

Cattle in herds. Birds in flocks. Fish in schools. The human race in social circles. You may by discharge of gun scatter the flock of quails, and you may by plunge of the anchor send apart the denizens of the deep; but they will reassemble. And if by some power you could scatter all the present associations of men, they would again reassemble.

Herbs and flowers prefer to stand in associations. You plant a forget-me-not or a heart's ease away up alone on the hillside, and it will soon hunt up some other heart's-ease or forget-me-not. You find the herbs talking to each other in the morning dew. A galaxy of stars is a mutual life insurance company. Once in a while you find a man unsympathetic and alone, and like a ship's mast, ice-glazed, which the most agile sailor could not climb; but the most of men have in their nature a thousand roots and a thousand branches, and they blossom all the way to the top, and the fowls of heaven sing amid the branches. Because of this we have communities and societies—some for the kindling of mirth, some for the raising of sociality, some for the advance of a craft, some to plan for the welfare of the State—associations of artists, of merchants, of shipwrights, of carpenters, of masons, of plumbers, of plasterers, of lawyers, of doctors, of clergymen. Do you cry out against this? Then you cry out against

A DIVINE ARRANGEMENT.

You might as well preach a sermon to a busy ant-hill or beehive against secret societies. In many of the ages people have gathered together in associations, characterized by the old, blunt Saxon designation of club. If you have read history you know there were the King's Head Club, and the Ben Jonson Club, and the Brothers' Club—to which Swift and Bolingbroke belonged—and the Literary Club, which Burke and Goldsmith and Johnson and Boswell made immortal; and Jacobin Club, and Benjamin Franklin Junto Club, and others almost as celebrated and conspicuous. Some to advance arts, some to vindicate justice, some to promote good literature, some to destroy the body and blast the soul. In our own time we have many clubs. They are as different from each other as the day from the night. I might show you

TWO SPECIMENS.

Here is the imperial hallway. On this side is

the parlor, with the upholstery of a Kremlin or a Tuileries. Here is a dining-room which challenges you to mention any luxury it cannot afford. Here is an art gallery with pictures and statues and drawings from the best of artists—Bierstadt and Church and Cole and Powers—pictures for all moods, impassioned or placid—Sheridan's Ride and Farmers at their Nooning. Shipwreck and Sunlight over the Seas. Foaming deer with the hounds after it in the Adirondacks. Sheep asleep on the hill-side. And here are reading-rooms with the finest of magazines, and libraries with all styles of books, from hermeneutics to fairy tale.

Men go there for ten minutes or for many hours. Some come from beautiful and happy home circles for a little while that they may enter into these club-house socialities. Others come from dismembered households, and while they have humble lodgings elsewhere, find their chief joy here. One blackball amid ten votes will defeat a man's membership. For rowdiness and gambling and drunkenness and every style of misdemeanor a man is immediately dropped. Brilliant club-house from top to bottom—the chandeliers, the plate, the literature, the social prestige a complete enchantment.

Here is another club-house. You open the door, and the fumes of strong drink and tobacco are something almost intolerable. You do not have to ask what those young men are doing, for you can see by the flushed cheek and intent look and almost angry way of tossing the dice and dropping the chips

THEY ARE GAMBLING.

That is an only son seated there at another table. He has had all art, all culture, all refinement, showered upon him by his parents. That is the way he is paying them for their kindness. That is a young married man. A few months ago he made promises of fidelity and kindness, every one of which he has broken. Around a table in the club-house there is a group telling vile stories. It is getting late now, and three fourths of the members of the club are intoxicated. It is between twelve and one o'clock, and after a while it is time to shut up. The conversation has got to be grovelling, base, filthy, outrageous. Time to shut up. The young men saunter forth, those who can walk, and balance themselves against the lamp-post or the fence. A young man not able to get out has a couch extemporized for him in the club-house, or by two comrades not quite so overcome by strong drink he is led to his father's house, and the door-bell rung, and the door opens, and these two imbecile escorts usher into the front hall the ghastliest figure ever ushered into a father's house—a drunken son. There are dissipating club-houses, which would do well if they could make a contract with Inferno to furnish ten thousand men a year, and do that for twenty years, on the condition that no more would be asked of them. They would save—the dissipating club-houses of this country would save—hundreds of homesteads, and bodies, minds, and souls innumerable. The ten thousand they furnish a year by contract would be small when compared with the vaster multitude they furnish without contract. But I make

A VAST DIFFERENCE

between the club-houses. I have during my life belonged to four clubs—a baseball club, a theological club, and two literary clubs. They were to me physical recuperation, mental food, moral health.

Now, what is the principle by which we are to judge in regard to the profitable or baleful influence of a club-house? That is the practical and the eternal question which hundreds of men in this house to-day are settling. First, I would have you

TEST YOUR CLUB-HOUSE

by the influence it has upon your home, if you have a home. I have been told by a prominent member of one of the clubs that three fourths of the members are married men. That wife has lost her influence over her husband who

takes every evening's absence as an advantage upon domesticity. How are the great prizes of art and literature and education the public well to go on if every man in the world bounded by his front doorstep on one and his back window on the other, his throat rising no higher than his own attic, going no deeper than his own cellar? When a man objects to a husband's absence for some other purpose she breaks her sceptre of con-

power. We had an instance in this very church woman who protested against her husband enlisting in so many religious enterprises attending so many literary and charitable meetings, and she protested until she had successfully deceived him from all such places. He not attend here, he does not attend any church, he has lost his property, he has lost his mind, I fear he will lose his soul. His family is vilified by immoralities—his wife in one place, he in another place, the child in another place. There should be no protest on the part of a wife if the husband goes forth to some pious, useful, honorable mission. But alas the fact that so many men sacrifice all home for the club-house. I have in my household roll of the members of many of the clubs of great cities, and I could point you to the names of many who have committed this

AWFUL SACRILEGE.

Genial as angels at the club-house, ugly as a home. Generous to a fault for all wins and piers and yachts and horse races, but stingy the wife's dress and the children's shoes. Which might have been a healthful recreation had become an usurpation of his affections he has married it, and he is guilty of

MORAL BIGAMY.

Under that process, whatever be the features, she becomes uninteresting and he criticizes everything about her. He does like her dress, he does not like the way she arranges her hair, he cannot see how he was so unromantic as to offer her his hand heart. It is all the time talk about money, money, when she ought to be about Dexters and Derby Days and Eddies, with six horses all under control of ribbon. There are hundreds of homes in New York and Brooklyn being

CLUBBED TO DEATH.

Membership in some of these clubs means domestic shipwreck. Tell me a man becomes a member in a certain club, and tell me nothing more about him for ten years, will write his accurate biography. By that he is a wine-guzzler, and his wife is heart-broken or prematurely old, and his property lost or reduced, and his home is a mere name on a directory.

"Here are six days of the secular week," the husband and father. "How shall I divide the six nights? Well, I will give four to my family at home, or taking them abroad to place where they will be interested. They will give one night to a religious service, I will give one night to a club-room." I correlate you. But here is a man who makes a ferocious distribution of his time. He says: "I will give three nights to the club-room, I will give three nights to other duties." I tremble. Here is a man who makes a decent distribution of his time. He says: "Six secular nights, I will give five to the wife, and one to my home, and that one I will spend in scowling like a March because I am not spending it as I spend others."

THAT MAN'S OBITUARY

is written. There is not one man out of a thousand that gets as far as that on the road that ever stops. His physical health way under the late hours and the stimulants is an easy prey for erysipelas and rheumatism the heart. The physician at one glance that he will not only have that disease to but many years of fast living. The clergy at the obsequies talks in religious general

men who got his yacht in the eternal rapids not come to the obsequies. Oh, no, they have pressing engagements! They will send wife with a wreath for the coffin-lid and words of sympathy, but they will be. Give me a chisel and a mallet that I may

THAT MAN'S EPITAPH

is tombstone. "Blessed are the dead who in the Lord, for they rest from their labors, their works do follow them." "Oh, no," say, "that would not be appropriate." me try again with this epitaph: "Let me the death of the righteous, and let my last be like his." "Oh, no," you say, "that ld be horribly inappropriate." Then give the chisel and the mallet, and I will cut a st epitaph: "Here lies a victim of a dissipa club-house."

he damage is often increased by the fact that scion of some aristocratic family belongs to b, and people born in humbler circles feel d to belong to that one where he be- s, not realizing the fact that some of the and grandsons of the great commercial blishments of the past as to mind are im- e, as to body diseased, as to morals rotten. y would have long ago got through with entire property, but the wily ancestor who his money by hard knocks knows how it be, and so he ties up everything in his will. e is nothing left now to that unworthy de- dant but his grandfather's name and roast rotundity. And yet many a steamer is d to be lashed fast of that worm-eaten tug, gh it pulls straight for the breakers. I can t you to men in Brooklyn and New York e because of an illustrious ancestry, are now g scores of men to their eternal ruin.

ANOTHER TEST

hich you may try your club-house, or the into whose membership you are invited, is question, What is the influence of that insti- n upon one's secular occupation? I can ow through a club-house men may advance commercial interests. I have friends who rmed their best mercantile relations h such institutions. But what has been nfluence of the one with which you are con- ed, upon

YOUR WORLDLY CREDIT?

re people more cautious now how they let have goods? Before you joined the club was credit with the commercial agency A? and it gone clear down on the scale? Then be-

e every day hear the going to pieces of com- cal establishments through the dissipations some club-house libertine or club-house kard who has wasted his estate and wasted estate of others. The fortune is beaten to es with the ball-player's bat, or cut amid- s by the prow of a regatta, or falls under sharp hoof of the fast horse, or is drowned e potions of cognac and Monongahela. The 's club-house was the *Loch Earn*, his occupa- was the *Ville du Havre*. They struck he high seas, and the *Ville du Havre* went er.

another test by which you may try all the -houses of these cities is the question, What ence will that institution have upon my e of moral and

SPIRITUAL OBLIGATION?

I should take the names of all the people is house to-day and put them upon a scroll then lay them behind this organ, and some a hundred years from now should come and that scroll and unroll it in this building and the names, not one of you, from A to Z, ld answer. Any institution that makes me et that, is a bad institution. I have some- been perplexed, as some of you have been, uffalo, going to Chicago, to know whether e the Michigan Central or the Lake Shore, ally safe, equally expeditious, trains arriving e same hour; but suppose you hear that on road the bridges are down, the tracks are up, and the switches are unlocked, you very

easily make up your mind which is the best to take. Now, here are

TWO HIGHWAYS

into the great future—the Christian highway and the unchristian—the one safe, the other danger- ous. Anything that makes me forget that is a bad institution. I had family prayers before I joined the club. Do I have them now? I at- tended regularly the house of God before I joined the club. Do I now attend religious ser- vice? Would you rather have in your hand when you come to die a pack of cards or a Bible? Would you, in the closing moment of your life, rather have the cup of Belshazzarean wassail put to your lip, or the cup of holy communion? Would you, my brother, rather have for eternal companions the swearing, carousing, vile, story- telling crew that surround the table in a dissi- pating club-house, or

YOUR LITTLE CHILD,

the bright girl that God took? Ah! if you would not have been away so many nights if you had thought she was going so soon. Your wife has never brightened up since then. She has not got over it. She never will get over it. What a pity it is that you cannot spend more evenings at home consoling that great sorrow! Oh, you cannot drown that grief in a wine-cup! You cannot forget those little arms that were thrown around your neck while she said: "Papa, do stay home to-night, do stay home to-night!" You cannot wipe from your lips the dying kiss of that little child. And yet there has been many a man so completely overborne by the fascinations of a dissipating club-house that he went off the night

THE CHILD WAS DYING

of scarlet fever. He came back about midnight, and it was all over. The eyes were closed. The undertaker had done his work. The wife lay unconscious in the next room, from having watched for three weeks. He came up-stairs, and he saw the empty cradle and saw the window was up. He said, "What is the matter?" In God's judgment day he will find out what was the matter. Oh, man astray, God help you!

The influence which some of the club-houses are exerting is the more to be deplored because it takes down

THE VERY BEST MEN.

The admission fee siffs out the penurious, and leaves only the best fellows. They are frank, they are generous, they are whole-souled, they are talented. Oh, I begrudge the devil such a prize! After a while the frank look will go out of the face, and the features will be haggard, and when talking to you, instead of looking you in the eye they will look down, and every morning the mother will kindly ask, "My son, what kept you out so late last night?" and he will make no answer, or he will say, "That's my business." Then some time he will come to the store or the bank cross and befogged, and he will neglect some duty, and after a while he will lose his place, and then, with nothing to do, he will come down at ten o'clock in the morning to curse the servant because the breakfast is cold. The lad who was a clerk in the cellar has got to be chief clerk in the great commercial establishment; the young man who ran errands for the bank has got to be cashier; thousands of the young men who were at the foot of the ladder have got to the top of the ladder; but here goes the victim of the dissipating club-house, with staggering step and bloodshot eye and mud-spattered hat set sideways on a shock of greasy hair, his cravat dashed with cigar ashes. Look at him! Pure-hearted young men, look at him! *The club-house did that.* I know one such who went the whole round, and turned out of the higher club-houses went into the lower club-houses, and on down until one night he leaped out of a third-story window to end his wretchedness.

Let me say to fathers who are becoming dis- sipated,

YOUR SONS WILL FOLLOW

you. You think your son does not know. He knows all about it. I have heard men who say, "I am profane, but never in the presence of my

children." Your children know you swear. I have heard men say, "I drink, but never in the presence of my children." Your children know you drink. I describe now what occurs in hun- dreds of households in this country. The tea hour has arrived. The family are seated at the tea-table. Before the rest of the family rise from the table the father shoves back his chair, says he has an engagement, lights a cigar, goes out, comes back after midnight, and that is the history of three hundred and sixty-five nights of the year. Does any man want to stultify him- self by saying that that is healthy, that that is right, that that is honorable? Would your wife have married you with such prospects?

Time will pass on, and the son will be sixteen or seventeen years of age, and you will be at the tea-table, and he will shove back and have an engagement, and he will light his cigar, and he will go out to the club-house, and you will hear nothing of him until you hear the night key in the door after midnight. But his physical con- stitution is not quite so strong as yours, and the liquor he drinks is more terrifically drugged than that which you drink, and so he will catch up with you on the road to death, though you got such a long start of him, and so you will both go to hell together.

The revolving Drummond light in front of a hotel, in front of a locomotive, may flash this way and flash that, upon the mountains, upon the ravines, upon the city; but I take the lamp of God's eternal truth, and I flash it upon all the club-houses of these cities, so that no young man shall be deceived. By these tests try them, try them! Oh, leave the dissipating influences of the club-room, if the influences of your club- room are dissipating! Paid your money, have you? Better sacrifice that than your soul. Good fellows, are they? Under that process they will not remain such. Mollusca may be found two hundred fathoms down beneath the Nor- wegian seas; Siberian stag get fat on the stunted growth of Altain peaks; Hedysarium grows amid the desolation of Sahara; tufts of osier and birch grow on the hot lips of volcanic Sneehat- tan; but a pure heart and an honest life thrive in a dissipating club-house—never!

THE WAY TO CONQUER

a wild beast is to keep your eye on him, but the way for you to conquer your temptations, my friend, is to turn your back on them and fly for your life.

Oh, my heart aches! I see men struggling against evil habits, and they want help. I have knelt beside them, and I have heard them cry for help, and then we have risen, and he has put one hand on my right shoulder, and the other hand on my left shoulder, and looked into my face with an infinity of earnestness which the judgment day will have no power to make me forget, as he has cried out with lips scorched in ruin, "God help me!" For such there is no help except in the Lord God Almighty. To His grace I commend you.

A Need of the Times is Pointed out by the London Christian. Its words apply with still more urgency to matters on this side the Atlantic, where the evil mentioned flourishes in all its vigor. Our transatlantic contemporary says: There are the Temperance and Purity Crusades, the Anti-Tobacco Society, and many other agencies of the right kind at work: may God bless and use them all! But there is not a crusade against the vile literature, the pernicious novels, the empty trash, so abundantly provided for and read by the young. There are several societies and organizations doing good, noble work in the matter; but the crusade, to be effectual, must begin in the home, the school, and the church. Parents, teachers, and pastors, a duty is laid on you to warn and to prevent. This immoral traffic is too often at the root of drunkenness, loss of virtue, embezzlement, and many hideous crimes. Fathers and mothers be vigilant! Look to the stuff your children are reading; a bad book has power to destroy both soul and body.

TIDINGS FROM MR. C. T. STUDD AND MR. STANLEY SMITH.

THE following items of news have been received from the two young collegians whose portraits appeared in this journal on April 9th; they are contained in letters home, which the young men wrote on shipboard while on their way to the sphere of their missionary labors in China:

Mr. Studd writes: "Red Sea, February 13th. I cannot tell you how good God has been; we know His goodness and love are always passing knowledge, how much more passing words! Every step of the way He has gone before us, and prepared the way for His foolish sheep; what a Shepherd He is!

"Our journey to Brindisi only served to refresh us; then we had a bright Sunday there before starting for Alexandria. We had some singing each day, and the last night the captain very kindly allowed us to have

A SERVICE ON THE QUARTER-DECK.

They rigged the place up beautifully for us, and we had nearly the whole of the passengers as a congregation. A very wealthy Australian spoke very kindly to us afterward, and evidently took a deep interest. He seems to be a Christian. He says he is going to follow us up through China's millions, to see if our expectations are fulfilled; so the dear Lord's faithfulness will assuredly be brought to light again and again.

"We have only been on board the Kaiser-i-Hind three quarters of a day, and yet the Good Shepherd has given several of us quiet talks to the passengers, and it seems as if the Lord had been preparing all their hearts beforehand; of course He has.

"What sad news from Egypt! We heard the latest about Gordon's death as we went across the desert. It seems an easy matter, and occupies a very short time, to send twelve thousand men to shed blood; but why are there not twelve thousand also going out to save souls? I wonder if each English soldier will want a special call from the Queen of England before he 'decides to go' to Egypt, or whether they will be content to obey the marching orders?"

Mr. Stanley Smith writes: "February 17th, nearing Aden. You will be expecting to hear of 'the good hand of the Lord upon us.' I hardly know where to begin. He has been—what shall I say?—so like Himself. We had a delightful journey to Brindisi; and then we got on board the Lombardy; we were only on her three days, but we managed to get many talks. I met a Christian friend, and we were enabled to hold a service among the first-class passengers.

"However, we came on board the Kaiser-i-Hind with great hopes and earnest prayer, not that we might do great things so much as that we might not hinder God. He has answered exceedingly abundantly above all we asked or thought.

"A friend of mine I met quite unexpectedly—rather

A FAST FELLOW.

He was travelling first-class, but the Lord gave me opportunities for two straight talks. Two days ago he came down to my cabin and asked me to read the Bible to him, and, finally, on his knees, was restored to God. The Lord gave me two nice cases yesterday, second-class passengers. One a backslider, who said he 'wanted to come back to God'; the other unconverted, who 'was quite willing to receive Christ'—both brought in. To-night, too, the joiner of the ship said he would come down to our cabin, and there he received Christ. I am expecting very shortly the fourth engineer.

"Another interesting case Mr. Studd is speaking to at this moment. He travelled also on the Lombardy from Brindisi to Suez. The first day I asked him, 'Have you peace with God?' 'No,' he replied, 'I am afraid I have not.' The next day he was open to conversation; but the third day he took the turn that 'he did not want to have anything to do with religion.' However, he is now in dead earnest. He leaves us at Aden, but I am sure if he is not brought in

already, he will be before he leaves the ship. We have

SINGING ON DECK

every night, and also have begun to say a few words in the interval of song. There are many interested, and we are believing for the ship. Nothing like expecting great things from God. Mr. Studd met a friend of his who played in the all-England football team. He has been much helped on. But it is so evidently God's work. The people so prepared at heart to listen and to talk. A blue-jacket on board we are expecting to step over the line; he was helped by a little book Mr. Montagu Beauchamp has given him, and Mr. Cassels has just had half an hour's prayer with him. We have

A BIBLE READING EVERY DAY

at twelve o'clock, where we gather ourselves, the second-class passengers who have been brought in (there are eight second-class passengers, all of them now Christians, or much interested—interested enough to come to the Bible readings), and a Wesleyan missionary of Colombo and his wife, and also a young medical missionary to Japan, and two ladies who are destined for China as their field of labor.

"We remember you in prayer, as we know you do us. Oh, how blessed it is just to get out of the way and see God work! I expect we shall have greater things to tell you of from Colombo. We have generally been able to get one hour or more of prayer in the afternoon, and the Lord constrains us to expect great things. He makes us obey the command, 'Open thy mouth wide,' and of course He will perform the promise, 'I will fill it.' I am quite sure that the greatest joy God has is to bless; we feel we are just poor pensioners on His grace and goodness."

ANECDOTES RELATED AT THE EVANGELISTIC MEETINGS IN SCOTLAND.

A Poor Old Rag-man.—A Minister Related this fact at a recent meeting: "When I was coming up the street to-day, I met a man with a barrow, and stopping him, I asked: 'Are you saved, my friend?' He stopped, looked at me, and said: 'Oh, no one can be sure of these things.' I explained to him how he could be sure just by putting his trust in Jesus. He replied by saying: 'Oh, I am old, and I know I shall soon be home.' 'What do you mean by saying you will soon be home when you do not believe in these things?' I asked. 'I mean,' he said, 'that I shall soon be under the ground and have a clod to cover me.' But I told him that he needed something more to cover him than a clod of earth: he needed to be covered with the righteousness of Christ through faith in His atoning blood. Poor old man! there he was gaining his living by gathering rags, and had no hope for eternity. I believe that the few words which I spoke to him were blessed to the salvation of his soul!"

One Hanged and Another a Convict.—The Rev. Mr. Piper related: "About eighteen years ago two companions and myself were walking in a country road on a Sabbath morning, talking of worldly and very silly amusements. An aged minister passed us, and overhearing our frivolous talk, stopped and invited us to come to his church. When this servant of God left us, we laughed and jested at his words, and went to the church for the sole purpose of annoying him. With this end in view we took our seats in a front gallery, and throughout the service we laughed and talked and threw peas on the people below, much to their annoyance and our amusement, until the minister had to reprove us openly. Four years from that time one of the number was hanged for murder, a second is now undergoing penal servitude for life, and the third, by the kindness and long-suffering goodness of a merciful God, is now addressing you. Oh, young men, take warning, and 'Remember the Sabbath to keep it holy!'"

A Dying Consumptive Saved.—An Earnest evangelist said: "I was asked one night to go and see a young woman who was dying. When I arrived at her house I found her in the last

stages of consumption. She at one time was a fine-looking woman, for I knew her many years ago, but she persistently neglected salvation until now. Oh, was I not glad that I could and tell that young woman that Christ loved her! She might have said how could the young man love her after she had refused Him long, or how could He love such a sinful creature as she was; many things she might have said, but she did not; she gladly listened to I told her of the story of the cross, and of the Lord Jesus Christ, and she was at once won with an unspeakable rest and blessedness."

A Young Irish Student went to Scotland and was placed under the care of a minister. But his guardian soon lost all control over him. The young man went to theatres, casinos, other places of worldly amusement—and one night he was induced to attend an evanescent meeting, and there was convinced of by the Holy Spirit accompanying the preaching of the Gospel. He was arrested in his downward career. To the friend who was urging him to accept Christ, he said: "I am afraid to give self to Jesus, because when I go back to Ireland and among my old associates again, I shall be as bad as ever." His friend replied thus: "Believe that Jesus is willing and able to do for you: and if you can trust Him for one moment, why not trust Him for every moment a ward?" The young man soon saw that He was able and willing to save is also able to all who put their trust in Him, and before the meeting he gave himself wholly to the Saviour. At his home in Ireland he had a letter who never ceased to pray that her brother might be brought to Christ, and great was his joy when God answered her prayer.

A Dead Dog's Critics.—A Minister Told the following story: "Some time ago I read that an eastern country, on a hot and sultry day, a body of a dog lay in a lane. Some one passed the dog and exclaimed, 'Ugly creature! where did it come from?' And another, keeping at a distance, said: 'What an odious smell is coming from that brute! it must have been flung from a cart.' Another, whose nostrils were not so sensitive, went over and examined the dog, and saw a rope had been tightly tied round its neck, passed on, saying, 'It must have been a such a fearful-looking creature.' It was covered with blood and mire, and in the last struggle with death its teeth had protruded over its jaw. The next who passed were Christ's disciples, and they, thinking that the Master would not look on such an object, the other side of the road; but Christ stepped over to it, and soon the eager crowd gathered around Him; and He, who could not look the eye of scorn on anything but sin, with tenderness and pity said, 'Pearls are not to be compared with the whiteness of its teeth. Oh, dear friends, the great and tender Christ will see loveliness and beauty in the most lovely objects!'"

Singing in Her Sleep.—Mr. Jack Said knew a young lady who was very anxious for the salvation of a friend who lived in the country. She told me she often prayed for her friend, and spoke to her of the careless life she was leading, but nothing seemed to do her. On one occasion this careless young lady came to pay a visit to my friend, who asked her to share her bedroom, that she might have an opportunity of speaking to her of Jesus. Night after night she spoke to her, but it was no apparent avail; her heart seemed like a stone. The last night of her visit, my friend was up with Christ upon her companion, knowing this was her last chance of speaking to her for time, but she went to sleep undecided, and a friend almost gave up hope. In the middle of the night her companion was awakened by her singing very sweetly, and sitting up in bed she found that it was her friend, who, quite unconsciously, was singing a sweet Gospel hymn. She listened to the sweet tones and the beautiful words till they ceased. In the morning young servant of Christ tried again to speak

word for the Master, but her friend interrupted her with: 'It is all done; I am safe in the arms of Jesus!' 'Oh! when did this wonderful change take place?' eagerly asked her friend. 'You sang in the night, and awoke me,' she said, 'not only out of my bodily sleep, but, better far, out of my spiritual sleep.'"

THE REVELATION OF THE WICKED ONE.

By John R. Caldwell.*

The Summons to the Waiting Saints—Their Withdrawal—The Influence they are now Exerting—The Consequences of its Cessation—A Development of Apostasy—An Uprising of Lawlessness—Formation of a Political Confederacy—Persecution of the Saints Left Behind—The Interval Overlooked—Revealed in the Apocalypse—The Testimony of the Witnesses—The Appearing and the Coming—Two Resurrections.

WE know from Holy Scripture that soon the summons will come to the living, waiting saints on the earth, informing them that the long-expected moment has come, and they will be caught up to meet their Lord in the air (1 Thess. 4). They will disappear from mortal sight, leaving empty their places in business, in society, and in all the positions they now occupy. The world will look for them in amazement and consternation, but it will find them not. But it will see them again, for they shall subsequently return in glory with their Lord. But the intervening interval shall be occupied by momentous events, both in heaven and on earth.

As to the earth—owing to the presence and testimony here of a multitude of God's children, in each of whom the Spirit of God is dwelling, and by whom He is continually reproving and restraining evil—there is at present a barrier or hindrance raised to the full

DEVELOPMENT OF APOSTASY,

and its culmination in the man of sin; and so it is written in II Thess. 2:7, "The mystery of iniquity doth already work; only he who now letteth (or hindereth) will let (or hinder), until he be taken out of the way."

But with the removal of the Church to heaven, the last obstacle to the full outburst of wickedness shall have been removed; and "then shall that Wicked be revealed, whom the Lord shall consume with the spirit of His mouth, and shall destroy with the brightness of His coming" (II Thess. 2:8).

Into the details of this mighty

UPRISING OF LAWLESSNESS

it is not purposed here to enter; suffice it to note, that two great scandals shall culminate, and be judged by the Lord. The one professing Christendom, which is shown in Revelation as "the Mystery of Iniquity, Babylon the Great, the Mother of Harlots." The judgment upon this shall be, first, by the oppression and hatred of the political power, "the beast;" and secondly, by vengeance from heaven. (See Rev 17:16, and Rev. 18.)

The other, the great political confederacy, headed up in Antichrist, or the man of sin—who, exalting himself above all that is called God, and saying that *he is God*, shall be worshipped by many nations, received as Messiah by apostate Israel—shall cause all to be slain who will not receive his mark, and finally be destroyed by the Lord Jesus, when He shall come personally, with His saints, to take possession of the kingdom, and deliver and bless the faithful remnant of Israel.

Often has the question been raised and discussed,

"SHALL THE CHURCH BE ON EARTH to pass through these scenes of unprecedented tribulation and judgment, or shall it have been removed ere then to heaven?" That there will be saints on earth in the midst of it all, suffering and slain for their testimony, is certain; and if they be not the Church, who are they?

In answer to this, we find first that, in Daniel 12:1, they are called "the children of thy people." Of those an election—viz., "every one that shall be found written in the book," shall be delivered. The whole book of Daniel treats of the period of Gentile supremacy in the earth, of the time when Israel is captive and oppressed, and its prophecy goes on to "the time of the end"—foretells

THE FINAL TRIBULATION

of Daniel's people, and their deliverance by the coming of the Lord to take vengeance upon their oppressors.

The whole period from the cutting off of the Messiah till His coming again to reign is overstepped, so that this present parenthetical dispensation does not at all appear. The saints, therefore, spoken of throughout Daniel as passing through these events, are not Christian, but Jewish; and as such shall be saved by judgment on their foes, and shall be blessed in the land of Israel.

In perfect harmony with this are the words of our Lord in Matt. xxiv. 15-31. The whole of this passage treats of a time of trouble in the land of Judæa; there also

AN ELECT REMNANT

is seen, who cannot be deceived by Satan's imitations of Christ; for the *false* Christ cannot deceive those who know the *true*. This remnant shall be saved in the *flesh*, and to this end those days "shall be shortened."

At no time does God leave Himself without a witness, and in the midst of those days of tribulation and apostasy He will certainly have His faithful witnesses; but the character of their testimony will not be such as the Church is called to bear—viz., of grace, but rather analogous to that of Moses and Elias, a testimony of judgment. Such is the character of the testimony of

TWO WITNESSES

in Rev. 11. Fire proceeded out of their mouths and devoured their enemies. Compare Rev. 11:4 with Luke 9:54-56. The contrast is conclusive proof that the "acceptable year" shall have ended, and a new dispensation have begun; and strictly in accordance with this is the prayer of the martyred remnant in Rev. 6:10, presenting an equally distinct and characteristic contrast to that of Stephen, in Acts 7:60.

Some have maintained that between the coming of the Lord for His saints and His return with them to judgment, there will be no interval, and based this conclusion upon the Second Coming of Christ being ever spoken of as one event. They argue that if there be an interval between, during which Antichrist reigns, then there must be "two Second Comings of Christ;" and if there be saints martyred and raised again after the Church is caught away, there must also be "two first resurrections."

This may appear at first sight conclusive, but a very slight reference to the manner of prophetic Scriptures will show that, though plausible, the argument is fallacious. When viewing an extensive landscape, those objects in the foreground which are a mile or less apart are seen to be so; distances are easily estimated by the eye; but, in the far distance, mountain peaks that may be many miles apart appear as one, or close together. Such is the manner of prophecy. In the Old Testament Scriptures the "sufferings of Christ, and the glory that should follow," are almost invariably foretold as though the glory would immediately follow the sufferings. No mention is made of

A PARENTHETIC DISPENSATION,

stretching out for well-nigh two thousand years, between the rejection of Christ and His coming a second time in glory. Indeed, strange as it may seem to some, it is only from the New Testament that we know of any such distinction as a *first* and a *second* coming of the Lord Jesus. As far as the Old Testament Scriptures are concerned, the two events appear as one.

In witness of this see Ps. 22, where the sufferings of the cross are immediately followed by the glory of the kingdom. See also Is. 52:14,

"the visage marred;" verse 15: "Kings shall shut their mouths before Him." Also, in Isa. 61:2, "the acceptable year" and the "day of vengeance" are seen close together; but in the synagogue of Nazareth the Lord Himself, when quoting this verse to the people, closed the book at "the acceptable year," knowing that the day of vengeance was long postponed, because of the long-suffering of God (Luke 4:19).

So also in Zech. 11, 12, 13, 14, the sufferings of Christ are spoken of with many minute details; but the restoration of Israel, and their turning again as a nation to the Lord, and the taking away of the veil of unbelief, are also foretold as immediately consequent, whereas these events are of a future, though the selling for thirty pieces of silver, and the smiting of the Shepherd were accomplished but eighteen hundred years ago. Many other instances might be given, but these may suffice to remove from our minds any surprise that the coming of Christ should be regarded as one event, although it should be accomplished as it were in two parts, with an interval between, which even if it should extend to seven years is very short in prophetic reckoning.

As to the "two first resurrections," this idea arises from not seeing that the "first resurrection" comprises all who rise to life eternal, including Christ as the first-fruits; some who were raised immediately after Him (Matt. 27:52, 53); the Church; the Old Testament saints; the two witnesses of Rev. 11:1, 12; and finally, the entire company of those who shall be slain under Antichrist, for the Word of God and the testimony which they hold. Compare Rev. 6:9-11 with Rev. 20:4. Then, and not till then, is the expression used, "This is the first resurrection."

INTERNATIONAL CONFERENCE ON DIVINE HEALING AND TRUE HOLINESS.

BETHSHAN, 10, Drayton Park,
Highbury, London, N., England. }
)

BELOVED BROTHERS AND SISTERS: Our hearts are full of the fact that God is about to bring forth the fulfilment of the prophecy of Joel, in these last days, on a grander scale than the world has ever seen. Therefore we are led, as we believe, by the Lord, to call upon all who, in all lands, are interested in the revival of divine healing and true holiness, to meet in conference here in London, beginning June 1st, 1885. The time for such a conference seems to have come. About half a century ago the Lord began to revive the truth of His direct healing of the body through faith. This was in Germany, principally through the revered Pastors Blumhardt and Rein, and in Switzerland through the no less revered Dorothea Trudel.

At the same time in other countries, the Lord as signally began to revive the truth of holiness through faith, and many are now beginning to see that the body is inseparably connected with the spirit and soul in God's thought of full salvation. We are, however, only in the dawn of the coming glory. Much remains to be learned more perfectly, and very much is yet wholly unknown.

The need for a general conference is strongly pressing upon us.

I. That we may wait together on the Lord, confident that what we know not about the Lord's direct healing He will teach us by His word and His spirit; and that by mutual conference, each may have the benefit of what others have already learned.

II. That the difficulties may be met of many who really believe in the facts of both healing and holiness, but do not clearly see the Lord's will and way in the matter.

III. That public meetings may be held in London and other large towns, through which the light may be widely diffused, and the name of the Lord be glorified.

All are invited to share with us the benefits of the conference.

In the name of the workers at Bethshan.

W. E. BOARDMAN.

* From his work entitled "Things to Come." Published at the Gospel Tract Repository, 34 High Street, Toronto.

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CURRENT EVENTS.

The Improvement in General Grant's Health was maintained last week, though on Saturday last he was again in considerable pain, and an examination of the throat showed that the trouble there was still making progress. It was, however, a source of comfort to the family that in the early days of the week the abatement in the patient's agony was so marked. On Monday, April 20th, the general was able to go for a short drive in the Park, and on Tuesday he had so far recovered strength that he ventured to walk for two blocks and back again to his house. On the following day he walked out again. After his return, a Chicago gentleman called with a message from Mr. William E. Gladstone. He explained that while he was in London he met Mr. Gladstone at the Liberal Club, and that the Premier, learning that he was about to return to New York, said: "I wish you would convey my regards to General Grant." Mr. Gladstone then wrote on a card bearing his name and official address this message, which the messenger delivered personally: "With respectful sympathy, and best wishes for a speedy recovery and a long and useful life." Mr. Gladstone expressed the warmest sympathy for General Grant, and said Americans could hardly appreciate the anxiety felt in England over the general's illness, and the warm feeling that was entertained there for him. On Thursday and Friday he had a short walk and drive each day, and the physicians in attendance discontinued the bulletins. On Saturday the general was fatigued after a restless night, and did not go out. On Sunday and Monday he was again much better.

An Important Decision of the United States Supreme Court handed down last week marks another stage in the apparently endless question of Virginian bonds. It is now thirteen years since this dispute between the State of Virginia and her creditors commenced, and the excitement aroused in the State by this decision shows that it is not yet settled. In this case the question was whether the bondholder could pay to the State any part of his taxes in coupons. The court decides that the State is bound to receive its bond coupons when offered in payment of taxes and debts due the State; that if it refuses the tender of coupons and seizes the property of

the tax-payer for non-payment of taxes in money the latter may sue the tax-collector for damages; and, furthermore, that the tax-collector may be restrained by injunction from levying on the property of the tax-payer who has tendered the amount of his taxes in coupons. Under this decision the State must accept the coupons in payment of taxes and other dues or take nothing. It cannot refuse to honor its own paper and then exact payment of taxes in money. This is equivalent to a declaration that the whole readjustment scheme is unconstitutional, but it is an apparent violation of the eleventh amendment, which prohibits a suit in the Federal courts of a citizen against a State, except with its own consent. How difficult of decision the question was is shown by the character of the dissenting judges, who were Chief-Justice Waite and Justices Miller, Gray, and Bradley, who held that jurisdiction of the court was barred by the amendment. The decision of the majority upholds the refunding act of 1871, and overthrows the act of 1882, commonly called "the coupon-killer." A constitutional convention is now talked of in Virginia, and a campaign threatened, in which Mahone will be the candidate for governor.

The Scandal of the Star Route Trials is being again stirred up by the trial of Dickson, the foreman of the first jury. The defence is making a vehement assault on ex-Attorney-General Brewster. Dickson is charged with having corruptly endeavored to influence members of the jury by reading to them a written statement concerning the alleged attempt of a man named Bowen to bribe him in behalf of the government. It is obvious to disinterested observers that the real object of the trial is being lost sight of in the endeavor to shift the responsibility for the shameful miscarriage of justice which occurred, from the shoulders of the guilty parties.

Another Dynamite Outrage Occurred in London on April 23d. About eleven o'clock in the morning an explosion in the Admiralty building startled all who were in that and the adjacent government offices. It proceeded from an office in the basement of the building, in which the chief clerk, Mr. Swainson, was at work. The office was wrecked, and Mr. Swainson received a severe scalp wound. The police believe that it was not the work of the Irish dynamiters but of some unscrupulous employes of the office with whom Mr. Swainson was unpopular. Since the previous dynamite explosions the Admiralty and other government offices have been closely watched, and the janitor declares that on the morning of the explosion no stranger had entered the building.

A Great European Conflagration is now threatened by the dispute between England and Russia. Rumors have long been current of overtures being made to France by Russia for an alliance, and last week an event occurred which gave a certain air of probability to the rumors. The suppression in Egypt of the French newspaper *Bosphore Egyptien* has been magnified by the French Government into an international ground of quarrel, and a demonstration out of all proportion to the affair has been made by France ostensibly against the Khédive, but really against England, under whose tutelage he is. This unfriendly attitude of France, combined with effusive demonstrations of friendship taking place in the capitals of Europe between French and Russian officials, has led to the suspicion that France has agreed to assist Russia in the event of a war with England. This ominous rumor is accompanied by a marked change in the tone of the German press. Recently it was hostile to England, but it has now undergone a radical change. Its utterances are decidedly friendly, and there are other indications that, in the event of Russia and France joining hands against England, Germany would take part in the fray. From England she has nothing to fear, but from France on the one side and Russia on the other she is continually menaced. It is believed that Italy also will be in-

volved, and that she is desirous of aiding England if war should break out. These rumors may be merely the symptoms of the seething going on throughout Europe, but they plainly show that a very slight incident might precipitate a conflict which would convulse the whole of Europe, and complete the changes which must take place before the final close of this dispensation.

A More Warlike Tone Characterized the Reports of the Anglo-Russian negotiations last week. An opinion prevailed throughout Europe that Russia desired war, and would make no concessions to avert it. The account given by the Russian General Komaroff of the battle on the Kussk is contradicted by the English general Sir Peter Lumsden, who states that the Afghans made no advance nor offered any provocation to the Russians, and that the Russian general's report is false in nearly all particulars. This dispatch has increased the probability of war by exciting the English people, and the impression it has given that the Russians are treacherous and deceitful. The conduct of the negotiations between the two governments is secret, and Mr. Gladstone in his reply to interrogatories in the House of Commons pathetically begged the members to refrain from pressing him for information. The situation, he said, was so grave that a word might cause misapprehension. An ominous feature of the position is that Mr. Gladstone asked the House of Commons for an appropriation of \$55,000,000. He was very guarded in his remarks as to the purpose to which the money was to be applied, but he said: "The government rely upon the patriotism of the House, but our intentions have been and are now based upon a strong desire that every pacific means should be used to obtain a just and honorable settlement of whatever controversies England might be involved in."

A Proposal in the Nature of an Ultimatum was reported as emanating from the Russian Government on Monday last. The St. Petersburg correspondent of the London *Telegraph* informed that journal that the Imperial Council had resolved to inform England that Russia would consent to the appointment of a special mixed commission to examine into the facts in relation to the reports of General Komaroff and Sir Peter Lumsden, and to decide which of the reports is correct. M. de Giers has advised that if England refuses to accept these proposals, Baron de Staal, the Russian Ambassador in London, be withdrawn and all negotiations be broken off. General Kouropatkin urges an immediate advance upon Herat, and his proposal finds many supporters.

News from the Scene of the Rebellion in Canada shows that its suppression will be difficult. On April 20th a scout who arrived at Battleford, reported that he had found Fort Pitt abandoned and badly wrecked. Two days later the Fort Pitt garrison of police arrived, under the command of Inspector F. Dickens, the third son of the late Charles Dickens, the novelist. The garrison narrowly escaped massacre. Two weeks ago the fort was surrounded by Indians, but the police, being well armed and with plenty of ammunition, felt confident that they could defend it. The Cree chief, Big Bear, however, asked for a parley with the factor, McLean, and offered to protect the lives of all in the fort if they would lay down their arms and surrender. McLean and the civilians agreed, and thirty whites, men, women, and children, went into the Indian camp, where, it is feared, they were massacred. The police, after a desperate fight, in which one of their number was killed and several wounded, made their escape to Battleford. General Middleton's force had a severe battle on April 24th near Batoche with Riel's men. The losses were heavy on both sides, and it would appear that General Middleton was defeated, though the accounts of the battle are contradictory. The gravest apprehensions are now entertained of a general Indian rising, in which a bloody massacre would be inevitable.

Subscriptions to the Fund for Supplying THE CHRISTIAN HERALD to colored ministers and others unable to pay for it were received last week to the amount of \$91, and we hereby tender our thanks to the donors on behalf of those to whom the paper is now being sent. From Chicago we have received \$80, accompanied by a list of names, which have been duly placed on our list; from Menno, Pa., a friend sends \$6; from Denbigh, Ont., Can., \$2; from "a Friend," \$2; from Syracuse, N. Y., \$1. Dr. Talmage informs us that he has received a letter from a beneficiary of this fund, who was, in the midst of terribly protracted suffering, supported and encouraged last year by the reading of the paper week by week, and who pathetically desires that his gratitude be recorded.

Mr. D. L. Moody Held Special Services at Princeton on Saturday and Sunday last. The First Presbyterian Church was filled to overflowing with an audience composed of college and seminary students and townspeople. On the platform were President McCosh, Dr. A. A. Hodge, and others of the college faculty, and the pastors of the town. The music was given by a choir of students. Mr. Moody spoke with great earnestness for about an hour. Many were deeply touched. After the service many persons remained for a few moments for personal conversation. Mr. Moody on Sunday conducted the college services in the Marquand Chapel, both morning and afternoon, and preached in the First Presbyterian Church in the evening. Mr. Moody while in Princeton was the guest of President McCosh. A great deal of good, it is hoped, will be done by his visit to the college and town.

The Suicide of Dr. David Stern, a Jewish Rabbi, at Wilkesbarre, Pa., on April 19th, caused deep sorrow in that city, where he was formerly pastor of the Jewish congregation. The papers found in his room clearly proved that he was temporarily insane. He left explicit instructions for a plain, unostentatious funeral, and requested that the portions of Scripture read at the obsequies should be Ecclesiastes 3: 9-22 and Isaiah 53. In the rooms he occupied during a recent visit to New York two pages of manuscript in his handwriting were found. They were marked "Preface," indicating that he intended them to precede a pamphlet or book. In this he spoke of having heard, in September last, the Bishop (Thorold) of Rochester, England, deliver a sermon at St. Stephen's Church, in Wilkesbarre, that had made an impression he could not throw off, and convinced him that *the Christian doctrine was the true doctrine*. He was a frequent attendant, during his stay in Wilkesbarre, at the services at St. Stephen's Church. Dr. Stern was formerly editor of the *St. Louis Jewish Tribune*, and was a frequent contributor to other Jewish journals.

Another Blow at Polygamy has been Struck. The United States Supreme Court sustains the decision of the Supreme Court of the Territory in the Clawson case. Mr. Clawson appealed to it from the sentence of four years' imprisonment and a fine of \$800 pronounced upon him in the District Court, and his appeal was last week dismissed. The question to be decided was whether polygamists could sit as jurors in the trial of a polygamist. The Supreme Court decides that they may be legally excluded. This decision will render the conviction of polygamists easy, and if the law is enforced several noted Mormons will join Mr. Clawson in prison.

The Prince and Princess of Wales Received a hearty reception in Belfast, at Portadown, Dundalk, and other places where the loyal population preponderates. In Belfast the scene was one of the wildest enthusiasm. So demonstrative were the people that it was as much as the police could do to keep a way open for the progress of the royal carriage. At Ulster Hall the various public bodies of Belfast presented addresses of welcome to their Royal Highnesses. The Prince made personal replies to the different addresses. At Portadown and Dundalk the

Prince and Princess of Wales received ovations. At all the railway stations along the route demonstrations of loyalty were made, dwellings, public buildings, and farm structures bore banners, flags, wreaths, decorations, and inscriptions expressive of loyalty and welcome. In the evening, when the Prince and Princess took their departure, they were followed to their yacht by an immense crowd. No hostility was manifested. The town was brilliantly illuminated, and huge bonfires were built upon the hills overlooking the harbor. A large number of university students chartered a steamer and serenaded the royal yacht.

A Cure for the Dime-Novel Appetite has been found by a trustee of the Providence Public Library, who has gathered into a scrap-book the adventures of the boys who read dime novels, and has made it his business to ask the boys one by one who are interested in these stories to spend an hour or two in reading, not the imaginative story, but the way in which the small boy has attempted to realize how boys ought to live and what they ought to be allowed to do. It is said that the dime-novel boy usually reads the scrap-book about two hours. He then lays it down in disgust, and nothing can induce him to return to those stories again. He asks the person in charge of the reading-room for a better class of books. It would appear that Providence boys have more sense than is found either in boys or men in other parts of the country. No one can read a newspaper without seeing examples of the fact that vice ends in misery and death, yet the number of vicious people is not diminished (1 Cor. 10: 6).

A Female "Enoch Arden" Arrived at Peoria, Ill., on April 22d. A despatch from that city to the New York *Sun* states that three years ago a German hotel-keeper and his wife quarrelled, and the lady suddenly and secretly left her home before a reconciliation was effected. She went to St. Louis and thence to San Francisco, where she obtained employment as a governess. Her employer was the wife of a sea captain, and with her and her children the runaway wife sailed around the world; and did not touch at an American port until this month. Then an irresistible longing came over the wanderer to return to her husband and beg his forgiveness. On arriving at Peoria she found that her husband had sought her diligently for two years, and failing to find her had obtained a divorce and married another lady. When she found that her place was thus filled she was broken-hearted, and returned disconsolately to her employment. Her self-reproaches made her lot more miserable than that of the hero of Tennyson's famous poem, whose misery was due to his misfortune, not to his fault. Happily the sinful wanderer who in penitence seeks Christ need have no fear of being sent away. Sincere repentance is always met by forgiveness and full restoration (11 Chron. 7: 14).

An Eccentric Wish was Gratified last Week at the funeral of an old gentleman well known in New York. The funeral procession stopped in going to the cemetery at the house of a judge, who was an intimate friend of the dead man. The halt was made in compliance with a desire expressed by the deceased during his last illness. A little while before he fell ill he went out for a drive, and called, as he was accustomed to do, on the judge, and chatted pleasantly about old times. Before his departure he shook hands with the judge. "I've stopped here many times, judge," he said, "and have always passed a pleasant hour. The last ride I shall ever take will be past your place in a hearse, and I'll not pass the place without stopping." And when, shortly afterward, he was seized with the illness that terminated fatally, he gave explicit instruction to that effect. He was buried on the side of a hill, with his face to the West. This also was at his own request. About five years ago he bought a plot of ground in Woodlawn Cemetery. "I want to be buried here when I die," he said, "with my face toward the setting sun, for there is no finer sight to me on earth than to

see the sun dropping to rest after the toils of the day." In the evening after the funeral the light of a beautiful sunset rested on the new-made grave. It may be hoped that one who had evidently thought about death had other and better desires, and that he obtained through Christ, an entrance into that land where friends never separate, and where there is no need of the sun (Rev. 22: 5).

A New Kind of Life Preserver has been patented by a newspaper reporter. It was exhibited last week by a New York ship chandler, who, pointing to a ring of painted canvas two feet in diameter that hung against the wall of his store, said: "It is filled with cork shavings, and will float an elephant. The new feature is the little tube running around inside of the ring. It is full of oil, and is arranged so that when the preserver is thrown to a drowning man the oil will ooze out and spread over the surface of the water, thus keeping the waves from breaking in his face. Many a good swimmer has lost his life because of the spray, although assistance was near at hand." If the new life preserver will obviate this difficulty, it is likely to come into general use. A struggling swimmer to whom it may be thrown will be doubly helped. He will be supported, and the waves around him will be tranquillized. It is a pity that so few people put their religion to the same twofold purpose. The Christian who fully realizes its power and intention finds in it not only salvation for his soul but deliverance from the distresses and perturbations of his circumstances while battling in the world (Isa. 26: 3).

A Self-Imprisoned Fish is a Natural Curiosity, which has been sent to the Smithsonian Institution. A bottle, to which a large bunch of bivalves had grown, was fished up recently by a Baltimore oysterman. Inside the bottle was a fish too large to get out of its mouth. Various guesses have been made at the cause of the fish being in so strange a situation. Evidently it must have been much smaller when it entered the bottle than it was when it was found. It may have been that having gone in, it was unable to find its way out, but the probability is that it liked its quarters in the bottle, and stayed there until it grew so large that it could not escape. In either case it had clearly prospered in its imprisonment, and its very prosperity had led to its death. The fish should be placed where every visitor to the museum can see it. There are many people who stand in need of precisely the warning its fate is fitted to convey. Men whose youth was full of spiritual promise often find when, in middle life they have grown great in wealth and social influence that the world holds them prisoner by habit and social customs, and the way to eternal life and liberty is too strait for them (Matt. 19: 21-24).

Nine Days of Widowhood, Followed by a second marriage, recently disturbed the arrangements of the editor of a Kansas journal. He thus explains the affair: "We had in type for this week's issue a notice of the death of Mr. —, of Washington Township, who died a few days ago, containing condoling words to his bereaved widow and child; but on learning that the widow had shaken off her weeds and transformed herself into a gushing bride, we withdrew our sympathy, and would like to have had a book of quotations, so that we might have been able to find a verse suitable to append to their marriage notice. We understand that husband No. 1 had been dead just nine days to a minute when No. 2 stood up and claimed the widow's hand in marriage." The editor seems to have felt a little chagrin over the wasted paragraph, but he need not have done so; the lady evidently stood in no need of editorial condolence. Social custom stamps her precipitance as indelicate, but there is no question about her legal right to do as she did. The marriage relation, which the Apostle Paul frequently uses as a type of the believer's union with Christ, he presents in this identical aspect. Unhappily, there are many who, in spiritual matters, do not realize the freedom of which He speaks (Rom. 7: 2-4).

TO LOVERS OF JESUS: AN EXAMPLE.

A New Sermon by Pastor C. H. Spurgeon.

"She hath wrought a good work on me."—MARK 14 : 6.

A Good Work, yet Displeasing to Disciples—The Censure of Judas—He was a Business Man—A Beautiful Work—Had Seven Beauties—*I. Glorifying Jesus—A Spontaneous Gift—II. An Act of Pure Love—III. A Sacrifice—IV. Done with Preparation—V. Done without a Word—VI. With Reference to Christ's Death—VII. A Glimpse of His Resurrection.*

THIS holy woman had displeased the disciples. She must have been very sorry to do that. She would not have wilfully grieved the least servant of her Lord. But she did so without the slightest blame on her part; it was the unexpected consequence of a most blessed action, and the fault lay with those who complained of her holy deed, and not with her. I do not know whether all the disciples felt grieved, but we are told by Matthew that "they had indignation," and he seems to speak of them as a body; from which I gather that those who love Jesus much must not measure their conduct by that of Christ's ordinary disciples, indeed it might fare ill with them even if apostles became their judges.

This honored woman performed a notable act, which is to be rehearsed wherever the gospel is preached, and yet thereby she stirred the wrath of the brotherhood of the disciples; of how small account is the judgment of men!

Chiefly she called down upon her head

THE CENSURE OF JUDAS.

As far as Judas was known to his brethren he was reckoned among the best of them. They never suspected him of playing the traitor, or they would have cavilled at his being their treasurer; they once had indignation at James and John, but the *canny Judas* had their respect. I should think he was the most business-like man of the whole company—which is not saying much for business, is it? He was a leading spirit among that little band. He was one who would be selected because of His prudence—and that is not saying much for prudence, is it? Doubtless Judas abounded in that cool, calculating shrewdness which makes a man fit to deal with moneys and purchases. He had far more business ability than impetuous Peter, or affectionate John, or thoughtful Thomas. He was the right man in the right place, if he had but happened to have been an honest man.

Wonderful it was that he could conceal the deep meanness of his spirit from all his fellows during the years in which they lived together; but he had done so, and therefore his opinion carried weight with it. Among the apostles the censure of Judas meant the

CALM CONDEMNATION

of a judicious person. His judgment was not what you and I would esteem it to be, for we should think nothing of his censure now, because we know that he betrayed his Lord; but the disciples could not foresee this, and in their judgment that which Judas would condemn must be very censurable; at least it must be unbusinesslike; it must lack common-sense; it must be imprudent and wasteful. Was not Judas the sort of man who in these days many a father would point out to his boy as an example? Hear him say, "Boy, if you want to get on in the world, imitate Judas Iscariot; he is the model man; he is a Christian, and yet he has a keen eye for his own advantage, and is a sharp man of business."

It was a hard thing for a timid woman to bear such a censure from one so highly respected in the college of apostles; but she had this solace, which I will warrant you put quite out of her mind all care about the censure of disciples, even of the biggest of them. She

PLEASED HER MASTER.

She could see by the very look of Him that He accepted what his followers condemned. She knew in her conscience that she had the approbation of the Lord, even though she had the disapprobation of the servants. And oh, brothers

and sisters, let us always carry our case into the highest court, and live before the Lord, and not as the slaves of men!

I am going to talk about this blessed woman at this time with this hopeful desire—that you and I may imitate her ever-memorable example. I shall have nothing to say but to open up the meaning of our Lord, as far as I know it, when He said, "She hath wrought a good work on me," or "in me." The passage might be rendered—only the translators do not like to use the term—"She hath wrought a beautiful work on me"—a comely work. "A thing of beauty is a joy forever." This was a thing of beauty, which is a joy forever to the church of God, in that constant memorial of her which is blended with the preaching of the gospel of Christ; for as long as the gospel is proclaimed this Mary of Bethany shall have a memorial, because of what she did. What was there beautiful about her work—the breaking of the alabaster vase, and the pouring out of the liquid nard? What was there beautiful about that? I will try to show you.

I. There were

SEVEN BEAUTIES

in it, and the first and chief beauty, perhaps, was that it was altogether a glorifying of Jesus. She meant when she poured that ointment on His head to honor Him personally; every drop of it was for Himself, out of reverence for His actual personality. She was not so much thinking of His deeds of love, or of His words of truth, as of His own unrivalled and most precious self. She had seen His deeds of love when Lazarus was raised, she had heard His words of truth when she sat at His feet; but now she felt an adoring reverence for His thrice blessed person, and she brought that box of precious spikenard, and offered it to Him as her Teacher, her Friend, her Lord, her all. Suggestion was made that she should have sold it and given it to the poor; but she longed to present one offering to Him direct, and not by any roundabout method. Doubtless she was not behindhand in her gifts to the poor, but she felt that when she had done that she had not satisfied the cravings of her grateful heart toward Him who had become poorest of the poor for her sake. She wanted to give something to Him—something suitable for such an One as she conceived Him to be—something suitable for the time and circumstances then present with regard to Him. Because she had a love for Him beyond all others that she had ever heard of, her heart must find expression in a deed of love which must be entirely, wholly, only toward Himself.

Now, this is as we have read the text—a beautiful thing. It will be beautiful on your part and mine if, having taken care of the poor according to our ability, having discharged the claims of our relationships to our fellow-men, we then feel that we must do something for Jesus—distinctly for our Lord. Do you ask me what you shall do for Him? The holy woman's deed had been somewhat spoiled if there had been a command for her to bring the alabaster box, and pour the ointment on His head; her love commanded her, and that was better than a formal precept. The very glory of it lay in the spontaneous suggestion of her own heart that she must do a something which should be all for Jesus! Alas! good Lord, how little hast thou of this devotion in these calculating days. Instead of "all for Jesus," how seldom we do anything for Jesus! My heart craves now to know what I shall do that I may imitate her who gave to "Jesus only" that box of spikenard, very costly.

II. A second beauty lay in this; that it was

AN ACT OF PURE LOVE,

altogether of love to Jesus. The other woman—blessed was she also among women—I refer to that woman who was a sinner; she also came and brought an alabaster box, and did much the same thing as this Mary of Bethany. But she did what Mary did not do; she mingled weeping with her ointment; she washed His feet with tears, and wiped them with the hairs of her

head. That was a beautiful act in its own way, but Mary's deed is a beautiful thing in another way. In this lies the distinction: there does not seem to have been in Mary's act any remembrance of personal sin, though, doubtless, that feeling was in her heart, and had brought her to the higher stage of adoration of her pardoning Lord. Her sin was put away long ago.

Mary had sat at Jesus' feet, and had chosen the good part, and the matter of pardon for sin had been transacted a long while before; and now, although in her heart there is deep gratitude for it, and for the raising of her dear brother Lazarus, yet it seems to be quite absorbed in the deeper thought of her soul, for she had attained to an all-consuming love of Himself. She never would have known that kind of love if she had not learned to sit at His feet; but to sit long there has a wonderful operation on the human mind; it causes even things that are good in themselves to be overshadowed by matters that are higher and less in relation to self.

III. The third beauty of the action was that it was

DONE WITH CONSIDERABLE SACRIFICE.

There was an expense about it, and that of no trifling character to a woman who was neither queen nor princess. I shall always feel obliged to Judas for figuring up the price of that box of costly nard. He did it to blame her, but we will let his figures stand, and think the more of her the more he put down to the account of waste. I should never have known what it cost; nor would you either, if Judas had not marked down in his pocket-book that it "might have been sold for much." How he grudged that "much!" He calculated the value at three hundred pence. He did well to put it in pence, for his sordid soul revelled in small moneys which make up the pounds. Pence, indeed, when the expense is for him to whom the silver and the gold belong! Yet I like his calculation in pence, for it is suggestive, since a Roman penny was a day's wages; and take a day's wages now—say 4s. [about a dollar]—and you get some £60 [about \$300]. It was a large sum of money for a woman in her state of life in Bethany. It was £10 of their money, but money then was of a different value from what it is now, and it was a great sum for her to expend in one single deed of love. Her gift was costly, and the Lord Jesus deserved to be served at the best rate, and at the highest cost.

There is nothing to satisfy love in the slender oblations which come forth like an unwilling taxation, which a miser could scarce withhold. But oh, to give to the Lord Jesus freely, richly, whatever it is with which He has intrusted us, whether it be gold or genius, time or words—whether it be the minted coinage of the purse, or the living courage of a loving heart, or the labor of an earnest hand! Let us give our Well-beloved the best we have, and He will call it beautiful. Mary's gift was all for Him, and all for love, and it was done at great expense, and therefore it was beautiful.

IV. Next, remember, that part of the beauty of Mary's action lay in this, that it was

DONE WITH PREPARATION.

We are told by John what we should not else have known, "Against the day of my burying hath she kept this." "Kept this." It was not that seeing Jesus there at the feast, and being seized with a sudden thought, she rushed back to her stores, and fetched out the little vase of spikenard, and broke it in a passion of affection, which in cooler moments she might regret. Far from it; she was now consummating the long thought of weeks and months. We have known warm-spirited brethren and sisters both say and do and give grandly, under a certain spur and impulse, what they never thought of doing when they entered into the assembly. I shall not blame them; rather do I commend them for obeying gracious impulses; but it is not the best way of doing service to our ever-blessed Master. Passion seldom gives so acceptably as principle.

This holy woman was no mere planner and

purposer, but a doer of holy deeds. She could keep her alabaster box as long as was prudent, and yet she did not arrive at the tempting conclusion to keep it altogether. She allowed her heart to weigh the project; and the more she weighed it, she became the more resolved to do it—to do it when the due time came. When she believed that the hour had come she did not delay for an instant. She was as prompt as she had been thoughtful. The Passover was drawing very near; it was within six days, and so she brought out what she had held in reserve. Blessed are the punctualities of service which are the result of earnest endeavor to honor the Lord in the best possible way.

There is something beautiful in seeing, as we have seen, some poor woman saving her littles, and putting them by for years till she could accomplish a secret purpose by which Jesus would be glorified. It is striking to see, as you and I did see, a woman of moderate wealth discarding all the comforts of life that she might save sufficient that there might be an orphanage in which children might be cared for; not, as she said, for the children's sake, but for Christ's sake, that *He* might be glorified. The Stockwell Orphanage is the alabaster box which a devout woman presented to her Lord. Her memory is blessed. Its perfume is recognized in all parts of the earth at this moment, to the glory of the Lord she loved. Such a thoughtful deed is what Jesus would call a beautiful thing. Let us abound in such beautiful things.

V. There is a fifth point of beauty. Mary did her great deed

WITHOUT A WORD.

Dear sisters, you will pardon me for commending this holy woman for her wise and fitting silence all through her gracious act. She did not talk about it beforehand, she said not a word while she did it, and she said nothing afterward. Martha was the worker, and rather the talker too; but I think that all you will find Mary saying is, "Lord, if thou hadst been here my brother had not died;" and she was so scant of words that she had to borrow those from Martha. Martha said a great deal more than that; but Mary was quite satisfied to be as brief as possible. She was a great thinker, a great sifter at Jesus' feet, and a great learner, but not a great talker. When the time came she was a great worker, for it is very curious, though Martha bears the palm for work in our ordinary talk, yet Mary, the thinker, did more than Martha, the worker. "She," said Christ, "hath wrought a good work on me," which He never said of Martha, good as Martha was.

Though she does not bear the name of a worker in the vulgar judgment, yet is she the queen in the kingdom of good works. Yet, I remind you, she did not say a word. There is such a thing as spoiling what you do by making so great a fuss before you do it, that when the mouse is born people are only astonished that such a small creature should be the only fruit of the dreadful throes of the mountain. Moreover, there is such a thing as talking so much afterward of what we have done that it spoils it all. It seems as if we must let all the world know something about ourselves; whereas the joy and bliss of it all is not to let yourself be seen, but to let the oil go streaming upon the Master till He is anointed with perfume, and we ourselves sink back into our natural insignificance. Silent acts of love have musical voices in the ear of Jesus. Sound no trumpet before thee, or Jesus will take warning and be gone.

VI. Next, and sixthly, there was this beauty about the action of Mary—that she did it in

REFERENCE TO OUR LORD'S DEATH.

The disciples shrank from thinking of that sad subject. Peter said, "That be far from thee, Lord." But Mary, bearing her Master's heart very near her own, and sympathizing with Him in His glorious enterprise, instead of drawing back from the thought of that death, performed her work in connection with it. I am not certain to what degree she was conscious that it was so, but there is the fact—the anointing had

reference to the burial of the Lord. It seems to me that the best and tenderest duty that Christians do for their Lord Jesus is that which is *touched with the blood-mark*—which bears the stamp of the cross. The best preaching is, "We preach Christ crucified." The best living is, "We are crucified with Christ." The best man is a crucified man. The best style is a crucified style; may we drop into it!

VII. The seventh beauty, to my mind, is this: you may think it a little far fetched, but I cannot help mentioning it, for it touches my heart. I believe that Mary had in this anointing of the Saviour some little

GLIMPSE OF HIS RESURRECTION

from the dead, and of His after existence. For I would ask of you, Why do nations at all embalm their dead? Why not consume them in the fire? A mysterious something makes the ordinary Christian man shudder at the thought of cremation. That must surely be an acquired taste; unsophisticated nature does not court the furnace, or covet the flame; we prefer to lie beneath the green hillock with our fathers. Many nations of antiquity, and especially the Egyptians and other Orientals, took great care to anoint the bodies of the departed with precious perfumes, and to lay them asleep in gums and fine linen. What for? Because there darkly shone upon their minds some thought of the hereafter.

There remained with man, long after the fall, a glimmering, undefined belief in immortality. That truth was so universally received that the Old Testament takes it for granted. The existence of God and the immortality of the soul lie at the basis of Old Testament teaching. The after-life of the body was accepted also in a manner more or less clear. Immortality was not brought to light, but there it was, and they who reject that doctrine go back into a darkness denser than that in which the heathens themselves dwelt. Why did the Egyptian king embalm his father, and lay him in spices, but that he thought that somehow or other there was another life, and he would, therefore, take care of the body? They would not have wasted precious linen, and gums, and spices, if they had thought that the body was mere rottenness for worms to consume forever. Mary had deeper and clearer thoughts than that, for she expected that something would happen to that blessed body after Christ had died; and she must, therefore, anoint it, and bring the most precious spices that she could procure for His burial. At any rate, let your service of the Lord Jesus be the service of a risen Christ. Come not hither to worship one who died years ago—a hero of the past; but come to adore the ever-living Jesus.

"He lives, your great Redeemer lives."

He will certainly come in His own person to reward His saints; and ere He comes He sees what you are doing. If this does not nerve you to tireless diligence in holy service, what can? Our Lord Jesus Christ lives. Let us find

SOME WAY OF ANOINTING

His dear and reverend head—some way of crowning Him who wore the crown of thorns for our sake. Ours it is to know that He lives, and that we live in Him. On Him would we expend the full force of our being, counting it all joy to spend and to be spent for His sake.

I am not going to stir you up, my fellow Christians, to do anything for Christ, for I fear to spoil the freeness of your love's life. I do not want to be pleading with you to enter into His service more fully; for the work of pressed men is never so much prized as that of happy volunteers. Yet as I love you I would have you love your Lord more and more. It is so sweet to belong to Christ, that the more fully we can belong to Him the more free we are.

As for you that do not love the Lord Jesus, God be merciful to you! I will not pronounce upon you an Anathema Maranatha, but I tremble lest it fall upon you. I am sore grieved for your sakes. I am, moreover, sore vexed for Christ's sake that He should be deprived of

your love and service. What has He done that you should slight Him? Oh, blind eyes, that cannot see His beauties, and deaf ears, that cannot hear the charms of His voice! God be merciful to you, and help you to trust your Saviour, and then you will love Him for His salvation! It is no wonder that the saved ones love their Lord; it is a marvel that they do not love Him ten thousand times more. The Lord be with you for Christ's sake! Amen.

NEW BOOKS.

THOUGHTS FOR WEARY HOURS.

THE weariness of the hours would cease for any Christian who realized fully the meaning of the thoughts here suggested. There is comfort, consolation, encouragement in this little volume for the tried, troubled, depressed follower of Christ, whose heart sinks by reason of his way. Sickness, sorrow, bereavement, temptation, anxiety, poverty, humiliation—the Christian on his journey through the world surely encounters one or more of these foes of happiness. He escapes no more than the worldling, though he has sources of comfort the worldling knows nothing of. But sometimes when sorrows come the spirit sinks so low that, like Christian in the dungeon of Doubting Castle, he does not think of the key of promise that will unlock any door of the prison. The object of this little book is to remind him of this key. It may not tell him anything he did not know before, but it may call his attention to the bright side at a time when it is diverted from it by pain or sorrow. In poetry and in prose, by the quotation of God's promises and by suggestions from experience, the reader is encouraged to be patient and look up. "All things come to us backwardmost" is one of the thoughts offered (p. 52); "we can never see them right in the face, so as to understand what they are really like, until they are gone by;" and so the suffering Christian, with the thunderclouds around him, is advised to wait hopefully until the storm is over and the rainbow appear, before he complains. Seventy-eight of these little gems of thoughts are collected here, each one of which will be best appreciated by those who look at it with tearful eyes. Pp. 120. Price, 50 cents. Published by Mr. Thomas Whittaker, New York.

PROPHECY AND HISTORY

IN relation to the Messiah, by Alfred Edersheim, M.A., D.D., Ph.D. The publication of this volume in America is timely. It contains the latest series of the Warburton Lectures, which deal with a topic that recent events have unhappily rendered very prominent in every intelligent household. About two years ago a sensation was produced in Christian circles by the reports published in the New York daily journals every Monday of sermons or lectures delivered the day before in a Protestant Episcopal Church by the rector. They were afterward collected, revised, and published by him at a low price, and have found their way into every city in the Union. The interest they excited was due mainly to the fact that, although the work of a Christian clergyman, they were directed against the doctrines held by orthodox Christians about the Old Testament. The lecturer advanced the theory that the books of the Old Testament are of comparatively modern date—none of them prior to the time of Ezra, and that they are in the main a collection of mythical legends, beautiful exceedingly, but not literally true—a book of human origin, and not a revelation from God. The arguments in support of this theory were drawn from the writings of the masters of the higher criticism, chiefly those of German nationality. The theory was not new, but it was presented in an attractive and popular form, and, as we have said, the book has had a wide circulation, and its influence, as far as our observation extends, has been largely mischievous in undermining faith in the Bible, especially among educated young people.

The object of Dr. Edersheim's work on Prophecy and History is exactly the opposite



A Sacrifice in Afghanistan in Honor of Sir Peter Lumsden and Distinguished Guests.

of the work of the New York clergyman. It is an attempt to vindicate the Bible as a revelation, and to show from the very same standpoints as those occupied by the destructive critics that their reasoning is sophistical and their conclusions false. Dr. Edersheim's profound learning and acute critical powers admirably qualify him for the task he undertook. Accepting the canons of criticism laid down by his opponents, he shows that their conclusions are not sustained, and that even on their own rules there is a greater probability in favor of the orthodox than of the heterodox view. He traces the origin of Christianity to the teaching of the Old Testament, and shows that the Messianic hope must have originated before the exile; that the kingdom of God was the leading idea of the Old Testament; that Jewish and heathen testimony establishes the fact that Christ was regarded by the early Christians as the fulfilment of prophecy; that there is a very clear and well-defined distinction between the Old Testament prophecies and the heathen divinations, and that the new criticism does not sustain the theories of the critics as to the age and authority of the Old Testament. These are but a few of the positions established by Professor Edersheim, but they are sufficient to indicate, for the purpose of so brief a notice as we can give, the line of his argument.

He is a courteous and extremely fair debater, and his opponents have no ground to complain of misrepresentation. Their arguments are squarely met, carefully examined, and their weakness and inconsistency pointed out with all the candor and respect which characterizes a man who is an earnest seeker after truth rather than a zealous champion of a theory. It is this respectful treatment of arguments which it is too much the fashion to treat with contempt that enlists the attention of the reader and holds it until he sees them crumble to pieces under the well-directed blows of a master learned and valiant. Dr. Edersheim knows full well that the battle is serious, that the issues at stake are inconceivably important to Christianity and the world, and that the faith of the young men of this generation is being undermined insidiously by the promulgation of these deadly doubts; knowing all this he is in earnest in his work, and his argument is a masterpiece of skill. If any reader remains unconvinced after reading Dr. Edersheim's book, he will nevertheless admit that the destructive critics have not a monopoly of learning and ability. P. 392. Price, \$2.50. Published by Messrs. Anson D. F. Randolph & Company, New York.

An error was inadvertently made in these columns last week, which we wish to correct.

In a notice of the excellent work of Dr. Thain Davidson, entitled "Talks with Young Men," it was stated that its price was \$2.50. The publishers, Messrs. A. C. Armstrong & Co., of New York, write us that the price is \$1.50.

QUIET RESTING-PLACES.

"READ it again, sir," pleaded, in plaintive tones, a dying woman. "Quiet resting-places—quiet resting-places—it sounds nice. It's very noisy here in this awful court; one couldn't pray, if one knew how, in the midst of the drunkenness and quarrelling."

So, once more, Mr. Leslie read: "My people shall dwell in a peaceable habitation, and in sure dwellings, and in quiet resting-places." Verse after verse, showing God's way of salvation, had Mr. Leslie repeated that afternoon; but none had spoken to the heart of the poor weary woman like this one.

"Quiet resting-places; quiet resting-places, sir! It takes me back to long ago when I was a girl at home, when, my day's work done, I used to climb up into the nut tree, and rest on my leafy seat, to listen to the ripple of the brook, and think of Jamie, for he was not then as he is now, but as bonnie a lad as ever won a woman's heart; that was quiet and restful-like, sir."

"Quiet resting-places," again she almost moaned. "Oh, sir, if you only knew how quiet my heart is! I think if it were all quiet outside, still it would be all in a tumult like here," she said, placing her hand on her breast. "Oh, the thoughts that will keep rushing up—thoughts of the past, thoughts of the future! If I could only find rest—rest, that is what I want, a quiet resting-place."

"Let me show you a striking contrast to this promise," and Mr. Leslie read from Jer. 50: 6, 19, and 20: "My people hath been lost sheep; . . . they have turned them away on the mountain; they have gone from mountain to hill, they have forgotten their resting-place. And I will bring Israel again to his habitation. . . . In those days . . . the iniquity of Israel shall be sought for, and there shall be none, . . . for I will pardon them whom I reserve." "You have forgotten," added Mr. Leslie, "He is bringing back His lost one."

"If I only knew how to come to Him—oh, where is He? I cannot find Him; and I have so wanted Him since that day in the mission-room when they sang,

'There is rest for the weary, there is rest for you.'

"My little boy can sing it all now; but I cannot get it; it cannot be for me."

"Suppose," said Mr. Leslie, "Jesus, the sinner's Friend, came, with His pierced hands, and

brow marked by the crown of thorns, and stood beside you, and said, 'Come unto me, . . . and I will give you rest; 'what would you say?'

"I think my mother's verse would do for me, too; you know she loved Him. It was:

'Just as I am—though tossed about,
With many a conflict, many a doubt;
Fightings within, and fears without,
O Lamb of God, I come.'

"Will you say it now to Him?" gently asked the clergyman, "for He is here, close to you, waiting for you to answer."

"Will He take me? Is He here? Wasn't there something about not casting out? Oh, I will come—I do come—save me—take all my sins away—give me rest."

"Amen," said the clergyman, softly; "the Master has heard and answered. The quiet resting-place is yours for He maketh the storm a calm—then are they glad because they be quiet. So He bringeth them unto their desired haven."

AN AFGHAN SACRIFICE.

(See Illustration on this page.)

It is remarkable how many of the customs of the inhabitants of Afghanistan indicate a Hebrew origin. The superstitions and corruptions connected with their belief and their worship are numerous, but there seems to underlie all of them a basis of revelation. If we can imagine a race sprung from a few families who had either lived in Palestine before Christ, or had been intimately associated with the Hebrews, and then had been shut out voluntarily or by circumstances from further light, and had groped and groped in the darkness after God, "if haply they might find Him," our conception would be of such a race as these Afghans. A singular illustration of this fact occurred during a recent journey made by Sir Peter Lumsden. He is the commissioner sent out by the British Government to agree upon and define the frontier between Afghanistan and Asiatic Russia. The Czar delayed sending a commission to meet him, Russia having crafty designs which could be advanced by the delay. So Sir Peter Lumsden has been kept waiting there for more than a year. The scene depicted in our illustration occurred during a journey across the Persian frontier. It is described by Mr. Simpson, one of the party, as follows:

"The word, 'korbanieh' means the act of sacrificing, and it seems to be a common ceremony practised in this locality. When any one is ill, a sheep is sacrificed to insure recovery. On this occasion, when Sir Peter Lumsden was arriving at Miandasht, a number of people belonging to

the place stood in a row on the left; and we saw three men in the middle of the road with a sheep. As we neared them, one of the men, who had a knife, cut the animal's throat, and severed the head, which he lifted, and throwing it high in the air, it fell at the side of the way. The right thing to do is to ride past between the body of the sheep and the head, which Sir Peter did, the people to the left bowing their heads and salaaming as he passed. Sometimes the visitor in whose honor the sheep is killed stops his horse close to the sheep, when it would have been killed close to the horse's feet, and some of the blood would have been sprinkled on the hoofs. The people understanding that this part of the operation might not have been agreeable on the present occasion, it was dispensed with. The ceremony was repeated next day on Sir Peter's arrival at Abbasabad. At none of the towns on our coming from Teheran was this done till the arrival at Miandasht. It may be assumed that the rite is a survival from the pre-Mohammedan period, for it does not seem to belong to the simplicity which characterizes the worship of Islam."



Isabel's Visit to Gertrude's Aged Friend.

GERTRUDE'S SUBSTITUTE.

(See illustration on this page.)

"SURELY you are not going out, Gertrude?" said a young lady, who, entering her sister's room, saw her dressing for an excursion. "You know the doctor said you must not think of leaving the house while these east winds are blowing. Dear Gertrude, do not go; it is madness, with your throat not near well."

"I must go, Isabel," was the reply. "I am doing myself more harm by fretting than the east wind could do me. It is three weeks since I went, and my poor friends will miss me so much. No one else goes near them, and they cannot read for themselves so as to understand."

"How you do sacrifice yourself for those old women, Gertrude! I don't believe they care so much as you think for your Bible-reading. I guess you take them tea or tobacco, and they submit to the reading on that account. But this is more imprudent than anything you have done yet. You really must not go. I would sooner go myself than you should put your life in peril."

"Ah! if you would go and see two or three of them, I should be content," said Gertrude. "They are not so selfish as you think; they would be really glad to see you."

"But I could not talk to them as you do. If they were to ask me to expound, I should not know how to do it. They will expect a little sermon after the reading, will they not?"

"No," said Gertrude, sadly, "not those I am anxious for you to visit; they are pious old women. They will be quite content with your reading to them. But do not be flippant, dear; rather pray to God to open your eyes to see spiritual things for yourself; then you would rejoice to expound, as you call it."

Isabel loved her sister too well to raise any further objections, and dressing quickly was soon on her way to the homes of two of the old women to whom Gertrude was a ministering angel. In the first house she entered an aged

woman, clean and neat in her appearance, was seated at a spinning-wheel. Many years ago, in the old country, she, a young girl then, had spent many an hour at her grandmother's side by the wheel, and had learned to spin with so much dexterity that she had charmed the old woman's heart. The same old wheel had passed into her girlish hands by her grandmother's dying wish, and had been brought across the Atlantic with her to be an amusement and an occupation for her in her own old age.

Isabel greeted her kindly, and explaining her sister's absence, asked if she might read to her. The eagerness of the old woman's response showed how welcome to her Isabel's offer was. "I never was much of a scholar, miss," she said; "when I was young and in the old country schools were not so plentiful as they are here, and now I'm old and my eyes are failing, reading is harder than ever. I'd take it kindly if ye did read me a chapter."

"Is there any chapter in particular you would like me to read?" Isabel asked, seating herself and opening her Bible.

"It's all good, miss; read anywhere; maybe you have a favorite chapter. I like to hear about the mansions, for I shall soon be there; but I shall enjoy any of it."

Isabel turned to the fourteenth chapter of John, and read about the mansions, as the aged woman suggested, her hearer listening intently.

"Don't you think it was strange, miss," she said, as Isabel finished, "that Thomas didn't know the way? I've often thought it was. Seems to me if he'd wanted to know it he might have learned, being with the Lord Himself. I suppose it was then like it is now: folks need to be told over and over again, and then they don't know. Should you think, miss, when the Lord told Thomas He was the way that he understood Him?"

Isabel turned back to the sixth verse, and read it again. This old woman seemed to regard the

passage as real history, while Isabel had read it then as she had read it at home, and listened to it in church, without interest, as a familiar tale.

"Perhaps Thomas didn't know even then," the old woman continued; "he would know afterward, though, when the Lord was crucified. But it seems strange that any one should read about it now and still not know. Thank God, that's not you nor me, miss. It's an awful thing to be so blind."

Isabel said nothing, for she would not grieve the old lady by telling her that she was not a Christian as her sister was. She read one or two Psalms, and then hurried away, lest she should betray herself. The other woman to whom she had promised to go was not at home, and Isabel's promise being kept, she gladly returned home. She thought she had dismissed the whole thing from her mind, but a greater than she took care that it was not so dismissed. The old woman's words, "It's an awful thing," continually recurred to her, and with them the plain statement of Christ, "I am the way, the truth, and the life." The Holy Spirit was at work in her heart, and before the next day was over Isabel was in her sister's room begging Gertrude to show her the way of salvation.

THE JEW'S WAR.

A SERIAL STORY.

(Continued from page 97.)

On the Witness-stand.

CAROLA was advised to keep herself closely within doors till the trial was over, and the excitement abated. She spent most of her time in the garret overlooking the river; her heart laden now with many a heavy burden both of the past and the future. She wondered how she could have forgotten that past all these years, and lived her happy, pure, and simple life in the country. She loathed it with an absolute loathing. And yet, if she could but go among these people, her childhood's associates, and win them to Christ, and to God, oh, how willingly would she dwell among them once more! Perhaps this was what her Lord would have her to do. The future was not altogether dark as she thought of what she could do for them, and how she would lift them out of their misery into the peace which possessed her own soul.

But nothing could be done till the trial was over. Once she showed herself in the street, and she was instantly surrounded by her old neighbors. It was strange to them and to herself to mark the difference there was between what she was and what she had been. Here was Carola, who had been first and foremost in all their street brawls and wrangles, standing in their midst, a sweet, gentle, gracious woman, widely apart from them. They were of the lowest and most degraded type, and she was a modest and lady-like girl. They did not like the change; it was too great for them. But if she did what was right for George Bassett, and he got off clear, she would be their favorite once more, in spite of all.

So Carola's welcome to the haunts of her childhood was conditional. She was expected

to deliver her former lover, to stand by her order in society, and not to take sides with the police, who were generally regarded as the foes of that order. If she failed in that she would be regarded as a traitor, and they showed clearly that her presence among them would not be endured. It seemed to Carola as if the whole world had turned against her. The Arnolds had shown plainly that she would not be welcomed among them on account of her tainted past, and those to whom they had sent her were turning against her and would cast her out if she obeyed her conscience. Old friends and new ones alike turned their backs upon her.

But the Arnolds were not without some compunction. It cost them an effort to disobey Christ and follow the maxims of the world. Carola would have been easier in mind if she had known what they were suffering and that they were acting reluctantly. Philip especially suffered acutely.

When he went out into the frosty night of the Christmas-day which had been the happiest day of his life, he felt as if death would have been a far less bitter ending to it than this terrible shock of disaster. He, almost mechanically, yet half-conscious of a set purpose, retraced the paths which he had wandered along with Carola that afternoon. At every step he could recall her words, the tender tones of her low voice, the light that lay in her shining eyes, the most modest and sweetest grace he had ever seen in woman. All that was best in him had been attracted to her. He felt that if he was to lead the truest life possible to him it must be at her side; no other woman in the world could so help him to be what he might be.

That was all over. By her own confession she was a woman whom it would be utter disgrace to marry. Her birth, her early home and training, her whole life, till a few years ago, had been such as to render her totally unfit to be his wife. He had overlooked her inferior station in spite of the dissatisfaction openly expressed by his father and mother. But she was not the frank, simple Christian girl, the pure, innocent girl who had stolen into his heart the first moment he saw her. How was it possible that she could have been all she had been, so sweet, and fair, and winsome, and yet have been so base a thing, so steeped in vice and wickedness? No; she was utterly unworthy to enter his honored and unstained home.

It was after midnight before he returned home, and found only his mother sitting up for him. She had hoped that being alone he would have poured out his heart to her; but he could not help remembering how reluctantly she had yielded to the persistence of his love, and he did not expect to meet with real sympathy from her. There would be the element of triumph in it, which would spoil all its efficacy. Yet when he found Carola gone the next morning before he was down, he wished he had been told of her intention to leave them at once. He would fain have seen her once more, if only to bid her farewell forever.

During the course of the day two policemen from Market Upton came to the Grange to inquire after Carola. A bevy of the cottagers gathered together in the great kitchen, and with a slow and cautious enjoyment of the strange excitement, discussed the events over point by point. Such a thing had never occurred in Hazelmount before; nobody had ever been associated with a murder, and it was almost a subject of congratulation that it had been none of the villagers themselves, but their school-mistress only, who had been the witness of it. For all at once Carola was a stranger, a foreigner again; one whose forefathers had not been known, and who might therefore be capable of many misdeeds of which no native of Hazelmount could be guilty.

"She could not have hidden it if she would," said Mrs. Arnold to her husband.

"She did not know that," he answered; "it was a free confession, poor girl!"

When the day of trial drew near Philip could no longer control his desire to see Carola again. Two or three of his acquaintances from Market Upton, relatives of the murdered man, were going up to London to be present at it; and he resolved, not to accompany them, but to go alone, and privately. Perhaps if he saw Carola in the witness-box, and heard her tell her story in public, it would effectually uproot the love which he felt powerless to destroy.

The court was crowded, for George Bassett had many boon companions, whose time was of little value, and the excitement of a trial their chief pleasure. Philip could not have crushed in but for a policeman from Market Upton, who knew him, and made a way for him. He found himself in the back of a closely packed assemblage; a crowd of the lowest class of the London poor, haggard, squalid, and stunted, dressed in dirty rags and dingy finery, with faces of a lower type than he had ever seen before. These were Carola's people, her kinsmen, the class she had sprung from. Her name was in all their mouths; George Bassett and Carola, they were linked together with hideous familiarity.

When the prisoner was placed in the dock Philip forced himself to take minute notice of his brutal, dissipated face, his bloodshot eye, his heavy jaws and bull-dog neck, even to a large black wart on his large cheek. His eyes seemed fastened to that repulsive face; and he stood staring at it, hearing nothing and taking no heed of time in a sort of bewildered trance, until he heard Carola Fielding called as a witness.

There was a thrill of excitement in everybody about him. Yes; there she stood, and he groaned half audibly as he turned his eyes toward her. For a moment the image of her as he had first seen her, facing the setting sun, and singing as the birds sing, crossed his mind. But the sunny face was pale as death now, and the shining eyes were dim, those eyes that always shone with the light of joy and peace. And now there is not a sound in the court. The solemn oath has been administered to her, and she is looking across at the prisoner to identify him, and all her face quivers for an instant.

Yes; she knows him. Many questions are put to her, and she answers them simply and modestly; but her voice has an undertone of anguish as she replies to some of them.

"Yes. George Bassett had been called her lover; and he had kissed her once."

"Yes; she had been drinking the night her grandmother died; but she was not drunk. She had been drunk in the streets sometimes."

"How can she say it and live?" cried Philip to himself. He had not taken his eyes off the sweet, pale face, and the unconscious grace and sorrow of the girl's bearing. It was almost as if some innocent child was accusing itself of an impossible sin. But the people around Philip, when her testimony was given, cursed her with terrible and bitter curses for not saving her sweetheart; and he pushed his way out, heart-stricken, and given up to despair.

He hastened to leave London; for what good would it do to see Carola again? The two faces he had gazed upon were indelibly graven in association on his brain. George Bassett, a coarse and sensual brute, with his evil eye of recognition and terror fixed upon Carola. It haunted him, and seemed as if it must usurp the image of Carola, and reign over his memory in its stead. What a horrible remembrance to dwell in his tranquil home, and to walk about the old lands with him!

Home appeared dark and mournful as he travelled toward it. How could he take up life again, and tread the accustomed paths, and pursue the trivial round of every-day work? Every spot of his old homestead and farm would be desecrated by the remembrance of Carola. If she had died only, he might have cherished every thought of her, as of one who had gone to be among the angels, from whom she had seemed to come. But what a degraded reality was this!

He could not utter a word either to his father or mother when he reached home; and they kept silence, seeing how bitter his trouble was. But the next morning there came a letter for Mr. Arnold, which he read aloud to his wife and son, before they separated for the day's work.

"I asked you if I might write," said Carola, "and you told me I might. I want you to understand and not to blame me too much. I have just come back from the court where they are trying George Bassett. I do not know what his sentence will be; but I had to answer some questions which you will not understand when you hear them at Hazelmount."

"I was born in this garret where I am writing. My father and mother were dead, and my grandmother was bed-ridden. I had to go about the streets for all that we wanted, especially to the gin-palaces, for she used to drink a great deal of gin. We lived as if we were very poor; I was often hungry, and always ragged. But as far as I was concerned myself I was where God had placed me. *I did not choose my birthplace or my kindred.*"

"But I should have been as wicked and miserable as the other girls I knew but for an old Jew, whose house we lodged in. It seems to me now that he is the best man I ever knew. I did not know what I owed to him; as far as possible he kept me from harm and ruin, and the only thing I did to grieve him was to drink a little of what my grandmother was always drinking. I was in danger of becoming a drunkard; but I never drank habitually, and I did not know it was wrong. Even Matthias could not tell me it was breaking one of the ten commandments, which he taught me and was so earnest for me to keep."

"My grandmother died when I was nearly eighteen; and at her funeral the chaplain gave me his New Testament. I had never heard of my Lord Jesus Christ, and it was all new to me—every word. Oh, if I had only words to tell you what it was like for me to find out suddenly that Jesus Christ had lived in this world, and died to save us! There was so much I had to be saved from; and Matthias had never been sure that his God would receive me. I had found my Lord, and it was all a new life to me. Then I went to a clergyman, and told him I wanted to go to a school where I could learn all about Jesus Christ, and he sent me to that school in the country where Mrs. Stewart chose me to come to Hazelmount and be the village school-mistress there."

"I want to say that I scarcely ever thought of all my bad former life. Every day was so filled up with pleasant work, and I was so happy, that it seems to me now I had not time to think about it. Old Matthias Levi was so angry at me for becoming a Christian he never wrote to me; and whenever the recollection of him came across my mind I drove it from me, because he had cursed my Lord, and was like the Jews that crucified Him. So it seemed to me then, but now I know better. He had never known Jesus Christ; and the people here, whom he thinks are Christians, are enough to make him hate Christianity. I have promised him I will never leave him, but will take care of him as if I were his daughter."

"I think if I stay here with the people among whom I was born I may do them good, and win some of them to believe in Christ, for they do not know Him; they are like those who crucified Him; and He said, 'Father, forgive them; they know not what they do.' I have money enough for myself, and I can give all my time to them. If that is what God will have me to do, I shall be a better servant to Him, perhaps, and I shall be happier by and by, perhaps, in this miserable and wicked place than if I lived at Hazelmount, which is like paradise to me. Oh, yes! I begin to see that our Lord, though He was a man of sorrows, was happier here, saving the world, than if He had stayed forever in heaven at the right hand of God."

"Do not think that if any of you had asked me any questions I should not have told you. I

was not willfully silent. But what else could I have done than what I did? As soon as I knew about Jesus Christ I loved Him and believed in Him, and He forgave my sins, and saved me from all my misery. I could not blot out all those years when I knew nothing.

"George Bassett was not my lover. I always dreaded him, and hid myself away from him; but he kissed me once against my will. I was only seventeen then.

"This is what I have to say to you. I shall not see any of you again, because I know how degraded I must seem in your sight. But oh, do not think more hardly of me than you need think! Be a little sorry for me, because my life was all spoiled before it was in my own hands. Yet it is not all spoiled; that was a wrong thing to say. Nothing can alter the love my Lord has for me, and I can be His servant anywhere. If the gate of my paradise is closed against me, He has opened the gate of heaven to all believers."

"I see what her life has been pretty clearly, poor child!" said Mr. Arnold, folding up the letter.

"Very sad!" responded Mrs. Arnold; "but nothing can alter the fact that she was born amid vice and sin—among the lowest of the low. She could never come here to be Philip's wife and the mother of his children. That could never be. We owe some duty to our ancestors, and to our descendants."

Neither Mr. Arnold nor Philip made any reply; but when, later in the day, she asked her husband for Carola's letter, he said he had given it to Philip, and she did not think it wise to reopen the subject with him.

None of them knew that Carola had gone into imminent danger in doing what she did. They did not realize the noble heroism of her act. Carola knew, however, that she would have to face the fiercest indignation of her old associates, who would have applauded her she perjured herself to save her early associate from the gallows. Even she was not prepared for the savage outburst of fury that took place.

(To be continued.)

CHRIST OUR EXAMPLE.

S. S. Lesson for May 10, Phil. 2: 5-16. Golden Text, 1 Pet. 2: 21. By Mrs. M. Baxter.

The Passive Attitude—Power to Hinder not to Help—Difference in Trials—Those from God—Those Caused by Stupid People—How to Behave in Strife—Trials from Associates—The Secret of Christ's Life—How to Work out Salvation—The Unmurmuring Worker.

"Let this mind be in you, which was also in Christ Jesus." The Apostle does not say *make* this mind to be in you, he does not exhort us to imitate the Lord Jesus by any power which is latent in us. He says

"LET."
Writing as he does to "the saints in Christ Jesus which are at Philippi" (Phil. 1: 1), he infers that which he expressed to the Corinthians—"We *have* the mind of Christ" (1 Cor. 2: 16); now, give place to His mind, *let* His mind transmute yours. It is as though he had said "You have nothing to do but to abstain from putting hindrance in the way. Christ in you will do and be all that God wills, if you only let Him; you cannot *produce* the mind of Christ, but you can either hinder it, or let it rule you."

What, then, is the mind of Christ? In the preceding verses Paul exhorted the Philippian church to be "likeminded, having the same love, being of one accord, of one mind." It was the last earnest prayer of the Lord Jesus, "That they all may be one; as Thou, Father, art in me, and I in Thee, that they also may be one in us: that the world may believe that Thou hast sent me" (John 17: 21). God the Holy Trinity is a perfect oneness of three wills, and thus God the Trinity is Love. There is no self in the Godhead, and God calls His church to be on earth what the Godhead is in heaven, a perfect unity of wills, made one by being voluntarily and completely yielded up to a superior will, which is

good, acceptable, and perfect. It is comparatively easy to bow to the will of God in those things in which no human being but ourselves has anything to do; when, for instance, a dearly loved one is taken from us, or when a crop is lost through change in the weather, or when anything comes without human intervention. But some of our most galling trials come upon us through relations or fellow-Christians, who, conscientiously on their part, put a pressure upon us to force us contrary to what we see to be the will of God. Or, again, when they habitually depreciate us, so that we come into one of two temptations: either that of standing on the defensive, which is of the earth earthly, or of losing all heart in the work of God in our hands, which is equally of the flesh. Paul shows us the plain, blessed way of the Spirit of God.

"Let *nothing* be done through strife." It takes two to strive; if another commences, we are not obliged to take part, we may gently but firmly refuse to argue. "But in lowliness of mind let each esteem other better than themselves." Thank God, this is possible. "What, even if another commences strife, can the one who refuses to strive esteem him better than himself?" Yes, honestly; he may see that Satan is pressing his friend hard, and that only the grace of God keeps himself from taking part in the strife, so that there is not one iota of credit due to him, and then nothing but love will remain in his heart, and the friend, when the Lord conquers him, will find no wounded feeling to meet him, but only

THE MIND OF CHRIST.

I can hear some say, "Ah, that is just what I want; but when my husband says the most galling and bitter things, which are quite unjust, I can't help a wounded feeling rising up. Or when my associate in the work of God *will* assume the control of a father confessor, I feel, I must free myself from a tyranny which comes between me and God. Or, again, when my sister *will* assume a responsibility about my bodily health, and tease me up as though the Lord were not my Healer, I must break out from a bondage which is sapping the very life of my faith, and which hinders my relations with God." Dear friends, here is God permitting a state of things in which you may have the opportunity of handing all over to Jesus: husband, sister, friend, health, all, and you have the opportunity of esteeming that you, who have perhaps taken Jesus as your all, are far less to be esteemed than they, seeing you have not counted it all joy when you fell into these temptations; and you have not let patience have her perfect work (James 1: 2, 3).

Jesus is waiting to put His mind into you, and to maintain His mind in you. While "with man it is impossible to see God in all these things and to rejoice in them, with God all things are possible." And blessed be God, Jesus let into the heart to have full control and complete management, can live no other life but His own there. Have this mind in you which was also in Christ Jesus; who, being in the form of God, counted it not a prize to be on an equality with God, but

EMPTIED HIMSELF

[Rev. Ver.] Here was the secret of His whole life, Jesus emptied Himself. He came to express His Father, not Himself, and that in the life of man, not that of God. All the time He lived on earth He was God as much as He is God now in heaven, and yet He did not live His God-life on earth, but was always the anointed Man, the man full of the Holy Ghost. As man He preached, but with the Spirit of the Lord upon Him (Luke 4: 18); as man He cast out devils and healed the sick. "If I cast out devils by the Spirit of God, then the kingdom of God is come unto you" (Matt. 12: 28). "If I do not do the works of my Father, believe me not" (John 10: 37). All His life Jesus walked as self-emptying man, in the life and power of another. "Have this mind in you," just as self-emptying, just as nothing, as He was; live Christ, or rather let Christ live in you. Thank

God, it is possible; thank God, it is His will for every one of us.

He "emptied Himself, taking the form of a servant, being made in the likeness of men; and being found in fashion as a man, He humbled Himself, becoming obedient even unto death—yea, the death of the cross" [Rev. Ver.]. Every step was from lowliness to lowliness, from nothing to nothing, from shame to shame. And therefore God hath "highly exalted Him and given Him a name which is above every name." Only into emptiness can God pour His fullness; only where the mind of man gives way before Him and abdicates all the place can the mind of Christ triumph. God has made the name of that one self-empty man to be a name in which every knee shall bow, of things in heaven, and things in earth, and things under the earth, and the day shall come when every tongue—the tongue of the infidel and the tongue of the Jew, the tongue of the Mohammedan and the tongue of the Brahmin, the tongue of the dumb and the tongue of the idiot, shall confess by the power of the Holy Ghost, that Jesus Christ is Lord, to the glory of God the Father.

"Wherefore, my beloved, as ye have always obeyed, not as in my presence only, but now much more in my absence, work out your own salvation with fear and trembling. How? By *letting* the mind of Christ be in you.

OUR WORK IS TO LET GOD WORK.

"This is the work of God, that ye believe on Him whom He hath sent" (John 6: 29). Work, by letting self go before the presence of Jesus, who comes to take its place by filling you with His own mind. Work by *letting* another work, for it is God which worketh in you to do all the rest, "to will and to do of His good pleasure." Self-emptiness does not count on *self-doing* anything or *being* anything, does not defend itself or depreciate itself, but ignores itself, puts itself out of the question. But you may say, "if I set myself out of this, I shall be reminded of myself all the time." Yes, indeed, and this is why we need not set ourselves to this work. *We let Jesus' mind be in us, and He works the rest; we fall back, He takes the place; we give Him the ground, He occupies it. And this working of His is in us if we let it, to obey*

THE INJUNCTIONS

which follow—"Do *all things* without murmurings and disputing"—*i.e.*, never in anything whatsoever either murmur or dispute. Should a Brahmin or a Mohammedan, who had never met with a Christian, ask the question, "What is a Christian like?" the answer should be, "A man who is never heard to murmur, and whom you cannot draw into a dispute." "That ye may be blameless and harmless, children of God without blemish, among whom ye are seen as lights in the world, holding forth the word of life" [Rev. Ver.]. God's working alone can make and keep you blameless and harmless, children of God without blemish. Paul calls his converts here Bible candlesticks. Shining as lights holding forth the word of life, and they gladden the heart of Paul the prisoner, for he saw that he had not run in vain, neither labored in vain.

Bethshan Tracts.—The Following Tracts, by Mrs. M. Baxter and others, on the subject of Faith-Healing and Holiness, have been received from England, and can be obtained at the following prices: Bethshan's House for Healing, 4 cts. each; Pastor Blumhardt, 3 cts. each; Paul's Thorn, If it be Thy Will, Does Sickness Sanctify? Repeating Prayer, What about the Use of Means, The Apostolic Attitude, all at 4 cts. a dozen; The Law of Liberty, Simple Truths about Faith, God's Purpose in Sickness, The Great Physician, Job's Sickness, God's Side of Prayer, Pastor Rein, Redeemed from all Evil, Health by Grace, all at 4 cts. a dozen. Also the following books by Mrs. M. Baxter: S. S. Lessons, 1877-'78, in cloth, 50 cts. each; Lessons from the Gospel of Matthew, 50 cts. cloth, 30 cts. paper; Daily Life, 30 cts. cloth, 25 cts. paper; Life Lessons, 25 cts. cloth, 20 cts. paper; Practical Lessons, 25 cts. paper, 35 cts. cloth. Address The Manager, CHRISTIAN HERALD OFFICE, 63 Bible House, New York.

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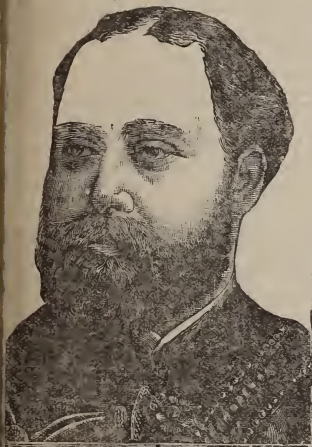
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THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES—Sackville Street Dublin.

THE ROYAL OLIVE BRANCH.

ONE of the wisest and most advanced members of the British Parliament recently spoke of the "*cast-iron benevolence of foreigners*." The phrase happily described the policy of England toward Ireland. Of benevolence of late years there has been plenty, but it has been the benevolence of foreigners. Though the two islands are geographically near to each other, the difference between the two peoples is as marked as though one island was in the Arctic, and the other in the torrid zone. Englishmen do not understand the Irish people, have never tried to understand them; and, therefore, the boons they have flung to them have been the gifts of foreigners. A glance at the map will convince any one that Ireland must be in union with England, but there is no necessity for that union to be the union of slavery. If England would study our own system of government, and consider that Louisiana and Vermont are in the character of their citizens as widely separated as are England and Ireland, and are yet living amicably under the same flag, and are equally loyal to that flag, she might learn how to manage Ireland and save both countries a world of misery. But she has let Ireland severely alone with the landlord's agent, and the policeman, and she wonders that a country so held down is not happy and loyal. The visit of the Prince and Princess of Wales should lead to a more enlightened view of the trouble. England ought not to infer from the demonstrations of loyalty that Ireland is content, and nothing more need be done for her; she should rather see that the welcome tendered is a sign that there is material in Ireland even yet, out of which wise statesmanship may produce a better order of things, and that personal sympathy, proofs of personal confidence and good-will, evidences of a sincere desire to foster friendly feeling are the first steps to be taken toward amicable relations.

THE PRINCE OF WALES.

ALBERT EDWARD, Prince of Wales, the eldest son of the Queen and the heir-apparent to the throne, was born at Buckingham Palace, London, November 9th, 1841, and is now in his forty-fourth year. According to the practice which has prevailed for more than five hundred years, he was created Prince of Wales about three weeks after his birth. He is also, by inheritance, the Duke of Cornwall, which Duchy yields him an annual revenue of over \$300,000.

While his *early education* was carefully conducted by tutors, his father, the late Prince Consort, may be said to have been his chief instructor until he went to college. His education was completed at Edinburgh, Oxford, and Cambridge.

HIS TRAVELS.

Perhaps the most interesting feature in the more public life of the Prince of Wales has been his travels to various parts of the world. When he was little more than a youth he began his travels by going on a tour through Germany and Switzerland; after this he visited Ireland, where he became exceedingly popular among all classes of society.

He next visited Germany, and afterward Rome. Canada was visited in 1860, and there his reception was most loyal and cordial. In fact, the Canadians were at a loss for expressions of loyalty strong and deep enough to convey their joy in having their Queen's son among them. From Canada the Prince travelled to the United States, and in New York and other great centres of influence received a hearty welcome becoming to the position the young man occupied as the future head of a nation allied to us by blood and language. These visits were made during vacation time, and as a relief from his studies at Cambridge, whither he returned when term began.

MEETING PRINCESS ALEXANDRA.

While upon one of these tours he paid a visit which was to have an important bearing upon his future life. He was returning to England from Belgium, when he met, for the first time,

the Princess Alexandra, of Denmark. He was precluded by law from marrying any one but a royal lady, and also from marrying a Roman Catholic. Hence the circle of his choice was limited to a very few ladies, among whom the daughters of the King of Denmark were the most prominent. The interview resulted in a mutual feeling of affection. They were married on March 10th, 1863, the ceremony being one of the utmost magnificence. Its issue has been three sons and three daughters, the youngest son dying in infancy.

Perhaps no event in the history of the Prince of Wales showed more clearly the high place he occupied in the nation's interest than his *dangerous illness* toward the close of the year 1871, when he was afflicted with typhoid fever, and for some weeks it was feared that he would die. The Prince was at that time residing at Sandringham, in Norfolk, and telegrams were despatched several times a day and published in every city and town in the kingdom, giving particulars of his condition. These were for some time read with the gravest anxiety, and special prayers were offered, in places of worship generally, that, if consistent with the will of the All-wise, his life might be spared. At last, to the relief of the nation, the Prince was pronounced to be out of danger, and eventually, on February 27th, 1872, the Queen and her son went to St. Paul's Cathedral, publicly to return thanks for his restoration to health.

In 1875 the Prince visited India and made a royal progress through that wonderful country. A series of brilliant receptions were held in his honor, and the native princes vied with each other in entertaining him and loading him with costly presents.

The Prince is a man of the most genial disposition. He is remarkable for his affability and friendliness. He has a wonderful memory, and, it is stated, never forgets the face and name of any one he has once seen. Some very remarkable anecdotes are told of his power in that respect. The better class of English people, however, see with deep regret that his moral life is not so pure as that of his father. The temptations incidental to his position and his own easy disposition led to his falling an easy prey to vice. Of late years, especially since his illness, there have been welcome intimations made from time to time of an improvement in this matter. It may be hoped they are true, for the English aristocracy are much influenced by the example of the monarch, and such a court as that over which George IV. presided might seriously lower the standard of morality in all ranks of society.

THE PRINCESS OF WALES.

THE good and charming lady whose portrait accompanies that of her husband on the frontispiece has won the hearts of the English people by her grace, amiability, sweet patience, and general loveliness of character. She is now in her forty-first year, having been born in the Royal Palace at Copenhagen, on December 1st, 1844. The early years of the Princess Alexandra were spent at the palace situated in the street called Amalgegade, in Copenhagen. This has been the town residence of her parents ever since the day of their marriage, and all their children were born and educated here. It has been the home of a most exemplary and happy family, and is full of sweet remembrances to the Princess of Wales.

EARLY DAYS AND COURTSHIP.

Those who had the happiness of knowing the Princess in the days of her girlhood describe her as characterized by pure and refined tastes, and giving evidence of fine mental abilities; but they refer especially to the *sweetness of her disposition*, and to her early popularity in her native land, where she laid aside the hauteur royal personages generally have, and mixed freely with the people. The announcement of her betrothal to the Prince of Wales caused a general interest to be felt in England toward her, and when the people learned how noble and lovable

and virtuous she was, they hailed the proposed union with pleasure.

LEAVES DENMARK.

The announcement, in Copenhagen, toward the close of February, 1863, that the Princess Alexandra was about to quit the home of her early years, was the signal for public demonstrations in her honor, which sufficiently testified to the high esteem in which she was held. She was accompanied on her journey to England by her parents and her eldest brother, and attended by a numerous suite. The welcome she received on her arrival was enthusiastic, and her beauty, grace, and dignity were the subject of public congratulation.

The marriage took place on March 10th, 1863. From that time until the present the Princess has been growing in public esteem. She has been a devoted wife and mother, and in both capacities has displayed those sweet womanly qualities which good people always appreciate. Her position has been one of extreme delicacy, the Prince being surrounded by vicious and dissolute men, to whom he has extended the hospitalities of his house. Nevertheless, the tongue of scandal, which has been so busy with her husband's name, has never uttered a whisper against hers. During his illness her devotion to him was constant; she watched continually at his bedside, and the only time she left the house during those long weeks of anxiety was when the congregation at the village church was praying for the Prince's recovery, and she went to join in their prayers. There is in all England to-day no more popular lady than Alexandra, Princess of Wales.

THE ROYAL VISIT TO IRELAND.

THE picture on the first page represents Sackville Street, the "Broadway" of Dublin. It is a magnificent street of unusual width, and its buildings compare favorably with those of any capital in the world. Dublin has been called the capital of the English in Ireland, and so, in fact, Irishmen regard it. The time, however, is past when the city was treated by the English as a capital. The mansions of the nobility once full of life and gayety, stand empty and silent; their owners away in London or some European capital spending the money that they formerly spent in Dublin. Misery, discontent, almost despair sit like a heavy pall on the city, and Nelson from the top of his column in Sackville Street looks down on a scene of squalid wretchedness unequalled in any other city. Why this is so, is too long a story to tell here, but the sudden change that came over the capital last month, when it put on new life, shook off its torpor, and arrayed itself in bunting and flowers to welcome its Royal visitors, is significant of much that the English aristocracy might meditate upon with advantage. The population of Dublin proper is 249,602, but in the suburbs, notably in the fashionable suburb of Kingstown is a population almost equal to that of the city itself, and which in the daytime flows into Dublin on business or pleasure.

On Tuesday, April 7th, the Prince and Princess of Wales, accompanied by their eldest son, Prince Albert Victor, left London for Holyhead, where they arrived at midnight, and the following morning, about eleven, they reached Kingstown, Dublin Bay. On landing they were received by the Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, Earl Spencer, and an address of welcome was presented by the Town Commissioners. The train speedily conveyed them to Dublin, where other addresses of welcome were presented. They then proceeded to the Castle.

On the very next day the Prince of Wales showed that he had not paid his visit to the rich and aristocratic people only, by personally making

A TOUR OF THE SLUMS

of the city. From the one class as from the other he received a respectful and enthusiastic greeting. It is stated that the idea of visiting Ireland first occurred to his Royal Highness while sitting on the Commission to inquire into

the condition of the London poor, and he did not hesitate when he arrived in the country to see for himself a type of the dirty dwelling-places of the very poor. Unhappily, there was no necessity to wander far from the Castle to find the most squalid of the Dublin population.

The Prince of Wales and his son, accompanied only by Captain Hammond and Mr. Francis Knollys, left the Castle by the private bridge communicating with the gardens, and, entering a carriage without escort, proceeded at once to

GOLDEN LANE,

the foul slum which, with its bird fanciers' shops, and other still more offensive places, closely resembles the notorious thoroughfare in London known as Seven Dials. Prince Albert Victor had this fact impressed upon him very seriously, for in stepping from the carriage he came into collision with a heap of vegetable refuse lying putrefying in the open air, and measured his tall length upon the ground.

The royal party were piloted through this district by Dr. Cameron, the superintendent medical officer of health. They saw an unsavoury specimen of

A TENEMENT OF THE LOWEST CLASS,

The houses in the narrow lane are of four stories, and were once perhaps wholesome and respectable. The house through which the Prince passed still maintained a mahogany balustrade, which was handsome, and in other days its inhabitants were evidently not persons to be regarded as warnings and examples. Dr. Cameron explained the character of the place as the party went up the creaking stairs.

The broken flooring, dilapidated roof, the vaults of sanitary accommodation, were all commented upon freely by the royal visitor, who eloquently expressed his sympathy for the occupants. The Prince openly denounced the apathy which allowed such dwellings to exist, plainly intimating what his opinions were of the owners.

During the time this work of inspection was proceeding the word went round that the Prince was there, and immediately the occupants of all the other houses in the lane rushed out, and in a brogue peculiar to the neighborhood expressed their wonder. The Prince now found himself at the door, with a mob of as uncouth and wild-looking men, women, and children about as could be imagined; but from their attitude it was quickly seen that the people were not hostile. The Prince received them with smiles, and quickly cheer upon cheer was given. The youngsters, almost naked, shouted themselves hoarse, and men and women offered hands, which the Prince, without demur, shook heartily. The picture presented of the heir to the British throne thus handshaking with the most wretched of Dublin's citizens at their own door will not be soon forgotten by those who witnessed it. The old people, amazed at the gentility of the Prince, showered blessings on his head. The Prince with some difficulty got away.

In the drive through Bridge Street, Cannon Place, and by St. Patrick's Cathedral, all thoroughfares inhabited by the humblest citizens, a genuine welcome was accorded. A visit was then made to

THE MODEL ARTISANS' DWELLINGS,

which have been erected in the locality known as the Coombe-area, where the Chairman and Secretary of the Artisans' Dwellings Company pointed out the merits of the model cottages which are here erected. A more distant block of a similar description, built by Mr. E. Cecil Guinness, was next inspected. Mr. Guinness himself received the royal party, and conducted him through the buildings. From first to last there was no change in the pleased appearance of the people, and the Prince was received with cheers wherever he went. He then visited

THE ROYAL HOSPITAL

or veteran soldiers at Kilmainham. The pensioners were mustered by General Sir Thomas Steele, the commander of the forces in Ireland, and among them were some Crimean soldiers.

The old fellows were delighted at the kindly notice taken of them by the Prince, and were especially gratified by his military salute, and the "I am very glad to see you, my friends," with which he took leave after their exercises.

On the same day the Prince held

A LEVEE

for the reception of gentlemen. All the Protestant Church dignitaries, hundreds of military officers, deputy-lieutenants, and nearly every representative man attended. The 16th Lancers performed music in the Upper Castle Yard, Dublin, during the reception in the throne-room, which was expected to last over four hours, the presentations numbering over fifteen hundred. Prince Albert Victor accompanied the Prince at the levee. By two o'clock the Prince of Wales, who had donned the full-dress uniform of a field officer, and the young Prince, who wore his naval dress, appeared in the throne-room. A large proportion of military and naval uniforms gave color to the picture, and the full bottomed wigs of the legal dignitaries lent variety.

The Prince and Princess afterward visited

THE ALEXANDRA COLLEGE,

founded in 1866 for the higher education of ladies, and for granting certificates of knowledge. The college was all a-flutter with excitement, for at three o'clock the royal patroness, whose name the institution bears, was to enter it. The Princess at a former visit to Dublin stopped short at the door, being then, owing to her lameness, unable to mount the stairs. Now she was to see the lady students face to face, and receive the inevitable address. Lovely flowers had been placed in every nook and corner, and the earnest, bright-eyed lady students, with their teachers and professors, bloomed, too, on the staircases and dainty passages. The proceedings were most interesting and pleasant, especially after the crowds of the streets and formal ceremonies.

"SWEET GIRL GRADUATES."

There are about two hundred students connected with the college, and the ladies present wore white and pink rosettes, indicating their connection with classes of its literary society. The Princess of Wales, escorted by the Archbishop of Dublin and the Countess Spencer, with one of the University dons, passed down to the dais. The national anthem was sung, a gorgeous bouquet environed with rich Irish lace was presented by a young lady, daughter of the Provost of Trinity, and an address was read rehearsing the successful work done by the college in the higher intellectual education of women. The Princess thanked the Dean for the reception, and assured him of her continued interest in the institution. Among ladies who came under notice were four of the nine B.A.'s who matriculated at the University, whose lovely faces under the quaint college caps, with the flat, square "mortar-board" top, and their graceful forms robed in the college gowns, reminded the spectator of Tennyson's epithet, "sweet girl graduates."

On the following day, April 10th, the Princess herself assumed the attire of a Doctor of Music, and so entered this learned sisterhood. The Princess and her party before leaving visited the scholars of the Alexandra school for girls under sixteen years of age, in preparation for entrance to the college. This visit to Alexandra College gave her Royal Highness much pleasure, and it leaves a delightful remembrance for the collegians.

A round of gayeties occupied the Royal visitors during their stay in Dublin. As the Irish gentlemen had enjoyed an opportunity of meeting the Prince of Wales, the Irish ladies were invited to meet the Princess. Her "drawing-room" was as great a success as had been the Prince's levee. For more than three hours there was a constant succession of carriages at the gates of the Castle where the Princess was holding the state reception. One after another the carriages drew up at the Castle entrance, the long line extending for miles, and the fair occu-

pants patiently waited their turn for appearing in the Royal presence. The grace and sweetness of the Princess charmed all hearts, as the genial, unaffected manner of the Prince had won the admiration of the men. The visit was a success, and both the Irish aristocracy and the Royal party appeared to be delighted with the acquaintance thus made.

AN UNTOWARD INCIDENT

unhappily marred the subsequent days of the visit. When the festivities were at their height, the Lord Mayor of Dublin, who had been conspicuous by his rudeness to the Royal visitors, was seen driving through the city. He was hissed by the Loyalists, who were rejoicing over the visit of the Prince and Princess. The Mayor was exasperated, and angrily declared he would complain to Mr. Parnell and notify the Nationalists in Mallow and Cork of the insult to himself. It is supposed that he did so, for on the Royal party arriving at Mallow, on April 14th, three of Mr. Parnell's friends, who are members of Parliament, were at the station with a gang of roughs and a brass band. The band played the Nationalist air, and the roughs hooted and hissed the Prince and his party. After the train had left the station there was a fight on the platform between the police and the mob. At Cork there was a repetition of the Mallow scenes. One man in the crowd threw an onion at the Princess, which struck a footman who interposed. Stones were thrown at the royal carriages, and at night there was a riot, in which windows were smashed and the flags and decorations put up in honor of the Prince's arrival were torn down and burned.

On their return to Dublin and during their visits in the north of Ireland the Royal visitors were met with increased loyalty as though the people were anxious to efface from their minds the unpleasant impressions of the journey in the south. Amid general rejoicings and demonstrations of loyalty the visit came to a close, and on April 27th the Prince and Princess returned to England, promising to renew their visit in the near future.

Mission Work in Madagascar is Making progress in spite of the unsettled condition of the country. Mr. R. Baron, one of the missionaries there, in the course of his report, says that it is a matter of surprise to the missionaries how little the war has affected their work. Many new chapels have been built, and the war, though perhaps shaking the faith of some in the Christian religion, has tended to deepen and strengthen the spiritual life of the people. It is in the schools that the evil results of the war have chiefly manifested themselves, though even here the state of things is not so deplorable as might have been feared. There has been a falling off in the number of children attending the day-schools, caused by many of the lads having engaged themselves as government artisans in making pottery, gunpowder, etc., in order to avoid being sent off as soldiers to the coast. Several of the country churches have suffered in attendance for this reason, though the city congregations show scarcely any diminution of numbers. But the soldiers at the seat of war have held regular religious services, and the work of Christian teaching has been maintained, as far as circumstances would allow, by the evangelists and preachers stationed in the various camps.

An Urgent Appeal for Funds is Made by the Presbyterian Board of Home Missions. The Board has suffered seriously during the past few years by the death of its most liberal supporters. In the appeal now issued the Board says: "Our missionaries have never been more signally blessed than they are at the present time. A large number of revivals are going on in different parts of our field. God in His providence is bidding us 'go up and possess the land.' In the face of all this we are compelled to halt! We shall come to the next Assembly with a debt of about \$150,000, unless immediate relief is afforded us."

HOW TO DISCRIMINATE.

Dr. Talmage's Sermon, Preached last Sunday Morning, May 3, 1885.*

"And it came to pass, when their hearts were merry, that they said, Call for Samson, that he may make us sport. And they called for Samson out of the prison house; and he made them sport."—JUDGES 16: 125.

The Sport in the Temple of Dagon—A Fatal Amusement—Ecclesiastical Strait-Jackets—A Tremendous Mistake—Principles of Discrimination—The Reaction Produced—The Cost of It—The Tax on the Home—The Slain Victims—The Opening of the Path—A Shriek in a Grog-Shop—The Test of Companionship—Of Physical Results—Of the Effect on Disposition—Amusements that Produce Disgust of Life—A Death-Bed Scene—Hesitation at a Street Corner—Good and Bad Angels.

THREE thousand people had assembled in the temple of Dagon. They came to make sport of eyeless Samson. They were ready for the entertainment. They clapped and pounded and shouted, "Fetch him out, fetch him out!"

THE BLIND GIANT.

led by a lad, comes into the midst of the temple. At his first appearance there goes up a shout of laughter and derision. The giant pretends to be weary and wants to rest himself, and he says to the lad leading him, "Show me the pillars of the house." The strong man puts one hand against one pillar and the other hand against the other pillar, and with the mightiest push that the earth ever saw throws himself forward until the whole house comes down in thunderous crash, and the audience are ground like grapes in a wine-press. "It came to pass, when their hearts were merry, that they said, Call for Samson, that he may make us sport. And they called Samson out of the prison house and he made sport for them!"

In other words, there are

AMUSEMENTS RUINOUS

and destructive, which bring down disease and death upon those who practise them, and while they laugh and cheer, they die. The three thousand that perished that day in Gaza are as nothing compared with the tens of thousands of people in all the ages who have been destroyed by sinful amusements and by good amusements carried to excess.

You have already found out from this series of sermons that I have no sympathy with ecclesiastical strait-jackets, and with the universal denunciation of all kinds of recreation. I think the Church of God has made

A TREMENDOUS MISTAKE

in trying to suppress the sportfulness of people instead of trying to direct it. I am glad to know that many of the Young Men's Christian Associations of our cities are adjoining to their reading-rooms gymnasiums and bowling-alleys. I am glad that our denominational institutions at Princeton have established a gymnasium to which they expect the students regularly to come. In other days, after studying for some seven and nine years, we came out of the theological institution with bronchitis and liver complaint, and as the man entered the pulpit people said, "Doesn't he look heavenly?" because he looked sick. But it has been found out by Christian men that we must

CULTIVATE THE BODY

as well as cultivate the soul, and the mightiest of Christian workers have joined in recreations. William Wilberforce trundled a hoop with the children. Martin Luther helped dress the Christmas tree. The Prime Minister of England wields the axe in the park at Hawarden. We must point out certain balances by which all amusements may be weighed, and this morning I shall lay down certain principles by which you are to judge for yourselves in regard to all operas, all theatricals, all skating-rinks, all lawn tennis, all ball playing, all yachting, all good and all bad amusements. I do not propose myself to be the jury, but I will make you the jury,

and having pleaded before you the cause I will expect you to render the verdict.

First of all, apply the question,

WHAT IS THE REACTION

of that amusement? There are men made up of hard facts, and they are a combination of multiplication tables and statistics. Show them a picture and they immediately begin to discuss the pigments employed in the coloring. Show them a rose and they will tear it to pieces for botanical analysis, which is only a *post-mortem* examination of a flower. They seem to have no rebound to their nature. They never do anything more than smile. It seems as if nature had built them by contract and made a bungling job of it!

But there are those, blessed be God, who have bright faces, and their life is a song, an anthem, a psalm of praise. Even their troubles are like the vines that grow up to the top of great towers, where the sunlight sits and the soft airs of heaven keep perpetual carnival. They are the people you like to have come to your house. They are the people I like to have come to my house. If you but touch the hem of their garments, you are healed. Now, such persons are peculiarly liable to be tempted by pernicious amusements. The swifter a ship the more important the stout helmsman. In proportion as a horse is gay it is important to have a strong driver. If you have an exuberant nature you need to look out for the reaction of all styles of amusement.

There are amusements that send one to bed at night so nervous he cannot sleep, and he comes forth in the morning not because he is rested, but because duty drags him from the pillow. Any amusement is wrong that gives you a distaste for the drudgery of life—for tools because they are not swords, for working aprons because they are not robes, for cattle because they are not the infuriated bulls of the arena. Any style of amusement that fills you with a longing for a life of romance—love that takes poison and shoots itself, moonlight adventures and hair-breadth escapes—is a bad amusement. Amusements were intended to build us up. They are obnoxious if they pull us down.

THE COST.

Another question which you and I must ask in regard to any amusement is: "Will it demand of me an expenditure beyond my means?" You are not to consider money thrown away that is expended in recreation. It is silly for you to come from some innocent amusement and say, "That is money wasted, that is time wasted." It may be an important investment to you, a more important investment than the transaction from which you receive a hundred or a thousand dollars. But oh! how many reputations and how many properties are riddled by

COSTLY AMUSEMENTS.

The table is robbed by the club. The champagne is indebted to the children's wardrobe. The carousing party ruins the boy's primer. The table-cloth of the corner saloon is indebted to the wife's faded dress. Excursions that make a tour around a whole month's wages, and women whose entire business it is to go shopping, have their counterpart in uneducated children, in bankruptcy that appals the stock-market, and that appals the church, and in drunkenness which goes staggering across the beautiful carpet of the mansion, and dashes into the mirror, and drowns the carol of the music with the whooping of bloated sons come home to break their old mother's heart.

When a man goes into costly amusements for which he is not able to pay, he first borrows what he cannot earn, and then he steals what he cannot borrow. First he goes into embarrassment, then he goes into lying, then he goes into theft, and getting as far as that he is not apt to stop short of the penitentiary. There is hardly a prison house in America which has not to-day

THE SLAIN VICTIMS

of costly amusements. Again and again have I

been requested by broken-hearted parents to go over to New York and beg off from the punishment of the law some young man who has sinned against his employer. Alas! how often the errand has been unavailing. The young man had salary enough for all lawful expenditure he had not salary enough for sinful indulgence.

Merchant of New York, merchant of Brooklyn, was there something wrong about the cast last night? Has there been some derangement in the accounts of your establishment? Has the money drawer had a leakage? There is some one in your establishment who is probably engaging in sinful amusement. What you do not pay him in lawful salary he makes up for by theft. Oh, how beautifully

THE PATH OF SINFUL INDULGENCE

opens! Here is a young man who says: "I am out now for a good time. Never mind economy—I'll get money some way. What a bright day, what a beautiful road! crack the whip and over the turnpike. Here, boys, fill high your glasses, and drink to long life, and health, and many a day just like this."

Hard-working young men look out of the store window and say: "How is that? We have to toil and drudge, and we have no such luxuries. They do nothing, and have everything." These fast men seem to have a life thrilling with enchantment. They stare at others and in turn get stared at. The watch-chain jingles and the cup foams, and the cheeks flush, and the eyes flash. The midnight hears the guffaw of their laughter. They swagger, they tell unclear stories, they jostle decent people off the side walk, they parody the hymn learned at their mother's knee, they blaspheme God, and when some one gives them kindly admonition they say, "Who are you?" and when the doom of the unrighteous is set before them they say, "Who cares?"

Some night you are going along the street and you hear

A SHRIEK IN A GROG-SHOP.

and there is a rattle of the watchman's club, and there is a rush of the police. What is the matter? That reckless young man has been killed in a grog-shop fight. Carry him home to his father's house. The parents will come, and they will wash the blood from the wound, and they close the eyes in death. The prodigal is home at last. The mother will go into her little garden and she will gather the sweetest flowers she can find, and twist them into a garland to put over the silent heart of her wayward boy, and then push back from the bloated brow the long locks which were once her pride. The father's voice will rend the air as he says: "Oh, my son, my son, my son, would God I had died for thee, my son, my son, my son!"

Another balance by which we are to weigh amusement is the question, Into what

COMPANIONSHIP

will it lead me? In that organization of which I am to be a member what are the morals? In that place to which you invite me to go what style of companionship is dominant? Ah! do they drink, are they unclean, are they blasphemers, are they abandoned in any of their habits?—In the name of Almighty God I warn you quit that association; do not go there again. They will despoil your reputation. They will undermine your moral character. They will make no contribution for your children after you are dead. They will weep no tears at your burial. They will chuckle over your damnation.

Ah! the day comes when those who have despoiled their fellows will be brought to account. Oh, that great

THEATRE OF THE JUDGMENT.

Scene, the last day. Enter lords, dukes, princes, clowns, beggars. No sword. No tiara. No crown. For footlights, the kindling fires of a burning world. For applause, the clapping floods of the sea. For orchestra, the trumpets that wake the dead. For galleries, the clouds filled with angel spectators. For curtain, the heavens rolled together as a scroll. For tragedy, the doom of the destroyed. For farce,

* A verbatim report, revised by Dr. Talmage, and printed without abridgment.

the attempt to serve God and serve the world at the same time. For the last scene in the last act, nations tramping across the stage, some to the right, some to the left. Come, ye blessed! Depart, ye cursed!

Another balance by which you are to weigh all these amusements—remember, you are the jury; another balance by which you are to measure and weigh all these amusements is the effect they have on

YOUR PHYSICAL CONDITION.

I have already hinted at this, but not fully discussed it. There are a great many good men who need most of all physical recuperation. There are good Christians who are writing dreadful things against their immortal soul when there is nothing the matter with them but an incompetent liver. There are Christian people who think it a kind of religious duty to feel poorly, and because Richard Baxter and Robert Hall were invalids, they hope through the same sickness to achieve the same results.

GRANDUEUR OF CHARACTER.

Now, let me say that God will hold you responsible for your invalidism if it is your own fault, and if through right exercise you could get rid of it.

We all admit the influence of the body on the soul. Put a man of mild disposition for a little time on the diet which the Indian is put upon, and in a short time there will be a change of the chemical properties of his blood, and the blood will become like that of the lion, the bear, the tiger, and the mild disposition will become cruel, and fierce, and unrelenting. That has been a matter of experiment. Now, we all admit the influence of the body on the soul. What, right, then, have you to maltreat your body? What right have you to deface the temple of the Holy Ghost?

There are good people whose hope of heaven is all bedclouded with clouds of

TORRERO SMOKE.

They shatter the physical vase in which God put the jewels of eternity. They have great intellect and soul in a body that they have allowed to run to ruin and waste. Machinery enough to propel a Great Eastern across the Atlantic, fastened in a rickety North River propeller. Physical development which has no result except in fabulous lifting and perilous rope-walking and pugilistic encounters, only excites our contempt, and I confess to an admiration for that man who has a sound mind in an athletic body, every nerve and bone and muscle and tissue of which is consecrated to right uses.

Oh, it seems to me outrageous that men should allow their physical health to go to ruin, spending all their remaining years not in some great enterprise for God and the betterment of the world's condition, but in studying about what is the best thing to take for dyspepsia. A ship that is ought to have all sail set, and the men at their posts, carrying a cargo for eternity, keeping the crew all the time busy in stopping up the leakages. When you may with an honorable and righteous amusement get rid of your querulousness and the fourth of your disease, your body and mind, how can you turn your back upon such a grand, medicinal? Dr. Mason said to the pill-bearers when his son was being carried out of the hall of his dwelling, "Move softly; ye carry a temple of the Holy Ghost" which temple we are. And you have no more right to damage your body than you have to damage your soul.

EFFECT ON DISPOSITION.

I must also, and you must estimate all amusements by the taste or distaste they give you for home life. I stand to-day in the presence of some shattered homes. Oh, if I could charm you by that word Home! Do you not know that all you do for your home circle you will have to do soon or never do at all? Do you not realize, oh father, that all the influence for good you can bring upon your children you must start now or never start at all? Do you not realize, oh wayward husband, that death will break up your conjugal relations, and alas for you if you

stand at the grave of one who perished through your neglect! I saw

A WAYWARD HUSBAND

stand at the deathbed of a Christian wife. She pointed to the ring on her finger and said to him, "You see that ring?" He said, "Yes, I see it." She said, "Do you know who put that ring there?" He said, "Yes, I put it there." Then all the memories of the past seemed to rush upon him. Oh, by that day when in the presence of men and angels you promised faithfulness and kindness in joy and sorrow, in sickness and in health; by the memory of those hours when you stood in your new home planning out for a bright future; by the cradle and the joyful hour when one life was spared and another given; by the sick bed from which the little one lifted his arms and you knew he must die, and the arms were put around both of you, bringing you together in that dying kiss; by the family Bible in which, amid the stories of heavenly love, is the brief but expressive story of births and deaths, by the neglects of the past and the agonies of the future; by the judgment day, when husband and wife, parents and children shall stand in immortal group ready to be caught up in shining array or shrink back into darkness—all these I charge you give to your home your best affections. When there are so many innocent amusements,

WHY GO ASTRAY!

Why stop your ears to a heaven full of songsters, and then listen to the hiss of a dragon? Why turn your back upon a hillside all abloom with flowers and all adash with nimble torrents, and with blistered feet go clambering up the hot sides of fire-belching Cotopaxi?

Let me say that your style of amusements will decide your eternity. It may have seemed almost trivial to some of you that for three or four Sabbath mornings I should be speaking upon these things, but I tell you

THEY INVOLVE HEAVEN AND HELL.

One night at the corner of a street I saw a young man halt as though he were trying to decide something very important. Why did he halt there when the great tides of population were going up and down? As he momentarily lifted his hat, I saw he had an intelligent forehead. I looked and saw he had a robust frame. He was a splendid young man, a highly-cultured young man, an honored young man.

WHY DID HE HALT?

at that street corner that night? The fact is, that every man has a good angel and a bad angel contesting for the mastery of his immortal spirit, and that night that young man standing at that street corner was deciding between the good angel and the bad angel of his nature.

"Come with me," said the good angel; "I will take you to your home. I will put the wing of protection over your pillow. I will guide you all your life with a supernatural love. Come with me; I will bless every cup out of which you drink, every couch upon which you rest, every doorway you enter. I will consecrate your tears when you weep, I will consecrate your sweat when you toil, and, at last, I will hand over your grave to the right angel of a Christian resurrection. Come with me." The young man hesitated. The bad angel came forth from heaven, sent by the Lord in response to your father's petition and your mother's prayer. "Come with me," said the good angel, with a voice of unearthly symphony, and there was music in it like that which drops from a lute of heaven when a seraph breathes on it.

"No, no," said

THE BAD ANGEL;

"come with me; I will make you a brighter offer than that. The wines that I pour are from chalices of bewitching carousal. The dance I lead is over floors tessellated with unrestrained indulgence. There is no frown of God on the sin that I practise. The skies are Italian. The paths I walk are pansied and primrosed. Come with me." The young man hesitated. The bad angel smote the good angel, and spreading its wings in the starlight it sped upward and away, and a door in the sky flashed open, and

the bright wings forever vanished. That was THE DECIDING POINT.

in that young man's history, for now unrestrained he followed the bad angel, and they passed gate after gate, and as they passed each gate it slammed with a clang that said, "Never again shall this open." And the bad angel, followed by the young man, passed through portal after portal, and as soon as they had passed there was a

GRINDING OF THE LOCKS,

and there was a shoving of the bolts, as if something had said "forever," and the skies grew lurid, and the garden turned into a desert, and the June air became the cutting of December sleet, and the bright wings of the bad angel turned into sackcloth, and the eyes that were full of the light of love became hollow with hopeless grief, and the fountains that had tossed nothing but wine now poured forth bubbling tears and foaming blood, and the young man said: "What is this serpent that I see at the right side of the path?" and the bad angel said, "That is the serpent of

STINGING REMORSE."

And the young man said: "What is that lion at the left of this pathway?" and the answer came, "That is the lion of all devouring despair." And then a vulture flew through the sky, and the young man said, "What is that vulture?" and the answer came, "That is the vulture waiting for the carcasses of the slain." And then the young man tried to pull off from him the folds that had wrapped around and around, and he cried "What is this that twists around me in awful convolutions?" and the answer came, "That is the worm that never dies." And forthwith all

DECEPTION FELL OFF

from the charmer, and the young man said: "What does all this mean? I believed what you told me that night standing at the street corner. You have deceived me. What does all this mean?" Then said the bad angel: "I will tell you now. I was sent forth from the pit of the lost world to capture your soul. I watched for you many a day and many a night, but the night you hesitated I triumphed, and now we are here. Come, let us fill these two chalices of fire and drink to darkness and woe and death. Hail, hail!"

Oh, young man! will the good angel sent forth by Christ, or the bad angel sent forth by sin, capture your soul? Their wings are interlocked this moment above you in struggle for your destiny, as above the Apennines eagle and condor fight mid sky. This hour may decide your destiny. God help you! To hesitate is to die!

The Mormon Authorities have Forwarded to the President a declaration of grievances and a protest against the execution of the anti-polygamy laws. The following passage, which is part of its concluding observations, is a sample of the whole: "We protest against unfair treatment on the part of the General Government. We protest against the prosecution of persons, many of whom are infirm and aged, who entered into plural marriage before it was declared a crime and have never violated any law. We respectfully ask for the appointment by the President of a commission to fairly and thoroughly investigate the Utah situation, and pending its report we solemnly protest against the continuance of this merciless crusade." It is evident that the Mormons cannot or will not understand the situation. It is not so much a new law that is disturbing them, as a law which closes up the ruts through which they have been accustomed to wriggle from under the operation of an old law. They have been defying the laws of the United States for a long time with brazen effrontery; their Danites have murdered and ravaged with impunity. Now that the executive machinery is rearranged by the Edmunds law in such a way as to enforce obedience, they cease defying and protest. When they obey the law "the merciless crusade" will cease.

A LADY'S WORK IN FRANCE.

EVERY one knows how much destructive work in a time of war may be done by a single sharpshooter, who crawls into a rifle-pit, and from his place of concealment picks off individuals from the enemy's camp. The same line of tactics is being adopted in the army of the Prince of Peace. We commend the example of this Christian lady to others who, with a small income to relieve them of the necessity of working for their daily bread, find their time hang heavily on their hands. This lady thus describes the way in which she spends her days in France, in independent service for her Saviour:

"I had heard much of the spiritual destitution of the French people, and as I speak French like a native, and had no personal ties binding me to any place in particular, I thought I would go to France and see if, in a quiet, unobtrusive way, I could win souls for Christ. My experience as to expense in the way of living and mode of work may be reasonable and helpful to the large-hearted who have small purses. If you think so, make use of what I write as you please.

"*Expenditure.*—My yearly income has been \$300; my yearly expenditure, under \$250. I live in a provincial town of France, and in the summer go to take a course of mineral waters, to the mountains, and after to the sea-coast.

"*Mode of Living.*—Hitherto I have lived in furnished lodgings; a sitting-room and small bed-room, without attendance, six dollars a month; all requisite utensils for cooking and living were provided. I was entirely my own servant, and found it a very independent, comfortable, and homelike mode of living. Excellent markets, with varied and reasonable supplies, provided a table without stint of quantity or quality. A length of day from six to ten left plenty of time free from household matters for other uses—reading, writing, sewing, walking, and visits, with some Christian object in view.

"*Mode of Working.*—I get acquainted with the people at the market and in the cemetery. This leads to personal home visits. A book for addresses is kept at hand for the names of those who seem to welcome the proposal to come and see them. My 'visiting list' is a large one, and as I am a great walker I go to distant places. Sometimes tea is taken, made, and shared. When I go back to France I mean to try and gather the neighbors together in one of the homes where we can have tea and a Bible-reading. These visits are always welcome. No money is given, but Gospels, floral-cards, tracts, pictorial papers for children are given, explained, and turned into prayer. It is a good plan to take some chlorate of potash for gargles, camphorated spirits of wine, and cotton wool for toothache; and a mixture (made from one ounce of chilli peppers, two tablespoonfuls of salt, and a pint of vinegar) for external application for sore throats, coughs, and all sorts of aches and pains. Everybody appreciates bodily help, but not at first spiritual help.

"I used to give tracts, with a word of advice. It is good to read these carefully before going out and to underline leading thoughts. It is food for self-digestion, and the receivers receive some of the vitality the giver has got therefrom. Perhaps the seed-sowing at the cemetery on Sunday afternoons may be a useful idea to general travellers on the continent. Many go there to visit the last resting-places, and to pray for the souls of their departed friends. They have time, and are in a frame of mind when a word about their own souls is likely to be well received and to do good. The floral text-cards give the introduction. They are offered, admired, the price is asked, and they are told it is a gift, to be paid for by a promise made and kept; they must read, hear it explained, then take it home, keep it, read it, pray about it, till it gets written on their hearts. Others, passing, stop to hear what is going on; then they want a card, and there is sometimes quite a little knot of listeners to the reading of the different texts and explanations. They are such interested listeners that it is easy to speak home, This

opening-up of the inner soul-life, and God's voice in the garden, is something new and fresh, they feel it is what they need and like; many say so, and wish more of this teaching. Besides, they get something to take home to read.

"The cemetery is a good mission-field; sorrow and trouble soften the soil for good seed. I avoid speaking of Romish errors, unless questioned, but it is good to write classified texts, proving Protestant truth, on the back of the floral-cards. Those who have Testaments can find the passages, and they can be talked over in the visits at home. Thus sound doctrine will come to replace error, as light dispels darkness. They are not afraid of De Lacy's Testament, authorized by their own church.

"I am now forming a lending library, the books to be changed when visiting. Other hints might be given to those to whom mission work is new, but to the earnest worker experience is the best teacher. Enough has been said to show the willing-minded possessor of a small income that a happy, useful life may be found in France. I must add, however, that though this casual work is good, something different is needed to make France a 'missionary nation'—aggressive, thorough, consecutive work, conversion, training, teaching, ploughing, clearing, planting in this large field. Still, this preliminary work may produce material for after and more decisive work, for which much might be done by combined workers with combined incomes, living independently, and done, too, on the self-supporting thrift system, with effective and lasting results."

AN AFGHAN CONVERT.

DR. T. P. HUGHES, who has spent over twenty years in missionary work among the Afghans, relates the following incident, which shows how powerful are the influences operating in that country against the propagation of Christianity. It also shows that when once the faith in Christ has found an entrance into the heart—even a heart so dark as that of an untutored Afghan—persecution, social ostracism, and all the power Satan has at command, cannot overcome it.

Dr. Hughes says: "Myrad Ali, a native of Koonah, indirectly descended from Mohammed, through the influence of the Holy Spirit embraced Christianity and was baptized. We sent him down to L— for four years, and when he returned he said, 'I must go back to my village.' I said, 'They will kill you.' 'I can't help it,' said he; 'I must see my brother.'

"He went. We both prayed earnestly before he went. I followed him in my prayers. A few days afterward I received a letter from him saying, 'Circumstances have been too great for me; I shall declare myself a Mohammedan in the Mosque on Friday next.' I went to the neighboring village to that in which he was staying and sent for him, and he came and stood before me.

"Ah," said he, 'mine is the case of the rich young man in the Gospel. When I returned to the village, to the scenes in which I had roved in my early days; when I saw the cradle in which I had been rocked; the little lanes in which I had played as a boy; when the old nurse came to me and threw herself at my feet and said, 'Your dear mother was a Mohammedan—you do not remember her; she died when you were a month old. She was such a sweet and tender creature. Your father was almost the chief man here, and he was a Mohammedan; are you better than your father? Do you believe that your father and mother are in hell and that you will go to heaven?' Then they sent for the priests of the village, and they came in and reasoned, and I seemed almost off my head, and the devil came and forced home the reasonings of the priests, and in a moment I said I will declare myself a Mohammedan in the Mosque.'

"I prayed with him; we remained nearly the whole evening together in prayer. Then he departed from me on his white pony. Oh, how I followed that man with pleading and prayer! I went back home humiliated, as only a mission-

ary can feel. I went back to Peshawar feeling that God was humiliating me in the presence of my Afghan friend.

"But the day following, who should enter my little residence but Myrad Ali. 'Oh, sir,' said he, 'when I went back to my village I told my brother that I had seen you; and although these lips of mine would declare on Friday that I was a Mohammedan, at heart I am a Christian.' He then said I must clear out of the village at once. 'Why, we shall all be murdered if you remain; and here I am, sir, the prodigal returned.'

"And last week, I received a letter from my fellow-laborer, Azrad Ali, who is going on well, and he tells me this young man is now a magistrate—the first Afghan Christian magistrate the world has ever seen."

THE ANGLO-RUSSIAN CRISIS IN PROPHECY.

Its Sudden Development—Foreseen Twenty-Seven Years Ago—The Exposition of Mr. Beales—Policy of the Prince of Rosh—Ezekiel's Prophecy Partially Fulfilled—The Testimony of Historians—Inevitable Isolation of England.

THE present international crisis which is agitating the people of the British Empire has come upon the nation, and upon other nations which are merely spectators, with the suddenness of a thunderbolt from a clear sky. While the interest in foreign affairs was concentrated on the inglorious and disastrous campaign in the Sudan, suddenly another question comes to the front, of interest so absorbing that the whole affair of the Sudan sinks into insignificance. Who would have thought three months ago that the announcement of the chief of the British Government that the Sudan would be evacuated, and that all this expense in men and money would be suffered to go for nothing, with no result accomplished—who would have thought that such an announcement would be made without provoking indignant protest? Yet so it has been. All eyes are directed to the East, and all thoughts are concerned with the more important question, Is England in honor bound to fight Russia? and can she hope to grapple successfully unaided with that gigantic power?

Unexpectedly has this crisis come upon statesmen and cabinets, yet the student of prophecy is not taken by surprise. Twenty-seven years ago an eminent expositor, guided by the light of

INSPIRED PROPHECY,

expressed his conviction that about this time the world would witness such a movement on the part of Russia as that which has agitated England and all nations within the past few weeks. In 1858 a book was published entitled "Armageddon," the author of which, the late Mr. Charles Beales, having patiently studied the prophecies of the Bible, gave to the world the results of his study in this book, which displays considerable learning, literary skill, and remarkable ingenuity. In it he showed how the first portion of Ezekiel's prophecy, and especially the first half of the passages (Ezek. 38:4 and 39:2), had been fulfilled by the Czar of Russia in his attack on Turkey. He also expressed the belief that as

PRINCE OF ROSH

"Gog of the land of Magog, the chief (Russia), Meshech (Moscow), and Tubal" (To-bolsk), he would invade Palestine with a vast army after the Jews shall have been restored there at the time of the latter-day war of Armageddon (an epoch which evidently in the present year, 1885, is yet a few years distant). He then adds [Vol. III., p. 545]: "It is more than probable that Gog of the land of Magog may occupy the prophetic interval of time which has yet to elapse before his permitted aggression upon Palestine, by wrecking his vengeance upon England in the invasion of India."

In proof of his theory that India was the objective point of the Russian foreign policy, and that even at that date, now twenty-seven years ago, Russia was stealthily advancing with the leopard-like movement (Daniel 7:6 and Rev. 13:2) toward her prey, Mr. Beales quoted several standard authorities, among them Oliphant's

"Russian Shores of the Black Sea," Sheil's "Persia," Ferrier's "Caravan Journeys," and Alison's "History of Europe," Vol. VI., pp. 557-571. These writers, treating of secular history, corroborate on their side the ancient prophet, whose eyes, opened by the Omnipotent Ruler of the universe, saw the events of the future stretched out before him. The following are among the passages cited by Mr. Beales :

"When Persia is no longer able to resist the demands of Russia (says Oliphant), and Cabul only anxious to aid her designs, the tenure by which Great Britain holds her dominion in India will be materially affected, and it may be thus affected sooner than we anticipate ; for surely, during the present crisis of Eastern affairs, these results are not to be deemed altogether speculative." So also Lady Sheil. "Excluded from prosecuting her ambitious projects in other quarters [Constantinople, from which she has been twice driven back], revenge, the desire of retrieving her *prestige*—all conspire to urge Russia to the East. She will await the favorable moment in patience, moving forward in the mean while by the wiles she is reputed to understand so well. In the Crimean War, in 1855, she was opposed by England, France, Turkey, and Italy ; next time these conditions may be changed."

Ferrier, after showing the supposed impossibility of the Russians reaching the frontiers of India, and crossing the Indus, to be an illusion, "when they have made up their minds to attack India," concludes a careful review of the whole subject with the following words : "The two principal cities of Afghanistan once in the hands of the Russians, they would become the arbiters of the various and conflicting interests of Central Asia, and could unite them all in their own favor, by proclaiming that they march to the conquest of India, with a view of restoring the national dynasties, subverted by their enemies. The very presence of the Russians in that country would of itself immediately create a hostile feeling against their

ADVERSARIES AMONG THE NATIVES : many chiefs and their dependents would take arms ; the English would then find their rear menaced and on their own territory. Sir R. Shakespeare was right when he said to the Khan of Khiva, 'We have a garden which is India ; the walls are the fortified towns of Tartary and Afghanistan. Let the Russians once seize them, and our garden is theirs.' The Czar only waits the fall of the Caucasus to strike his talons into Afghanistan. He intends then to carry his arms into Turkistan, which he has already encircled with a chain of fortresses. The distance from thence to Herat is short, and the road is easy. If the Persians are not masters of it, and do not open the way, the Russian army in ten days can do so, and will once at Herat, who can foresee where they will stop."

[Since this was written, the Russians have seized the Caucasus and Turkistan, as Ferrier predicted, and are now advancing toward Herat.]

Alison, in his "History of Europe," writes in the same strain :

"The Court of St. Petersburg [he observes] never trusts anything to chance, or the hazardous accidents of unprepared warfare. Slowly but steadily advancing, like the Romans, by the construction of roads and the erection of fortresses, and then successively rendering each conquest the base of operations for the next, it has succeeded for a century past, without experiencing any lasting disaster, in advancing its dominion over the wildest regions in every direction. The march to the river Indus is long, the mountains intervening high, the difficulties great ; but the distance is not so great, the country not so arid, the wilds not so interminable, as the route to Kamchatka, which is daily traversed by her troops without difficulty."

THIS IS A CORRESPONDENCE, as Mr. Beales showed, of no slight importance between two independent narratives. The inspired prophet on the mount of heavenly vision saw the prominent facts rearing their heads

above the ways of the world, as the mountain climber sees below him the spires and monuments and other elevated objects, but not the intervening country ; the secular historian sees the paths along which governments have marched, and when it is asked, Where will the journey end ? the prophet and the historian are in accord.

It must be noted also that the indications are clear that either by conquest, by internal rebellion, or by her own voluntary act England will eventually lose control of India. As we said in 1866 ["Forty Coming Wonders," p. 39], both India and Ireland, and with them all the British Colonies and dependencies, will be separated from Great Britain before the formation of the ten-kingdomed confederacy. The separation may not be formal and avowed. They may not be independent States in name, but they will cease to be under the legislative control of England, and will be independent in action and government, even though their nominal allegiance may be maintained. The old Roman Empire, of which they formed no part, will, in those latter days, comprise neither more nor less than it did originally, and the host of colonies and dependencies which now acknowledge British sway will not be carried with Great Britain into the ten-kingdomed confederacy. Canada and Australia have already local self-government, which lacks little of complete independence, while India and Ireland, the two most important countries which England governs directly, are held by a most precarious grasp. This menace to India and the intestine troubles in Ireland are intimations of what would happen if England's power should be weakened. Already restive, they would break away, and, like ancient Rome, England would have neither the will nor the strength to compel their submission.

ANECDOTES RELATED AT THE EVANGELISTIC MEETINGS IN SCOTLAND.

A Spanish Fisher Boy's Salvation.—At a recent meeting the Rev. Mr. Gault narrated : "There was a little Spanish fisher-boy whose teacher had a Latin Bible, but he got it translated into Spanish, and this little boy, when he went to school, read the Bible, where he learned of the love of Jesus. Soon he found the hidden treasure, which only a diligent seeker finds. Soon afterward one of their most important religious festivals occurred, and this little fisher-boy said : 'Last year, at this season, I carried the cross upon my shoulders ; but this year I carry Jesus in my heart.'"

Saved on a Race-course.—A Devoted Evangelist said : "A Christian man was giving away tracts at a race-course. He offered one to a man, who rudely said, 'No, I don't want your tracts ; give me the commandments.' 'Ah ! my friend,' said the tract distributor, 'what have these commandments done for you ? Have you kept them ?' That is another question, was the response. 'Shall I tell you,' said the messenger of God, 'that these very commandments have condemned you, and that it was needful that a sacrifice should be made whereby we might escape from the deserved punishment ?' After being shown the way of escape through Christ as the only Saviour, the man received the message of salvation with gladness, and went on his way rejoicing. May the Lord keep him !"

The Devil after his Prey.—"I once Read a fable which represented Satan coming to take possession of some one. He first cast his eyes on a young man sitting on the top of a car. He thought, 'I will go and take possession of this young man and make him do my work.' So thinking, he darted at his longed-for prey ; but when he came close to him, he staggered back, for the young man was singing, 'Guide me, oh Thou great Jehovah.' Seeing he could get no resting-place there, he made his way to a garret, where sat an old woman at a spinning-wheel. She was very poor and in great want, and Satan thought, 'I will make that old woman believe anything.' But again he was defeated, for the

old woman was saying, 'I will trust in the Lord, and He will provide.' Satan had again to turn away, for he could not be in the presence of one who was so near God. He was next seen entering the house of an old man who was dying. He was more embarrassed now than ever, for the old man was quietly repeating, 'Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil,' etc. Again Satan had to turn away disappointed. This is the strongest weapon we have for fighting the great enemy of our souls, for he will not come near one who is thinking of Jesus Christ, and so living, we need not fear to die."

Perdition through Putting Off.—Mr. Drysdale related : "A young student was asked by some friends to give his heart to the Saviour, but he flippantly replied, 'Not yet, until I am done with my student life !' The time specified soon expired, and the young man was about to enter into business, and again he was asked to give himself to the Saviour, to which he answered, 'Not until I make some money ; I have no time now.' God greatly prospered him in business, and the same all-important question was again asked him, but he once more put it aside by saying, 'Oh, wait until I get married, and then I will think of these things.' It pleased God to give him a godly wife, and after he had a large family growing up about him, the question was again pressed upon him, but still he eluded it by saying, 'When I have made my fortune, I will think of these things ; he got his way, his fortune was made, but a few weeks after he retired from business he burst a blood vessel, which caused his death, and he died without Christ."

What a Falling Off was There!—Mr. J. G. Forbes related : "When I was at business lately, I met with a man whom I asked, 'Are you a Christian ?' To this he replied, 'You asked me that before, and I promised to come to the meeting ; but I was working late.' 'Indeed,' I replied, but did not believe him. He turned away, but came back again, and said, 'I wish to tell you, sir, that I was not working late : I came to the open-air meeting, and when it was over I went right to the rum-shop. Not very long ago I was an earnest Christian, and it was my greatest delight to win souls for Christ. God blessed me with a comfortable home and wife and children, but oh, sir, I am a backslider, and my poor wife and children have suffered much from my cruel treatment. I am one of the worst men in the world,' he exclaimed ; 'I have cried to the Lord with all my heart, and at those times I feel worse than ever.' 'You have been cherishing some secret sin in your heart, and that is why you do not get relief,' I said. That man has now returned to the Lord, who has said, 'I will heal your backsliding. I will forgive you freely.'"

What Changed Bella's Mind.—An Evangelist related that Dr. Nettleton at one time went to call on a friend, and when entering the dining-room he met the mistress of the house coming out, and in angry tones she exclaimed, 'I wish, Doctor, you would speak to Bella about her soul, for I cannot make any impression.' The mother had spoken to her daughter about her sins, but, alas ! like many others, had not gone in the right way about it. She had spoken in an annoyed manner, and even grew angry, which is never a way to bring a soul to Jesus. At the first opportunity Dr. Nettleton spoke to Bella, but her answer was that she was *too young*. "May I ask how old you are ?" said the Doctor. She replied, "I am nineteen, and I will give myself to the Lord when I am thirty." "As I came through the cemetery," said Dr. Nettleton, "I came upon the grave of a friend of yours, and she died at the age of nineteen." At the remembrance of this Bella burst into a flood of tears, and sobbed out, "Oh, Dr. Nettleton, I cannot wait another year ; I will give myself to the Lord just now." Before Dr. Nettleton left that house there was joy in the presence of the angels over another sinner that had repented.



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CURRENT EVENTS.

The Monthly Treasury Statement just Issued shows the effect of the increased depression in business. The reduction in the public debt was \$4,837,339. During the ten months now expired of the fiscal year, the receipts have been \$263,000,000. It was estimated that the revenue for the year would amount to \$330,000,000, so that unless the receipts during May and June are largely above the average, the year will show a large falling off. The falling off is in customs as well as in internal revenue, which are, in both cases, not only less than the estimate, but less than the amount they produced last year. The expenditures, on the other hand, have increased. They have exceeded those of the corresponding period of last year by \$19,000,000. Present indications are that, reckoning the required contribution to the sinking fund, the income will exceed the expenditures by something less than two millions. There is, therefore, little prospect of any changes in the fiscal policy of the government being made by Congress.

Encouraging Reports of General Grant's Health were issued every day last week. The improvement in his general physical condition and in his energy and spirits was very marked, though no distinct assurances respecting the cancer are afforded by the physicians. Whether it is really a cancer we are not told, but there has been no authoritative contradiction issued of the first statement that it was a cancer. Vague reports are in circulation that there is a possibility of a new discovery having been made which will show that cocaine, which was freely used locally to deaden the pain, is a cure for the disease, but the physicians are silent on this subject also. The whole people, however, are glad to learn that the General has given practical proof of renewed strength by resuming work on his book. On two days last week he dictated to a stenographer for an hour, which shows that his throat must be much better. Monday, April 27th, was his sixty-third birthday, and he was greatly cheered by receiving from all sections of the country the heartiest congratulations and good wishes. It was, by a strange coincidence, Memorial Day in the South, and the Confederate Survivors' Association, of Augusta, Ga., after their parade telegraphed to the illustrious sufferer their sincere congratulations on his

birthday. In the evening General Grant sent out a comprehensive response in these words: "To the various army posts, societies, cities, public schools, States, corporations, and individuals, North and South, who have been so kind as to send me congratulations on my sixty-third birthday, I wish to offer my grateful acknowledgments. The despatches have been so numerous and so touching in tone that it would have been impossible to answer them if I had been in perfect health. U. S. GRANT."

The Hon. Anthony M. Keiley, of Virginia, whose portrait appeared in the last number of this journal, has been appointed Minister to Austria-Hungary instead of to Italy. That appointment is less objectionable than the other, and if Mr. Keiley is to go anywhere as the representative of the United States, perhaps he will do less harm in Vienna than elsewhere. It is a pity that he should be sent to any place in Europe as a minister. In a recent speech he declared that he had not changed his views about the temporal power of the Pope, a fact which ought to disqualify him for any mission. The rule of the Pope over the people of the Pontifical States was of a character which should be odious to any American imbued with love of liberty, and a man who wished that rule perpetuated does not fitly represent the United States. Besides this, he openly declared, a few days ago, that his own State is, in his opinion, under a government founded on "a gross and bloody violation of public rights." We hope he will not repeat that statement in Vienna. Mr. Keiley has a perfect right to hold such opinions and to express them, but what must we think of the President and the Secretary of State who selected such a man as a representative of the United States at a European court?

An Epidemic of Malignant Typhoid Fever is desolating Plymouth, Pa., a town of about nine thousand inhabitants. It first showed itself two weeks ago, and spread rapidly. At the commencement of last week seven hundred persons in all lay ill with the disease, and the deaths averaged three a day. It attacked young and old, rich and poor, and business was practically suspended. On Friday there were one hundred and ninety new cases, and on Saturday an increase of one hundred and sixty-five cases was reported, and there were eight deaths. To add to the affliction, there is a great deal of destitution among the stricken families. At best it is only a hand-to-mouth existence with many families in the little town, and when sickness comes to add to their troubles they must succumb to want. For over three years the mines have only been worked on half time, and it was all the men could do to provide their large families with the commonest of food. Now a great majority of them are not able to work at all, even when they have the opportunity. The wealthier citizens, especially a Jewish merchant, are contributing money nobly, and the physicians and drug-store proprietors attend to all cases, even when there is no prospect of payment. It is expected, however, that if the epidemic continues a relief committee must be organized, as the distress is extreme. Other cities may learn a lesson from this sad calamity. *It is caused by polluted drinking water and defective sanitary arrangements.*

The Extraordinary Appropriation for which Mr. Gladstone asked Parliament was voted by an overwhelming majority on April 27th. Mr. Gladstone's speech on the occasion was one of his most brilliant efforts, and it raised his reputation everywhere as that of an honorable, conscientious statesman, determined to avert war if it was possible by any sacrifice short of national dishonor. In the course of his speech he said the government considers it necessary to have the entire resources of the empire well in hand for use and application wherever they may be required. In regard to the alleged smallness of the special vote, he reminded the House that it is the largest that has been asked since the Crimean War, and is also coincident with large increases in the annual army and navy votes.

Furthermore, he said, the case relates primarily to India. In order fully to appreciate the amount entailed, it is requisite to know the extent of the measures being taken in India. The case is not one of war, actual or perhaps proximate. He did not feel called upon to define the degree of danger, but he would say in regard to the sad contingency of an outbreak of war or rupture of relations with Russia, that Her Majesty's Government had striven to conduct the diplomatic controversy in such a way that it unhappily ended in a violent rupture, they might at least be able to challenge the verdict of civilized mankind whether or not they had done all that men could do, and had used every just and honorable effort to prevent the plunging of two such countries into bloodshed and despair. In spite of the efforts of the New York Herald and other journals to stir up ill-feeling toward England and enlist sympathy for Russia, the general feeling of the American people is that Russia is the aggressor in the quarrel, and that England has the better claim on our good will.

The Fluctuating Rumors from Europe kept the world in suspense throughout last week on the subject of the Anglo-Russian difficulty. The prospect varied from day to day, as facts were cable which were thought to indicate the probability of a peaceful solution or the reverse. At the close of the week the indications were inclined to peace, though the basis of hope was of the smallest and most precarious character. It was asserted that England and Russia had agreed to submit to the decision of the King of Denmark, as arbitrator, the question in dispute respecting the battle of March 31st. The two governments are diametrically opposed on that question. The English commissioner, Sir Peter Lumsden, who is on the spot, denounced the Russian attack on the Afghans as an unprovoked, wanton act of aggression, while General Komaroff, the Russian commander, declared that the Afghans had advanced in a menacing attitude. The question of veracity is really the one at issue, and it is this on which the King of Denmark is, it is said, to adjudicate. The real question involved is the boundary line between the Russian territory and Afghanistan. In this England is said to have made important concessions, agreeing to accept the boundary claimed by Russia and technically known as the "Lessar" line, providing Russia will pledge herself to make that the "abiding" limit to her encroachments. It is possible that Russia will give this pledge, as she has found by experience that the most solemn pledges may at a convenient time be disregarded under the plea of the exigency of circumstances. She has never allowed pledges to obstruct her will when there is anything to be gained by breaking them. European statesmen believe that if war is averted it is a temporary arrangement, and that sooner or later Russia and England will have to fight for the prize in Asia.

The Financial Statement of the British Government shows that war preparations and the Sudan expenses will entail heavy burdens on the people. The accounts of the past year show a deficit of \$5,245,000. This with the \$55,000,000 now voted will throw on the current year a burden of over \$60,000,000. Only a part of this large sum will be covered this year. An increase of the tax paid on income by more than one-half, and which will now amount to one-thirtieth of the income, is proposed, and the tax on beer and spirits will be increased. Mr. Childers announced, before making his statement, that it would be a demand on the patriotism of the people. He might have called it a practical test of their sincerity. It is probable that many who are now screaming for war and setting their own opinions of the situation against those of statesmen who know all the facts, will reconsider when they are asked to contribute one-thirtieth of their income to pay preliminary expenses. It is the middle-classes who will feel the strain most, workmen do not pay income-tax, and the wealthy can afford to pay it.

The Contributions Received Last Week For the fund for supplying colored ministers in the South and others with the **CHRISTIAN HERALD**, amounted to \$87. They were in the following sums: From Muscatine, Iowa, \$50; Idaho Springs, Col., \$1; Lockport, N. Y., \$2; Victor, Iowa, \$1; a well-wisher, \$5; a friend, \$1; C. H., W. Va., \$2; and \$25, the donor of which desires to remain unindicated in any way. Remarkable instances of conversion through God's blessing on the circulation of this journal have been reported to us from time to time, and we should be glad to hear of more of them, as would also those friends whose kindness enables us to send the paper to many who cannot afford to pay for it. If any of the colored ministers whose names are thus on our list meet with such cases in their work, perhaps they would be kind enough to send a report of them, addressed J. S. Box 1749, Muscatine, Iowa.

A Bible Institute will be Held in Chicago in May and June for Christian workers. Rev. W. G. Moorehead, D. D., Xenia, O.; Rev. E. P. Goodwin, D. D., of Chicago, and Major D. W. Whittle, are among the instructors. Inquiries should be addressed to Miss E. Dryer, Bible Institute, 150 Madison Street, Chicago.

Bible Carriage Work, which has Proved Successful in England and other European countries, is to be commenced here shortly. Two young Englishmen, one of whom is familiar with the work, are arranging to commence an extensive tour with a Bible carriage. They propose visiting country places where there is no church, and holding services of a strictly unsectarian character; they intend also making a house-to-house visitation, with the view of disposing of Bibles, tracts, and religious literature. The carriage and their stock will cost \$200, which they are now collecting from friends interested in the undertaking. Among those who are assisting them are, we are informed, Mr. McBurney, of the New York Young Men's Christian Association; and the Rev. Dr. Rainford, of St. George's Protestant Episcopal Church of New York. Inquiries, suggestions, and gifts are received by Mr. C. H. Andrews, 418 East Twenty-sixth Street, New York.

How Criminals are Developed Was Explained at a public meeting in New York last week by Mr. W. M. F. Round, the Secretary of the Prison Association. He said that in the course of his visits to the prisons he had found a deplorable state of things existing. In one of them he saw a horse thief, a burglar, and a boy arrested for larceny all in easy communication with one another, and all in equal danger of being either burned to death or dying from malaria. Out of sixty-six county jails in this State, Mr. Round said, twenty-three were like this one. In some of them men and women could talk to one another in the same corridor. Some of the county jails were tolerably fair, and others were altogether too comfortable—mere boarding-houses for thieves and tramps. Mr. Round told of one jail in which he found the prisoners playing cards, and the sheriff told him that he "always did the best he could to make it home-like for 'em." Mr. Round mentioned, for the benefit of sceptical persons, several instances of criminals being permanently reformed whose sincerity he had seen severely tested.

A Curious Surgical Operation without Precedent in this country was performed recently in Bellevue Hospital, New York. A girl was taken there whose arm had been crushed and lacerated in a machine. The wound was healed, but the girl could not move her fingers, the muscles being dead. She returned to the hospital, and the surgeons decided it was a case which could only be cured by muscle-grafting. She was put under the influence of chloroform. A large dog was brought in and placed under the influence of an anæsthetic on another table close by. An incision was made into the skin which had formed over the scar on the girl's forearm, and a piece of live muscle taken from the dog's leg was inserted. Her blood passed

into it, the skin was laid back, and the arm carefully bandaged. The dog's leg was humanely dressed and bound up, and he was removed from the room before the girl recovered consciousness. She is now, after an interval of three weeks, able to use her hand with her former ease. Skillful as the surgeons were, their skill would have availed nothing without the living muscle. It is so in spiritual maladies; the finest philosophy and the grandest theories cannot quicken the dead soul. Contact with the living Saviour is the only way from death to life (John 6: 53).

A Gigantic Snow-Slide in Colorado Involved the loss of eleven lives. On April 27th a party started out from Leadville, Col., to the Homestake Mine, on Eagle River, to see what had become of eleven miners who had been missed from their usual haunts in Leadville. Arriving at the mine they found that the hut in which the men lived had been crushed by an enormous snow-slide. Excavation was at once commenced, and after an hour's hard work the corpses were found. One body stood erect with the head thrown forward, as if listening, the whole position indicating apprehension. Near him lay one of his companions in a bunk, with his face downward and arms crossed under the head. Several logs lay on the body. One man was found beside his bunk in an attitude of prayer. In another part of the cabin were two bodies crushed between fallen timbers. Other bodies were found lying about the cabin, as if thrown from the bunks by the shock. Death had evidently been instantaneous with all. The sight was so terrible that even the rough rescuers, unused as they were to pity, were moved to tears. No one could witness a scene so sad without commiseration for the poor victims, yet we know that even a fate like theirs will one day be covered by impenitent sinners rather than that which awaits them (Rev. 6: 15-17).

Why Cannot a Base-ball Player Catch a Ball dropped from the top of the Washington Monument? The question is asked and answered in a journal devoted to matters connected with out-door amusements. It seems that four expert base-ball players have tried the experiment and have failed to hold the ball. The failure is owing to the velocity attained by the ball in its descent. The journal states that a ball so dropped has a velocity of one hundred and eighty-seven feet per second when it strikes the ground. This velocity can be better comprehended by comparing it with a batted ball. No one has been known to make a longer hit than two hundred yards which, by scientific calculation, must have had a velocity at the start of one hundred feet per second. Allowing the same ball to have been hit with sufficient force to give it the same velocity at the starting point that it acquires in falling from the monument top, it would have gone five hundred and forty-four yards, and no one would dare attempt to catch it. The same principle is in operation in morals. The momentum increases as a man descends in the abyss of sin. Some have fallen so far and have been falling so long a time that human strength seems powerless to stop them; but they are never beyond God's reach while they live and can call upon Him to save them (Isa. 1: 18).

That he was not an Orphan as he had Supposed is a discovery made a few days ago by a man in West Virginia. One of the leading lawyers at the bar of that State is Mr. T. M. Smith, a young man who resides at Hamlins. He went there from Meigs County, Ohio, but he had no friends there, and believed until lately that he had neither father nor mother, brother nor sister surviving. A West Virginia newspaper states that Mr. Smith has made an important discovery. It appears that his mother, who resided with her husband in New Jersey, died when this son was about three months old. In obedience to her dying request, her brother, T. M. Jaynes, took charge of the infant, and soon afterward removed to Ohio. For reasons not stated Jaynes allowed Smith to believe that both his

parents were dead. He gave him a good education, and saw him well started in life. Recently an item in a New York newspaper attracted Mr. Smith's attention, and he wrote to the party named. A correspondence followed, which resulted in the discovery that Mr. Smith's father, three brothers, and four sisters are living in Salem, N. J. Mr. Smith has set out to visit his kindred, of whose existence he had been ignorant all his life. Although Mr. Smith seems to have got along very well without parental assistance, the discovery that he is not alone in the world must be very pleasant to him, and it is not wonderful that he promptly set out to make his father's acquaintance. It is so with the enlightened sinner. When the revelation reaches his heart that God is his Father and loves him in spite of his wanderings and his sins, life takes a new shape, and the son is ever anxious to know more of his Father's character and will (Rom. 8: 15-17).

A Bridegroom Prescribed by a Physician was taken by a grateful patient, as recently related by an old resident of Washington, D. C. The physician was the father of General Hunt, and was reputed one of the ugliest men of his time. But he married an exceedingly handsome young lady, one of the belles of Maryland. Some years afterward he was asked how he persuaded the lady to marry him. He said: "When she was attending boarding-school her eyes became injured and she was blinded. I was called to prescribe for her. For some time I kept her eyes bandaged, and though we became well acquainted, and she finally recovered her sight, she did not see me. About a year afterward we chanced to be together at a reception. She knew that I was the doctor who had cured her eyes, and that evening she came to me, complained of suffering from a severe cold, and asked me to prescribe. I took from my pocket a blank prescription and wrote: 'Dr. Hunt; to be taken immediately.' She read it and looked up laughingly. Our engagement followed, and soon after we were married." Dr. Hunt's ugliness proved no bar to his suit when he prescribed for the young lady, for she had evidently already learned to love him, and she owed her eyesight to his skill. Love, as the Christian well knows, may be inspired by one not seen, and in his case he owes to Him whom he loves, far more than eye-sight (1 Peter 1: 8).

A Great Gold Nugget was Found Under the old stump of a tree in Victoria some time ago. The circumstance was described recently by a miner to the reporter of a San Francisco journal. He said: "There was an unusually rich diggings in the vicinity of Mount Moliagul, Victoria, that had made a hundred men rich. It had been thoroughly worked in every direction, and it was thought that every grain of gold in the neighborhood had been collected. The crowd that once made the camp a busy scene of life had all gone away, leaving the shanties to the mercy of the weather, which soon made them a picturesque ruin. Off toward the east there was a solitary tree stump, standing on a pillar of earth, that had not been cut away by the gold-hunters because of the old roots of the tree that spread through the soil. It was not more than ten feet in circumference that had been left by the diggers. One day two miners came to the deserted camp and stopped over night on the site of the old camp. It occurred to them that the ground under the stump was as likely to prove rich as the portions of the neighboring field that had yielded so much gold. They began by undermining one side of the stump, but before they had dug in three feet they discovered an enormous nugget, one of the most valuable that had been found in the whole diggings. Those who are seeking for souls, more precious than gold, need never despair of finding unoccupied ground. Our fathers found such precious treasure in the neglected missionary field, and there is still much treasure awaiting the seeker there and in our own slums (Ps. 126: 6).

THE MAN CHRIST JESUS.

A New Sermon by Pastor C. H. Spurgeon.*

"Now consider how great this man was."—HEBREWS 7:4.

Melchizedek's Greatness—Many-Sided—Christ's Surpassing Greatness—I. An Exhortation to Consider it—Christ's Claim on the Consideration—Needs to be Considered—Brings Reward—II. Aids to Consideration—His Relationship to God—And to Men—The Surroundings of His Advent—His Mysterious Birth—His Life—Grandly Victorious—In His Death—In His Resurrection—In His Second Advent—III. Practical Lessons—His Infinite Power—Blessings for Seekers.

CONSIDER how great Melchizedek was. There is something majestic about every movement of that dimly-revealed figure. His one and only appearance is thus fully described in the Book of Genesis: "And Melchizedek, King of Salem, brought forth bread and wine: and he was the priest of the most high God. And he blessed him, and said, Blessed be Abram of the most high God, possessor of heaven and earth; and blessed be the most high God, which hath delivered thine enemies into thy hand. And he gave him tithes of all." We see but little of him, yet we see nothing little in him. He is here and gone, as far as the historic page is concerned, yet is he "a priest forever," and "it is witnessed that he liveth." Everything about him is on a scale majestic and sublime. "Consider how great this man was" in the combination of his offices. He was duly appointed both

PRIEST AND KING;

king of righteousness and peace, and at the same time priest of the Most High God. It may be said of him that he sat as a priest upon his throne. He exercised the double office to the great blessedness of those who were with him; for his one act toward Abraham would seem to be typical of his whole life; he blessed him in the name of the Most High God.

"Consider how great this man was" in his supremacy over all around him. He met Abraham when he was returning as a conqueror from the overthrow of the robber kings; and the victorious patriarch bowed before him and gave him tithes of the best of the spoil. Without a moment's hesitation the man of God recognized the priest of God, and paid to him the tribute of a subject to the officer of a great king. When Paul had once proved that Melchizedek was greater than Abraham, he felt that he had clearly proved him to be.

GREATER THAN ALL OTHERS.

at least to the Hebrews; for the seed of Abraham can recognize none greater than Abraham; and since Abraham by paying tithes acknowledges his subordination to Melchizedek, it is clear that the priest of the Most High God was the greatest of men.

"Consider how great this man was" as to the singularity of his person, "without father, without mother, without descent"—that is to say, we know nothing as to his birth, his origin, or his history. Even this explanation hardly answers to the words, especially when it is added, "Having neither beginning of days, nor end of life." So mysterious is Melchizedek that many deeply-taught expositors think that he was veritably an appearance of our Lord Jesus Christ. They are inclined to believe that he was not a king of some city in Canaan, as the most of us suppose, but that he was a manifestation of the Son of God, such as were the angels that appeared to Abraham on the plains of Mamre, and that divine being who appeared to Joshua by Jericho, and to the three holy ones in the furnace.

"Consider how great this man was" in his being altogether unique. There is another "after the order of Melchizedek," the glorious Antitype in whom Melchizedek himself is absorbed; but apart from him Melchizedek is unique. I shall leave you to that consideration; for my business this morning is not with Melchizedek, but with a greater than he. I shall

take my text in its connection, but lift it up to a higher application. Beloved friends, if Melchizedek was so great, how much greater is that man whom Melchizedek represents! If the type is so wonderful, what must the Antitype be! I invite you to consider "how great" is He of whom it is written, "The Lord swore and will not repent, Thine are a priest forever after the order of Melchizedek." I will not say "Consider how great this man was," for there is no verb; the "was" is inserted in italics by the translators. We are to consider "how great this man." Say "was" if you will, but read also "is," and "shall be." Consider how great this man was and is, and is to be.

1. First, then, let me exhort you to consider how great this man, the Lord Jesus Christ, is. This subject claims your consideration. I do not think it should be a matter of option with you whether you will now consider the greatness of your Lord or not;

IT IS HIS DUE

and right that you should consider His greatness. For He of whom we speak—"this man"—is one well known among us. If you be true to your profession He is one most dear to you, to whom you owe all things, aye, owe your very selves. He is one between whom and you there is a troth plighted; you are espoused unto Him, your hearts are His, even as His heart is yours. If you do not consider Him, who will? He has loved you, and given Himself for you. Strangers may listen to our teaching at this time, and in vain we may cry,

"Is it nothing to you, all ye that pass by?
Is it nothing to you that Jesus should die?"

But you are no stranger, you are not even a guest in His house, but you are a child living at home with Him. He is your brother, and much more; for He is bone of your bone, and flesh of your flesh. All your interests are wrapped up in Him. You are one with Him; by an endless union, one. I claim, therefore, and I am sure you assent at once to the claim, that you should often consider your Lord, and the greatness of His nature, person, office, and work.

Certainly the subject needs consideration; for, dear friends, we shall never gain an idea of how great He is unless we do consider, and consider much. When the Apostle Paul had known Christ for many years he wrote to the Philippians, and he then expressed himself as desiring to know Christ; for though he knew Him to his own personal salvation, yet he felt that he did not know Him to the full. He owned that he knew the love of Christ, but he added, "it passeth knowledge." In these days of science, falsely so called, determine with the apostle to know nothing among men save Jesus Christ and Him crucified.

Follow out this meditation, I pray you, because there is an exceeding great reward for any man who will "consider how great this man was." I find for myself that the only possibility of my living is living in Christ and unto Christ. Look you about and try to live by

THE WISDOM OF MAN.

Unstable as water and fickle as the wind is the product of human wisdom. The history of philosophy, from the beginning until now, is the history of fools; and never was folly so self-evident as in the philosophy which is now dominant. I believe that within a century it will be found impossible to make men believe that educated men were ever so degraded as to accept the philosophy of the present hour; it will seem to be so altogether absurd and contrary to all reason and common-sense, that it will be rejected with scorn as a popular delusion of a dark age. Even to-day this generation is kicking about like footballs the philosophies of preceding ages, and we may rest assured that future generations will do the same with the dotings of to-day. I find, therefore, that I must come back to the revelation of God. Here is a rock beneath my feet—"God was in Christ, reconciling the world unto Himself, not imputing their trespasses unto them."

II. Let me next assist you to consider how

great this man was. And first, lest the very use of the expression, "this man," should leave anybody for a moment in doubt as to our faith in His Godhead, I bid you consider how great this man was in

HIS RELATIONSHIP TO GOD.

For though He was man, He was not merely man. He was assuredly and truly man in all respects, "man of the substance of his mother," bone of our bone and flesh of our flesh; and yet He was indeed and of a truth very God. Do not think of Him as a divine man, or as a human God; He was neither the one nor the other. He was perfectly man, yet He was infinitely God. Think, then, into what a position of honor and dignity His manhood was uplifted by union with the Godhead in one person.

You, my brethren, are not in doubt upon this vital matter; let me, therefore, ask you to consider "how great this man was" as to His relationship to men. Christ Jesus is the second man, the Lord from heaven. Adam, our first father, was the head of the race, and all men were in him as their representative; in him they stood in the garden; in him, alas! they fell when he broke the divine command, and the Lord took up the quarrel of His covenant, and cast him out of Paradise. "Oh, what a fall was there, my brethren! then you and I and all of us fell down." But now comes in the Lord Jesus Christ as the greater man,

THE REPRESENTATIVE MAN,

in whom none are made to fall, but multitudes arise. In this man the Lord is again well pleased with men. Time was when God looked on rebellious man, and it repented Him that He had made him; but now that He turns His eye to this perfect man He feels no such repentance; but, on the contrary, we read that "God was in Christ reconciling the world unto Himself." For the sake of the man Christ Jesus He deals with the innumerable race of sinners in a way of long-suffering and pity, and does not destroy them. It has sometimes happened that the illustrious deed of one man has served to elevate a class, or even a nation into honor. A grand, heroic deed has welded you not only to that one person but to all His kith and kin. Consider, then, how great this man was, that the divine mind which cannot look upon sin without indignation, nevertheless was so charmed to look upon the person and character of this glorious Man, that an amnesty was proclaimed to the race, and a message was sent to the sons of men bidding them repent and turn to Him and live. "Consider how great this man was."

Let me help you a little further, dear friends, to "consider how great this man was," by reminding you of the surroundings of

HIS FIRST ADVENT.

Thousands of years before His birth holy men had been speaking of Him. Prophets and seers all pointed to Him as The Coming One. That was an august Person toward whom all the past had been laboring, and for whom all the present was agonizing. "How great this man was," that when He came the saints were watching for Him; Simeon and Anna could not depart till He appeared. Angels stood on tip-toe ready to descend and sing, "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good-will toward men." Humble shepherds, as they watched their flocks, did but wait for the signal to hasten to adore Him; and wise men from the East forgot the fatigues of a long journey that they might lay their gold and incense at His feet. "How great this man was," when, being born and laid in a manger, the whole earth was moved by His appearing.

Consider, too, "how great this man was," not only as to the outward circumstances of His coming, but as to the secret mystery of His birth. For this man was not "born in sin," as we are; neither was He "shapen in iniquity." This is a thing to be thought of and considered in our privacy, but it cannot be omitted here. Think of that word of old: "When He bringeth in the firstborn into the world, He saith,

* The first sermon after his return from Mentone.

And let all the angels of God worship Him." Let us, therefore, worship. Reverently forbearing all idle intrusion into the deep things of God, let us go to Bethlehem, and "consider how great this man was."

Now, let us look at

HIS LIFE.

After He emerged from the obscurity of His childhood, what a life was that of our Lord! His greatest adversaries, unless they have been mad, have never dared to speak against His character. If the Christian religion were supposed to be an invention, the existence of the narrative of the life of Jesus would be more wonderful than the facts themselves. The conception of a perfect character requires a perfect mind, and a perfect mind would never have prepared a fiction and imposed it upon men as a veritable history. If the life of Jesus be a fable, then a perfect being has deceived us; and this it is not possible for us to imagine.

The life of Jesus Christ is great throughout. It is so tender and so gentle that it is never little and mean; it is so unselfish that it never ceases to be majestic; it is so condescending that it is pre-eminently sublime. Look at Alexander; he is a great conqueror, but what a pitiful creature he appears when the drunkard's bowl has maddened him! What a poor thing is Napoleon as seen in privacy! In his captivity he was as suppliant as a spoiled child. Consider the Lord Jesus, and it does not matter where you view Him: in the wilderness He is

GRANDLY VICTORIOUS

over temptation; in the crowd He is greatly wise in answering those who would entrap Him. Behold Him in His agony in the Garden; was there ever such an Agonizer? Behold Him as the crucified; did ever cross hold such a sufferer? When Jesus is least He is greatest, and when He is in the direst darkness His brightness is best revealed. In death He destroys death; in the grave He bursts the sepulchre. "Consider how great this man was," the field of His life is ample; do not be slow to investigate it.

Beloved, I cannot speak as I would of Him. The blaze of this Sun blinds me! Yet consider how great this man was

IN HIS DEATH;

for then He appeared as the great Sin-offering, putting away the sin of His people. The Lord had made to meet in Him the iniquity of us all. What a weight was on Him, yet He sustained it! He bore in Himself all that was necessary to vindicate the divine justice until He could truly say, "It is finished." "Lama Sabachthani" is the most terrible word that ever came from human lips; and therefore "It is finished" is the greatest utterance that tongue ever gave forth. The work was colossal; what if I say it was infinite; and therefore our Lord Jesus when He cried "It is finished," had reached the summit of greatness. "Consider how great this man was."

But He has gone up on high, and has led captivity captive. Think of the gifts which were showered down from heaven in consequence of this man's ascent into the highest. For the Holy Spirit descended never to return till the close of this dispensation, and now all the gifts that rest in the church of God, and all the works of regeneration, illumination, sanctification, and the like, which are wrought by the blessed Paraclete, are the effects of the entrance of this man into the secret place of the tabernacles of the Most High.

"Consider how great this man is," and then remember that He shall shortly come to be our Judge! Possibly, while I am yet speaking to you, He may appear; no man knoweth the day nor the hour; but "how great this man is" will be clearly seen when, in flaming fire, He shall take vengeance upon those that will not obey Him. How "great" will He be when in the manifestation of His glory all believers shall be glorified! I think I hear, even now, sounding out of my theme, shouts of "hallelujah, hallelujah," from assembled worlds. I have but reached the fringe of my subject. We see but

the skirts of our Lord's garments; His actual glory is unspeakable, unsearchable. Oh, the depths! Oh, the depths!

III. This in a few words is the practical improvement of the whole subject, with which we must wind up. Consider how great this man was, and as you consider, believe in His infinite

POWER TO BLESS MEN.

He is full of blessing as the sun is full of light, that He may shine upon His needy creatures. Christ is full of blessing that He may bless poor, needy, empty sinners. Dost thou say, poor sinner, "I am so great a sinner that He cannot save me"? Consider what this man did when He was here on earth; He went about and laid His hands on the diseased, and they were cured; He looked at devils, and they fled; He spoke to fevers, and they disappeared. Believe in the infinite blessedness treasured up in Christ for every believing soul, and come and take your share of it this morning.

And then let us ascribe to our Lord Jesus Christ all the honor that our thoughts can compass. Let us give to Him this day our very selves over again. Consider how great this man was, and go away feeling how greatly you are indebted to Him, what great things you ought to do for Him, and how little your greatest thing is when you have done it as compared with the greatness of His deservings.

"Let Him be crowned with majesty

That bowed His head to death;

And be His honor sounded high

By all things that have breath."

Do not you feel that question pressing upon your heart?

"Oh what shall I do

My Saviour to praise!"

Do something; and having done it do more, and yet more. Give up your whole being to the showing forth of how great this Man is!

Once more, considering how great this Man is, do not be afraid, nor troubled, nor tumbled up and down in your thoughts about anything that is happening, or is yet to happen. "Consider how great this man was." Our wise men are going to do away with the old faith; modern culture means to stamp out old-fashioned orthodoxy. Christianity itself is getting to be effete, and something better is to supersede it. Listen! "Why do the heathen rage, and the people imagine a vain thing? The kings of the earth set themselves, and the rulers take counsel together, against the Lord, and against His anointed. He that sitteth in the heaven shall laugh; the Lord shall have them in derision. Yet have I set my king upon my holy hill of Zion." One said to me the other day, "The current of thought does not seem to run in the direction of evangelical religion." Well, I said I should not believe in evangelical religion an atom the more if the current of thought did run that way. We do not believe according to the counting of heads. The currents of men's thoughts are so uncertain that you can better tell the flight of birds, or the changing of English weather. The gospel is perhaps the surer to be true because there are so few who believe it. It is according to our expectation that God's revealed truth should be abhorred and

HATED BY THE WISE MEN

of every generation. I shall not believe the gospel any the less if I am left alone, nor shall I believe it any the more if the whole world shall cry it up. Let God be true and every man a liar. He whose faith stands upon the consensus of popular opinion has placed his feet upon the sand, but he who has read His Bible and has been taught of the Spirit of God what truth is, will hold to it, come what may.

When you consider how great this man is, it seems to me that to be a fool for His sake is the highest wisdom, and that to cling to what He says is the best philosophy, and to believe Him, and none beside, is not alone a duty but a necessity of every Christian spirit. Be of good cheer, dear friends! Let no man's heart fail him because of modern doubt. Let no man be troubled because of the fierceness of the fight. I can

hear already the sounding of the trumpets of the Lord's coming. He is not far away; even if thousands of years intervene before His feet shall touch the Mount of Olivet the victory will never be doubtful. All is done that is required for winning the battle, His blood has been shed, His life has been accepted as a ransom. The eternal decree has settled it, nothing can change it! "He shall see of the travail of His soul, and shall be satisfied." Amen.

[The prayers of the readers of this Journal are requested for the blessing of God upon its Editors, and those whose sermons, articles, or labors for Christ are printed in it; and that its circulation may be used by the Holy Spirit for the conversion of many sinners and the quickening of God's people. Dr. Talmage and Mr. Spurgeon especially request prayer every Sunday morning on behalf of their labors.]

NEW BOOKS.

ASSYRIOLOGY.

Its Use and Abuse in Old Testament Study. By Francis Brown, Associate Professor of Biblical Philology in the Union Theological Seminary, New York. This volume contains, with slight amplifications, an address delivered by Professor Brown to the students of the seminary. It is the sensible, practical advice of a man of profound learning and wide experience to young men, who, being valiant for truth, are liable to take up hastily weapons which may do harm to themselves rather than to their adversaries. There has been undue haste, the professor thinks, in Bible students catching at the dicta of the Assyriologists. The investigation of the history, literature, and art of the Babylonians and Assyrians, as they have been revealed through excavation, has yielded valuable fruit to the defenders of the Bible. Unexpected confirmations of the Biblical records have been found in the cuneiform inscriptions on the clay tablets of the unearthed library; but in accepting the translation without question, and in resting a defence upon it, the zealous advocate may find his standpoint crumble beneath him, as it has already done in one or two instances in which the translators were mistaken. Another mistake has been the summary rejection of the testimony of Assyriology when it apparently conflicts with the Biblical account. This is not the attitude of the truth-seeker, who will rather wait to see if the apparent contradiction be not apparent only. These and other cautions of a like character Professor Brown gives, accompanied by illustrations such as that of George Smith's "Chaldean Account of Genesis."

Of the uses of Assyriology he speaks fully, and shows what are the aids it renders to the Bible student, and the directions in which it is most likely to prove useful in the future, as the work of deciphering proceeds. One illustration will serve to show the line of Professor Brown's treatment. It is the case of Ahab's treatment of Benhadad. There was nothing in the Biblical narrative to explain the magnanimity Ahab displayed toward his fallen foe. It could not be explained on the ground of mercy in Ahab's character, nor in any of the circumstances narrated; it was inexplicable. The tablets reveal the cause. The power of Assyria was then becoming a menace to the West; and as Benhadad's territory lay between Assyria and Ahab's territory, it was Ahab's policy to show leniency toward Benhadad, who would then act as a buffer between himself and Assyria, and, as a matter of fact, the collision, when it did come, took place on Benhadad's land. It is in such information, illuminating obscure points in the Biblical narrative, that Assyriology in one way renders valuable service. The closing words of the book give the key to the author's system of employment of these wonderful records. He says: "It is for us to catch these messages and understand them, that we may fit them into the great fabric of apprehended and acknowledged truth, to the enrichment of ourselves and those who shall be reached by our ministry and to the



Disembarkation of Camels at Dongola.

glory of our common Lord." Pp. 96. Price, \$1. Published by Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

RED-LETTER DAYS:

A Memorial and Birthday Book. By Frances Ridley Havergal. A tastefully prepared little volume is this American edition of the late Miss Havergal's compilation. There is for every day of the year a passage of Scripture and a verse of original poetry, three days to a page, and on the opposite page three blank spaces for the corresponding days. These, as Miss Havergal suggested in her preface, may contain "a record of our red-letter days; for when a day of any special light and gladness comes, whatever may be the occurrence which makes it such to us, we may well call it a red-letter day—that is, a day of holy festival, and thenceforth of hallowed remembrance." Each month has at its commencement a poem by Miss Havergal's father, the Rev. William Henry Havergal, selected by his gifted daughter. The book is prettily bound in cloth, with red edges. Price, 85 cents. Published by Messrs. Anson D. F. Randolph & Co., New York.

DISSEMBARKATION OF CAMELS AT DONGOLA.

(See Illustration on page 301.)

STATESMEN and generals who study history, as they should do, will find it advantageous to give careful attention to the record of the British campaign against the Mahdi, if they have at any future time to decide whether they will undertake to make war in the Soudan. Certainly, if they do, they will not engage in such a war as M. Ollivier engaged in in the Franco-German struggle, "with a light heart." The difficulties that were encountered and overcome by the British in the Soudan were prodigious. With the patience and dogged perseverance that characterize the Anglo-Saxon race, they toiled on, meeting each difficulty as it arose, grappling with it, and surmounting it. Pity it was that so much toil and unwearied effort should have

been wasted. The Soudan campaign accomplished nothing: The Mahdi was practically victorious, and Gordon, and Stewart, and a host of other brave men laid down their lives to no purpose.

The illustration given here represents one of the difficulties which had to be dealt with. To the leisurely Arabs it did not matter how much time a journey consumed, and a long delay was philosophically endured; but the British forces, to whom every day's delay in reaching Khartoum was a source of well-founded anxiety and another day of suffering, hardship, and death from disease, every obstacle was maddening. Two thousand camels in all were required for the transport service, and at one stage of the march they had to be ferried across the river. It was found impracticable to convey more than four of these beasts in any one boat, and so the number of boats and voyages necessary can be calculated. But it is not so easy to reckon how much precious time was lost at this one point. The artist has conveyed with marvellous skill an idea of this vexatious business. His picture indicates, as no words could do, the efforts needed to get each camel from the boat to the land. Ropes attached to the head, other ropes to one leg, and persuasion applied to the rear, men to drag at the ropes and to assist in other ways—all needed to get one camel landed. And there were two thousand of them!

AN AMATEUR EVANGELIST.

(See Illustration on page 301.)

AMONG the dispersing congregation of a city church, one Sunday morning in summer, was a sturdy Christian man, a builder in a small way, who had, after a long and hard struggle, succeeded in accumulating a little fortune. Mr. Oliver's life had been a busy one. Six days' hard work, often with hand as well as brain, left him on Saturday night quite ready and thankful for a day of rest, and much disinclined for a day of active service in Christ's cause. But he meant to take things a little more easily now,

and he meant, too, to give more time and effort to Christian work. "I've neglected it too long, that's a fact," he said. "I've been selfish, looking after my business all the week and taking the Sunday for rest and recuperation, that I might begin again on Monday with fresh strength." The Lord has had an unprofitable servant in me.

Mr. Oliver's thoughts had been turned in that direction with new energy by the sermon to which he had been listening. "I'll begin at once, this very day," he said to himself, with the energy and decisiveness which characterized him and to which he owed his business prosperity. The question was how he should begin, and as he wended his way to his bachelor home he considered the question. His fellow-pedestrians were church-goers like himself, and the avenue was full of them; but as he crossed a street his attention was called to it by the fierce yelps of a dog, and looking down the street he saw several men watching with delight a dog-fight then in progress. It was a low, degraded-looking street, in startling contrast to the avenue out of which it turned. Here was a neglected field of operations, and Mr. Oliver's self-questioning was answered.

Mr. Oliver walked up to the group of loafers lazily loitering against a convenient wall, and said, indicating the side door with his thumb, "Going in there, eh?"

"It ain't open just now," said one of the men; "the cop's around. We'll go in as soon as they open it. Perhaps you'll set 'em up."

"I would not mind standing 'treat if the liquor was right," Mr. Oliver said, "but I don't like the kind they sell here. It's bad."

"That's so," said another of the men, "but what can you do? The man's a ward boss, and he can adulterate to suit himself. Horrid fiery stuff you get here, but it's handy and it's cheap."

"I think it's dear at any price," Mr. Oliver remarked; "a man's better without it, even if he could get it for nothing, and when it comes to paying for it, why, he don't understand his

own interest when he pays. I know a carpenter who spent half his earnings last week in such stuff, and he lost two days' pay beside; and if the foreman hadn't sent him home when he did he'd have lost his life. He nearly fell off the roof of a house, as it was. As good a workman as any man in the city when he has his senses. Let the liquor alone, I say."

"Say," said the first speaker, removing his pipe to ask the question, "didn't you talk of standing treat?"

"Yes; and I'm going to, and I'll give you something that'll do you good and won't send you to work to-morrow with a headache. See here"—and Mr. Oliver took some cards out of his pocket—"that's where I live. Now you three come and see me to-night, and I'll give you something like a drink."

"I guess our clothes ain't fit for that location," said one of the party, as he took the card and read the address; "we ain't aristocratic parties, boss, with a go-to-meeting suit at home."

"Well, it's my own place," said Mr. Oliver; "I guess I can have who I like to see me, and I invite you. You aren't too proud to come, I presume. I'm a workman myself, though I've done well and got on a bit. You come and see me, and I'll tell you how I did it."

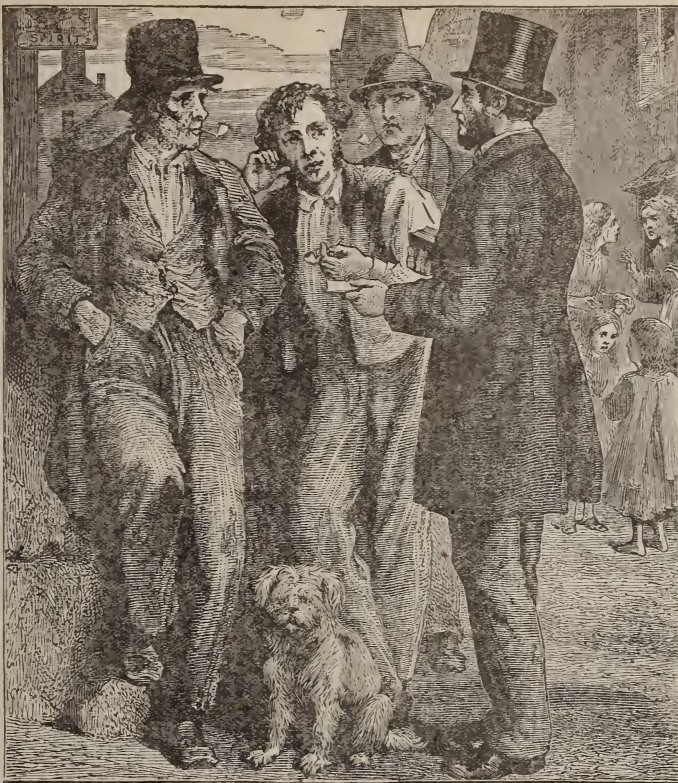
"We'll come, boss. It's a new racket. No charge, you know; that's understood."

"Quite right. No charge. I'll expect you, say at five o'clock."

Mr. Oliver walked home with new energy in him. He had found some work to do for the Master, and only those who have worked for Him know how the spirit is invigorated and the life brightened by that service. Five o'clock duly brought the three invited guests. They had smartened up a bit, but they looked a little out of place in the comfortable, well-furnished room. Mr. Oliver had a good substantial meal spread, with excellent tea and coffee, to which the guests did justice, smiling a little grimly at the beverages, but obviously enjoying them after the first disappointment was over.

After the table was cleared Mr. Oliver noticed symptoms of uneasiness and an inclination to break up the party, but that was not his plan. "Now I know what you want," he said; "you want to smoke. I'm not a smoker myself; it does not suit me; but I've no objection to tobacco, and you'll feel more comfortable, I dare say, if you smoke; so light up. I want to have a talk."

Pipes were quickly lighted, and Mr. Oliver began by asking each man about his home and his work. It was a sad story he heard of wasted time, unhappy homes, and general hopelessness. A little sound advice was all he dare venture upon at their first meeting, but at the close he said it was his habit to have a few words of prayer at night, and if they did not object he would like them to join him. In their present mood, softened by his kindly sympathy, they consented, and a brief prayer ended the conference.



Mr. Oliver's Invitation.

"Now," said Mr. Oliver, "I've had a pleasant evening, and I'd like another. What say you?"

"Well, boss, you're kind. Nobody seemed to take much interest in us before. We're new to it, but what you've said is sensible. If Tom and Will are willing, I am."

Tom and Will were willing, and Saturday night was fixed for the next meeting. There was some demur about the day, Sunday being evidently a more suitable day; but Mr. Oliver knew they would not be at work on Saturday night, so he pressed it, and they consented. He meant to have them all three at church on the Sunday night, and he succeeded. He sat with them and saw that they were moved by the service.

That was the beginning of a work of grace in the degraded locality. The weekly teas were continued. The three men brought their wives once. Then they asked permission to bring a friend or two, and Mr. Oliver had the pleasure of seeing a marked change in many families originate in his effort. His kindly sympathy had won their hearts; he was recognized as a real friend, and many souls were won for Christ through his instrumentality.

THE JEW'S WARD.

A SERIAL STORY.

(Continued from page 287.)

SUMMARY OF THE PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

In a poor district in London Matthias Levi, a Jew, earned his living by mending shoes. Part of the house he occupied was let off to an aged, bed-ridden woman, who drank gin continually,

and her granddaughter, a pretty child named Carola Fielding. The Jew tried to keep Carola from the vice surrounding her, taught her the commandments, and used his influence over her to restrain her from acquiring bad habits. Carola grew up in ignorance, ran about the streets with vicious companions, and learned to drink gin. A depraved young man, George Basset, tried to become her lover, but Carola resisted him. At last her grandmother died, and that night Carola, who happened to be looking out on the river, saw a struggle on a boat which afterward proved to have been a murder. At her grandmother's funeral a Testament was given her, and then, for the first time, she read of Jesus. She received further instruction and was converted. The Jew held in trust for her a little fortune safely invested, and on the proceeds of that she was sent to school. The Jew, vexed that she had become a Christian, held no further communication with her. She became a school-teacher and lived at a little village called Hazelmount, where the children and the villagers were won by her gentleness to love her. Philip Arnold, the son of the chief man of the place, rescued her from a fire and became engaged to marry her. The murder Carola had witnessed in London was discovered, and Carola was needed as a witness at the trial. She told the Arnolds the story of her early life, and

they judged her unfit to be Philip's wife or any longer a school-teacher. She went back to London, was heartily welcomed by her old protector, the Jew, and gave evidence at the trial of Basset which led to his conviction. From this point the story proceeds.

Again an Outcast.

From the moment when she had given her evidence there had been no doubt of what George Basset's sentence would be; and his comrades had only lingered to hear the sentence of death pronounced upon him, and see how he bore it. There was a deep-seated feeling of resentment and indignation at Carola's treachery, as they called it. Both men and women were angry; the more so as the murder had taken place so long ago that justice seemed, after all these years, to be merely vengeance. If George Basset had been caught red-handed, and she had given her unfavorable testimony at once, the animosity excited by it would have been less. But that he should have escaped for over four years, and been taken at last, magnified the dreaded power of the law too much for them.

Carola had borne no part in his duty to give; but his sentence of death weighed upon her terribly. She knew that she could not in any way have avoided it, for he had motion to discover her. But none the less, as the slow days crept by, the oppression of his fatal doom almost effaced the remembrance of Hazelmount and Philip Arnold. In her little garret there was nothing to occupy her, and for hours together her busy hands were forced to be still, and her yet busier brain was filled with bewildered and

almost hopeless thoughts. This was, indeed, the valley of the shadow of death to her.

During those days she did not venture to show herself abroad; for the first time she went out into the street she met none but scowling faces, and even those who had been in bygone days most friendly turned away from her without speaking. Soon after she returned to her garret a young policeman entered Levi's shop.

"Just keep Carol in-doors a bit," he said; "there's spite against her, and she'd hardly ha' got back safe if I hadn't bin followin' her all the time."

But Carola was scarcely aware of the ill-will that prevailed against her, and Matthias took care not to speak of it. The only resource her active brain had, and the only relief for her sad thoughts, was in planning schemes of help and good-will for her old neighbors in their degradation and misery. The cries of little children rang in her ears, and her whole heart yearned over them, as if she could gather them all into her arms and soothe their childish griefs. She was impatient for the hour to come; but until it was known whether the government would show mercy to the condemned man she must wait, weeping and praying—the common lot of women.

Some languid efforts were being made to get the death-sentence commuted for penal servitude for life; but there were no extenuating circumstances, unless the length of time between the crime and its penalty could be considered one. Knots of angry men and women discussed George Bassett's chances at the street corners, and laid bets upon them in the gin-palaces. The women were still more bitter against Carola than the men. She had come back to them a lady; she, Carola, who was no better than themselves, and she had come to betray her sweetheart instead of saving him. The old Jew had never been popular with them—chiefly because he was a Jew. They cursed him and his house as they passed by his little shop, and Matthias, with the traditions of centuries of persecution behind him, grew more timid and affrighted as the days went by.

So long as there was any hope of a reprieve the fury smouldered. But at length the morning came when many of them made a pilgrimage to the open space lying about Newgate, in order to see the black flag unfurled against the gray sky as the signal that all was over. The rest of the day was spent in drinking, until, as the January night drew in, the street was thronged from end to end with savage, half-drunken men and women, and with idle lookers-on, who ran in from other streets to see what would happen.

The old Jew, with his instinct of coming peril, closed the little shop at a very early hour, and made the door secure with its heavy bar. He sat within, still working at his bench, and listening to the growing tumult in the street. He said nothing to Carola, for why should the girl be alarmed or grieved when, perhaps, the disturbance would pass over, or the police come in sufficient force to protect them and control the threatening crowd? She could hear the soft, regular tapping of his hammer as she prepared supper in the room overhead, moving to and fro with sad and listless steps, for her heart had been very heavy all day, and the springs of life had been troubled to their depths. But suddenly, as her shadow fell across the window, a *willow* rose from the street below, and a stone, crashing through the panes, just missed striking her. She heard Matthias calling, "Carol, Carol!" in a voice of agony, and the instant after his white head and scared face appeared at the top of the narrow staircase.

"Put the lamp out, my darling," he cried; "quickly now, and say nothing. Make no noise, my daughter. Hush! Listen to the noise the Christian dogs are making."

It was a sound so awful that Carola never forgot it—those mingled yells and groans and hisses of cruel hatred. More missiles were crashing through the window, and the mob was battering against the shop-door below. There

was no light in the room, except that which came in from the street lamps and a faint glow from the fire; but in it she could see the old Jew's haggard face scowling with a hatred as bitter as any that could be felt by the enraged crowd outside. He was anathematizing them, too—they and their God. Carola turned swiftly away and hid herself in the garret. The uproar was somewhat muffled here; she could not distinguish the uttered curses; but still she could hear the brutal roar of man's cruelty and hate.

She stood by the window looking down upon the river spangled with many lights, as she had so often seen them when she was a child. Sorrowfully yet resignedly, she had been thinking of making this garret her permanent home, while she took care of Matthias, and devoted herself to the help and comfort of her old companions. Perhaps it was for this, she thought, to serve them in this way, that God had first taken her away to teach and train her, and then brought her back again in such a manner as to leave no other career open to her. "Not my will but Thine be done," she had said amid her tears. But these were the people to whom she was willing to give up her life—these who were clamoring madly against her. She had never witnessed any outbreak like this in her girlhood among them, and the uproar was against herself and old Matthias.

"All right, Carola!" he shouted at last; "the police are come. I couldn't believe there'd be much damage done here in London."

The onset had lasted less than half an hour; but every pane of the window was broken, and stones and bricks were scattered about the floor when Carola went down into the room below. Matthias was gone to admit the police as soon as they should knock at the door. The fire was smouldering in the grate, but she did not dare yet to stir it into a blaze; but she could see the broken table on which she had laid the supper, and the shivered fragments of the lamp and dishes she had placed upon it. Presently two policemen came up-stairs, and lit up the room with their bright lanterns.

"We partly guessed what work there'd be," said one of them. "You'd better not have stopped here, Carol; it isn't safe for you. What made you come back here?"

"I didn't know they hated me," she answered, with a sob.

"They hate you like poison now, at any rate," he said; "it's what was to be expected, and, if you'll take my advice, you'll make yourself scarce here. Your life's not worth a brass farthing if you will stay in this place; for we can't be always watching after you. The old Jew had better go, too, for he's not over pop'lar. George Bassett had his friends, and his friends has their feelings, and what's the good of staying in a place where you'd be open to an attack like this any night o' the week? They'll never forgive you or forget you."

"I thought I could do them good," cried Carola; "it's only because they don't know that they do such things. I thought I could teach them better."

"They'll never learn anything good from you now," answered the policeman.

"We'll go away, Carol," said Matthias, tremulously. "I didn't see any of them, and I couldn't give any one in charge. It isn't worth while to try to get revenge. It's hard on us; but we had better go, if the police 'll let us get away. It'd kill me if you went away and I lost you again; and if you must go, I'll go. Don't forsake me, my dear. I'm a poor man and very old; but I can work yet. Only take me away with you."

"Yes," she answered, drawing his shaking hand through her arm, "you and I must be together always now. I shall never leave you again, Matthias—never."

"Then you steal away quiet somewhere," said the friendly policeman; "it 'll save murder, maybe. We've taken two or three of them; but if you're not here to appear against them, why, they'll come off easier, and you'll be

safe. It's only natural, after all's said and done."

The next day an old Jew marine-dealer, well-known to Matthias Levi, came to the house to value and buy the scanty furniture it contained, leaving it to be fetched away after Matthias and Carola were gone. A policeman guarded the door all day; but late at night, when he was gone, all the neighborhood being quiet, they stole away from the house, which had been Carola's birth-place and his home for thirty years. The old Jew, trembling as if stricken with palsy, clung to Carola's arm as they walked slowly down the silent street, and looked back before they turned the corner which would shut it forever from their sight. They did not know where to bend their steps; but Matthias was willing to go anywhere, so that he was with Carola.

They were not short of money, for Carola had received her last year's salary, and the interest was due upon the money in the government bonds; Matthias also had the money his furniture and stock had brought to him. There was nothing to keep them in London, for neither of them had a friend there, and there would be, moreover, some danger for them in staying, even at a distance from their old abode. But they had no friends in any part of the country, for Carola could not return to that distant hazel-elm, which was as a closed Garden of Eden to her. She would not even go into the same county for fear of giving pain to Philip Arnold and his parents. She chose rather to seek a home as far off as possible, and as that lay northward, she turned her face to the south.

They found what suited them in a wide, straggling parish, part of which lay in the New Forest. It was a cottage containing four little rooms, with a garden, run wild, behind it, while before it stretched a wide, rounded sweep of partially cleared land, with here and there a pollard-tree standing. It had probably been a charcoal-burner's cottage, and no other dwelling was within sight. Carola was attracted to it by its stillness and the broad field of sky which brooded over the wild landscape. She was longing to be tranquil for a time, and to knit up the ravelled threads of her life.

As for Matthias, he was in a haze of bewilderment, leaving everything to Carola, and not unhappy as long as she was in his sight. Yet the solitary little house, with its tangled and overgrown garden, lying under the wintry skies, was totally different from anything that had hitherto come into his life's experience. But he made himself busy under Carola's direction, and by-and-by the place became more comfortable and home-like, and their quiet country life together began. A new cobbler's bench was set for him under the cottage window, with its diamond panes, and he sat down to it, while Carola went about the work in the house and the garden, as, if her very existence depended upon having no idle moments.

But there was no cobbling for Matthias to do. Most likely if there had been any he could not have done it, for the handle of his new hammer did not fit into his hand as the old one he had grown used to, and he missed the worn old bench with its familiar notches. But often whole days passed by with no human being coming in sight of their lonely dwelling.

It was February, a rainy month, and the lanes were heavy with mud, and the trees overhanging them were dripping with moisture. The nearest hamlet was more than half an hour's walk away, with no road to it except these wet and winding lanes. The old man, who for thirty years had worked with the ever-changing and busy spectacle of a London street passing before his eyes, would often sink into a half-dream as he sat listlessly at his useless bench; he seemed to see the fitting to and fro of many forms, and hear the constant tramp of unnumbered feet. Then he would wake up suddenly to the fact that in this strange place there was neither form nor sound—no presence save the beloved presence of Carola.

"Matthias," she said to the dreaming old

man on the second Friday evening after they had entered their cottage, "have you forgotten that it is the Sabbath?"

The sun had set behind the rounded outline of the half-cleared land before them; yet he had not left his seat at the cobbler's bench. He had forgotten; there was nothing to remind him that his day of rest had come round again. Carola brought to him the Polish cap he had been used to wear, and set his face eastward, that he might pray toward Jerusalem. But though he began his prayers in his quavering voice, he soon broke off again, and a few heavy tears stole down his furrowed cheeks.

"I've forgotten the words, Carol," he cried, lifting his shaking hand to his forehead; "it is the Sabbath, but I have forgotten how I can pray to the Lord my God."

For a minute or two she stood beside him, with her brows knit and her dark eyes looking pityingly into his saddened face. With all her might she was striving to recall the few Hebrew words she had uttered as prayers when she was a child.

"Listen!" she said; "was it this?"

Matthias smiled his gentle, pleasant smile, and repeated after her what she could remember. But she could recollect little, and again his face grew troubled.

"I am cut off from His holy temple," he cried.

"Let me say a prayer for you," she said, softly; "it was made by one who was a Jew; but I only know it in English. The Lord God will hear it in English as well as in Hebrew."

Standing beside him, her hand in his, and with her face toward Jerusalem, Carola repeated the Lord's Prayer in her sweet, clear, tender voice. The simple sentences were such as the old man's clouded mind could partly comprehend; and when she said reverently "Amen!" he joined in the familiar word.

"It is a good prayer," he said; "but I shall recollect my own before next Sabbath comes."

(To be continued.)

CHRISTIAN CONTENTMENT.

S. S. Lesson for May 17, Phil. 4: 1-13. Golden Text, 1 Tim. 6: 6. By Mrs. M. Baxter.

Rejoicing in the Lord—Faith Rejoicing in Trial—A Reason for Exultation—When Burdens Crush—Three Sons Converted—The Spring of Real Contentment—A Common Temptation—The Abolition of Grumbling.

"GODLINESS with contentment is great gain." Yes, all gain and no loss. Therefore Paul says, Rejoice in the Lord always. He does not say, "Rejoice in your experience," or "Rejoice in your progress," or "Rejoice in your work or in your success." He does not say, "Rejoice in your feelings, your circumstances, or your knowledge," but "Rejoice in the Lord." Paul at Philippi, Daniel in the lion's den, Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego rejoiced, not in their circumstances, but in the Lord who was with them to deliver. Joshua with the children of Israel, when marching round the walls of Jericho, rejoiced in the Lord, who had given them the city, and the walls came tumbling down. Paul, in writing this and his other epistles from Rome, rejoiced in the Lord, who, while he himself was a prisoner, carried on the glorious work of salvation in the world, and he knew that the Word of God was not bound (1 Tim. 2: 9).

God always permits His children's faith to be tried. He tells us that the trial of our faith is more precious than of gold which perisheth. Faith would fail if it were not kept in exercise, and faith can always and in all circumstances rejoice in the Lord. While we measure only ourselves against circumstances which are difficult or trying, we may well mourn and grieve, for we are powerless. But faith credits God with the love which careth for us (1 Pet. 5: 7), and measures His strength and His faithfulness against the difficulties. What could Paul have done to liberate himself from the Philippian prison? What could Daniel have done against the lions, or the three children against the heat

of the fiery furnace? But God; what could God not do? and what can He not do now in the very circumstances in which every one of my readers is placed? It was at the very time when Paul was a prisoner, and when many were preaching Christ "of strife and contention" for the very purpose of adding affliction to his bonds (Phil. 1: 15, 16), that he himself rejoiced, and taught generations of men since, Rejoice in the Lord, "and again I say rejoice." And he gives the best of reasons for his exhortation.

"THE LORD IS AT HAND."

Not far away, not needing to be urged by much prayer, not difficult to arouse, but at hand. How near? Know ye not your own selves, how that Jesus Christ is in you, except ye be reprobed? How many there are who think and say, "I do not feel worthy that God should undertake for me; I don't think my prayers are good enough; I do not work enough for Him, and I have not the pleasure in reading His Word that I should like to have." Dear friend, God's eye is not so much upon what you are as on what Christ is. No one surely can have the conceit to think, "My Christian experience is so good that I merit special favor of God; my prayers, my Bible knowledge, are so superior that I have a claim upon God." No; the very thought is abhorrent. Rather would we say, "My Lord, who has redeemed me from death, and who has made my body His habitation, for His own sake, out of regard for His own habitation, will surely succor me." By dwelling in me He has made my interests His. My Lord is at hand. And because of this "let your moderation [or gentleness, or forbearance] be known unto all men." Rejoicing in the Lord at hand, we can be still in all circumstances, however much they might goad us, worry us, crush us, if we had to meet them in our own resources.

"Be careful for nothing" or "In nothing be anxious," but in everything, by prayer and supplication, with thanksgiving, "let your requests be made known unto God." Nothing is so crushing as a burden on the heart which has no outlet. God has made an outlet Godwards, unlimited and unrestricted. Anxiety is unavoidable when experience has taught us that a certain result must come from the indications which we see, unless we have at hand the Controller of all the forces in the spiritual and in the natural worlds. For instance, a child may be on the high road to ruin; all his surroundings tend to make that ruin certain. Now, can his parents refrain from anxiety? By prayer and supplication with thanksgiving, let your requests be made known unto God. Why thanksgiving? Because anything really put into God's hands has passed out of our hands into His, and is most surely undertaken by Him, so that we can give thanks as though we saw taking place before our eyes that for which we have been praying. God is so sure that we can thank beforehand for what is coming from Him, even while we see before our eyes that which appears the exact contrary.

A CHRISTIAN LADY.

who three years ago was almost distracted with anxiety about her unconverted sons, was led to trust them over into the Lord's hands, and give thanks for their conversion as a thing certain, because she believed that she received, and therefore knew that she had the petition she desired of Him (Mark 11: 24; 1 John 5: 14, 15). The result of her trust was first the fulfilment in her own soul of God's promise, "The peace of God, which passeth all understanding, shall keep your hearts and minds [or thoughts] through Christ Jesus." Soon after one and another of her sons became converted. One, however, continued to be a great trial, and her faith was sorely tried. But through all, even when the news which reached her was more and more sad, and when at last no news at all came, she could still thank God that her prayer was heard, and that God had undertaken his conversion. While thus kept in peace, this son returned to England, soon after became converted, and is now an earnest winner of souls.

REAL CONTENTMENT

springs out of the certainty that God has taken in hand that which we have trusted to Him; we think no more of our prayer, but of God's answer; no more of our faith, but of Him in whom we believe; no more of our difficulty, but of the infinite resources of Almighty which undertake it. How, then, can we but rejoice? how can we be other than content? David sung, I will bless the Lord at all times (Ps. 34: 1), and Paul wrote to the Ephesians, "Giving thanks always for all things." This would be impossible if we did not believe in the overruling Hand, which may indeed try our faith, but which holds winds and waves and all the powers of the universe in His control. Discontent and unbelief are twins, and so are faith and contentment. It is a common temptation of Satan's to set us thinking that, as man has a free will, therefore the trials which come to us through the tyranny, the injustice, evil temper, or jealousy of men are things in which we must deal with them, and not with God. But surely this is limiting the Holy One of Israel, without whose permission nothing can be either said or done, and without whom even Satan cannot bring evil upon His children.

After commending to the Philippians all things that are true, honest, just, pure, lovely, and of good report, Paul says, "Those things, which ye have both learned, and received, and heard, and seen in me, do; and the God of peace shall be with you." Paul did not fear to cite himself as an example of the Holy Ghost's teaching through him; in a graceful, courteous, and Christian way he acknowledges the liberality of the Philippian church to him. They had evidently sent him some present, and his comment is most teaching, "Not that I speak in respect of want; for I have learned, in

WHATSOEVER STATE I AM,

therewith to be content. I know both how to be abased, and I know how to abound; everywhere and in all things I am instructed how to be full and to be hungry, both to abound and to suffer need. I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me." What a revolution would be made in the Christian church if every believer followed Paul's example! If all the grumbling and murmuring and complaining were confined to the world, oh, how glorious would the Church of Christ be! If every Christian turned a shining, happy, peaceful face upon the world, what a testimony it would be of the reality of the presence of God! If a man who had known "how to abound" by giving away to God's work the chief part of his income knew how to suffer need by accepting joyfully even a crust of bread, without a sigh after his lost comforts, finding Jesus made up for all, worldings could not but be struck by it. When one who has abounded in usefulness knows how to be abased, as Paul was, and while put aside from active service yet rejoicing in the Lord, such an unusual phenomenon strikes all who behold it. Paul was never at a loss, "I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me." God has power either to satisfy hunger or to take it away, either to give warm clothes or quicken circulation. There is no such independence as to live in the perpetual recognition of God with us, God dwelling in us. We may be continually disappointed with ourselves, but never, never disappointed with Him. If we are content with God, agreed with God about everything, we shall not be troubled about anything that can possibly happen to us.

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WHEN HE COMES.
If I were told that I must die to-morrow—
That the next sun
Which sinks should bear me past all fear and sor-
row
For any one;
All the fight fought, all the short journey through,
What should I do?
I do not think that I should shrink or falter,
But just go on
Doing my work, not seek to change, nor alter
Aught that is gone,
But rise and move, and love and smile and pray
For one more day.

And lying down at night for a last sleeping,
Say that I am
Which heaven's ever—'Lord, within Thy keeping,
How should I fear?
And when to-morrow brings The nearer still,
Do Thou Thy will."

I might not sleep for awe; but peaceful, tender,
My soul would lie
All the night long; at dawn the morning splendor
Flashed o'er the sky.
I think that I could smile—could calmly say,
"It is His day."

But if a wordless hand from the blue yonder
Held out a scroll,
On which my life was writ, and I with wonder
Beheld unroll
To a long century's end its mystic clue,
What should I do?

What could I do, O blessed God and Master,
Other than this:
Still to go on as now, not slower, faster,
Nor fear to miss
The road, although so very long it be,
While led by Thee?

Step after step, feeling The close beside me,
Although unseen;
Through thorns, through flowers, whether the tem-
pest hide Thee.
Or heaven's serene—
Assured Thy faithfulness cannot betray
Nor love decay.

Let me keep on, abiding and unfeeling
Thy will always,
Through a long century's ripe fruition,
Ora short day's
Thou canst not come too soon; and I can wait
If Thou come late.

—Susan Coolidge.

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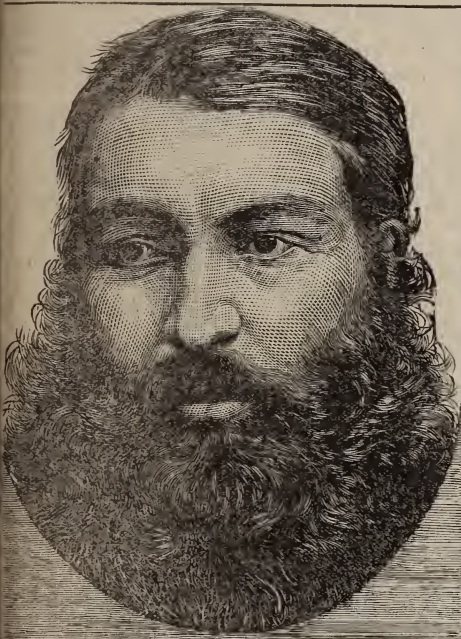
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THURSDAY, MAY 14, 1885.

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ABDURRAHMAN KHAN, the Ameer of Afghanistan—Herat, the Key of India.

THE AMEER OF AFGHANISTAN.

Personal Appearance—Birth and Family—Political Career—The War of 1880—Appointed Ameer—The Recent Durbar at Rawul Pindi.

His Highness the Ameer Abdurrahman Khan, whose portrait appears on our first page, is a man of some importance in the world at the present time. That importance has been rather thrust upon him than achieved, and probably does not conduce to his happiness or peace of mind, for he occupies that unenviable position metaphorically described as being *between*

THE HAMMER AND THE ANVIL.

The country he governs has Asiatic Russia on the one side and British India on the other. If England and Russia come to blows—a contingency which has during the past few weeks seemed constantly imminent—Afghanistan would probably be the scene of the conflict. With neighbors, both of whom are noted for their acquisitive propensities and intensely jealous of each other, the man, who wears the crown of Afghanistan has need of all his prudence, and should be an adroit diplomatist if he would retain his throne.

Abdurrahman is a man of fifty-five years of age, having been born in 1830. He has a stout, unwieldy figure, with broad heavy features wholly distinct from the Jewish type possessed by Shere Ali's branch of the family. When he visited the Viceroy of India four weeks ago, he was dressed in a blue undress military coat of European pattern, with a gray sheepskin Turkestan hat, and wore two stars on the left breast. He was suffering from the gout, and walked lame.

HIS FAMILY

is the royal family of the country, and Abdurrahman's branch is in the direct line of succession to the throne. His grandfather was Dost Mohammed, who ruled Afghanistan until his death, in 1863. When that event occurred a dispute arose about his successor. The dead king left three sons, Afzul Khan, the eldest, Shere Ali, the second son, who was Dost Mohammed's favorite, and Azim Khan. Dost Mohammed made his second son, Shere Ali, his heir, and immediately on the father's death Shere Ali was proclaimed Ameer. The eldest son and rightful heir, Afzul Khan, was absent at the time from the capital, governing Balkh in Turkestan, to which duty he had been assigned by his father, probably with the design of having him out of Shere Ali's way when the critical moment should come. But Afzul Khan was not inclined to submit tamely to his brother's usurpation. He gathered his friends together to enforce his rights, and his youngest brother, Azim Khan, supported him. A civil war ensued, which lasted four years, in which the leading generals were the two cousins, Abdurrahman, the son of Afzul, and Yakob, the son of Shere Ali. In the decisive battle Yakob was victor, and Abdurrahman fled into the northern provinces, which are now part of Asiatic Russia.

This family quarrel was closely

WATCHED BY ENGLAND.

but it was fought out without interference, and when Afzul Khan's forces were finally and decisively beaten, England recognized the usurper, Shere Ali, as *de facto* Ameer of Afghanistan. The fugitive prince found a refuge in the home of his wife's father, who was Ameer of Bokhara, in Northern Turkestan. Shere Ali, however, felt uneasy while Abdurrahman was so near, and seized his wife, mother, and sister, whom he held as hostages for his nephew's good behavior. Finally he prevailed on the Ameer of Bokhara, by coaxing and menaces, to withdraw his protection from the fugitive, and then Abdurrahman continued his flight northward until he met the advancing army of the Russians.

IN THE RUSSIAN CAMP

Abdurrahman was safe. General Kaufman, who was directing the Russian movements in Central Asia, was sufficiently far-sighted to know the advantage of having in his hands the rightful heir to the throne of Afghanistan, and he gave him a cordial welcome. He went further,

and procured for him from the Russian Government a pension worth \$15,750 a year, and gave him a residence at Samarcand.

While residing at Samarcand, in 1873, the American traveller, Mr. Eugene Schuyler, visited him, and had several interviews with him, from which he formed a high opinion of his character and intelligence; and he seems to have always been a man of industry in public business, working some hours daily with his secretaries, and attending punctually to all details of administration. His face, manners, and conversation are described as very pleasant, frank and dignified; and Sir Lepel Griffin, who was political agent of the British Government at Cabul in 1880, after the Afghan war, found no difficulty in coming to a good understanding with Abdurrahman.

Shere Ali meanwhile was getting into trouble with his British neighbors. The

QUARREL WITH ENGLAND

was of Russian instigation. The Czar, in 1877, sent a minister to Cabul, who was graciously received by the Ameer. English jealousy was immediately excited, and a representative, with a large suite, was promptly sent to circumvent the Russian diplomatist. Scarcely had he crossed the border when he was stopped by an Afghan official, who would not permit him to proceed until he had obtained the consent of the Ameer. The question was submitted to Shere Ali, who, having consulted with his Russian adviser, declined to receive the representative of the British Government.

The rebuff aroused English indignation, and Lord Lytton, who was then Viceroy of India, sent an expedition to Cabul. The Afghans made but a feeble resistance, and as the English approached the capital, Shere Ali fled. He found a refuge with the Russians, but died in their camp shortly afterward. Yakob Khan, his son, promptly entered into negotiation with the British, offering to receive a resident at Cabul. As this question had been the cause of the war, the concession was considered a sufficient triumph, and the treaty of Gandamak was signed on May 5th, 1879. The British retired, leaving Sir Louis Cavagnari as the representative of England at Cabul.

On September 30—of the same year 1879—there was a popular rising, in which Sir Louis Cavagnari and all his suite were massacred. A second invasion followed to take vengeance on the murderers, and on December 24th, 1879, Sir F. Roberts, the British general, captured Cabul. Yakob Khan was suspected of conniving at the massacre, and was sent a prisoner to India. He was probably innocent of the crime, but he had proved himself an incapable ruler, and he was deposed. The inhabitants, however, were sullenly hostile to the British, and though for the time overawed, they were not subdued. It was evident that if Afghanistan was to be annexed by England, a large force would be required to hold it, and therefore it was decided to withdraw as soon as a ruler acceptable to the Afghans was established. Among many claimants to the throne was Abdurrahman, who, emerging from his retreat at Samarcand, collected a considerable army of supporters, and the British recognized him as Ameer, and having settled a pension upon him they retired. They also ceded to him the city of Candahar, which was originally part of Afghanistan.

THE PRESENT TROUBLE

arose out of the Russian advance and absorption of Merv. This brought the frontier of Asiatic Russia in contact with Afghanistan. The English Government watched the Russian movement with apprehension, and demanded that a limit to the aggression should be fixed. It was accordingly agreed between the two powers that the frontier should be defined by two commissioners, a Russian and an Englishman. Sir Peter Lumsden was appointed by England, but Russia has delayed on several pretexts to send a commissioner to meet him. She did, however, send a commissioner, M. Lessar, to London with a proposal. There was a strip of country which

includes Penjeh, lying between Afghanistan and Turkestan. The Ameer claimed it, but has never occupied it, and it was this tract of country that was the subject of dispute. M. Lessar proposed that the boundary line of Afghanistan should be drawn south of Penjeh, thus giving Russia the whole of it. Before England had given a decisive answer to the proposition, Abdurrahman sent an expedition, and seized Penjeh. Russia claims that the act was instigated by the English, and was a violation of an agreement entered into between Russia and England that neither party should enter the disputed territory during the progress of the negotiations. The Russian general made an advance in retaliation, and finally, on March 30th last, the Afghans were attacked and severely beaten by the Russians. The question now in dispute, and which it is reported, is to be submitted for arbitration to the King of Denmark, is as to the advance of the Russians and the Afghans respectively. It is left for him to decide who was the aggressor and whether the advance was a violation of the agreement.

Abdurrahman, in spite of his ancient friendship with Russia and his obligations to her for hospitality during his exile, evidently desires to maintain friendly relations with England. It is clearly his interest to do so. England has shown no disposition to encroach on his dominions. On the contrary, she voluntarily surrendered Candahar to him after conquering it. On the other hand, the slow, stealthy approach of Russia is a menace to him, and he court English protection from

HIS POWERFUL FOE.

He recently paid a visit of ceremony to India the Viceroy, Lord Dufferin, going northward to meet him. The Ameer was sumptuously feasted and entertained in eastern fashion, and Lord Dufferin, held at Durbar, a grand reception in his honor on April 8th, at which the Ameer was treated with the utmost respect. A large number of costly gifts were bestowed upon him among which were a jewelled sword, five thousand rifles, a battery of artillery, and six horses. During the proceedings the Afghan monarch made a speech, in which he said: "I am deeply sensible of the kindness which I have received from his Excellency the Viceroy and of the favor shown to me by her Majesty the Queen-Empress. In return for this kindness and favor, I am ready, with my army and my people, to render any services which may be required of me or of the Afghan nation."

There appears to be little doubt entertained of Abdurrahman's sincerity, but it is uncertain how far he can pledge his people. Their loyalty to him is not assured, and their hatred of the English is well known. It is said that they have a fiercer hatred of the Russians, and would welcome English aid to drive them out; but that fact there is no reliable evidence. It is gratifying to notice the disposition evinced to submit the dispute to arbitration. Every successful adoption of this principle is a step in humane direction, for which the world has cause to be thankful. The selection of the King of Denmark as arbitrator was doubtless due to the fact that he is the father-in-law both of the Czar of Russia and the Prince of Wales.

HERAT.

The city to which the title of "the key of India" has been given is situated near the boundary line which divides Afghanistan from Persia on the west and Turkestan on the north. (A picture of a portion of it, with one wing of the fortress that commands it, appears on our first page.) Its strategic importance is, therefore, immense, and its possession is essential to any invader of India from the land. It is this fact which has alarmed England. Russia has been drawing near to Herat, and if she once gained possession of it she would command the road through which she might at any time pour her hordes of Cossacks into England's treasure possessions.

Colonel Malleon, who vainly endeavored some years ago to arouse the English Government to realization of the importance of seizing Herat, has described the advantages it would confer on the power which held it: "A glance at the record of the past will show that from time immemorial the city was regarded as an outlying ulwark, the possession of which was necessary prior to attempting the conquest of India; the holding of which by India or by quasi-vassal powers dependent on India would render impossible an invasion of that country. It was so considered by Alexander, by Mahmud and his successors, by Chingiz Khan, by Taimur, by Adir Shah, by Ahmad Shah, and by Muhammad Shah, the Persian prince who attacked it in 1837. In the cases of all but the last the possession of Herat led to the conquest of India; in the case of the last the successful defence of that city rendered invasion impossible.

ITS STRATEGIC VALUE.

"The hasty reader may object—what can the possession of one city signify? A question of its nature touches the real point of the argument. Herat is called the gate of India, because through it, and through it alone, the valleys in be entered which lead to the only vulnerable part of India. Those valleys, running nearly north and south, are protected to the east by inaccessible ranges, to the west by impracticable deserts. Not in-ading army could dare to attempt to traverse the great salt desert, and the desert immediately south of it, the Dasht-i-Naud, while a British army held Herat. As long as that army should hold Herat, so long would an invasion of India be impossible. The possession of Herat by Russia means the possession of that one line by which India can be invaded; the possession of Herat by England means the annihilation of all the Russian hopes of an invasion of India. Let the reader imagine that Candahar is the frontier British station; that between Herat and Candahar is a long lane, so protected on both sides that the man who must wish to traverse any part of it to Candahar must pass by Herat. Is it not obvious that the power which shall hold Herat will completely dominate the lane? It is this which makes the possession of Herat by England a matter of vital consequence.

"Another fact illustrates the enormous value of Herat. Place an army there, and nothing need be brought to it from Europe. Within the limits of the Herat Territory all the great roads leading on India converge. The mines of the Herat district supply lead, iron, and sulphur; the surface of many parts of the country is laden with saltpetre; the willow and the poplar, which make the best charcoal, abound; the fields produce in abundance corn and wine and oil. From the population, attracted to its new fields by good government, splendid soldiers might be obtained.

"Such are the military advantages presented by Herat to the power that shall occupy it, should that power be an enemy. Herat would be to him an eye to see and an arm to strike;—an eye to pry into every native court of Hindustan, to watch the discontents and the broodings of the rulers, the heart burnings of their subordinates. From watching and noting to fermenting and stirring up there is but one short step. Every court, every bazaar, in India, would note the presence on the frontier, in a position not readily unassailable, but becoming every day more and more capable of assailing, of a first-class power, the secret enemy of England, and professing the most unselfish anxiety to relieve them of their distress. An arm to strike, because a few years of intelligent rule would render the valley of the Hari Rud capable of supporting and equipping an army strong enough even to invade India.

"In a third sense, likewise, the possession of Herat by an enemy would not be less dangerous to England. The roads converging on it, already alluded to, are traversed by caravans to which no other route is available. We may be sure that the city which successfully resisted the

rivalry of Meshed, when Meshed was backed by all the influence of the Shahs of Persia, will take a still higher position when supported by the might either of England or of Russia. The European power whose influence shall be paramount in Herat will rule the markets of Central Asia."

Mr. Charles Marvin, in his excellent work recently reviewed in this journal, thus describes the city as he saw it: "Herat stands on the right bank of the Hari Rud, from which water is brought by several channels. It is built in the form of a rectangle, the north and south faces being about fifteen hundred, and the east and west faces sixteen hundred yards in length. Enclosing the city is

AN AGED JEW LED TO CHRIST.

about fifty feet high, surmounted by a wall ranging from twenty-five to thirty feet, with a deep moat, which can be easily flooded from the Hari Rud. The citadel is situated in the centre of the city, and is also surrounded by a moat. There are five gates, of which one, however, is closed up, and each is flanked by two bastions. The city is bridged at each of the four gates by a wooden drawbridge, which is raised and lowered by mechanical appliances worked from inside the walls. Each face of the four walls is furnished with from twenty-five to thirty bastions. On the exterior slope of the embankment, supporting the walls, are two lines of shelter trenches, one above the other, carried all around the city, except where the gates are. A correspondent with Lumsden's mission describes the mounted armament as some 'twenty guns of varied calibres, besides numberless others lying dismounted on the ramparts.' 'Twenty guns to defend three and one quarter miles of wall! The garrison consists of four thousand or five thousand troops, exclusive of irregulars.

THE PEOPLE.

"The estimates of the population show considerable divergence. The first during the present century was Christie's, who visited the place in 1809, and reckoned the population at 100,000. Burns and Shakespeare called at Herat on their way north. Connolly was there in 1828-30, and gives 65,000 as the figure; while Pottinger, in 1837-38, states the number at about 40,000; and Ferrier, in 1843, estimated it as low as 22,000. Whether any of the numbers, or all of them, were correct, is impossible to say; but since Herat is a rendezvous for the country people when threatened by the enemy, each estimate may be quite correct for the year stated. Later, in 1865, Pollock again gave 100,000; and in 1878 General Godekoff thought the approximate number was close on 50,000. The latter figure is now generally accepted by geographers."

Herat has had a chequered history. A Persian geographer says: "The city has been fifty times taken, fifty times destroyed, and fifty times has it risen from its ashes." The last capture was in November, 1856, when the Shah of Persia seized the city. He was, however, compelled to relinquish it by a British force which threatened his empire with annihilation if he refused to evacuate Herat. Russia has at present laid no claim to the city, but she has drawn so close to it that she could take it before England or any other power could interfere, and once there could not be easily dislodged. Six hundred and sixty years ago it contained, according to the records, 12,000 retail shops, 6000 public baths, caravansaries, and water mills, 350 schools and monastic institutions, and 144,000 occupied houses, and was yearly visited by caravans from all parts of Asia.

INCIDENTS OF BIBLE DISTRIBUTION.

Some years ago an association was formed for distributing Bibles in the dark places of Europe, principally where the Roman Catholic Church is the nominal church of the people. In a recent report of this society, the following incidents are mentioned:

A FRENCH SINGING GIRL'S CONVERSION.

One of our distributors was in the east of France last August, where he held two meetings in a

hall near to where some *chanteuses* were giving a *soirée*. Being very much struck with their lightness and frivolity, he determined to administer reproof and warning, though feeling great difficulty in doing so. However, the opportunity presented itself, and he at the same time gave a copy of the Scriptures. Some months after, being in the west of France, a number of peasant girls got into the same compartment of the railway carriage. Almost directly one of them uttered a cry of joy, coming up to him and taking his hands, which she bathed with tears. It was the singer of the month of August. She had read the parable of the prodigal son; had returned to her family, resumed her work in the fields, was pardoned, and saved.

AN AGED JEW LED TO CHRIST.

Mons. le Pasteur Hirsch, of Paris, says: "A Jew, to whom I offered a Bible, said angrily to me, 'You are a converter!—a wretched occupation.' 'You are mistaken; it is a glorious privilege to make the Redeemer known to men.' 'You won't convert me, however.' 'That which I cannot do God will do; He is powerful and good. I remember the time when I used to talk like you; now I talk differently. Accept this book; you will not compromise yourself in any way.' He accepted it with a sarcastic smile on his lips. He has just written as follows: 'To change one's religion is to change one's whole life. That is what conversion is. God can perform what is impossible to man; all the glory be to Him. I am a new man in Christ.'

A MARSEILLES SHOEMAKER'S DISCOVERY.

A friend in Marseilles writes: "One fact struck me lately. A poor shoemaker, having just changed his lodgings, found on the floor of his new dwelling a Gospel, covered with dust. In the evening he began to read this Gospel, and found in it such good things that he continued to read it through the night, then daily, until he became deeply touched and was converted. One of our colporteurs passed through the little village, and offered him a Bible. With tears in his eyes he said to him, 'It is the Lord who has sent you.' They conversed a long while and prayed together, and the shoemaker received a Bible. Now all his family are converted to the Lord, and every Sunday this man holds meetings in his house."

THE GOSPEL AMONG THE ROMAN SOLDIERS.

Signor Capellini, of Rome, observes: "Joseph Poggiali, a sergeant-major belonging to a village near Imola, was an example to the church for his activity and faith. He received his discharge, and returned home, where he resumed his occupation as a miller. As long as his health continued good his parents never troubled themselves about his Bible-reading; but he fell ill, and his life was despaired of, and they immediately sent for the priests to confess him, and to administer the sacrament. It was then that Poggiali was constrained to testify for Christ, saying that He only was his Confessor and Saviour. Seeing him remain firm in his convictions, the priests used every means in their power to persuade him to recant. He died, refusing their visits, and praying aloud to the Lord."

"One day I went to the Artillery Barrack, but hardly had I opened the packet, when a guard chased us away like dogs, threatening the soldiers if they should accept a single book; but a corporal, Canton of Vicenza, secretly got us to give him one, and we heard no more of him or of the Testament. But a fortnight after he came to the church at the head of ten of his companions. He said to me, 'I wished to persuade myself of the truth of the Word of God before coming to you, and now that I know what it is, I have come myself and brought my friends with me.' I gave them each a New Testament, and to Canton a Bible. They continue most regular in their attendance, and bring others with them. In church they are examples; in quarters they speak to their companions, and by their means many have turned to the Lord Jesus."

WHY ARE SATAN AND SIN PERMITTED?

Dr. Talmage's Sermon, Preached last Sunday Morning, May 10, 1885.

"Wherefore do the wicked live?"—JOB 21: 7.

The Disfigured Invalid—Profanity Prescribed—Taunts of Friends—A Frequent Question—Longevity of the Wicked—The Vampires of Society—Why the Wicked Live—To Demonstrate God's Patience—To Render the Final Overthrow Climactic—Boss Tweed's Career—An Illustrious Instance—Climax of Official Rascality—The Wedding Feast—Arraignment and Imprisonment—Death in Jail—William the Conqueror—His Power—His Death—Ignominious Obsequies—A Child's Question—Satan must Fall—Fortresses for Righteousness to Conquer—An Infidel College—Monuments of Mercy—A Final Adjustment—An Army Defeated by a Shower.

POOR JOB! With tusks and horns and hoofs and stings, all the misfortunes of life seemed to come upon him at once. Bankruptcy, bereavement, scandalization, and eruptive disease so irritating that he had to re-enforce his ten fingernails with pieces of earthenware to scratch himself withal. His wife took the diagnosis of his complaints and prescribed, profanity. She thought he would feel better if between the paroxysms of grief and pain he would swear a little. For each boil a plaster of oburgation.

Probably no man was ever more tempted to take the bad advice than when, at last, Job's three exasperating friends came in, Eliphaz, Zophar, and Bildad, practically saying to him, "You old sinner, serves you right; you are a hypocrite; what a sight you are! God has sent these chastisements for your wickedness."

THE DISFIGURED INVALID,

putting down the pieces of broken saucer with which he had been rubbing his arms, and with swollen eyelids looks up and says to his garrulous friends in substance, "The most wicked people sometimes have the best health and are the most prospered," and then in that connection hurls the question which every man and woman has asked in some juncture of affairs, "Wherefore do the wicked live?"

They build up fortunes that overshadow the earth. They confound all the life-insurance tables on the subject of longevity, dying octogenarians, perhaps nonagenarians, possibly centenarians. Ahab in the palace, Naboth in the cabinet. Unclean Herod on the throne, consecrated Paul twisting ropes for tent-making, Manasseh, the worst of all the kings of Juda, living longer than any of them. While the general rule is the wicked do not live out half their days, there are exceptions where they live on to great age and in Paradise of beauty and luxuriance, and die with a whole college of physicians expending its skill in trying further prolongation of life, and have a funeral with casket under mountain of calla lilies, the finest equipages of the city jingling and flashing into line, the poor angle worm of the dust carried out to its hole in the ground with the pomp that might make a spirit from some other world suppose that the archangel Michael was dead.

Go up among the finest residences of the city, and on some of the door-plates you will find the names of those mightiest for commercial and social iniquity. They are the

VAMPIRES OF SOCIETY

—they are the gorgons of the century. Some of these men have each wheel of their carriage a juggernaut wet with the blood of those sacrificed to their avarice. Some of them are like Caligula, who wished that all people had only one neck that he might strike it off at one blow. Oh, the slain, the slain! A long procession of usurers and libertines and infamous quacks and legal charlatans and world-grabbing monsters. What apostrophe of despoliation! Demons incarnate. Hundreds of men concerning all their energies of body, mind, and soul in one prolonged, ever-intensifying, and unrelenting effort to scald and scarify and blast and consume the world. I do not blame you for asking me the

quivering, throbbing, burning, resounding, appalling question of my text, "Wherefore do the wicked live?"

In the first place, they live to demonstrate beyond all controversy the long-suffering PATIENCE OF GOD.

You sometimes say, under some great affront, "I will not stand it;" but perhaps you are compelled to stand it. God, with all the batteries of omnipotence loaded with thunderbolts, stands it century after century. I have no doubt sometimes an angel comes to Him and suggests, "Now is the time to strike." "No," says God; "wait a year, wait twenty years, wait a century, wait five centuries." What God does is not so wonderful as what He does not do. He has the reserve corps with which He could strike Mormonism and Mohammedanism and Paganism from the earth in a day. He could take all the fraud in New York on the west side of Broadway and hurl it into the Hudson, and all the fraud on the east side of Broadway and hurl it into the East River in an hour. He understands the combination lock of every dishonest money safe, and could blow it up quicker than by any earthly explosive. Written all over the earth, written all over history are the words, "Divine forbearance, divine leniency, divine long-suffering."

I wonder that God did not burn this world up two thousand years ago, scattering its ashes into immensity, its aerolites dropping into other worlds to be kept in their museums as specimens of a defunct planet. People sometimes talk of God as though He were hasty in His judgments and as though He snapped men up quick. Oh, no! He waited one hundred and twenty years for the people to get into the ark, and warned them all the time—one hundred and twenty years, then the flood came. The Anchor Line gives only a month's announcement of the sailing of the Circassia, the White Star Line gives only a month's announcement of the sailing of the Britannic, the Cunard Line gives only a month's announcement of the sailing of the Oregon; but of the sailing of that ship that Noah commanded God gave one hundred and twenty years' announcement and warning. Patience antediluvian, patience postdiluvian, patience in times Adamic, Abraham, Mosaic, Davidic, Pauline, Lutheran, Whitefieldian. Patience with men and nations. Patience with barbarisms and civilizations. Six thousand years of patience! Overtopping attribute of God, all of whose attributes are immeasurable.

Why do the wicked live? That their overthrow may be the more impressive and climactic. They must pile up their mischief until all the community shall see it, until the nation shall see it, until all the world shall see it. The higher it goes up the harder it will come down and the grander will be

THE DIVINE VINDICATION.

God will not allow sin to sneak out of the world. God will not allow it merely to resign and quit. This shall not be a case that goes by default because no one appears against it. God will arraign it, handcuff it, try it, bring against it the verdict of all the good, and then gibbet it so high up that if one half of the gibbet stood on Mount Washington and the other on the Himalaya, it would not be any more conspicuous.

About fifteen years ago we had in this country a most

ILLUSTRIOUS INSTANCE

of how God lets a man go on in iniquity, so that at the close of the career his overthrow may be the more impressive, full of warning and climactic. First, an honest chairmaker, then an alderman, then a Member of Congress, then a supervisor of a city, then school commissioner, then State Senator, then commissioner of public works—on and up, stealing thousands of dollars here and thousands of dollars there, until the malfeasance in office overtopped anything the world had ever seen—making the new Court House in New York a monument of municipal crime, and rushing the debt of the city from

thirty-six million dollars to ninety-seven millions. Now, he is at the top of

MILLIONAIREDOM.

Country seat terraced and arbored and palatial clear to the water's brink. Horses enough to stock a king's equerry. Grooms and postilions in full rig. Wine cellars enough to make a whole Legislature drunk. New York finance and New York politics in his vest pocket. He winked, and men in high place fell. He lifted his little finger, and ignoramuses took important office. He whispered, and in Albany and Washington they said it thundered. Wilder an mightier and more baleful his influence, until seemed as if Pandemonium was to be adjoined to this world, and in the Satanic realm there was to be a change of administration, and Apollyon who had held dominion so long, should have a successful competitor.

To bring all to a climax,

A WEDDING

came in the house of that man. Diamonds as large as hickory nuts. A pin of sixty diamonds representing sheaves of wheat. Musicians in semicircle, half-hidden by a great harp of flowers. Ships of flowers. Forty silver sets, one of them with two hundred and forty pieces. On wedding dress that cost five thousand dollars. A famous libertine, who owned several Lord Island Sound steamboats, and not long before he was shot for his crimes, sent as a wedding present to that house a frosted silver iceber with representations of Arctic bears walking on icicle-handles and ascending the spoon. Was there ever such a convocation of picture of bronzes, of bric-a-brac, of grandeur, soci grandeurs? The highest wave of New York splendor rolled into that house and recoiled perhaps never again to rise so high. But just that time, when all earthly and infernal observation was concentrated on that man,

ETERNAL JUSTICE

impersonated by that wonder of the American bar, Charles O'Connor, got on track of the offender. First arraignment, then sentence—twelve years' imprisonment under twelve indictments, then penitentiary on Blackwell's Island then a lawsuit against him for six million dollars, then incarceration in Ludlow Street jail, then escape to foreign land, to be brought back under the stout grip of the constabulary, the dying of broken heart in a prison cell. God allowed him to go on in iniquity until all the world saw as never before that "the way of the transgressor is hard," and that dishonesty will not declare permanent dividends, and that yet had better be an honest chairmaker with a day wages at a time than a brilliant Commissioner Public Works, all your pockets crammed with plunder.

What a brilliant figure in history is

WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR,

the intimidator of France, of Anjou, of Brittain victor at Hastings, snatching the crown of England and setting it on his own brow, destroying homesteads that he might have a larger game forest, making a Domesday Book by which I could keep the whole land under despotic espionage, proclaiming war in revenge for a jot uttered in regard to his obesity. Harvest field and vineyards going down under the caval hoof. Nations horror struck. But one day while at the apex of all observation he is riding out and the horse put his hoof on a hot cinde throwing the king so violently against the pommel of the saddle that he dies, his son hasten to England to get the crown before the breaker has left his father's body.

THE IMPERIAL CORPSE

drawn by a cart, most of the attendants leaving it in the street because of a fire alarm that might go off and see the conflagration. As just as they are going to put his body down the church which he had built, a man stepping up and saying, "Bishop, the man you praise is a robber. This church stands on my father's homestead. The property on which this church is built is mine. I reclaim my right. In the name of Almighty God I forbid you to bury it

ing here, or to cover him with my glebe." Go up," said the ambition of William the conqueror. "Go up by conquest, go up by ane, go up in the sight of all nations, go up y cruelties." But one day God said, "Come own, come down by the way of a miserable eath, come down by the way of an ignominious besuikes, come down in the sight of all nations, come clear down, come down forever." And ou and I see the same thing on a smaller scale any and many a time—illustrations of the fact hat God lets the wicked live that He may make heir overthrow the more climacteric.

What is true in regard to sin is true in regard o its author, Satan, called Abaddon, called the rince of the Power of the air, called the serent, called the dragon. It seems to me any ntelligent man must admit that there is a

COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF OF ALL EVIL.

The Persians called him Ahriman, the Hindus alled him Siva. He was represented on canas as a mythological combination of Thor and erberus and Pan and Vulcan and other horible addenda. I do not care what you call im, that monster of evil is abroad, and his one rk is destruction. John Milton almost orified him by witchery of description, but he s the concentration of all meanness and of all lespicability. My little child, seven years of age, aid to her mother one day, "Why don't God ill the devil at once, and have done with it?" n less terse phrase we have all asked the same uestion. The Bible says he is to be imprisoned and he is to be chained down. Why not leave the old miscreant into his dungeon now? Does it not seem as if his volume of infamy vere complete? Does it not seem as if the last ifty years would make an appropriate peroration? No; God will let him go on to the top of all bad endeavor, and then when all the earth and all constellations and galaxies and all the niverse are watching

GOD WILL HURL HIM DOWN

with a violence and ghastliness enough to per- uade five hundred eternities that a rebellion gainst God must perish. God will not do it by leccameal. God will not do it by small skirmish. He will wait until all the troops are massed, and hen some day when in defiant and confident mood, at the head of his army, this Goliath of hell stalks forth, our champion, the son of David, ill strike him down, not with smooth stones from the brook, but with fragments from the Rock of Ages. But it will not be done until this giant of evil and his holy antagonist come out within full sight of the two great armies. The tragedy is only postponed to make the over- throw more impressive and climacteric. Do not fret. If God can afford to wait you can afford to wait. God's clock of destiny strikes only once in a thousand years. Do not try to measure events by the second hand on your little timepiece. Sin and Satan go on only that their overthrow may at last be the more terrific, the more impressive, the more resounding, the more climacteric.

Why do the wicked live? In order that they may build up fortresses for righteousness to capture. Have you not noticed that

GOD HARNESSES MEN,

bad men, and accomplishes good through them? Witness Cyrus, witness Nebuchadnezzar, witness the fact that the Bastille of oppression was pried open by the bayonets of a bad man. Recently there came to me the fact that a college had been built at the far West for infidel purposes. There was to be no nonsense of chapel prayers, no Bible reading there. All the professors there were pronounced infidels. The college was opened, and the work went on, but, of course, failed. Not long ago a Presbyterian minister was in a bank in that village on purposes of business, and he overheard in an adjoining room the board of trustees of that college discussing what they had better do with the institution, as it did not get on successfully, and one of the trustees proposed that it be handed over to the Presbyterians, prefacing the word Presbyterians with a very unhappy expletive. The

resolutions were passed, and that fortress of infidelity has become a fortress of old-fashioned orthodox religion, the only religion that will be worth a snap of your finger when you come to die or appear in the Day of Judgment. The devil built the college. Righteousness captured it.

In some city there goes up a great club-house—the architecture, the furniture, all the equipment a bezzazement of wealth. That particular club-house is designed to make gambling and dissipation respectable.

DO NOT FRET.

That splendid building will after a while be a free library, or it will be a hospital, or it will be a gallery of pure art. Again and again observatories have been built by infidelity, and the first thing you know they go into the hand of Christian science. God said in the Bible that He would put a hook in Sennacherib's nose and pull him down by a way he knew not. And God has a hook to-day in the nose of every Sennacherib of infidelity and sin, and will drag him about as He will. Marble halls deserted to sinful amusements will yet be dedicated for religious assemblage. All these castles of sin are to be captured for God as we go forth with the battle shout that Oliver Cromwell rang out at the head of his troops as he rode in on the field of Naseby: "Let God arise and let His enemies be scattered." After a great fire in London, amid the ruins there was nothing left but an arch with the name of the architect upon it; and, my friends, whatever else goes down God stays up.

Why do the wicked live? That some of them may be

MONUMENTS OF MERCY.

So it was with John Newton, so it was with Augustine, perhaps so it was with you. Chieftains of sin to become chieftains of grace. Paul, the apostle, made out of Saul the persecutor, Baxter, the flaming evangel, made out of Baxter the blasphemer. Whole squadrons, with streamers of Emmanuel floating from the mast head, though once they were launched from the dry docks of diabolism. God lets these wicked men live that He may make jewels out of them for coronets, that He may make tongues of fire out of them for Pentecosts, that He may make warriors out of them for Armageddons, that He may make conquerors out of them for the day when they shall ride at the head of the white horse host in the grand review of the resurrection.

Why do the wicked live? To make it plain beyond all controversy that there is another

PLACE FOR ADJUSTMENT.

So many of the bad up, so many of the good down. It seems to me that no man can look abroad without saying—no man of common sense, religious or irreligious, can look abroad without saying, "There must be some place where brilliant scoundrelism shall be arrested, where innocence shall get out from under the heel of despotism." Common fairness as well as eternal justice demands it.

We adjourn to the great assizes the stupendous injustices of this life. They are not righted here. There must be some place where they will be righted. God cannot afford to omit the judgment day or the reconstruction of conditions. For you cannot make me believe that that man stuffed with all abomination, having devoured widows' houses and digested them, looking with basilisk or tigerish eyes upon his fellows, no music so sweet to him as the sound of breaking hearts, is at death to get out of the landau at the front door of the sepulchre and pass right on through to the back door of the sepulchre, and find a celestial turnout waiting for him, so that he can drive tandem right up primrose hills, one glory riding as lackey ahead and another glory riding as postillion behind, while that poor woman who supported her invalid husband and her helpless children by taking in washing and ironing, often putting her hand to her side where the cancerous trouble had already begun, and dropping dead late on

Saturday night while she was preparing the garments for the Sabbath day, coming afoot to the front door of the sepulchre, shall pass through to the back door of the sepulchre and find nothing waiting, no one to welcome, no one to tell her the way to the King's gate. I will not believe it. Solomon was confounded in his day by what he represents as princes afoot and beggars ahorseback, but I tell you there must be a place and a time when the right foot will get into the stirrup. To demonstrate beyond all controversy that there is another place for adjustment God lets the wicked live.

Why do the wicked live? For the same reason that He lets us live—to have

TIME FOR REPENTANCE.

Where would you and I have been if sin had been followed by immediate catastrophe? While the foot of Christ is fleet as that of a roebuck when He comes to save, it does seem as if He were hopped with great languors and infinite lethargies when He comes to punish. Oh, I celebrate God's slowness, God's retardation, God's putting off the retribution!

Do you not think, my brother, it would be a great deal better for us to exchange our impatient hypercriticism of Providence because this man, by watering of stock, makes a million dollars in one day, and another man rides on in one bloated iniquity year after year—would it not be better for us to exchange that impatient hypercriticism for gratitude everlasting that God let us who were wicked live, though we deserved nothing but capsize and demolition? Oh, I celebrate God's slowness! The slower the railroad comes the better, if the drawbridge is off.

How long have you, my brother, lived forgiven? Fifteen, twenty, forty, sixty years? Lived through great awakenings, lived through domestic sorrow, lived through commercial calamity, lived through providential crises that startled nations, and you are living yet, strangers to God and with no hope for a great future into which the next moment you may be precipitated. Oh, would it not be better for us to get our nature through the grace of Christ revolutionized and transfigured? For I want you to know that God sometimes changes His gait, and instead of the deliberate tread He is the swift witness, and sometimes the enemies of God are suddenly destroyed, and that without remedy.

MAKE GOD YOUR ALLY.

What an offer that is! Do not fight against Him. Do not contend against your best interests. Yield this morning to the best impulse of your heart, and that is toward Christ and heaven. Do not fight the Lord that made you and offers to redeem you.

Philip of France went out with his army, with bows and arrows, to fight King Edward III. of England; but just as they got into the critical moment of the battle a shower of rain came and relaxed the bowstrings so that they were of no effect, and Philip and his army were worsted. And all your weaponry against God will be as nothing when He rains upon you discomfiture from the heavens. Do not fight the Lord any longer. Change allegiance. Take down the old flag of sin, run up the new flag of grace. It does not take the Lord Jesus Christ the thousandth part of a second to convert you if you will only surrender, be willing to be saved. The American Congress was in anxiety during the Revolutionary War while waiting to hear news from the conflict between Washington and Cornwallis, and the anxiety became intense and almost unbearable as the days went by. When the news came at last that Cornwallis had surrendered and the war was practically over, so great was the excitement that the doorkeeper of the House of Congress dropped dead from joyful excitement. And if this long war between your soul and God should come to an end this morning by your entire surrender, the war forever over, the news would very soon reach the heavens, and nothing but the supernatural health of your loved ones before the throne would keep them from being prostrated with overjoy at the cessation of all spiritual hostilities.

REMINISCENCES OF THE LATE GENERAL GORDON.

THE Rev. Cunningham Geikie, D.D., author of "Life and Words of Christ," who is now in Egypt, in a recent communication, says:

"I have heard many things respecting General Gordon from friends who knew him in his last residence in the East, and your readers will be glad to know them. One told me that his eyes had been affected, and the only doctor being at Jerusalem, Gordon, without his knowledge, hired a carriage to take him there, he being himself unable to bear the expense. He always expressed a wish to die, if it pleased God. 'Here,' he would say, 'I can only have the society of my fellow-creatures, but beyond death I will be ever with the Lord Jesus forever and ever.' In conversation, you would at one moment see the humble Christian; at another the quick and resolute soldier."

He always told his friends in Palestine, when about to leave it for the Congo, that he never should return from Africa. He felt a presentiment that he would die there. "He used to come in at that door," said a lady to me, "go over to the baby's chair, and taking that red cushion out of it, sit down on the door-step and smoke his cigarettes. Then we would all gather around him, and he would talk so beautifully." "He was so humble," said the Jaffa hotel-keeper; "he carried his own luggage upstairs, and when his nephews were here, got their horses ready with his own hand." To this worthy man he gave a copy of "The Imitation of Christ," on leaving for Europe. It is full of his private marks to the end. No money would buy it, for, like every one who knew Gordon, the hotel-keeper worships his memory.

"I always loved God," said he to a friend, "from my childhood, but it was not till I was a young man that I was converted in the true sense. Then, there came a time when I felt as if a veil had been drawn aside from before my heart, and God had entered in to dwell with me, henceforth." He would often say "Oh! to be with Christ in heaven, forever." He used to say also that he would greatly like to go about everywhere and preach the Gospel, if he could do so without being known. He wanted to go to the East of London and work there without letting it be known, but he was persuaded past this.

He was so modest that he shrank from company, and was timid and silent before ladies. He drew back from any gathering where introductions were needed. Having offered to become godfather to a missionary's child, he attended its baptism, but wished to leave as soon as the ceremony was over. It was only from two or three friends having come that he stayed a little while. "He was too sensitive to be able to see fresh faces."

Having called on the parents of his little godson, about three weeks after it was born, he was astonished to find that it could not crawl round yet. "Was I such a duffer as that when I was as old?" Then it had no teeth! "Are babies really born without teeth?"

In the Soudan, he said, he had \$30,000 a year, as Governor, but he brought nothing out of the country when he returned to England. He spent his income in adding to the insufficient salaries of the officials, to keep them from accepting bribes, and thus to secure justice for the people at large. He had no right, he held, to make money out of these poor people.

A poor dragoman told me that General Gordon used to come often to his house in Jerusalem when he and his wife lay ill, and that he would take any cushion or mat and put it on the floor as a seat, there being no chairs or furniture, and sit down with his Testament to read and speak to them about Christ. But his zeal did not end with such easy philanthropy. Ascertaining that a doctor's account had been incurred to the amount of fifteen dollars, he went off secretly and paid it. Far away at Khartoum, he still thought of one whom he had thus striven to lead into the fold of Christ, and sent a letter to him which reached Jerusalem almost at the same

time as the news of its writer's death. "That letter," said the poor Copt, "I would not part with for all that is in the world." General Gordon was a real Christian. He gave away all he had to the poor in Jerusalem and the villages round, and the people mourn for him as for their father."

Such was the man who perished in Khartoum!

THE PREDICTED UNIVERSAL KINGDOM.

By Professor H. Lummis, of Monson, Mass.
The Doctrine in Daniel—The Circumstances—The Dream and Signification—A Parallel Dream Picture—The Dream and the Key—The Forcible Reduction of all Power—Smiting its Foundation—Sudden and Swift—A Pure Government.

If there were but a single Old Testament prophecy of this kingdom, one made definite by passing from its picture form in which it was at first given to the great King of Babylon, and afterward to that prince among the seers, Daniel, of the Children of the Captivity, it would establish on a foundation, not to be shaken, the doctrine of the kingdom, a kingdom in this world, a kingdom embracing the globe and to be possessed by the saints. A king, a realm, a multitude of subjects are requisite to a kingdom in the strict sense. I give

THE OUTLINE.

Nebuchadnezzar dreams a dream. It troubles him. He wishes to know its signification, but before he can state it to his magicians and astrologers and sorcerers, and to the Chaldeans, it escapes his memory. He requires these men to tell the dream and its interpretation. With good reason they reply to this strange demand, that the requirement is beyond human power. In anger the monarch gives orders that all the wise men of the kingdom be slain. As one of them, Daniel is threatened by the decree. He seeks the king and asks time, giving assurance that both dream and interpretation will be given. God reveals the dream to the prophet, and he, acknowledging the Most High as the source of his wisdom, states before the king the dream and its signification. In the dream is seen a great image of gold and silver, and copper, and iron, and clay. A stone cut out of a mountain without hands smites the image upon the feet. The shock pulverizes the image, and the dust is carried away by the wind, like chaff blown from the summer threshing-floor. The stone becomes a mountain and fills the earth.

In telling the meaning of the dream, Daniel declares that the different parts of the image represent successive kingdoms, the four metals and the clay signifying the strength, and at the same time the weakness of the last of the four sovereignties. Daniel closes his interpretation with these remarkable words:

"And in the days of these kings, shall the God of heaven set up a kingdom which shall never (to eternity) shall not be destroyed, and the kingdom shall not be left (transferred) to other people, but it shall break in pieces and consume (grind up and make an end of) all these kingdoms, and it shall stand forever. Forasmuch as thou sawest that the stone was cut out of the mountain without hands, and that it brake in pieces the iron, the copper, the clay, the silver and the gold; the great God hath made known what shall come to pass hereafter, and the dream is certain, and the interpretation thereof sure, or trustworthy, rendered "faithful" in Dan. 6:4.

The prophet declares to the king that God has made known to him (not that something shall come to pass, but) what shall come to pass.

A PARALLEL

to this dream picture and its simple prophetic meaning is given us in the first Book of the Bible. Pharaoh dreams of seven fat and of seven very lean kine that come up out of the great river of Egypt. The lean kine, after devouring the fat kine, are still as lean as before. In his perplexity Pharaoh summons Joseph, the Jewish captive, who at once interprets the

dream. The seven fat kine mean seven years of great plenty. The seven lean kine, seven following years of very grievous famine, which shall exhaust the abundance of the years of plenty, and leave the people greatly straitened by want.

One advantage is found here. The history in which the prophecy is fulfilled is recorded, no complete evidence could be given that the prophetic meaning given to the dream was the strictest and most literal sense of the word realized. Any intelligent grammar-school-boy could understand Joseph's interpretation, and could understand that the succeeding history records the fulfilment of what Joseph foretold what Pharaoh understood; and therefore appointed Joseph to superintend the storing of the abundance of the years of plenty to provide for the coming famine.

Just so the interpretation given by Daniel to Nebuchadnezzar. It avails not to say the passage occurs in a confessedly obscure and difficult book—this part of the book is no more obscure than the following chapter which tells of the image of gold set up on the Plain of Dura, and of the three Hebrew children thrown into the fiery furnace. Nebuchadnezzar's dream, like that of Pharaoh, was a picture prophecy, and without a key could not be understood, could not be explained. The God of heaven gives

THE DREAM AND THE KEY

to its meaning to Daniel, and Daniel gives them to the king. If the king understood what kingdom meant when applied to his own empire and sovereignty, he understood what it meant when applied to the kingdom that the God of heaven should set up.

The implication in the interpretation, and this has been generally admitted by commentators is, that these great empires represent universal world empires, each successive one merging its predecessor in its own sovereignty.

With even greater force, the explanation of Daniel implies the forcible reduction of all other political power to nothing, and the occupation of absolutely

UNIVERSAL WORLD DOMINION.

Albert Barnes, in his notes on Daniel, remarks, here: "The language would seem to imply some violent action; some positive crushing force, something like that which occurs in conquests when nations are subdued." This is evident, even in a close translation. Adam Clarke uses even stronger language. "Here He (Christ) is represented under the notion of a stone projected from a catapult, or some military engine, which smote the image on its feet—that is, smote the then existing government at its foundation, or principles of support, and by destroying these, brought the whole into ruin." It is true that, with astonishing incongruity, the stone from the catapult is represented as smiting Constantine into a Christian. (The dust in that case has surely blown away very slowly.) It is represented as still smiting by the circulation of the Bible and by missionary societies. Gentle crushing this! Exceedingly gradual pulverizing! Most tender breaking in pieces, consuming slower than the consuming of iron rust!

Britain," writes the venerable, charming, but most inconsequent commentator, "is Christian without the altering of her Magna Charta or her Constitution," and I might add (if it did not shade on sacrifice in such a connection) without diminishing aught of her rapacity in the expansion of her vast domain, without lifting her heavy heel from the necks of subject or intimidated nations. Alas for my ideal, if even England, is, or typifies, the kingdom of God!

It cannot be! There is to be—it has not yet come—a breaking with a rod of iron—a shivering to pieces as a potter's vessel is shattered. The clang of the stone

STRIKING THE FEET

of the huge image has not yet been heard; the crumbling of dynasties and the sweeping away of their debris as with the breath of a tempest has not yet been seen. But it approacheth! When the history, whether it be seen but not

written, or seen and then written, shall transpire, there will not be need of fifteen hundred and fifty years to know whether the crushing stroke from the catapult missile has smitten temporal thrones out of existence. He who witnesses the downward sweep of that stone cut out of the mountain, will hear

THE LAST CRY OF HUMAN WOE

under human oppression before its shivering shock takes place, and see every shackle that human greed has forged and locked on the limbs of cringing slaves shattered forever under the earthquake convulsion of that approaching hour. Thereafter, under the sway of the Son of God, will the gates of commerce be forced by the enginery of war to thrust into a resisting nation's throat and against a monarch's loud protest a drug that dwarfs and poisons the body and degrades the soul? Will liquor-leagues control legislators and bribe judges, after a mightier bolt than Vulcan ever forged or Jove ever brandished shall have been hurled? Reason answers No; and prophecy, from the shores of the Euphrates, thunders down along the centuries, over crumbling dynasties and regal dust, an authoritative No. Christ's kingdom established, iniquity cannot triumph!

ANECDOTES RELATED AT THE EVANGELISTIC MEETINGS IN SCOTLAND.

A Duke Becomes a King.—At a recent Meeting a stranger said: "A former Duke of Hamilton, when he found that his end was drawing near, called his brother into his bedroom, and said: 'Charles, bring me the coronet and the insignia of the dukedom!' At his request the things were brought and placed upon a table before him. Addressing his brother, and pointing to the articles which lay on the table, the good duke said: 'Charles, you will soon be a duke; but oh, brother, I shall soon be a king.' 'If children, then heirs, heirs of God, and joint heirs with Jesus Christ.'"

A Jew Drawn to the Cross.—Mr. Jack, the well-known evangelist, said: "By some means a Jew was led into an evangelistic meeting, and there he was so mightily impressed that he sought pardon and received forgiveness of all his sins, through faith in Christ. A friend subsequently asked him the circumstance of his conversion, and he replied: 'As I sat in the meeting, I saw the pole with the serpent upon it being lifted up, and as I looked it melted away and the cross took its place. I felt the drawing power of that cross, and there and then I passed from death unto life.' Oh, dear friends, have you, like the Jew, felt the drawing power of the Cross? If not, get right down below the thief on the cross, and Jesus will lift you up."

Swimming without an Air-Collar.—A Christian minister remarked: "There are a great number of people who, when they have given themselves to the Lord, seem to stand still, fearing to move or do anything for their Master. I asked the bath-master where I reside one day how my little girl was getting on with her swimming, and he said, 'Oh, she can swim very well, but her timidity keeps her back. She will not venture into the water without the collar about her neck.' One day I put on the collar, but did not put in the air-pipe, and she went into the water quite confidently, and when she came out she found that she had only a piece of leather about her neck. This is like the timid Christian—afraid to go out to fight the enemy unless they have some one at their side."

A Drunkard's Deliverance.—A man, now a Christian, said: "Seven years ago in a mission hall a man came to me in the after meeting, and kindly said, 'I have had my eye upon you for some time. I desire your salvation. Jesus died to save you!' Smitten to the heart, I bowed my head and wept, but I went home and struggled with the Lord, for the drink was never twenty hours out of my head. I had a slender hope that the Lord would somehow deliver me, and from that night I resolved to serve Him as He might give me opportunity. I was in a meeting shortly after that, and the speaker

chose for his text: 'He shall be called Jesus, for He shall save His people from their sin.' From that address I learned that Christ was able to keep me from sin; I at once put my whole trust fully in Him, and in His strength I am able to stand. ... Jesus only can do helpless sinners good."

An Unsuccessful Battle.—Mr. Rodgers, a well-known Christian worker in the North, speaking on the subject of want of divine strength, remarked: "I know a man in a good position, who occupies a large house, and his great besetting sin is the love of strong drink. He has tried again and again to overcome this terrible evil, and he may stand for a few days at the time, but soon breaks out again as bad as ever, because he is without strength. Many times I have pitied him struggling against this sin in his own strength, but he has never overcome it, and he never will until he seeks divine assistance. O poor sinner, whoever you are, you who have been trying to fight against evil in your own strength, give it all up, and seek divine aid; otherwise you will not succeed."

What a Black Book Did.—Mr. Simpson, the well-known evangelist, said: "A young man was brought up in the strictest Roman Catholicism, but he was not satisfied; he had a longing for something better. There was a priest who came upon a parcel of Bibles, and his ire was kindled, and at a meeting he said: 'The Bible is the blackest book on the earth; and it must have been printed by the devil; and this young man was present, and he said to himself, 'That is just the very book for me. I will read it and then go in the opposite direction.' On his way home he met a man with a basket of Bibles and New Testaments. He bought one of each, and studied them well. When he came to John 3:16, he exclaimed: 'This seems as if there were salvation for the whole world, and I must be included.' And at once this young man turned from his former faith to serve a risen and glorified Christ."

A Freethinker's Happiness.—An Earnest evangelist said: "One Sunday morning I was hurrying along a country road to a meeting, when a man overtook me. Entering into conversation with him, I asked him if he were happy, to which he at once replied, 'Oh, yes, I am always happy.' And I, sincerely believing him, answered, 'Thanks be unto God who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ.' 'Oh,' he said, 'I am not one of that sort, I am a Freethinker.' I opened up to him as clearly as I could the way of life through Jesus Christ, whether he would or not, and his attention was arrested. I cannot but believe that the Lord has found and saved him. He had a false happiness which the world gives, but true happiness comes only from the Divine giver of all good and perfect gifts. But there must be first of all the pardon of sin through the precious blood of Christ, or it is impossible that peace can follow."

Too Simple to Understand.—The Rev. Mr. McKee said, at a noonday prayer meeting: "When we were holding a week's meeting lately, souls were saved at every service; but there was one case of a particular kind, which I will mention. It was that of a young man who stayed to be spoken to on the last night of our meetings. I said to him, 'Are you willing calmly and deliberately to make a full surrender of yourself to the Lord?' And in very earnest tones he answered, 'God knows I am willing.' I then said to him, 'Come, let us kneel, and tell God so,' and we knelt down, he praying, I putting the words into his mouth. After the prayer was finished, before rising from our knees, I asked, 'Do you mean what you have said?' 'God knows I mean it,' he answered. 'And has the Lord taken you?' I asked. He hesitated, and then replied, 'I cannot tell; I am not quite sure.' 'Christ says,' 'Him that cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out,' I remarked. 'I see it now,' he enthusiastically exclaimed; 'it was so simple I could scarcely believe it.' Meeting a gentleman on his way out,

he remarked, 'It is so very simple!' Yes; 'a wayfaring man, though a fool, need not err therein.'

GOSPEL WORK AMONG CHINESE WOMEN.

DR. E. H. EDWARDS, who is laboring for Christ in the Si-ch'uen Province, under the auspices of the China Inland-Mission, thus writes:

A great number of women at Chen-tu visit Mrs. Riley nearly every day, and already three have given good evidence of being truly converted, and have been received into the church. One of these is a woman who had been helped to give up opium-smoking, for unfortunately in this province of Si-ch'uen a great number of women are addicted to the habit. A second case of conversion is that of

AN OLD LANDRESS.

Before she came under the influence of the Gospel, she was a devoted idolater and strict vegetarian. In order to be the better able to attend to her idolatrous rites she lived in a temple with a number of nuns, and was considered by her friends and neighbors to be a most exemplary old lady. On Mrs. Riley's arrival she with a number of other women went to see the foreign lady, and then for the first time heard the Gospel! She was interested in what was told her, and went again and again, and at last expressed a desire to give up her idolatry and become a Christian.

In order to give an opportunity to her to abandon her idols, and to us at the same time to instruct her more fully, she was allowed to occupy a room in 'Ye-su T'ang' (Jesus' Hall); but she still went out to do her washing. By this means she was enabled to attend worship at least once a day. Being nearly blind she was quite unable to read, but having a very retentive memory, learned many of the hymns. In this she was helped by two Christian boys who are being educated and trained by Mr. Riley. She would wash their clothes and comb their hair, and they in return would repeat the hymns to her.

After a while she was able so distinctly to give a reason for the hope that was in her, that no hesitation was felt in receiving her into fellowship. She continued to follow her usual calling, 'speaking for Jesus' wherever she went, and thus carrying the good news into many a home, where but for her it would never have been heard. When I saw her she was, though poor, remarkably neat and clean, and with a bright and happy face that was of itself a recommendation of the Gospel.

MRS. NIX, A BUTCHER'S WIFE.

is another case. When she first consented to be a Christian she had to endure a good deal of persecution from her mother-in-law, as well as impudence from her own son, a boy of only fifteen. At last her husband, though apparently himself not interested in the Gospel, spoke in her favor, and said she was not to be molested, but allowed to do what she thought right. Not long afterward she was baptized. Her neighbors bear testimony to the fact that she had a very bad temper before she joined the 'Jesus religion,' but that since then there has been a decided improvement. Her son, too, who formerly helped to persecute her, has expressed a desire to become a Christian, and with his father's consent is living at the Jesus Hall to be instructed.

A POOR BLIND GIRL.

frequently visits Mrs. Riley, who, though not a Christian, might well be an example to many who go by that name. When quite young, both her eyes were destroyed by small-pox. When she grew up, a lady who was a scholar, did 'good deeds,' and for three years instructed the girl, teaching her a number of poems and songs. These she now sings or chants in the houses of the well-to-do, being invited by them on the occasion of feasts, etc., and thus she is now able to support her aged father and mother. But she does more, for she cooks their 'rice' and washes and mends their clothes. She is very cheerful, and has a bright, intelligent face."

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CURRENT EVENTS.

Democratic Dissatisfaction with the President's course has begun to show itself in unmistakable form. A leading Democratic journal states that a conference of prominent members of the party at Washington, among whom are Messrs. Randall, Beck, Voorhees, and Smalley, have intimated to Mr. Cleveland that the policy of making more rapid and sweeping changes in the offices, and of making them in accordance with the wishes of the leaders, is demanded by his party, and that he "has been kindly and plainly told that on no other policy can his Administration hope for success, and that by going ahead on a line displeasing to the representatives of the Democratic sentiment of the country, he will speedily come to the parting of the ways." This trouble was expected, and it would doubtless have occurred if a Republican President had been elected, if he had failed to make as many removals as were expected of him. In both parties there are unfortunately men of powerful influence, who have no other idea of the offices than that they are spoils to be divided among the victors. The influence of such men is wholly mischievous. So long as they rule American politics will continue to be a by-word for corruption and degradation.

Three Diplomatic Appointments of Importance were made on May 8th. The first was that of Minister to Russia, the position for which General Lawton was originally nominated, but which he honorably declined, when it was found that there was a doubt whether he was constitutionally eligible. The President has now nominated Mr. George V. N. Lothrop, of Michigan, for the mission. Mr. Lothrop is a lawyer of much distinction in his State. He was born in Easton, Conn., in 1817, but removed to Detroit at the conclusion of his college course. He has been attorney-general of the State, and was subsequently elected City Recorder of Detroit. His appointment to the Russian mission gives great satisfaction in Michigan, where Mr. Lothrop is popular with both political parties. The post of *Minister to Hayti* is given to Dr. John E. W. Thompson, a colored physician of New York. He was strongly recommended for the office by the faculty of Yale, where he studied. He is twenty-five years of age, and has already attained eminence in his profession.

He is said to be an excellent linguist. Mr. Boyd Winchester, of Kentucky, has been appointed *Minister to Switzerland*. He is forty-nine years of age, and is a native of Louisiana. Since he removed to Kentucky he has attained eminence as a lawyer and politician. He has twice represented Louisville in Congress. It is stated that our present minister to Switzerland, who is a Methodist clergyman, has made himself unpopular by identifying himself with the Salvation Army in that country during their troubles. If Mr. Winchester should become unpopular, it is not likely to be through imitating the example of his predecessor. His record shows unhappily that his sympathies are not in that direction at all.

The Trial of Short, the Man who Stabbed Captain Phelan in the office of O'Donovan Rossa, on January 9th last, was concluded on May 6th. The prisoner did not deny inflicting the twelve stabs, but claimed that it was done in self-defence. To the amazement of every one, the jury acquitted him. The judge expressed his surprise at the verdict, and added contemptuously to the jury, "You are discharged from any further service in this court." In a letter to a daily journal on the following day, he characterized the verdict as "a gross miscarriage of justice." That is the light in which it is regarded by the public. That Short escaped punishment for so brutal a crime is a direct encouragement to violence in the city. Phelan doubtless is himself a wrong-doer, but it is a dangerous lesson for a jury to teach that a man who is culpable may be carved up by an enemy with impunity. This trial and its result is a disgrace to the city. Some light has since been shed upon the action of the jury by the arrest of one of its members, who is charged with having visited Rossa's office while the trial was in progress.

The Scourge at Plymouth, Pa., Continued last week with unabated virulence. At the close of the week sixteen hundred people were reported sick. In one street, of one hundred and fifty houses, every house but three had in it one or more persons prostrate with the disease. In some cases whole families are down, and there is no one to attend to the sick. One particularly sad case was discovered on Friday, where every one in the house was ill in bed, and there was neither money nor food in the house. The family had been two days without food. An appeal has been sent out for assistance, which Wilkesbarre and Scranton responded to liberally and promptly. Money is now coming in from other quarters. It is sorely needed, for starvation is helping the disease in many families. The physicians are beginning to doubt whether the sickness is really typhoid, as that disease is not contagious, while the number of new cases occurring indicate that this scourge is contagious.

A General Indian War Appears to be Impending in Canada. Riel's successes have encouraged the Indians to rise, and large numbers of them have donned war-paint. Colonel Otter, on May 2d, marched across Poundmaker's reserve, with the object of recovering the captives taken at Fort Pitt. Colonel Otter's troops were attacked by Big Bear and his tribe almost as soon as they entered the reserve. The engagement which followed, at first reported as a victory for Colonel Otter, appears, from later reports, to be nearly a defeat. The Canadians retreated fighting their way through their foes, who hemmed them in, and after a desperate struggle reached Battleford, the Indians remaining in possession of the field. General Middleton at last accounts was moving against the insurgents at Batoche.

The Cable Reports from England Express doubt whether the proposed arbitration will take place. No definite announcement as to the state of the negotiations with Russia was made by Mr. Gladstone or his colleagues last week, but the events known to have occurred indicate that England has yielded on all points, and that there is nothing left to arbitrate about.

This, of course, is merely a surmise which future events may disprove. One of the most significant circumstances reported is that General Sir Peter Lumsden has been recalled. He is the officer who has been for several months on the boundary of Afghanistan and Asiatic Russia awaiting the arrival of the Russian commissaire to define the boundary line. It was he that sent the report of the battle on the Kushk, and denounced the act of the Russians as one of wanton aggression. It is openly stated that he has been recalled at the demand of Russia. A mixed feeling is produced in England by the prospect of peace. To a large number of people it is a relief, but with others the prevailing feeling is one of humiliation. There is general regret that the Cabinet should have assumed the determined attitude it did on the matter if it was not prepared to fight. Dignity might have been preserved by refraining from opposing Russia's advance; but to threaten and not to fulfil the threats is regarded as a cowardly policy. Nevertheless, the Liberal party has confidence in Mr. Gladstone, and believes that the national honor is safe in his hands. If it should be found that he has yielded to Russia to a humiliating degree, the popular verdict will probably drive him from office.

The Responsibility for the Murder of General Gordon and the Khartoum garrison is charged upon Sir Charles Wilson by a newspaper correspondent who accompanied the futile Sudan expedition. Among other statements he makes is one that General Gordon might have been saved but for the dilatoriness of the officer in command of the contingent which crossed the desert to the Nile. He states that after General Stewart was incapacitated by the wound of which he subsequently died, the command devolved on Sir Charles Wilson, who had a conference with the captain of the steamers Gordon had sent forward from Khartoum to meet the British contingent. The captain informed Wilson that there was no time to be lost, as Gordon was in imminent danger. The conference was held on Wednesday, January 21st. Everything was ready to start at three that afternoon; the steamers had their steam up, and nothing remained to be done but to embark. The correspondent states that Wilson "dawdled," and on frivolous pretexts delayed starting, and it was not until noon on the following Saturday that he could be got on board. Then it was too late. Gordon was killed on Monday the 26th, and Wilson arrived at Khartoum on Wednesday the 28th. If he had started on the Wednesday he would have arrived on the Saturday, and Gordon might have been saved. It may be hoped that Wilson will be required to give an explanation of the delay which apparently cost a noble and heroic life.

Flattering Testimonies of Regard for Mr. Lowell are pouring in upon him from the English cities, now that his departure approaches. On May 6th, the corporation of Worcester presented him with an illuminated address bound in blue morocco, expressing regret at his departure from the post of United States Minister to England, and eulogizing his literary aid to the Worcester Library. Mr. Lowell, in replying to the presentation speech, spoke in high terms of his successor, and said he was confident Mr. Phelps would do all in his power to maintain the cordial relations existing between England and the United States. On May 7th Mr. Lowell spoke in Westminster Abbey. He unveiled a bust of the poet Coleridge, placed there by the beneficence of the late Dr. Mercer, of Rhode Island. The Dean of the Abbey, Dr. Bradley, in introducing Mr. Lowell, paid a high tribute to him, and said that he was eminently worthy to perform the duty of unveiling the statue. The ceremony, he said, would add another link to the many that already bound together England and America. Mr. Lowell, in the course of his address, said: "All the waters of the Atlantic cannot wash out of the consciousness of either nation that we hold our intellectual property in common."

Subscriptions to the Fund for Supplying colored ministers and others with THE CHRISTIAN HERALD were received last week to the amount of \$23, in the following sums: From Parnassus, Pa., \$5; Philadelphia, Pa., \$5; Cincinnati, O., \$1; Danbury, Conn., \$5; Berlin, Wis., \$1; Cincinnati, O., \$1; Philadelphia, Pa., \$5. One of these subscriptions is to pay the cost of the paper for three years to one person whose urgent desire for the paper we mentioned a few weeks ago. The whole amount of \$23 thus enables us to restore twenty-one names to the list. Only a few names—about twenty in all—are now dropped. If the owners of them will be patient, it is possible that the kind friends who are contributing to this fund will enable us to send to them too. We assure them that the names are being taken in their regular order. We are pleased to hear how useful the paper has been in the past, and pray that God will continue to bless it in the future. The new applications from the Southern States have been duly noted, and will be attended to as far as it is in our power.

The Missionary Harvest of Consecrated Corn is among the incidents reported from Connecticut; it shows how much good may be done at small cost. In 1883 the Sunday-schools of Farmington and New Hartford, Conn., planted six ears of corn for missionary purposes, the harvest of which realized \$120. From this seed-corn six new and flourishing Sunday-schools have grown, and five others have been aided. One has already become a church, and in a revival in another forty persons have joined the church.

A Blessing in Disguise Appears to be the proper name for the present "hard times" among the miners of Pennsylvania. *The Miner's Journal* testifies as a result of its observations, that since the distress set in "there has been a steady falling off in the consumption of every popular variety of intoxicating beverage, which has at last reached a stage that is arousing the anxious concern of the manufacturers." It may be hoped that the principles of total abstinence adopted now out of necessity may be adhered to by choice when prosperity returns. It is a good sign which does not often accompany a cessation from work. Too often when men are idle they drink more than when they are busy. The Pennsylvania miners are to be congratulated on their good sense.

Perservering Prayer for Many Years has been answered in the case of a Christian father. Rising last week in the Fulton Street Prayer Meeting, he reminded those present how often for many years he had periodically presented the case of his son for the supplications of the people of God. The son has been the slave of the dreadful appetite for strong drink. His seemed to be an incorrigible case, and his misdeeds when under the influence of drink were such as to cause his father and mother the deepest sorrow. After some more than usually aggravating escapade on the part of the son, following closely upon promises and vows to do better, the father would come with the terrible story to the noon-meeting. Deepest sympathy was ever aroused by a recital of the case, prayers full of importunity were offered in the son's behalf, but seemingly without avail. But now the father came with the good news of his son's surrender to the Lord Jesus Christ. He believed the boy, as he called him, had been truly saved. The happy father could not restrain his tears as he spoke of the boy once lost, but now found; once dead, but now alive.

A Camp Meeting on the Allegheny Mountains is to be held, according to present arrangements, at Mountain Lake Park, Garrett County, Maryland, on July 11th. This is a favorite resort for sufferers from hay-fever and others who need pure mountain air. Here Miss Jennie Smith has her home for Christian workers, and it is in this vicinity where her labors have been so signally owned of the Lord in the conversion of railroad employes. By way of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, Mountain Lake Park is about

twenty hours' ride from Philadelphia and about eight hours' ride from Washington. The camp-meeting will be in charge of Dr. Dugan Clark and D. B. Updegraff, well-known Quaker preachers. They will be assisted by ministers and evangelists of other Christian denominations. Christians, and especially Christian workers, will unite in this meeting and wait together for such an endowment of power as will more thoroughly prepare them for winning souls for Christ. It is hoped that this will be a latter-day pentecost, and that while believers are receiving baptisms of power many souls will be saved. Further information can be had by addressing Rev. John Thompson, 2002 Brandywine Street, Philadelphia.

Too Lonely to Live was the Reason a Child gave in New York last week for poisoning herself. A physician was summoned hastily to visit a girl of about sixteen years of age who was dying. She told him that she had swallowed Paris green, and knew she could not recover. When asked why she had done so wicked a thing, she said her mother was dead and her father was away from home all day at his work and she was so lonely that she would rather be dead. The physician was unable to save her, and she died with a smile on her face. It is impossible to refrain from pitying the poor demented child, in spite of her wickedness. Pity it is that no Christian knew of her misery, and told her of One who loved her and had promised to be with her always, even to the end of the world. But she was a foreigner, and we never show any attention or friendliness to foreigners, unless they are princes or people of distinction, and then we toady them until we make ourselves ridiculous. How many miserable lives might be lightened and made joyous if Christian people would only tell out what they know of Christ's love for men! (Matt. 28:20.)

Electricity is being Employed to Tame Wild beasts. A series of experiments have had surprising results, as described by the Boston *Youth's Companion*. The idea has been adapted by a tamer himself, and his instrument is an apparatus shaped like a stick and highly charged with electricity. When the animals become unruly, he gives them shocks from this battery, and the effects are instantaneous. Three of his lions immediately showed signs of the greatest terror. They were seized with trembling, and growled fitfully. The tiger was more quickly subdued, became stupefied, and crouched in a corner of the cage. Bruin was more refractory to electricity, which seemed scarcely to affect him. He would growl and show his teeth, but was subdued after repeated discharges. The most astonishing effects, however, were perceptible in the boa constrictor, which it paralyzed and rendered helpless for six hours. Finally, the elephant, on being electrified by a touch of the stick upon the tip of his trunk, set up a series of wild cries, and became frantic. Thus the brutes, like brutal men, are being made acquainted with "the resources of civilization." It is necessary, in the interests of society, that savagery should be repressed by severe measures when kindness fails to subdue it. This is God's method, too, of dealing with men (Ps. 32:8-10).

Faith in the Madstone as a Cure for Hydro-phobia and snake-bites is more general than most people think. An evidence of it is given in a North Carolina journal, which states that fifty dollars was recently offered to the possessor of a madstone in Raleigh for it, and he refused to sell. Several of these stones are in existence. They are about the size of a hen's egg, and slightly flattened. They are of a buff color, very smooth, and present the appearance of having been sandpapered. The stones are porous, and possess strong absorbent qualities. In bites of snakes or dogs or other wounds of a poisonous nature the stone is applied to the wound, to which it immediately adheres, and as the virus is drawn from the flesh the stone turns black. It is then washed in tepid water or sweet milk, and is applied again. As long as the stone sticks to the wound there is poison in the

blood and flesh. The poison must be withdrawn before there can be healing or safety. Men realize this in physical cases, but in spiritual things they appear to think that health may come by less radical measures. They try to stop swearing, drinking, and other vicious habits, and to reform themselves without eradicating the poison of sin in the heart. Such efforts are invariably failures. It is only when through Christ the poison is taken away that the life becomes right in God's sight (1 John 3:5).

How a Clergyman Unwittingly Invited a congregation to dinner is told by a Chicago journal. It states that a clergyman was preaching for a friend who was the regular pastor of the church. When the time came in the service for announcing the meetings, services, etc., that were to be held during the week, he took the paper his friend had prepared for him and read it throughout. The congregation were surprised by hearing him read as the last item on the programme: "*I insist on your dining at my house, no matter who asks you.*" Both the preacher and the congregation were amused at the mistake, but it may be supposed that no inconvenience resulted from it, as the congregation would understand how it occurred. The clergyman should have read the notices over before reading them to the congregation; then he would have seen that the last item was a special invitation to himself, not a general one to the congregation. Happily, there would be no need for such discrimination when he came to the more important reading from the Bible. The invitations there are to whosoever will (Rev. 22:17).

An Interesting Natural Curiosity may be seen on a farm near Kingston, N. Y. The *Utica Herald* says that on the Gardener Smith farm there is a chestnut-tree, the trunk of which is eight feet in diameter. Four feet from the ground a white elm-tree a foot in diameter projects from the trunk. It is supposed that there was once a cavity or depression in the side of the chestnut-tree, which became filled with decayed vegetable matter, into which a seed from an elm had lodged, and from which sprang the present elm. The latter has spreading branches, which mingle their foliage with that of the chestnut every year. Both trees are sound. The chestnut was an important landmark in the ancient Indian trail, and is mentioned in many old legal documents of Ulster County. The tree is about six hundred years old. It is a significant fact that the elm derives its life through the chestnut, yet does not partake of its nature; its trunk and branches and leaves are still those of the elm. It is not so in the metaphor Christ used (John 15:5); no man whose life is not Christ-like is rooted in Him (Matt. 12:33).

A Convicted Prisoner Seldom Presumes to give advice to the judge who is trying him; but an instance of it is reported in a Texas journal. The case was one of chicken-stealing, in which the thief had shown much boldness. He and the judge were old acquaintances, as this was not the first time the prisoner had been tried in the same court for such offences. Addressing the prisoner, the judge said: "I do not comprehend how it was possible for you to steal those chickens when they were roosting right under the owner's window, and there were two vicious dogs in the yard." But the prisoner would not enlighten him. He said: "Hit wouldn't do yer a bit of good, Jedge, for me to 'splain how I cotched dem chickens, for yer couldn't do hit yerself if yer tried hit forty times, and yer might get yer hide full ob buckshot de berry first time yer put yer leg ober de fence. De bes' way for yer to do, Jedge, is fur yer to buy yer chickens in de market, and when yer wants ter commit any rascality do hit on de bench, whar yer am at home." Unhappily, as the prisoner intimated, a man who is disposed to sin need not go out of his calling to do it; every man is surrounded by temptations. Christ knew this, but He showed how men might be in the world and yet be delivered from the evil of it (John 17:15).

FIRST HEALING AND THEN SERVICE.

A New Sermon by Pastor C. H. Spurgeon.

"And when Jesus was come into Peter's house, he saw his wife's mother laid, and sick of a fever. And he touched her hand, and the fever left her: and she arose, and ministered unto them."—MATTHEW 8: 14, 15.

A False and Cruel Doctrine—Sickness from the Lord, not From the Devil—The Scene in the House—I. People who need Healing—Spiritual Fevers—Inflamed Minds—Intermittent Vice—Restless—Jesus Told—II. No Service before Healing—Spreading Contagion—The Process of Healing—III. Healing Followed by Strength—Immediate Service—Appropriate Service—Work for Holy Women—Not Preaching—IV. Desire for Service Produced—Naturally Suggested—Prompted by Gratitude—A King on the Witness Stand—Mettle in a Horse.

OUR Lord Jesus Christ had been having a heavy day. He had been to the synagogue, and He had preached and had wrought miracles; He had moved in the midst of a great throng, and now the Sabbath was drawing to a close. He needed refreshment, and it was most convenient that Peter had a house into which the Lord could go. I do not suppose it was a stately mansion; probably it was little better than a hut, for Peter was only a fisherman; but the Lord Jesus made it honorable enough by entering it. Where the king is there the palace is.

Though our Lord went to Peter's house to rest, He did not find it free from trouble. It was a hospital before He made it a palace. Peter's wife's mother was on her bed prostrate with "a great fever." Typhus of the worst kind was burning out her life. However good a man may be, he will not escape trial in the flesh. You may have a house full of

SANCTITY AND FULL OF SICKNESS

at the same time. We find it true while we are here, that "the body is dead because of sin, but the spirit is life because of righteousness." The regenerated spirit has risen into life, but the body lingers under the power of death and its attendant pain and weakness. Certain persons attribute all sickness to the devil, and impute special sin to those who are grievously afflicted. This teaching is

AS FALSE AS IT IS CRUEL.

"Whom the Lord loveth He chasteneth." I can bear witness that some of the saintliest persons I have ever known have been bed-ridden for years together; and others in whom the very image of Christ was conspicuous, from whose lips all the country round gathered up the choicest sentences of holy experience, have been invalids for twenty or thirty years at a stretch. *Our sicknesses are of the Lord's appointing*, however painful they may be, and we may without doubt say, as David did, "The Lord hath chastened me sore." "Lord, he whom thou lovest is sick" is still a truth. Even Peter's house, though it be the abode of a chosen saint and a leading apostle, whose very shadow would one day heal the sick, had a terrible fever in it which threatened death.

What glory Jesus casts upon common things! With what grandeur He invests a room in a poor man's house! A fisherman's hut becomes the headquarters of the captain of our salvation. He heals a woman within its doors, and before long "all the city was gathered together at the door." Oh that we may see the like—our own dear ones saved, and then the whole city roused to seek divine healing! We will arrange our discourse under the headings of four observations.

I. First, let us observe that it may be we have in our house

SOME WHO NEED THE MINISTRY

of the Lord Jesus. One in Peter's house could not as yet minister to Christ, for she needed that Christ should minister to her. She was sick of a great fever, and quite prostrated by it, so as to be altogether unable to rise. Let us think whether we have not some about us who are spiritually sick, in a way which may be likened to a great fever.

What would the fever represent? Those who are in a fever represent spiritually those who are *on fire with sin*. Have we not seen some whom we dearly loved afflicted with this fierce distemper? Touch upon certain points, and we discover that they are diseased in reference to them; they are in

AN INFLAMED STATE OF MIND;

they cannot be made to think coolly or judge calmly, but they grow excited and angry. Their touch is that of a fevered hand; their whole nature is burning with the fire of sin. Such persons are not always alike inflamed; they are frequently gentle and tractable—so much so that we are filled with hope concerning them. Often fever is intermittent; the patient is hot at one time, and cold at another; and in many sinners the fever of sin is intermittent in its symptoms. They are not always drinking; sometimes they are sober for a long period, and express themselves as deeply penitent for former falls. What pleasant company, what fine, genial spirits they are at such times! The fever returns, and nothing can restrain them, they drink even to delirium. Alas, the misery which is thus caused! Others are gentle and loving for a season, and then they suddenly give way to anger, and there is no knowing what they will say or do. When once the fever is on them they become as inflamed as ever. We know persons from whom the heat of the fever is so long gone that we think surely they are healed; but, alas! their cool times are only a pause between the attacks, and the evil returns with increased energy.

These fevered people are frequently

VERY RESTLESS.

It is one effect of the fever that the man cannot lie long together either on this side or on the other, but turns to and fro. Even his sleep is broken; neither by day nor by night can he find rest. He is dried up, and feels as weak as if he were brought into the dust of death and utterly dissolved.

We know young men with happy homes who cannot be content; they seem resolved to break their mothers' hearts, and their fathers know not what to do with them. Nothing pleases them, they are always unsettled. They have been put to half-a-dozen businesses already, and have left each one of them; they are now longing for a foreign country, or for enlistment in the army, or for anything other than their present calling. We have known them go to the colonies and come back again, finding nothing there; a sea voyage was to cure them, but, alas! a sinner on land is a sinner at sea. The malady is inward, and needs change of self rather than change of place. Such persons often become irritable toward their friends when checked in their wrongdoing, and even become at last, like Pashur in the book of Jeremiah, a terror to themselves and to their friends.

One symptom of a fever is that a man

LOSES APPETITE

for that which would be good for him. Some of our unconverted friends have no taste for the Gospel; we cannot easily induce them to come to hear it. If you could get them under the sound of the Word, you would sit and pray and even agonize for them, all the while the truth was being preached; but, alas! they will not come near; they have no taste, no liking, no care for heavenly things; the thing they most require is that for which they have the least desire. Yet, fear not; Jesus can give them appetite, and everything else which is necessary to a perfect cure.

On the other hand, a fevered patient often feels a great thirst, which he cannot by any means allay. He longs to drink and drink again, and with all his drinking the heat is not abated. Sometimes the sick man has an appetite for what he must not taste; he craves after the most injurious and even unnatural things; foods which would be most pernicious he prefers. So is it with unconverted ones when under the full power of sin; they are eager enough to hear a godless lecture, or to listen to opinions

which are the opposite of truth; they would go through any hardship to indulge their passions, and sacrifice any amount to be allowed their desires. As the horse-leech crieth, "Give, give," so is sin insatiable.

But the worst point in the case of the sinner is this, that this fever of his

WILL PROVE FATAL.

This son, daughter, husband, or wife of yours will perish through the fever of sin, if it be not cured. A great fever is a great danger, and so is sin. I have thus described the disease; what shall we do with it? Let us see what the disciples did.

Mark says, "Anon they tell Him of her." I would earnestly persuade you to do the same. Tell the case to Jesus just as you would mention a physical case to a doctor. He is ready to hear it all, and to consider it. Make a *confidant* of Jesus. Do not go and complain all over the neighborhood, "My boy does this," or "My husband does that," for you may increase the evil in that way by incensing the person against yourself and your religion. You may tell Jesus all about it, without restraint. No harm can come of such a relation. It will be a relief to your own mind, and it will be the most proper way of engaging your Lord to help you.

Bring unto Jesus all your sinful ones; lay them at His feet; leave them in His presence. When you have done all this—when you have told Him of her, and besought Him about her, and brought Him to the house to look upon her—then you may expect His healing touch and saving word.

II. Secondly: The ministry of Jesus must precede the ministry of the saved ones. We anxiously desire that these friends of ours who are now sick of the fever of sin should yet become the servants of Christ, and should minister to Him. I can imagine the joy of that anxious mother over yonder if she should ever be privileged to hear her boy preach the Gospel—that boy who has even been known to swear. This is

A RIGHT DESIRE,

but do not indulge it unwisely. Do not ask them to do anything for Jesus while they are unregenerate. Healing must come before serving. When a person is "laid, and sick of a fever," do not ask her to rise and wait upon the Lord Jesus Christ. No; *His* ministry to Peter's wife's mother preceded *her* ministry to Him. She was "laid," that is, prostrated by the terrible malady. Thus it is with the sinner. What can he do for Christ? Out of a foul spring no clean waters can come, and out of a corrupt heart no acceptable works can proceed. Christ must give us strength, and cause us both to will and to do of His own good pleasure, for without Him we can do nothing.

Moreover, this sick woman was utterly

UNFIT TO DO ANYTHING

for Jesus and His disciples with a great fever upon her. Everywhere she went she would spread the contagion of her malady. Everything she touched would be infected; any food she prepared would be nauseous even to think upon. Let her keep her bed, by all means, and let none go near her unless they are compelled to do so; for fever soon seizes upon fresh victims. So you that are ungodly cannot serve Christ, for everything you do is defiled; you cannot lay your hand even upon holy things without polluting them.

What is more, a person sick of a fever, if in her feverishness she were to arise and wait upon guests would get no good, but *run terrible risks*. Persons in fever must not be exposed to draughts, or be driven to exert themselves. Every doctor would judge it to be most injurious to a person in a high state of fever to attempt to work. I solemnly believe that unconverted people get hurt when they attempt religious duties. To preach with an unrenewed heart must be to pronounce one's own death-warrant. If unrenewed men come to the sacramental table they eat and drink condemnation to themselves; and if they in any way make a

profession of faith they are enacting a falsehood in the sight of high heaven, seeing they have no such faith.

Listen to me, any fevered ones who are here, while I briefly describe how the Lord Jesus Christ ministered to this woman.

He ministered to her by *His presence*. His being in the room with her meant that salvation was come to her house. Beloved, believe that Jesus Christ is here. The next thing that blessed this woman was *His look*. "Jesus saw her." Not only is Jesus near at hand, but He is present with His eyes open, observing all that ails you, seeing it with a mind which is deeply sympathetic, and a heart quick to relieve.

The next thing the Lord Jesus Christ used was *His touch*. This is

THE HEALING POINT.

He "took her by the hand, and lifted her up." There was a contact established. If thou believest in the Lord Jesus, He is in contact with thee; His cool hand is grasping thy fevered hand; and as thy fever dissolves into Him—for "He himself bare our sicknesses"—His health flows into thee, so that there was, beside the contact, another form of power: our Lord spoke to the fever. *His word* is a word of might. Oh that thou, poor sin-sick sinner, may hear the Word of the Lord with thine inner ears, for such hearing is eternal life! God help thee so to hear. There is healing for thee, and I warn thee again that thou must have this healing before thou canst work for Jesus.

III. Thirdly, it is plainly taught in the text that

STRENGTH TO MINISTER

comes with healing. "Immediately she arose and ministered to them." Fever causes extreme weakness, and when it leaves the patient, he is for a considerable time greatly debilitated. The cures of nature are slow; but when Jesus cures. He does it at once. Though He uses only a touch and a word, yet He cures so perfectly that no weakness remains. The woman did not lie in bed a week or two, and feed upon nourishing diet, and so recover her strength; but there and then she arose from her bed, girt her garments about her, and went about the duties of the household. The moment the Lord Jesus Christ saves a soul He gives that soul strength for its appointed service.

I want to call your attention to this: that her service was immediate service, rendered on the spot, without delay. Some of you have been converted during our late special services; let me bid you serve the Lord at once, even as the Lord has served you. "What get to work directly?" Yes, immediately; for there is something very beautiful about that which is done by new converts. The firstfruits are in some respects the best fruits. I would not have a converted person wait a week before trying to do something for Jesus. Run as soon as you find your feet.

But notice that what this good woman did was very appropriate. Peter's wife's mother did not get out of bed and go down the street and deliver an address to an assembled multitude. *Women are best when they are quiet.* I share the Apostle Paul's feelings when he bade women be silent in the assembly. Yet there is

WORK FOR HOLY WOMEN.

we read of Peter's wife's mother that she arose and ministered to Christ. She did what she could and what she should—she arose and ministered to Him. Some people can do anything that they are allowed to do, but waste their energies in lamenting that they are not called on to do other people's work. Blessed are they who do what they should do. It is better to be a good housewife, or nurse, or domestic servant, than to be a powerless preacher or a graceless talker.

When healed of her fever, Peter's wife's mother had strength to perform a suitable ministry, such as the peculiar occasion required. She did for Jesus and the three companions that which was needful there and then. Jesus had

had a hard day's preaching, and that is hungry work; He had spent a heavy day in healing, and that is exhausting work; and now He wanted somewhat to eat, and therefore He came into Peter's house. "She arose and ministered to them." Now, dear friends, you that are converted may minister to Christ in a way which is as necessary as the service of His eldest preachers and pastors. There is something for you to do which will be a refreshment to Him and to His servants. He condescendingly permits it, and will graciously accept it. You can personally minister to a personal Christ. You cannot do everything, but you can do something that will be acceptable to Him. You may, you can, and you ought.

IV. The desire to minister always ARISES OUT OF HEALING.

Here was a woman, a poor woman, an old woman, a widow woman, one who had just been sick, and she desires at once to minister to Christ, and she can do it, and she does do it. How think you—was she moved to this? Was not it that strength naturally suggests activity as soon as ever you get it? When you are very prostrate as you must lie still—do anything. You feel as if you must lie still—there is no power in you, and there is no industry in you; but persons who have recovered want something to do. Sometimes they try to do more than they can. Now, if the Lord has given you spiritual strength, that life will want to work; if He has given you light, that light will shine.

And then the gratitude for this strength impels you to activity. How can a man be still when Christ has spoken for him and delivered him? We read in the paper some time ago that

THE KING OF ITALY.

to his great honor, appeared in a court of law on behalf of a man brought up under charge of causing a death. The King had seen the accident, and he came forward as a common witness in the court to say that the horse had mastered the driver, and the man was not to be blamed. I do not know the name of the man, but I feel pretty sure that Jacobi or Antonio, whoever he may be, if ever King Humbert wants somebody to speak up for him will find a friend in him: he will say, "My king came into court and spoke for me, and I will as long as ever I live speak up for him." Now, the Lord Jesus Christ is an advocate for you, therefore be an advocate for him.

Once more, I think I may say that those who are healed by Christ are sure to do something for Him of the right sort, because their former habits will assist them. I do not mean by this that sinful activity can ever help us into holy activity, but I do mean this: that we can turn our old habits to account for Jesus. I believe that Peter's wife's mother was a particularly nice old lady. There is rather a *prejudice against a wife's mother*, and if Peter found it the proper thing to have her living in the house, I am sure she was a specially good woman. I have a picture of her in my mind's eye—a dear old soul, always busy and happy. When she had the fever she did not like to be laid aside; and so the moment she is restored, there she is at it.

THE RULING PASSION

is strong now that death has been removed. She begins to serve Jesus, for she had always been serving somebody. You people who, when you were not converted, were always active, ought to be doubly active now.

As for you, young men who have been so restless, so vigorous, so dashing in sin, it seems to me that this habitual energy ought to be placed under consecration to Christ. A horse that has no mettle in it is easily managed; still, a horse with a little mettle, though he may kick and plunge and do a great deal of mischief, is all the better horse when he is broken in. If he be under proper management, if he answers to the bit, you like the mettle. So it is with a man when he is converted. If he had mettle in him that led him to kick and plunge when he

served the devil, if he did so much mischief and damage against the kingdom of Christ, he is the very man to pull well in Jesus Christ's chariot. I pray the Master, therefore, that He will come and heal that young man of his feverishness and make his blood cool within him this day, and restore him by His grace. Oh that the Lord would touch all sick folk and make them healthy! Then when all are healed let us rise to serve Him who has served us, and unto Him be glory for ever and ever. Amen and amen.

NEW BOOKS.

A DICTIONARY OF THE BIBLE.

THIS is an abridgment of the well-known work of Dr. William Smith. It has been revised and edited by the Rev. F. N. and M. A. Peloubet, with the special view of aiding Sunday-school teachers whose means are not equal to the purchase of the larger work, which is an expensive book of four volumes. The experience the editors have had of Sunday-school work, and the sagacity they have displayed in their "Select Notes on the International Lessons," render them especially qualified for the task they have undertaken here. While omitting the more abstruse questions which clergymen and theological students need to examine, but which Sunday-school teachers have seldom the time or the occasion to study, they have carefully retained all the information which is of practical utility in Sunday-school work. A few additions have also been made, which the issue of the Revised Version suggested, and also the latest results of Palestinian research. The larger work of Dr. Smith is to be found in all good reference libraries, and is, therefore, well known to the public. We need say nothing about that, as its merits are generally appreciated. Of this condensation it is sufficient to say that it is a marvel of editorial skill, which must surprise every one who knows the original work and examines this. So little has been omitted that is generally needed, and so much is retained in briefer form, that, except for special purposes and advanced students, the condensation seems the more useful work of the two. It contains eight colored maps and four hundred and forty illustrations. Pp. 818. Published by Messrs. Porter & Coates, Philadelphia.

RUSSIA UNDER THE TSARS.

by Stepnjak. A more terrible exposure of the horrors of despotism has never seen the light than this vivid narrative of the Russian exile, who under the assumed name of Stepnjak, is now well known to the English-speaking nations. The Russian Government never committed a more stupid blunder than when it drove this brilliant writer out of the country. His pen has been very busy in his enforced exile, and it has in his Underground Russia, in numerous short articles in the reviews and the daily journals, and now in his "Russia Under the Tsars," given pictures of Russian life which excite liberty-loving peoples to indignation and loathing. It is not difficult to understand, as we read his pages, why Nihilism has taken root among the people, and why men of intelligence and patriotism have cheerfully resigned wealth and station, and have gone down among the masses to earn their own livelihood and use their opportunities to enlighten and organize the sections. A prison and an ignominious death generally, almost invariably await such men, but they accept that fate willingly, if, before it falls upon them, they can do something toward the work of delivering the land they love from the autocracy that is crushing out its life.

This book will come upon many people as a revelation. It is easy to see from comments in the public press and remarks made in ordinary conversation that the American public knows next to nothing of Russian life. To such people the fact that in Russia the spies of the government enter into the privacy of the home, that a man may be seized on the secret accusation of an enemy and flung into a loathsome prison without redress, that a citizen may be arrested



A Sabbath Service in the Desert.

and acquitted upon trial, and the very same day may be secretly seized and carried off to Siberia, while his family and friends are left in suspense, not knowing if he is dead or alive—all this is unknown. The writers who are endeavoring to arouse American sympathy for the Russian Government should read this book. If they are worthy the name of American citizens they will blush to think they have unwittingly engaged in so unnatural an undertaking. It is no fiction. The writer speaks throughout with evident moderation. He gives names of men, of places and dates, and he states where confirmation of his narrative may be found. He tells of women beaten, kicked by guards wearing heavy military boots, women stripped of their clothes before a company of soldiers by the searcher for compromising documents, their mouths forced open so roughly that their teeth are broken, to see if any scrap of paper is hidden there; of prisoners confined in cells which the Neva floods at every tide, and which the rats haunt through holes purposely left that they may enter to worry the prisoners. A woman who was confined in one of those cells was forced to keep awake night and day lest the rats should eat her newborn babe, and she innocent and untried. It is this government, this hateful despotism, that free American citizens are asked to admire—a government false, cruel, unmanly, and brutal. We hope that this work will be widely read, that the public may learn the eminent ignorance of the men who, through their editorials, are trying to trick our citizens into a course which will disgrace them. Price, \$1.50. Published by Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

A SUNDAY SERVICE IN THE DESERT.

(See illustration on this page.)

AMONG the sketches drawn by the artists who accompanied the expedition for the rescue of General Gordon is one of which the illustration here given is a copy. It was in strange contrast to the Sunday service in barracks at home. Around, the dry, arid waste of sand; above the scorching tropical sun, and close at hand the

herd of camels, instead of the well-groomed horses of the regiment. It was noticed, however, that the men seemed to pay closer attention and to be in more sober, solemn mood than at service at home. That fact is easy to understand. It was serious business in which they were engaged. No man could tell what might occur on the morrow. It might be that those very men to whom the chaplain was speaking of the life beyond the grave would in a few hours be lying on the sand which their life-blood would dye in crimson hue. Some soldiers were reckless, apparently careless whether they lived or died, but with the majority death was evidently a serious matter.

It is gratifying to learn through the reports of the chaplains and through the letters sent home by the men themselves that there has been a marked change for the better in the character of the troops. Not a few of those who have fallen in that fruitless struggle have been men over whose lifeless bodies the familiar words "a sure and certain hope," spoken as they were buried in the sand, have been no meaningless formula. There has been good ground for the hope in the testimony they gave in life of their faith in Christ. Noble ladies, whose names will never be forgotten, have, during the past ten years, left the scenes of frivolous pleasure to devote their lives to the work of educating and saving the soldier. Soldiers' reading-rooms, soldiers' schools and chapels have been built and supported, and many souls have been saved. It is also known that General Wolsey's temperance principles have done much to improve the morals of the men. He has steadily discountenanced the drinking customs formerly in vogue, and has firmly refused to have the wagons laden with barrels of beer follow the regiments in their march as they used to do.

THE MODERN PASSOVER.

THE correspondent of a contemporary recently visited an orthodox Jewish family and witnessed the celebration of the Passover. From his de-

scription of the ceremonies we extract the following:

"At the head of the table sat the master of the house, round the table sat the family and guests, and all were dressed in their holiday garments, inasmuch as the occasion was a festive one. The furniture of the table was never used, except at the Paschal Feast, and was of the best quality, to remind all by contrast of the poverty and slavery in Egypt. In the centre of the table was a brazen dish, on which were first placed three Passover cakes (called 'Mitzvoh'), thin circular biscuits of unleavened bread about six inches in diameter, which were 'hidden' or covered in a white linen cloth. Upon this cloth were placed the following: a large glass jug filled with sparkling wine—this was taken from a bottle, on the cork of which was the seal of the chief rabbi, guaranteeing that it was *unfermented wine*—the shank bone of a shoulder of lamb and an egg, both of which had been religiously roasted, not boiled, the former representing the paschal lamb, and the latter a festive sacrifice which was offered while the Temple was still standing. The bitter herbs—a memorial of the bitterness of Egyptian bondage—consisted of lettuce finely cut into shreds, and a stick of horseradish.

The feast commenced by filling the glasses with wine, and then saying many words of blessing, commencing thus: 'Blessed art Thou, O Lord our God! King of the Universe, who createst the fruit of the vine.' This, I was afterward given to understand, was called the 'Sanctification of the Passover.' When this sanctification of praise was ended all the company drank. After that the father broke one of the three cakes in two pieces, and took one half from under the linen cloth and laid it aside for 'Afcomen.' He then elevated the dish containing the bone and egg, and all present took hold of the dish and said, 'This is the bread of affliction which our ancestors ate in the land of Egypt; let all that are hungry enter and eat; let all that are in want come hither and observe

the Passover. *This year we celebrate it here; but we hope next year to celebrate it in the land of Israel.* This form of words is said to have been first used during the Babylonian captivity.

"A second time the glasses were filled with wine, and the little Jewish maiden began to ask questions respecting the Passover, which brought vividly to my mind the words of Moses, 'It shall come to pass when your children shall say unto you, What mean ye by this service? That ye shall say, It is the sacrifice of the Lord's Passover,' etc. (Ex. 12: 26, 27). It was very clear to me that the ceremony was arranged so as to interest the children and to encourage in them the spirit of devout and earnest inquiry. The various forms of the service and the things on the table were really object-lessons by which the junior members were being taught religious truths of the greatest importance. 'Wherefore,' said the child, speaking fluently in Hebrew, 'is this night distinguished from all other nights?' The head of the family replied to the child's questions, and explained by 'chanting a condensed history of the descent of God's people into Egypt, their sojourn and suffering there, and their glorious deliverance by the hand of God. Now and again the company lifted and put down the wine, accompanying the action with words expressive of gratitude and faith in God.

"After the second cup of wine had been drunk the host washed his hands as proxy for the rest. Then he took the whole cakes and the broken cake, and after uttering a few sentences of blessing he gave to each person a piece of each cake, which were then eaten together. Then followed 'the eating of the bitter herbs,' which consisted of slices of horseradish and a small quantity of the 'haroseth.' The elders of the company seemed to enjoy the bitter herbs, but I noticed that a little boy present indicated by unmistakable signs that he considered this part of the repast as anything but agreeable.

"The cups being filled with wine again, the 'Hallel' was chanted, which included Ps. 115 to 118. This was probably the song in which our Lord and His apostles joined in the supper chamber on the night of the betrayal, of which Matthew says, 26: 30. 'And when they had sung a hymn they went out into the Mount of Olives.' Other psalms and prayers succeeded the 'Hallel,' and in the closing prayer invoking the divine acceptance of the service, I was specially struck by what might be called the piteous pleadings for the rebuilding of the Temple and the restoration of Israel to the Land of Promise."

FOUND ON THE EDGE OF A PRECIPICE.

(See illustration on this page.)

A EUROPEAN writer thus describes an incident which came to his knowledge during a tour in the Swiss Alpine region: "Early one morning I rose and stood outside the hospitable quarters in which I had spent the night. Brightly rose the sun over the snow-clad Alps, giving a roseate hue to the dazzling snow, and tinging the sleeping glacier with his radiant beams.



An Alpine Traveller's Narrow Escape.

"While admiring the beautiful prospect, I was suddenly aroused by the sound of many voices; and on hastening to the place from whence their cries proceeded, I saw a number of people looking anxiously at some men who were returning from an expedition to the higher crags. They appeared to be either English or Americans, for I heard the questions eagerly asked in English, 'Is he found?' 'Is the young man safe?' The answer could not yet be heard. Again, louder than before, rose the cry, 'Is the young man safe?' All waited in silent suspense for the reply; at last it came, 'Yes, we have found him; he is safe!' Then arose a loud shout of gladness and joy, which told of previous apprehension, and which reverberated along the mountains, and was repeated by many echoes.

"On inquiring what had happened, I was told that an English gentleman, who was travelling with a party of friends, had rashly ventured, the evening preceding, among the glaciers, without the knowledge of his companions and without a guide. When he was missed it was at first supposed that he had merely gone for a short walk and would soon return, but as it became dark the fears of the party were aroused, and a search-party started out in quest of him, with proper guides and many of the villagers. These were the men now returning. They said they had searched carefully all night for their friend without success, and were about to abandon hope, when, in the gray of morning, they found him near the edge of a precipice, benumbed, stupe-

fied, and nearly dead. With the help of restoratives life was once more revived, and he was saved.

"After hearing this account, and rendering what assistance lay in my power, I pursued my way, musing on what I had seen and heard. I moralized on the heedlessness of the traveller; thought of his narrow escape from death; and prayed that his deliverance might lead him to fly to that Saviour who is able to save from spiritual death.

"How many times, thought I, have these mountains echoed words of anxious inquiry similar to those which so impress me! And should we not repeat the question as we travel along life's pathway? Might we not startle some listless wanderer in the broad road, by calling to him, and asking him if he is safe for eternity? Might we not say to the worldly man of business, Art thou safe? Hast thou made thy soul's salvation the great end of thy life? Thou art diligent in business, but hast thou attended to the great business of eternity? Might we not speak to that young maiden, who is now entering on the gay scenes of the world: Maiden, art thou safe here? Thou art surrounded with snares—hast thou taken Christ for thy Guide? To the young man leaving college to enter on the business and cares of life we might cry, Thy way is over the mountains, where there are precipices and slippery places; art thou trusting in God's guidance to keep thee from falling? The world, bright as it looks to the young who are just entering upon it, is a scene of moral and spiritual peril. The old man, as he looks back over his course and thinks of those who were his companions in early years, is saddened by the recollection of the number of them whom he has seen fall and perish by the way. They were the brightest and the best, but they are gone, and most of them perished through their own self-confidence."

THE JEW'S WARD.

A SERIAL STORY.

(Continued from page 303.)

THE TWO EXILES.

To Carola the utter stillness and monotony of her new dwelling was at first a relief. There were so many things to think of and ponder; and here there was no call upon her attention, except for her few household duties. The last two months had exhausted her strength, and she needed time and leisure to recruit it. Her love for Philip Arnold had scarcely made itself known to herself before the terrible shock of hearing of George Bassett had roughly shaken it—possibly had uprooted it altogether. The whole course of events had been bitter and antagonistic to her. She had been tossed to and fro upon a sea of troubles, and this lonely cottage was a safe and quiet haven to her.

The hatred of her old companions preyed upon her and haunted her as she strove to weary herself with hard work in the neglected garden. It was this unexpected and undeserved hate that was her crowning sorrow. She felt no bitterness now against the people at Hazelmount, making careful allowance for them and their

pride in their forefathers. She thought of Philip Arnold with a patient grief, resigned to having lost him, and the home that had seemed so happy to her. But to think of herself as a creature abhorred and hated by her own people, those whom she had pitied with a great and yearning pity, was, indeed, to be crucified with her Lord. The sharpness of it must wear off a little before she could mingle again with her fellow-creatures.

There was no one to notice in those days that Carola left off singing. Matthias did not miss it, for she had not sung in the poverty-stricken old garret, with her bed-ridden grandmother living in it. It had been one of the delights of her new life. Often, when her heart ached sorely, she would sit down by the old man and chat with him; and at these times he felt that it was well with him to be here with Carola. If she could only talk to him of Christ, and read His wonderful life aloud to him, the consolation of it would have been greater than anything else to her.

But that name, which was literally dearer to her than any other name, could not pass her lips. To him Jesus of Nazareth was the God of the Christians, the persecutors of his people in all ages; robbers and murderers in the name of their God. He had known no Christians but the drinking, blasphemous and vicious crew who had driven him from his home, and whose jeers and mockings had followed him through thirty years of a just and honest and industrious life, spent in their midst. Carola knew that it was worse than useless to speak to him of Jesus of Nazareth, the King of the Jews.

So the long weeks passed by, bringing no change to them. Now and then Carola had to go into the village to buy food; but she did not loiter there, for Matthias always piteously implored her to make haste home again. One dread had taken possession of his enfeebled brain, that Carola would some day go away and be lost to him forever. As long as she was absent he stood on the door-sill or at the garden wicket, his dim eyes fastened on the spot where she had vanished out of sight, and where he would catch the first glimpse of her when she came back.

His weary bent old shoulders and white head was the last thing she saw as she turned to wave her hand to him on going, and it was the first to greet her as she returned. It was in vain she carried a chair down to the gate; still, as if impatient to see a little further, he was always standing up and peering anxiously through his sunken eyes at the place which had hidden her from him. He was like a timid child forsaken of his play-fellows, and faint of heart lest every one had forgotten him.

Every Friday evening it was necessary for Carola to remind him that the Sabbath had begun; and his feeble memory failed him when he tried to repeat his Hebrew prayer. But Carola stood always at his side, and when the slow tears of old age came into his eyes, she was ready with her clear, quiet utterance of the Lord's Prayer. He learned the simple petitions easily, and as she said them his quavering tones joined in with hers.

Even during the week she would often hear him murmuring one or two of the short sentences. His solemn, gentle voice would cry, "Thy kingdom come!" Or when her whole heart was sick and her head bewildered, "Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven!" came to her as a message direct from heaven. Matthias would himself brighten up, and smile as he caught the sound of his own voice, and then he would turn fondly toward Carola. "That's a good prayer, my dear," he would say, "but I shall recollect my own by-and-by, before the Sabbath comes again."

Often Carola thought of Hazelmound and the Arnolds, and sometimes, with a faint blush mantling her cheeks, which no one saw, she wondered if Philip had forgotten her. But she not have wondered; it was not in Philip's nature to forget.

The excitement produced by the trial and execution of George Bassett for the murder of one of the Lunleys of Market-Upton was partly dying away in the old village, though events were made the most of there, being few and far between. But the lambing season and the sowing of the spring corn were engrossing a good deal of thought and attention. A new mistress had been appointed to take Carola's place, and school had begun again. Nobody now mentioned Carola's name in the hearing of Mrs. Arnold or Philip, either from forgetfulness or from a feeling that it would give them pain.

A dark shadow had fallen upon the old homestead. There was always a consciousness in Mrs. Arnold and Philip that the other was thinking of Carola; it was no longer possible to them to resume their former happy and free intercourse of thought and feeling. Philip was even more reticent with his mother than with his father. He discovered to his own astonishment that he could not tear out of his heart his love for Carola. He admitted that it was his duty to his house to do so, repeating the time-honored formula that no stain must rest on the name of any person received into it. He reminded himself that for generations past every man and woman dwelling under the old roof-tree had been worthy of it. But then Carola's sweet face seemed to look at him wistfully, and he could hear her voice saying, "Am I then unworthy? I was where God had placed me. I did not choose my birthplace or my kindred." He knew her letter word for word. He thought of it as he rode about the fields, or stood in the market-place at Market-Upton; he dreamed of it at night. Never could he pass the field-gate where he had first seen her without seeing her again by the inward eye, as he had done then. The places were haunted by her, and the seasons. Words she had uttered—little, trivial words—seemed to spring up like seed which had been sown and forgotten months ago. No woman could ever be to him again what Carola had been.

Mrs. Arnold was not much less troubled. She had yielded grudgingly to Philip's love for Carola, but it had been sufficient to open her eyes to the charm there was in the girl. She understood now how the simplicity of her faith came to exist; she was in something of the same position as the early Christians, whose hearts had not grown dull with the frequent repetitions of the old, old story. It had been possible for Carola "to eat her meat with gladness and singleness of heart, praising God, and having favor with all the people." There had been none of the restrictions and limitations and accommodations of modern Christianity for her; she had contracted no habit of religious profession. Christ's teachings had come to her with the freshness and force they had in apostolic days, before there were divisions in the Church, or any grave questions as to their intrinsic meaning. She was in the childhood of the faith, and there was present in her none of that worldliness, which has become so subtly interwoven with modern Christianity that it seems impossible to separate them.

For in her heart of hearts Mrs. Arnold knew, even as Philip knew, that there was no valid objection to urge against his marriage with Carola, except a worldly one. It was only the dread of breaking one of the world's commandments that kept him from her side. They had seen her too long, and knew her too well, to think that any blame attached to her. The girl was pure, not from ignorance, but with the true virtue of one who knows evil and cleaves to good. Mrs. Arnold discovered that she could not pray about this trouble as she had done about others. The will of God was not fier desire, if it decreed that Carola should be her son's wife.

But Philip could not restrain his longing to know something more of Carola after a few weeks had passed by. His father had written a few lines to her immediately after receiving her letter, but they had come back to the Grange with "Insufficient address" written on the en-

velope. No other sign of Carola's existence had reached them, and this silence tended to fan Philip's desire to see her once more; perhaps to speak to her; to ask her if there was no help or friendship he could give her; possibly to tell her again how much he loved her, though there could be no hope of their marriage. He might even say to her that if he was himself a stronger man he would not give her up. God had joined them together; it was the world that was putting them asunder.

"Mother, I must run up to London," he said one day early in March.

"To find Carola?" she asked, with a look and tone of bitter disappointment.

"Yes," he answered. "I can bear it no longer. Who knows what trouble she may be in? But don't be afraid. I'm not going to ask her to be my wife, unless indeed we could go together to one of the colonies—"

She interrupted him with a cry of sharp and sudden pain, and clasped his arm between her hands as if she could forcibly restrain him.

"No, no," he said, "I did not think you would let me leave you and the old home. But, oh! mother, she is as good as gold, and I can hardly bear to lose her; and I ought to know what has become of her. Is she living among those wretches still? It will be like hell to her, though Carola will be happy in her religion. Well," he added, half-shyly, and in a lower tone, "she will be happy in Christ, wherever she may be, and whatever she may be doing."

"And you will only make sure she is happy?" said his mother. "You will do nothing rash?"

"I'll not make myself happy and you unhappy."

It was a bitterly cold evening, with a sharp east wind blowing, when Philip turned into the street where he expected to find Carola. There were fewer people than usual loitering about the pavements; but the spirit-vaults were full to overflowing, and through the constantly swinging door he caught glimpses of the haunts of Carola's childhood. Young girls with feverish faces and wild gestures, laughing and shouting amid the drinking crowd, looked as Carola might have looked. He shrank from the sight with a shudder of recoil and repugnance. Was it possible that a fair flower could spring from such a soil? Yet he could not give up his search for her. He paced the street slowly from end to end, but failed to find the Jewish cobbler's little shop. Then he stopped a haggard, broken-down woman, who was sinking along as if she was dogged by terror, and asked her if she knew a man Matthias Levi, or a girl called Carola Fielding.

"Is it Carola?" she said. "To be sure I know Carola; her as was George Bassett's sweetheart. Ay! she lived along with the old Jew shoemaker. Are you lookin' for her?"

"I want to find her home," he replied.

"That's it," she said. "There's where Carola and the old Jew used to live till the folks about here drove 'em away. And he were very good to my little ones, he were. He'd shoe 'em for nothing many and many a time. We've missed him sorely."

She pointed out the two windows with every pane broken and roughly barricaded with deal planks. The shop door was fastened with a padlock, and it was plain enough that nobody had been living there for some time.

"They stole away in the night," said the woman in a cautious undertone, and looking about her as she spoke. "Folks about here were mad against Carola for speakin' against her old sweetheart; and they'd have tore her to pieces almost, the day he were hanged. They smashed all the windows in; but hers was at the back, and they didn't hurt her, nor the old Jew, poor man! Only the next day but one a stranger came with a cart and took all their things away, and then we knew as they were clean gone, Matthias and all; and many a poor child 'll go bare-foot on the cold stones now, that he'd have put good shoes on. God bless him, I say, though he is only a Jew!"

"And does no one know where they are gone?" asked Philip.

"Nobody," she replied. "Bless you! they didn't want anybody to know. Why! they'd have murdered her if she'd ha' stopped here. I've known Carola a many years; she was always a spry child, but never did no harm; and she were like a angel to her old grandmother. I wish one o' my girls were like her. And she's quite a lady now; and spoke as humble and pleasant as one of us. She said to me, 'I'm comin' back to live at home again here, and I want to help all of you, and make you as happy as I am myself.' And she told me some beautiful words that Jesus Christ once said, 'Come to Me, folks that labor, and are heavy worked, and I will give you rest.' I often sing 'em to myself, and maybe Carola could ha' told me how to go to Him."

"That is like my Carol," thought Philip. In the midst of her own sorrow and anguish she had sought to carry comfort and light to those around her. He turned away from the house with all the hope of seeing her again fled. He had not quite resolved upon talking with her, even if he had found her. What good would it do? But she was gone away, no one knew whither.

He made inquiries at the police-station, but nothing was definitely known there of Matthias Levi and Carola Fielding. Every police-station in the kingdom could be communicated with if he desired it; but he did not see what could be gained by the investigation. He had not much to say to Carola. She was not destitute of money, and there was no fear of her failing to find employment wherever she went. Perhaps it was best for them both to lose sight of each other. At any rate it would be best for her; for some day, perhaps, she would meet with and love a better and a stronger man than he felt himself to be.

(To be continued.)

THE FAITHFUL SAYING.

S. S. Lesson for May 24, 1 Tim. 1:15-17; 2:1-6. Golden Text, 1:15. By Mrs. M. Baxter.

The Marrow of the Gospel—Power Given—And Understanding—Paul's Personal Testimony—The Law Fulfilled—Constraint for the Lawless, not for the Righteous—Credit Claimed by Sinners—The Freedom of Grace—How Paul Obtained Mercy—Prayer to be Offered For All Men.

PAUL has been speaking of "the Gospel of the glory of the blessed God, which was committed to my trust." (R. V.) The very marrow of this Gospel is, "Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners." If there should be one unsaved sinner reading these words, Brother or Sister, the purpose for which Jesus Christ came into the world was to save *you*. You may say, "I don't know whether I desire to be saved—I have no power over my own will." Christ Jesus came into the world that by His Holy Spirit He might "work in you both to will and to do of His good pleasure" (Phil. 2:13). You may say, "I cannot change my tastes, and turn from those things which naturally have charms for me, I cannot begin to pray and sing psalms when my heart is not in it." Christ Jesus came into the world to do for you what you could not do for yourself. He came to save you "from this present evil world" [or age] (Gal. 1:4). He does not expect you to change your nature, that is His province—"Behold, I make all things new" (Rev. 21:5). "But," you may say, "I cannot understand all these things which religious people speak of; I cannot make top or tail of what they mean." Christ Jesus came into the world to give us "an understanding, that we may know Him that is true" (1 John 5:20). "The things of God knoweth no man, but the Spirit of God." "The natural man receiveth not the things of the Spirit of God; for they are foolishness unto him: neither can he know them, because they are spiritually discerned" (1 Cor. 2:11, 14). How, then, can a natural man be

expected to understand the things of God? "Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners," and part of His salvation is the precious gift of the Holy Ghost, who *is now* in the world to "convict the world in respect of sin, and of righteousness, and of judgment" (John 16:8, R. V.). Claim the Holy Spirit to convict and teach you.

Paul, bearing personal testimony of this blessed Gospel, says, "And I thank Christ Jesus our Lord, who hath enabled me, for that He counted me faithful, putting me into the ministry; who was before a blasphemer, and a persecutor, and injurious:

BUT I OBTAINED MERCY, because I did it ignorantly in unbelief." This was all; Paul did nothing to save himself, but "obtained mercy" through what Jesus had done. Satan drives souls almost to distraction with the thought of what *they* must do, and what *they* must be in order to be saved. He tells them how deeply *they* must feel their sins, how completely *they* must change their lives and break off from sin, which holds them as in a vice; and they struggle like a bird in a cage to get free, and cannot. Here is one who counts himself the chief of sinners, one who sees no other man's sin as reaching the heinousness of his own, but he tells us neither of his agonizing struggles nor overwhelming feelings. One thought absorbs him, "I obtained mercy." He never says, "I merited mercy," or "I won mercy." No, Paul only received at the hand of another. And dear unsaved one, that is all you have to do. Jesus is so in earnest for your salvation that He came down from heaven, He came into the world to save you, and all He wants of you is that you will *let* Him do it. All which seems so impossible to you is perfectly easy to Him. You say you don't know how to repent. Thank God He is exalted a "Prince and a Saviour to give repentance." You say you cannot believe; He is "the author and finisher of our faith." Yield yourself to Him as one hopeless and helpless in yourself, for Him to do all, to work in you repentance, or a change of mind and faith too; cast yourself upon Him and trust Him without reserve.

In the beginning of this epistle Paul speaks of the law, saying, "The end of the commandment is charity," or, R. V., "The end of the charge is love." When the law has come to an end because it has done its work, it brings us to love. "Love is the fulfilling of the law" (Rom. 13:10). "Christ (who is Love) is the end of the law for righteousness to every one that believeth" (Rom. 10:4). "The law was our schoolmaster to bring us unto Christ, that we might be justified by faith" (Gal. 3:24). When it has brought us to Him we have "another Master, even Christ," and we are in a position to understand the deep love of our God. And more than this, Christ dwelling in our hearts writes the law of God there, and fulfils it within *us* as He has fulfilled it *for* us, and thus our hearts become one with the law of God.

"The law is good," but its constraint is not for a righteous man. If we put ourselves *under* the law, and get into bondage by examining our own hearts and lashing ourselves up to obedience—if we condemn ourselves and doctor our own souls, we are not using the law of God lawfully. "The law is not made for a righteous man, but for the lawless and disobedient, for the ungodly and for sinners, for unholy and profane," etc. So long as we are menacing ourselves, and attempting to come up to the requirements of the law, we come where God has placed the lawless and disobedient, murderers, unclean, perjurers, and liars. The law was made for those who were *without* God. The law says, "The man which doeth those things shall live by them" (Rom. 10:5). It is just marvellous how the most openly wicked of men will hide under the law, and cling to some little rag of righteousness, and credit themselves or think that others credit them with some right doing, which they imagine will counterbalance all the evil of their lives. Some terrible profil-

gate will claim that he is a good kind of man because he treats his horses and dogs kindly, and all the misery he has brought on families in the ruin of their sons and daughters, both in soul and body, does not count, he thinks, because of this one redeeming quality. Another who is a terrible swindler goes to church once every Sunday, and imagines that all his frauds and thefts count for nothing because of this one good deed. Is it not to class themselves with such as these if God's children want to establish their own righteousness in *any* particular? The law always deals with what *we* are, and what *we* do, or ought to be and do. Grace deals with what *Christ* is and what He does, both for us and in us. The law can only bring us in guilty; grace sets us free and makes possible all the requirements of the law; but it is not *we* who fulfil its requirements, but Jesus Christ in us, and thus is it not *we* to whom credit is due, but He.

Paul disclaims any possible credit. He does not allow the idea for a moment that either the sincerity of his character or his after usefulness had induced the Lord to save him. "Howbeit

FOR THIS CAUSE

I obtained mercy, that in me as chief [of sinners] might Jesus Christ shew forth all His long-suffering, for an ensample of them which should hereafter believe on Him unto eternal life" (R. V.). Paul regarded himself as a beacon-light of God's unspeakable love to all generations. There was nothing remarkable in him as an unconverted man, except his insatiable hatred of Christ, even up to the very moment when the Lord met with him on the way to Damascus. What, then, did his complete conversion teach? Surely the perfection of the grace of God in Christ, how completely the work of conversion is all His own. Paul had only to let himself be overcome, to yield before the undeserved, unexpected love of God to the unworthy. He had to learn what he afterward taught, that God "will have all men to be saved, and to come unto the knowledge of the truth."

It is with this largeness of His heart and wideness of His salvation that God would have us co-operate. Thus Paul writes as His messenger: "I exhort, therefore, that first of all supplications, prayers, intercessions, and giving of thanks, be made for all men; for kings, for all that are in authority; that we may lead a quiet and peaceable life in all godliness and honesty. For this is good and acceptable in the sight of God our Saviour; who will have all men to be saved [or wills the salvation of all men], and to come unto the knowledge of the truth." "Are we, then, definitely to pray for the conversion of the world?" Some will ask. How, then, can we believe that "evil men and seducers shall wax worse and worse," and how believe the prophecies concerning the coming of the Lord to take "vengeance on them that know not God, and that obey not the Gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ?" (1 Tim. 3:13; 1 Thess. 1:8.) Thank God, He gives us His Holy Spirit to guide us into all truth and to teach us what we should pray for as we ought (Rom. 8:26, 27). Generally, we shall find that as we follow the leading of the Spirit of God, we are led to pray *with faith* for those with whom we are in any way connected, in our nation, city, or family. We can only pray and *give thanks* when we believe; that we receive (Mark 11:24). But one thing is blessedly dear, no limitation of God's salvation comes from Him. He wills that *all* men should be saved. "The Lord hath laid on Him the iniquity of us *all*" (Isa. 53:3-6). "There is one God, and one Mediator between God and man, the Man [or Himself man] Christ Jesus, who gave Himself a ransom for *all*, to be testified in due time." Man has, indeed, the choice to refuse so great salvation; he may, and oh, how often does choose for himself the terrible doom prepared not for man but for "the devil and his angels" (Matt. 25:41). Reader, in order to be lost, you must go against the wondrous provision of Infinite Love, and ignore that your God bore your sins Himself in order to save you.

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AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES.

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THE LATE SERGEANT W. MARJOURAM, R.A.

Early Experiences of Sea Life—Enlists into the Army—Appointed Corporal—Reduced in Rank—Conversion in Nova Scotia—A Persecutor's Confession—His Meeting with Hedley Vicars—Embarkation for New Zealand—The Ship on Fire—A Timely Rescue—Arrival in New Zealand—The Sergeant's Work Among Soldiers—Escape from a Fugitive Axe—Perils of Actual Warfare—A Thanksgiving Service in Camp—Invalided Home to England—The Closing Scene.

WHILE sceptics and infidels are assailing the Bible on all hands and are laboring to prove the falsity of the Christian religion, unlearned men, and especially young people, sometimes find their faith wavering under assaults in which the enemy appears to have all the logic on his side. If they had more knowledge and more skill in argument they would see easily the flaws in the reasoning with which those who hate the Bible seek to overthrow it. But there is one argument that the most unlearned can feel and use. That is the argument of facts. How comes it, if the Bible is false and religion a sham, that we see lives changed by its influence alone? Every man knows how difficult it is to give up a bad habit; all men know the power of temptation and are aware that even the love of a dear mother, the pleadings of a beloved child, and the most powerful influences known to humanity often fail to turn the wrongdoer from the way to destruction. But he comes under the influence of the Bible, he believes in Jesus and looks to Him for salvation, and straightway his life is changed. What the strongest earthly motives failed to do is done by Christ and the Holy Spirit. If our young people realized this fact and got it firmly fixed in their minds, they would not be distressed by doubts. The fact of a life radically changing is the best evidence of the power which changes it. Once that is understood and realized, they would as soon doubt the power of Christ as they would doubt the power of steam with a moving locomotive before their eyes. For this reason we have given, from time to time, portraits and sketches of the lives of men not eminent in the world, but remarkable as illustrations of divine power in changing the lives of men who, humanly speaking, seemed least amenable to its influence. One such we give this week. A wayward boy, a wicked man, low, brutal, drunken, vicious, yet transformed by Christ into a good man and an exemplary citizen.

William Marjouram was born at Easton, England, on October 20th, 1828. His father was employed as gardener to the Duke of Hamilton. At the age of fourteen the boy went to sea. Rising early one morning, he left his home for the first time, and walked to Ipswich, a distance of fifteen miles. Here he found a master of a merchant vessel who was in want of a cabin-boy, and who at once engaged his services for a trial trip, prior to his becoming his apprentice for five years. This first experiment, however, sufficed to check his ardor for a sea-life, and on the return of the vessel, two weeks afterward, he returned to his parents' humble home.

ENLISTS INTO THE ARMY.

At the age of fifteen he enlisted in the army, but his first night brought repentance, and in the morning he was liberated on paying a fine worth about six dollars, technically known as "smart money." And now he once more returned to his home, yet only to repeat this last experiment, which in his waywardness he had attempted, and in his fickleness he had abandoned.

This time he joined the Royal Artillery, on June 3d, 1844, and was duly attested. In July, 1845, he was appointed acting bombardier. Step by step he made steady and well-assured progress, being appointed corporal in February, 1848, but, unfortunately, about this time he was given to excessive drinking and improper company. His bad conduct was not overlooked by his superiors, neither could it go unpunished.

He was consequently reduced from corporal's rank to that of gunner and driver.

CONVERSION IN NOVA SCOTIA.

Having married in June, 1850, he set sail with his company, on April 9th, 1851, for Halifax, Nova Scotia. Their vessel was the Birkenhead, a vessel which subsequently attained melancholy fame by being lost at the Cape of Good Hope with four hundred lives. They landed after a rough passage of twenty-one days, and not long afterward he was again appointed acting bombardier. In his diary we find the following entry relating to this period:

"Since I have been in Halifax, I have ceased to be an habitual drunkard; but still my mind was unchanged until March, 1852, when it pleased the Lord to alarm my guilty soul, and to show me that I was under the curse of the law." The circumstances leading up to this consummation were these: A revival having taken place at the Wesleyan Church at Halifax, one of the soldiers who was led to Christ was a sergeant belonging to Marjouram's own company, named Thompson. He had long been an open enemy to religion, and was looked upon as the very last man at all likely to "get religion." But the Holy Spirit opened his eyes; he saw his need of Christ, and became a happy and earnest believer.

A CHRISTIAN SOLDIER'S SOLICITUDE.

Sergeant Thompson now did all he could to lead others into the enjoyment of the great salvation he himself had found. Marjouram became an object of his daily solicitude, and at last he was prevailed upon by him to attend the evening meetings. "The first time I went," says Sergeant Marjouram, "I felt ashamed to mingle with those in the body of the church, so I stole into the gallery, and there, unseen by mortal eye, I listened to the invitations given by the ministers to come to Christ. I felt fully condemned; but the thought of meeting with my old companions as a disciple of Christ had almost sealed my doom, when, by an influence which I could not control, I was constrained to take the decisive step. I cast myself at the feet of Jesus, and pleaded for mercy and deliverance from the distracted state into which my soul was plunged. Next morning I felt that I was a child of God."

A PERSECUTOR'S CONFESSION.

As was to be expected, Sergeant Marjouram's companions soon discovered the change, and, for about six months, did all they could to humiliate, annoy, and irritate him, but, happily, he had grace given him to return good for evil, and rejoiced in doing it. Soon was the wrath of man turned to God's praise. One day, he was on his knees in a barrack-room, surrounded by about ten or twelve men. During the time he prayed, they vociferated into his very ears the most fearful curses; but he was enabled to pray for them, and experienced no desire to retaliate. The next morning, one of those same men, and one of the worst, too, went to Marjouram and said, "Bombardier, I hope you will forgive me for disturbing you last night; oh, I would give anything if I were like you!"

MEETING WITH HEDLEY VICARS.

At this period Marjouram joined the Bible-class held by the celebrated Dr. Twining, in which so many officers and men received valuable instruction. In a letter written in 1858, referring to the recently published life of Vicars, he says: "Do you know that Captain Hedley Vicars and myself used to meet in the prayer-meetings in Halifax? That Bible-class of Dr. Twining's, too, I know; and remember almost every meeting. Captain (then lieutenant and adjutant) Vicars attended, from the time he gave his heart to God. I came home from America in the same vessel, the Simoon, with him, but after we landed at Deal, I heard no more of him until his fate became known to the world; so you may think how much I value the written life of this good soldier; would to God the army were full of such men!" (The daily meeting on board ship is illustrated in the front picture.) He often spoke of the sound advice

given in the Bible-class by Dr. Twining, with whom he soon became intimately acquainted.

EMBARKATION FOR NEW ZEALAND.

In May, 1853, Marjouram was appointed drill-master at Woolwich, and in July, 1854, was once more promoted corporal, and placed under orders for New Zealand, with a detachment of about forty men, who were going out accompanied by their wives and children. They embarked on board the Polar Star, at Gravesend, on August 4th, 1854. They set sail, and continued slowly making headway, until September 30th, when they encountered a heavy gale of wind, the sea running mountains high, and breaking over the vessel with a fury which defied resistance; but, happily, the storm subsided, and the ship proceeded on her voyage.

THE SHIP ON FIRE.

On Sunday morning, October 1st, the fearful cry of, "Fire! Fire! Fire!" was heard sounding through the ship; and in a few moments smoke, in dense volumes, was issuing from every hatchway. When the alarm was given, some of the passengers were in bed, others at breakfast, and Marjouram and his wife were just about to sit down to theirs. The scene was exciting to the last degree. "Every one," says the sergeant, "was seen running wildly to and fro; some with only a blanket round them, and others half dressed; women calling for their children, and wives for their husbands. The fire was evidently gaining on us, and we, who were pouring water down the hold, were in danger of being suffocated with smoke. So the captain gave the order to batten down the hatches; and as everything we possessed was below, our worldly all was lost. Despair was visible on every face, while all expected that death would soon put an end to their terror. A burning ship, and a thousand miles from land! A heavy sea also was running that would have swamped our boats the very instant they touched the water!"

SUNDAY SERVICE ON DECK.

After much labor, the long-boat was hung in slings over the side, ready to be lowered; but it was then that every one saw their helpless condition, for no boat could live in such a sea. Yet a drowning man will catch at a straw; and while they felt encouraged at the launching of the boats, they seemed to forget the uselessness of the operation. But in the midst of all the terror and fearful anticipation of worse to come, Sergeant Marjouram obtained the captain's permission to hold the usual Sunday service. The doctor had invariably performed this service, and Marjouram desired him to begin; but after he had read a few sentences from the Prayer-book, it was discovered that he was in a state of partial intoxication. Marjouram, therefore, read Psalm 107, and afterward engaged in prayer; and thus ended that solemn morning service with death staring them in the face.

A TIMELY RESCUE.

Three days afterward a ship named the Annamooka, from Callao for Cadiz, hove in sight, and, approaching within speaking distance, the captain promised to lie by the burning vessel all night; but, in the mean time, it was thought advisable, the sea having somewhat subsided, to remove the women and children. Marjouram volunteered his services as a boatman for the purpose, and, after three trips, had the joy of seeing them safe in the cabin of the Annamooka. "It was no easy task," says the sergeant, "to conduct the boat from ship to ship, for a very heavy sea was still running, and although the vessels were not more than half a mile apart, yet frequently neither was visible." The next day the doomed ship was abandoned, as it was evident she could not hold together much longer. The boats being all ready, the order was given to open the hatches, and it was then that the actual state of things was discovered. The pent-up flames raged and roared along the main-deck with great fury, and caught the rigging. Eventually all who were on board safely reached the Annamooka, thankful for such a timely and direct interposition of Provi-

ce. (The scene is illustrated in the picture on the first page.)

ends the record of a marvellous deliverance. Through his remaining life Sergeant Marjoram consecrated the anniversary of it by soliloquy, praise and prayer. In its terrible vicissitudes he was called upon to learn never-to-be-forgotten lessons of trust and dependence. As at learned in God's school is seldom learned easily; but, unlike lessons more cheaply learned, it is not only worth learning and remembering, but well worth the hardship the thing of it may have involved. A spirit at times

"Serene, and resolute, and still,
And calm, and self-possessed."

rare treasure, dear at no purchase-money of experience. The key to it is found in the utterance of another pupil in the same school, "Because Thou hast been my refuge, before under the shadow of Thy wings I will be." *See frontispiece picture.*

ARRIVAL IN NEW ZEALAND.
The month of October Sergeant Marjoram, his company landed at St. Helena, where he received many acceptable deeds of spontaneous kindness from the inhabitants, and after a few months again set sail for England, which was safely reached in April, 1857. A month or two after Marjoram again quitted England, under orders from New Zealand, where he arrived on Christmas Day, full of gratitude and joy.

WORK AMONG THE SOLDIERS.
Having been promoted to the rank of sergeant in January, 1856, Marjoram directed his attention more than ever to the moral and spiritual condition of his men, and aspired to become a more perfect instrument in doing good. In 1858, before we find him in the midst of the soldiers, talking to them in plain language of the effects of drunkenness, and their too evident and too ready disregard of their soul's salvation. An institute was formed, a "Military Total Abstinence Society" was begun, day-schools were opened for the soldiers' children, and a school for the men, and much good was done.

ESCAPE FROM A FUGITIVE AXE.
Sergeant Marjoram realized again and again the truth of the Psalmist's statement, "Thou keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on Thee, because he trusteth in Thee." One evening, one of the men was cutting up a log, and the sergeant was just behind him, looking down, collecting the chips for the fire. From some cause or other, the axe missed the log and flew out of the man's hand, passing close to Marjoram's head. Had it been any nearer, in a moment he would have been killed before God. (*See frontispiece picture.*) He says he felt no particular fear, but praised God for his deliverance, which he records with deepest gratitude.

THE PERILS OF ACTUAL WARFARE.
March, 1860, Sergeant Marjoram was engaged in actual warfare for the first time. The British had built a pa, or fort, near the British camp, and he received orders to attack it. He says: "As we passed it, we saw the natives eyeing us from the interior. On we went, however, and, lo! a thousand yards off. Taking up our position, we opened fire with three and one rocket tube. By and by our terrible work was done, but I could not make out the Maoris should remain in the pa so long. Ammunition being expended, and night coming on, we lay down in the fern while the Maoris kept up at intervals a directed fire, some of the shot striking my head and whizzing past my ears, others entering ground close at my feet; and yet, through God's mercy, I was spared." In the morning the pa was found to be deserted.

A THANKSGIVING SERVICE IN CAMP.
The same evening, which was Sunday, Marjoram assembled his comrades to give public thanks to God for their safe deliverance. The congregation consisted of four officers and about

twenty soldiers. After a few opening remarks by the sergeant on the peculiarity of their position, all joined in prayer. Every one went down upon his knees, and Marjoram read the prayers from the Prayer-book. At the conclusion of the little service an officer said to Marjoram, "Let me know when you have any meetings, and I will attend them; and if I can assist you in any way, I will gladly do so." (*The military Thanksgiving Service is depicted in the front picture.*)

INVALIDED HOME.

At last, broken down in health, Sergeant Marjoram was invalided home in January, 1861. On February 3d, the Robert Lowe weighed anchor and proceeded to sea, but the very first day the devoted Christian soldier conducted service on board among a very motley crew, and day after day he was found talking and praying with the men, some of whom he was instrumental in leading to Christ.

Fifteen weeks passed away after leaving New Zealand, when, on May 18th, both mariners and military experienced the deep joy of beholding once again the shores of their own, their native land. "Nothing, in my opinion," says the sergeant, "can exceed the beauty of a vessel homeward bound, carried before the wind up the Channel, every heart on board beating with a desire to meet those they love, and some with gratitude to God for His sparing mercies." But though the long, long journey had been accomplished, Sergeant Marjoram had most manifestly come home to die. He himself was impressed with the same conviction. He desired to live only that he might be the means of bringing sinners to Christ, and was especially anxious about his unconverted relatives, who had long been the subjects of his earnest prayers.

THE CLOSING SCENE.

A very few days only passed away, when one Friday night, in the military hospital at Woolwich, the closing scene in the drama of his earthly life was enacted. His wife was by his side. He was unable to say much, but his joy in Christ was unmistakable. As the night wore on, Mrs. Marjoram thought her husband's mind was wandering, and asked him if he knew her. He answered very distinctly, "Why, yes, you are my dear wife." About three o'clock in the morning he spoke very calmly about "going home," and appeared very happy. His countenance seemed radiant with celestial glory. To his wife and some intimate friends he said, quite cheerfully, "Mind, you have promised you will meet me in heaven." A few minutes more, and he had uttered his last connected sentence, "I am on the Rock!" his countenance beaming at the same time with, if possible, a more heavenly expression than it had ever yet worn. "Happy!" "Rejoice!" "Amen!" he was heard to murmur, and when he had said this, he fell asleep, and in the early summer morning he passed away peacefully at the bidding of his Lord.

THE McALL MISSION IN FRANCE.

At a recent meeting in connection with this wonderful mission, the following remarks were made:

Monsieur Reveillaud said: "When Mr. McAll came to Paris he commenced his work in the most abandoned part of the city, and proclaimed the Gospel in the only French words he knew—viz., 'God loves you and I love you.' People thought him mad, and said it would soon come to an end. They did not then know that the Gospel is the power of God unto salvation, and this was just what France needed to learn. It seemed unlikely that God would cast off the land of the Huguenots, whose martyr-blood had stained the earth. God sent Mr. McAll at the right time.

"Two encouraging facts are these—religious liberty and willingness to listen to the Gospel. In our meetings I have never been interrupted but twice. The whole land is now open to the Gospel, which, indeed, has a freshness there that perhaps in some measure it has not here.

Mr. McAll has taught French Protestants successful methods of reaching the ear of the people—something suited to the peasantry, and something they can understand. They feel perfectly at home. The people sometimes say, 'We want a McAll Mission.' Indeed, it has become quite a generic term for evangelistic and aggressive work. All the French missions have received an impulse through it, and many of the churches contribute toward its support."

Dr. Beard, in giving a further description of the work, said: "When the mission commenced there were ten million persons in France who had never seen the inside of a New Testament. No sooner was the Gospel preached than the people began to say, 'This is good; this is just what I need.' Their ignorance until that time was deplorable. Some asked if Jesus Christ was a Frenchman, others thought He was one of the great Napoleon's generals, and others asked if He were living now. The deep hold on the people was recently seen at a meeting, when one of the workers was leaving Paris; the people came in large numbers to bid him farewell and present him with a tribute of their love. They were mostly poor people, but they loved him for his work's sake. Recently we opened a hall in a locality where the population are almost entirely atheists. Even Mr. McAll doubted its success; but the place is now crowded, and the work is being blessed. One of the hearers said, on leaving the service last Sunday evening, 'This is beautiful; I never heard anything like it before, but I'm sure it must be a true religion.'" In conclusion, Dr. Beard eloquently contrasted the life and work of Napoleon with that of Mr. McAll—the one having spent a life in destroying men, and the other in saving them.

Monsieur Reveillaud, in a second address, said: "To-day France is a *tabula rasa*, a nation without a religion. In that fallow ground, it is true, weeds grow. Frivolity and licentiousness abound, especially in Paris and in some other districts. But foreigners who have themselves contributed to make Paris what it is, must not judge of all France by Paris. And the day of grace for France has not passed yet. She has given more martyrs than any country in Europe. The sowing time in France has been a time of weeping. It often is so as the sower thinks of the risks that intervene between sowing and reaping. But in this case the harvest is certain, for God is faithful.

"The dawn of a new era of reformation has come. The churches after the Revolution were allowed to worship, not to evangelize; and they were chilled by a rationalism which wrought more havoc among them than the sabres of the *dragonnades*. Gradually they have been waking up. About the time of the Franco-German war they began to feel what a great work they had to do. Then God, who prepared the time, prepared the man. Mr. McAll came to teach us how to reach the people; how to preach not only from a high pulpit, but within the reach of the people. His success shows that the readiness to listen earnestly is not only found in particular districts. It is everywhere! I may say with confidence that if in every canton (a group of about ten village communes in France is so called) you could place an evangelist with the spirit of his Master, he would have a little church in a year; in two years he would have two, and a third the year after. The fields are white, as Dr. Bonar has correctly said. Pray ye the Lord of the harvest to send forth more laborers into His harvest."

The Gift of a Cathedral has been Accepted by the Protestant Episcopal Diocese of Long Island. Mrs. Stewart, the widow of the late Mr. A. T. Stewart, the dry-goods millionaire, has now completed the magnificent structure at Garden City, L. I., and has formerly transferred it to the Episcopal Church. With the beautiful cathedral she gives schools and a residence for the bishop, and also an endowment of \$15,000 annually for their support.

TOBACCO AND OPIUM.

Dr. Talmage's Sermon, Preached last Sunday Morning, May 17, 1885.

"Let the earth bring forth grass, the herb yielding seed."—GEN. I: 11.

Herbs Useful and Baneful—Tobacco—God Created it—The Uses of Poisons—Advice Regarding it—Produces Unhealth—Produces Cancer—Depresses the Nervous System—Promotes Drunkenness—Clergymen who Smoke and Chew—A Cuspadore in a Pulpit—An Insane Victim—Ten Cigars to Make One Sermon—The Money it Costs—A Merchant's Testimony—Why Governor Briggs Wore no Collar—Other Narcotics—A Victim of Hashesh—Opium—Six Hundred Thousand Victims—De Quincey's Confessions—Reflections by a Fireside.

The two first born of our earth were the grass-blade and the herb. They preceded the brute creation and the human family—the grass for the animal creation, the herb for human service. The cattle came and took possession of their inheritance, the grass-blade; man came and took possession of his inheritance, the herb. We have the herb for food as in case of hunger, for narcotic as in case of insomnia, for anodyne as in case of paroxysm, for stimulant as when the pulses flag under the weight of disease. The caterer comes and takes the herb and presents it in all styles of delicacy. The physician comes and takes the herb and compounds it for physical recuperation. Millions of people come and take the herb for ruinous physical and intellectual delectation. The herb, which was divinely created, and for good purposes, has often been degraded for bad results. There is a useful and a baneful employment of the herbaceous kingdom.

There sprang up in Yucatan of this continent an herb that has

BEWITCHED THE WORLD.

In the fifteenth century it crossed the Atlantic Ocean and captured Spain. Afterward it captured Portugal. Then the French ambassadors took it to Paris, and it captured the French Empire. Then Walter Raleigh took it to London, and it captured Great Britain. Nicotiana, ascribed to that genus by the botanists, but we all know it is the exhilarating, elevating, emparading, nerve-shattering, dyspepsia breeding, health-destroying tobacco. I shall not in my remarks be offensively personal, because you all use it, or nearly all! I know by experience how it soothes and rosesates the world, and kindles sociality, and I also know some of its baleful results. I was its slave, and by the grace of God I have become its conqueror. Tens of thousands of people have been asking the question during the past two months, asking it with great pathos and great earnestness: "Does the use of tobacco produce cancerous and other troubles?" I shall not answer the question in regard to any particular case, but shall deal with the subject in a more general way.

You say to me, "Did God not create tobacco?" Yes. You say to me, "Is not God good?" Yes. Well, then, you say, "If God is good and He created tobacco, He must have created it for some good purpose." Yes, your logic is complete. But God created the common sense at the same time, by which we are to know

HOW TO USE A POISON

and how not to use it. God created that just as He created henbane and nux vomica and coperas and belladonna and all other poisons, whether directly created by Himself or extracted by man.

That it is a poison no man of common sense will deny. A case was reported where a little child lay upon its mother's lap and one drop fell from a pipe to the child's lip and it went into convulsions and into death. But you say, "Haven't people lived on in complete use of it to old age?" Oh, yes; just as I have seen inebriates seventy years old. In Boston, years ago, there was a meeting in which there were several centenarians, and they were giving their

experience, and one centenarian said that he had lived over a hundred years, and that he ascribed it to the fact that he had refrained from the use of intoxicating liquors. Right after him another centenarian said he had lived over a hundred years, and he ascribed it to the fact that for the last fifty years he had hardly seen a sober moment. It is an amazing thing how many outrages men may commit upon their physical system and yet live on. In the case of the man of the jug he lived on because his body was pickled. In the case of the man of the pipe, he lived on because his body turned into smoked liver!

But are there no truths to be uttered in regard to this great evil? What is the advice to be given to the multitude of young people who hear me this day? What is the advice you are going to give to your children?

First of all, we must advise them to abstain from the use of tobacco because all the medical fraternity of the United States and Great Britain agree in ascribing to this habit terrific unhealth. The men whose lifetime work is the study of the science of health say so, and shall I set up my opinion against theirs? Dr. Agnew, Dr. Olcott, Dr. Barnes, Dr. Rush, Dr. Mott, Dr. Harvey, Dr. Hosack—all the doctors, allopathic, homoeopathic, hydropathic, eclectic, denounce the habit as

A MATTER OF UNHEALTH.

A distinguished physician declared he considered the use of tobacco caused seventy different styles of disease, and he says: "Of all the cases of cancer in the mouth that have come under my observation, almost in every case it has been ascribed to tobacco."

The united testimony of all physicians is that

IT DEPRESSES THE NERVOUS SYSTEM,

that it takes away twenty-five per cent of the physical vigor of this generation, and that it goes on as the years multiply and, damaging this generation with accumulated curse, it strikes other centuries. And if it is so deleterious to the body, how much more destructive to the mind. An eminent physician, who was the superintendent of the insane asylum at Northampton, Mass., says: "Fully one-half of the patients we get in our asylum have lost their intellect through the use of tobacco." If it is such a bad thing to injure the body, what a bad thing, what a worse thing it is to injure the mind, and any man of common sense knows that tobacco attacks the nervous system, and everybody knows that the nervous system attacks the mind.

Beside that, all reformers will tell you that the use of tobacco creates an unnatural thirst, and it is

THE CAUSE OF DRUNKENNESS

in America to-day more than anything else. In all cases where you find men taking strong drink you find they use tobacco. There are men who use tobacco who do not take strong drink, but all who use strong drink use tobacco, and that shows beyond controversy there is an affinity between the two products. There are reformers here to-day who will testify to you it is impossible for a man to reform from taking strong drink until he quits tobacco. In many of the cases where men have been reformed from strong drink and have gone back to their cups, they have testified that they first touched tobacco and then they surrendered to intoxicants.

I say in the presence of this assemblage to-day, in which there are many physicians—and they know that what I say is true on the subject—that the pathway to the drunkard's grave and the drunkard's hell is strewn thick with tobacco-leaves. What has been

THE TESTIMONY

on this subject? Is this a mere statement of a preacher whose business it is to talk morals, or is the testimony of the world just as emphatic? What did Benjamin Franklin say? "I never saw a well man in the exercise of common sense who would say that tobacco did him any good." What did Thomas Jefferson say? Certainly he is good authority. He says in regard to the culture of tobacco, "It is a culture pro-

ductive of infinite wretchedness." What Horace Greeley say of it? "It is a profane stench." What did Daniel Webster say of it? "If those men must smoke, let them take horse-shed!" One reason why the habit got on from destruction to destruction is that many

MINISTERS OF THE GOSPEL TAKE IT.

They smoke themselves into bronchitis, and then the dear people have to send them Europe to get them restored from exhausted religious services! They smoke until the nervous system is shattered. They smoke the selves to death. I could mention the names of five distinguished clergymen who died of cancer in the mouth, and the doctor said, in every case, it was the result of tobacco. The testimony of many a minister of religion has been covered all over with handsome eulogy, while the true epitaph had been written it would have said: "Here lies a man killed by too much 'cavendish'!" They smoke until the world blue, and their theology is blue, and everything is blue. How can a man stand in the pulpit and preach on the subject of temperance when he is indulging such a habit as that? I have seen

A CUSPADORE IN A PULPIT

into which the holy man dropped his cud before he got up to read about "blessed are the pure in heart," and to read about the rolling of a sweet morsel under the tongue, and to read about the unclean animals in Leviticus chewed the cud.

About sixty-five years ago a student at the Dover Theological Seminary graduated into ministry. He had an eloquence and a magnanimity which sent him to the front. Nothing could stand before him. But in a few months he was put

IN AN INSANE ASYLUM,

and the physician said tobacco was the cause of the disaster. It was the custom in those days to give a portion of tobacco to every patient in the asylum. Nearly twenty years passed also and that man was walking the floor of his cell in the asylum, when his reason returned, and saw the situation, and he took the tobacco from his mouth and threw it against the iron grate the place in which he was confined, and he said "What brought me here? What keeps me here? Tobacco! tobacco! God forgive me! God help me, and I will never use it again! He was fully restored to reason, came forward, preached the Gospel of Christ for some years, and then went into everlasting blessedness.

There are ministers of religion now in this country who are dying by inches and they do not know what is the matter with them. They are being killed by tobacco. They are despising their influence through tobacco. They are malodorous with tobacco. I could give a paragraph of history, and that would be

MY OWN EXPERIENCE.

I took ten cigars to make one sermon, and I got very nervous, and I awakened one day to see what an outrage I was committing upon my health by the use of tobacco. I was about to change settlement, and a generous tobacco of Philadelphia told me if I would come to Philadelphia and be his pastor he would give me the cigars I wanted for nothing all the rest of my life. I halted. I said to myself, "I smoke more than I ought to now in these times, and when my salary is small, what would I do if I had gratuitous and unlimited supply? Then and there, twenty-four years ago, I quit once and forever. It made a new man of me. Much of the time the world looked blue before that because I was looking through tobacco smoke. Ever since the world has been full of sunshine, and though I have done as much work as any one of my age, God has blessed me as much to me, with the best health that a man ever had.

I say that no minister of religion can afford to smoke. Put in my hand all the money expended by Christian men in Brooklyn for tobacco, and I will support three orphan asylums as well as as grandly as the three great orph-

lums already established. Put into my hand money spent by the Christians of America tobacco, and I will clothe, shelter, and feed the suffering poor of the continent. The merican church gives a million dollars a year the salvation of the heathen, and American ristians smoke five million dollars' worth of acco.

I stand here to-day in the presence of a vastitude of young people who are forming ir habits. Between seventeen and twenty years of age a great many young men get on m habits in the use of tobacco that they er get over. Let me say to all my young nds.

YOU CANNOT AFFORD TO SMOKE. I cannot afford to chew. You either take y good tobacco, or you take very cheap toco. If it is cheap, I will tell you why it is ap. It is made of burdock, and lamp-black, sawdust, and col's-foot, and plaitain es, and fuller's earth, and salt, and alum, lime, and a little tobacco, and you cannot rd to put such a mess as that in your mouth. If you use expensive tobacco, do you not ik it would be better for you to take that ount of money which you are now expending this herb, and which you will expend during course of your life if you keep the habit up, with it buy a splendid farm and make the mnoon and the evening of your life comfort-?

There are young men whose life is going out y inch from cigarettes. Now, do you not ik it would be well for you to listen to the

TESTIMONY OF A MERCHANT
New York, who said this: "In early life I ked six cigars a day at six and a half cents a. They averaged that. I thought to my-one day, I'll just put aside all I consume in r habits and all I'll see what it will come to by ound interest." And he gives this treduous stistic: "Last July I completed thirty years since, by the grace of God, I was icipated from the filthy habit, and the savam-ounted to the enormous sum of \$39,102.03 ound interest. We lived in the city, the children, who had learned something of enjoyment of country life from their annual ts to their grandparents, longed for a home ng in the green fields. I found a very pleasant e in the country for sale. The cigar money e into requisition, and I found it amounted a sufficient sum to purchase the place, and it nine. Now, boys, you take your choice. oking without a home, or a home without oking." This is common sense as well as gion.

I must say a word to my friends who smoke e best tobacco, and who could stop at any e. What is

YOUR CHRISTIAN INFLUENCE his respect? What is your influence upon ng men? Do you not think it would be bet- for you to exercise a little self-denial? Peo-wondered why *George Briggs, Governor of achusetts*, gave a cravat but no collar, h," they said, "it is an absurd eccentricity," his was

THE HISTORY OF THE CRAVAT out any collar: For many years before he was talking with an inebriate, trying to uade him to give up the habit of drinking, he said to the inebriate, "Your habit is eny unnecessary." "Ah!" replied the inebri- "we do a great many things that are not ssary. It isn't necessary that you should e that collar." "Well," said Mr. Briggs, I'll never wear a collar again if you will stop king." "Agreed," said the other. They ed hands in a pledge that they kept for ty years—kept until death. That is magnifi- That is Gospel, practical Gospel, worthy eorge Briggs, worthy of you. Self-denial others. Subtraction from our advantage e, there may be an addition to somebody s advantage. ut what I have said has been chiefly appro-

priate for men. Now my subject widens and shall be appropriate for both sexes. In all ages of the world there has been a search for some herb or flower that would stimulate lethargy and compose grief. Among the ancient Greeks and Egyptians they found something they called *nepenthe*, and the Theban women knew how to compound it. If a person should chew a few of those leaves their grief would be immediately whelmed with hilarity. *Nepenthe* passed out from the consideration of the world and then came

HASHEESH, which is from the Indian hemp. It is manu- factured from the flowers at the top. The work- man with leathern apparel walks through the field and the exudation of the plants adheres to the leathern garments, and then the man comes out and scrapes off this exudation, and it is mixed with aromatics and becomes an intoxicant that has brutalized whole nations. Its first effect is sight, spectacle glorious and grand be- yond all description, but afterward it pulls down body, mind, and soul into anguish.

I knew one of the most brilliant men of our time. His appearance in a newspaper column, or a book, or a magazine was an enchantment. In the course of a half hour he could produce more wit and more valuable information than any man I ever heard talk. But he chewed hasheesh. He first took it out of curiosity to see whether the power said to be attached really existed. He took it. He got under the power of it. He tried to break loose. He put his hand in the cocatrice's den to see whether it would bite, and he found out to his own undog- ing. His friends gathered around and tried to save him, but he could not be saved. The father, a minister of the Gospel, prayed with him and counselled him, and out of a compara- tively small salary employed the first medical advice of New York, Philadelphia, Edinburgh, Paris, London, and Berlin, for he was his only son. No help came. First his body gave way in pangs and convulsions of suffering. Then his mind gave way and he became a raving maniac. Then his soul went out blaspheming God into a starless eternity. He died at thirty years of age. Behold the work of accursed hasheesh.

But I must put my emphasis upon the use of

OPIMUM. It is made from the white poppy. It is not a new discovery. Three hundred years before Christ we read of it, but it was not until the seventh century that it took up its march of death, and passing out of the curative and the medicinal, through smoking and mastication, it has become the curse of nations. In 1861 there were imported into this country one hundred and seven thousand pounds of opium. In 1880, nineteen years after, there were imported five hundred and thirty thousand pounds of opium. In 1876 there were in this country two hundred and twenty-five thousand opium consumers. Now it is estimated that there are in the United States to-day six hundred thousand victims of opium. It is appalling.

We do not know why some families do not get on. There is something mysterious about them. The opium habit is so stealthy, it is so deceitful, and it is so deathful you can cure a hundred men of strong drink when you can cure one opium-eater.

I have knelt down in this very church by those who were elegant in apparel, and elegant in appearance, and from the depths of their soul and from the depths of my soul we cried out for God's rescue. Somehow it did not come. In many a household only the physician and pastor know it—the physician called in for physical relief, the pastor called in for spiritual relief, and they both fail. The physician confesses his defeat, the minister of religion confesses his defeat, for somehow God does not seem to hear a prayer offered for an opium-eater. His grace is infinite, and I have been told there are cases of reformation. I never saw one. I say this not to wound the feelings of any who

may feel this awful grip, but to utter a potent warning that you stand back from

THAT GATE OF HELL. Oh man, oh woman, tampering with this great evil, have you fallen back on this as a permanent resource because of some physical distress or mental anguish? Better stop. The ecstasies do not pay for the horrors. The Paradise is followed too soon by the Pandemonium. Morphia, a blessing of God for the relief of sudden pang and of acute dementia, misappropriated and never intended for permanent use.

It is not merely the barbaric fanatics that are taken down by it. Did you ever read

DE QUINCEY'S CONFESSIONS of an opium-eater? He says that during the first ten years the habit handed to him all the keys of Paradise, but it would take something as mighty as De Quincey's pen to describe the consequent horrors. There is nothing that I have ever read about the tortures of the damned that seemed more horrible than those which De Quincey says he suffered. Samuel Taylor Coleridge first conquered the world with his exquisite pen, and then was conquered by opium. The most brilliant, the most eloquent lawyer of the nineteenth century went down under its power, and there is a vast multitude of men and women—but more women than men—who are going into the dungeon of that awful incarceration.

The worst thing about it is, it takes advantage of one's weakness. De Quincey says: "I got to be an opium-eater an account of my rheumatism." Coleridge says: "I got to be an opium eater on account of my sleeplessness." For what are you taking it? For God's sake do not take it long. The wealthiest, the grandest families going down under its power. Twenty-five thousand victims of opium in Chicago. Twenty-five thousand victims of opium in St. Louis, and, according to that average, *seventy-five thousand victims of opium in New York and Brooklyn.*

The clerk of a drug-store says: "I can tell them when they come in; there is something about their complexion, something about their manner, something about the look of their eyes that shows they are victims." Some in the struggle to get away from it try chloral. Whole tons of chloral manufactured in Germany every year. Baron Liebig says he knows one chemist in Germany who manufactures a half ton of chloral every week. Beware of hydrate of chloral! It is coming on with mighty tread to curse these cities. But I am chiefly under this head speaking of morphia. The devil of morphia is going to be in this country, in my opinion, mightier than the devil of alcohol.

By the power of the Christian pulpit, by the power of the Christianized printing-press, by the power of the Lord God Almighty, all these evils are

GOING TO BE EXTIRPATED —all, all, and you have a work in regard to that, and I have a work. But what we do we had better do right away. The clock ticks now, and we hear it; after a while the clock will tick and we will not hear it. I sat at a country fireside, and I saw the fire kindle and blaze, and go out. I sat long enough at that fireside to get a good many practical reflections, and I said: "That is like human life, that fire on the hearth." We put on the faggots and they blaze up, and out, and on, and the whole room is filled with the light, gay of sparkle, gay of flash, gay of crackle. Emblem of boyhood. Now the fire intensifies. Now the flame reddens into coals. Now the heat is becoming more and more intense, and the more it is stirred the redder is the coal. Now with onesweep of flame it cleaves the way, and all the hearth glows with the intensity. Emblem of full manhood. Now the coals begin to whiten. Now the heat lessens. Now the flickering shadows die along the wall. Now the faggots fall apart. Now the household hover over the expiring embers. Now the last breath of smoke is lost in the chimney. The fire is out. Shovel up the white remains. Ashes! Ashes!

ANECDOTES RELATED AT THE EVANGELISTIC MEETINGS IN SCOTLAND.

An Appalling State of Things.—At a Noon prayer-meeting in Glasgow, Mr. Quarrier said:

"There was never more need for the Church of Scotland standing up against the drink than there is at present. I could mention hundreds of individual cases which have come under my notice, of which I shall mention one. It was that of four children who were brought to our Homes. The father came home from his work one day, and fell quite dead through indulging in strong drink, and a few days later the mother died of delirium tremens."

The Peddler and His Pack.—Mr. Kerr Said: "I am acquainted with an old Irish peddler. One day he was going along a country road with a heavy pack on his back, but he was carrying a far heavier burden than that; a deep sense of sin within him. As he was going on his way he thought, 'I must get this matter settled; the load is too heavy; I cannot carry it,' and, coming to a field, he threw his pack over a wall, and, dropping on his knees, he said, 'I will not rise until I get salvation.' So there he wrestled with God, and cried, like Jacob of old, 'I will not let Thee go until Thou bless me.' And he did not rise, dear friends, until God pardoned him of all his sins through Jesus Christ, His Son, and he is now a happy, rejoicing Christian."

Power of a Young Lady's Silence.—A Christian sister said: "A young lady was asked to a dinner-party, and at the table two young men were speaking in a very irreverent way of God and holy things. This young lady was a child of God, and was very indignant to hear the Saviour whom she loved being spoken of in such a slighting manner. She kept silence, for she could not speak. In the course of the evening one of the two young men came to her and said, 'I am very anxious about my soul; your eloquent silence at the dinner-table affected me very much. I could not get it out of my mind, and in consequence I have now come to ask you what must I do to be saved?' It was not long before this new penitent found forgiveness and eternal life at the cross of Christ. Dear friends, does not this show us that at times, even by keeping a holy, prayerful silence, we may lead a soul to Christ?"

Why the Navy Hung His Head.—A Christian worker related the following: "Some time ago, I was speaking to an old navy, between sixty and seventy years of age. He was telling me how very religious he was, and to how many sermons he had listened. He mentioned one minister in the country whom he had gone to hear for a long time, and whom I knew to be a very godly man, and I said: 'I suppose you have heard the Gospel preached twenty times?' 'Far more than that,' he replied. 'Well,' I then said, 'you have heard it preached one hundred times?' 'Aye, as many times as that and more,' was the reply. 'Maybe you have heard it preached five hundred times?' 'I would not say but what I have,' he said. 'And have you ever received that Gospel?' I asked. The old man, hanging his head, replied, 'I do not think I have.' Have you, dear friends? You who have listened to the Gospel times without number, or have you to hang your head and confess, like the old man, 'I do not think I have'?"

Finding a Lost Son.—At a Gospel Temperance meeting the following was related: "In a village some miles from Glasgow a lady was left a widow with one son, and all her prayers and care were centred upon him. She educated and kept him at home as long as she could, but as he grew older some friends advised her to send him to Glasgow, which, very reluctantly, she did. He was not long in that city before he was drawn into a circle of worldly companions, and all the early teaching of his mother was forgotten. His letters home were few and unsatisfactory, until very soon they ceased altogether. One day, while the widow was sitting mourning over her lost son, he suddenly entered, and exclaimed, 'Oh, mother, I have given my heart to

Jesus, and I could not rest until I had told you.' The glad mother wept tears of joy over her son; her prayers and her teaching were not in vain. She now let him return to the city with the greatest confidence, knowing that he had a common Father in heaven. He is now an earnest Christian worker in Glasgow, and is humbly trying to follow in the footsteps of his dear Master."

Cast Adrift by Friends.—A Lady Worker remarked: "There was a young girl sent to me from the Evangelistic Association. When speaking to her about her soul, she said: 'If God has the power to keep me from sin, why does He let me go on in it?' 'You are not a machine,' I replied; 'God has made you a responsible being.' Then she told me as follows: 'My friends tried to force me into the right way, but I never would go, and it must have been God Himself who led me in here.' 'Yes, I answered, 'it was God who guided you here.' 'And it must have been God, too, who kept me from drowning myself last night,' she said. 'Did you try to do that?' I asked. 'Yes,' she rejoined, 'I went down to the river for the purpose of throwing myself in, but something kept me back.' This young woman had been cast adrift by all her friends, but Jesus did not cast her off. He saved her and blessed her. She is still in the Homes, and, I believe, truly in Christ Jesus as her Saviour."

The Devil's Best Servant.—Miss Bryson Related the following: "There was a poor woman whom I used to visit, and although she was much addicted to strong drink, she said to me that the drink was the devil's best servant. She took it at intervals, but these intervals became shorter and shorter, until the drink brought on creeping paralysis. She was left in the house all day alone, for her husband had to go out, and she had no children. After all she had suffered through drink, I went in to see her one day, and found her lying helplessly intoxicated on the floor. Some one had come in and offered her whiskey, and she yielded to the temptation. Oh, dear friends, when we give way to temptation, how soon it exercises power over us, and we are quite helpless until we seek Divine aid, and then, and only then, shall we have the power over this or any other sin."

Why Katie Wept.—Mr. Adams, a Devoted Christian worker, said: "A short time ago I was called to the death-bed of a little girl. Her mother sent for me to announce to the little one that she was about to die. I broke the news as gently as I could, speaking to her of the love of Jesus, whom she seemed to know very well. I said, 'Katie, perhaps the Lord will soon call you to be with Himself.' She at once saw clearly what I had come for, and the darling child burst into a flood of tears. 'Katie,' I said, 'are you sorry you are going home?' 'Oh, no, Mr. Adams, it is not that,' she replied, 'but I have done so little for Jesus.' I softly sang the hymn beginning,

I heard the voice of Jesus say,

Come unto me and rest,

After I had sung the hymn through I heard the very faintest voice saying, 'Thy will be done.' And little Katie soon passed away, saying she was so happy because she would now see Jesus, and be with Him forever and ever."

Children Healed in Answer to Prayer.—A member of one of Mr. Moody's Mizpah bands thus testified: "Before my conversion my little girl, of whom I am very fond, was taken very ill, and one night when she was at the gates of death I went apart by myself, and in my agony I cried to God to save her, and promised that I would give myself to Him in return; and God heard my cry, and restored the little one to me, but I did not keep my part of the contract. As soon as I got my child restored to me I went back into the world. It is now two years since I gave myself to Christ, and He has kept me ever since. Before I gave up the drink I thought I could not do without it, but now I have no appetite for it. Last night my little boy, a sec-

ond child, was at the gates of death. Agg went to the Lord, and pleaded with Him spare my child, and God has again heard prayer and recovered my little one. God veiled Himself to me last night in a way had never before done, and He is more precious to my soul than ever."

ANTICHRIST AND THE JEWS.

By the Rev. E. J. Hytche.

The Temple to be Rebuilt under Antichrist Protection—Daily Sacrifices Renewed—Christ's Treaty Broken—A Gigantic Attack to Crush the Jews—The Armies of Condemned Europe—The Terrific Slaughter—Interposers of Messiah—His Welcome—The Locality of His Advent—The Deliverance.

We learn from Zechariah 12:12-13, the some future period, and probably—judging from all the signs of the times—a very high but the three tribes, Judah, Benjamin, and Levi, remained united when the Ephraimite King was formed, and continued a separate nation until their dispersion after the capture of Jerusalem by Titus, will return to the Holy Land an unconverted state. Either just immediately before their return, or when there, by a treaty with Antichrist (Isa. 28:14, and Dan. 9) they will be placed under the protectorate of the lawless one. This covenant, for some explained reason, will be made for only six years, and thus has an element of uncertainty as to its after continuance when that period expires.

But notwithstanding the limited duration this covenant with Antichrist, the Jews will build their temple, possibly not on its former site, but on Mount Zion (Ps. 77). This may be inferred from the fact that it is one of their cherished hopes. The liturgy in daily use among them contains the prayer, "Build thou thy temple in our days, speedily." But for such re-creation of the ancient temple we have something more than well warranted inference, for Ezekiel 40:43 its dimensions and ritual specified in the minutest detail. This last temple is also referred to in Isa. 66; Zech. 1:13; Mal. 3:1; 11 Thess. 2:4, and 11:1-2. So that Ezekiel's temple is no mere biblical allegory, as most biblical commentators assert, for both the writers of the Old Testament and the New Testament, as taught by the Holy Spirit, re-report it as a literal building—literal worship and sacrifice.

But, unhappily, unlike Solomon's temple, one to be erected by the restored Jews who rebuilt, when they are still as a nation—as from God. Hence He will say (Isa. 66:17) "Where is the house that ye build unto Me, and where is the place of my rest?" As a result of such re-edification of the temple, we learn from Daniel 9:27 that

THE DAILY SACRIFICES

will be again offered. But not being present in a contrite spirit, the Most High declares: "He will not accept them, but will rather (Isa. 66:3). 'He that killeth an ox as if he slew a man; he that sacrificeth a lamb, as if he cut off a dog's neck; he that offereth an oblation as if he offered swine's blood; he that burneth incense as if he blessed an idol.'"

Though the covenanted protectorate of Antichrist was for seven years, yet for some unexplained reason—but most probably as preparatory to his claim for divine worship—he break his covenant with the Jewish rulers who only a moiety of that period has expired. This infraction of his own covenant he will apparently be aided by some apostate Jews, since read that (Dan. 11:30) "he will have intercourse with those who forsake the holy covenant." The next step in his hellward course will be to erect

A SATANICALLY-ENDOWED IMAGE of himself in the temple for divine honor (Dan. 12:11; Heb. 2:19; Matt. 24:15; 13:14-15).

This claim of Antichrist to divine homage, doubtless be resisted by the mass of the Jew-

For, though they have rejected the Messiahship of Jesus, they still will have too much veneration for the God of their fathers to worship a mere man, and he the fiercest despot that ever crushed mankind. This will lead to a general insurrection in which the royal tribe of Judah will be conspicuous for courage and military tactics, the house of David taking the leadership in the conflict (Zech. 12 : 5-6).

Incited by Satan, of whom he will be the incarnation, and urged by his own rage at such a feeble nation daring to resist him (Dan. 11 : 44), Antichrist and his ten vassal kings will invest Jerusalem (Zech. 14 : 2, and Rev. 19 : 12). The allied Gentile armies will be beyond all precedent as respects numbers, and military skill and equipment. When compared with them the forces of the three tribes will be as in the days of King Ben-hadad (1 Kings 20 : 27). "Like two little flocks of kids, but the Syrians filled the country." We have already a foreshadow, even now, of the largeness of these confederated armies in the

COMBINED MILITARY FORCES

of Europe. For their standing armies already reach 4,000,000, and if we add to these fully trained and well-equipped soldiers the reserves, there are no less than 15,000,000 fighting men in Christendom alone. Hence we can well understand what the prophet Joel meant when he spoke of the last investment of Jerusalem (Joel 3 : 11-14). "Let the Gentiles be awakened and come up to the valley of Jehoshaphat, multitudes, multitudes, in the valley of threshing" (margin).

This prepares us to learn that one portion of the reserves of the Gentile armies will be located in Bozrah, on the south-east of the Holy Land, and there be

DEFEATED BY OUR LORD IN PERSON

(Isa. 63 : 1-6), and the other part as far north as the plain of Megiddo (Rev. 16 : 16) so memorable in Jewish history.

Every reference to this final rebellion shows that the whole land will be in insurrection. Zechariah says (12 : 6), "I will make the governors of Judah like a hearth of fire among the wood, and like a torch of fire in a sheaf—and they shall devour all the nations round about, on the right hand, and on the left." But in spite of the courage of the Judahites, Antichrist, impelled by Satan as well as by his own pride, and leading the multitudinous armies of the Gentiles, will totally defeat them wherever they make a stand. As a result of this victory (Zech. 13 : 8) two thirds "in all the land will be cut off and die, and a moiety of the Jerusalemites" will be carried away as captives.

Nor is this all. For in their hatred of Jehovah (Ps. 74 : 4-8) the Gentile armies will "burn up all the synagogues of God in the land. They will also cast fire into the sanctuary (or temple), and defile it by casting down the dwelling-place of God's name to the ground."

As in spite of their defeat, and the burning of their synagogues, the Jews will still fail to recognize the cause of this scourge, a bitter wail of despair will come up from them as a nation. The very language they will utter is pre-empted in Ps. 74 : 9. "We see not our signs; there is no more any prophet; neither is there among us any that knoweth how long? O God, how long shall the enemy reproach? Shall the enemy blaspheme Thy name forever?"

THIS TERRIBLE CRY OF DESPAIR

will come, not from a pious remnant, but from the whole nation. For Zechariah 12 : 11, 14 intimates that "The land shall mourn, every family apart; all the families that remain, every family apart and their wives apart." And no wonder; for, with two thirds already slaughtered, there seems to be every prospect that the whole nation will be exterminated, so fierce will be the rage of the Gentiles.

The predicted time for the advent and

INTERPOSITION OF MESSIAH

has now arrived. Antichrist will have planted his pavilion (Dan. 11 : 45) on "the glorious holy mountain," or Mount Zion. The satanically

endowed image of the autocrat will be erected in the courts of the temple for universal worship. Nay, he himself (11 Thess. 2 : 4) will "sit in the temple of God, shewing himself that he is God;" and (Rev. 13 : 8) "all that dwell upon the earth shall worship him, whose names are not written in the book of life of the slain Lamb." Hence there will be no one left to resist him, save that Jewish remnant who (Micah 7 : 10) "will be trodden down as the mire of the streets."

As self-help is out of the question, it depends upon supernatural aid alone to prevent the extermination of the chosen people. One, however, is found not only equal but ready to come to their rescue; and who can that possibly be but Messiah, the hope of every pious Jew during their long exile?

Nor are we left in any doubt as to the number of the Jews who shall be thus rescued by our Lord from impending ruin. For we read (Zech. 13 : 9), "I will bring the third part through the fire, and will refine them as silver is refined, and I will try them as gold is tried; they shall call on my name, and I will hear them; and I will say, it is my people; and they shall say Jehovah is my God."

THE LOCALITY OF THE SECOND ADVENT

of Messiah is indicated by Ezekiel, who says (Ezek. 43 : 1-4), "He brought me by the gate (of the temple) that looketh toward the east, and beheld the Glory of the God of Israel came from the way of the east, and His voice was like the voice of many waters, and the earth shined with His glory; and the Glory of Jehovah came into the house by the way of the gate whose prospect was toward the east." Zechariah is even more definite in describing the locality of the Second Advent of our Lord, for he says (Zech. 14 : 4), "His feet shall stand in that day on the Mount of Olives, which is before Jerusalem on the east." Then will be fulfilled the words of our Lord (Luke 13 : 35), "Your house is left unto you desolate, and ye shall not see me until the time come when ye shall say, Blessed is He that cometh in the name of the Lord." For they will (Zech. 11 : 10) "look unto Him whom they have pierced," and so, for the first time, understand the enigmas of their long expatriation from their fatherland.

THE MISSIONARY VOYAGE OF MESSRS. STUDD AND SMITH.

The Indian Witness gives some details of the voyage of Messrs. Studd and Smith whose portraits appeared in the journal on April 9th. It recounts the events which attended their arrival at Suez, and reports the meetings held by them and their five companions. The following extracts will interest our readers:

"On their arrival at Suez many wondered what they would be like; that surely there must be something wrong, a screw loose somewhere, that seven young men of position should leave home and all the pleasures of fashionable life, for as they said something less than a myth, a wild goose chase—to convert Chinamen! Teach them! Why, they'll laugh at them. So thought I, and with me many others. In fact, we expected no end of fun in quizzing them, intending to patronize their singing as a polite concession to mistaken enthusiasm. So with that view, when

THE FIRST EVENING

came, we gathered round, but when we heard the deep swelling notes in which they so earnestly sang, 'Christ Receiveth Sinful Men,' and after a few stirring words of earnest appeal went on, in a gentle solo, with those simple words, 'Let the dear Master come in,' it seemed to touch even the most callous. Tears would come in the eyes of many, and, as Mr. Beauchamp and Stanley Smith, spoke of the endless blessing of the Saviour's love, eighteen hundred years seemed but a day, so vividly did they paint that great event. A bleeding Saviour hung before us, and with a dying look of love, exclaimed, 'It is finished!' Then many a trembling sinner

longed to get that peace—a peace which faith and trust only can give.

"Later on they would join in prayer, leading with them some nervous, repentant brother, and pleading for the Saviour's loving help to strengthen him, and make him bold to own and serve his new Master, asking God to fill his heart so full of peace and love that there be no room for evil in it. So were the evenings spent, singing ending about 10 P. M., but not their work. One or the other might be seen earnestly whispering words of hope, or upsetting some stubborn theory of unbelief. Always gentle, always patient, and not to be offended. I and many others look back to these evenings with pleasurable regret, and earnestly pray that God will guard them and bless their work.

"As time wore on, Sunday came.

SERVICE AFT

in the morning, but later on a more informal one on the main deck, to which all the stewards came; also many of the passengers. After a chapter had been read, and a hymn sung, in which all cordially joined, each young man stood out, and in a few sincere and simple words told us of the wondrous way in which God had called them to His service, leading them to throw up their various professions and serve Him only, and testifying before all to that great and indescribable peace which follows reconciliation to God, and implicit trust in His mercy. After this evening a Bible-class was formed, and a chapter read before breakfast; then each brother was strengthened in faith by appealing and hearing other trustful prayers for strength and help. Again, at noon, a few earnest friends gathered together for an hour, and most of those passengers immediately under their influence and example took a pleasure in reading the Word, praising God in simple hymns of thanksgiving, while each pointed out and called to notice some fresh beauty or glorious promise, made to those who will but trust Him.

A LIGHT-HEARTED MAN-O-WAR'S MAN

on board, who was bound to join his ship, the Agamemnon, at Aden, a jolly tar, with hardly a thought beyond the morrow, but a heart as soft and tender as his hand was hard and rough. I often heard his voice as they sang. 'Let the dear Master come in.' First, 'twas but a murmur; yet, as the night rolled on, it gathered strength, and at last loudly and proudly came the words, 'I believe it, I believe it: Jesus died for me.' No hesitation then, for he did believe it. I shall long remember the night he left. 'Twas in a hurry, close on twelve. A boat came for him, the officer was waiting, and as he bundled his clothes together, exclaiming, 'There'll be a rare crowd there, sir' (meaning on board the Agamemnon). 'Yes, Jack,' was the answer, 'there will; but your new Master is well able to keep you even there, only trust in Him.' Then his face brightened up with a happy smile, his eyes filled with tears, and taking a step forward, he cried, in such an earnest voice, 'Do you really mean it, sir? I am so glad.' He left, and with him went the prayer of many an earnest heart. Thus God in His great mercy blessed their work of love.

"But the devil must needs be busy. How could he stand idly by, seeing so many of his best and zealous ministers wavering on the brink of salvation, all but believing? He stirred up a few unsettled spirits who, during what was to have been a farewell service, tried with bones, tambours, and other noise to distract the attention of the people. But the kind attention of the commander and his officers to forward any proposals or arrangements for the common weal, more than compensates for so slight a check. The general patience and attention paid by all the crew during these meetings was very marked. So we all sincerely hope that the ministry of these young men may be blessed in proportion to their trust; and since Studd, at cricket, and Smith with the oar, surpassed their fellows in sport, so may it please God that they tower above others in a glorious example of humility and faith."

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CURRENT EVENTS.

The Advent of a Democratic Administration. which some of our contemporaries predicted would reveal extensive dishonesty in the Treasury, has not, so far, led to any discoveries of that kind. It is gratifying to learn, for the sake of our national honor, that no discrepancies have been found. A press dispatch states that the count of the moneys and securities in the Treasury has been completed. Everything was found in a satisfactory condition, and the reports of ex-Treasurer Wyman were proved correct in every instance. There was a discrepancy of two cents reported in the count of the cash room, as missing from a package of pennies, but this was shown, on a recount, to be incorrect. The missing pennies were subsequently found on the floor, where they had dropped during the progress of the count.

The President Received the Mormon Delegation on May 13th at the White House, and listened to the reading of the protest adopted by the church which was described in these columns two weeks ago. Mr. Cleveland reminded them that it was his duty to have the Edmunds act faithfully administered as any other law. He promised that such changes as he might make in the commission would be with the view of securing "impartial" administration of the law. Beyond this the delegates obtained no concession. To the President they said that that was all they wanted, but to a reporter subsequently they said that they wanted the President to remove the present commissioners, appointed under the Edmunds law, and to appoint new men of high character, who would make an impartial and thorough investigation of affairs in Utah and report the truth. The present commissioners had gone there with a mission, and not to confine themselves to the duties prescribed by the law creating it. It is possible that the present commission may be removed and new men appointed, but the Mormons will gain nothing if the new men are of high character, because men of that type will make it their first duty to enforce the law, which is precisely the trouble with the present commissioners. The men who would be popular with the Mormons are men of low character, who could be bribed or intimidated into connivance with their

transgressions of the law. President Cleveland will be very ill-advised if he sends to Utah commissioners of that character.

The New Rule Adopted by the Secretary of the navy is working disastrously for Mr. John Roach, the builder of the Dolphin. That vessel has not yet been accepted. Two trial trips have been made, but each has been a failure, and repairs are needed already. This is the old story with which the people are familiar, and is part of the system of which Congress took cognizance when it refused appropriations while Mr. Robeson was in power on the naval committee. Mr. Whitney's requirement is that before he accepts the Dolphin she shall steam for six consecutive hours. On her second trial trip she went ahead for an hour and a half only. Mr. Whitney's demand does not seem unreasonable. If he remains firm and is as careful in other matters, there will be no difficulty in obtaining appropriations from Congress, and the United States may yet have a navy worthy the name.

The Epidemic at Plymouth, Pa., Appears to have spent its force. The new cases occur less rapidly and with less virulence. Three experts from the Board of Health of New York City visited Plymouth last week with the view of investigating the epidemic and endeavoring to trace its causes. They report the sanitary condition of the town as exceedingly bad—that, in fact, all the laws of health have been set at defiance. The town is favorably situated for sanitary purposes, but the advantages of its site have been neglected. As to the immediate cause of the epidemic, the experts appear to agree with the local physicians in their opinion that it was caused by impure water, which the water company turned into the mains when the mountain stream, that is the usual supply for most of the town, gave out, or to the loosening of the mountain stream by thaw during the last week of March. It was conceded that the flood from the mountain stream had swept into the reservoirs refuse from a house near the head of the stream, in which lay a typhoid patient. Dr. Edson is quite sure that this refuse was sufficient to impregnate with germs a much larger body of water than was swept into the reservoir by the flood. These facts convey a warning to other cities that should not be unheeded.

General Middleton's Attack on the Half-Breeds of the Northwest at Batouche, on May 11th, was successful. It commenced with a duel of artillery, in which the Canadian troops, while inflicting severe injury, suffered considerable loss. Many gallant officers fell. After a continuous fire of several hours, General Middleton ordered an advance, and the half-breeds were charged at the point of the bayonet. There was some fierce fighting, but in the end the position was carried and Riel and his followers fled. On Friday, May 15th, three scouts brought Riel into General Middleton's camp. They had found him in the brush not far from Batouche. He claimed that he was on his way to give himself up. It is expected that this will end the war as far as the half-breeds are concerned. What Big Bear and his tribe will do is not clear, but it is evident that the rebellion is broken. There is much resentment felt against Riel, especially by people who have lost relatives in the war, but he is well protected. He will be tried by court-martial.

A New Vote of Censure on the British Premier was moved in the House of Commons on May 11th, but was defeated by a majority of thirty votes. Technically the motion was to refuse appropriations until the Cabinet had fully disclosed its foreign policy. At the commencement of the debate, explanations were made by Mr. Gladstone and the Marquis of Hartington. The former announced that two cabinet officers representing England and two diplomatists representing Russia had arrived at an agreement on the Afghan question which was satisfactory to the English Cabinet and to Lord Dufferin, the Viceroy of India, and which had been sent to Russia for Imperial consideration. Lord Hartington stated that the Government had finally

decided to evacuate the Soudan and abandon the project of besieging Khartoum to punish Gordon's murderers; but that Suakim would be retained and defended against the Arabs either by England or some civilized Power, for military reasons. These explanations partly disarmed the Conservative motion, which was based on the reticence of the Government. The motion, however, was not withdrawn, and on a vote being taken, it was defeated. The Parnellites voted against Mr. Gladstone. Leaving them out of consideration, their votes being cast for personal reasons unaffected by the question at issue, Mr. Gladstone was sustained by a majority of fifty-five.

The Convention Negotiated Between the English Government and Baron De Staal, and M. Lessar, the Russian Envoy, was the subject of numerous cable dispatches last week. It was reported that it was unsatisfactory to the Czar and his council, who wished the frontier between Afghanistan and Asiatic Russia to be drawn at a point further south than that agreed upon, thus giving Russia a strip of Afghan territory. This objection, although it was irritating to the British Government, was not thought sufficiently important to justify a rupture between the two countries. A further stipulation on the part of Russia is, however, more serious. It is that Russia shall not be bound to observe the frontier limit if tribal disturbances break out. This is a grave question, because Russian envoys may easily stir up broils, and so afford an excuse at any time for an advance of the Russian army still further into Afghan territory. It is believed in Europe that the Russian Government wished for war especially since Mr. Gladstone's conciliatory bearing became marked, from which it was inferred that England was unprepared for war.

The Coercion Laws for Ireland are to be Renewed. It was expected that the Radical members of the British Cabinet would succeed in their opposition to them, but the Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland and his aristocratic colleagues strenuously demanded the continuance of the extraordinary powers of arrest, and Mr. Gladstone has yielded. He announced in the House of Commons on Friday that he would ask Parliament to pass a remodelled law on the principle of the Act known as the "Crimes" law. He also expressed his regret that several measures of a conciliatory character, which he named, would have to be postponed for a future session. The decision has caused much dissatisfaction among the Irish members, and they will probably vote with the Conservatives during the remainder of the session.

How English Workmen Feel about the war with Russia may be inferred from a letter one of them addressed to the *Pall Mall Gazette*, which is the only first class journal that has vigorously opposed the war fever. He says: "I beseech you that the voice of the toiler, however feeble, may be heard at this supreme crisis in the history of our country. A war with Russia means the slaughter of many thousands of British lives and the expenditure of, may be, fifty millions of British money, and these lives and that money will mainly have to be provided by the lowly workers of the nation. Trade will be demoralized in every level, society generally will be disorganized; but it is the poor men and women who are living from hand to mouth in the back streets of London, the wretched laborers in our fields, and the poorly paid and ill-employed workmen in all the towns of the kingdom, who will feel the great pinch of the terrible conflict—it is they chiefly who will have to both pay and weep. And why? Because (at the worst) a hot-headed Russian soldier has brought his men into collision with an armed body of Afghans boiling for a fight. The toilers of Britain and the toilers of Russia have no quarrel; why should the affairs of a miserable little State of Central Asia be permitted to make them enemies, and cause them to expend their earnings and their blood in needless conflict against each other?"

The International Conference on Holiness and Faith Healing, to be held in London next month, is attracting much attention on both sides the Atlantic. Full details respecting it, and a cordial invitation to American friends, appeared in this journal on April 30th. We are informed that the Rev. R. L. Stanton, D.D., author of "Gospel Parallelisms" and other works, is one of the American visitors expected to take part in the conference. The proceedings cannot fail to be of a most interesting and instructive character. The extensive experience of the managers of Bethshan, and the information which visitors from this side are able to afford, should lead to increased interest in the movement, which is certainly one of the most remarkable of these times.

The Twenty-Sixth Annual Convention of the Young Men's Christian Associations of the United States and Canada was in session last week at Atlanta, Ga. Major Joseph Hardie, of Selma, Ala., presided. Among the foreign visitors were Mr. Kennedy, Secretary of the London Association; Mr. Phildens, of the Berlin Association; Count Pinckler, of Berlin, and Mr. Hodder, of London, all of whom delivered brief addresses. Mr. Brainerd presented the report of the International Committee, showing that eight hundred and fifty associations reported one hundred and twelve thousand members, seventeen thousand active members on committees, and nearly four hundred young men's Bible-classes. The associations own \$4,300,000 worth of property.

A Series of Meetings was Held at Hartford, Conn., last week, from which much good is expected in the way of promoting harmonious action among the churches. Its title is "The American Congress of Churches," but it was not designed to have the legislative functions of a Congress, but rather, by consultation and the interchange of friendly greetings, to draw into closer union, believers of various denominations, and to stimulate all to greater activity in the service of our common Master. Many distinguished professors and preachers took part in the meetings. The arrangements were under the charge of a council of twenty-five, composed of clergy and laity of as many churches. An executive committee of seven, chosen from its membership, was instructed "to make arrangements for an annual public meeting, and to conduct its various sessions in such a manner as to further the interests of Christianity." The Congress was pledged to take no notes of the questions presented, and none of them were submitted to a vote.

Mr. Ben Hogan, the Converted Pugilist, is now laboring in St. Louis, Mo., where his name is well known in sporting circles. It was in 1873 that Mr. Hogan was last in St. Louis, where he went to arrange for a prize fight which took place subsequently in Omaha. Mr. Hogan's antagonist on that occasion is now a saloon-keeper in St. Louis, and efforts were made to have the services in his large room, but they failed, the proprietor being even more antagonistic to Mr. Hogan in his new character than he was to him in his former one. We are informed that the services are, however, very largely attended, and hopes are entertained that much good will be effected.

The Loss of Railroad-Nerve was the Reason assigned by a traveller for his protracted residence in a place where he was neither happy nor prosperous. To a friend who asked him why he did not go around as usual, he said: "I have lost my railroad-nerve. Up to about a year ago I felt almost as safe on a railway train as I did in a hotel, but since that time, for some cause or other, I have become morbidly apprehensive of railroad accidents, and now when travelling I fret and worry all the time. I can't rest in a sleeper any more. Many a time I have lain awake all night, and I sometimes become so agitated that I leave my berth and walk the aisle for an hour at a time." "You should conquer your fears," said his friend. "When I step

on a train I consider that my fate is in the hands of others—that worry or fret will not avail one particle to help me in case of trouble—and I sleep almost as well in a Pullman or a Wagner as I do in my own bed." "I have tried to reason myself out of my fears," was the response, "but I can't." It appears that this state of mind is not uncommon, but often comes to men who have been accustomed to travel extensively. Doubtless this state of mind in which the sufferer is beset by forebodings and vague fear, is produced in many cases by physical causes which yield to medical treatment, but it is a most miserable condition. We are told in the Bible that God sometimes sends such a state of fear upon men in chastisement (Levit. 26: 36).

A Narrow Escape from Death in a Sewer occurred in Philadelphia a few days ago. A gang of men were repairing the main sewer in Willow Street, when a heavy rain-storm came on, flooding the streets. The men were only two blocks from the river, so that the current from the branch sewers increases in volume largely, and suddenly before it arrived at the place where they were. A cry of warning was raised, and there was a general rush to the street above. As one of the men reached the place of safety he looked back and saw the man with whom he had been working still in the sewer. "Jimmy, Jimmy," he called, "get out quick." "I'll come in a minute," was the response. In less than half a minute a solid wall of water four feet high was upon him and carried him helplessly down the sewer. His comrades ran to the bank of the Delaware expecting to see his mangled corpse borne into the river; but happily he had seized a plank near him, to which he had clung, and the water shot him out fifty feet into the stream like a stone from a catapult, and he was rescued uninjured. It was a Providential escape such as seldom follow an unheeded warning. Too often the delay of a minute in a time of danger is fatal. How many men forget that fact when they are being urged to fly from the wrath to come? (Prov. 1: 24-29).

Twelve Thousand Dollars or a Mother, was the cruel alternative placed before a child recently by a citizen of Brooklyn, N. Y. He and his wife quarrelled and separated. The divorce court awarded their only child, a little girl, to the care of the mother, and for five years the child has resided with her mother. Recently, however, the father desired to obtain possession of the child, and being wealthy, he offered her a bribe, trusting to the mother's regard for her child's interests to insure her consent. He proposed to maintain his daughter, complete her education, and settle \$12,000 upon her if she would leave her mother and give herself up to him, the mother renouncing all claim upon her. The woman was in poverty, and after a severe struggle, in which both mother and daughter suffered mental torture, the father's offer was accepted. The same course is sometimes taken by men in reference to their Heavenly Father. The prospect of wealth which may be acquired by unrighteousness is too great a temptation for them to resist, and they seize the worldly advantage at the cost of their privilege of sonship (Heb. 12: 16).

How a Debtor was Delivered by a Bird is related in the *Youth's Companion* by Dr. Krummacker, the well-known author of "Elisha the Tishbite," and other works. Dr. Krummacker says that in his neighborhood lived a poor man who was much distressed by a small debt he was unable to pay. He was sitting at his door gloomily considering his difficulty, and expecting momentarily the arrival of the sheriff's officer, when he noticed a little bird fluttering about and uttering plaintive cries, as if in distress; suddenly it flew over his head and took refuge in his house. The man closed the door, caught the bird, and placed it in an empty cage, where it sang very sweetly. Soon he heard a knock at the door. "There is the officer," said the man. But it was not the officer; it was the servant of a wealthy lady living near who had lost her bird, and hearing from the

neighbors that one had flown into the house, sent to see if it was hers. It proved to be the bird sought, and in a few minutes the servant returned, saying how grateful her mistress was for the recovery of her pet, and begged his acceptance of a small present. Opening the little package the man found just the amount of his debt. When the officer came the money was placed in his hand with the words, "Here is your money; God has sent it to me." Evidently the poor debtor had too much piety and good sense to call his deliverance a coincidence (Ps. 34: 19).

The Destruction of a Child's Carriage Caused some bitter tears a few days ago. At Middletown, Conn., there is a dangerous railroad crossing, over which on May 10th a child strayed, drawing after her a little carriage with her doll in it. A train was approaching at full speed, and the little girl's death seemed inevitable, for the engineer saw her too late to stop the train. The child escaped, but the doll-carriage was struck by the pilot and knocked into splinters, whereat the child sat down and cried bitterly. The child might be excused for crying when she should have rejoiced; she was too young to realize the danger from which she had escaped as if by a miracle. Probably when the children of God recall their past lives in the clearer light which eternity will shed upon them, they will see that the tears they shed on earth over their losses and bereavements were very much like the child's tears, which ought rather to have been praises (Ezek. 14: 10, 11).

A Judge's Reminiscences Caused Some Amusement in a New York court last week. An indignant policeman had arrested two boys for practical joking. They had taken their stand the previous night on an empty cart in the street, and attaching one end of a string to the house opposite, and holding the other end in their hands, they were able to twitch the hats off the heads of passers-by as they stepped along the sidewalk between the house and the cart. They tried the trick successfully, among others on the policeman, whose temper was not proof against this outrage on his dignity, and he arrested them. The judge reprimanded the boys and fined them, but after they had been led out of court, he burst into a roar of laughter. Turning to the policeman, he said: "I've done that old string trick scores of times myself, and you don't know what fun there is in it." The judge must have felt some compunction in punishing the lads, but he evidently considered it his duty in the interests of society, and he was right. Even human judges recognize the principle that wrong-doing cannot go unpunished with safety, though they may sympathize with the sinner; yet people often ask why a righteous God could not have forgiven sin without an atonement (Rom. 3: 21, 22).

A Horse's Compassion for its Mate is Described by its owner, who had a carriage accident at Harvard, Mass., last February. He was attempting to cross the Nashua River on the ice, and had reached a point nearly in the middle of the river, when he came upon thin ice, and he and the carriage and two horses were immersed in the freezing water. The man scrambled out, and with the aid of some men who came to his assistance, succeeded in rescuing one of the horses. The animal was in such a chilled condition that its hind limbs refused to support its body for some time, and it was left on the bank while the men went to work to recover the other horse. By and by the horse on the bank recovered the use of its limbs, and as soon as he was able to move about he looked off to the cold current from which he had escaped, and seeing the other horse still in the water he went down to the very edge of the river and whinnied in a pitiful way. The horse's concern was pathetic though useless, but the newly saved soul may profitably consider the incident. He has not yet received the spirit of Christ if he does not make it his first concern to look after those who are in the same danger from which he has been delivered (John 1: 41).

A GREAT GOSPEL FOR GREAT SINNERS.

A New Sermon by Pastor C. H. Spurgeon.

"This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptance, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners; of whom I am chief, etc."—1 TIMOTHY 1:15-17.

A Seasonable Connection—The Narrative and the Inference—Testimony with a Man Behind it—I. Who are Chief Sinners?—Paul One of a Regiment—Persecutors and Scoffers—Preliminary—Men Guilty of Gross Sins—Blasphemy and Lewd Speaking—The Swearer's Prayers—Sinners Against Light—Against the Holy Spirit—Waterlogged by Sin—Those who Lead Others to Sin—II. Why the Chief of Sinners are Often Saved—Christ's Relations Among them—Paul Like a Proof Engraving—III. What they Say when they are Saved—The Immediate and Continuous Praise.

WHEN Paul wrote this ever-memorable text, "This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptance, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners," he placed it in connection with himself. I would have you carefully notice the context. The apostle had spoken of himself, and then it was that the Holy Spirit put it into his mind to write of the glorious salvation of which he was so notable a subject. Truly it was a seasonable and suggestive connection in which to place this glorious Gospel text. What he preached to others was to be seen in himself. When I read to you the story of Saul's conversion, suppose I had finished it by making the remark, "This is a faithful saying, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners," you would all have said, "That is true, and it is a natural inference from the narrative." Such a remark would have served as the moral of the whole story. It is an easy and

A SIMPLE INFERENCE.

from such a connection, that Christ Jesus must have come into the world to save sinners. See, then, why Paul uttered it in this particular place. He could not help bringing his own case forward; but when he did bring it forward it was to add emphasis to this declaration that Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners. The Lord likes His servants to have such an experience that their testimony shall have a *man at the back of it*. He would have their lives sustain and explain their testimonies. When Paul said that Christ came into the world to save sinners, his own conversion, his own joy in the Lord, were proof positive of it. He was a witness who had tasted and handled the good Word of life to which he witnessed.

But, beloved, if we have not Paul in our midst to bear his personal witness we have still

MANY LIVING PROOFS;

we have indisputable evidence in those that are still about us that it "is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptance, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners." I could summon to this pulpit scores who were literally the blackest of transgressors, but they are washed, and sanctified, and so they are living arguments of the Lord's power to save. Many also are now present who could not be numbered by their fellow-men among the chief of sinners in certain aspects of the case, yet they most willingly put themselves down as the chief of sinners under some other way of viewing it, and they bear their testimony, as I do now, that Jesus is able to save unto the uttermost.

The run of thought at this time will be, first, concerning those *who are the chief of sinners*; secondly, we will inquire *why God has saved them*; and thirdly, *what they say when they are saved*.

I. First, then,

WHO ARE THE CHIEF

of sinners? Paul says that he was the chief. I think, however, that he was only one of the regiment. There are different classes of sinners, and some are greater and some less. All men are truly sinners, but all men are not equally sinners. They are all in the mire; but they have not all sunk to an equal depth in it. It is

true they have all fallen deep enough to perish in sin, unless the grace of God prevent; yet there are differences in the degrees of guilt, and there will doubtless be differences in the degrees of punishment.

Some are the chief of sinners in the same way as the Apostle Paul, for they have persecuted the Church of God. Paul, who was then called Saul, had given his vote against Stephen; and when Stephen was stoned, he kept the clothes of them that murdered him. He felt that blood lying upon his soul long afterward, and he bemoaned it. Yet this was

MERELY A BEGINNING.

Saul was like a leopard, who, having once tasted blood, must always have his tongue in it. His very breath was threatening, and his delight was slaughter. He harassed the people of God; he made great havoc of the saints; he compelled them, he says, to blaspheme; he had them beaten in the synagogues, driven from city to city, and even put to death. This must have remained upon his heart as a dark memory, even after the Lord Jesus Christ had fully forgiven him. This matter of deadly persecution placed Saul head and shoulder above other sinners. This was the top-stone of the pyramid of his sin, "because I persecuted the Church of Christ."

But you can go very near to this; in all probability certain of you have done so. That husband who has threatened his wife so bitterly if she obeys her conscience, that man who has discharged his servant for no other reason but his fidelity to Christ, that landlord who has turned out his cottager from his home because he held a religious service beneath his roof, that man who has wilfully and maliciously slandered a servant of God, not because he did him any harm, but because he cannot bear to hear of any truly following after Christ—these are the people who must be reckoned among the chief of sinners. They have done no murder, but they have gone as far as they dare to go, and their heart is full of venom against the people of God; this is

A GRIEVOUS CRIME.

Though it may seem a very small thing to grieve a pious child, or to vex a poor, godly woman, God does not think it so. He remembers jests and scoffs levelled at his little ones, and he bids those who indulge in them to take heed. You had better offend a king than one of the Lord's little ones. That poor man in the workshop, who has so hard a time of it with your jests and chaff, has a Friend in the heavens. I know this, that many patient men will bear a great deal, but if you strike their children, their blood is up, and they will not have it. A father will not stand by to see his child abused, and the Great Father above is as tender and fond as any other father. Is the God of nature without natural affection? I trow not. You shall rue the day, sir, in which you took up arms against the people of God. Humble yourself before God on account of it, otherwise you will be numbered among the chief of sinners, and the chief of punishments shall be meted out to you.

Further, among the chief of sinners we must of course reckon those who are guilty of the coarser and grosser sins. I will not occupy a moment in mentioning what they are, for it is a shame even to speak of them. God keep us from unchastity and dishonesty—from any one of those sins which are censurable even under the head of common morality; for, if not—if we indulge in these—we shall certainly come by them to be numbered among the chief of sinners. I must, however, mention

BLASPHEMY AND LEWD SPEAKING,

because these are unhappily far too common. Does a man think that he can go on damning his own body and soul in so many words, and never provoke the Lord to anger? Does he dream that he can use foul and filthy words, and wicked oaths, without incurring sin? I believe that these things bring the blackest guilt on the conscience; for God has expressly said that He will by no means hold him guiltless that taketh His name in vain. It is true of every sin that

God will not hold a man guiltless who does it; but it is especially said about this sin, because men are apt to fancy that words are of no great importance, or that God takes no notice thereof. Even the thoughtless or trifling repetition of the name of the Lord involves great sin, for thus a man taketh the sacred name in vain. Yet men trifle with that name in common conversation, and that with fearful frequency.

There is no excuse for this wanton wickedness, because it brings neither profit nor pleasure to the person who so offends. What practical end can it serve? As George Herbert said long ago,

"Lust and wine plead a pleasure, avarice gain;
But the cheap swearer through this open sluice
Lets his soul run for nought, as little fearing
Were I an Epicure, I could bate swearing."

I am unable to frame an excuse for profane language; it is needless, wilful wickedness. Men talk so far to horrify us; they chill our blood with fear lest God should take them at their word; and all for nothing at all. It will be an awful thing for the man who used profane imprecations to find out at last that his prayers were heard, and that they will be answered.

Now, dear friends, there are other chiefs among sinners who do not go in for these grosser sins at all. Let me mention them, for in this line I shall have to place myself and many of you. These are among the chief of sinners who have sinned

AGAINST GREAT LIGHT,

and against the influences of holy instruction, and gracious example. Children of godly parents, who have been brought up and instructed in the fear of God from their youth, are among the chief of sinners if they turn aside from the way of life. When they transgress, there is a heavy weight about their fault, this is not to be found in the common sin of the children of the slums, or the Arabs of the gutter. I remember how this came home to my heart when I was convinced of my sin. I had not engaged in any of the grosser vices, but then I had not been tempted to them, but had been carefully guarded from vicious influences. But I lamented that I had been disobedient to my parents, proud in spirit, forgetful of God's commands; I knew better—knew better from the very first, and this put me in my own estimation among the chief of sinners. It had cost me much to do evil, for I had sinned against the clearest light. Especially is this the case when the possession of knowledge is accompanied by much tenderness of conscience.

Especially is it a grievous offence to sin against the gentle checking of the Holy Spirit. Have you not been sad offenders upon this point? You felt the other Sunday night that if you could once get out of the chapel, and get home, you would bow the knee in prayer; *but you did not*. You have felt like that many times, and you have shaken off the feeling; and now a sermon scarcely moves you; it had need be full of thunder and lightning to make you turn a hair. Truths which used to make you shake from head to foot scarcely affect you now. Take care, I pray you; for he that sins against the Holy Ghost may find himself

WATER-LOGGED BY SIN,

so as to be no longer able to move his vessel toward the shores of salvation. Nothing hardens like the Gospel when it is long trifled with. To lie asoak in the truth without receiving it into the heart is sure destruction. To die on holy ground is to die indeed. God grant that it may not be so with any here!

I think that I must put down those among the chief of sinners who have led others into sin. Ah, this is a sad, sad, sad, sad subject! If you have led others astray, if you yourself seek the Lord, and are saved, yet you cannot save them. If it be young persons whom you have polluted with evil, you cannot take the wretched stain out of their minds. You can leave off sowing the devil's seed, but you cannot gather up what you have sown, nor prevent its growing and ripening. It is an awful fact that there may be

souls in hell whom you have sent there! It was a wise penitential prayer of a converted man who had exercised influence for evil, "Lord, forgive me my other men's sins." A bad example, a lewd expression, an unholy life, may be the means of drawing others down to perdition; and those that destroy others, and so are soul-murderers, are among the chief of sinners.

Especially must I rank him among the chief of sinners who has preached falsehood, who has denied the deity of Christ, who has undermined the inspiration of Scripture, who has struggled against the faith, fought against the atonement, and done evil even as he could in the scattering of scepticism. He must take his place among the ringleaders in diabolical mischief; he is a master destroyer, a chosen apostle of the prince of darkness. Oh, that he might be brought by sovereign grace to be among the foremost teachers of that faith which hitherto he has destroyed!

I shall not say more upon this mournful matter, for, indeed, I have only mentioned these examples in the hope that some here present may confess, "I am sorry to say that the preacher means me. Under some aspect or other I must take my place among the chief of sinners."

II. Now, secondly, why are the chief of sinners so

OFFEN SAVED?

The Lord Jesus Christ, when He went into heaven, took with Him one of the chief of sinners as a companion; the dying thief entered Paradise the self-same day as our Lord. After our Lord Jesus had gone to heaven, so far as I know, He never did save more than one person by His own immediate instrumentality; and that one person was this very Apostle Paul, who has given us our text. To him our Lord spoke personally from heaven, saying, "Saul, Saul, why persecutest thou me?" To him He revealed Himself by the way, and called him to be His apostle, even to this man who truthfully called himself the chief of sinners. It is wonderful to think that it should be so; but grace delights in dealing with great and glaring sin, and putting away the crying crimes of great offenders.

The Lord Jesus not only saved the chief of sinners, but He was

RELATED TO SOME OF THEM

by blood. Look through the long line of our Lord's genealogy. You know that doctrine, the last invention of Rome, concerning the immaculate conception of the Virgin Mary. I am going to tell you a doctrine which is about as far apart from that as the east is from the west. In the genealogy of our blessed Lord we find the names of certain of the chief of sinners. Three women especially hold a position in it, who were each notorious for sin. Not many women are mentioned, but among the first is Tamar, guilty of incest. The next is Rahab the harlot, and a third is Bathsheba the adulteress. This is a crooked pedigree, an ancestral tree whose branches are more than a little gnarled and twisted. Such sinners as these are in the genealogy of the Saviour of sinners. "He was numbered with the transgressors." He was called "The Friend of publicans and sinners." It was said of Him, "This man receiveth sinners, and eateth with them." Still He delights to save great sinners. Oh, my hearer, it will delight Him to save you!

Why does He do it? The apostle says, in the sixteenth verse, "For this cause I obtained mercy, that in me first Jesus Christ might show forth all long-suffering." What, is that His reason for saving a sinner? It is that He may show in that sinner His long-suffering, revealing His patience and forgiveness. Ought you not to be encouraged, if you feel yourself greatly guilty, that God delights to show forth all His patience by saving great sinners? Will you not at once seek that all long-suffering may be shown in your case? Believe on the Lord Jesus, and it shall be so.

And what does Paul say next? He says that

the Lord saved him for a pattern to them which should hereafter believe on Him to life everlasting. For a pattern. It means for a type or specimen. Paul was a "proof before letters." The first prints of an engraving are sharp and clear, and therefore they are very valuable; they exhibit the productive power of the plate at its highest point, before the surface is worn down in the least degree. Paul was one of the proof-engravings taken off the plate in the earliest days, and under the most favorable circumstances for bringing out every line of grace. All God's long-suffering was seen in him for a pattern. I would to God that we could put some of you under that same engraved plate, and issue more impressions at this very hour; for the plate is not worn out; the

TYPE THAT GOD USES

now is as new as ever. A grand edition of the Work of Love was issued before Paul was printed off, and published; I refer to the time when Peter preached at Pentecost. Many large and splendid editions have been issued from that press since. I see before me a whole library that God has printed in this house—the proofs that God has taken of late years from the old standing type; but Paul stands at the head of the list as a fine first proof of what God can do. Then God can save me. I came to that conclusion a year ago, and putting it to the test, I found it true. Dear fellow-sinners, come to the same conclusion!

"Oh, but I have indulged in such horrible vices." This is a sad confession, but it does not doom you to despair, for the blood of Jesus washes away the worst of filth. Blasphemers, adulterers, drunkards, thieves—such, "Oh, ye saints—such were some of you, but ye are washed, but ye are sanctified," and why should not others of like character be washed and sanctified too?

III. I must close by dwelling a moment on the third head, which is this—What the chief of sinners say when they are saved.

WHAT THEY SAY

is recorded in the text. It reads like a hymn: "Now unto the King eternal, immortal, invisible, the only wise God, be honor and glory forever and ever. Amen." See, the first word is "Now." As soon as ever they are saved they begin praising the Lord. They cannot endure to put off glorifying God. Some one might whisper to them, "You will praise God when you get to heaven." "No," replies the gracious soul, "I am going to praise Him now. Now unto the King eternal, immortal, invisible, be glory forever and ever." Grateful love cannot be restrained, it is like fire in the bones. Our heart would break for love if it could not find a means of expressing itself at once.

Does another person whisper, "When you praise God, do not be too long about it. Leave off as soon as you have moderately praised and adored. Do not be forever engaged in the work of praise." "No," says the saved man, "I cannot have done while life lasts—To Him be honor and glory forever and ever."

To Him be honor and glory forever and ever. Amen. Unto Him be glory on earth and glory in heaven, honor from all of us poor imperfect beings, and glory from us when He shall have made us perfectly meet to behold His face. Come, lift up your hearts, ye saved ones! Begin at once the songs which shall never cease. The saints shall never have done singing, for they remember that they were sinners. Come, poor sinner, out of the depths extol Him who descended into the depths for you! Chief of sinners, adore Him who is to you the Chief among ten thousand, and the Altogether Lovely! You black sinners, who have gone to the very brink of damnation by your abominable sins, rise to the utmost heights of enthusiastic joy in Jesus your Lord! Put your trust in the Lord Jesus Christ, and all manner of sin and of blasphemy shall be forgiven unto you; and at the receipt of such a pardon you shall burst out into new-made doxologies to God your Saviour. "Come now, and let us reason together, saith

the Lord; though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool." Oh ye guiltiest of the guilty, the Apostle Paul speaks to you, and stands before you as the bearer of

GOD'S WHITE FLAG

of mercy. Surrender to the King eternal, and there is pardon for you, and deliverance from the wrath to come. Thirty-five years Paul lived in sin. Twenty years after that, when he was older than I am, he wrote these words, "This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptance, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners; of whom I am chief." Is there not some thirty-five-years' old fellow here to-night who had better turn over a new leaf? Is there not some woman here of that age who has had more than enough of sin? Is it not time that you turned unto the Lord and found a new and better life? Turn them, Lord; turn them, and they shall be turned! Make them live and they shall live unto Thee, world without end. Amen and Amen.

[The prayers of the readers of this Journal are requested for the blessing of God upon its Editors, and those whose sermons, articles, or labors for Christ are printed in it; and that its circulation may be used by the Holy Spirit for the conversion of many sinners and the quickening of God's people. Dr. Talmage and Mr. Spurgeon especially request prayer every Sunday morning on behalf of their labors.]

NEW BOOKS.

THE CROSS AND THE DRAGON;

or, Light in the Broad East. By Rev. B. C. Henry, ten years a missionary in Canton. Mr. Henry is connected with the Presbyterian Mission, but he does not confine his attention to the operations of that particular society. His object, which he faithfully follows throughout his extremely interesting work, is to give a full account of the progress of Christianity in China, and he is careful to give credit to all denominations and to unsectarian efforts for Christ in that land. The dragon is the national emblem of China, hence the title of his book. Apart from the religious character of the book, there is in it a very large amount of information about the country, the government, and the manners and customs of the people, which is wonderfully interesting. Mr. Henry has been a close observer, and he has the faculty of grouping his observations in a manner that arrests attention. His work is planned necessarily from a Christian standpoint, but people not interested in missions cannot fail to be charmed by the vivid descriptions he gives of life in China, while the earnest Christian, whose heart is in his prayer that God would give His Son the heathen for His inheritance, will rejoice in the accounts here given of the progress being made in that benighted land.

No better way of showing the character of this valuable work can be adopted in the space at our disposal than that of citing the subjects of the chapters. They are the following: The Broad East and its Population; Facilities for Reaching the People; Some Characteristics of the People; Confucius and Confucianism; Buddhism in China; Taoism; Ancestral Worship and Geomancy; Feasts, Pastimes, and Folk-lore; A Sketch of Canton Missions in the East; Present Status of Mission Work; Foreign Agents; Preaching by Missionaries; Educational Work; Medical Work; Work for Women; Work for Orphans and Outcasts; Native Agents; The Native Christians; Trials of Converts; Tests of Faith; Christian Giving and Self-support; Criticisms of Travellers and Roman Catholic Missions; Teaching English; A Christian College for Canton; The Present Outlook; Advance into the Interior. As will be seen from this list, Mr. Henry completely covers the ground and supplies a vast amount of information about the Celestial Kingdom which will render clear to the minds of his readers much that has hitherto been incomprehensible in secular news, as well as in missionary records. An



A Ministering Angel.



"A child shall lead them."

excellent map, a picture of a Chinese interior, and of Chinese idols in the temple, and portraits of the minister and elders of his church add to the value of his work. Pp. 483. Price \$2. Published by Messrs. Anson D. F. Randolph & Company, 900 Broadway, New York.

A MINISTERING ANGEL.

(See Illustration on this page.)

"It was a poor room on the highest floor of a great tenement house," said a city missionary, describing his day's round of visits, "but if ever I saw a ministering angel, I saw one there. There were two children, a boy and a girl, whose pinched, hungry look went to one's heart. They were gazing eagerly at a loaf of bread and a plate of cooked meat, which a girl, not much more than a child herself, had just produced from her basket. It was a sight not easily forgotten. Those two children were being led out of the scanty earnings of the girl who lived in the next room to them in that miserable attic, and who worked all day in a hat factory. It was the old story: a drunken father, no mother—she had worked herself to death a year ago—and no friend but this solitary girl. 'I have no mother myself, sir,' she said simply, 'and I can feel for the poor things.' 'The Lord will repay you,' was all I could say. He who noticed the widow's mites cast into the treasury surely saw that girl's sacrifice and will regard it."

LED BY A CHILD.

(See Illustration on this page.)

"AIN't you glad you came, father?" said a little girl, looking up into the face of a working-man as the two were making their way down the aisle of a church at the conclusion of service.

The man's reply could not be heard. He spoke in a low tone, but as he stooped and kissed the little girl it was evidently a reply likely to be satisfactory to her.

A Christian gentleman who was present no-

ticed the little incident and inferred that it might possibly afford an opportunity for usefulness. He followed the father and daughter out of church, and as soon as they were clear of the crowd he joined them.

"Saw you in church," he said; "I hope you'll come again. We are always glad to see strangers. They become friends sometimes."

"You are very kind, sir, and I don't know but I'll come. Jennie has set her heart on my being a regular church-goer. That has not been my line so far, but she gets her way generally now." The man sighed heavily and continued, "She is our only child now. We had another six years older, but she died a month ago. She was a real good girl, sir, and it seems she made her little sister here promise to never leave off trying till she got me to church. She often tried herself, poor girl, but never succeeded. I wish she had now; I'd give a good deal if I had the chance of giving her a bit of pleasure."

"This is the next best thing you can do. Besides, you can learn here how you can be sure of meeting your lost daughter again."

"Ah, sir!" said the man, "that is too much to hope. I am not the kind of lumber to make a Christian of."

"You are mistaken there, my friend. You are just the kind, if you will let the Master try."

They had by this time reached the home of the father and daughter, and having received a promise for the next Sunday, their new friend bade them good-by. He went home to pray for that father's conversion—a prayer which, some months afterward, was graciously answered.

JOHN RUSKIN, LL.D.

(See Portrait on page 333.)

If a disciple of Ruskin were asked to describe the man and his teachings in a few words, he would probably say, and say truly, that he is, above all things, a hater of lies of all kinds, a valorous antagonist of shams and hypocrisies, and a most implacable enemy of selfishness, idleness, and vice.

Running through all his works is this strong current of individuality. Whether he writes on art, or science, or ethics, these principles manifest themselves. He would have his readers true men, industrious, earnest, kind; and he seeks to attract them to the true and the beautiful with a gentle persuasion which never wavers, but which is mingled with scorching, withering words when he describes what is base and unworthy. His teachings are an application to the world of to-day of the apostolic injunction to think of, or strive after, "whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, and whatsoever things are of good report" (Phil. 4:8).

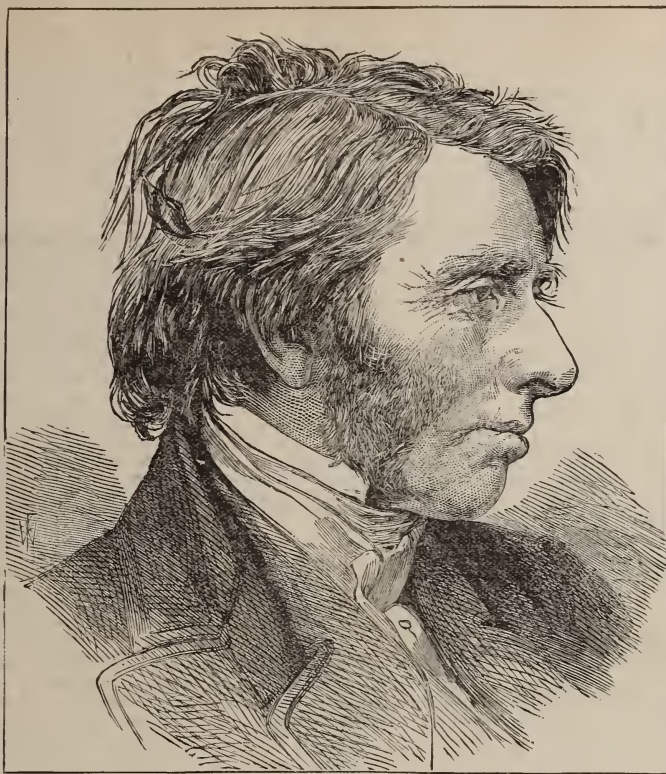
This characteristic is seen sometimes in a startling manner and in the strangest surroundings. In writing of metals in his "Ethics of the Dust," in connection with a remark about the epithet "ugly," as applied to some of them, he says: "You ought to be glad in thinking how much more beauty God has made than human eyes can ever see, but not glad in thinking how much more evil man has made than his own soul can ever conceive, much more than his hands can ever heal." That is a strange passage to meet in the midst of a lecture on gold, silver, iron, and crystals. Yet such passages are frequent in Mr. Ruskin's works, and they are not labored, but strictly congruous to his subject in hand, and always beautiful and true. One other passage from the same work will serve to illustrate this quality. Describing the difference in crystals, and noting that an absolutely pure crystal is rare, and that impurities are contracted in their formation, he says: "The crystal must be either dirty or clean—and there's an end. So it is with one's hands, and with one's heart—only you can wash your hands without changing them, but not hearts nor crystals. On the whole, while you are young, it will be as well to take care that your hearts don't want much

washing; for they may perhaps need wringing also, when they do." Hundreds of such passages might be quoted, each one full of sound wisdom, pointed, forcible, and practical, indicating the wonderful shrewdness and vigorous common-sense of this great lay preacher. For these we must refer our readers to the books themselves, which are now published at a very low price.

Mr. Ruskin is one of the professors of the University of Oxford, England. His department is that of the fine arts, of which subject he is a recognized master. He is sixty-six years of age, having been born on February 8th, 1819. His father commenced his career burdened with the debts of his father, all of which he paid honestly before he laid by any profit for his own use. Many people called him a fool for paying debts not contracted by himself, but his son, with pardonable pride, has engraved on his tombstone his testimony that "he was an entirely honest merchant." The subject of this sketch studied at Oxford University, where he won a prize for the best poem of his year. He graduated in 1842 and devoted himself to the life of an artist. Since that time he has been continually busy with pen and pencil. In 1843 he published his work on Modern Painters, in which he insisted that the best painter was he who most accurately copied nature as "a glass of rare strength and clearness to let us see more than we could ourselves and bring nature near to us." Among numerous other works written by Mr. Ruskin may be mentioned "The Seven Lamps of Architecture," published in 1849; "The Stones of Venice, in 1851-53;" "Notes on the Construction of Sheepfolds," and "King of the Golden Lives," appeared in 1851; "Two Paths" and "Lectures on Architecture and Painting," in 1854; "Unto this Last," in 1862; "Ethics of the Dust," "Sesame and Lilies," and "Study of Architecture in our Schools," in 1865; "Crown of Wild Olives," and "Queen of the Air," in 1866; and "Aratra Pentelici," in 1872.

Perhaps the best way of becoming acquainted with Mr. Ruskin is through his letters to workmen, the first of which was published on January 1st, 1871, and the last, five months ago. These letters he calls "*Fors Clavigera*," a title which he thus explains: "Fors is the best part of three good English words—force, fortitude, and fortune. Clava means a club; clava, a key; clavus, a nail or rudder. Cera means, I carry. Clavigera may mean, therefore, either Club-bearer or Nail-bearer; Fors, the Club-bearer, means the strength of Hercules or of Deed; Fors, the Key-bearer, means the strength of Ulysses or Patience; Fors, the Nail-bearer, means the strength of Lycurgus or Law." In these letters he talks familiarly to workmen about their work, their play, their dress, their homes; about government, trades-unions, strikes, and about sobriety, and industry, and a multitude of other subjects in which workmen are interested. We believe "*Fors Clavigera*" is not yet published here in cheap form.

It would be impossible to form an estimate of the influence Mr. Ruskin has exerted and is still



John Ruskin, LL.D.

exerting on thought and life. Many have been won by him from lives of shame and meanness to nobleness and virtue, while thousands have been led by him to desire those things, though they fail in attaining them because they strive in their own strength instead of depending on Christ and His almighty power. How much the world needs such teaching as that of Mr. Ruskin every thoughtful man perceives. The one cry that ought to be sounded in the ears of this generation is that continually on Mr. Ruskin's lips—the demand that men be true and honest, and cease to profess to be what they are not. Purity of thought and life, earnest and persistent effort to raise our fellows out of sordid and selfish ways of life, to seek that which is noble and Christlike, is a side of religion too much overlooked in our day, and it is that on which Mr. Ruskin insists with all the earnestness of an ancient Hebrew prophet. For the man and his message we have the most profound respect.

THE JEW'S WARD.

A SERIAL STORY.

(Continued from page 319.)

Alone in the World.

WHEN the long sweet days of spring came, with their ruffling winds and bright half-opened leaves dancing in the changeful sunshine, and birds singing merrily from earliest dawn to latest dusk, Carola could not help throwing off some of her sadness. She, too, began to sing; and Matthias, as he sat unoccupied at his new bench, or stood bare-headed in the warm sunbeams, heard her as she moved about the house and garden, and the clear words came to his ear, accustoming it to the name he had so long abhorred. But the time to hate was gone by; his mind was

growing duller, and this name no longer stirred him to wrath, uttered as it was by Carola's beloved voice.

A great calm had fallen upon him; a season of perfect rest, blended a little with a feeling of weakness and weariness. His old life had passed quite away, and like a child he was living from day to day merely satisfied with the sound of her voice and the sight of her face, as a child is contented with his mother's presence.

The neighbors came about them a little now the roads were dryer, talking in their loud slow country accents, which suited the old Jew's dulled hearing. They did not know he was a Jew; he was nothing more than a very old man, too infirm to get about. There was no clergyman living within four miles of them, for their cottage was at the furthest corner of a straggling parish, and too remote for being visited. Now and then Carola went to the small chapel in the nearest hamlet, where a service was held on Sunday afternoon; but she could not often leave her grandfather, as Matthias was supposed to be, and no one missed her if she was absent. There was not very much church-going among the scattered population.

By and by the old man's ebbing strength did not allow him to quit his bed. This feebleness came on so gradually that there was no shock in it, either to Carola or himself. He was very old, and the complete change in his mode of life had hastened the end. But Carola did not think that the end was near; the only other old person she had known was her grandmother, who had been bed-ridden many years, and she looked without dismay on the prospect of tending Matthias for years to come. He was very peaceful and happy, lying tranquilly on his bed, and listening to her with a placid smile as she read aloud the Psalms of David the King, or the writings of the Prophets of his own race. He had never possessed an English Bible, and these fragments he had learned of them in Hebrew during his school-days and his middle life when he frequented the synagogue, had passed away from his memory. Now he heard them in his own tongue, and his heart grew full of them. It was too late for him to learn them, or to read them to himself, but Carola was always near at hand and willing to read his favorite passages over and over again, filling the old Jew's feeble mind with the music of them, which he hardly understood, but which he would know better by and by.

"Oh! if you'd only let me read what I love better still!" said Carola, one day, as she turned over the leaves of her Bible, after reading the words, "He is despised and rejected of men; a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief, and we hid as it were our faces from Him; He was despised and we esteemed Him not."

"Ay! read what you love best, Carola, my dear," he answered, looking fondly at her from under his shaggy gray eyebrows, "if it's good for you it'll be good for me. There's something that has made you better than any daughter of my own people that I ever knew. But you mustn't ask me to forsake the Lord God of my fathers."

"No, oh, no!" she replied, fervently; "is He not the Father of us all? Only let me read to you about my Lord?"

With eager and tremulous tones she read to him the story of the Lord's death. She had always shrunk from reading it aloud, so powerfully did it touch her; and as she went on from verse to verse the sorrow and the mystery of it grew upon her, until when she came to the words, "And when they had plaited a crown of thorns, they put it upon His head, and a reed in His right hand; and they bowed the knee before him and mocked Him, saying, Hail, King of the Jews," she could control her faltering voice no longer, and falling down on her knees beside the old Jew's bed, she burst into a passion of tears.

"Why, my Carol! my dear!" he cried, stroking her head with his bent fingers, "do you love Him so? It's a hard thing to read that of one you love. You mustn't read any more of that to me."

"Oh, but I must!" she said, looking up at him through her tears. "You'll never know what my Lord is like till you have heard all about Him. But wasn't He 'despised and rejected of men, a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief?' And listen how they crucified Him."

Matthias listened to the end, gazing at Carola's pale and sorrow-stricken face, as she strove to make her tremulous voice clear and steady. When it was finished she closed the book with a deep-drawn sigh; and he shut his eyes, and lay for a few minutes in silent thought.

"I'm too old to remember," he said at last, "but our wise men and rabbis used to say something about all that; and I've known many Christians, too many Christians; but you are different to them, Carol, and you shall read it over again, if you love it best; and the Lord my God will pardon me if I sin in this matter."

Now Carola was free to read in the New Testament she did so gladly, choosing such passages as she thought least likely to arouse his old prejudices, and putting for the hated name of Jesus Christ the title of "my Lord." It was more grateful to the old Jew's ear, for he seemed to be listening to the history of Carol's Lord, not of Him whom he had been taught to think of as the Jewish impostor, whose name for many centuries had been accursed.

It sounded to him like a very new and very personal narrative, as if Carola was telling him what she had herself seen and heard her Lord do and say. It was more easy to remember and ponder over in the long sleepless hours of the night than the psalms or prophecies; and many a time when Carola was lost to him in sleep, he thought of her Lord going about healing the sick and giving sight to the blind; even raising the dead to life again and forgiving sin. And this benevolent Lord had always spoken of the Lord God Almighty as the Father in heaven. Could not he, Matthias Levi, call God Father?

These thoughts did not trouble him; they seemed to infold him as a sort of sweet and tranquil atmosphere, or as a strain of melody not understood, but soothing away distress. There was another and a better Christianity than that which he had known; but he no longer thought of the past with its evil memories. The days and weeks passed peacefully and happily away; and he felt it was very good for him to lie still and be waited on by Carola.

"You'll be very lonely when I'm gone, my dear," he said one evening after he had made his bed and lifted him back into it, almost as if he was a child again.

"Yes, I shall be lonely," she answered, "only my Lord said just before He died, 'I will not leave you comfortless; I will come to you.' When we lose all we find Him."

"Is that in your book?" he asked.

"Yes," she replied; "and just before that He said, 'In my Father's house are many mansions; if it were not so I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you.' He is preparing a place for us, Matthias."

"If there be many mansions," he said, feebly,

"perhaps He'll let you and me have a little one together, Carol. I used to be afraid you were lost to me forever."

"Oh, He couldn't let us lose one another!" she answered, smiling.

He fell asleep smiling as she had done, and she watched beside him while he slept. For at last she knew that the end was very near, and the messenger of death might come at any moment. There was sadness, but no distress in her heart; she was sorrowing as those who sorrow not. His death would leave her altogether alone, but she did not dread that. There must be some place for her in the world; some footpath, however narrow and thorny, along which she could follow Christ. She sat with her eyes fastened on the furrowed face of the dying man, recalling the days when she was a child and he had guarded her from the evil that encircled her. At last he woke again, and met her wistful gaze.

"My Carol," he murmured feebly, "I'd like to make you happy before I go away, but I'm afraid to grieve the Lord my God. If your Lord is the Messiah He will pardon me."

"Oh, yes!" she answered eagerly, "He will pardon you."

He closed his eyes again, and lay still for a time talking to himself in faint under-tones. Carola caught a word now and then, and knew he was murmuring in broken sentences, "And now, oh, man! what doth He require of thee but to do justly, and to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God?"

Once, after a long pause, she heard him whisper, "Our Father which art in heaven." That's a good prayer, Carol." Then he lay silent, dreaming perhaps, for a smile rested on his face; but he woke up with a look of trouble and bewilderment, and spoke in a loud and urgent voice, "There's something I've forgotten," he said; "help me to remember, Carol."

He was struggling to lift himself up, and she raised him in her arms, and laid his white head on her shoulder, speaking to him soothingly, as she would pacify a troubled child.

"Turn my face toward Jerusalem," he whispered, "then I shall remember."

She moved him a little on the bed. The sun was setting, and through the window she could see all the long shadows stretching eastward. Then, with her cheek bent down on his wrinkled forehead, she told him he was facing the city of his forefathers, the Holy City.

"I remember," he cried, in a tone of solemn triumph, "Hear, O Israel; the Lord our God is one Lord!"

Carola laid him down again on his bed, but he spoke no more. Only, as she knelt by him, with his hand in hers, she felt now and then a little pressure of his fingers, growing feebler each time, until it ceased altogether, and she knew that he was gone.

She buried him in the parish churchyard, and the same service was read over him as over her drunken grandfather. It did not occur to Carola that any other mode of burial should be found; and the clergyman of the district church knew nothing of the dead man's religion and nationality. Again she stood by the open grave as the only mourner, and looked down upon the coffin lying in its lonely bed, and listened to the solemn words, "We commit his body to the ground; earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust; in sure and certain hope of the resurrection, to eternal life, through our Lord Jesus Christ." "Matthias has seen his Messiah now," she thought, as the tears ran down her pale cheeks. "God is no respecter of persons," she said to herself as she returned alone to her empty cottage, "but in every nation he that feareth Him, and worketh righteousness, is accepted with Him."

And now Carola was utterly alone in the world. The long summer days dragged slowly away; for there was no longer any claim upon her for loving service. It seemed useless to prepare meals when there was no one but herself to sit down to them, and she ate such food

as gave her the least trouble, just as she had been wont to snatch a crust of bread in her childhood, eating it in any corner where she could find a seat. A little of the wildness of that time returned to her as she rambled aimlessly about the fields and the rough, uncultured lands, where pollard-trees stood, quaintly misshapen, along the hedgerows. She was living again in her mind through the various changes that had come to her; and in her listless saunterings to and fro, the thought of George Bassett's death began to bear undue terror and depression to her. It was a horrible thing to have borne fatal witness against a fellow-creature.

To go in and out of her house; to lie down and sleep, and to rise up and work only for herself, with no face to look upon, and no voice answering hers, was insupportable to her. Yet she wanted some indication as to what her Lord would have her do. Quite literally she believed the words He had said, "As thou hast sent me into the world, so have I also sent them into the world." She did not think He meant only those disciples who followed Him in His lifetime on earth. She took it for granted that Jesus Christ had sent her into the world; and if so, what was the work He required her to do?

But no sign of His will came to her; and, after a while, she began to frequent the cottages which lay scattered among the fields and lanes. It was a large parish, and the church was a long way off. There was no resident squire or any family wealthy enough to take the lead among the sparse population. The poor barren land was divided into small farms, giving employment to two or three laborers on each, whose wages were low, and whose houses were mere hovels. The best and brightest among the boys and girls deserted their native place as soon as they could earn their own living, leaving behind them the dull and lazy, or those of indifferently character, whose work was done grudgingly, and whose only recreation was drinking bad beer in the dreary and dirty little grog-shops.

Carola tried to go among them as she had gone among the cottagers at Hazelmount, but they were altogether different from those contented and intelligent people. Here she was not made welcome in their comfortless hovels, and her visits were considered an intrusion. She had not any position or authority among them as she had in Hazelmount, and they could not understand any friendly advances made with no thought of personal advantage. Many of them looked upon her suspiciously, as a young woman living alone in a solitary cottage, with no visible means of subsistence. Only the little children and the very aged made friends with her; but her home was too far away for them to visit her, and only in the lanes could she play and talk with them, for in their own dwellings she was treated coldly as a suspicious stranger.

To speak to these people of what her heart was full of only provoked a stare of stupid astonishment or indifference. All that sort of talk was for the parson to say to them on their death-beds as a sort of charm to save them from going to a worse place than even this poor world was to them. It had nothing to do with those who could get through a day's work and draw their scanty wages at the week's end. Even the overworked curate, who conducted the Sunday afternoon services in the small chapel of ease, considered her too open and enthusiastic in her religion for a churchwoman, and half imagined her a Methodist in disguise, though she regularly attended his ministrations now Matthias was gone. There was a mystery about her; and a mystery about a young and pretty woman is always to her discredit.

Carola herself was beginning to feel in her inmost heart this general listlessness and indifference creeping over her. Her soul was melting with heaviness. At Hazelmount the fervid and affectionate response which met more than half-way every effort she made to endear herself to the parents of her scholars, had kept the flame burning very brightly on the altar of her own

spirit. Her vivid, joyous sense of the reality of the Lord's life on earth, and the power of His words, had awakened in them an answering gladness. Her emotion had never failed to kindle theirs, and the result had been a gentle yet fervent excitement which had gilded all the dullness of every-day existence. But here, though she could get the people to complain of their own lot, or speak spitefully of their neighbors, they had not a thought to utter about Him who had lived and died for them. And Carola was as one who tells an idle tale when she spoke of Him.

(To be continued.)

PAUL'S CHARGE TO TIMOTHY.

S. S. Lesson for May 31, 2 Tim. 3: 14-17; 4: 1-8. Golden Text, 3: 14. By Mrs. M. Baxter. Paul's Affection for Timothy—His Last Letter—His Injunction—Timothy's Teachers—The Equipment of the Man of God—Intellectual Knowledge Unfruitful if Alone—Eloquence without Usefulness—God's One Season—The Character of the Dispensation Predicted—Hardships to be Endured not Chosen—Parting Words.

TIMOTHY was very dear to Paul. In writing to him he calls him "My true child in faith" (1 Tim. 1: 2, R. V.), and in speaking of him to the Philippians he says, "I have no man like-minded, who will care truly for your state" (Phil. 2: 20, R. V.). It was Timothy whom he desired to see above all, as the time of his martyrdom drew near. "Do thy diligence to come shortly unto me;" "Do thy diligence to come before winter" (II Tim. 4: 9, 21). The last letter on record which Paul ever wrote was written to Timothy; our subject forms a part of it. Some of the tidings which it brought were sad ones, of the defection of Hymenæus and Philetus (chap. 2: 18). "This thou knowest that all that are in Asia turned away from me" (II Tim. 1: 15, R. V.). Paul also foretold that grievous (or perilous) times should come (chap. 3: 1-5, 13, R. V.). But evil, present or future, did not turn away the old apostle's eyes from his Lord; there was not the least discouragement in the tone of his charge to Timothy. Above all seeming confusion, above all which looked like defeat, Paul knew that the purposes of his God were being worked out, that Christ was Conqueror, and His people more than conquerors through Him (Rom. 8: 37).

"Abide thou in the things which thou hast learned,

AND HAST BEEN ASSURED OF

[or versed in], knowing of whom thou hast learned them. Instrumentally Timothy had learned much from his mother, Eunice, and his grandmother, Lois (chap. 1: 5), and much from Paul; few had seen the life of Christ more fully exemplified in their relatives and teacher than had Timothy. But it was neither the teaching nor example of these holy women or of the Apostle Paul which had assured or versed Timothy in the things which he had learned; the Holy Ghost alone could do that. True, from a child he had known the Holy Scriptures which were able to make him wise unto salvation; but until there was "unfeigned faith" in him (chap. 1: 5) the Word did not profit him; how could it, not being mixed with faith? (Heb. 4: 2) Paul did not tell Timothy to abide in anything which he had not learned for himself and been assured of personally. Many believers take up beautiful ideas of truth from others, which, however, do not become part of their own life, "hid with Christ in God," and thus they do not abide. A trial of faith may come on the very point where they have had light, but as that light has not been *assured* to them by the Holy Ghost, they do not abide.

"Every Scripture inspired of God is also profitable for teaching, for reproof, for correction, for instruction [or discipline] in righteousness, that the man of God may be complete, furnished completely unto every good work" (R. V.). There is no such equipment for the man of God or the woman of God as His Word,

And yet how often those who have it at their fingers' ends, who can give chapter and verse for everything they quote, who know the different readings in the English versions, and even in the ancient Greek manuscripts, yet fail to effect any work of grace upon their hearers! In order to produce any real, lasting effect, the man of God needs to know more than "the letter which killeth," even "the Spirit which giveth life" (II Cor. 3: 6). When a child of God himself believes and

LIVES IN THE POWER OF

the Word which he delivers to others, if he speaks, with Christ dwelling in his heart by faith as the true Witness to what he says, there is a power which men cannot but feel, and they can never be as though they had not heard that message. But when a preacher, even a truly spiritual man, brings his own arguments to bear upon the Word of God, and demonstrates the truth with perfect logic and splendid eloquence, he often has to return sick at heart, and grieved at the hardness of his hearers. As the Word of Christ dwells in us "richly in all wisdom" (Col. 3: 16), and as we are assured of its shrinking from no step of faith to which it leads us, it becomes a power on those whom we teach. Paul speaks of the Word as being profitable for reproof, exhortation, etc. It is blessedly true. An argument with a child, a servant, a scholar, as to the right or wrong of a thing, may be entirely out of place; an unexplained command may often savor of harshness. But a word of God's spoken in His name comes with authority as nothing else can; there is power in every word of God.

Paul's charge to Timothy was probably his last. Once he had been tried and had been set at liberty. Now his second trial before Cæsar was at hand. He knew he was soon to be with the Lord, and with all the love of a father and all the authority of a messenger of God, he said, "I charge thee in the sight of God and of Christ Jesus, who shall judge the quick and the dead, and by His appearing and His kingdom, preach the Word; be instant in season, out of season" (R. V.). To some people it comes very easy to preach; they have a natural flow of words, quickly seize an idea, and as readily reproduce it. But there are numbers of such who do not preach "with the Holy Ghost sent down from heaven" (1 Pet. 1: 12), for they do not abide in those things which they have learned. Men may praise them, people who do not want to be awakened will attend their ministry and flatter them, but in their congregation souls are not converted, and believers do not come out of the world. The Holy Ghost is not recognized; everything spoken is addressed to the head and not to the heart; it is man touching man, and contact with the living God is an unknown thing in their midst. Such men are not "instant in season, out of season."

GOD HAS BUT ONE SEASON

for blessing souls; it is always *now*. "Now is the accepted time, *now* is the day of salvation" (II Cor. 6: 2). Are we then to force religion upon all whom we meet, whether they will or no? Thank God, He does not leave us without distinct guidance. While "Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature" was His general command, yet He gave special directions to Paul as to what course he should pursue, and when He wanted him in Europe He forbade him to preach the Word in Asia (Acts 16: 6). Philip, who was equally under the same command, was called away from his sphere of service in Samaria to win the Ethiopian eunuch to Christ. When we are willing to be guided by God He will always give us direction. Our part is to follow Him without a question as to whether it is in season or out of season for us; that is God's question, not ours. To the prisoners in the Philippian prison it must have seemed very much out of season that Paul and Silas should sing praises to God, but between them and God there never was a more appropriate time for praise. They had put their case and that of the jailer into His hands, and they

knew He had taken the charge; how could they but rejoice? It may have seemed to Felix and to Agrippa very much "out of season" that, as a prisoner at the bar, Paul should presume to turn the court into a meeting-house and preach Christ to his judges. But it was God's season; He had chosen him to carry His name before governors and kings and the children of Israel.

"Reprove [or put to the proof], rebuke, exhort, with all longsuffering and teaching" (R. V.). Some teachers shrink from reproof, partly from the fear of wounding others, but far more from the great consciousness of their own shortcomings. It is only those who are by nature unconsciously or indifferent to the suffering they give to others, who do not naturally shrink from reproof. Yet it is self in us which shrinks from it. Christ in us longs for the deliverance of the brother or sister who is in error, and more, believes in the power and will of God to deliver. Christ in us is as willing to reprove in the power of the Holy Ghost as to preach the Gospel. "For the time will come when they will not endure the sound [or healthful] doctrine, but, having itching ears, will hear to themselves teachers after their own lusts, and will turn away their ears from the truth, and turn aside unto fables." What is this but the history of the dispensation foretold? Romanism, ritualism, rationalism, worldly Evangelicalism in church—all are included in this prophetic utterance of Paul! "But be thou sober in all things, suffer hardship, do the work of an evangelist, fulfil thy ministry." Paul does not tell Timothy to *court* hardship, but to *endure* it. Some will deny themselves sleep and spend days in fasting, who will not endure the hardship of having their wills crossed, or their plans disarranged. Timothy was a bishop, but his office did not make it less, but rather *more*, incumbent on him to win souls and so do the work of an evangelist and fulfil or prove his ministry. One will say, "Now I know more of the deeper life of God, I cannot go on evangelizing; that is not my work." It can never cease to be our work until every soul with whom we come in contact is saved of the Lord.

For I am

ALREADY BEING OFFERED

[poured out as a drink-offering], and the time of my departure is come. "I have fought the good fight, I have finished the course, I have kept the faith." Not one shadow or cloud appears on the evening horizon of this man of God. Not one regret, not one mention of anything left undone. All is peace. The good fight of faith had been fought, God had been glorified in his life as he had believed, and now by faith also God was to be glorified in his death. He looked beyond and added with assurance, "Henceforth there is laid up for me the crown of righteousness which the Lord, the righteous Judge, shall give me at that day; and not to me only, but unto them also which love His appearing."

The Prophetic News and Israel's Watchman (London) may be had from the office of this journal, 63 Bible House, New York, price six cents, including postage. Annual subscription sixty cents. The following articles among others are contained in the number for May:

Russia's Coming Invasion of India. By Charles Beales.
The Alighans the Lost Ten Tribes. By Rev. Charles Beales.
The Second Sermon on the Mount: What is "Watchfulness"? By G. Warrand Houghton.
The Lord's Appearing; its Possible Nearness. By Rev. John Baillie, M.A.
Expatriation and Restoration of Israel. A Prophetic Monograph. By Rev. E. J. Hythe.
God's Judgment Abroad. By Rev. Garvin Carle.
As It Was in the Days of Noah. By Henry Meymott.
Passing Events Viewed from a Prophetic Standpoint.
Bound volumes containing the monthly numbers for 1884 or 1885 may be had, price \$5.

An Illustrated Work on the Unfulfilled prophecies of the Bible, by the Rev. M. Baxter, entitled: "Forty Coming Wonders," may be had from the office of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, 63 Bible House, New York, by remitting one dollar. It is a book of 528 pages, is handsomely bound in cloth and contains fifty full-page pictures and diagrams representing the scenes described in the prophecies of Daniel and in the book of the Revelation. It also contains a résumé of the opinions of other expositors, and extracts carefully collated from the works of all the most eminent writers on prophecy from the earliest ages of the Christian era down to those of recent date. It thus forms the most useful and complete guide the student can have on entering the study of that portion of the Word of God. The book may also be obtained for one dollar from any bookseller, who can procure it from the American News Company.

taken. J. E. JEWETT, 77 Bible House, New

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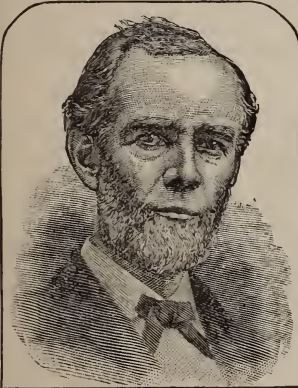
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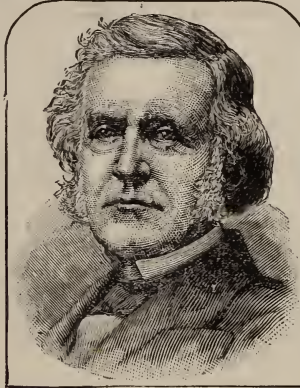
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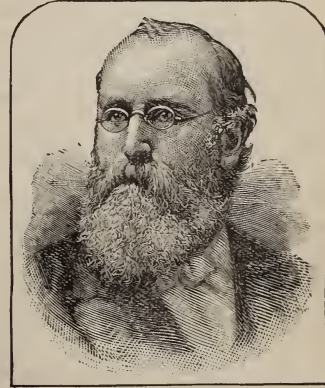
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PROF. WILLIAM H. GREEN, D.D., LL.D.



PROF. GEORGE E. DAY, D.D.
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PROF. CHARLES P. KRAUTH, D.D., LL.D.



Three of the American Old Testament Revisers—The Bible House, New York.

THE REVISERS OF THE OLD TESTAMENT.

ON Thursday last the Revised Version of the Old Testament was issued to the American public. The work confided to the hands of the eminent men who formed the American and English committees was one of an importance that cannot be over-estimated. It was no light responsibility to make changes in the language of a Book to which we and our fathers have gone for guidance in difficulty, for consolation in affliction, and which has been our constant friend and companion in all the vicissitudes of life.

But the work had to be done. We have been told over and over again from the pulpit and from the professor's chair that this and that passage was incorrectly translated, that the English did not fully give us the meaning of the original Hebrew, and that in some cases it was positively misleading, while in others it was incomprehensible, though the meaning of the original was clear. The great and good men who prepared the translation we have been using for more than two centuries and a half were in ignorance of many matters which discoveries in geography, philology, and archaeology have brought to light since their work was finished. The demand, consequently became general among intelligent people that we should have a translation which should be absolutely correct, and that we should know as precisely as the English language could convey, the meaning of the inspired men who wrote the books of the Bible.

After much consideration and consultation among Christians of learning, it was decided to commit the work to two companies of erudite men, the one company to be composed of men familiar with the Greek of the New Testament, and the other of men learned in the Hebrew of the Old Testament. In both cases the work was shared between scholars in England and America. It is now four years since the revisers of the New Testament finished their work, and just a year since the Old Testament Company completed the revision, the interval having been occupied in printing and binding the various editions.

The American Old Testament Company consisted of: Professor William Henry Green, of the Presbyterian Theological Seminary at Princeton, who was chairman; Professor George E. Day, of the Congregational Divinity School at New Haven, who was secretary; Vice-Chancellor Charles P. Krauth, who died in 1883; Professor Charles A. Aiken, of Princeton; Rev. Dr. T. W. Chambers, of the Collegiate Dutch Church of New York; Professor Thomas J. Conant, Baptist, Brooklyn; Professor John De Witt, of the Reformed Dutch Theological Seminary at New Brunswick, New Jersey; Professor Charles M. Mead, formerly of the Congregational Theological Seminary at Andover; Professor Howard Osgood, of the Baptist Theological Seminary at Rochester, New York; Professor Joseph Packard, of the Episcopal Theological Seminary at Alexandria, Virginia; Professor James Strong, of the Methodist Theological Seminary at Madison, New Jersey, and Professor C. V. A. Van Dyck, of Beirut, Syria, who served as advisory member on questions of Arabic. This committee worked in connection with a company of learned men in England. They held their meetings once a month in the Bible House, New York (a picture of which appears on the first page). Each session lasted several days. The work done at each session was sent to England, and the English revisers sent their work to the American Company. Each company criticised the work of the other, and exchanged criticisms, and the differences were for the most part harmonized. Any suggestions of the American Company which the English revisers were unable to accept are printed in an appendix, but they are comparatively few.

PROFESSOR WILLIAM H. GREEN, D.D., LL.D., who was Chairman of the American Company, and whose portrait appears on our first page, is

Professor of Hebrew and Old Testament literature in the Theological Seminary of Princeton, N. J. He is sixty years of age, having been born on June 27th, 1825, at Groverville, Burlington County, N. J. He graduated at Lafayette College, Easton, Pa., in 1840. Subsequently he studied at Princeton and became teacher of Hebrew there in 1846. He was ordained a Presbyterian minister in 1848, and in 1849 became pastor of the Central Presbyterian Church in Philadelphia. In 1851 he entered upon his present duty as Professor of Hebrew at Princeton. He is the author of a Hebrew Grammar, a Hebrew Chrestomathy, "The Old Testament Vindicated," a work in reply to the criticisms of Colenso, and "The Argument of the Book of Job Unfolded." An evidence of the high honor in which he is held among Christian educators was afforded in 1868, when he was invited to become President of the College of New Jersey, a position which he declined.

PROFESSOR GEORGE E. DAY, D.D., who was Secretary of the American Company, and whose portrait appears on our first page, is Professor of the Hebrew language and literature in the Theological Department of Yale College, New Haven, Conn. He is seventy years of age, having been born at Pittsfield, Mass., March 19th, 1815. He graduated at Yale College in 1833, and concluded his theological course at the Yale Theological Seminary in 1838. He immediately became assistant instructor of sacred literature in that institution, a position which he held until 1840, when he entered upon the active duties of the Christian ministry. During the next eleven years he labored first at Marlborough, Mass., and afterward at Northampton, Mass., as pastor of large and influential churches; but in 1851 on the invitation of the Lane Theological Seminary, he became Professor of biblical literature in that institution. After fifteen years of usefulness there he removed to his present position in Yale College. He has translated several learned works from the German, and was one of the contributors to Smith's Bible Dictionary.

PROFESSOR CHARLES P. KRAUTH, D.D., LL.D., whose portrait also appears on our first page, did not live to see the completion of the work on which he had been engaged, though he had the satisfaction of witnessing and assisting in the labors of the greater part of the work. He died in 1883, at the age of sixty years. He was born on March 17th, 1823, at Martinsburg, Va. He was the son of the Rev. Charles P. Krauth, formerly President of Pennsylvania College, Gettysburg. He graduated there in 1839, and entered the Lutheran ministry in 1841, and was pastor of churches successively in Baltimore, Md., Winchester, Va., Pittsburg, Pa., and St. Mark's Lutheran Church, Philadelphia. In 1864 he was elected Professor of Systematic Theology and Church Polity in the Lutheran Theological Seminary in Philadelphia, and in 1868 he accepted the chair of Intellectual and Moral Philosophy in the University of Pennsylvania, of which institution he was elected Vice-Chancellor in 1873. He was for three successive terms President of the General Council of the Lutheran Church in America, and took a prominent part in the preparation of the Church book issued by the Council in 1869.

The portraits of other of the members of the American Old Testament Company appear on page 348.

PROFESSOR JAMES STRONG, S.T.D., whose portrait appears on page 348, is Doctor of Sacred Theology and Professor of that Department in Drew Theological Seminary at Madison, N. J. He was born in New York, August 14th, 1822. He graduated in Wesleyan University in 1844, and for two years taught in Troy Conference Academy. He subsequently removed to Flushing, L. I., where he engaged in various enterprises for the benefit and development of that locality. He continued his studies while superintending many extensive undertakings, and became one of the most erudite Hebrew scholars in America. In 1858 he returned

wholly to the pursuits most congenial to him, by becoming Professor of Biblical Literature at Troy University, a position he occupied until his removal, in 1868, to Drew Theological Seminary. In 1874 he made an extended tour in the Holy Land. He is best known, however, through the Cyclopaedia of Biblical, Theological, and Ecclesiastical Literature which, in connection with Dr. McClintock, he prepared. Dr. McClintock died during the progress of that work, which was, however, completed by Dr. Strong. His assistance in the revision has been most valuable, owing to his intimate acquaintance with the land and literature of the Bible.

PROFESSOR CHARLES M. MEAD, D.D., whose portrait appears on page 348, is Professor of Hebrew in the Theological Seminary at Andover, Mass., which position he has occupied since 1866. He is the youngest member of the company. He was born at Cornwall, Vt., on January 28th, 1836, and has therefore not completed his fiftieth year. He graduated at Middlebury College in 1856, and at Andover Theological Seminary in 1862. He subsequently spent four years in studying at German universities. While he has been at Andover he has contributed extensively on theological subjects to various periodicals.

THE REVISED BIBLE.

THE NEW Bible appears with both of the Testaments bound together. The preface opens with a statement of the general principles on which the revision has been conducted. The revisers have borne in mind their duty not to make a new translation, but to revise that already existing, and have departed from it only where they disagreed with the translators of 1611 upon the meaning of a word or sentence. The terms of natural history are only changed where it is certain that the Authorized Version is incorrect. Where it is doubtful or there is an alternative, the rendering is given in the margin.

In some words of frequent occurrence, the Authorized Version being either inadequate or inconsistent, changes have been introduced with as much uniformity as practicable. For instance, "tabernacles of the congregation" has been everywhere changed to "tent of meeting." In regard to the word "Jehovah," the usage of the Authorized Version is followed, the revisers not thinking it advisable to insert it uniformly in place of "Lord" or "God," which, when printed in small capitals, represent the words substituted by Jewish custom for the Ineffable Name. The word "grove" (Judges 6:28) has been replaced by "ashera" with its plurals "asherim" and "asheroth." In the poetical books, "sheol" replaces "hell," which has been changed in prose passages to "the grave" and "the pit," with "sheol" in the margin.

This is a specimen of the blank verse:

Create in me a clean heart, O God,
And renew a right spirit within me.
Cast me not away from thy presence,
And take not thy Holy Spirit from me.
Restore unto me the joy of thy salvation,
And uphold me with a free spirit.

Adam and Eve only take their names after the Fall. Before, they are man and wife. No changes in diction are made in the first chapter of Genesis to aid or puzzle debaters on faith and science. The old account of the Deluge is left as it was. The Mosaic books are but little touched. The Joshua miracle of the sun and the moon is left intact. Job is mainly printed in blank verse. "I know that my Redeemer liveth" stands, but the marginal note destroys all its significance in relation to the Messiah. "Oh that mine adversary had written a book" becomes "Oh that I had the indictment mine adversary had written." "Hast thou clothed his neck with thunder" changes to "With a quivering name."

All the headings of chapters have been dropped, as in the revised New Testament, and the text has been divided into paragraphs, but the old chapter and verse divisions have been retained in the margin for convenience of refer-

ence. By this means the revisers have been enabled to rejoin Ps. 10 to Ps. 9, and Ps. 13 to Ps. 12, and to begin Is. 53 at ch. 52 : 13.

The several days of the Creation are made more prominent by breaks of a line between the verses. This expedient has enabled the revisers to make use of the dialogue form and to show the dramatic character of the Song of Songs, the first chapter of which is divided into seven.

The summary of each day's work at the Creation now runs according to the formula, "And there was evening and there was morning one day," "there was evening and there was morning a second day," and so on, giving a suggestion of successive stages with long intervals.

The "apples of gold" of Prov. 25 : 11 are now encased in "figured work" of silver, not in "pictures."

"Vanity and vexation of spirit" (Eccles. 2 : 17) has become "Vanity and a striving after wind."

Happy is the man that hath his quiver full of them (Ps. 127 : 5) has been changed into "Happy is the man that hath filled his quiver with them."

Reuben's curse, Gen. 49 : 4, "Unstable as water, thou shalt not excel," now reads, "Unstable as water have not thou the excellency."

The following changes also grate against associations. The authorized Genesis, ch. 6 : 4, "There were giants in the earth in those days," is revised, "The nephelim were in the earth in those days."

In the authorized edition Job 31 : 35, "Oh, that one would hear me! Behold, my desire is that the Almighty would answer me, and that mine adversary had written a book," is revised, "Oh, that one would hear me! Behold, my desire is that the Almighty would answer me, and that I had the indictment which my adversary hath written."

The Authorized Ps. 8 : 5, "For thou hast made him a little lower than the angels," is revised, "For thou hast made him a little lower than God." The Authorized Ps. 116 : 11, "I said in my haste, all men are liars," is revised, "I said when I made haste to escape, all men are a lie." Eccles. 11 : 13, "Let us hear the conclusion of the whole matter—Fear God," etc., has been revised to read, "This is the end of the matter; all hath been heard. Fear God," etc.

Prov. 14 : 9, "Fools make a mock at sin; but among the righteous there is favor," is revised to read, "The foolish scorn the guilt-offering; but among the upright there is good will."

Is. 52 : 13, in the Authorized Version, reads, "Behold, my servant shall deal prudently; he shall be exalted and extolled and be very high." The revised reads: "Behold, my servant shall deal wisely; he shall be lifted up and shall be very high."

Is. 53 : 3, in the Authorized Version, is: "He is despised and rejected of men; a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief; and we hid, as it were, our faces from him; he was despised and we esteemed him not." In the revised this reads: "He is despised and rejected of men; a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief; and as one from whom men hide their faces; he was despised, and we esteemed him not."

The same chapter, v. 7, is changed to read: "He was afflicted, yet he opened not his mouth: as a lamb that he led to the slaughter," etc.

Same chapter, v. 8: "He was taken from prison and from judgment: and who shall declare his generation," is revised to read: "By oppression and judgment he was taken away: and who considereth his generation."

The following are examples in which the actual task of revision is distinctly seen:

Authorized Version, Gen. 22 : 14, "In the mount of the Lord it shall be seen." Revised Version: "In the mount of the Lord it shall be provided."

Authorized Version, Ex. 19 : 20, "And it was a cloud and a darkness to them, but it gave light by night to these." Revised: "And there was the cloud and the darkness, yet gave it light by night."

Authorized, Job 36 : 18: "Beware lest He take thee away from his stroke." Revised: "Beware lest thou be led away with thy sufficiency."

Among the other changes are the following: ACKNOWLEDGED ERRORS.

There are many renderings declared to be incorrect by all lexicons and commentaries of a critical character. For example, the word "hypocrite" is found eight times in the Book of Job, yet in not one of them does the original term have that meaning. So one of the obligations mentioned often in the Pentateuch and elsewhere is called a "meat offering," which leads the reader to suppose that it is an animal sacrifice, whereas, the Hebrew means an unbloody oblation, and is correctly rendered "meal offering." In the following list the incorrect word is placed first, with a reference to one of the places where it occurs, and then the true meaning as generally accepted among scholars:

Apothecary (Ex. 30 : 25) becomes perfumer; avenging (Judges 5 : 2), leaders; bitter (Is. 14 : 23), porcupine; borrow (Ex. 11 : 2), ark; breaches (Judges 5 : 17), crows or harbors; cane (Job 38 : 6), lamp; caldron (Jer. 18 : 3), pot; college (1 Kings 22 : 5), second ward; coast (Jer. 25 : 32), uttermost part; crooked (Job 26 : 13), fleet, or fleeing; dead things (Job 26 : 5), the shades; diet (Jer. 52 : 34), allowance; dragons (Ps. 74 : 13), monsters; dragons (Job. 30 : 29), jackals; dregs (Is. 51 : 17), bowl; flagons of wine (Hos. 3 : 1) pressed grapes; fires (Is. 24 : 15), the East; flood (Joshua 24 : 14), the river; foxes (Judges 15 : 4), jackals; groves (Ez. 34 : 13), pillars; galleries (Cant. 7 : 5), curls of hair; grow up (Mal. 4 : 2), leap; hats (Dan. 3 : 2), mantles; hearth (Jer. 36 : 22), brazier; hell (Ps. 16 : 10), Sheol, Hades, i. e. under world; house of God (Judges 20 : 18), Bethel; hypocrite (Job 8 : 13), ungodly; images (Lev. 26 : 30), sun images; images (Gen. 31 : 19), seraphim; household gods; Jasher (1st Sam. 1 : 18), the upright; jaw (Judges 20 : 19), Leli (a proper name); kid of the goats (Gen. 37 : 31), he goat; lamps (Ezek. 1 : 13), torches; linen yarn (1 Kings 10 : 28), drove of horses; Mount Ephraim (Josh. 24 : 23), hill country of Ephraim; multitude of No (Jer. 46 : 25), Amon of No; mules (Gen. 36 : 44), warm springs; nitre (Jer. 2 : 22), lye; owl (Lev. 11 : 16), ostrich; plain of Mamre (Gen. 18 : 1), oaks of Mamre; paper reeds (Is. 19 : 7), meadows; pots (Jer. 35 : 5), bowls; river of Egypt (Nurie. 34 : 5), brook of Egypt (not the Nile); reward (Jer. 40 : 5), present; satyrs (Is. 13 : 2), goats; scapegoat (Lev. 16 : 8), removal; screech owl (Is. 34 : 14), night monster; scum (Ezek. 24 : 6), rust; shameless spewing (Hab. 2 : 16), ingominy; spider (Prov. 38 : 31), lizard; sweet influences (Job 38 : 31), cluster, or chain; thick clay (Hab. 2 : 6), pledges; table (Is. 30 : 8), tablet; tablet (Is. 3 : 20), perfume box; torches (Nah. 2 : 3), steel; troop (Amos 9 : 6), vault; valley (Josh. 11 : 16), lowland; veil (Ruth 3 : 15), mantle; unicorn (Num. 23 : 22), wild ox; wounds (Prov. 18 : 8), dainty morsels.

The song of Lamech is made more intelligible by making the second couplet read:

For I have slain a man for bruising me.
And a young man for bruising me.

In Is. 1 : 1, "Abraham went up out of Egypt," into the South," the printing of the last word with a capital letter shows that it refers to a definite region (the Negeb), and thus avoids the incongruity of the Authorized Version in leading one to think that the patriarch reached Palestine by going south from Egypt. In v. 18, "the plain of Mamre which is in Hebron" is changed to "the oaks of Mamre which are in Hebron," because this is the meaning of the Hebrew, and there is no plain in Hebron or its vicinity. (So Is. 14 : 13 and Is. 1 : 1.) In 24 : 2, "Abraham said to his eldest servant of his house," is made to read, "Abraham said to his servant, the elder of his house," which is what the Hebrew means. In 33 : 18, "And Jacob came to Shalem, a city of Shechem," the revision reads, "came in peace to the city of Shechem," because no such city as Shalem is known, and the true rendering shows how God fulfilled Jacob's request (28 : 21). In the prophecy of Jacob (Gen. 49) are several manifest improvements. Reuben is charged with being not "unstable," but, as the original word means, "boiling over"—that is, impulsive or excitable,

which exactly describes his character, as shown by his conduct on various occasions. In the fifth verse, "instruments of cruelty are in their habitations," the margin of the Authorized Version, "weapons of violence are their swords," is inserted in the text, as being both more literal and more expressive. In the ninth verse, instead of saying that Judah couched "as an old lion," the revision returns to Tyndale's more accurate rendering, "as a lioness."

In the second commandment (20 : 5) we have a slight change, "visiting the iniquity of the fathers upon the children, upon the third and upon the fourth generation of them that hate me" (the exact sense of the original). The sixth command (v. 13) is, after the pattern of the Prayer-Book and the Authorized Version in Matt. 19 : 18, given as "Thou shalt do no murder," and the same as Deut. v. 17. The advantage of this rendering is that it needs no imitation or explanation. To kill is often lawful, and sometimes a duty, but to do murder is wrong always and everywhere.

SOME ALTERED VERSES.

Following are some changes in the new version:

AUTHORIZED VERSION.	REVISED VERSION.
Ps. 12 : 5. "I will set him in safety from him that puffeth at him."	"I will set him in safety at whom they mock."
Ps. 68 : 4. "Extol him that rideth upon the heavens."	"Cast up a highway for him that rideth thro' the deserts."
Ps. 68 : 19. "Blessed be the Lord who daily loadeth us with benefits."	"Blessed be the Lord, who daily beareth our burdens."
Ps. 68 : 30. "Rebuke the company of spearmen."	"Rebuke the wild beasts of the reeds."
Ps. 82 : 7. "As well the singers as the players on instruments shall be there. All my springs are in Thee."	"As well the singers as they that dance say, all my fountains are in thee."
Ps. 141 : 5. "And let him reprove me; it shall be an excellent oil which shall not break my head."	"And let him reprove me; it shall be oil upon the head; let not my head refuse it."
Prov. 14 : 9. "Fools make a mock at sin; but among the righteous there is sin."	"The foolish scorn the guilt offering; but among the upright there is good will."
Is. 16 : "Carved works, fine linen of Egypt."	"Striped cloths of the yarn of Egypt."
Is. 29 : "It is as sport to a fool to do mischief; but a man of understanding hath wisdom."	"And so is wisdom to a man of understanding."
Is. 13 : "The way of transgressors is hard."	"The way of the treacherous is ragged."
Ps. 16 : "The preparations in man and the answer of the tongue is from the Lord."	"The preparations of the heart belong to man, but the answer of the tongue is from the Lord."
Ecc. 5 : 14. "All is vanity and vexation of spirit."	"All is vanity and striving after wind."
Is. 13 : "Let us hear the conclusion of the whole matter, Fear God, etc."	"This is the end of the matter; all hath been heard, Fear God, etc."

A German's Testimony to the Value of Prohibition is published in a Kansas journal. In a letter dated Altoona, Wilson County, Kan., he says: "Like most Germans, I was very much opposed to Prohibition before it was adopted in our State. Indeed, my aversion was so great that I earnestly contemplated selling my farm and turning my back on Kansas. At that time I held it to be a great shame to live in a State where drinking was not free. Fortunately for me, I could not sell. I say fortunately, because I have since found that I was greatly mistaken. The State, instead of going down, as was prophesied by the liquor party, has experienced the height of prosperity. It was said that emigration would cease if Prohibition was adopted, but the reverse took place. Emigration increases every day, and the price of land has raised in value considerably. Farmers are in better circumstances than ever before."

DESPOTISM OF THE NEEDLE.

Dr. Talmage's Sermon, Preached last Sunday Morning, May 24, 1885.

"So I returned, and considered all the oppressions that are done under the sun: and behold the tears of such as were oppressed, and they had no comfort; and on the side of their oppressors there was power; but they had no comfort."—ECCLES. 4: 11.

The Occupation Honorable—But Murderous—The Misery of Idleness—Girls Should Have an Occupation—Mme. De Staël's Experience—De- spoiled Orphans—Mistaken Notions About Women's Work—What Is and Is Not Honorable—A Woman's Right to Her Bread—Opportunity to be Given Her—Martyrs of Wash-tub and Needle—Right to Equal Compensation—The Sewing Girls of the Cities—Tragedies of Suffering—Cases of Imposition—The Remedy—Trust in God—Be Competent—Be Independent—The Unmarried Aunts—Everybody's Blessing.

VERY long ago the needle was busy. It was considered honorable for women to toil in olden time. Alexander the Great stood in his palace showing garments made by his own mother. The finest tapestries at Bayeux were made by the queen of William the Conqueror. Augustus, the Emperor, would not wear any garments except those that were fashioned by some member of his royal family. So let the toiler everywhere be respected!

The needle has

SLAIN MORE THAN THE SWORD.

When the sewing-machine was invented some thought that invention would alleviate woman's toil and put an end to the despotism of the needle. But no; while the sewing-machine has been a great blessing to well-to-do families in many cases, it has added to the stab of the needle the crush of the wheel, and multitudes of women, notwithstanding the reinforcement of the sewing-machine, can only make, work hard as they will, between two dollars and three dollars per week.

The greatest blessing that could have happened to our first parents was being turned out of Eden after they had done wrong. Adam and Eve, in their perfect state, might have got along without work, or only such slight employment as a perfect garden with no weeds in it demanded. But soon as they had sinned, the best thing for them was to be turned out where they would have to work. We know what

A WITHERING THING

it is for a man to have nothing to do. Old Ashbel Green, at fourscore years, when asked why he kept on working, said: "I do so to keep out of mischief." We see that a man who has a large amount of money to start with has no chance. Of the thousand prosperous and honorable men that you know, nine hundred and ninety-nine had to work vigorously at the beginning. But I am now to tell you that industry is just as important for a woman's safety and happiness. The most unhappy women in our communities to-day are those who have no engagements to call them up in the morning; who, once having risen and breakfasted, lounge through the dull forenoon in slippers down at the heel and with dishevelled hair, reading Ouida's last novel, and who, having dragged through a wretched forenoon and taken their afternoon sleep, and having passed an hour and a half at their toilet, pick up their card-case and go out to make calls, and who pass their evenings waiting for somebody to come in and break up the monotony. Arabella Stuart never was imprisoned in so dark a dungeon as that.

There is no happiness in an idle woman. It may be with hand, it may be with brain, it may be with foot; but work she must, or be wretched forever. The little girls of our families must be started with that idea.

THE CURSE OF AMERICAN SOCIETY

is that our young women are taught that the first, second, third, fourth, fifth, sixth, seventh, tenth, fiftieth, thousandth thing in their life is to get somebody to take care of them. Instead of that, the first lesson should be how under God they may take care of themselves. The

simple fact is that a majority of them do have to take care of themselves, and that, too, after having, through the false notions of their parents, wasted the years in which they ought to have learned how successfully to maintain themselves. We now and here declare the inhumanity, cruelty, and outrage of that father and mother who pass their daughters into womanhood, having given them no facility for earning their livelihood. Mme. de Staël said: "It is not these writings that I am proud of, but the fact that I have facility in ten occupations, in any one of which I could make a livelihood." You say you have a fortune to leave them. O man and woman, have you not learned that, like vultures, like hawks, like eagles, riches have wings and fly away? Though you should be successful in leaving a competency behind you, the trickery of executors may swamp it in a night; or some officials in our churches may get up a mining company and induce your orphans to put their money into a hole in Colorado, and if by the most skillful machinery the sunken money cannot be brought up again, prove to them that it was eternally decreed that that was the way they were to lose it, and that it went in the most orthodox and heavenly style. Oh, the

DAMNABLE SCHEMES

that professed Christians will engage in until God puts His fingers into the collar of the hypocrite's robe and strips it clear down to the bottom! You have no right, because you are well-off, to conclude that your children are going to be as well-off. A man died leaving a large fortune. His son fell dead in a Philadelphia groshop. His old comrades came in and said as they bent over his corpse: "What is the matter with you, Boggsey?" The surgeon standing over him said: "Hush ye! He is dead!" "Oh, he is dead, they said. 'Come, boys; let us go and take a drink in memory of poor Boggsey.'" Have you nothing better than money to leave your children? If you have not, but send your daughters into the world with empty brain and unskilled hand, you are guilty of assassination, homicide, regicide, infanticide.

There are women toiling in our cities for two and three dollars per week who were the

DAUGHTERS OF MERCHANT PRINCES.

These suffering ones now would be glad to have the crumbs that once fell from their fathers' table. That worn-out, broken shoe that she wears is the lineal descendant of the twelve dollar gaiters in which her mother walked; and that torn and faded calico had ancestry of magnificent brocade that swept Broadway clean without any expense to the Street Commissioners. Though you live in an elegant residence and fare sumptuously every day, let your daughters feel it is a disgrace to them not to know how to work. I denounce the idea prevalent in society that, though our young women may embroider slippers and crochet and make mats for lamps to stand on without disgrace, the idea of doing anything for a livelihood is dishonorable. It is a shame for a young woman belonging to a large family to be inefficient when the father toils his life away for her support. It is a shame for a daughter to be idle while her mother toils at the wash-tub. It is as honorable to sweep house, make beds or trim hats as it is to twist a watch-chain.

A POPULAR NOTION.

As far as I can understand, the line of respectability lies between that which is useful and that which is useless. If women do that which is of no value, their work is honorable. If they do practical work, it is dishonorable. That our young women may escape the censure of doing dishonorable work, I shall particularize. You may knit a tidy for the back of an arm-chair, but by no means make the money wherewith to buy the chair. You may with a delicate brush beautify a mantel ornament, but die rather than earn enough to buy a marble mantel. You may learn artistic music until you can squall Italian, but never sing "Ortonville" or "Old Hundred." Do nothing practical if you would in the eyes of refined society preserve your respectability. I

scout these finical notions. I tell you a woman no more than a man, has a right to occupy a place in this world unless she pays a rent for it. In the course of a lifetime you consume whole harvests and droves of cattle, and every day you live breathe forty hogsheds of good, pure air. You must by some kind of usefulness pay for all this. Our race was the last thing created—the birds and fishes on the fourth day, the cattle and lizards on the fifth day, and man on the sixth day. If geologists are right, the earth was a million of years in the possession of the insects, beasts, and birds before our race came upon it. In one sense

WE WERE INNOVATORS.

The cattle, the lizards, and the hawks had pre-emption right. The question is not what we are to do with the lizards and summer insects, but what the lizards and summer insects are to do with us. If we want a place in this world we must earn it. The partridge makes its own nest before it occupies it. The lark by its morning song earns its breakfast before it eats it, and the Bible gives an intimation that the first duty of an idler is to starve when it says, "If he will not work, neither shall he eat." Idleness ruins the health; and very soon nature says: "This man has refused to pay his rent, out with him!" Society is to be reconstructed on the subject of woman's toil. A vast majority of those who would have woman industriously shut her up to a few kinds of work. My judgment in this matter is that a woman has a right to do anything she can do well. There should be no department of merchandise, mechanism, art, or science barred against her. If Miss Hosmer has genius for sculpture, give her a chisel. If Rosa Bonheur has a fondness for delineating animals, let her make "The Horse Fair." If Miss Mitchell will study astronomy, let her mount the starry ladder. If Lydia will be a merchant, let her sell purple. If Lucretia Mott will preach the Gospel, let her thrill with her womanly eloquence the Quaker meeting-house.

It is said, if woman is given such opportunities she will occupy places that might be taken by men. I say, if she have more skill and adaptedness for any position than a man has, let her have it! She has as much

RIGHT TO HER BREAD,

to her apparel, and to her home, as men have. But it is said that her nature is so delicate that she is unfitted for exhausting toil. I ask in the name of all past history what toil on earth is more severe, exhausting, and tremendous than that toil of the needle to which for ages she has been subjected? The battering-ram, the sword, the carbine, the battle-axe, have made no such havoc as the needle. I would that these living sepulchres in which women have for ages been buried might be opened, and that some resurrection trumpet might bring up these living corpses to the fresh air and sunlight.

Go with me and I will show you a woman who by hardest toil supports her children, her drunken husband, her old father and mother, pays her house rent, always has wholesome food on her table, and when she can get some neighbor on the Sabbath to come in and take care of her family, appears in church with hat and cloak that are far from indicating the toil to which she is subjected. Such a woman as that has body and soul enough to fit her for any position. She could stand beside the majority of your salesmen and dispose of more goods. She could go into your wheelwright shop and beat one half of your workmen at making carriages. We talk about woman as though we had resigned to her all the light work, and ourselves had shouldered the heavier. But the day of judgment, which will reveal the sufferings of the stake and inquisition, will marshal before the throne of God and the hierarchs of heaven

THE MARTYRS OF WASH-TUB

and needle. Now, I say if there be any preference in occupation, let woman have it. God knows her trials are the severest. By her acuter sensitiveness to misfortune, by her hour of

anguish, I demand that no one hedge up her pathway to a livelihood. Oh! the meanness, the despicability of men who begrudge a woman the right to work anywhere in any honorable calling!

I go still further and say that woman should have equal compensation with men. By what principle of justice is it that women in many of our cities get only two thirds as much pay as men, and in many cases only half? Here is the

GIGANTIC INJUSTICE

—that for work equally well, if not better done, woman receives far less compensation than man. Start with the National Government. Women clerks in Washington get nine hundred dollars for doing that for which men receive eighteen hundred dollars. The wheel of oppression is rolling over the necks of thousands of women who are at this moment in despair about what they are to do. Many of the largest mercantile establishments of our cities are accessory to these abominations, and from their large establishments there are scores of souls being pitched off into death, and their employers know it. Is there a God? Will there be a judgment? I tell you, if God rises up to redress woman's wrongs, many of our large establishments will be swallowed up quicker than a South American earthquake ever took down a city. God will catch these oppressors between the two mill-stones of his wrath and grind them to powder.

Why is it that a female principal in a school gets only eight hundred and twenty-five dollars for doing work for which a male principal gets sixteen hundred and fifty dollars? I hear from all this land the wail of womanhood. Man has nothing to answer to that wail but flatteries. He says she is an angel. She is not. She knows she is not. She is a human being who gets hungry when she has no food and cold when she has no fire. Give her no more flatteries; give her justice! There are sixty-five thousand

SEWING-GIRLS IN NEW YORK

and Brooklyn. Across the sunlight comes their death groan. It is not such a cry as comes from those who are suddenly hurled out of life, but a slow, grinding, horrible wasting away. Gather them before you and look into their faces, pinched, ghastly, hunger-struck! Look at their fingers, needle-picked and blood-tipped! See that premature stoop in the shoulders! Hear that dry, hacking, merciless cough! At a large meeting of these women held in a hall in Philadelphia, grand speeches were delivered, but a needle-woman took the stand, threw aside her faded shawl, and with her shrivelled arm hurled a very thunderbolt of eloquence, speaking out the horrors of her own experience.

Stand at the corner of a street in New York at six or seven o'clock in the morning as the women go to work. Many of them had no breakfast except the crumbs that were left over from the night before or the crumbs they chew on their way through the street. Here they come! The working-girls of New York and Brooklyn. These engaged in head work, these in flower-making, in millinery, paper-box making; but, most overworked of all and least compensated, the sewing-women. Why do they not take the city cars on their way up? They cannot afford the five cents. If, concluding to deny herself something else, she gets into the car, give her a seat. You want to see how Latimer and Ridley appeared in the fire. Look at that woman and behold a more horrible martyrdom, a hotter fire, a more agonizing death. Ask that woman how much she gets for her work and she will tell you six cents for making coarse shirts and finds her own thread.

Years ago, one Sabbath night in the vestibule of this church, after service, a woman fell in convulsions. The doctor said she needed medicine not so much as something to eat. As she began to revive, in her delirium she said, gaspingly: "Eight cents! Eight cents! Eight cents! Eight cents! I wish I could get it done,

I AM SO TIRED.

I wish I could get some sleep, but I must get it done. Eight cents! Eight cents! Eight

cents!" We found afterward that she was making garments for eight cents apiece, and that she could make but three of them in a day. Hear it! Three times eight are twenty-four. Hear it, men and women who have comfortable homes! Some of the worst villains of our cities are the employers of these women. They beat them down to the last penny and try to cheat them out of that. The woman must deposit a dollar or two before she gets the garments to work on. When the work is done it is sharply inspected, the most insignificant flaws picked out, and the wages refused and sometimes the dollar deposited not given back. The Women's Protective Union reports a case where one of the poor souls, finding a place where she could get more wages, resolved to change employers and went to get her pay for work done. The employer says: "I hear you are going to leave me?" "Yes," she said, "and I have come to get what you owe me." He made no answer. She said: "Are you not going to pay me?" "Yes," he said, "I will pay you," and he kicked her down stairs.

Oh, that Women's Protective Union, 19 Clinton Place, New York! The blessings of heaven be on it for the merciful and divine work it is doing in the defense of toiling womanhood. What

TRAGEDIES OF SUFFERING

are presented to them day by day! A paragraph from their report: "Can you make Mr. Jones pay me? He owes me for three weeks at \$2.50 a week, and I can't get anything, and my child is very sick." The speaker, a young woman lately widowed, burst into a flood of tears as she spoke. She was bidden to come again the next afternoon and repeat her story to the attorney at his usual weekly hearing of frauds and impositions. Means were found by which Mr. Jones was induced to pay the \$7.50.

Another paragraph from their report: "A fortnight had passed, when she modestly hinted a desire to know how much her services were worth. 'Oh, my dear,' he replied, 'you are getting to be one of the most valuable hands in the trade; you will always get the very best price. Ten dollars a week you will be able to earn very easily.' And the girl's fingers flew on with her work at a marvellous rate. The picture of \$10 a week had almost turned her head. A few nights later, while crossing the ferry, she overheard the name of her employer in the conversation of girls who stood near by. 'What, John Snipes? Why, he don't pay. Look out for him every time. He'll keep you on trial, as he calls it, for weeks, and then he'll let you go and get some other fool!' And thus Jane Smith gained her warning against the swindler. But the Union held him in the toils of the law until he paid the worth of each of those days of 'trial'."

Another paragraph: "Her mortification may be imagined when told that one of the two five-dollar bills which she had just received for her work was counterfeit. But her mortification was swallowed up in indignation when her employer denied having paid her the money, and insultingly asked her to prove it. When the Protective Union had placed this matter in the courts the judge said: 'You will pay Eleanor the amount of her claim, \$5.83, and also the costs of the court.'"

THE REMEDY.

How are these evils to be eradicated? Some say: "Give woman the ballot." What effect such ballot might have on other questions I am not here to discuss; but what would be the effect of female suffrage on women's wages? I do not believe that woman will ever get justice by woman's ballot. Indeed, *women oppress women* as much as men do. Do not women, as much as men, beat down to the lowest figure the woman who sews for them? Are not women as sharp as men on washerwomen and milliners and mantua-makers? If a woman asks a dollar for her work, does not her female employer ask her if she will not take ninety cents? You say, "Only ten cents difference,"

But that is sometimes the difference between heaven and hell. Women often have less commiseration for women than men. If a woman steps aside from the path of rectitude, man may forgive—woman never! Woman will never get justice done her from woman's ballot. Neither will she get it from man's ballot. How then?

GOD WILL RISE UP FOR HER.

God has more resources than we know of. The flaming sword that hung at Eden's gate when woman was driven out will cleave with its terrible edge her oppressors.

But there is something for women to do. Let young people prepare to excel in spheres of work, and they will be able after awhile to get larger wages. Unskilled and incompetent labor must take what is given; and skilled and competent labor will eventually make its own standard. Admitting that the law of supply and demand regulates these things, I contend that the demand for skilled labor is very great and the supply very small. Start with the idea that work is honorable and that you can do some one thing better than anybody else. Resolve that, God helping, you will

TAKE CARE OF YOURSELF.

If you are after awhile called into another relation you will all the better be qualified for it by your spirit of self-reliance, or if you are called to stay as you are, you can be happy and self-sustaining.

Poets are fond of talking about man as an oak and woman the vine that climbs it; but I have seen many a tree fall that not only went down itself but took all the vines with it. I can tell you of something stronger than an oak for an ivy to climb on, and that is the throne of the great Jehovah. Single or affianced, that woman is strong who leans on God and does her best. Many of you will go single-handed through life, and you will have to choose between two characters. Young woman, I am sure you will turn your back upon the useless, giggling, irresponsible nonentity which society ignominiously acknowledges to be a woman, and ask God to make you an humble, active, earnest Christian. What will become of that womanly disciple of the world? She is more thoughtful of the attitude she strikes upon the carpet than how she will look in the judgment; more worried about her freckles than her sins; more interested in her apparel than in her redemption. The dying actress whose life had been vicious said: "The scene closes—draw the curtain." Generally the tragedy comes first and the farce afterward; but in her life it was first the farce of a useless life and then the tragedy of a wretched eternity.

Compare the life and death of such a one with that of some Christian aunt that was once a blessing to your household. I do not know that she was ever asked to give her hand in marriage. She lived single, that untrammelled she might be

EVERYBODY'S BLESSING.

Whenever the sick were to be visited or the poor to be provided with bread she went with a blessing. She could pray or sing "Rock of Ages" for any sick pauper who asked her. As she got older there were days when she was a little sharp, but for the most part auntie was a sunbeam—just the one for Christmas Eve. She knew better than any one else how to fix things. Her every prayer, as God heard it, was full of everybody who had trouble. The brightest things in all the house dropped from her fingers. She had peculiar notions, but the grandest notion she ever had was to make you happy. She dressed well—*auntie* always dressed well; but her highest adornment was that of a meek and quiet spirit, which, in the sight of God, is of great price. When she died you all gathered lovingly about her; and as you carried her out to rest, the Sunday-school class almost covered the coffin with japonicas; and the poor people stood at the end of the alley, with their aprons to their eyes, sobbing bitterly, and the man of the world said, with Solomon: "Her price was above rubies;" and Jesus, as unto the maiden in Judea, commanded, "I say unto thee, arise!"

MISSION WORK ON THE CONGO.

A VERY special interest for us attaches to the Congo Mission. It was by an American—Mr. H. M. Stanley—that the region was opened up for missionaries. In crossing Africa in search of Livingstone and in his subsequent journeys in carrying on Livingstone's explorations, Mr. Stanley prepared the way for the preachers of the Gospel. He did more; he wrote to the press urging the Christian churches to engage in the work, and with so much effect that *within a week* after his letter appeared, wealthy Christians subscribed the sum of \$120,000 for the expenses, and money has been constantly flowing in since.

The following incidents are narrated by the Rev. T. J. Comber, who has been laboring in the Congo region under the auspices of the Baptist Missionary Society:

THE SEED SOWN.

"One of the most prosperous and promising missions in Africa that I have seen is the Baha Mission, at Accra. Rather more than a hundred years ago, in the middle of the eighteenth century, eleven Moravian missionaries went out to establish a mission at Accra. Ignorant of the conditions of the climate, and probably without any medical skill, one by one they fell victims to the climate, died, and were buried. About fifty years ago, another effort was made to establish a mission in that place, nine brethren went out for the work, and again, with one exception, they died from the effects of the climate. The Church persevered with the work, and now that mission is one of the most flourishing in Africa. They have ten prosperous stations, with sixty out-stations; they have thirty-two European preachers, with twenty-two ladies; they have fifty native preachers and evangelists, over two thousand communicants, and three thousand children in their schools learning of Christ.

ALLEGED WITCHCRAFT.

"When a man is suffering from some internal complaint—it may be pneumonia, or, perhaps, acute dyspepsia, and he does not know what to do to cure himself, he begins to be fearful that some one is bewitching his heart; then he and his friends act with great cruelty toward the supposed witch or wizard, not because of natural heartlessness, but because of anger and passion. Just before we commenced to build our Wathen Station at Manyanga there was a little unhealthy, pale-faced black lad. I have seen people when they are sick get a leaden, ashy hue, which certainly can be called pale-faced. This little lad was suffering from a disease known as ascites, a dropsy of the abdomen, which was greatly distended. His friends could do nothing for him. They thought, of course, that he must be bewitched, and so they had the customary tests used, and there were three people who were, one after the other, killed on account of the sickness from which that little child was suffering. Upon our arrival he was brought to us, and by a little operation we were able to relieve him. How many lives we might save by a little medical or surgical skill with God's blessing, who can tell?

A CONGO DOCTOR.

"One day I went into the largest town of Ngombi to see and have a little talk with Luteti, the chief. We found him looking very depressed, miserable, and ill. He was sitting outside of his house, and there were a few of his wives watching by him anxiously. 'What is the matter, Luteti? Are you sick?' Yes; he had been ill for two days. Pulse and tongue both showed considerable disturbance, and after a few inquiries I left him and went away to the mission station to bring him some medicine. When I returned I heard drums beating briskly, and women chanting a weird, plaintive song, as they shook their rattles, and I saw that sick chief, a semi-circle of his people before him, anxiously watching him, and watching the efforts of the family physician, a general practitioner, who was operating upon Luteti. Himself painted and bedaubed, he was making red and white marks about Luteti's body, thus to drive off the evil spirit; and then he called for a chicken,

and he attached this chicken to Luteti's wrist by a piece of cord, and having done that, he proceeded to try and push the sickness out of the man's body and away from his shoulder down his arm and through the cord away into the fowl. Standing up, resting against the wall of the house, was a large wooden image—not an idol; the people have no idol worship, but a fetish image, I sat down beside the fetish while the performance of coloring Luteti was going on. I was allowed after all to give Luteti some of my medicine. I attended him for a day or two and he quickly recovered, but had he died from his complaint it would have caused the death of a large number of people, because he was a great chief, and many people would have been killed on account of supposed witchcraft.

IN FEAR OF EVIL SPIRITS.

"These people seem to have a dread and a horror always haunting them, wherever they are, of evil spirits. They think that sometimes the dead have still with them some evil spirit that can come from the grave and wander forth on evil errands throughout the town; and sometimes when a man becomes ill the people of the town muster together and go to the grave of some newly-buried person with their guns with heavy charges of powder, and fire away down into the grave—a rather forcible way of laying the spirit. But more often not the dead, but the living, are thought to be witches or wizards, and to be exercising evil arts and causing sickness and death in the country; and when a man is accused of this he has to take the poison test, and sometimes a weak stomach will at once vomit up the poison; but in most cases the poison does its deadly work; the man falls insensible, and is quickly clubbed to death and dragged away to be burnt and to be thrown to the alligators in the river.

A SCALPED VICTIM.

"When my dear brother, Mr. Bentley, was at Manyanga, he heard of an intended victim of superstition, and hastened away from the town about three miles distant to try if he could prevent it. He arrived there with his assistant, Joseph Silva, and his boy, Nilembo, in a drenching shower of rain. He found he was almost too late, for the poison had been administered, and the man had been beaten, although he was not dead. The scalp hung in shreds, but the skull was uninjured, and the man was unconscious, though still bleeding, and with a rope round his neck they were dragging him away to be burnt. But Mr. Bentley, who had obtained great influence over this most degraded branch of the Congo tribe, interposed between the victim and the people. He reproached them for the wickedness and cruelty of what they were doing, and by show of authority and determination while the people stood hesitating and irresolute, awed by his interference and daring, he and the man with him took the body and put it upon their shoulders, and went off with it to the station up and down the slippery hills, with the blood dropping down upon their clothes. At last they reached the station; they washed and dressed the head of the man; they applied various remedies, and in about two days the man rallied, although he afterward died. Verily, 'the dark places of the earth are full of the habitation of cruelty.'

STANLEY AND KING MTEA.

"A fine illustration of the good that may be done by a word spoken in season, is conveyed in a thrilling incident that took place during the time when Mr. H. M. Stanley was at Uganda, Central Africa. Great battles were going on, and the Wavumas, against whom Mtea, the Uganda chief, was fighting, on one occasion treacherously massacred a truce party which he had sent, including a favorite hostage. A few days after some of his warriors captured a Wavuma chief. Mtea was elated. That chief should be burned to death in sight of the hostile army, to strike terror into their host. 'Now Stamlee,' he exclaimed, 'you shall see how a chief of Wavuma dies.' But Stanley replied, 'Have you forgotten the words I taught you,

'to love your enemies?' 'I will burn this man to ashes,' cried Mtea; 'I will burn every soul I catch!' But at length Stanley's arguments prevailed. He told him the spirits looking down on him would weep to see this dreadful act. Sobbing like a child, he cried, 'Did not Stamlee talk about the spirit-land, and say Suna (his father) would be angry with me? Oh, he speaks, too true. Oh! Father, forgive me, forgive me!' The Wavuma chief was at once released from his terrible position."

ANECDOTES RELATED AT THE EVANGELISTIC MEETINGS IN SCOTLAND.

A Spaniard's Ground of Hope.—At a recent meeting Mr. Kerr related: "I heard recently of a Spaniard who, when he was asked by a Protestant missionary if he was safe for eternity lightly, even laughingly, replied, 'Oh, I have no fear!' He was then solemnly asked the ground of his confidence, and his answer was, 'I never pass a church door without taking off my hat. Friends, think of it, this was his greatest—his only hope for eternity. He was, of course, faithfully shown his lost condition as a sinner, and the need of Christ's precious blood to cleanse him from sin, before he was prepared to meet God. It is hoped that he accepted the salvation offered to him.'

Success in a Mother's Kiss.—A Devoted worker for the Lord related: "On one occasion one of our best painters was asked what was the reason of his great success in painting, and his answer was: 'I attribute all my success to a mother's kiss. At one time I was plodding over my work and greatly disheartened, when mother bent over me and gave me a kiss and praised my work; but it was the kiss that did it. From that time I took fresh courage, and made up my mind that I would be a successful painter.' Oh, friends, you who have the charge of children, a kind word or a gentle touch, how far it goes to encourage the little ones!"

A New Zealand Highlander.—"One of our devoted workers recently had a most interesting case in the after-meeting. He was speaking to a strong-looking, well-dressed man, who evidently was under deep conviction of sin. When the great question of the man's salvation was settled, he said that it was the first time he had been in a place of worship for many years, having been a shepherd in the Highlands of New Zealand, where there was no chance of getting to church. When he returned to Scotland on a visit to his family, he felt no need of any religion. What induced him to enter the church that night he could not tell. He sailed for New Zealand that same week a new man in Christ Jesus."

The Elephant and the Hunters.—Dr. Cameron, speaking lately of parents putting their children in the way of moral danger, said: "A great strong elephant was being pursued by hunters. The hunters ask each other, 'What is she doing? Why is she not turning round on us when we throw the spear at her?' Ah, friends, this was the reason—she had a young one by her side, and she could not expose it to danger. She was quite able to turn round on her foes, and put them to death, but she had a little one to protect and shield from the spears that were flying. I see the very opposite in Christian homes. Parents not only themselves go to rum shops, but they send their children there, scarcely aware of the danger to which the little ones are being exposed. If you care for your children, keep them out of the way of temptation."

Snatched from a Self-Murderer's Doom.—The Rev. Mr. Ross related: "There was a woman who was much given to indulgence in strong drink. One day a silent messenger entered her home, and snatched away a little fair child from the midst of sin and misery to a beautiful home where sin cannot enter. Instead of making the woman better, it threw her into the deepest despondency and gloom. One day, in this depressed state of mind, she thought, 'There is only one place for me, and that is at

the bottom of the canal.' So thinking, the poor creature made her way to the edge of the canal, fully intending to throw herself in, when she heard the sound of approaching footsteps, and waited until they would pass. When the party had passed, the woman, acting on a strange impulse, followed them. They were a party of Christians on their way to our meeting, and the woman followed them right into the church. Through the Spirit of God the speaker's words went home to her heart. She returned to her home now, but had not fully entered into light. One day when she was going about her work, she threw herself upon her knees, and cried to the Lord to take the scales from her eyes. The feeble cry was heard in heaven, and she is now not only a Christian, but industriously trying to win others for Jesus."

Attracted by Music and Song.—**Mr. J. G. Forbes**, of Glasgow, said: "We have had a large number of interesting and gratifying incidents since our evangelistic work began in Brownfield. In the month of August, 1884, a gentleman was visiting the city on business. One evening, to pass the time away, he strolled along Argyle Street, till he came to Brown Street, where he heard our open-air harmonium being played, and the choir sweetly singing. He stood for some minutes listening, and still in an idle mood he accompanied the crowd to the church where, under the preaching of Christ and Him crucified, he was convinced of sin and led to the Saviour. He has been full of joy ever since. Now he writes to the worker through whom he was led into the light of the Gospel, that he is busily engaged in connection with the new Wesleyan Free Church in Blackburn, and so much respected is he that he has been elected one of the trustees for the new building."

A Good Situation Obtained.—"I Noticed a young woman who came to our meetings regularly, and listened attentively, but she always slipped away before the after-meeting began. At last I got an opportunity of speaking to her about her soul, when she told me that she could not decide for Christ, because she had so heavy a burden to bear. On inquiry, I found that while at her daily work in a mill she got her foot injured, and for six months had not only been suffering great pain, but had been unable to get employment of any kind. I pointed her to the command: "Seek ye first the kingdom of God, and His righteousness, and all these things shall be added to you;" but she refused to obey. One night, looking over the meeting, I saw by the peaceful expression on her face, that she had at last obeyed the command of the dear Lord, and on speaking to her afterward I found that it was so. She had yielded herself to Christ with a true and thorough consecration, and almost immediately she got remunerative and suitable employment without seeking for it, though friends had tried in vain to get her work which she could do."

Converted in a Saloon.—**Mr. Lakin** said: "My father was a distiller, and also kept a bar. When I grew up to be a man, and had a home of my own, I began to feel a strong sense of my sin. In consequence I became very miserable, the burden was more than I could bear. One day, when I was more unhappy and depressed than ever, I thought of the Saviour on the cross. I seemed to see Him, and to hear the great multitude shouting, 'Crucify Him! Crucify Him!' But more than all I seemed to hear my voice crying above them all, 'Crucify Him! Crucify Him!' It was all so plain that I looked around to see if any of the men were about, and seeing no one I went to the house and entered my room, where I threw myself on my knees and cried—'God be merciful to me a sinner!' I knew I rose from my knees a converted man. I went to my wife and told her. She said: 'I wish I was converted too.' 'Well,' I said, 'let us pray together,' and there both of us pleaded before God. I was born in a saloon, and also converted in a saloon. My wife and I proceeded to run off all the intoxicating drink that was

in the shop, and to pile the dice and dominoes on the fire, and also to chop up the beer-barrels, until we had made a clean sweep out of all the things that are used in a rum-shop. A friend, hearing of it, came in and said: 'Lakin, if your religion stands for a week I will give you that,' and he held out a gold coin. But, friends, it is now twenty-three years since that, and I never had the slightest desire to turn from the Saviour who has done so much for me."

THE FUTURE CONVERSION OF THE TEN TRIBES.

By Rev. E. J. Hytche.

To Occur After the Epiphany.—The Second Manifestation of Divine Power in Behalf of Abraham's Descendants—A Prior Crisis—In the Wilderness—Their Penitence There—Forgiveness and Restored—Few Conversions by Evangelization to be Expected—The Saturday Night of the Dispensation.

THE conversion of the ten tribes, or Israel proper, will apparently occur *after* the Epiphany of the Messiah, or our Lord. Hence we read (Isa. 11: 11): "Jehovah shall set His hand again the second time to recover the remnant of His people from Assyria, and from Egypt, and from Pathros, and from Cush [Ethiopia], and from Elam [Persia], and from Shinar, and from Hamath [North Syria], and from the islands of the sea." Thus from Central Asia, and from the wilds of Africa, the Ephraimites will (Isa. 60: 8) "fly like doves to their cotes."

But before this reinstatement, the ten tribes will have to pass through the furnace of trial, and that in

A SPECIFIED LOCALITY.

Hence we read (Ezek. 20: 35-39), "I will bring you into the wilderness of the people, and *there* I will plead with you *face to face*; and I will cause you to pass under the rod; and I will purge out from among you the rebels, and those that have transgressed against me; I will bring them forth out of the country where they sojourn, and they shall not enter into the land of Israel." As one precious result of this decimation of the impenitent Israelites, God (Zeph. 3: 12) "will leave in the midst of them an afflicted and poor people, and they shall trust in the name of Jehovah."

Another prophet was also instructed to refer to the same event; for (Hosea 2: 14) writes: "I will allure her and bring her into

THE WILDERNESS,

and speak comfortably to her." Moreover, he distinctly indicates the part of the desert assigned to Israel, prior to the reinstatement, "I will give her vineyards from thence, and the valley of Achor for a door of hope." This desert is in the vicinity of Jericho, and derived its name from the crime of Achan.

Jeremiah also discriminates between the future recall and conversion of the "house of Israel, and the house of Judah" (Jer. 31: 27), when he points to the time when they shall "sow with the seed of man and with the seed of beast." He also indicates the place of their penitence, for he says in the same prophecy, on the assurance of the Holy Spirit, "I will be the God of all the families of Israel, and they shall be my people. Thus saith Jehovah, the people which were left by the sword found grace in the wilderness, even Israel, whom I went to cause him to rest." Of this "remnant of Israel," God says, "Behold I will bring them from the north country, and gather them from the coasts of the earth." In the desert the ten tribes will approach Him with "weeping and with supplications." And as a result of such

PENITENCE IN THE WILDERNESS,

the Most High declares that "He that scattered Israel will gather him and keep him as a shepherd doth his flock. For I am a Father to Israel, and Ephraim is my first-born."

It is probably to this episode, in the marvelous history of the ten tribes, that Psalm 80 refers. The prayer of Asaph included a part of the ten tribes, while that of Judah is altogether omitted. In it Asaph says (ver. 1-3), Give ear,

O Shepherd of Israel, Thou that leadest Joseph like a flock. Before Ephraim, and Benjamin, and Manasse stir up thy strength, and come for our salvation (margin). Turn us again, O God, and cause thy face to shine upon us, and we shall be saved." The three tribes thus mentioned may be regarded as representatives of the rest of the ten tribes, more especially as they were grouped together west of the tabernacle in their march to Canaan (Num. 2: 17-24).

FORGIVENESS AND RESTORATION.

Nor will this penitential prayer of Ephraim be unanswered. For God declares that (Jer. 31: 18-20 as soon as Ephraim "bemoans himself," and says "turn thou me and I shall be turned," He will reply, "Is Ephraim my dear son? Is he a pleasant child? Since I spoke against him, I do earnestly remember him still, therefore my bowels are troubled for him; I will surely have mercy upon him." Nay, in the very desert (Hos. 2: 15, 16) "she shall sing as in the days of her youth, and as in the day when she came up out of the land of Egypt. And it shall be at that day, saith Jehovah, that thou shalt call me Ishi [My Husband], and shalt call Me no more Baali" [My Lord].

If this outline of the separate conversions of the houses of Judah and of Ephraim, consequent on the Second Advent, be a right exegesis of unfulfilled prophecy, it follows that it is

ONLY A REMNANT

of the Hebrews of both sections who will become loyal to Jesus during this dispensation. It is well to know this predicted fact; for worldlings and Laodicean Christians sneer at the comparatively few Hebrews who are converted through the operations of the Jewish Evangelization Societies. But such abortive efforts as regards the Jews at large is only another proof of the truth of prophecy, since the Holy Spirit indicated by two of His penmen (Isa. 10: 22 and Rom., 9: 27) that "only a remnant should be saved." If then the Jews as a nation, during this reign of Gentileism had recognized the claims of Jesus, the very fact would not only have shown the fallacy of prophecy, but would have thrown doubt on the Pauline doctrine that at God's appointed time (Rom. 11: 25, 26), namely, when the "fulness of the Gentiles be come in, all Israel shall be saved."

No Jewish evangelist then should desist from his labors, however discouraging the present results, since the same Apostle who affirms that of the mass of the Jews, only "a remnant shall be saved" before the epiphany of Christ, also asks as respects his brethren (Rom. 10: 14, 15), "How shall they believe in Him of whom they have not heard," and how shall they hear without a preacher?

From these facts as to the future of the house of Israel and of the house of Judah, two lessons are derivable, never more important now that we have reached

THE SATURDAY NIGHT

of this dispensation: *First*, The Holy Spirit has not revoked the injunction (Ps. 112: 6), "Pray for the peace of Jerusalem." Now really this command is as binding on the Church as any other commandment, and probably because it has not been obeyed solves the enigma why the Church is in its present Laodicean state, seeing that it is said, "They shall prosper who love thee."

Second, The salvation of the Jews materially affects the future of the Gentiles. If there is any prophetic fact more certain than another it is this: that the world will never be converted before the Jews have acknowledged Jesus as their promised Messiah. . . . until then, Gentileism must go on from bad to worse, until it culminates in universal apostasy and the worship of Antichrist. But when Israel is converted by the personal appearance of the Word of God, it will be to the Gentiles at large as (Rom. 11: 15) "life from the dead." Thus, happily, at the very midnight of this world—when (Isa. 40: 2) "Darkness shall cover the earth, and gross darkness the Gentiles—the glory of Jehovah shall be seen upon Israel."

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CURRENT EVENTS.

The Protracted Contest in the Illinois Legislature over the Senatorship ended on May 19th in the re-election of General John A. Logan. The Legislature was a tie on the question, and has been steadily casting its vote for four months without coming to a decision. Mr. Morrison, the Chairman of the Committee on Ways and Means, in the last House was General Logan's chief opponent, but at the last the Democrats voted solidly for Judge Tree. The contest, though one of the most protracted ever known, was conducted with less acrimony than is usual in such cases, and General Logan, in returning thanks, bore witness to the honorable character of the Democratic opposition. He said that he respected Mr. Morrison politically and socially; they had always been and he hoped they always would be friends. The *Tribune* intimates that General Logan will go to the United States Senate as an opponent of the South and of the administration, but the new Senator did not in his speech so define his policy. He said: "I do not go to Washington with any fire burning in my bosom or a feeling of antagonism to any party or the present administration. I shall endeavor to represent you fairly and honestly, and stand by you in all which I believe is right."

The Hon. Frederick T. Frelinghuysen, of New Jersey, died on May 20th, after a long and painful illness, chiefly produced by his arduous labors and close attention to duty while acting as President Arthur's Secretary of State. He was sixty-eight years of age, had twice represented his State in the United States Senate, and had been offered the post of Minister to England by General Grant but had declined it. He was an eminent Christian man, and was not long ago elected President of the American Bible Society. We hope next week to publish his portrait and a sketch of his life.

An Association is Asking for Subscriptions to supply newspapers with short, terse articles to be published once a week until Congress meets. The articles will be directed to the advocacy of the continuation of the silver coinage. If the subscriptions are received, it may be supposed that the articles will appear; but people who read them and people who are inclined to subscribe, will do well to seriously consider the sub-

ject from a patriotic standpoint. The national credit is already imperilled by the resources of the Government being largely in coins which other nations will not receive, and which our own citizens, for reasons of their own, will not use. The stock of these coins now in the Treasuries is surely large enough, and sixteen millions more will be added before December, when, in spite of the short, terse articles, it may be hoped Congress will decide to discontinue the coinage until there is a demand for it.

The New Dispatch Boat Dolphin Failed a third time in her trial trip on May 18th. It was a heated crank-pin this time that was responsible for the failure. The boat had not reached the starting-point in the Sound at which her test voyage was to commence, when the engines were stopped, and the engineer reported the mishap. She was then turned about and brought back to her dock. Mr. Whitney considers these repeated failures a reason for increased caution, and demands that before accepting the ship she shall, in addition to the fifteen-knot test in the Sound, be sent on a sea-voyage properly loaded. He will not insist on her maximum speed at sea, but will be satisfied with twelve knots an hour, and promises that the Government will bear the expense of the voyage if the vessel is accepted.

The Civil Service Law is being Executed to the satisfaction of at least one of the commissioners. Mr. Gregory said last week to a reporter that all the complaints made to the commissioners of violation of the law had been investigated, and in every case the allegation had proved false. He stated that the law covered only fifteen thousand appointments, but it forbade partisan procedure throughout the entire service, though the commissioners had no jurisdiction outside the classified list. Mr. Gregory said that in the Atlantic States, and in some of the Western States, the registers were overcrowded with names of candidates examined and found eligible, and in those States examinations had been discontinued for the present.

No New Development in the Anglo-Russian difficulty was reported last week. It was stated, but not authoritatively, that there was another hitch in the negotiations, but as Mr. Gladstone declined to give any information, nothing definite was known. It is, however, an ominous fact that the Czar has resumed his war councils, and that the British troops which were preparing to return home from Egypt were detained there pending further orders.

Victor Hugo, the Great French Poet, died on Friday last. He was eighty-three years of age. His life was a most romantic one. He was the son of General Hugo, a devoted Bonapartist. While a mere child he commenced writing poetry, and attained considerable eminence in that department before he grew to manhood. Louis Philippe made him a Peer of France. When Louis Napoleon seized the crown, Victor Hugo was one of his most determined and persistent foes, and though the Emperor banished him, the poet never ceased to lampoon "Napoleon the Little," and sent out volume after volume mercilessly ridiculing the man of December. On the fall of the Empire Hugo returned to Paris and was elected to the Legislature. He was the most conspicuous of the group of men who opposed the execution of the Communists, though he denounced their crime. His writings are very numerous, and show how powerful and prolific was his mind. "Les Misérables" is probably the work by which he is best known in this country.

Disensions are Again Reported in the British Cabinet. The Radical members, Mr. Chamberlain and Sir Charles Dilke, are opposed to Earl Derby, the Marquis of Hartington, and the other aristocratic members on the question of the renewal of the Coercion Acts in Ireland. Mr. John Morley, a scholarly Radical member of Parliament, is denouncing the renewal of the coercive measures, and it is expected that when the subject is discussed at the assembling of Parliament after the holidays, Mr. Morley will press his motion, and that it will have the support of

all the Radicals in the House, all the Irish members, and some of the Conservatives. The embarrassing position in which Mr. Chamberlain and Sir Charles Dilke will find themselves if they vote against their Radical friends is easily realized, and predictions are made that rather than be so situated they will resign.

The Dower of a Princess was a Subject brought before the British Parliament on May 14th. Mr. Gladstone proposed that an annuity worth \$30,000 should be provided for the Princess Beatrice, the Queen's youngest daughter, who is about to be married. The proposal appeared to be unwelcome to some of the members, who naturally reflected that the taxes this year, owing to the Soudan war and the preparations for a war with Russia, are unusually heavy, and that business men are in great financial straits and the poor of the country are enduring much misery. One of the members bluntly said he thought the Queen should provide the marriage portion for her daughter, and moved that the House refuse to vote the large sum asked for. Ultimately, however, the money was voted. As the bridegroom is very poor, it is expected that he will live in England, and that a well-paid, secure office will be found for him.

A Naturalization Difficulty Between Our Government and that of Germany awaits diplomatic adjustment. It has arisen out of the expulsion from Germany of some students who were the sons of German parents who had resided here and taken out naturalization papers. At present the German Government claims that Germans who have naturalized themselves in the United States shall be held to have forfeited their American citizenship if they return to Germany and reside there two years. If they have sons born in Germany they will be liable to military duty, and if they have sons born in America, the German Government will not claim those, but reserves to itself the right, in the interests of public order, to refuse them permission to reside in Germany or to study at the universities. Mr. Kasson has vainly endeavored to rectify this difficulty, and leaves it as a legacy to his successor.

Burton and Cunningham, the Two Men charged with being concerned in the dynamite explosions in London, were sentenced to penal servitude for life on May 18th. The evidence against the men was conclusive. The judge summed up decidedly against the prisoners, and the jury were only fifteen minutes considering their verdict. Burton requested permission to make an address in his own defense. His pleas were powerful, and his argument was skillfully constructed, but it had one fatal defect—it contradicted his previous statements, and was based on the evidence given in court. The two men, strongly guarded, were sent to the convict prison at Chatham, where for some months they will be employed, with other prisoners, in picking oakum.

Messrs. Smith and Studd, the Collegiate Missionaries to China and their companions, have again been heard from. A cable dispatch says: "When Messrs. Smith and Studd and the other Cambridge men passed through Singapore on their way to China, His Highness the Maharajah of Johol, became aware of it, and immediately sent an invitation to them to visit Johol, where he would have entertained them with his usual hospitality. The short stay the steamer made prevented any of them accepting his kind invitation. His Highness has just given portions of land to the Episcopalians and to the English Presbyterians, whereon to build churches and mission houses."

Another Offer from Mr. Whipple, of Boston, Mass., is advertised on the last page of this number. It is not our habit to call attention to advertisements, but we do so in this case because the offer is made in the interest of the public, and with a sincere desire to do good. Mr. Whipple is an earnest Christian worker, who is anxious to bring souls to the Saviour, and we happen to know of several cases in which books borrowed from him have been blessed of God.

Donations to the Fund for Supplying Colored ministers in the South and others with the **CHRISTIAN HERALD** have been received since our last acknowledgment to the amount of \$25.50. That sum comprises the following remittances: From Lewiston, Me., \$2; Grover, Kan., 50 cents; Frederick, Ind., \$2; London, Ont., \$4; Santa Barbara, Cal., \$5; Tioga Centre, N. Y., \$3; New Orleans, La., \$1; Gambier, O., \$5; Anonymous, \$1 and \$2. All the ministers' names which were on this list last year have been replaced there for another year, through the kindness of our friends, and several new names have been added belonging to preachers whose claims on our consideration we deemed the strongest among those sent to us. The other names we keep on hand in case of our receiving other donations. We are thankful to learn that the paper is proving helpful, and pray that God will continue to use it for His glory.

The **Issue of the Revised Old Testament** last week occasioned less excitement than was caused four years ago when the New Testament was given to the public. One reason assigned for the diminished interest was that it had been announced that the changes were comparatively few, and another reason for the smaller number of sales was that the lowest price for which a revised Bible could be bought was one dollar, and that is small type and poorly bound. The book is, however, like the Revised New Testament, a decided improvement on the Authorized Version. There is, of course, a prejudice against it at present because people do not like to see favorite passages altered, but truth is the first consideration in a matter of such vital importance as the Bible, and it is admitted that both in the Old Testament and the New, the Revised Version is a more accurate translation than that now in use. The revisers are not disappointed at the reception of their work; it was fifty years before the Authorized Version superseded the one in use when it was issued. That was denounced by conservative preachers as this has been.

Bishop Taylor and His Party Report Themselves well and happy. In a letter to the *Christian Advocate*, dated Congo, March 13th, Bishop Taylor describes his reception in Monrovia, where he held a series of services. He had a hearty welcome also in Liberia, where he stayed a month and preached over fifty-five times. He concludes as follows: "I and my party are all well and happy, within three days of our destined post. Glory to God! I sent two of our men on, a month ago, to Loanda, to prepare our way—Dr. Summers and Eli Chateau. I received a letter from Dr. Summers this morning. He had presented my letters to the Governor of Angola, who extends to us a welcome to all parts of the province that we may wish to occupy for our missionary purposes, and to afford us every facility in his power. I left Brothers Willis, Northam, and Stuckelmann, and Sister Willis and little son at Mayumba, two degrees south of the equator, to plant a mission there. This field is immeasurable, and open doors in every direction invite us to come in."

Messrs. Moody and Sankey Conducted Services on May 17th in the Tompkins Avenue Congregational Church, Brooklyn. The afternoon service was for women only; the night service was for women only. The church was crowded at each service, and in response to Mr. Moody's invitation, large numbers rose to ask for special prayer, and waited afterward for private conversation.

The **American Bible Society** held its **Sixty-ninth annual meeting** on May 14th, its report showing that the receipts of the year for general purposes were \$587,914.34. The payments for manufacturing, and for all other general purposes, were \$619,882.58. For the foreign work of the society, to be expended during the coming year, the amount of \$172,850 has been appropriated. Since its organization, the society has issued 45,440,206 copies of the Bible. Three hundred and fifty-eight persons have been em-

ployed to distribute the Scriptures in foreign lands, the average term of actual service being somewhat more than six months each. To meet expenses incurred in translating, publishing, and distributing the Scriptures in foreign lands, the amount of \$142,292.58 was paid to the society's correspondents and agents.

A Stone Unfit for Use was supplied last week by the contractor for the new Federal building to be constructed in Brooklyn, N. Y. The ground has been cleared and the foundation of the building dug out, but when the stone arrived for laying the foundation, the superintendent pronounced it unfit for the use to which it was to be applied. The work on the building was suspended, and the contractor was given the alternative of supplying suitable material or throwing up the contract. As the building will cost a vast sum of money, which has already been voted by Congress, the superintendent did quite right in refusing to allow a foundation stone to be put in, which in his judgment was unfit for the purpose. We can but wish that parents, clergymen, and teachers would be similarly careful when the work of character building is going on under their superintendence. Disaster to the living temple carries with it eternal misery (1 Cor. 3:10, 11).

The Capsizing of the Earl of Dalhousie, a new iron ship, in the bay of San Francisco, on May 12th, is reported in the *Alta*. It states that the disaster was due to the ship being utterly without ballast. "She was high out of water, and her hull presented a broadside to the winds which her top-heavy condition could not resist. Her masts and spars were as determining weights to topple her when the force of the wind came full upon her long and broad hull, and over she went by the pressure of the wind, with her top-heaviness as auxiliary force. A sufficient quantity of ballast would have held her safe against the fury of the blast." There are many moral and spiritual wrecks due to a similar cause. There is no sight more gladdening than that of young converts overflowing with joy because they have found peace in Christ; and when some of them go on to claim that they have been made perfect and free from sin, we cannot but rejoice if there are some sinless beings in the world; but experience unhappily gives abundant reason to "rejoice with trembling," and to hope that there may be ballast in the ship whose masts are so tall and beautiful (Mark 4:16, 17).

Sight has been Given to a Boy Blind from his birth in West Virginia. At a recent examination of the pupils in the Institution for the Blind, at Romney, W. Va., an eminent surgeon of Wheeling noticed a blind boy of remarkable intelligence. In answer to the surgeon's questions, the boy said he was fifteen years old, and had been blind from his birth. The surgeon believed that if an operation was performed the boy would see, and the boy gladly consented. The operation was performed with complete success. The result is curious. The boy had been so long used to obtaining all his impressions of the outside world by other senses that his sight was of no use to him. The most familiar objects presented to his eyes were not recognized. He did not know a key from a book by the sense of sight alone, and he still preferred to rely upon his senses of touch, hearing, and smelling. He will doubtless soon change that, and make use of the higher sense which through the surgeon's skill he has acquired. He will not be like Christians to whom God has given faith yet who still desire to walk by sight, instead of being guided by the higher light (1 Cor. 5:7).

A Fatal Leap from the Brooklyn Bridge was made on May 19th by a professional swimmer named Robert E. Odlum. He descended in an upright position until within fifty feet of the surface of the river, and was then noticed turning slightly, so that his back was toward the water instead of his feet. He sank in that position, and immediately his friend, Paul Boyton, who was watching him from a tug, dived after him. Odlum rose to the surface, but his head hung on his chest, and his neck seemed to have lost

all power to support it. He was lifted into a boat, but he died in about half an hour. An autopsy showed that he had broken five ribs and ruptured the left lung by the force with which he struck the water. He had previously made several high jumps into the water—once as high as one hundred and ten feet. Before taking his fatal leap he boasted that his previous feats had not injured him in any way, but at the autopsy it was proved that he was mistaken. Evidence was found of internal injuries produced by his former exploits, which helped to make his leap from the Brooklyn Bridge a fatal one. There was no money staked upon it. Talking with friends before he started, he said, "I am going to do it because I know I can do it. It will be the greatest jump on record, and it will make me famous." The foolhardiness of the leap was a general subject of conversation after the event, and most people agreed in so characterizing it, yet few people ever reflect on the fact that a similar foolhardy persistence in daring defiance of God and His laws is common enough, and must inevitably end in eternal disaster (Eccles. 8:11-13).

A Warning to Policemen was administered by Recorder Smyth, in a New York Court, on May 18th. Police Sergeant Crowley, who had the week before been convicted by a jury of a diabolical outrage on a young girl, was brought up for sentence. The Recorder sentenced him to be imprisoned with hard labor for *seventeen years and six months*. It was a sad scene that followed, when the prisoner's aged father, his brother and sister, and wife and child gathered around him, weeping, to bid him a long good-by. Crowley took his little daughter on his knee and kissed her, and wept over her, and then the final parting came. It is impossible not to sympathize with the innocent people made miserable by the sentence, but for the guilty man compassion would be wasted. He richly deserved his sentence, and it was time the police learned that the people have some rights policemen must respect. They club inoffensive citizens, they get drunk and shoot people, they suborn perjury, and are guilty of crimes innumerable, escaping punishment through political influence, but it seems they must not expect immunity when they outrage young girls. Crowley apparently had made the mistake of drawing a wrong inference from the escapes from punishment he and other members of the police force have had. It is not safe to conclude that because the penalty of crime is often evaded, that it will never fall. God has explicitly warned those who sin against Him against making that mistake (Prov. 29:1).

A Marriage Ceremony under Difficulties was performed recently in Dakota under peculiar circumstances. The bridal party were on their way to the Judge's office, when they came to a river which usually it was easy to cross, but they found it so swollen by the rains that on that day no passage could be made. Several people were on the opposite bank, and after some shouting, one of them was persuaded to go for the Judge. He soon returned with that functionary, who came down to the water's edge, and the bridal party being ranged on the other side of the river, he proceeded to scream out the questions, and the candidates shouted the responses. The Judge afterward filed this certificate of the marriage: "Be it known that A. H. H— and S. A. Z— were lawfully united in the holy bonds of matrimony in town 124, north of range 63 west, near the northwest corner of said town, and on the south side of Elm Creek, it being bank full of water." The strange circumstances of the marriage, it appears, do not impair its validity. The novelty of the ceremony is not likely to be forgotten by either bride or bridegroom, and it may be hoped that as they think of it they will not forget that they are tending daily nearer to another river which must be crossed; but as at their union the river proved no bar to their happiness, neither need the river of death, if through faith in Christ they have assurance of reunion beyond (Isa. 43:2).

THE GOOD ANANIAS.

A New Sermon by Pastor C. H. Spurgeon.

"And there was a certain disciple at Damascus, named Ananias; and to him said the Lord in a vision, Ananias. And he said, Behold, I am here, Lord."
—ACTS 9: 10.

The Great Mission Cause—A Scottish Caviller Silenced—Personal Service—A Typical Character—I. The Man—A Private Person—A Disciple—A Devout Man—Of Good Report—Thoughtful for the Church—II. His Posture—Ready for Duty—All There—The Chrysalis of a Man—III. His Direction—Explicit in All Ways—IV. His Difficulties—Natural but Unfounded—V. His Comfort—Assured of Success—VI. His Obedience—Prompt and Exact—VII. The Results Immediate.

AT this season we are called upon to think of foreign missions. There was a time when Christian people thought it idle to send missionaries to the heathen, but that time only survives in regretful memories. We remember reading that in a Scotch assembly a Moderate minister, famous in his day, talked of the proposal to send missionaries to the heathen as the greatest absurdity to which he had ever listened; one who was of another mind cried out, "Reach me that Bible;" and when the Bible was opened, and he began to point to its teachings, the caviller was silenced. Are there any such cavillers yet alive? If there are, they are wise enough to hold their tongues. No reviewer in our day would dare to sneer at "consecrated cobblers;" for they remember Carey, and tremble in their shoes. Brethren, we are to go into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature. This is our Captain's orders, and it would be treason to disobey.

What subjects have risen before me while thinking of a discourse upon missions! Many grand and exciting themes have tempted me. The coming of the Lord, the conquest of nations to His sway, the reign of peace, the overthrow of falsehood, and all manner of glorious topics invite me; but something less ambitious has won my thoughts. It lies upon my heart not to speak of things upon a great scale, above our present power, but to talk of practical matters within the reach of

COMMON CHRISTIANS.

I shall not, therefore, treat of the Millennial reign, but of the kingdom of Christ in your soul and mine, and of how we can increase His dominions and cause His kingdom to come with power. I have selected my text that we may see what can be done by private Christians, and learn how we can personally serve the Lord and become links in the great chain of His gracious dispensation. The mass of us cannot go abroad as missionaries, but we can all be messengers for Christ in our own city. It seems to me that Ananias may serve as a typical person, and that his history may furnish us with many useful lessons.

I. First, let us think a little about

THE MAN.

He is described as "a certain disciple at Damascus, named Ananias." We hear of him this once, and we know nothing more about him. He comes forward at a critical point in Paul's life; executes for him a very useful office, and then disappears.

We remark of him, first, that he was *simply a private person*. He is not described as pastor, or evangelist, or even as deacon or elder of a church; yet this private person, obscure in life, and without special distinction in the church, was the channel for communicating the Holy Ghost to the great apostle of the Gentiles. For the time being he became one of the most important persons in sacred history.

Ananias is especially said to have been a *disciple*. Dwell on that title.

HE WAS A LEARNER,

he sat at Jesus' feet and learned of Him, and therefore was ready to instruct Saul of Tarsus. A true disciple is also a follower; he is an imitator of his Master. Christ's discipleship is always practical, it is of the heart and of the

hand as well as of the head; all these were wanted in the mission of Ananias to Paul. Oh, brothers and sisters, we must take care that we keep up the character of disciples. May we bear fruit, so shall we be His disciples. Let us never dream of knowing more than our Master teaches us; let us never think that we are perfect, so that we have no more to learn. He who gets beyond a disciple rises beyond his proper place.

Paul tells us, in Acts 22: 12, that Ananias was "*a devout man*." Nowadays we greatly need more devout men, men of prayer, men who dwell with God in secret; devoted men, men of devotion; for the strength of the spirit of man lies in fellowship with the Spirit of God. The devout man may not be more sombre than others; why should he be? He certainly will not be more anxious to make a display; but it will soon be seen that he is more

FULL OF POWER.

The Spirit of God dwells with the devout man, and fits him for the Lord's service. Let us aim to abide with God, that we may be employed by Him.

Paul also tells us that Ananias had "*a good report*" of all the Jews which dwell in Damascus. They hated Christians, but they could not help respecting this devout man. We are to win influence over our fellow-men by an upright character, and a generous behavior; so that if they wish to speak against us, they may find no matter for accusation except it be concerning our zeal for the Lord our God. Oh, that our church-members were all men of spotless character! Oh, that all professors were well reported of! The Church is injured in her efforts for the conversion of the world by the inconsistencies of certain of her members.

Another qualification of Ananias for the work which the Lord put upon him was his general thoughtfulness for the Church of God. This comes out in his own words. It is evident that he thought about the persecutions of his brethren. He says concerning Paul, the persecutor, "I have heard by many of this man." No doubt he had frequently made Paul the subject of conversation; for he was grieved at the afflictions of the saints in Jerusalem, and he feared for his brethren in Damascus. All the servants of God who are what they should be take a great interest in the condition of the Church of God; they bear one another's burdens, and share each other's griefs. They do not go in and out of their pews on a Sunday, and then fancy that their connection with the Church is ended; but they bear upon their hearts the interests of Zion. All that belongs to Jesus belongs to me if I belong to Jesus. All the interests of His kingdom are my interests if I am truly walking in fellowship with my Lord. See, then, the man Ananias; there is nothing brilliant about him, he by no means claims distinguished rank; but he is, what I pray we may all be, a vessel fit for the Master's use, cleansed, prepared, consecrated, set apart unto God. Hence he was used of the Lord.

II. Now, secondly, let us consider

HIS POSTURE.

This is seen at once in his answer to the divine call. The voice said to him, "Ananias," and he answered, "Behold, I am here, Lord." Do you not think that God speaks to us many times and gets no answer? When your heart hears a rebuke for a certain omission, do you respond by repairing that omission? Or if it be a rebuke for sin committed, is your heart humbled at once, and ready to respond by putting away the sin? If there be a call to duty, or a secret prompting to sacrifice, does your spirit say at once, "Here am I?"

He was also *ready*. "Here am I," said he. He did not ask, "What for?" but "Here am I,"

READY FOR ANYTHING

Oh, that our hearts might be in such a state that were it for living or for dying, for giving or for losing, for suffering or for working, the same response would come forth, "Here am I, make what use Thou canst of me, my Lord; I shall

count it an honor and a joy if Thou wilt send me anywhere, to any one, with any message, at any time; here am I." Oh, brothers and sisters, are we free from reservations? Whatever the Lord saith to us, are we prepared to do it? What drawbacks there often are! What hindrances to consecration, what reserves for the flesh; but blessed shall that man be who has no answer to give to God's call but just "Here am I." Ready, ay ready!

Again, I think his posture was one which I can only describe by using the phrase that he was *all there*. "Ananias," "HERE AM I,"

said he. Would not some Christians be compelled to say if they described themselves truthfully, "I am not here—Thou callest me, but I am not here"? Is it not so, that sometimes in prayer we are not there? In singing the praises of God how often it happens that the mind is wandering—we are not there. I know there is such a thing as preaching, and teaching, and doing service for God with a portion of yourself, and it is not a fact that all that is within you is stirred up to the service of the Lord.

I often see upon a sunny wall a chrysalis, and when I go to take it down, I find that the summer's sun has shone upon it and the insect has developed, and left nothing but an empty case behind. How often in the pew we find the chrysalis of a man, but where is the man himself? Wait till to-morrow morning, and see him in his shop; there is the man; or, to follow up the figure, there is the butterfly with all its wings. Wait till you find our friend engaged in secular employment to his own advantage, and then you will see what he is made of; but in the work of the Lord he is not worth his salt. But oh, brethren, if ever a man ought to be all there, it is when he is called to the service of God. He should marshal all his faculties, and every faculty should reply, "Here am I."

III. Now, thirdly, we are to look to

HIS DIRECTION.

When he had thus said, "Here am I!" the Lord gave him his orders in detail. I do not say that the Lord will give us orders verbally, as He did to Ananias; and I would have you take heed that you do not mistake whims of your own mind for the voice of God; but I do say that whatsoever your hand findeth to do you are to do it with your might, and believe that God's voice is calling you to that service which His providence places in your way. God still guides His servants when they are willing to be guided.

Ananias had his orders as to *where* he should go. The Lord said, "Arise, and go into the street which is called Straight, and inquire in the house of Judas." The Lord knows the street and He knows the house where the sinner lives who is to be blessed by you. Ananias was also told *when* to go; he was to arise and go at once. God's errands are so important that we must not delay in their performance. Whenever a man proposes to obey in a week's time, he confesses himself to be disobedient for that time. He who, when he receives a message delivers it at once, with the impression of his call fresh upon him, will deliver it with authority and power. Ananias was also told *why* he was to go; he was to go to Saul of Tarsus; "for behold he prayeth." The servant was to go because the Master was there already. God had inspired the prayer of the blinded persecutor, and now he was about to answer it by Ananias. Where God has ploughed we are to sow. Of that preparation you know but little, but your own duty is clear enough. The Lord who prepares you to speak has prepared him to listen. In fact, in this case Paul was so prepared that he had "seen in a vision a man named Ananias coming in." If we are always ready for the Master's work, we shall be surprised to find how beautifully he makes us fit in with His providence and His grace. God sends the right messenger to the right man—Ananias to Saul.

He had further directions; for he was told *what* he was to do when he found Saul; he was to lay his hand on him. There is a great deal

in the touch of an earnest man. If you stand half a mile off from a man, and throw the Gospel at him, you will miss him; but if you go close to him, and lay hold upon him, giving him a hearty grip of the hand, and show that you have an affection for him, you will, by God's blessing, lead him in the right way. You must come into heart contact if you are to influence the man.

"But," say you, "if I did thus grasp a man and speak with him, I could not open his eyes." Could Ananias do so? Yet the Lord worked by Ananias, and why not by you? Your instructions are in the Scriptures; follow them!

IV. But now, fourthly, good Ananias, excellent man as he was, had

HIS DIFFICULTIES,

and so when he was bidden to go he said, "Lord, I have heard by many of this man, how much evil he hath done to Thy saints at Jerusalem; and were he hath authority from the chief priests to bind all that call upon Thy name."

These difficulties were very natural. Saul's conversion was astonishing to the last degree; Ananias had Saul on the brain through terror of his cruelties, and now he was to have Saul on the heart through joy of his repentance. He had heard such dreadful stories of the ferocious persecutor, that as soon as he heard the word "Saul" it took his breath away. There is a promise that the leopard shall lie down with the kid, but it is not surprising that the kid should at first shrink from the monster; and so this plain, simple-minded man was startled at the idea that he was to visit the malicious man who had sought the lives of Christians.

But, observe, that his difficulty was *unfounded*. If he had thought for a minute he would have concluded that if Saul prayed he must have ceased to persecute. Do we not lose opportunities of doing good by dwelling too much upon the past characters of those to whom we are sent? Do we not say, "I have heard of this man that he is a desperate, drunken, swearing fellow; I shall not go near him"? My dear friend, this is the man who most needs your aid; and who knows but at the very time when you go to him the Lord may be dealing with his conscience, so as to set before you an open door? Those who have been for a long time very hopeful are usually the most hopeless of cases; but utterly hopeless people are often the most hopeful when we have faith enough to approach them. Do not bury a man before he is dead; hope that so long as a sinner lives he may yet live unto God. Be hopeful that He who placed this sinner in your way and you in the sinner's way, has designs of love which are about to be accomplished.

V. Concerning Ananias, I want to remind you, in the fifth place, of

HIS COMFORT

in the work. The Lord reassured His servant first by reminding him of the doctrine of election. God said to him, "He is a chosen vessel unto me." Some read it "he is a choice vessel," as if there was originally something in Paul which rendered him a choice person; but the apostle himself does not put it so, for he describes Ananias as saying, "The God of our fathers hath chosen thee that thou shouldst know His will."

Moreover, the Lord put aside the fears of Ananias by telling him that He had chosen this man to a great purpose. "He is a chosen vessel unto me, to bear my name among the Gentiles." A great sinner is to be made a great saint. A great opposer is to become a great laborer. Who knows how largely God may use the sinner whom we seek to save? Who knows what may be in any man, or in any child? You, dear teachers in the school, may be teaching Lutherans, or Melancthons; you may be instructing in those young girls holy women, who shall serve the Lord abundantly. You are

HANDLING CHOICE MATERIALS,

therefore be not careless in your service. To you is given not gold, nor silver, nor precious stones, to fashion, but immortal spirits, that shall glorify Christ on earth and in heaven.

And then, to remove all difficulty from the mind of Ananias, the Lord told him that He would go with him—"For I will show him how great things he must suffer for My Name's sake."

You are bidden to teach the Gospel to an individual who has been very hardened, and you fear that you have no strength for such an undertaking; and, therefore, you cry, "Lord, I cannot show this man the truth." The Lord replies, "I will show him."

VI. I must ask your attention for a minute or two to the sixth point, and that is, the difficulties of Ananias being taken away; observe

HIS OBEDIENCE

to his Master's orders. It was *prompt* obedience; "Ananias went his way and entered into the house." No longer hesitating nor delaying, he went his way with all speed. His obedience was *exact*; he entered into the house, and, putting his hands on him, said, "Brother Saul." He did as he had been bidden. There is a great point in that. Mind that what you preach is the Gospel of the Lord Jesus, and that what you do is by order from the throne, and that it is carried out in the Spirit's power, for you cannot expect the Lord to bless your message if you alter it.

Then, see how *loving* he was. "Brother Saul," he said. Saul of Tarsus would not have made two bites of Ananias a little time before if he had fallen into his power; but now the words "Brother Saul" are sweet to his ear. Love is the method of grace. You cannot win souls by putting on a morose countenance and repelling all approaches; but it must be "Brother Saul." See also how *wisely* he spoke. It was given him in the same hour what he should speak. He did not pompously say, "I am an ordained official, and therefore speak with great dignity," but he began, "The Lord, even Jesus, that appeared unto thee in the way as thou camest, hath sent me." It was wise thus to sink himself in his authority. He speaks most wisely all through, and speaks precisely the right words. When he alludes to Paul's former course, he only gives a hint of it—"The Lord that appeared to thee in the way as thou camest." He does not say, "as thou camest to persecute us," but he allowed conscience to do its own work.

Notice how thoroughly *faithful* Ananias was. He said, "Arise, and be baptized, and wash away thy sins." The tendency with many good evangelists is to say nothing upon that point. The main thing is to get this man to be a believer in the Lord Jesus Christ, but to say, "Arise, and be baptized," is not that far less important? Brethren, we have nothing to do with altering Christ's message; but are bound to deliver it as a whole, without addition or diminution. The tendency everywhere is to say, "Baptism should not be mentioned; it is sectarian." Who said so? If our Lord commanded it, who dares to call it sectarian? We are not commanded to preach a part of the Gospel, but the whole of the Gospel; and this Ananias did. Is it not written, "He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved"? Why omit one clause?

VII. For, lastly, observe the result of what Ananias said. The

RESULTS WERE IMMEDIATE;

for Paul received his sight at once, and was comforted at once, and baptized at once. But the results were most *extensive*; for this Paul became a preacher of the Gospel to every land; as the apostle of the Gentiles he brought multitudes to Jesus. It was a splendid work that Ananias did that morning; for to this day the testimony of Paul to the cross of Christ is ringing over Europe, and throughout the whole world. Where would we have been as a nation if it had not been for the apostle of the Gentiles? Everybody is not a Paul, but yet you may find a Paul among your converts.

THE PEARL FISHER

standing on the rock plunges deep into the sea; he does not know whether or no he shall bring up a pearl that will decorate an emperor's dia-

dem, but he searches the deeps in that hope; and why should not he bring up such a treasure as well as anybody else? No matter though the fisherman himself may be coarse, and ragged, and rugged, yet he may light upon a prized pearl. And you, whoever you may be, I charge you, in the name of the eternal God, plunge yourself into your work with whole-hearted devotion, and you shall yet discover some hidden jewel which shall adorn Immanuel's diadem. So may it be with you, dear friends, for Christ's sake. Amen.

NEW BOOKS.

ACROSS THE CHASM

is a fascinating story by an anonymous writer, who is likely to become a favorite with the public. The plot of the story is simple, and the incidents those of ordinary life, but there is a piquancy in its style and a gentle mocking railery in it at some foibles which are very common blemishes on the society of our time. The object of the book which we think the author has in view is to convince people on both sides of the chasm that there is more good in the other than either believes. The faults of Northerners and those of Southerners are not concealed nor excused, but the author shows that, as Carlyle said of Sterling, the faults are only the alloy of the character, which has plenty of gold in it. There are some capital sketches of character in it very truthfully drawn. Price, \$1. Published by Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons.

A CHILD'S GARDEN OF VERSES,

by Robert Louis Stevenson, contains over sixty bright and fresh short rhymes for the little ones. They are very simple and a marked improvement on the silly gibberish that has for so long done duty as nursery rhymes. The following little piece is a specimen of the book, and shows that the author is well able to enter into a child's feelings:

"In winter I get up at night
And dress by yellow candle-light.
In summer, quite the other way,
I have to go to bed by day.

"I have to go to bed and see
The birds still hopping on the tree,
Or hear the grown-up people's feet
Still going past me in the street.

"And does it not seem hard to you,
When all the sky is clear and blue,
And I should like so much to play,
To have to go to bed by day?"

We know many little voices which would very feelingly recite such a rhyme, and there are many more of the same category. "The Land of Nod," especially, will be a favorite in the nurseries. Pp. 101. Price, \$1. Published by Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

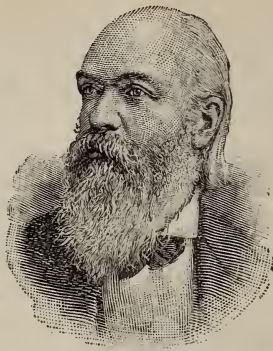
OATS OR WILD OATS,

by Rev. J. M. Buckley, LL.D. No introduction is needed from us to this brilliant writer. Dr. Buckley is already well known to American readers in all the States by his robust common-sense and his remarkable power of expressing his views in forcible and incisive language. When Dr. Buckley speaks or writes we always give him our attention. We may not always agree with him, but we are sure to learn something, and are sure to be interested by the thoughts of a powerful and original mind. In this book Dr. Buckley appears at his best. He sets out to give advice to young men, and he gives it in a plain, manly, sympathetic style. The advice in itself is valuable, and it is given in a manner very different from that generally adopted by writers who undertake that thankless and generally useless duty.

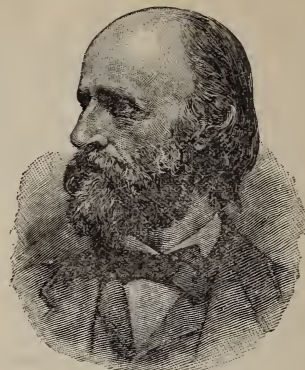
Dr. Buckley explains the object of his book in his preface. He says that when a young man, having no conscious predilection for any special pursuit, he made several unwise choices and false starts in life. Since then, especially since he became the editor of an influential journal, he has come in contact with many young men having similar uncertainty of opinion and instability of action. His advice was often solicited



PROF. JOSEPH PACKARD, D.D.



PROF. JAMES STRONG, S.T.D.



PROF. CHARLES M. MEAD, D.D.

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THREE OF THE AMERICAN COMPANY OF OLD TESTAMENT REVISERS.

ed in individual cases, and was given with a readiness born of his recollections of his own painful experience. These letters of advice are now collected, and a few chapters on special objects added, his intention being to explain the principles of business and the characteristics of the great leading branches, to give a general view of the chief forms of honorable, useful, and remunerative pursuits, and generally to treat of health, morals, social life, economy, and intellectual growth.

Commencing with school and college, Dr. Buckley impresses on his readers the importance of using an opportunity never to return, and gives much needed practical advice about the choice of friends, mental work, hazing, etc. Following are chapters on Beginning Business and How to Succeed in Business. Going into detail, he describes the various pursuits in life—farming, teaching, public speaking, and the professions of medicine, insurance, the law, banking, journalism, etc., describing the qualities essential for success in each. The remaining eighty pages are devoted to general advice, valuable to young men in any of those occupations. They are concerned with: Self-Improvement; Care of the Health; Economy; Society and Amusements; Sowing Wild Oats, and the Young Man's Religion. Dr. Buckley points his remarks and renders his book doubly interesting at the same time by striking incidents of real life from history and from his own wide experience. A most valuable work it is, from which there is good reason to hope that many young men will derive benefit, and be saved from blunders the consequences of which are often ruinous. Pp. 306. Price, \$1.50. Published by Messrs. Harper & Brothers, New York.

A REVIVAL IN AUSTRALIA.

THE secretary of the Melbourne Young Women's Christian Association writes: "During the past month we have had the pleasure of welcoming at our 'rooms' Mr. and Mrs. Matthews, with some of the aborigines from their mission station at Maloga. All friends of mission work will be greatly cheered and encouraged by hearing of the wonderful outpouring of God's Holy Spirit upon these poor heathen of our own land. We ourselves are witnesses of the reality of the change which has taken place in them.

Three years ago we spent several months at the mission station (Maloga), and obtained a good insight into the character and habits of the people. At that time the work appeared very hard, as scarcely any of the men were converted, and only a few of the women gave evidence of having been truly 'born again.' Some of the latter, however, held a little prayer-meet-

ing every week, when prayer was specially made for the men. Mr. and Mrs. Matthews, finding that after years of toil there was so little sign of harvest, began to pray mightily for an outpouring of God's Holy Spirit upon the people. They recognized their own helplessness, and at the same time looked to the Lord Himself to do His own work in His own way. Believing that it was 'not by might, nor by power, but by my Spirit, saith the Lord of hosts,' they prayed that God would send down the Holy Ghost power.

"For three years this one cry went up to God day and night from the mission station and from friends in distant places, who longed for God's blessing on Maloga. All who believe that our God is faithful to His promises will not be surprised to hear that the answer came in rich abundance. The blacks themselves have told us the story in their own simple yet graphic manner. About twelve months ago, when the heavens seemed as brass, and there was no sign of a cloud, not even as big as a man's hand, the first drop of the shower fell.

"One Sunday night at the close of the usual evening service in the old school-house one man was converted. This man (Bajat) had been one of the most troublesome on the mission station, and every one was indeed astonished. He confessed it at once, and from that night 'the rains descended, and the floods came.' God's Holy Spirit was poured out with almost Pentecostal power, and in a few weeks nearly every adult on the mission was converted. Prayer-meetings were held by the people themselves night and day, and the sound of praise to our God was almost constantly ascending. Even the little children shared in the blessing, and held meetings by themselves.

"Some of the people said, 'What is this?' 'It is just like heaven.' Others said, 'Will it last?' Twelve months have elapsed, and it has lasted. The excitement has in a measure subsided, but it has settled down into joy and peace in the Holy Ghost. We have listened within the last few weeks to our black brothers and sisters speaking to us white people out of the abundance of their hearts. These people who were dumb before are now able to testify for Jesus as well and better than many Christians. 'Open Thou our lips, and our mouths shall show forth thy praise,' has indeed been literally their experience.

"It is impossible to give anything like a *verbatim* report of their simple testimonies, as it would take too much space, but it is not too much to say that all who listened to them, as night after night in Melbourne and suburbs they told what great things God had done for them, were astonished and delighted beyond measure."

HANCOCK'S TWO INVITATIONS.

(See Illustration on page 349.)

'It was a hard life pasting those posters and sticking them on the vacant walls, and Hancock worked at it from early morning until sunset every day, and often went out with his paste-pot at night to put in a few cents by working anywhere that the gas or electric lights would give him light enough to see which was the right way up of the posters. He had not expected to spend his old age in work of that kind. He had once been well-off, with a good sum laid by for a rainy day, but in an evil hour he put his savings in an institution that promised him a better return for them, and had lost them all. A member of the American Colony in Canada was living in ease and luxury on the money which Hancock and a few others like him had scraped together by dint of hard work and rigid economy. When Hancock took his money to his disastrous investment, he did not know much about the affair, but he was impressed with the character of the leading man, who was extremely sanctimonious—"a pillar of the church" he was called at public meetings—very liberal in his gifts to benevolent institutions, and very earnest in church work. Hancock felt, as others did, that the man's character was a guarantee of integrity, and was satisfied. When the "pillar of the church" removed to Canada, Hancock was heart-broken, had an illness, lost his position, and was glad to turn to sticking posters for his bread.

He was engaged one night, under a flaring electric light, putting up a few posters, when a clergyman came along and accosted him with, "We are holding a service for the poor to-night in the chapel of St. Barnabas' Church, just around the corner; will you come, my man, when you have done your work?"

Hancock looked around and examined the clergyman from head to foot. These sleek clericals were Hancock's abomination. The ostentatious garb seemed to him a kind of advertisement of the man's calling, as of the Pharisees, who "made broad their phylacteries." The well-gloved hands, the pendulous watch-chain, the Bible carried conspicuously, even the fashionable silk umbrella, formed an item in Hancock's mind of a foundation of dislike. "A service for the poor, eh? Well, sir, I sha'n't come." He made this reply with a vigor that startled the well-meaning clergyman.

"I'm sorry for that," he said; "you might hear something that would do you good. You are getting on in years, and you should consider what your state will be when God calls you to account. You had better come to the service."

"No, I won't come," Hancock said, with increased energy. "You go and hold your service

for the poor, and I pity the poor that you get to hear you. Much you care for the poor; why, I've lived this seven year close to your church, and none of you have ever been to see whether I've got a soul or not; and when I was ill none of you ever came to see if I had a doctor, or anything to eat, and if I'd died, you wouldn't ha' read your gibberish over my coffin unless you'd been paid for it. No, sir, I don't want your religion; I've had enough of it; I shouldn't ha' been one of the poor if it hadn't been for that. You go on and have your service, and let me alone," and the old man dipped his brush in the paste-pot as a sign that the conference was closed, and the clergyman, sighing heavily as he thought of the rudeness of the lower classes, went on his way.

Hancock finished his work and went to the miserable room he called his home. He was in a vexed, irritable frame of mind, by no means soothed by chuckling over giving one of the parsons a bit of his mind. When he arrived, he searched around in the darkness for a match, but could not find one, so he descended to the floor below to ask the loan of one from a family living there. They had always been civil and friendly to him, though he had not encouraged their advances. But tonight the cheery fire, and the bright light, and general aspect of comfort attracted him, so that when the husband and father, a workman like himself, asked him if he would not come in and sit with them awhile, Hancock awkwardly and a little surlily accepted the invitation. A cup of hot coffee was offered him, and that, too, he took, and gradually thawed under kindness to which, partly through his own morose disposition, he had been unaccustomed.

There were two bright little children in the family, and their bedtime being come, they knelt at their mother's knee, according to what seemed to Hancock their usual custom, and said their evening prayer. Hancock listened. It was many years since he had heard the words he had himself uttered at the knee of his mother, long since dead. The whole scene came up before him as he listened, and tears at last welled up into his eyes and ran down his cheeks. He sat silent, and his host, though observing his emotion, made no reference to it. As the children rose from their knees and bade their parents "good-night," Hancock looked longingly at them. "Will you give me a kiss, too, my dears?" he said, huskily. The kisses were given, and the children retired.

"It's many a long year," he said, "since my eyes were wet. You must excuse an old man; I've been thinking of my mother. I used to kneel just like that and say just those words. I'm a poor God-forsaken wretch now. I don't look as if I'd ever had a mother."

"You loved her very much, I guess," said his host. "It must be a great comfort to you to think you'll see her again in heaven."



The Clergyman's Invitation.

"God help me," said the poor fellow; "I never shall." Then he told his story, ending with his conversation with the clergyman that evening. His friends listened sympathizingly and labored to show him that his dislike of religion on account of his loss of fortune was unreasonable. They reminded him of his mother's religion, and showed him that the religion of the hypocritical swindler was spurious—a mere imitation assumed for the purpose of covering wickedness. The old man stayed while family prayer was offered, and for the first time in many years he bent his knees in prayer. He climbed the stairs to his own poor room afterward with feelings in his heart to which he had long been a stranger.

The ice being broken, it was not difficult to influence him further, and his new friends used the opportunity. He was induced to go with them to a church where they did not hold "services for the poor," but where the same gospel was preached to all, and all were welcome, without class distinction. The old man's life became brighter, his face lost its sombre aspect, and it was not long before he had good reason to hope that the time would come when his eyes would once more look on the dearly-loved face of the mother who had tried to lead her boy to the Saviour.

THE JEW'S WARD.

A SERIAL STORY.

(Continued from page 335.)

A New Sphere.

THE loneliness of her position began to oppress Carola more and more heavily, yet still there

came no sign as to what she ought to do. There was neither fiery nor cloudy pillar to guide her. The idle time hung wearisomely on her hands, and the often-read story in the New Testament seemed at last but little more than words to her, over which her eye glanced without taking in their meaning. Was this the way in which Christians read the record of their Lord's history?

She resolved to quit this lonely place and useless life and go away, whither she knew not. It was a strange position to be in. It was impossible to go back among her own people in their deep misery and degradation; for there would be danger, not for herself only, but for them, in their bitter hatred of her, lest any of them should be hurried into crime. "They will learn nothing that is good from you," the policeman had said; and she knew too well that she could not venture to dwell among them.

Yet she disposed of the little furniture she had bought, and made ready to go. The last morning was come and she was sitting on her door-sill looking across the half-cleared land stretching before her, and watching the branches of the trees lifting themselves languidly in the soft autumn breeze, and shedding one by one their brown leaves, as if weary of their summer foliage, when she saw the letter-carrier plodding over the

field in the direction of her cottage. He approached her garden wicket and called out loudly, "Miss Fielding." She ran down the narrow path, her heart throbbing violently, for she had not received half a dozen letters in her whole life, and here was one for her very day she was going away. She did not recognize the handwriting; how should she when there was no friend's writing familiar to her? In a moment her thoughts flew to Hazel-mountain. Suppose it was Philip writing to her!

But no; that could not be. And then the next instant came the recollection that she had written to the ladies in whose school she had been educated at Matthias Levy's urgent desire, when he lay dying, telling them frankly her whole story, and asking for their counsel and friendship. Matthias had sent a special and pathetic message to them, but no answer came before his death, and Carola had scarcely thought about it since. When she had thought of it, it had only been with a feeling that they, too, considered her unworthy of their regard. But now the answer was here. They had gone out to New Zealand, and Carola's letter had followed them; they were replying to it hurriedly, but they bade her go to Nether-ton Hospital and inquire there for Sister Elizabeth, who would certainly befriend her. They were forwarding Carola's letter to her that she might know her whole history.

In a moment the heavy burden that had weighed so heavily on her heart had rolled off. Was it possible that she had ever fancied her Lord had forgotten her? The tears stood in her eyes as she thought of it, as though she had

judged her dearest friend harshly. Here were His commands; this was where she must go. She was ready; all she had to do was to get to the nearest station, and make her way to Netherton instead of London, whither she had vaguely intended to travel. The message came not an hour too soon, but not too late.

She gathered a bunch of autumn flowers to lay on the old Jew's grave as she passed the churchyard on her way to the station. The little mound was already grass-grown, and his body was sleeping beneath it, with his face still turned toward Jerusalem. Carola read his letter there in whispers, as if the deaf ear could perchance catch the answer to the message he had sent. Then she laid her head down for a minute or two on the cool turf, shedding a few tears—not unhappy ones, though she was going away, and might never see this quiet grave again. Matthias knew now who the Messiah was; he had seen Jesus of Nazareth, the King of the Jews.

It was evening when she reached a town in the Black Country. [The name given to certain districts of the counties of Stafford and Worcester where there is coal and iron, and where the people are chiefly engaged in manufactures.] For some miles the railway had run through banks of smoking and burning slag, with here and there ponds of stagnant, drossy-looking water, and a few rows of pollard willows standing black and leafless beside them. Blotches of dark-mouthed pits and tall chimneys clamped with iron, and engines with their long cranks continually rising and falling, divided the landscape among them, while the setting sun was going down behind a thick canopy of smoke. Large skips ascended out of the pits with heavy loads, amid the clanking of chains, and mysterious metallic shrieks, and swung down again with a jarring clang into deep caverns underground.

"Can you tell me where the hospital is?" asked Carola, when the train left her behind at Netherton, and the busy porters had time to attend to her.

"Ah, I'll take you there," answered one of them; "I'm always glad of a chance to see Sister Elizabeth. She's been a rare good friend to me, and to most on us. There's a many on us been in the Orspile for one thing or another."

It was a small, plain, unpretending building, and the room in which Carola waited was bare and unadorned. Through the window she could see an extensive plain, thickly dotted over its whole extent with pits and engine-houses, and chimneys belching out volumes of smoke. It was easy to understand that there would be many accidents there, in that whirl of activity above ground and below. And Carola felt that she was come to take a share in this energetic swing of labor. She had found a home again, a place where she could *work as Christ had worked* on earth. There was a vast field for ministering to others before her; her passion for loving service would be satisfied here. No more lonely days and dreary, desolate thoughts for her. She could not do any great thing, but she could nurse the sick for her Lord's sake.

At last, when the night had fallen, the door opened, and there entered a tall, grave-looking, elderly woman, with clearly-cut features and keen eyes, which surveyed Carola steadfastly. The girl had taken off her bonnet, as if she knew herself already at home, and she met her gaze of scrutiny with an eager, frank simplicity, free from either affectation or embarrassment. But she did not speak until Sister Elizabeth addressed her, with a smile stealing over her grave face.

"I know all about you," she said, in a pleasant voice; "your governesses did wisely in sending me your letter, for there will be no feeling of concealment in your mind. And if you are like your letter, I shall find in you one who works for the Lord Jesus Christ, as I wish all about me to do. Are you willing to be only a servant, if I find you fitted for nothing else?"

"I shall be glad to be a servant here," answered Carola. "I'm young and very strong,

and I can do anything you set me to do. I want to help to save life, not to destroy it," she said, in a low voice, as her eyes filled with tears; "you know I once helped to destroy life."

"Yes," said Sister Elizabeth; "but if that dwells in your memory at all, it must only make you more patient and more watchful if I make you a nurse. They are rough folks, are my poor men and boys, and you must be cheerful among them, and as light-hearted as possible. We must make them happy while they are with us, for many of them have hard lives elsewhere. I want no one here who does not work with all their heart and strength for Jesus Christ's sake. You must not come because you are lonely, or sorrowful, or disappointed. Whatsoever you do, you must do it to the Lord."

"Oh, that is what I want!" cried Carola, eagerly. "I am not poor, you know; I have more money than I need, and you will not have to pay me any wages. If I could be all day long doing what my Lord would have me do! Something like what His mother and His sisters would do. And you make me feel as if you were something like them," she added, looking into Sister Elizabeth's grave and beautiful face with reverential eyes.

"Well, come," she answered, with a smile, "I will take you through my wards."

It was a small hospital, with only three wards, containing ten beds each, and these were not all full, as it was set apart for accidents and surgical cases only. With a soft, steady step, Carola walked through the long and lofty rooms, glancing with compassion and sympathy on the hard, rough faces, just touched with the refining finger of illness, which were lifted for an instant from the pillows as Sister Elizabeth and she passed by. Yes, here indeed was such work as her heart would delight in; for would not Christ have paced pityingly to and fro among them, perhaps healing one or another with His words or looks?

She was glad she had strength to bring to the service of these helpless ones, glad that she could give her health to the ministry of the sick. If her Lord came, and called for her, she would not be ashamed for Him to find her there. And in some respects her early life had fitted her for this work. She had witnessed sickness and suffering under its coarsest and most repulsive aspects in the miserable and crowded dwelling-places of the East End. There was none of that natural disgust and dismay to overcome, which is the first trial of a novice. These men and boys, disfigured and repulsive as some of them were, were as brothers to her—brothers whom she had known when she was young, and who were now thrown upon her sisterly pity and help. There was nothing she could not do for them, and already her brain was busy devising loving plans for the relief of their sufferings and the diversion of their thoughts from their sad condition.

When night came she went to her little narrow room, as small and as barely furnished as a cell in a nunnery. The red light of the blazing furnaces fell upon its white walls, and the throbbing and clanging of hammers sounded all around her like the monotonous murmur of the sea beating against a shore. Over the head of the iron bedstead hung a symbol which Carola had never yet seen—a crucifix. She saw the outstretched hands, with the nails thrust through them, and the bowed head crowned with thorns, and the body drooping wearily with anguish on the cross; and she stood agast like one who comes suddenly upon a terrible and awful scene.

The thought of her Lord's death was too vivid in her mind for her to look calmly on such a memorial of it. She could hardly read the record of it in the Gospel; but to behold it thus set forth before her eyes was more than she could bear. She threw herself on her knees, and hid her face from it, weeping passionately, as Mary wept at the sepulchre when she found her Lord taken away, and she knew not where they had laid Him. "They crucified Him! they crucified Him!" she moaned again and again to

herself, until at last she fell asleep, sobbing now and then as one that cannot be comforted; and Sister Elizabeth coming in softly about midnight found her on the floor, with tears upon her long eyelashes and her face pale and quivering as if she had been suffering profound grief.

Sister Elizabeth would have been surprised if she had known the cause of those tears. Her life was an active one, and though every detail of the Saviour's passion was familiar to her, it had never wrought within her the emotion that this girl felt, who had arrived almost at womanhood before that story of expiatory anguish was revealed to her. To Carola it was a vivid scene, not placed far away beyond the centuries, but clear to her view as the events of yesterday. Nay, clearer; for much that had occurred to herself since her grandmother's death she had forgotten, but not one point in the sacred narrative had passed from her memory.

Of Hazelmount she often thought sadly. It was to her like a Paradise, lost through no fault of hers. She had been very happy there, and the recollection of it was still sweet to her. But it was of the love of the villagers and the children that she thought chiefly. That she had missed being Philip Arnold's wife troubled her not at all. She gave no regrets to the loss of her lover, which might have been expected to trouble a girl of her age. But it was not so on his side. Philip had never ceased to deplore the separation; while taking the view of his family, he had reluctantly admitted the necessity of it. Carola was always in his thoughts, and he longed for her with irrepresible longing.

He became gloomy and almost morose; the boyish tenderness of his manner toward his mother had passed into reserve, and he no longer came in from the farm or the market with a budget of cheery gossip to tell her. He continued always dutiful and gentle to her, with a restrained affection; but there was not the open confidence of former days between them. He could not speak of the one subject closest to his heart. They never mentioned Carola, though they were always thinking of her, and this silence made it difficult to speak freely on any other subject.

They were drifting apart; yet who was to blame? Mrs. Arnold could fully justify herself—for what other mother could consent to let her son marry a girl springing from the very dregs of the people? The innate and hereditary vice had passed over Carola wondrously; but who could say it might not come out in her children, and their old family be brought to open and flagrant shame in the next generation? Besides all this, Carola's own name was branded. All the county had heard or read of that terrible trial of Lumley's murder, in which she had been forced to disclose the degradation of her girlhood.

It was possible for a human being to enter into the kingdom of heaven and yet be unfit to be received into a family like theirs. Mrs. Arnold did not put it to herself in so many words, but there was a dim consciousness that this was the real view of the case. Philip ought to feel that it was a sin to pine after the impossible, and she herself must shake off this dead weight, under which her soul seemed to cleave unto the dust, and be no longer able to lift itself up into such communion with God as it had once enjoyed.

But some months after Philip's vain visit to London, in half-hearted search after Carola, an event took place at Hazelmount which was altogether unexpected. Mrs. Stewart, the absentee owner of Hazelmount Park, died abroad, leaving Hazelmount to her nephew, Captain Bentley, who was an utter stranger to them all. The Hall had been shut up for several years, and Mr. Arnold, as the agent for the estate, had held a position of unusual authority and influence. But now the new landlord came down immediately after his aunt's death and took formal possession, remaining at the Hall, which he quickly filled with a retinue of servants from London, and very soon afterward he announced to Mr.

Arnold his intention of making one of his own people the agent for the estate.

(To be continued.)

GOD'S MESSAGE BY HIS SON.

S. S. Lesson for June 7, Heb. i 1-8; 2 i-4. Golden Text, 2: 3. By Mrs. M. Baxter.

The Message and the Message-Bearer—The Power of the Word—Sustaining All Things—The Test of Love and Service—Witnessed in Healing—How it may Become Spirit and Life Now—The Quickening Spirit—The Written Word Taken to the Living Word—The Believer's Warrant—The Living Christ—One with God—Drifting the Great Danger of the Time.

A MESSAGE is of force according to the authority of the sender and the bearer of it. In our chapter God speaks by His Spirit of His one great Messenger, and of the weight which should attach to His message. "God having of old time spoken unto the fathers in the prophets by divers portions and in divers manners, hath at the end of these days spoken unto us in a Son" (R. V.). Every word of the New Testament is God speaking, not in a servant but a Son; the Sender and the Bearer of the message being alike God. Oh how the exhortation comes home to us, "See that ye refuse not Him that speaketh" (Heb. 12: 25)! God has appointed His Son, the Bearer of His message, "Heir of all things;" "He hath put all things under His feet" (1 Cor. 15: 27). "All things are delivered unto me of my Father" (Matt. 11: 27). "All power is given unto me in heaven and in earth" (Matt. 28: 18). Everything His possession, everything within His power! What weight this gives to the Word of God spoken in His Son! "Through whom also He made the worlds." All He speaks of, all to whom He speaks, is His creation; how comes it, then, that the word of a created being should be credited more than His? But more, "Who being the effulgence [or brightness] of His glory, and the very image of His substance or the impress of His substance." *Fitting God the Father as a plaster-of-Paris mould* will fit that which it is poured over, always retaining the impression; God's impress in human form! And upholding all things by the Word of His power.

THE BEARER OF GOD'S MESSAGE

upholds all things by the very Word which He speaks to us." "Do we believe this?" If so we shall vindicate everything which He says, though it give the lie to our experience, our wisdom, our thoughts, our present feelings, and all else. Jesus says strong words about His Word: "Heaven and earth shall pass away, but my Word shall not pass away" (Luke 21: 33). He says yet more: "The words that I speak unto you, they are spirit and they are life" (John 6: 63); and this stupendous announcement comes also from His lips: "If a man keep my sayings he shall not see death" (John 8: 51). Life which robs death of all that makes it death comes through the Word of God spoken to us by Jesus, the living Word, who upholds all things by that same Word of power! He makes the keeping of His words the test of His disciples' love: "He that hath my commandments and keepeth them, he it is that loveth Me" (John 14: 21, 24). "Whoso keepeth My Word, in him verily is the love of God perfected" (1 John 1: 5). "By this we know that we love the children of God, when we love God and keep His commandments" (1 John 5: 2). He makes it the test of our knowing Him: "Hereby do we know that we know Him, if we keep His commandments." It was by His Word spoken that most of His mighty works were done when among men; at His Word the winds and waves were stilled, at His Word the blind saw, the deaf heard, the lame walked, the demons were cast out, the very dead arose. Do we really believe that His Word written, and left on record for us in these last days, possesses the same authority as did these words of power when Jesus walked as man on earth? Do we believe that Jesus, as the Bearer of God's message, is really with us always, even unto the end

of the world; that He is dwelling within us to speak Himself within our hearts, so that His Word to us may not be in the letter which killeth, but the Spirit which giveth life? If we did, then we should cease to reason and argue over any word of God's which had come home to us; we should instantly refer the written Word to the Living Word, that by the Holy Ghost it might be made Spirit and life to us. No power of human reason brought to bear on the Word of God can make it clear to us: "it is the Spirit that quickeneth," it is by the Spirit of God that we hear Jesus say, "I say unto thee," and then He makes His Word to be what it says, to do what it says.

When the Holy Spirit makes a sinner see Jesus in person bearing the message of salvation, and it becomes

"I SAY UNTO THEE,"

"He that believeth hath everlasting life," the words glow with divine meaning and have creative power; life flows into that soul. "Sin shall not have dominion over you" (Rom. 6: 14). Men argue and debate as to what is sin, and what is not, as to how far these words are to be experienced, etc. But when a simple child of God takes the statement to the person of Jesus, He brings His personality into it, and says, "I say unto thee," "Sin shall not have dominion over thee," "I am Surety for it." Then the simple believer passes over from the old territory of what he is, how liable he is to fall, and from all his old experience. He who upholds all things by the Word of His power has spoken, and He is responsible now to do all He says; the Word is spirit and life. The same Word of God says, "The prayer of faith shall save the sick, and the Lord shall raise him up;" the poor sufferer looks at the many unhealed ones, at his own experience, at his own faith, his own unworthiness, and he is paralyzed; but let him take the written Word to the living Word, and Jesus will say, "I am the Lord that healeth thee," and He who upholds all things will do His work. If we trust Jesus really as the Word of God, and deal with Him about all He says, we shall look at no side issues, see neither probability or possibility to hinder, but "keep His sayings" in spite of all which seems to gainsay. It is with no theory or doctrine with which we have to do, but with the Word of a God, the Word of a King, the Word of the Heir of all things, the Maker of the ages, the upholder of all things by His Word. Our warrant is the dignity and authority of the Speaker.

And it is this One, the very glory and image of God, who made "purification of sins" (R. V.) or, as the ordinary text has it, by Himself purged our sins! And then "He sat down on the right hand of the Majesty on high; having become so much better than the angels, as He hath inherited a more excellent name than they" (R. V.). Thank God that it is not with a dead Christ we have to do, with the fact of a past atonement only, but with a living, glorious Person, yet One who comes down to all the detail of our hearts and lives! So great and yet so lowly, so really God and yet so truly Man.

NOT AN ANGEL,

but God; not an angel, but Man. For unto which of the angels said He at any time, "Thou art my Son, this day have I begotten Thee?" and again, "I will be to Him a Father, and He shall be to me a Son?" And again, when He bringeth in the first-born into the world, He saith, "And let all the angels of God worship Him." There was no unity of being between the angels and God, but the Son was one with the Father. And thus, while Jesus was born in a stable and laid in a manger, unknown to any but to a few shepherds, all the angels of God were charged to worship Him. When He came into the world He came as the sacrifice for sin, and said, "I come to do thy will, O God." Angel and messenger is one word in the Greek language. Therefore, not only the angels in heaven, but all the former bearers of God's messages, all the holy men of old are charged to worship Him, the one great Messenger of God.

How, then, shall we doubt one word which He has spoken?

In the Old Testament again and again the deity of the coming Son of God is referred to. "Who maketh His angels spirits, and His ministers a flame of fire; but of the Son He said, 'Thy throne, O God, is forever and ever. God, Thy God hath anointed Thee with the oil of gladness above Thy fellows.'" And then a quotation from Ps. 102: 25, 26, which would never have been discovered as applying to Christ if the Holy Spirit had not revealed it. "Thou, Lord, in the beginning hast laid the foundation of the earth, and the heavens are the work of Thy hands; they shall perish, but Thou remainest, and they all shall wax old as doth a garment. And as a vesture shalt Thou fold them up, and they shall be changed, but Thou art the same, and Thy years shall not fail." Once again: "Sit Thou on my right hand until I make Thine enemies Thy footstool" (R. V.) How shall we deal with every word spoken by One to whom God the Father gives such honor? "Therefore," i.e., because it is such an One who speaks, "we ought to give the more earnest heed to the things that were heard, lest haply we drift away" (R. V.). This is the great, terrible, constant danger we are in,

DRIFTING

into unbelief. A ship drifts when she has lost her anchor, when the crew have no longer any control over her, and she is driven this way and that at the mercy of the winds and waves. Whenever we attempt to try the Word of God by the opinions of other men, by our own experience, by the chances of probability or improbability which our limited reason may perceive, we are drifting, we are no longer anchored on the sure Word of promise. God has a right to our confidence. He says, "For if the Word spoken through angels [or messengers] proved steadfast, and every transgression and disobedience received a just recompense of reward (i.e., under the law), how shall we escape if we neglect so great salvation?" How shall we escape if we neglect God's message brought to us by the Son of God in person? How shall we excuse contempt of the Person of God's Son? Yet every word of God which is not life to our souls and bodies we are neglecting. Lord, open our eyes! "How shall we escape if we neglect so great salvation, which having at the first been spoken through the Lord, was confirmed unto us by them that heard Him, God also bearing witness with them both by signs and wonders, and by manifold powers, and by gifts [or distributions] of the Holy Ghost according to His own will." Here are three witnesses: (1) The Lord who spoke, (2) they who heard Him and who have written for us the Gospels and the Epistles, (3) the manifest power of the Holy Ghost in signs, wonders, and distributions of spiritual gifts. By all these three witnesses He speaks. How shall we escape if we refuse to hear either?

The Prophetic News and Israel's Watchman (London) may be had from the office of this journal, 63 Bible House, New York, price 10 cents, including postage. Annual subscription, seventy cents. The following articles among others are contained in the number for May:

Russia's Coming Invasion of India.

The Afghans the Lost Ten Tribes. By Charles Beales.

The Second Sermon on the Mount: What is "Watchfulness"?

By G. Warrand Houghton.

The Lord's Appearing; its Possible Nearness. By Rev. John Baillie, M.A.

Expatriation and Restoration of Israel. A Prophetic Monograph. By Rev. E. J. Hytchey.

God's Judgment Abroad. By Rev. Gavin Carlyle.

As It Was in the Days of Noah. By Henry Meymott.

Pastor Events Viewed from the Prophetic Standpoint.

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IN PERFECT PEACE.

"Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace, whose mind is stayed on Thee because he trusteth in Thee."—Isaiah 26, 3.

"And great shall be the peace of thy children."—Isaiah 54, 13.

"Behold I give unto him my covenant of peace."—Numbers 25, 12.

"In perfect peace have they which love Thy law."—Psalm 119, 165.

"I leave with you, my peace I give unto you."—John 14, 27.

Like strains of music, soft and low,
That break upon a troubled sleep,
I hear the promise old and new,
God will his faithful children keep
"In perfect peace."

From out the thoughtless, wreck-strewn past,
From unknown years that silent wait,
And earth's will regret there comes
The promise with its precious freight,
"In perfect peace."

Above the clash of party strife,
The surge of life's unending sea,
Through sob of pain and songs of mirth,
Through hours of toil it flows to me,
"In perfect peace."

It stills the questionings and doubts,
The nameless fears that throng the soul,
It speaks of love unchanging, sure,
And ever more its echoes roll:
"In perfect peace."

"In perfect peace." O loving Christ!
When falls death's twilight gray and cold,
And flowers of earth shall droop and fade,
Keep thou thy children as of old,
"In perfect peace."

And through the glad, eternal years,
Beyond the blame and scorn of men,
The hearts that served Thee here may know
The rest that passeth human ken,
"Thy perfect peace."

Selected.

ANOTHER SPECIAL OFFER TO THE READERS OF THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.—Mr. J. A. Whipple, 9 Hamilton Pl., Boston, who has been publishing his last year's letter books to our subscribers, wishes to thank them for their promptness in returning them, and also to say that he will be pleased to lend to such as desire it, and send the postage necessary to forward it (7c.), the book entitled "Heaven: My Father's House," by W. K. Kimball. Many of our readers are doubtless familiar with Mr. Kimball's excellent writings; but there will be many who will be glad to avail themselves of this offer. We hope they will give a hearty response to it. Mr. Whipple further says let none be under the impression of the postage, as to such as are unable to send it, the book will be forwarded free. Address as above, J. A. Whipple, 9 Hamilton Pl., Boston.

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AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES.

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County of New York, ss.

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Sworn to before me this 1st day of Jan'y 1885.

W. H. Drake, Notary Public, N. Y. Co.

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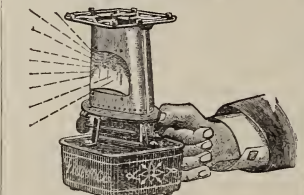
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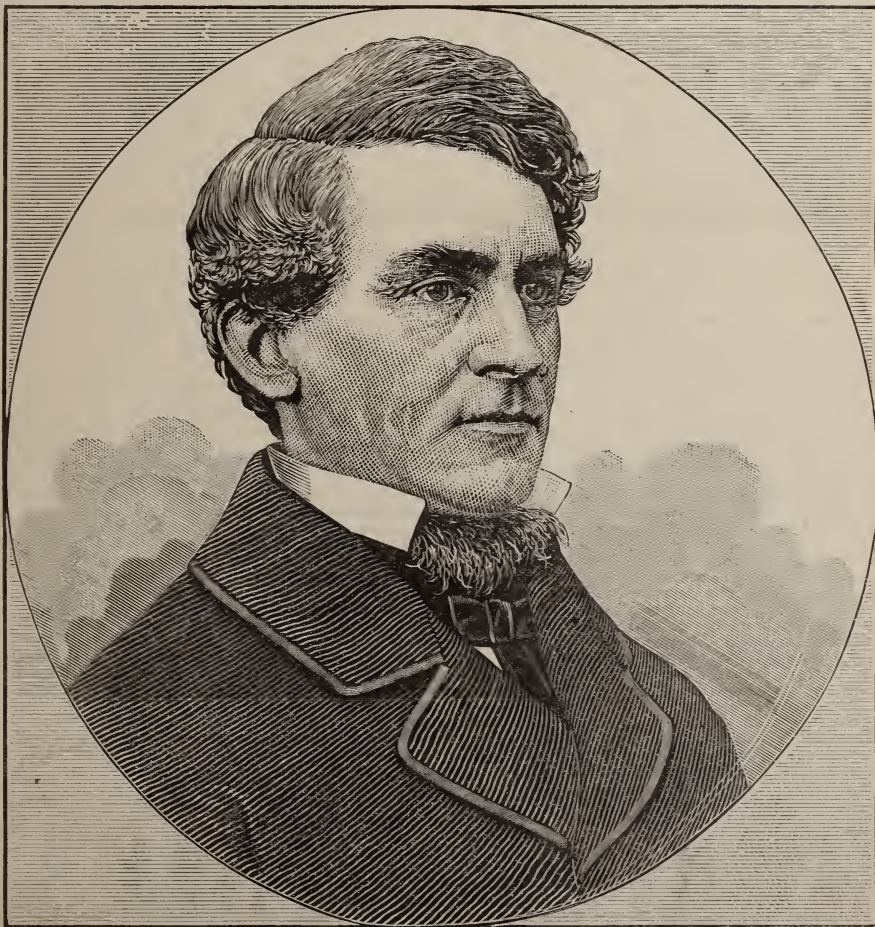
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The Late HON. FREDERICK T. FRELINGHUYSEN, Ex-Secretary of State and President of the American Bible Society.

THE LATE HON. FREDERICK T. FRELINGHUYSEN, EX-SECRETARY OF STATE, AND PRESIDENT OF THE AMERICAN BIBLE SOCIETY.

An Important Lesson in his Life—His Ancestors—A Novel Notice of Dismissal—General Frelinghuysen in the War of Independence—The Bereaved Boy—His Uncle's Care—Education—Political Life—Declines the British Mission—Made Secretary of State—His Persistent and Successful Labor—Illness and Death—Dr. Talmage's Reminiscences.

THE chief significance for us in the career of the statesman who on May 20th quitted the scene of his labors, is in the fact that he was a consistent Christian. It is generally supposed that religion is a bar to political preferment, but it did not prove so in the case of Mr. Frelinghuysen. His character offers a singularly clear evidence that a man may be a great statesman while walking humbly with his God. Even those who sneer at "Sunday-school politics" admit that a little religion is an advantage to an aspiring politician. He is helped by a religion which takes him to church regularly every Sunday, makes him contribute liberally to church funds, and gives him some knowledge of theological questions. But if he follows the maxims of the sapient mentors of the political newspapers, he will not have more religion than that. He is being constantly warned against having so much religion as to make his conscience inconveniently tender, his scruples unmanageable, and his conduct strait-laced. He should, according to

THE PRINCIPLES IN VOGUE,

advance himself by open and honorable means whenever he can, but he must not expect to get on if he has finical objections to making a secret alliance with rumsellers, and securing the support of active workers by gifts of money or promises of patronage. His religion will be a nuisance if, under its influence, he refuses to recognize the claims to office of unfit men who have worked in his interest, or will not vote for measures that are introduced for the benefit of his party and the prejudice of the nation. He must not be "righteous over much;" must have some religion—not too much; must be just religious enough to stand well with the respectable classes, and just enough of worldliness to look after his own interests and the interests of his friends. This sickening mixture of politics and piety is supposed to be the true line to success in public life, but it was not the line Mr. Frelinghuysen followed. He was true to his conscience, faithful to his God, and, in spite of the prophets, he attained one of the highest positions in the Government. That fact is worthy of consideration at a time when our national morality, almost our national existence, is being imperilled by the efforts of unscrupulous politicians to close public life against the men who are best fitted to make and execute our laws. That nation is near its fall when it can be ruled only by men void of conscience, and with no fear of God before their eyes. It is time that our young men who naturally and honorably hope to rise to high position in the Government were taught that success is possible without surrendering their principles, without selling themselves to the devil. The career of Mr. Frelinghuysen is an illustration of that lesson.

Mr. Frelinghuysen came of

A DISTINGUISHED ANCESTRY.

The founder of the family came from Holland as the pastor of a band of immigrants who came here to serve God according to their conscience, and without the interference of the Government. He settled in New York State, but subsequently removed to Somerset County, New Jersey. The Rev. Mr. Frelinghuysen, however, did not find perfect peace in his relations with his church. Pastor and people differed on a question of doctrine. Whether it was the preacher who grew into a more advanced creed, while the congregation remained stationary, or it was the people who grew while the preacher remained rigid, we are not told, but the difference grew, and a separation became necessary.

A CURIOUS INTIMATION

of the wishes of the people was conveyed to the pastor by the novel but significant method of placing a pair of shoes and a stout walking-stick outside the door by which the pastor was in the habit of leaving the church. Mr. Frelinghuysen took the hint and departed. One of his descendants was a man of some military skill, who obtained renown as a General in the War of Independence. He was a Delegate to the Continental Congress, served with distinction while yet a very young man in the Revolutionary war, and was said to be the man who killed the Hessian commander, Rahl, at the battle of Trenton. He was appointed a brigadier-general by Washington in 1790, and three years later was elected to the United States Senate as a Federalist. He left two sons, Theodore and Frederick T. Frelinghuysen. The latter died at the age of thirty-two, when a youth of much promise was blossoming into the ripe fruit of maturity. At the time of his death he was acting as Surrogate of Somerset County. He left his son, the subject of this sketch, to the care of his brother Theodore, who henceforth adopted him as his own. Theodore Frelinghuysen was a man of brilliant parts. He was a militia captain in 1812, Attorney-General of New Jersey (1817-'29), a United States Senator (1829-'33), Mayor of Newark (1837-'38), Chancellor of the New York University (1839-'50), President of Rutgers College (1850-'62), and President of the American Bible Society, American Board of Foreign Missions, American Tract Society, and American Temperance Union; in 1844 he was the Whig candidate for Vice-President.

BIRTH AND EDUCATION.

The boy who was thus bereaved of his father and found a new and wise second father in his distinguished uncle, was born at Milltown, Somerset County, N. J., August 14th, 1817. His uncle from the first gave careful personal attention to his education. He was sent to Rutgers College, where he graduated in 1836 with high honors, being particularly strong in the classics, for which through his busy after life he always evinced the enthusiasm of a true student. Unlike many young men whose college achievements give promise of a brighter future than their subsequent career realizes, he scouted the idea that all that is worth learning is crammed into a youth within the academic walls, and that he is fitted for the battle of life as soon as he graduates. He was a zealous reader all his life, and by continuous study so supplemented his college acquirements that he was recognized as one of the best-read men and most accomplished scholars in the country. Immediately on graduating he threw himself energetically into the study of law and was admitted to the bar in 1839. He practised in Newark, and first attracted notice as a steady, safe young man, who devoted himself zealously to his profession and acquitted himself fairly, rather than for any brilliant qualities or ambition to shine. He soon acquired facility in speaking, and his habits of reading and close examination of his cases gave him in time a thorough and pactical knowledge of law. While yet a young man he had thus acquired a high reputation among Jersey lawyers, and got special credit for the clearness and sobriety of his judgment. He occasionally took an active part in politics, but did not seek any political office, always preferring professional distinction to the less solid and often fleeting honors conferred by the holding of a position dependent on the good will of political partisans. But in the troubles which culminated in the attempt to build up an independent Southern Confederacy he threw aside his accustomed reserve, and went heartily into the fight for the Union.

POLITICAL LIFE.

By training and family tradition he was a Whig, and stood by that party till its dissolution, when he became a Republican. He was one of the delegates representing New Jersey in the Republican Convention, which nominated Lincoln at Chicago in 1860, and, by request of both parties in the Legislature, represented his native

State in the Peace Convention of 1861. In the same year he was appointed Attorney-General for New Jersey, and during the Civil War took a very active part in all measures taken in his State for the support of the struggle for the Union. In 1866 he was re-appointed Attorney-General, but during the course of the same year, on the death of United States Senator William Wright, Governor Ward, of New Jersey, appointed him to the Senate for the unexpired term. In 1867 the Legislature re-elected him to the office, and he remained a Senator till 1869, when he was defeated by the Democratic candidate—Mr. Stockton. President Grant offered him the position of Minister to Great Britain, as successor to Mr. Motley, in 1870, and the Senate confirmed the appointment, but, to the surprise of every one, Mr. Frelinghuysen declined the honor.

The reasons which actuated Mr. Frelinghuysen in declining this much-coveted mission have not been authoritatively explained, but the following statement of them given by the New York Herald appears to come from a reliable source. That journal states that Mr. Frelinghuysen looked on the solution of the serious international questions arising out of the Alabama dispute then pending between England and the United States as beyond the power of even a clever, well-informed statesman who had no diplomatic training and but a limited acquaintance with European affairs.

Diplomacy is a trade, and even though an able man with a strong will, a thorough knowledge of what he wants, and a powerful nation at his back may foil the subtlest schemes concocted by men of less intellectual power, but having the advantage of professional training and varied experience, the first steps of an American thrown suddenly among European diplomats are always beset with difficulty. Mr. Frelinghuysen had served on the Senate Committee on Foreign Affairs, and thus acquired an intimate knowledge of the particular questions then in dispute, but he had, of course, no acquaintance with either the strategy or tactics of diplomacy, and might have been led into serious mistakes while undergoing his training. Many of his warmest political and personal admirers considered he did wisely in declining the tempting position.

Besides the Committee on Foreign Affairs, Mr. Frelinghuysen also acted on the Naval and the Judiciary Committees. After his defeat in 1869 he did not take a very prominent part in politics till 1871, when he was again elected to the United States Senate to succeed Mr. A. G. Cattell, and remained in that position till 1877. In the Senate his good temper, moderation, and gentleness of manner earned for him the good opinion of all who came in contact with him, irrespective of party, although on party questions his views were always expressed strongly and decidedly. He took part in all the great debates during his time, and as an orator was clear, forcible, and eloquent. One of his greatest efforts was in the debate on the Electoral Commission.

SECRETARY OF STATE.

In 1880 he favored the re-nomination of General Grant for the Presidency, but warmly supported General Garfield after the latter was made the choice of his party. In December, 1881, he was appointed Secretary of State in President Arthur's Cabinet, and he continued in this position until the recent change of the administration. He was also honored by being elected President of the American Bible Society, an office that was first filled by his distinguished uncle.

It was no light or easy task that he undertook at President Arthur's request. The policy of his predecessor had aroused the ill-feeling of other countries. A curious scheme was pending in Central America, initiated by the Administration, which had a suspicious appearance of spoliation of a weak and distressed power, and there were other troubles which were the source of no little embarrassment and danger. These

to be straightened out, and the honor, and interest, and dignity of the United States vindicated. Mr. Frelinghuysen settled on to this formidable task of undoing the mischief wrought by his predecessor's blustering, bungling, with characteristic energy, and untiring exertion, and he succeeded most brilliantly. America regained her high place on the nations of the world which for some months it seemed she must inevitably lose. It was those months of protracted labor, sometimes continued without intermission for thirty-six hours, that developed, if it did not produce the order which has now terminated fatally.

LAST ILLNESS AND DEATH.

It was on March 10th that Mr. Frelinghuysen returned from Washington to his Newark residence. For several days he remained in his house. When he took a drive it was noticed that he was pale and thin, and that there were dark circles under his eyes. He looked weary and ill, and his friends attributed his condition to overwork and worry in the State Department. Mr. Frelinghuysen, who had been complaining of a cold, was suddenly stricken with paralysis. For several days his life was despaired of, and Mr. Frelinghuysen was prostrated by the shock his sudden illness gave his already weakened system. He returned to his bed in the large south chamber fronting on Military Park, Newark, N. J., and she lay in the southwest corner on the same side of the mansion. Dr. William O'Gorman, the family physician, said at that time Mr. Frelinghuysen was suffering from paralysis, or inflammation of the liver, combined with kidney disease. Six weeks before his death he fell into a stupor, and from that hour until he died he could not recognize any person, not even his children and his sister. Ex-President Arthur and other distinguished friends visited him, but saw that the end of the brilliant life was near.

Still he lingered, but on the morning of May 11th it was evident that a few hours must terminate his sufferings. An hour before the end, Mrs. Frelinghuysen was carried to the bedside and took a last farewell. He did not recognize her or anybody else in the room. There were present Frederick and George Frelinghuysen, and the Misses Tillie and Lucy Frelinghuysen, sons and daughters of the dying statesman, and Mrs. Mercer, his sister. Her son, Archibald, was also in the room. Theodore Frelinghuysen, the youngest son, was in evidence, whether he had gone on business with his father rallied, and Mrs. John Davis, a youngest daughter, was in Washington, where she resides. He passed away very quietly, without pain, and having no knowledge of the day. On Saturday, May 23d,

THE FUNERAL.

Work from the North Reformed Church, Newark, and was attended by a large body of distinguished gentlemen, including foreign Ministers, prominent members of the Senate and House of Representatives, and a representation from the Department of State at Washington. Business places and public buildings were closed, and flags at half-mast fluttered from any windows and house-tops. For hours before the funeral services, the street in front of the church was packed with a crowd of friends, and as soon as the doors were opened all the unreserved seats were taken. The interior of the church was heavily draped in black, and the light was nearly hidden with flowers. The Rev. Dr. Chambers, of the Collegiate Church, of New York, conducted the services, and spoke of the deep feeling of the character of the dead statesman.

Describing his

PERSONAL APPEARANCE.

The recent writer says: "Personally he is of very imposing appearance. His dignified yet gentle bearing, his uniform courtesy and devotion to everything pure and noble in private life mark him as an exalted man, while his clean-shaven face and an abundance of iron-gray hair mind one of the ideas we form of the statesman

of the early days of the Republic. In his face there is a strange blending of gentleness and resolution rarely seen, and every feature impresses one that the man is possessed of ability and honesty." He leaves a wife, three sons and three daughters.

DR. TALMAGE'S REMINISCENCES

of his distinguished friend will fitly close this sketch. The doctor writes: "Nothing could be more appropriate than that THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, going into all parts of this land, and with ever-widening and increasing influence, should present to its readers the features and the character of the late Christian statesman, Frederick T. Frelinghuysen, Attorney-General of his State, American Senator, decliner of the embassy to the Court of St. James, Secretary of State of the United States, and Christian. I have named his honors in order climactic.

I grew up in a neighborhood where the name of Frelinghuysen was a synonym for purity of character, high social qualities, and intellectual ability—Dominie Frelinghuysen, General John Frelinghuysen, Senator Theodore Frelinghuysen, and Frederick Frelinghuysen, the father of the man who now folds his hands at the close of an illustrious life. In my boyhood, I heard this, our departed friend, in the Somerville Court-House, and, as I told him not long ago in his office in Washington, was thrilled by his eloquence before court and jury. He was then the king of the New Jersey Bar. Boys are considered a botheration and out of place in a courtroom, but when 'Fred' Frelinghuysen, as we called him, was going to speak, I crowded in and was willing to be jostled about as I stood wondering how a man could get composed to speak like that before so many people.

Once in my boyhood, put on the witness-stand to testify in regard to the speed of a railway train that crushed a carriage, Mr. Frelinghuysen said to me: 'What were you doing at the time the train passed?' I answered, 'I was reading.' He asked, 'What were you reading?' I answered, 'I don't remember; I think it was nothing bad. I was not very much interested in it.' He replied, 'I hope that was not the reason you were not interested.' But I forgave him the boyish confusion into which he threw me, as I told him not long ago at the rehearsal of the incident. But the impression he made on young and old in the court-room was not so great as that in the Church of God, where he was elder and Bible-class teacher, and friend of old-fashioned evangelical religion.

He was buried on Saturday from the church in the building of which he was the most influential man. From first to last he has shown an uprightness of character irreproachable and beyond all criticism. *Washington Life* has sacrificed more Senators, and Congressmen, and Cabinet Ministers than would be enough twice over to fill all those offices. During the last three and a half years of Mr. Frelinghuysen's Secretaryship, yea, during the last nineteen years of his residence in Washington, we often read of places of doubtful gaiety at which Senators and Cabinet Ministers were present, but never once did you see the name of Frederick Frelinghuysen as among them—as consistent and Christian amid the pomp and temptation of the national capital as when a young lawyer seated, Bible in hand, before his Sunday-school class in Newark, or leading in prayer at the week-night service. He was one of the few men who could stand prosperity, and the heights of fame did not make him dizzy.

His life was a perpetual rebuke to demagogism and political fraud. No bribe ever touched the palm of his hand. No blasphemous word ever blistered his lip. No blush of dishonor ever tinged his cheek. He was never in any place where it would have been unseemly for him to die. It is this kind of salt in official life of State and nation that has kept political affairs in this country from complete putrefaction. There has been enough of wickedness in the capital of this nation at different times to invoke the wrath of heaven and sink Pennsylvania

Avenue, with the Capitol at one end and the White House at the other. But ever since the foundation of this government we have had in Senate and Cabinet at least ten righteous men, like those for whose sake Abraham prayed God to save the city. Among that select and God-honored few stood the three Frelinghuysens—grandfather, grandson, and uncle.

During the last six weeks of his life our friend lay insensible under the stupor of disease, but nothing that he could have said in the shape of dying words would have added emphasis to a life all on the side of God and righteousness and patriotism. Let the American people learn that there is such a thing as *honesty in politics*. Credit Mobilier swept by Mr. Frelinghuysen on one side, great land-grabbing schemes swept by him on the other side, but they neither touched his head nor his heart nor his pocket. Millions of dollars of misappropriation from the United States Treasury, but not one quarter of a cent landed in his possession. Lobbyists, with money to buy up the lawmakers, dared not look into his clear, flashing eye. On a sea where there have been more shipwrecks than safe transports, he sailed without the loss of a spar. He declined honors for the obtaining of which men have sacrificed body, mind, and soul and yet failed to clutch them. He goes to his grave as much a martyr to the public service as those who fall on the battle-field, for retirement into private life one year ago would probably have assured him two more decades of earthly existence. There are heroes of civil service as well as heroes of the bloody field, and the pen is sometimes mightier than the sword.

Still further, let all the people learn that religion is not an imbecility, but a sublimation of character and honorable, even judged by worldly standards, when it has such a man in its discipleship. What a long roll of statesmen and orators and high officials Christianity holds up before this nation! They have sat in Senate and Cabinet, devout and consecrated. Seated at their desks at the national Legislature or standing on their feet discussing the great commercial, agricultural, manufacturing, educational, and moral interests of the land, they were, specimens of what religion can do for a man, refining his manners, ennobling his character, glorifying his intellect, kindling his patriotism and rounding his life into a radiant orb. The mightiest argument for Christianity is the kind of men it makes when it brings one completely under its sway.

"But now all the chapters of our illustrious friend's life are finished, and the volume is closed and clasped for the Judgment Day. Good and gracious friend, farewell! Gone out of our sight, but embalmed in the most consecrated sanctuary of the heart. We shall meet again, not amid the uncertain scenes of earth, but amid raptures that never die. Thy noble form, thy pure life, thy voice resonant for God and truth, thy exalted example, shall not pass away from our memory. Strong men shall carry thee out to thy tomb, yet the good influences thou hast started can never be buried, but will live on as long as our rivers roll to the sea and our mountains take upon their shoulders the mantle of the morning light. Peaceful be thy dust till the trumpet wakes it in the resurrection of the last day. Our deepest sympathies are aroused for his household.

Oh! what it must be to lose such a husband, such a father, such a guide! But our jubilant congratulations are for him. After the fatigues of a busy life, what a glorious thing to rest! The clangor of debate, the criticism of political factions, the struggle to know how best to settle international dispute, the anxiety to make no mistakes where the welfare of a continent was involved, the steady invasion of disease—all these have given way to everlasting quietude and supernal reward.

Life is a torrid day;

Burned by the wind and sun;

And death, the calm, cool evening hour,

When the weary day is done.

CAPITAL AND LABOR.

Dr. Talmage's Sermon, Preached last Sunday Morning, May 31, 1885.

"Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them."—MATT. 7: 12.

The Antagonistic Forces—The Middle Class Disappearing—A Gigantic Conflict Impending—How the Problem Will Not be Settled—Not by Decrying the Rich—Honest Fortunes—Discreditable Poverty—Not by Unsympathetic Treatment of Labor—Nor by the Violence of Disaffected Workmen—Frederick the Great and the Miller—The True Panacea—Operating in the Kitchen and Parlor—In the Mill—Affecting the Employer and his Men—An Incident at Sheffield—Washington and the Corporal—A Diabolic Law—Victor Hugo, the Friend of the Poor—A Greater Benefactor.

THE greatest war the world has ever seen is between capital and labor. The strife is not like that which in history is called the Thirty Years' War, for it is a war of centuries, it is a war of the five continents, it is a war hemispheric. The middle classes in this country, upon whom the nation has depended for holding the balance of power and for acting as mediators between the two extremes, are diminishing, and if things go on at the same rate as they are now going, it will not be very long before there will be no middle class in this country, but all will be very rich or very poor, princes or paupers, and the country will be given up to palaces and hovels.

THE ANTAGONISTIC FORCES

are closing in upon each other. The telegraphic operators' strikes, the railroad employes' strikes, the Pennsylvania miners' strikes, the movements of the Boycotters and the dynamiters are only skirmishes before a general engagement, or, if you prefer it, escape through the safety-valves of an imprisoned force which promises the explosion of society. You may pooh-pooh it; you may say that this trouble, like an angry child, will cry itself to sleep; you may belittle it by calling it Fourierism, or Socialism, or St. Simonism, or Nihilism, or Communism; but that will not hinder the fact that it is the mightiest, the darkest, the most terrific threat of this century. All

ATTEMPTS AT PACIFICATION

have been dead failures, and monopoly is more arrogant, and the trades-unions more bitter. "Give us more wages," cry the employes. "You shall have less," say the capitalists. "Compel us to do fewer hours of toil in a day." "You shall toil more hours," say the others. "Then, under certain conditions, we will not work at all," say these. "Then you shall starve," say those, and the workmen, gradually using up that which they accumulated in better times, unless there be some radical change, we shall have soon in this country three million hungry men and women. Now, *three million hungry people* cannot be kept quiet. All the enactments of legislatures and all the constabularies of the cities, and all the army and navy of the United States cannot keep three million hungry people quiet. What then? Will this war between capital and labor be settled by human wisdom? Never. The brow of the one becomes more rigid, the fist of the other more clenched.

But what human wisdom cannot achieve will be accomplished by Christianity if it be given full sway. You have heard of medicines so powerful that one drop would stop a disease and restore a patient; and I have to tell you that one drop of my text properly administered will stop all these woes of society and give convalescence and complete health to all classes. "Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them."

I shall first show you this morning how this quarrel between monopoly and hard work cannot be stopped, and then I will show you how this controversy will be settled.

FUTILE REMEDIES.

In the first place, there will come no pacification to this trouble through an outcry against

rich men merely because they are rich. There is no member of a trades-union on earth that would not be rich if he could be. Sometimes through a fortunate invention, or through some accident of prosperity, a man who had nothing comes to large estate, and we see him arrogant and supercilious, and taking people by the throat just as other people took him by the throat. There is something very mean about human nature when it comes to the top. But it is no more a sin to be rich than it is a sin to be poor. There are those who have gathered great estate through fraud, and then there are millionaires who have gathered their fortune through foresight in regard to changes in the markets, and through brilliant business faculty, and every dollar of their estate is as honest as the dollar which the plumber gets for mending a pipe, or the mason gets for building a wall. There are those who are kept in poverty because of their own fault. They might have been well-off, but they smoked or chewed up their earnings, or they lived beyond their means, while others on the same wages and on the same salaries went on to competency. I know a man who is all the time complaining of his poverty and crying out against rich men, while he himself keeps two dogs, and chews and smokes, and is filled to the chin with whiskey and beer!

Micawber said to David Copperfield: "Copperfield, my boy, one pound income, twenty shillings and sixpence expenses: result, misery. But, Copperfield, my boy, one pound income, expenses nineteen shillings and sixpence: result, happiness." And there are vast multitudes of people who are kept poor because they are the victims of their own improvidence. It is no sin to be rich, and it is no sin to be poor. I protest against this outcry which I hear against those who, through economy and self-denial and assiduity, have come to large fortune. This bombardment of commercial success will never stop this quarrel between capital and labor.

Neither will the contest be settled by cynical and UNSYMPATHETIC TREATMENT of the laboring-classes. There are those who speak of them as though they were only cattle or draught horses. Their nerves are nothing, their domestic comfort is nothing, their happiness is nothing. They have no more sympathy for them than a hound has for a hare, or a hawk for a hen, or a tiger for a calf. When Jean Valjean, the greatest hero of Victor Hugo's writings, after a life of suffering and brave endurance, goes into incarceration and death, they clap the book shut and say, "Good for him!" They stamp their feet with indignation and say just the opposite of "Save the working-classes." They have all their sympathies with Shylock, and not with Antonio and Portia. They are plutocrats and their feelings are infernal. They are filled with irritation and irascibility on this subject. To stop this awful embroglio between capital and labor they will lift not so much as the tip end of the little finger.

Neither will there be any pacification of this angry controversy through

VIOLENCE.

God never blessed murder. The poorest use you can put a man to is to kill him. Blow up to-morrow all the country-seats on the banks of the Hudson, and all the fine houses on Madison Square, and Brooklyn Heights, and Bunker Hill, and Rittenhouse Square, and Beacon Street, and all the bricks and timber and stone will just fall back on the bare head of American labor. The worst enemies of the working-classes in the United States and Ireland are their demoted coadjutors. Assassination—the assassination of Lord Frederick Cavendish and Mr. Burke in Phoenix Park, Dublin, Ireland, in the attempt to avenge the wrongs of Ireland, only turned away from that afflicted people millions of sympathizers. The recent attempt to blow up the House of Commons, in London, had only this effect: to throw out of employment tens of thousands of innocent Irish people in England.

In this country the torch put to factories have discharged hands for good or bad reasons obstructions on the rail-track in front of a night express trains because the offenders not like the president of the company; str on shipboard the hour they were going to or in printing-offices the hour the paper wa go to press, or in mines the day the coal wa be delivered, or on house scaffolds so builder fails in keeping his contract—all th are only a hard blow on the head of Amer labor, and cripple its arms, and lame its feet, pierce its heart. Take the last great strike America—the telegraph operators' strike—you have to find that the operators lost hundred thousand dollars' worth of wages, have had poorer wages ever since. Traps spr suddenly upon employers, and violence, ne took one knot out of the knuckle of toil put one farthing of wages into a callous pa Barbarism will never cure the wrongs of civil tion. Mark that!

Frederick the Great admired some land r his palace at Potsdam, and he resolved to it. It was owned by a miller. He offered the miller three times the value of the propo The miller would not take it, because it was old homestead, and he felt about as Naboth about his vineyard when Ahab wanted it. Frederick the Great was a rough and terrible n and he ordered the miller into his presence; the king, with a stick in his hand—a stick v which he sometimes struck his officers of stat said to this miller: "Now, I have offered three times the value of that property, an you won't sell it I'll take it anyhow." The miller said, "Your Majesty, you won't l." Ye said the king, "I will take it." Then, s the miller, "if your majesty does take it, I sue you in the Chancery Court." At t threat Frederick the Great yielded his infam demand. And the most imperious out against the poor and against the working-cla will yet cower before the law. Violence c contrary to the law will never accomplish a thing, but righteousness and according to will accomplish it.

THE PANACEA.

Well, if this controversy between Capital and Labor cannot be settled by human wisdom to-day Capital and Labor stand with th thumbs on each other's throat—as they do it is time for us to look somewhere else for rel and it points from my text roseate and jubil and puts one hand on the broadcloth shoul of Capital, and puts the other hand on homespun-covered shoulder of Toil, and se with a voice that will grandly and glorio settle this, and settle everything, "Whatsoe ye would that men should do to you, do ye e so to them." That is, the lady of the ho hold will say: "I must treat the maid in kitchen just as I would like to be treated were downstairs and it were my work to wa and cook, and sweep, and it were the duty the maid in the kitchen to preside in this parlo The maid in the kitchen must say: "If my e employer seems to be more prosperous than I, t is no fault of hers; I shall not treat her as enemy. I will have the same industry and ficity downstairs as I would expect from my s ordinates if I happened to be the wife of a s importer."

The owner of an iron mill, having taken

A DOSE OF MY TEXT

before leaving home in the morning, will go in his foundry and, passing into what is called t puddling-room, he will see a man there stripp to the waist, and besweated and exhausted w the labor and the toil, and he will say to hi "Why, it seems to be very hot in here. Y look very much exhausted. I hear your ch is sick with scarlet fever. If you want y wages a little earlier this week, so as to pa nurse and get the medicines, just come into office any time."

After awhile, crash goes the money mark and there is no more demand for the artic manufactured in that iron mill, and the ow

es not know what to do. He says, "Shall I up the mill, or shall I run it on half time, or all I cut down the men's wages?" He walks the floor of his counting-room all day, hardly knowing what to do. Toward evening he calls the laborers together. They stand all around, some with arms akimbo, some with folded arms, wondering what the boss is going to do now. A manufacturer says: "Men, times are very bad; I don't make twenty dollars where I used to make one hundred. Somehow, there is no demand now for what we manufacture, or but a very little demand. You see I am at vast expense, and I have called you together this afternoon to see what you would advise. I don't want to shut up the mill, because that would throw you out of work, and you have always been faithful, and I like you, and you seem to love me, and the bairns must be looked after, and your wife will after awhile want a new dress. I don't know what to do."

There is a dead halt for a minute or two, and in one of the workmen steps out from the ranks of his fellows, and says: "Boss, you have been very good to us, and when you prospered and prospered, and now you are in a tight place I am sorry, and we have got to sympathize with you. I don't know how the others feel, but I propose that we take off twenty per cent of our wages, and then when the times get bad you will remember us and raise them again." The workman looks around to his comrades, and says: "Boys, what do you say to this?" "All in favor of my proposition will say 'aye.'" "Aye! aye! aye!" shout two hundred voices.

But the mill-owner, getting in some new machinery, exposes himself very much, and takes cold, and it settles into pneumonia, and he dies.

THE PROCESSION TO THE TOMB

All the workmen, tears rolling down their cheeks, and off upon the ground; but an hour before the procession gets to the cemetery the graves and the children of those workmen are at the grave waiting for the arrival of the funeral train. The minister of religion may have delivered an eloquent eulogium before they started from the house, but the most impressive words are said that day by the working-classes circling around the tomb.

That night in all the cabins of the working-people where they have family prayers the widowed and the orphanage in the mansion are remembered. No glaring populations look over the iron fence of the cemetery; but, hovering over the scene, the benediction of God and man coming from the fulfilment of the Christlike injunction, "Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them."

"Oh," says some man here, "that is all Utopian, that is apocryphal, that is impossible." Yesterday I cut out of a paper this: "One of the pleasantest incidents recorded in a long time is reported from Sheffield, England. The wages of the men in the iron works at Sheffield are regulated by a board of arbitration, by whose decision both masters and men are bound. For the time past the iron and steel trade has been extremely unprofitable, and the employers cannot, without much loss, pay the wages fixed by the board, which neither employers nor employed have the power to change. To avoid this difficulty, the workmen in one of the largest iron works in Sheffield hit upon a device as rare as it was generous. They offered to work for their employers one week without any pay whatever. How much better that plan is than a strike would be."

But you go with me and I will show you—not far off as Sheffield, England—factories, banks, houses, storehouses, and costly enterprises where this Christlike injunction of my text is kept, and you could no more get the employer to practice an injustice upon his men, or men to conspire against the employer, than you could get your right hand and your left hand, your right eye and your left eye, your right ear and your left ear, into physiological

antagonism. Now, where is this to begin? In our homes, in our stores, on our farms—not waiting for other people to do their duty. Is there a divergence now between the parlor and the kitchen? Then there is something wrong, either in the parlor or the kitchen, perhaps in both. Are the clerks in your store irate against the firm? Then there is something wrong, either behind the counter, or in the private office, or perhaps in both.

THE GREAT WANT OF THE WORLD

to-day is the fulfilment of this Christlike injunction, that which He promulgated in His sermon Olivet. All the political economists under the arch or vault of the heavens in convention for a thousand years cannot settle this controversy between monopoly and hard work, between capital and labor. During

THE REVOLUTIONARY WAR

there was a heavy piece of timber to be lifted, perhaps for some fortress, and a corporal was overseeing the work, and he was giving commands to some soldiers as they lifted: "Heave away, there! ye heave!" Well, the timber was too heavy; they could not get it up. There was a gentleman riding by on a horse, and he stopped and said to this corporal, "Why don't you help them lift? That timber is too heavy for them to lift." "No," he said, "I won't; I am a corporal." The gentleman got off his horse and came up to the place. "Now," he said to the soldiers, "all together—ye heave!" and the timber went to its place. "Now," said the gentleman to the corporal, "when you have a piece of timber too heavy for the men to lift, and you want help, you send to your commander-in-chief." It was Washington. Now, that is about all the Gospel I know—the Gospel of giving somebody a lift, a lift out of darkness, a lift out of earth into heaven. That is all the Gospel I know—the Gospel of helping somebody else to lift.

"Oh," says some wiseacre: "talk as you will, the law of demand and supply will regulate these things until the end of time." No, they will not, unless God dies and the batteries of the Judgment Day are spiked, and Pluto and Proserpine, king and queen of the infernal regions, take full possession of this world. Do you know

WHO SUPPLY AND DEMAND ARE?

They have gone into partnership, and they propose to swindle this earth and are swindling it. You are drowning. Supply and Demand stand on the shore, one on one side, the other on the other side of the life-boat, and they cry out to you, "Now, you pay us what we ask you for getting you to shore, or go to the bottom!" If you can borrow \$5000 you can keep from failing in business. Supply and Demand say, "Now, you pay us exorbitant usury, or you go into bankruptcy." This robber firm of Supply and Demand say to you: "The crops are short. We bought up all the wheat and it is in our bin. Now, you pay our price or starve." That is your magnificent law of supply and demand.

Supply and Demand own the largest mill on earth, and all the rivers roll over their wheel, and into their hopper they put all the men, women, and children they can shovel out of the centuries, and the blood and the bones reddened the valley while the mill grinds. That diabolic law of supply and demand will yet have to stand aside, and instead thereof will come the law of love, the law of co-operation, the law of kindness, the law of sympathy.

THE LAW OF CHRIST.

Nave you no idea of the coming of such a time? Then you do not believe the Bible. All the Bible is full of promises on this subject, and as the ages roll on the time will come when men of fortune will be giving larger sums to humanitarian and evangelistic purposes, and there will be more James Lenoxes and Peter Coopers and William E. Dodges and George Peabodys. As that time comes there will be more parks, more picture-galleries, more gardens thrown open for the holiday people and the working-classes.

I was reading only this morning, in regard to a charge that had been made in England against Lambeth Palace that it was exclusive, and that charge demonstrated the sublime fact that to the grounds of that wealthy estate eight hundred poor families have free passes, and forty croquet companies, and on the half-day holidays four thousand poor people recline on the grass, walk through the paths, and sit under the trees. That is Gospel—Gospel on the wing, Gospel out of doors worth just as much as in-doors. That time is going to come.

That is only a hint of what is going to be. The time is going to come when, if you have anything in your house worth looking at—pictures, pieces of sculpture—you are going to invite me to come and see it, you are going to invite my friends to come and see it, and you will say, "See what I have been blessed with. God has given me this, and so far as enjoying it, it is yours also." That is Gospel.

In crossing the Alleghany Mountains many years ago the stage halted, and Henry Clay dismounted from the stage, and went out on a rock at the very verge of the cliff, and he stood there with his cloak wrapped around him, and he seemed to be listening for something. Some one said to him, "What are you listening for?" Standing there on the top of the mountain, he said: "I am listening to the tramp of the footsteps of the coming millions of this continent."

A SUBLIME POSTURE

for an American statesman. You and I to-day stand on the mountain top of privilege, and on the Rock of Ages, and we look off, and we hear coming from the future the happy industries, and the smiling populations, and the consecrated fortunes, and the innumerable prosperities of the closing nineteenth and the opening twentieth centuries.

While I speak this morning, there lies in state the dead author and patriot of France,

VICTOR HUGO.

The ten thousand dollars in his will he has given to the poor of the city are only a hint of the work he has done for all nations and for all times. I wonder not that they allow eleven days to pass between his death and his burial, his body meantime kept under triumphal arch, for the world can hardly afford to let go this man who for more than eight decades has by his unparalleled genius blessed it. His name shall be a terror to all despots, and an encouragement to all the struggling. He has made the world's burden lighter, and its darkness less dense, and its chain less galling, and its thrones of iniquity less secure. Farewell, patriot, genius of the century, Victor Hugo. But he was not the over-towering friend of mankind.

THE GREATEST FRIEND

of capitalist and toiler, and the one who will yet bring them together in complete accord, was born one Christmas night while the curtains of heaven swung, stirred by the wings angelic. Owner of all things—all the continents, all worlds, and all the islands of light. Capitalist of immensity, crossing over to our condition. Coming into our world, not by gate of palace, but by door of barn. Spending His first night amid the shepherds. Gathering after around Him the fishermen to be His chief attendants. With adze, and saw, and chisel, and axe, and in a carpenter-shop showing himself brother with the tradesman. Owner of all things, and yet on a hillock back of Jerusalem one day resigning everything for others, keeping not so much as a shekel to pay for His obsequies, by charity buried in the suburbs of a city that had cast Him out. Before the cross of such a capitalist, and such a carpenter, all men can afford to shake hands and worship. Here is the every man's Christ. None so high, but He was higher. None so poor, but He was poorer. At His feet the hostile extremes will yet renounce their animosities, and countenances which have glowered with the prejudices and revenge of centuries shall brighten with the smile of heaven as He commands: "Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them."

MISSION WORK IN CHINA.

MAKING ACQUAINTANCES.

THE Rev. Timothy Richard, of Tai Yuen Fu, North China, relates an instance of one of his earliest attempts to gain the confidence of the people. He says: "In North China there are annual fairs held in the neighborhood of celebrated temples. On the one hand, the people have an opportunity of showing their gratitude to their gods, while on the other hand, people of all classes bring wares there for sale, or bring money to buy them. Sometimes hundreds of thousands from all the towns and villages near and far meet on these occasions. About a fortnight before one of these country fairs I arrived at the nearest market town, which has a population of about five thousand inhabitants, in order to have an opportunity of making some acquaintances before the fair. I was on horseback, rode to the inn, and asked for lodgings. They were afraid to give quarters to any foreigner lest they should get into trouble. Seeing a big stone in the street I led my horse to it, and sat down. In a few minutes the whole town seemed to have turned out to see me. I addressed myself respectfully to the elderly people around, told them what I had come for, and continued with ordinary talk until they gained some confidence in me. One of the chief men in the place offered me a room in his own house. My host had an only son and a nephew, both about my own age. They were very glad to hear of all sorts of wonderful things existing out of China. Their friends came and called—the schoolmasters of the surrounding villages also called. I visited their schools in return. In a fortnight I got to know most of the men around that place who pretended to any knowledge of books."

PREACHING FROM A BELL-TOWER.

"Two days before the fair, I asked my host's son to come and show me the temple on the top of the hill, where the fair was to be held. He did so. It was Buddhist. It had two large courts, with a high bell-tower between. I said, I would like to preach from that, but I suppose neither the priest nor the people will be willing. Yes, he said, perfectly willing. The priest has been nominated to the place by my father, and as for the people, they won't object if I am with you. With this he told the priest to get a ladder ready by the fair day, so that I might climb into the bell-tower with ease. The fair day arrived. About ten o'clock the whole hill-top was one dense mass, or rather a sea, of living beings, tossed about by any excitement in the crowd. My appearance seemed to disturb its equilibrium more than anything, for most of them had never seen a foreigner before. There was a perfect rush from all sides, carrying us who were in the centre entirely off our feet. In self-defence, then, I patiently and slowly made for the bell-tower. There I could see village after village coming up in procession, with flying banners on the top of long poles, followed by the music of flutes, cymbals, drums, and deafening fire crackers. Each forced their passage through the crowds to the temple, which was the centre. When I saw all these thousands upon thousands ignorant of God, I longed to tell them something of that only name under heaven whereby men can be saved. The thirtieth village passed out. The last had performed its worship. It was twelve o'clock. It was a relief that the din was over at last. Then I stood up and addressed them as affectionately as I could, speaking on and on until I was exhausted and could not speak any more, and I wrestled in my soul with God to hasten the time when these thousands would meet together with their hearts centred in Him and in His Christ. I had had my desire of preaching at the fair fully gratified, and a short residence in their midst had removed prejudices, and inspired confidence."

PILGRIMAGES IN WILLOW WREATHS.

"A severe drought had come over the land. The poor people made supplications to every God in their Pantheon, made pilgrimages to

every sacred spot they could imagine, formed vast processions of many towns and villages to unite in their supplications, all crowned with willow wreaths. Officials went to the temples and put on chains, in token of their sins. The whole land was commanded to fast and pray, but all in vain. At this time I wrote a short tract of only eighteen words, only saying that repentance for sin and kind deeds to each other were more acceptable to God than all fasting from meats. Prayer to the true God, and firm resolve to learn all His ways, were better than all their prayers to the other gods combined. I went about on horseback and posted these tracts in large letters throughout seven counties. It was a common thing, before I had ridden out of the town, for some anxious people to run after me, and ask most reverently *how* they were to pray, and *how* they were to learn of God? Two old women, with small feet, walked twenty miles to ask for books, and for instructions how to serve the true God."

ANECDOTES RELATED AT THE EVANGELISTIC MEETINGS IN SCOTLAND.

A Country Lad in the Dark.—A Minister remarked at a recent meeting: "I knew a country lad who, when he was on a dark or lonely road, was in great fear, especially when he thought of God. The poor lad had heard of God, and that He punished sin, but he had never heard of pardon through a loving and compassionate Saviour. Some time ago he was led to the feet of Jesus, and now on the lonely country roads, instead of dreading Him, he communes with his Saviour as with his dearest friend."

Cheering a Dying Man.—The Rev. Mr. Robertson said: "The other day I went to see a man who was dying. He had no rest, and no sense of pardon. I said to him, 'Jesus says: "Be of good cheer; it is I, be not afraid." Now, do not think of me at all, but think of Jesus who said these words,' and with that passage I left him. On the following night when I called there was a great change in the man's face; the passage from the Scriptures had done its work, and by God's grace he was enabled to accept Jesus as his Saviour."

A Dissipated Octogenarian.—A Devoted Temperance worker observed that a poor, miserable old woman, about eighty years of age, was seen one day hobbling along the road with a stick in her hand, and a sack on her back. The old creature slipped and tottered forward, and a bottle of whiskey was observed to fall from under her tattered shawl. Laying aside her sack, she got down on her knees, and actually lapped the horrible liquid as it ran in the gutter. It was a revolting sight, sad enough to make any one an abstainer, however firmly they were held in the chains of the liquor fiend.

Dying Game.—The Rev. Mr. Ewing said: "I heard a little while ago of a distinguished painter, who spent his life for the world and the world's pleasures, although he believed there were a heaven and a hell. When on his death-bed he was affectionately asked to give himself to Christ, but he flippantly replied, 'No, I will die game.' And he died, as he had lived, without Christ, and therefore a lost man. Was that man right in refusing salvation even on a death-bed? No, he was not, for Christ saves to the uttermost all who come unto God by Him, but he was sensible enough to see and feel the base ingratitude of living a life for the world and sin, and then throwing the scraps to Christ."

His Last Chance Gone.—Mr. J. G. Forbes said: "Friends, I wish to tell you something. A short time ago a man came into our meeting, and some of the workers asked him if he would decide for the Lord; but his answer was, 'No; I will wait until I come again, some other time.' He did attend another meeting, and again he was asked to accept Christ as his Saviour; still he put the appeal aside by saying, 'No, I will think of it, and decide the next time I come.' But, friends, the next time never came, nor ever will for him. To-night a messenger came, asking me to visit the man, for he

was at the point of death. I found him dead, stupid, and tried to arouse him by saying, 'Do you know that you are dying?' I tried to repeat the question several times before showing any sign of consciousness; then slowly opening his eyes, he answered, 'Aye, aye, know that I am dying.' These were the last words that man uttered; he passed away to meet God with a mountain of unforgiveness upon his head. He died of over-indulgence in strong drink."

An Invisible Witness.—Mr. Kilpatrick remarked: "I was visiting a man in the infirmary yesterday, and said to him, 'God has been witness of all you have done,' for I knew man's evil life. 'God has been a witness of I have done!' he exclaimed, with a look of horror; 'has He been watching all my secret doings? I cannot dare to think of it.' I believe that the words which I spoke to him were blessed to his soul, and that he obtained the forgiveness of all his sins through the blood of Lamb. Yes, dear friends, the mighty invisible but omniscient Jehovah is a witness to all our doings, whether they be good or evil. 'The God, sees't me!'"

A Surprising Exclamation.—A Christian Gentleman said: "I was acquainted with an eminent minister of the Gospel who labored in a large northern city, and whom I knew to be a child of God through faith in the Lord Jesus Christ. We were walking along the street together one day, when, catching hold of a railing he suddenly exclaimed, 'God be merciful to a sinner!' It was a sudden seizure of illness from which he never rallied, and which, a few days later, resulted in death; but I was much struck with the exclamation from so true a devoted a Christian. Dear friends, how many more need have those who are out of Christ cry, 'God be merciful to me a sinner!'"

A Lady's Customary "Nightcap."—The same devoted worker says: "I went on a visit to a friend of mine who was in the habit of taking drink of beer before going to bed, by way of 'nightcap,' as it is called. Before retiring to rest, she said to me: 'Won't you take a drop of beer?' 'No,' I said, 'I am an abstainer.' She sneered at what she affirmed was only whim. Some time after I had returned home my friend's sister wrote me, saying that she was drinking herself to death, and asking what she could do to cure her. I wrote her telling her to stop the drink at once. A day or two later she sent me word, saying that she had stopped it, because it might kill her. I went and consulted a temperance doctor, who said, 'Stop it at once; there is no danger.' I wrote telling them what the doctor said, but it was too late; she had died of it. A short time afterward I heard that her husband committed suicide, and left seven children, who had to seek homes in different parts of the world."

A Victim of the Whiskey Fiend.—Mr. Leonard related: "Not long ago I was sitting in a bedroom, about midnight, when I heard a slight tap at the street door. On opening it, a little boy looked up in my face, and said: 'Please sir, mother wants to see you; will you come a speak to her?' I put on my hat, and followed my little guide, until he stopped in front of a fence. Throwing open the gate, he entered, followed close behind. I found the mother standing outside the house, with five little children clinging round her. It was a very cold night, and they had no shelter from the storm. I found that the mother was afraid to enter the house, because her husband was intoxicated, and had threatened to kill her. I asked me to go inside and speak to him. When I entered, the house seemed to be quite dark, until, looking around me, I saw a light coming from a room, which I entered. No one was there, and I stood by the fire to await the mother of the house, who in a few minutes came slowly, and seeing a stranger standing, looked at me, but did not speak. Then he proceeded to turn out the lights. I became rather alarmed, and asked, 'Why are you putting out

the lights?" and placing my hand on his arm, I detained him. At this moment his wife appeared, and, turning fiercely round, he tried to strike her. "Oh, help me, help me," she exclaimed, and I stood between the man and wife to protect her from the intended blow. She slipped away, and said: "Why do you try to strike your poor wife?" Because she will not bring me whiskey. Oh, whiskey, whiskey, what would I not do for whiskey!" and the poor inebriate broke down and wept. That whole night I spent with him, but I will not attempt to describe it. A few days afterward a messenger came to tell me that he was dead, and he died as he had lived, a Christless drunkard."

THE SECOND ADVENT.

The Teaching of the Apostles.

THE main question on which the Christian Church is divided on the subject of our Lord's Coming is as to the time, some believing that He will not return to the earth until after the Millennium, while others believe that His return must be before the commencement of that thousand years of blissful life. Both views are, of course, based on the Word of God, which, both sections of the Church regard as the final and supreme authority on all questions of belief. It seems to ourselves, in common with all pre-Millennial believers, that the plain and direct teaching of the Bible is that there can be no millennium until Jesus comes, and that the opposite view can be held by sincere Christian men only by explaining away, and putting a strained meaning upon several emphatic passages of Scripture, as well as running counter to the general tenor of the prophetic books. We would not for a moment be understood as reflecting upon the sincerity of those who differ from us. Many eminent men of ripe scholarship and undoubted piety hold very strongly opinions on this subject radically opposed to our own, but we believe that if once they were convinced that their views were unscriptural they would abandon them immediately. The whole question, therefore, turns upon the true meaning of certain well-known passages.

Infidels have frequently referred to such differences of opinion in their attacks on the Bible. But the argument is worthless. In our law courts differences of opinion of the same character are seen every day, and that, not only among lawyers whose opinions may be biased by their interests, but among judges who have no desire than that of giving a sound interpretation of the law. The recent Virginia Bond cases are an instance in point, nearly one half of the judges of the United States Supreme Court being opposed to the judgment of their learned associates. In the law courts we are accustomed to hear a great deal about "the authorities," and in legal arguments citations of authorities form an important element. It is in this sense that the ancient manuscript called the Teaching of the Twelve Apostles, to which we have before referred in these columns, is of importance. Scholars have had it before them now for five years, and have examined it carefully. While a few believe that it is not genuine, others, by far the greater number, have arrived at the conclusion that it is a true and genuine statement of the doctrines taught by the Apostles, and that it was indorsed by them, and copies of it were in circulation among the churches within four hundred years, if not within a much shorter time, after our Lord's ascension. The Teaching must therefore be considered in the legal sense an "authority" of no mean value. What, then, do we find in it about this much debated question of the Second Advent? What did the Apostles teach with regard to it? The following extract is the sixteenth chapter of the Teaching [page 27 of the new edition published by Scribner's Sons]:

"Watch for your life's sake; let your lamps not go out, and your loins not be loosed, but be ready; for ye know not the hour in which our Lord cometh. But ye shall come together often

and seek the things which befit your souls; for the whole time of your faith thus far, will not profit you, if ye be not made perfect in the last time. For in the last days the false prophets and the corruptors shall be multiplied, and the sheep shall be turned into wolves, and love shall be turned into hate; for when lawlessness increaseth they shall hate one another, and shall persecute and deliver up, and then shall appear the world-deceiver as Son of God, and shall do signs and wonders, and the earth shall be given into his hands, and he shall commit iniquities which have never been done since the beginning. Then all created men shall come into the fire of trial, and many shall be made to stumble and shall perish. But they that endure in their faith shall be saved from under ever of this curse. And then shall appear the sign of the truth; first, the sign of an opening in heaven, then the sign of a trumpet's sound, and thirdly, the resurrection of the dead; yet not of all, but as it hath been said; the Lord will come and all the saints with Him. Then shall the world see the Lord coming upon the clouds of heaven."

This chapter, which is a verbatim copy of the translated portion of the manuscript, shows that when it was written, whether in the lifetime of the Apostles or at a later date, the expectation was that the Lord might come speedily, and that no such interval as a thousand years was expected to intervene. That His coming would find the world a scene of sin, sorrow, suffering, backsliding, and persecution, not a scene of millennial blessedness; and finally that there would be two resurrections. All this we inferred from the Scriptures; the manuscript indicates that the early Church had the same belief.

REMINISCENCES OF GEN. GORDON.

THE Rev. J. R. L. Hall, a missionary who has been laboring in Palestine, thus describes his acquaintance with the noble Christian hero who was slaughtered in Khartoum: "I first met General Gordon at Jaffa. Five or six weeks afterward I went to Haifa to visit the missionary who was working there. The next morning the door of my room opened and in stepped General Gordon, and we speedily became great friends. He said, 'I have been praying for you ever since I left Jaffa. That day I put your name down in my prayer list, and I have been remembering you in prayer ever since.' He seemed to be in sorrow. He said to me, 'I am very restless; I came here for rest and quiet, to study the Word of God, and at the same time to discover different sacred sites. I am not satisfied; I am restless. I want Christian work. Do you think that, if I were to come to Jaffa, you could give me any work to do?' I replied, 'Most assuredly, there is plenty of work to be done, not by one person only, but by many, and I shall be very thankful if you will come.' 'Very well,' he said, 'when I come to Jaffa be sure you take a house for me.'

"I stayed at Jaffa three or four days, and General Gordon went with me to see different portions of the work. He went with me to the schools, and he stayed while I examined the children. He went with me to Akka, and in the evening when we walked along the shore he would be sure to speak of some passage of Scripture which he had been thinking about.

"He took a house and for eight months from that time—that is, from April, 1883, he remained in Jaffa, spending nearly every evening at my house. It is needless to say that he was a very pleasant and a very profitable companion. I have learned from this man more spirituality than I have learned from anybody else in this world. He always took a deep interest in missions, especially in the missions in Africa and in Japan. In Palestine it was the same. One day I received a letter from the Committee of the Society stating that they were very anxious to erect a mission-house at Nablous, but that they did not wish anything to be done till plans had been drawn and sent home.

"Mr. Fletcher, the missionary at Nablous, went with me to General Gordon's house. We wanted to go in the forenoon, but General Gordon spent the whole of the forenoon in prayer and the study of the Scriptures, and his servants were strictly forbidden to let anyone come in during that part of the day. I was admitted on one or two occasions in the forenoon, but it was on account of the kind interest he took in our work. I was obliged to see him on business that morning; when I went into his room I found him at the table in his shirt sleeves. He asked me what I wanted with him, and I replied, 'We want your advice with regard to the mission-house at Nablous.' Then I began very gradually to tell him what our object was. I said, 'We want to erect a mission-house at Nablous, and Mr. Fletcher has come down to talk to me about the plans.'

"General Gordon interrupted me in my long apology. He said, 'I know what you want; you need not speak to me in that way—you want a contribution.' I told him that we did not want a contribution, but we wanted something of more value, in fact we wanted to know if he would draw the plans.

"'Draw the plans!' he said, 'yes, certainly.' He at once got a piece of paper, wrote down the number of rooms we wanted, the number of doors and windows, and the position of the house, and he told me that he would at once set to work. In the evening he came to my house with most beautiful plans. The next evening I saw a carpenter and a mason, and he put down for the information of the men full specifications, and made a complete estimate of what the expense of the building would be; and that house has been erected at Nablous for the sum which General Gordon said it would cost.

"A few days after I told General Gordon how afraid I had been to ask him to draw the plans. 'At first,' I said, 'I did not know how you might take being asked to do the work.' He said, 'You thought I should be annoyed at being asked to draw out plans for a mission-house. If there is anything I can do for the cause of missions I am delighted to do it. What did I come to Jaffa for? Did I not tell you at Haifa that if you could give me some work to do for the Lord that would set my mind at rest? I was restless because I had been shutting myself up in Palestine and had not been putting out my powers for service in the Lord's work.'

"General Gordon did very much for me in Jaffa. He twice took our English service. He visited a number of people; he went with me on nearly every journey that I took to the different mission fields, and in many ways he assisted and encouraged me in my work. He constantly spoke to me about God's blessed promises, and when I was in difficulty he urged me to put away all care, and said that God would be sure to help me in my mission work.

"At last, in the autumn of 1883, he came to me, and said he thought he must leave, as he had made a promise to the King of the Belgians some months before that if Stanley wished to retire from the Congo, he would go and undertake the work. One day there came to Jaffa a gentleman who seemed to be an agent of the King of the Belgians, and he said that Stanley wished to go home, and that His Majesty wanted General Gordon to go to the Congo. General Gordon asked what time the king would give him to start, and the agent said not later than the beginning of January, 1884. I did my best to dissuade the General from going. I told him that, great as the work at the Congo might be, beneficial as it might be to Africa and to the world at large, he should remember that there was no one else who could do the work which he could do in Egypt. 'I am convinced,' I said, 'that Egypt is the place for you to go to.' He said all his own thoughts turned toward Egypt. He said his heart yearned for the people there. 'I do feel with my whole heart and soul,' he said, 'that there is work for me to perform in Egypt, if it were only possible.'"



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CURRENT EVENTS.

Decoration-Day was Observed on Saturday as a general holiday in New York and most of the Northern cities, and the graves of the dead heroes were decorated by their comrades. President Cleveland came to New York to review the procession and was greeted with general enthusiasm. On their way to take position in the line of march the Seventh Regiment passed the residence of General Grant, in East Sixty-sixth Street. The shades of the house, which had been closely drawn, were rolled up by General Grant himself as the regiment approached. In his dressing-gown, with his skull-cap drawn tightly over his head, he stood unsupported in the bow-window while the regiment passed. Mrs. Grant was at the front window on the same floor, and Colonel Fred Grant and wife and Mrs. Jesse Grant watched the regiment from the floors below. Reno Post, No. 44, and Gilsa Post, No. 264, marched by General Grant's house about an hour after the Seventh Regiment. This time the general took a prominent place at the front window, the bands playing, "Hail to the Chief." It was a picture long to be remembered, as rank after rank of veterans passed with uplifted faces, each one eager to get a glance at their old comrade and commander, and many a voice choked when speaking of his appearance. General Grant stood at the window until both posts had passed, returning the salutes of the members. He was evidently much affected.

The National Commercial Convention, which has been holding its sittings this year at Atlanta, Ga., is chiefly remarkable for the indications noticed of a change of opinion in the South. On both the questions of bankruptcy and the silver coinage there was a notable difference. When the motion was put that the public interests require the enactment of a general bankruptcy law, one hundred and five delegates from Southern States voted in its favor, and one hundred and twenty-seven against. Heretofore there has been an overwhelming majority of Southern delegates against the principle, but the movement in its favor has evidently been general. On the silver question the South has usually coalesced with the West, but at this year's convention the motion demanding the suspension of the silver coinage received one

hundred and thirty-three Southern votes to eighty-nine against it. On both questions Northern opinion is in harmony with the Southern movement.

The Dolphin Made a Successful Trial Trip after her three failures, on Thursday last. Mr. Roach managed to get her over the six-hour test demanded by Mr. Whitney, at the rate agreed upon. He was in high spirits over the result, which doubtless surprised him as much as any one. She has now to pass the ordeal of a sea trip before she is accepted by the Government. Mr. Whitney, in a recent letter to the commandant of the Mare Island Navy Yard, called attention to the cost of the Mohican, a small wooden ship which has been under repair nearly thirteen years, and has cost in repairs alone \$900,000, or three times the amount that a new ship of the same style would have cost. The Omaha, which originally cost, with machinery, \$756,764, has cost in repairs \$683,395, bringing up her entire cost to \$1,440,159, more than three times her value. These are two cases the knowledge of which has doubtless rendered Mr. Whitney cautious in accepting the Dolphin.

Serious Outrages by the Apaches are Reported. Geronimo's band has killed, with fearful atrocities, several men and women at Benton. They also butchered, near Deming, N. M., some thirty men, women, and children, after torturing them in a fiendish manner. General Crook and General Bradley are making the best of their way to the scene of the disturbances. The Apaches have broken up into several marauding parties in the neighborhood of the Black Mountains. It is expected that when the United States troops arrive the Indians will try to escape into Mexico, but the passes are guarded by cowboys, who are wild with excitement and thirsting for vengeance. Their passion was intensified when the mutilated body of a girl was brought in. The Indians had hung her up alive on a meat-hook by the back of her neck. Worse atrocities still are reported.

The Surrender of Poundmaker Last Week reduces the north-west rebellion to a small compass. Big Bear and his braves are still out, but with Riel and Poundmaker in custody they cannot, it is thought, hold out long. His followers do not number one half of those Poundmaker had. Efforts are being made to obtain mercy for Riel and the other prisoners. In the course of his "talk" last Friday evening, Dr. Talmage uttered some wholesome truths on the Indian question generally. He said, after advocating the release of Riel: "Let Canada and the United States cease their exasperation of the Indians, and neither nation will have any more trouble with the red men. They have endured more wrongs from government officials and suffered more outrages from white men than we would have endured from any other people, of whatever color. A general of the United States Army, who has been in more battles against the Indians than any other officer, told me that in all the Indian wars the white men were most to blame. Canada and the United States have crowded the savages back and off, and disregarded solemnities of treaties, and swindled these men of the forest so grievously that it is a wonder they have been quiet a moment for the last forty years. Canada and the United States can afford to be merciful to these barbarians when, after a season of belligerency, they wash off their war-paint."

War Between Russia and England is Now said to have been finally averted. The London *Daily News* on Saturday announced on "the highest authority"—believed to be that of Lord Granville—that Russia's reply to England's counter proposals was received in London on Friday. The reply, it says, "involves the acceptance of the proposals and practically settles, in a satisfactory manner, the whole question of the Afghan boundary. Both Maruchak and Zulikar remain in the possession of the Ameer. The main features of the work of delimitation have been finally fixed, and the Boundary Commission will settle the details. The negotiations

have been conducted in a most friendly spirit on both sides." The *News* in an editorial says: "Mr. Gladstone has crowned his illustrious career by again rendering the country a signal service. We must not forget, now that peace is secured, how near we came to a war such as this generation has not seen." It is difficult for outsiders to realize what the valuable service consists in. Mr. Gladstone appears to have given up Penjdeh, to have failed in his attempt to fetter Russia with a treaty as to the line where her aggression must stop. He has not involved the country in a war with Russia, which is a matter for thankfulness; but it is not clear what he has gained by the disturbance he has made and the large expenditure of money which he authorized.

A Serious Communistic Disturbance Occurred in Paris on Sunday, May 24th. A large body of Communists assembled and marched to the Cemetery of Pere la Chaise to decorate the graves of the men who were executed for participating in the orgies of the Commune in 1871. They carried red flags and other communistic banners and emblems. The police ordered them to give up the red flag, and when they refused the police made a bayonet charge, and there was a fight, in which the Communists used paving stones. Ultimately the police were re-enforced and drove their opponents out of the cemetery. On the following day the Communists returned with their red flags and were permitted to demonstrate in peace. It is feared that this vacillation on the part of the Government will be interpreted as a sign of weakness by the Communists, and that there will be more trouble.

A Reprieve of Two Years has been granted to the Czar by the Nihilists, according to a cablegram published by the New York *Herald*. It states that a congress of the order has been held during the past week at Kharkoff, which decided that for two years no attempt shall be made against the life of the Czar nor any member of the Imperial family. Every possible effort will be made to induce the Czar to issue the constitution that was actually signed by the late Czar on the very day of his assassination, but which was never promulgated. At the congress a copy of this ukase for a constitution, the tenor of which has been guarded as a profound secret by the Imperial family, was read and discussed and unanimously approved. It is of the most liberal character, based on that of Germany, and if promulgated will be the virtual end of Russian autocracy. If at the expiration of two years the Czar refuses to grant the constitution, then the policy of assassination and terrorism will be inaugurated on a scale never yet attempted. It would appear from this statement that in murdering the late Czar the Nihilists committed a blunder as well as a crime. They are now craving from his successor the constitution he would have promulgated if they had permitted him to live.

The Seizure of an Island in the Pacific by England is one of the significant events which show that she is alive to the exigencies of the situation, and is strengthening her strategic position in the East. The island seized is in the Korean Straits, which it commands almost as completely as Gibraltar commands the entrance to the Mediterranean. It belongs to the Nan How group, consisting of two large islands—Sodo and Sunhodo—which almost touch each other at their southern extremity, and Observatory Island, which occupies a position that makes a natural harbor capable of accommodating a fleet. The harbor is called Port Hamilton, and this England has seized. The harbor will form a convenient depot for coals, and if that and Observatory Island are fortified, the position will be impregnable. Its main advantage in time of war would be that it controls the passage to the sea of Japan, and is exactly the kind of important isolated position that England for centuries has shown so remarkable a tendency to seize whenever she could do so. How Corea will take this proceeding remains to be seen.

Contributions to the Fund for Supplying colored ministers in the South and others with THE CHRISTIAN HERALD were received last week to the amount of \$6, in the following sums: A Friend, \$1; from Leesville, Mich. \$1; Toronto, Can., \$2; a Friend, \$2. This enables us to add six more names to our gratist list, of which we are very glad, as are the ministers who will now receive the journal for a year.

The Death of the Rev. R. L. Stanton, D.D., occurred on board the Nevada on Thursday last, when the vessel was nearing Queenstown. Dr. Stanton was on his way to attend the Convention on Faith Healing being held this week in London. Dr. Stanton had been in feeble health for some time, and had in addition suffered from malarial fever. He was seventy-five years of age, but was still full of energy. He was an Old School Presbyterian, and in 1866 he presided over the General Assembly of that branch of the Presbyterian Church. He had also held the office of President of the Miami University at Oxford, Ohio. He was a brother of Henry B. Stanton.

The Progress of the White Cross Society has received an impetus from the visit of Mr. Henry Varley, the famous English evangelist, to this country. He has been preaching and lecturing in our principal cities during the past few months, and holding meetings for young men, in which he has presented the work of the society in its true light. His lectures on Chastity have been productive of much good, and it may be hoped their effect will be permanent. Mr. Varley preached in Dr. Talmage's Church last Sunday night.

One of Bishop Taylor's Band of Missionaries has fallen on the field of labor. Mr. John A. Condit, a promising young man, only twenty-one years old, died on March 24th. As announced here last week, the party were all well on March 13th, and spoke hopefully of their prospects. They afterward pushed on inland and stopped at the Baptist missionary station to arrange about purchasing land and materials for starting an undenominational station. During their journey young Condit was butted in the stomach—accidentally, it is claimed—by a negro who was carrying him across a stream. The young man was injured, but he had to tramp sixty-seven miles in the hot sun to reach his destination. When he reached there he was taken ill with a burning fever, and after three days' suffering he died. Another of the party was not expected to live when the letter containing the sad news was written. The body was buried by the Baptists in Africa, but they will endeavor to have it brought home. Mr. Condit was an active worker at Jerry McAuley's Mission and a member of Mr. A. B. Simpson's Twenty-third Street Tabernacle.

Arrested for Preaching is Happily an Unusual item in police-court news in our day, but it appeared in the record of a court in Boston, Mass., last week. The Rev. H. L. Hastings and the Hon. W. F. Davis were brought into the Municipal Court of that city, on May 27th, charged with preaching on the common on the previous Sunday. It is stated that there is a law of the commonwealth of Massachusetts prohibiting preaching in that and other public places. If the assertion is correct, it is time such a law disappeared from the statute-book of any State in which it is found. The trial of the two preachers was adjourned; its result will be awaited with much interest.

The Heroism of a Judge was Displayed Last week in Pennsylvania, under painful circumstances. A young man committed a murder at Warriorsmark, Pa., on May 27th. He fled from the police and took refuge in his father's house at Huntingdon, Pa. His father is Judge Laporte, and to him he confessed his crime. The judge listened in agony, but his sense of duty was not overcome by parental love. "John," he said, "this is horrible. When I was made a judge I swore to obey the Constitution and enforce the laws of the Commonwealth, and I cannot do otherwise than surrender you to the offi-

cers. If you are justifiable in this thing, you will be cleared and our name vindicated; but if not, the law must take its course." The judge immediately harnessed his horse and drove his son to the nearest railroad station, where they boarded the first train, and the son was surrendered to the sheriff. This course, the judge's friends aver, was taken from a pure sense of duty. While we honor the father for his lofty principles, we cannot but sympathize with him in the pain it must have cost him. An attempt to realize what that pain was may help us to understand something of the meaning of that great sacrifice which was made in our behalf (Rom. 8: 32).

A Clergyman's Torn Trousers Afforded some amusement and also an opportunity for inculcating a good lesson last week. Toward the close of the prayer-meeting at Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, on May 29th, Mr. Beecher, shaking his finger gravely at those who sat on his left, said to those who sat on his right: "The edification hasn't been evenly divided this evening. My friends on the left have been industriously engaged in laughing at me because I have a big hole in the left leg of my pantaloons. Allow me to inform them that these are a new pair. If they were old and I couldn't afford new ones, I should be dreadfully ashamed. As it is, I'm not, though my wife is. In making a call this afternoon my leg came in contact with a barrel and it had a nail in it, hence the tear. I tried to close it with a pin, but the pin dropped out. So it is with our sins. We can't pin them up. The pin will drop out and disclose the bare spot." The great preacher was right; sin may be covered up for a time by skillful sinners, but eventually it will be disclosed—at the Day of Judgment, if not before, unless it is blotted out by the atoning blood of the Saviour (Prov. 28: 13).

A Fraternization of Union and Confederate soldiers took place at Baltimore, Md., recently. A reunion of the Army of the Potomac was being held in the city, when the Robert E. Lee Camp, of the Confederate Volunteers, arrived. When the fact was reported at the reunion a resolution was passed appointing a committee to invite their old opponents to seats on the floor. At the conclusion of business the committee returned, bringing with them a long string of men in gray suits. They were greeted with great applause, and in return filed the house with a responsive cheer that threatened to pull down the ceiling. The ex-Confederates were scattered among the blue-coats and their officers invited to occupy seats on the stage. Colonel McGinnis, of Montana, welcomed them with a graceful speech, to which Commander-General Cooke responded. Short but brilliant addresses were made by Colonel Charles Marshall, who was chief of General Lee's staff, and Colonel Evans, of Richmond, Va. Prior to this reception General Grant had been re-elected President with enthusiasm. The general has accepted the office with much pleasure, though warning his old comrades that his health will not admit of his attending to its duties. We know that a time is coming when the soldiers of the Cross who have so long been separated into various and often hostile companies will come together and recognize each other as brethren (1 Cor. 3: 4-9).

The Tail of a Tigress was Operated upon at Salem, Mass., on May 27th. Several weeks ago a Bengal tigress belonging to the Van Amburg show, in a frenzy bit off the end of her tail. The animal is a splendid type of the carnivorous species, but this mutilation spoiled her appearance, and the wound would not heal, but caused her so much pain as to render her more dangerous than ever. Week after week passed by, but the bob-tailed tigress grew no better. Innumerable little pieces of bone projected from what was left of the vertebra, and as long as these bones remained there was no chance for the beast to recover. Her owners, therefore, sent for a well-known dog doctor of Boston, to operate on the tail. The beast was securely tied, and the doc-

tor set to work removing the pieces of crushed bone. The operation lasted twenty minutes, during which the vicious beast was in a paroxysm of fury. A thick board was given her to bite, to prevent her inflicting further injuries on herself, and this she chewed into fragments. At last the final piece of bone was taken out, and the wound washed in carbolic acid. Then the tigress was released, but instead of bounding up, as was expected, she lay exhausted by her pain and fury on the floor of her cage. The beast paid dearly for the gratification of her anger, first in the pain she inflicted on herself, and afterward in the pain of the operation which her folly rendered necessary. It is a pity that sinners do not see that they are doing a similar thing; their sin is not only an offense against God, but an injury to themselves (Prov. 8: 36).

A Horse's Memory Settled a Dispute in Penn-sylvania recently. Mr. Wells, a farmer of Susquehanna County, a few days ago saw a valuable bay mare which he felt sure was one stolen, when a colt, from his stable six years ago. He challenged the owner, who was also a respectable farmer. The owner gave a perfectly clear account of how he had become possessed of the mare, and mentioned the name of a well-known dealer from whom he had purchased her. He, too, was a man not to be suspected of dishonesty. But still Wells insisted that the mare was the one of which he had been robbed. The dispute grew animated and appeared likely to end in a fight, when it was settled by an ingenious device. It was agreed that the mare should be turned loose in the road, and if she went of her own accord to Wells's stable and to a particular stall there, Wells's claim should be considered proved; if she went anywhere else or to any other stall, he was to abandon his claim. The mare's harness was accordingly taken off and the spectators watched her eagerly. She stuck up her ears and appeared to be familiar with the place. Then she went directly to the stable, passed three or four empty stalls, squeezed her way between a wagon and a mowing-machine, and entered the stall which Wells said she would. Then she began at once to nose around in the manger in search of food and appearing to be perfectly at home. The incident may well remind those whom Satan has decoyed away from their God of the gentle reproach uttered through the prophet (Isa. 1: 3).

Imprisonment in a Capsized Ship was Endured by a lady and her child for seventeen hours recently. The London Standard relates that on May 11th a brig struck on a sandbank near Hull and turned over, keel uppermost. The captain and every man on board were drowned, being entangled in the rigging and so prevented swimming. The captain's wife and her three children were in the cabin, and it was thought they too must be dead; but on the following morning the crew of a steam-tug that passed near the wreck heard some one knocking. Intent on rescue, they decided to cut a hole in the side of the capsized ship. After several hours' labor this was accomplished, and the captain's wife and one of her children were rescued alive, after an agonizing suspense of seventeen hours. The mother said that when she was aroused by the overturn of the ship and the in-rush of the water, she contrived to get hold of the children, who all held on by the hair of her head, and in that way for some time all of the little ones were kept alive, but during the day two of them died. Just as the man who rescued them got into the cabin, the water flowed in and reached to the woman's mouth. All the children were still clinging to her hair, and she and the live child were in a terribly exhausted condition. The mother's hands were raw with knocking at the side of the keel. Poor woman, it was all she could do; she could not rescue herself, and though she could not know whether any one would hear her, she continued knocking with her bruised hands. In a condition as desperate spiritually, sinners have more encouragement to knock at the gate of mercy, for God's ear is ever open (Matt. 7: 7, 8).

DELIGHT IN THE ALMIGHTY.

A New Sermon by Pastor C. H. Spurgeon.

"For then shalt thou have thy delight in the Almighty, and shalt lift up thy face unto God."—JOB 22: 26.

The Mistake of Job's Friends—Other People Puzzled—A Right Principle Misapplied—A Company of Self-Appointed Judges—Two Blunders—The Humble and the Arrogant—I. A Desired Position—What is Meant by Delighting in God—Rejoicing in His Existence—In His Character—In His Acts—The Upraised Face—Its Signification—II. When it is Realized—After Reconciliation and Renewal—Purification of Life—Constant Trust—A Terrible Doom.

THE Lord said to Eliphaz and his friends, "Ye have not spoken of me the thing that is right, as my servant Job hath;" and, therefore, we must always regard what they said with careful discrimination. They were wise men according to their light, but they were quite at sea in their judgment of Job. However, in this particular verse Eliphaz declared that which is taught in many other parts of Holy Scripture, and we may profit by his utterance. God grant that by His Spirit we may fully experience the joys described in the words before us.

Eliphaz and his friends had judged Job from their own point of view, making their own experience to be the standard. They themselves had prospered, and, therefore, they inferred that if a man served God he must necessarily prosper in worldly things; and that if he did not succeed as they had done, he must have been guilty of great crimes. Though they could not discover any actual fault in Job, they concluded without further evidence that he must have been a hypocrite, and have acted oppressively to his servants, or have been unmindful of the claims of the poor, or in some other way have brought upon himself the wrath of God. It never entered their mind that so terrible a sickness and such a list of dreadful calamities could have befallen any man except as a punishment for special sin. They inferred virtue from prosperity, and sin from adversity. Unrighteous and

CRUEL LOGIC!

At once false and brutal! It renders men at once false witnesses and Pharisees; condemning the innocent because of their sorrows, and flattering themselves because of their ease. To judge according to outward circumstances has been the tendency of men in all times; even David could not understand how it was that the wicked were so free from troubles, while all the day long he was himself plagued, and chastened every morning.

A right principle lay at the bottom of this wonder; for, indeed, the Lord will reward the good and will punish the wicked; but a great mistake is made when we suppose that this life is the time for meting out rewards and punishments. God will, undoubtedly, when the time shall have fully come, discharge the full vials of His wrath upon the ungodly, but the present is a period of long-suffering, wherein the wicked spread themselves like a green bay tree. As for the children of God, it often happeneth that gall and wormwood are mingled with their drink; waters of a full cup are wrung out to them. We must not judge according to the sight of the eyes, or according to present conditions, or we shall make gross mistakes. The richest may be the most wicked, and the poorest may be the most gracious; those who suffer least may deserve to suffer most, and those who are most afflicted in this life may have the highest glory in the life to come.

SELF-APPOINTED JUDGES.

I suspect that Eliphaz and his friends had enjoyed smooth sailing. How should they judge the man who had done business amid tempests? Their mental life was not disturbed by great conflicts; they had not gone deeply into things, nor searched to the bottom of spiritual matters; they had no knowledge of their own hidden corruptions, and had endured but little of the rod of chastisement, and, consequently, they had

been at ease. Their mistake was that they sat in judgment upon another who was more tried than themselves, and condemned him for being in sore distress. Their own serenity led them to judge the troubled one very harshly. This ought not to be. If any of us are inclined thus to judge and condemn, it is time that we put this mischievous spirit far from us.

I remember a company of terribly despondent believers who were for years a severe scourge to their happier brethren. Having a deep sense of their inward corruptions, being sorely tempted of the devil, and having only a weak and trembling faith, they tyrannized over others who were more happy than themselves. They judged that those who were not as much tempted as themselves did not exhibit the spot of God's children. None were more bitter than these humble people in denouncing those who had not been as much humbled as themselves. Those who did not sit in the dust, and groan to the same tunes as themselves, they judged to be very dubious Christians, and took care to scald them with that kind of hot pity which is not much different from contempt.

This was as wrong as wrong can be. But it is equally evil when judgments are pronounced from the other side. For persons in good health, whose livers act well, who have abundance of this world's good, and very little care and trial, who have not often had to stand by the grave and weep because the arrows of death have struck their dearest ones, who have never known what it is to be wounded in spirit—for these to set up their standard and condemn the weak and the sad, is a crime against the Lord. To say—"If you do not believe as firmly as we do, if you do not rejoice as we do, if you are not as sensible of sanctification as we are, you are not in Christ at all, is

A PICE OF ARROGANCE

very grievous to the Spirit of the Lord. Oh, my strong brother, listen to one who knows by experience the heaviness of a child of sorrow. Who made thee a ruler in Israel? God's children always play the fool when they play the judge; they are never in order when they act as if they were the head of the family of grace. Here was the fault of Eliphaz. He was right in many of his statements, but he was wrong in his ungenerous application of them to holy Job.

I want, this morning, as God shall help me, to lead you up to the pastures on the hill-tops. I pray that I may help you to a higher and joyful experience in the things of God, while I shall speak, first, of a desired position toward God. "Then shalt thou have thy delight in the Almighty, and shalt lift up thy face unto God;" and, secondly upon the question—*when can this happy experience be realized?* "Then," says the text, and, therefore, there is such a time when we can have delight in the Almighty and lift up our face unto God.

I. First, here is

A DESIRED POSITION

toward God. Many men forget God: He is no object of delight to them, for they ignore His existence, and they would even think it a great relief if it could be proved that there were no God—no God to observe them, no God to record their misdeeds, no God to call them to judgment, no God to punish them for their iniquities. Great numbers of men go a stage further: they believe in God, they cannot doubt that there is a Most High God who judgeth the children of men; but their only thought toward Him is that of dread and dislike. They do not want to hear of Him: if the things of God are forced upon their attention they are soon weary of such distasteful themes, for they only look upon God as a just and terrible Judge, who will certainly punish them for their transgressions. They think of God with dread, dismay, despondency, and despair.

I am grieved to add that this principle even tinctures the thoughts of true friends of God: for when they bow before God it is not only with the reverence of a loving child, but with the terror of a slave; they are afraid of Him who

should be their exceeding joy. Their view of God is incorrect, for it is not such as the Spirit of adoption would give them. They are really trusting in Him and in the great propitiation which He has set forth, but they have not come to know Him under that blessed term which our Saviour puts into our mouth when He bids us say, "Our Father, which art in heaven."

WHAT THE POSITION IS.

Let us meditate awhile upon what is here meant by delighting in the Almighty. The man who experiences this delight is glad that there is a God. That atheistic philosophy which makes the whole world to be a chance production which grew of itself, or developed itself by some innate force, is a very dreary piece of fiction to the man who delights himself in the Almighty. I tremble at any teaching, religious or scientific, which seems to place God further off than we have believed Him to be. To draw Him nearer to me, and myself nearer to Him, is the innermost longing of my soul.

To go a step further, the delight of the believer in his God is a delight in God as He really is; for there are in the world many false gods of men's own manufacture. Remember that your own thoughts of what God is are far from being correct unless they are drawn from His own revelation. This sacred book is infallible, but not our thoughts; and wherein we differ from God as He has revealed Himself we differ from the truth. It is as easy to make an idol out of your own thoughts as it is for the Hindoo to make a god of the mud of the Ganges. There is but one God revealed in Holy Scripture, and in nature, and in providence: His name is Jehovah, the God of Abraham, of Isaac, and of Jacob, who has still further declared Himself as the God and Father of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.

COMPLETE CONFIDENCE.

Further, he that delights in God delights not only in God as He is, but in all that God does, and this is a higher attainment than some have reached. "It is the Lord," said one of old, "let Him do what seemeth him good." Concerning any event we simply ask—Has God done it? Then we bow before His decree, and say no more; for what He has done must be right and wise. When the Lord afflicts us, and hides the reason from our eyes, let us not contend with Him; but if we cannot go further, let us be silent before Him; even as was the afflicted man of God, of whom we read, "Aaron held his peace." Better still will it be if we can complete our confidence, and say, with Job, "The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away, and blessed be the name of the Lord."

Practically put, this delight in the Almighty shows itself in the Christian when nothing else remains to Him. If He be stripped of everything, he cries, "The Lord is my portion." When the cupboard is bare, and the garments are worn out, and poverty stares the man in the face, he says, "My God is such a satisfactory and all-sufficient portion that I am rich and increased in goods while possessing nothing but my God." The same is true when such a man is surrounded with every earthly comfort, for He still feels, "The Lord is my portion." One saint, who suddenly became poor, was still as happy as ever, for He said, "When I had abundance, I saw God in all things, and now that I have lost my property I see all things in God." These are equally blessed states of mind. It were well to combine them, and see God in all things, and all things in God, at the same time! So it should be with the believer.

"Delight thyself in the Lord." This will give you pleasure in the midst of pain. Do you know what it is to have many aches, and sufferings, and, perhaps, a throbbing head, and yet to feel that you have another self which has no pains, because it dwells in God, where all is calm and quiet? You felt that it would be a great mercy to be released from this painful life; and yet you have not raised the question with your God, but have waited his good pleasure. Faith has made you feel, "Wherever I am, whatever I

feel, so long as God is near me, and His sweet love fills my bosom, I will greatly rejoice and triumph in the God of my salvation."

I call your attention to the special name by which Eliphaz describes the ever-blessed God. He says, "Delight thyself in the Almighty." What a mercy it is that there is a power that makes for righteousness!—that at the back of all these wars and confusions, and behind all sin and false doctrine, there is an infinitely powerful God! During the last few weeks you have felt an intense joy in the omnipotence of God. You have whispered to your forebodings—"It is all right. The Almighty is not paralyzed, his arm is not shortened: the Lord reigneth." Brethren, the pendulum swings to and fro, advancing and retreating, but yet there is a real progress made: you cannot see it by watching the pendulum, but up higher on the face of the clock there is evidence of an onward march, and of a coming hour. The kingdom of God is coming; righteousness shall prevail.

THE UPLIFTED FACE.

Now, let us turn with intense satisfaction to the other expression used by Eliphaz: "Thou shalt lift up thy face unto God." What does it mean? Does it not mean, first, joy in God? When a man hangs his head down he is unhappy: it is the attitude of misery; but oh, when our thoughts of God are changed, and our relationship to God is different, we lift up our faces and sun our countenances in the light of God's favor. Does it not signify, also, that this man is reconciled to God, and clear before him? How can he look up who is guilty? Guilt makes a man hang his head. Does not our text indicate fearlessness? Fear covers her face, and would fain hide herself altogether, even though to accomplish concealment the rocks must fall upon her. May it not also signify expectation? "I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills, from whence cometh my help." "My expectation is from Him," says David. Oh, to lift one's face toward God, looking for deliverance, safety, and rest, and expecting both grace and glory from his right hand! Brethren, I am talking very simply of things well known to me, and yet I cannot convey to you a sense of the joy of a face uplifted unto God. You must feel it for yourselves, by lifting up your own faces.

II. I must close by noticing our second point, and that is,

WHEN CAN WE REALIZE THIS?

I have not confidence enough in Eliphaz to make his answer to the question the only one that I shall give you: I must give you something fuller and better than was known to him. First, a man can realize all this when he knows that he is reconciled to God. Yet even this could not effect our delight in God unless there was something else; so there must be, in the next place, a renewed nature. Our old nature will never delight in God. The carnal mind is enmity against God; it is not reconciled to God, neither indeed can be; it is an alien from the life of God, and an alien it will always be. So, then, ye must be born again; but when a man is born again of the Spirit of God, and receives a new nature, that new nature delights in the Almighty. There is an old nature in us which fights against God still; but the new nature, which is of divine origin, cries after God as a child after its mother.

What would some of you give to see the dear face of that dear father who was taken from you years ago! I can understand Cowper saying of his mother's picture,

"Oh, that those lips had language!"

Oh, that our departed ones could speak to us again; but our heavenly Father ever lives; and never let it be said that we dare not lift up our faces unto Him. We look up, and say in our darkest moments,

"For yet I know I shall Him praise

Who graciously to me

The health is of my countenance,

Yea, mine own God is He."

I cannot tell you the inexpressible sweetness of

that last line to my soul. Thousands of times it has fallen from my lips. If I have nothing else, I have a God, and my soul lays hold on Him as Jacob grasped the angel.

THE HEAVENLY PATH.

To come to Eliphaz, and to conclude with him. We shall delight ourselves in God, and lift up our face when we do as Eliphaz here tells us. First, when we live in communion with Him. "Acquaint now thyself with Him, and be at peace." If we do not know God, how can we delight in Him? What delight can there be in an unknown God? Brothers, you are not half as happy as you might be, because you do not study this Book, wherein, as in a glass, you may see the face of Jehovah your God. Oh, that you knew more of His dear Son, for He that hath seen Him hath seen the Father! There must also be added to this delight in the Word a constant cleansing of the way. "If thou return to the Almighty, thou shalt be built up, thou shalt put away iniquity far from thy tabernacles." God cannot manifest himself to us if we continue in sin. If you professing Christian people are as greedy and hard as other people in your dealings with the world, and if in your families you are as quarrelsome and untruthful as the ungodly, God cannot come to your tabernacles. Put away sin wherever you perceive it, and ask for grace to be helped to detect it in all its lurking places. Seek out the Babylonish garment and the wedge of gold which Achan has hidden, for else the Lord cannot abide with you. Get rid of your idols.

In addition to this, there must be a constant trust. "Yea, the Almighty shall be thy defence, and thou shalt have plenty of silver" (see verse 25). He who does not trust God cannot delight in Him. You cannot lift up your face to Him while you think Him untrue. A childlike confidence is essential to a holy joy. We sometimes know a great deal too much of what we ought not to know. I see some of God's children very anxious to feed upon the tree of the knowledge of good and evil; but as for me, I am content with the tree of life. The old serpent still persuades men to pluck forbidden fruit from that evil tree. I know children of God who hold their hands to their heads and cry, "Would God we had never read that sceptical book, and never learned how to distrust the Lord!" Let the time past suffice for the feeding of doubt. Be it yours and mine to come to Christ, to live on Him, and to believe on Him with unstaggering faith; so shall we delight ourselves in God, and lift up our faces to Him. Lastly, let us abide in continual prayer. Verse 27: "Thou shalt make thy prayer unto Him, and He shall hear thee, and thou shalt pay thy vows." Want of prayer is a great want indeed; slackness at the mercy-seat will soon take away the spring and elasticity of our spiritual walk. If we are to have a closer walk with God, we must have closer communion with God in supplication.

A TERRIBLE FATE.

Now, dear children of God, I have set all this before you, but what power can be in my word unless the Holy Ghost blesses it? I have watered this sermon with strong desires for the spiritual benefit of you all, and now I am mourning over the many who do not know anything at all about it. They are still devoid of the knowledge of God, and of all desire for Him. I am very, very sorry for you. My heart pities you. We have heard of "the Bitter Cry" from the slums of London, and a bitter cry it will may be; but there is a poverty, compared with which mere want of bread is riches; there is a degradation, compared with which the low estate of the pauper is nobility itself. To live without your God—how terrible a death!

If there were no hereafter, the immediate peace and joy of trusting my God are an overflowing reward. But there is a hereafter, and what will you ungodly ones do when that hereafter dawns upon you? You have done without God all your days, and God will do without you to all eternity. What terror lies in that fact!

He will say, "Depart!" because you always did depart; He will decree your continuance in the path which you chose, and bid you keep on going away from Him for ever. He will say, "He that is filthy, let him be filthy still," and what more dreadful doom can fall upon any one of you? Oh! ye immortal spirits, ye need an immortal God! May the uplifted Saviour draw you and uplift you! May you begin the life of heaven by an immediate delight in the Almighty, and from that delight may you never cease! To Him be glory forever and ever. Amen!

[The prayers of the readers of this Journal are requested for the blessing of God upon its Editors, and those whose sermons, articles, or labors for Christ are printed in it; and that its circulation may be used by the Holy Spirit for the conversion of many sinners and the quickening of God's people. Dr. Talmage and Mr. Spurgeon especially request prayer every Sunday morning on behalf of their labors.]

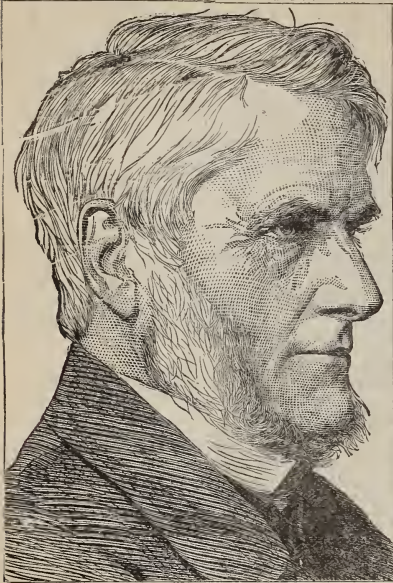
NEW BOOKS.

PROSE WRITINGS OF NATHANIEL P. WILLIS, selected by Henry A. Beers. It is well that the writings of Willis should be rescued from the oblivion into which they have unhappily fallen. There are many reasons why this generation of American readers ought to be acquainted with a writer who, if he did not possess the highest type of genius, is so far above mediocrity as to deserve something better than the chilly neglect of his countrymen. It may be hoped that the selection his biographer has made in this volume will attract attention to Willis's work, and lead to a better appreciation of his talents. It ought not to be necessary to remind American readers that England has no monopoly of genius, or to assure them that they may find good in a book that has not crossed to us from the other side of the Atlantic.

Professor Beers has selected for this volume the sketches in which Willis drew most largely on his own reminiscences. His reason for adopting this principle was that in those sketches Willis was at his best, and also because they most clearly show the range and variety of his powers. From "Pencilings by the Way," the series of letters he wrote while mixing in fashionable society in England, Professor Beers gives us three extracts: "A Dinner at Lady Blessington's;" "A Breakfast with Charles Lamb;" and "A Week at Gordon Castle." Two sketches, "Love in the Library," and "Trenton Falls," are from "Edith Linsey," and there are three of the famous sketches he wrote while at Glenmary, under the title, "Letters from Under a Bridge." Besides these and other good sketches, Professor Beers includes a number of the short pieces which Willis wrote later in life while he was editing the *Home Journal*, and some of which were originally published in that journal. Among them is the famous sketch, "Broadway and the Battery."

Of Willis himself, there is no need that we should speak here. The public has not been left in ignorance of his faults, and his sins of omission and commission. Being human, he was not perfect, and his imperfections were of a type that provoke hostility. In his lifetime he bore a heavy punishment for many of them, and now that he has been dead more than twenty years, we may well cease from the ungrateful task of casting stones at his name and memory, and see whether in the contributions he made to the world's treasury of literature, there are not reasons for thinking and speaking kindly of him. We think Professor Beers has done wisely in issuing this selection from his writings, if not a reversal of the judgment, somewhat hastily pronounced against him. Pp. 365. Price, \$1.50; published by Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

THE PATTERN IN THE MOUNT and other sermons, by Charles H. Parkhurst, D.D. Besides the sermon which gives the title



Canon Edward Hoare, M.A.



A Durbar in Herat.

to the book, it contains the following sermons: "Human Spirit and Divine Inspiration," "Coming to the Truth," "Walking by Faith," "Walking in the Spirit," "Methodical Piety," "Piety and Business Compatible," "Christian Love," "Light the Outcome of Life," "Prosperity a Test," "The Unjust Steward," "The Pharisee's Prayer," "The Good Samaritan," "The Hidden Leaven," "Things Seen and Things not Seen," "The Life There Continuous with the Life Here," and "The Perfect Peace." There is more thought and originality in these sermons than is usually displayed in pulpit utterances. Dr. Parkhurst evidently desires to make the Gospel a power in the life of the present day.

The character of these sermons will be best indicated by an extract, which, though not the most powerful or graceful in the book, is a fair specimen of the style and principle of the whole. Dr. Parkhurst in his sermon on the Human Spirit and Divine Inspiration, says: [page 29] "It is infinitely less the outward administration of method that needs conserving among us than the inward administration of the Holy Spirit. That was the special and distinguishing glory of the Apostolic Church, and just in this is our distinguishing point of poverty; church machinery enough, culture enough in the pulpit, elegance enough in our churches, style enough in our service and our ritual, but a dearth of the Holy Ghost; too much man-power, too little of the inspirations of the Almighty. . . . The demand is not for new Scripture, nor for men that can write it, but for men that are under the control of the same inspiring power that at one time moved men to write, and that would move and amply fit men to write more Scripture now, if more Scripture were the thing needed." It is undeniable that in this passage, Dr. Parkhurst has laid his finger on the weak point of our Christian warfare, and it is astonishing how frequently the thoughtful reader of these sermons is impelled to make that same remark as he finishes the perusal of one weighty passage after another. These sermons of the eminent Presbyterian clergyman deserve and will well repay an attentive reading. Pp. 254. Price, \$1.25. Published by Messrs. Anson D. F. Randolph & Company, New York.

CANON HOARE.

(See Portrait on this page.)

ONE of the most popular clergymen in the evangelical section of the English Protestant Episcopal Church is the Rev. Edward Hoare, M.A., whose portrait appears on this page. The evangelicals in the church are neither so learned as their brethren of the Broad Church, nor so cultured as their High Church brethren, but they are undoubtedly doing valuable work among the people, and are aiding the Nonconformists in their efforts of evangelization. Among them Canon Hoare is conspicuous. He is a little over sixty years of age. He studied at Trinity College, Cambridge, where he graduated in 1834. Two years later he was ordained, and having served in various curacies in London and country places, he became incumbent of a church in Holloway, one of the northern suburbs of London. After holding that appointment about a year he removed to Ramsgate, and in 1853 he settled at Tunbridge Wells, of which place he is still Vicar. He was appointed Canon of Canterbury Cathedral in 1868. He takes much interest in foreign missions, and one of his sons is a missionary in China, laboring under the auspices of the Church Missionary Society.

A DURBAR IN AFGHANISTAN.

(See Illustration on this page.)

THE vexed question of the boundary between Afghanistan and Asiatic-Russia, which is not yet settled, has now been pending nearly two years. The continual encroachments of Russia in the direction of India led to uneasiness in England, and an attempt was made to have the frontier line on the north of Afghanistan clearly defined. Russia would have preferred to let the subject remain unsettled, so that a further advance would not have been a clear violation of a treaty. England, however, pressed for a definite settlement, being well aware that the constant nibbling at Afghan Territory on the part of Russia must sooner or later bring that power to the very borders of India. It was therefore arranged that three commissioners, representing respectively Russia, England, and Afghanistan, should meet on the territory in dispute and agree upon the line of demarkation.

To refuse so fair a proposition would have been on the part of Russia a confession of her aggressive policy. She therefore fell back on her usual policy and evaded it. For a year the English and Afghan Commissioners waited at the rendezvous, and still the Russian Commissioner did not arrive. He has not yet turned up, and now Sir Peter Lumsden, the English Commissioner, has been ordered home. During the period when he was waiting for the Russian Commissioner, the durbar depicted in our illustration took place. It was a public and formal ceremonial of state, in which Sir Peter was received with honor by the Governor of Herat in his official residence in that city. The Afghan chief was extremely cordial, though he probably now looks back on his cordiality with some chagrin as he sees that the English Government discredits its own envoy by recalling him.

OLD CLARK'S DEATH.

(See Illustration on page 365.)

"WHAT'S become of old Clark? Have you seen the wretched old money-grubber lately? He used to go by regularly every morning and evening, but I haven't seen him for two weeks or more."

"No, nor don't want to. We've had two weeks' peace, anyhow. He's sick. His asthma has got firm hold of him, and likely he'll go off duty permanently this time. The devil will get his own if he does die, and I shan't be sorry."

"Don't say that, Cooper," said a bright, cheery voice behind him; "we have all reason to be sorry when any one dies without hope of something better than the fate you spoke of."

"Ah! Dominie, is that you?" said Cooper, as the new-comer stepped into the light and stood revealed, the respected clergyman, the personal friend of every dweller in that squalid precinct.

"I didn't know you were within hearing, parson, or I wouldn't have said anything to hurt your feelings. It's old Clark, the collector, we were talking of, and he's a hard one, as any one can tell you. He's sick and like to die."

"Where does he live?" asked the clergyman. "In the Baltic building, second floor back, all by himself—him and his money; it's my opinion his greenbacks are wife and children to him—he couldn't love anything else."

"Well, I'll go and see him," said the good clergyman; "a man that's friendless has all the more need of God for his friend. We all need Him, but none so much as the old, and solitary, and the sick."

The clergyman hurried away on his errand of mercy, and having found the desolate chamber in which the sick man lay, he knocked and entered. His practised eye saw at the first glance that the hand of death was laid on the old man. The sufferer knew his visitor, for they had met often in the district where their visits had had such different receptions, and on more than one occasion the clergyman had paid him some small sum owing by an unfortunate debtor.

"I am sorry to find you so sick," said the clergyman; "can I do anything for you?"

"No," said the sufferer, as he gasped for breath; "it's kind of you to come and ask, but you can't help me. I shall soon be dead."

"May I pray with you?"

"No; God would not hear you if you prayed for me. There's no hope for me in this world nor the next."

"May I read to you?"

"I do not mind your doing that, as you are so kind as to offer; it's very lonely lying here alone."

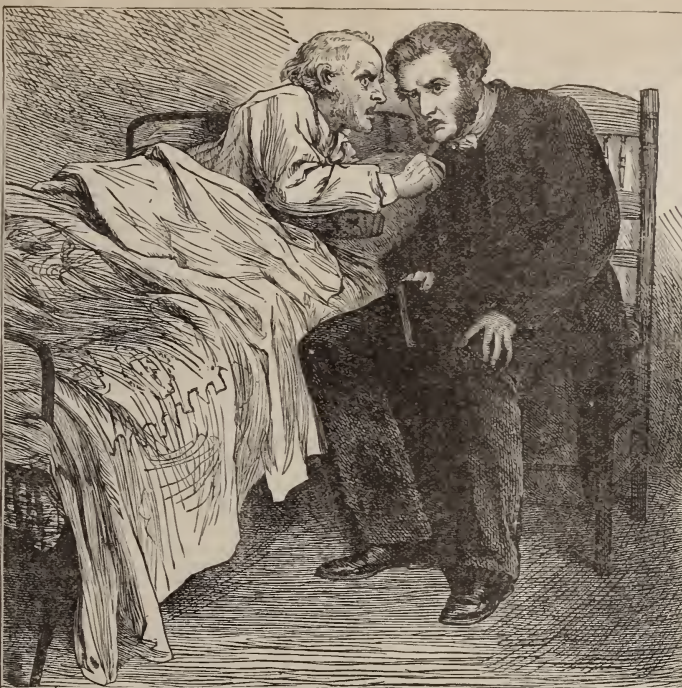
The clergyman seated himself, and read passage after passage, telling of God's inexhaustible patience and love. He read on without interruption, while the sick man lay with his eyes closed, but evidently listening. At last he spoke. "Stay," he said; "read that over again, and then do not read any more." "Come now, and let us reason together, saith the Lord," were the words; "though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be white as snow."

"There," said the sick man; "please leave me; I must think. Come again to-morrow, I may want you badly. Don't fail."

Without a word the clergyman went away, praying silently that the Word of God thus read without comment might bear fruit. Time, he knew, was very precious, and early the next morning he was again at the bedside of the dying man.

Clark was sensibly weaker, but his mind was clear. He said, "I've been thinking all night about that passage you read. I've made up my mind to make a confession to you, and you can tell me, perhaps, if there is any hope for me. I believe there is none; but I shall die easier if I tell some one. Sit down." Briefly the old man related his early history, with frequent pauses as his breath failed him. Suddenly he turned on his side, and seizing the clergyman's coat, he drew him close, so that he could whisper in his ear. What that whisper was the clergyman never told, but the horror on his face as he listened showed that a frightful crime was being confessed. Then the old man threw himself back on his pillow, panting and exhausted. The clergyman, too, was shaken by the revelation, and a struggle was fought in his mind before he spoke again.

"I have heard all—it is horrible. But the word of the Lord is sure. I am simply doing my duty as God's messenger when I offer you pardon in His name. I can do no other. It is



Old Clark Makes a Confession.

almost incredible to me that you can be forgiven, but there is no mistake. By repentance and faith in Christ you may be pardoned, for He died for you. God is true, and His promise stands fast. I am commissioned to offer you mercy on those terms, and you may be saved if you will. God help you."

Two hours later the clergyman was again in the sick chamber. The physician and a nurse were there, and the former by a sign intimated to the clergyman that the end was near. The dying man held out his hand as the clergyman approached the bed, and drawing him near, he whispered, "Are you quite sure?"

"Yes, there is no doubt; His blood cleanseth from all sin."

"I am trusting it," said the dying man. "It seems too good to be true; but as you say, God's Word is enough." He spoke no more, and a few minutes after he had entered into the great unseen, trusting convulsively to the hope by which men enter into life.

THE JEW'S WARD.

A SERIAL STORY.

(Continued from page 351.)

A Merciless Landowner.

It was something of a shock to Mr. Arnold to learn that the new proprietor was inclined to change the arrangements of the estate. He had come to look upon the land almost as his own. Every year, of course, he had paid his rent, as his father and grandfather had done before him; but he had always felt secure in his holding. He was a conscientious farmer, who did not take too much out of the land, and his farm was in excellent condition. Any landowner who understood his own interest, Mr. Arnold thought, would be unwilling to disturb a tenant of that character, especially as the farm had been so long held by members of the same family. But still he knew that Captain Bentley had the power to turn him out if he were so minded. He

knew that such things were done by landowners, though he had never heard of so cruel a case as his own. It could not be, he told himself over and over again; this change in the agency might be a mere matter of business, and it was not to be expected that Captain Bentley would have the same confidence in him as the former owners, who had known him so many years, and his father before him. He might feel better contented with an agent of his own appointing; but still the old man could not quite overcome his disquietude by his own arguments.

"He's a man with a stubborn will of his own," said Mr. Arnold, musingly, after he had told his wife of this fresh arrangement, "and it will lead him into difficulties that he doesn't foresee. He has served all his tenants with notice to quit, even me; and there are some that will leave their farms on his hands, and he'll have to take a lower rent for them, and maybe get a set of poor men that will starve the ground. He's as good a set of tenants as any in the county, and his rents are high. Why can't he let well alone?"

"We could never quit our farm," replied Mrs. Arnold.

"Oh, no, no!" he said, with a hearty laugh; "it's a mere matter of form. Think of turning Arnold of Hazelmount away! It's only a step toward taking a fresh valuation, and our farm is worth double what it was thirty years ago. But he'll give me nothing to compensate for the time and toil and money I've put into the soil."

"We can afford it?" she asked, anxiously.

"Oh, ay!" he answered. "I don't say we can't pay double rent; but there are other tenants that won't, and it will make a difference to the country-side if we get a lot of new neighbors. And it will make it heavier by and by for Philip; and who knows what Philip's son may have to pay by the time it comes into his hands?"

"You are looking far ahead," said Philip, with a sad smile.

"No further than my grandfather looked," he continued; "if old families like ours don't look ahead they must go to the wall sooner or later. It seems to me when I come across an Arnold in the parish-registers three hundred years back, that he must have had some thought of me when he was alive. Ay, and the old fruit-trees in the orchard and the flint hedge in the garden were planted by men who knew they were planting them for us, nor for themselves. I've grafted many a tree myself, thinking of my grandchildren and their children, God bless them! And I hope you will do the same, Philip, and hand on the old unblemished name; for 'a good name is better than great riches.' I've only one great joy in store for me now, and that's to see your son laid in the old cradle you were rocked in, and me before you. I never knew a joy like that when I saw your little head lying there."

There was great commotion throughout the whole neighborhood. Those tenants who thought themselves over-rented prepared to quit their farms; but Mr. Arnold did not take much thought of the insecurity of his own posi-

tion. He could not believe in it being insecure. He was ready to pay a double rent, if it came to that. And when the rent day came he went down to the inn at the nearest village, where he had been used to receive the rents for Mrs. Stewart, and paid his own to Captain Bentley's new agent.

"You are prepared to give up possession of the Grange next Christmas, Mr. Arnold?" said the agent in a business-like tone.

"Give up the Grange!" he repeated.

"The Grange, to be sure," said the agent.

"Give it up?" he asked, in a puzzled tone.

"Yes," answered the agent, curtly; "Captain Bentley has another tenant to put in."

"It's a mistake," said Mr. Arnold, in a voice which he forced to be steady; "we've been at the Grange these three hundred years; all the country knows it. I am ready to pay any rent Captain Bentley pleases, and there is not a better farmer in the county, though I say it myself."

"You are a tenant farmer?" said the agent.

"To be sure," he replied.

"Then your landlord chooses to do what he likes with his own," he continued, "and he has promised the Grange to an old friend of his, who has been of service to him many a time. He has promised it to me. You will give up possession at Christmas."

"I cannot!" exclaimed Mr. Arnold; "it would kill me. I must see Captain Bentley myself."

"You can see him, of course," replied the agent, "but it will make no difference."

The old farmer turned away, and walked steadily out of the room, and through the assembly of smaller tenants in the adjoining hall, but he could see none of their familiar faces clearly for the mist that was in his eyes. He called sharply to the hostler to bring his horse, and when his old friends asked him if he was not going to stay for the rent-day dinner, at which he had always presided, he made no answer. He did not hear that any one spoke to him. In a stupor of bewilderment he rode slowly homeward, up the steep roads that climbed to the top of Hazelmout. Leave Hazelmout! He could see himself a little lad running at his father's side along this road, and he could see Philip a little lad running at his side. There had never been a time when there had not been an Arnold and his son. He checked his horse at the gate of one of his large fields, and looked across it till the tears filled his eyes. It did not seem to him that it was he who had sown the corn springing up in those furrows, so much as those forefathers of his. How many seed-times and harvests had found them there! He could almost see a band of shadowy men passing through the fields, each one carrying on the work of the one who had gone before him; so long a line of good men and true, and he was to be the last of them! This was a worse thing to befall them than if Philip had married Carola.

For there was this bitterness in his grief: no one would feel as he did. His wife had not always dwelt in Hazelmout; and once Philip had spoken of a wish to emigrate, if by that means he could marry Carola. The lad loved her better than his forefathers and their old home.

At last he roused himself and went on, turning into the great kitchen when he reached the house, and sitting down, pallid and trembling, in the old chimney-corner. His bedimmed eyes roamed round the place. There was not a crack in the quarried floor, or a rafter in the roof that was not familiar to him. Up yonder, swung to the central beam, hung the old oak cradle, with "God bless thee" carved on the head of it, in which he had hoped to see Philip watching his sleeping son, as he had himself watched Philip in his babyhood. The heavy, well-scoured table at which his workmen ate and drank; the settle where they sat warmly on winter nights; the wide old chimney with a huge fire always roaring in the grate; these things were dearer to him than he knew. He could not leave them.

Mrs. Arnold's indignation and incredulity partly reassured him. It was ridiculous, she urged, that a mere upstart like Captain Bentley could uproot an old family like theirs. The whole country would rise up against such injustice and tyranny, and the force of public resentment would bring him to reason. He would not like to be sent to Coventry by all his fellow land-owners. It could never be that the Arnolds of Hazelmout should be turned off their farm as if they were poverty-stricken, unthrifty, or unskillful farmers.

But it was not long before they discovered that Captain Bentley was resolved to have his own way, if it set the whole country against him. The neighboring gentry and the clergy took up the matter warmly, and representations were made, by the most influential persons in the county, to the new-comer at Hazelmout of the cruelty and injustice of driving so old a family from their ancient birthplace. Captain Bentley replied that he was not a sentimental man, and he should take his stand on his legal rights. The farm was his, and the Arnolds must go.

The blow fell scarcely less heavily on the village than on the farmstead. The people, too, belonged to the soil; if they quitted it, it would be like uprooting their very lives, yet how could they live and work under a new master? Even the children, from the first dawn of their memory, had been accustomed to toddle up to the farm-house kitchen for their wages, receiving a penny or two from the hand of either the master or the mistress, and learning to feel that they were born their servants. Old men and women could talk of little else but of by-gone Arnolds, who were lying peacefully at rest amid generations of by-gone laborers in the parish churchyard. What would become of them when their old master had gone away, and a new man ruled in his stead? Hazelmout would be scarcely like a home to them, though their own cottages remained. But who could tell how long these humble homes would be left untouched by change? Mr. Arnold's successor was already known, and disliked. He would probably bring laborers and servants of his own choice; and they, also, would be turned adrift to seek new dwelling-places on strange lands.

"Father, there is no hope," said Philip, after seeing the lord-lieutenant of the county, who had made the question a matter of personal favor from Captain Bentley, and had been refused; "we shall have to go."

"Yes," answered the old farmer, with bowed head and in a broken voice.

"Where would you like to go best?" asked Philip.

"I've no care for any thing," he replied. "It's no use thinking of an old stump of a tree like me. Go where you like, Phil, and carry me with you for the little time I shall live."

"I do not wish to be a tenant-farmer again," said Philip, "and there's no land to be bought in England. If you could but make up your mind with me, now we must quit Hazelmout, to go and buy a place for ourselves in America, no landlord could turn us out again. Let us make another Hazelmout, altogether our own. There are places as fertile as this, and as beautiful as this. You shall found a family instead of being the last of one."

"You mean to marry, then?" said Mr. Arnold, while his mother listened anxiously for Philip's answer. She could find him a wife to go out with him—a daughter-in-law after her own heart—if he would but make up his mind to marry.

"Yes," said Philip, "if I can find Carola. Don't think I have ever forgotten her. But you will not be afraid of anybody knowing her history there; and there will be no old house for her happiness and mine to be sacrificed to. Mother, if I cannot marry Carola I will never marry. She is the only woman I have ever loved, or can love; there is nothing in herself that you can find fault with. Father, you would be glad to see Carola my wife?"

"Ay, my lad!" he answered, "as glad as I could be about anything; but nothing will gladden me again."

"Mother?" said Philip, in a pleading voice. "If it must be, it must be," she replied, with tears in her eyes; "but, oh, Philip, you might have done so much better! Still, if we leave England it will not signify so much; and she was a good girl, I own."

It was a grudging consent; yet Philip expected nothing more. His own trouble at leaving Hazelmout had been deep and poignant, but this hope had been lying secretly at the root of it, and now his spirits rose again. The prospect before him brightened—to be himself a landowner, to build a new house altogether his own, in a free country, where he would not be at the mercy of an unfeeling landlord, and to see a family growing up around him, free and independent, was a future better in his eyes than the carrying on of the name of Arnold of Hazelmout.

But there was very much to be done. At Christmas they must quit the old place, and no arrangements had yet been made. He must start for America immediately to find a suitable spot for founding their new home; and Carola must be traced, and her consent won. It was not altogether a fresh plan to him, and he had already provided himself with some important information concerning lands in the United States, but he had scarcely hoped to get his parents to agree upon leaving England. Now there was no time to be lost.

The news soon spread through Hazelmout, and all the villagers came up to the great kitchen to ask if it was true, and to talk the matter over with their masters. The last harvest was ready to be gathered in, but he, the last Arnold, would be absent. It seemed impossible that it could be true. The gathering under the old rafted roof was a mournful one; the men looked downcast and sullen, and all the women were weeping. The oldest among them, Jack Windbank's father, an aged man, over eighty years of age, stood in their midst, leaning on a strong and rugged thorn-stick, with his white head shaken and palsied, and with a tear or two slowly stealing down his furrowed face. But he was first to speak, in a slow labored utterance, while all the young folk kept a profound silence.

"Maister," he said, "we've been talkin' over this thing among oursens; and it's a deadly bitter shame. The land's yours and ours more than hisn that has never done a day's work for it, or on it. There's never been a time, maybe from the creation, when there wasn't Arnolds o' Hazelmout; ay! and Windbanks, and Foxes, and Cartwrights, and the whole lot on us; and there never were a Bentley afore, and he can turn us out wi' a word. I conna say, 'God bless him!'"

"No, no!" cried all the men, "it's the contrary o' that."

"But they dunna want to turn we laborers out," continued the old man; "no, no! there's work as we can do, and we know the lie o' the land, and all about the crops it'll bear best; and they'll keep we on a bit to serve their turn. But a new maister 'udn't suit us; and what we've got to say, me and all the men, ay! and all the women, too, if Arnolds o' Hazelmout, go, we go. Choose all as are any good to yo', Maister, they're ready to pack up and go away with you. Maister Philip says as he'll make a new Hazelmout in Ameriky; but there couldn't be no real Hazelmout wi'out Windbanks, and Foxes, and Cartwrights, and the rest of us."

Mr. Arnold had buried his face in his hands as if he could not look at his old work-people; but Philip answered the palsied old man.

"But, Richard," he said, kindly, "it would never do for you to try to go so far away from home."

"Ay, ay," he interrupted, "I'm too far on i' years; but never yo' think on me, Maister Philip. It conna be long afore I find my lodgin' in the grave; and I'll just wait about here till the time comes. And if Captain Bentley drives me away

from Hazelmout, anyhow, there's the poor-house, and they're bound to find me shelter there. But my son Jack and his wife and family's ready to go wi' yo'. And we're all o' one mind. Yo' conna' make a real Hazelmout wi'out us; but, Lord love yo', if we Windbanks, and Foxes, and Cartwrights, and the rest on us go along with yo', the old master 'ill soon feel himself at home out yonder."

Old Richard Windbank came to a sudden pause, for the sound of his master's heavy sobs broke in upon his speech. For some moments there was no other sound to be heard; but when Mrs. Arnold laid her arm fondly on her husband's bowed neck there burst a storm of weeping and lamenting such as Hazelmout had never known before.

(To be continued.)

THE PRIESTHOOD OF CHRIST.

S. S. Lesson for June 14, Heb. 9:1-12. Golden Text, 7:25. By Mrs. M. Baxter.

Consideration of the Subject Enjoined—Can Only be Understood Through the Holy Spirit—The Shadows of the Old Dispensation—Our Priest and Scapegoat—The Priest Ministering Within the Temple—How to Deal with Besetting Sins—Salvation to the Uttermost—The Effectual Ministry of Those Who are Real Temples—The Lesson of Subjection.

WE are taught to "consider the Apostle and High Priest of our profession, Christ Jesus" (Heb. 3:1). Thank God, He has given us His Holy Spirit to guide us into all truth, for by no other power than His can we consider and understand all which the blessed Word of God tells us about the priesthood of Christ. Every high priest . . . is ordained . . . that he may offer both gifts and sacrifices for sin—i.e., both sin and trespass offerings and also the freewill offerings which have the nature of gifts, and which presupposed that sin had been atoned for by the shedding of blood, and that he who offered the gift was himself in a state of acceptance with God. Jesus in His wondrous unspeakable love, represents us to God in His High Priesthood in every possible relation. Are we lost sinners, far off from God? "The Lord hath laid on Him the iniquity of us all" (Isa. 53:6). And rightly to understand the force of these words we must go back to "the shadow" of heavenly things in the Book of Leviticus, where the day of atonement is described. "And when he (Aaron) hath made an end of reconciling the holy place, and the tabernacle of the congregation, and the altar, he shall bring the live goat, and Aaron shall lay both his hands upon the head of the live goat, and confess over him all the iniquities of the children of Israel, and all their transgressions in all their sins, putting them upon the head of the goat, and shall send him away by the hand of a fit man into the wilderness: And the goat shall bear upon him all their iniquities unto a land not inhabited (of separation marg.); and he shall let go the goat in the wilderness" (Lev. 16:20-22). Jesus is our Aaron, but at the same time our scapegoat. Every sin of ours has been confessed over Him, and laid upon Him, or there could be no atonement for us. And Jesus Christ our great High Priest is our guarantee that these sins of ours are gone "into a land not inhabited," God calls us to

CONSIDER HIM,

to take in fully all He is, and all He has been to us, so that our heart's love will flow out to Him unhindered.

Are we saved sinners, and yet some power of besetting sin clings to us, some loathsomeness, impure thing which we hate and which yet baffles all the power of our will? Or some infirmity of temper? or some pride or envy, some unkind feeling toward others, against which we strive and pray, yet which has continually the mastery over us? Again, our High Priest, ordained and made priest by the oath of God, having "an unchangeable priesthood," and made "after the power of an endless life" (Heb. 7:16, 21,

24), stands ready to minister for us to God. We have failed, are always failing. What is the root of the evil? Surely this, that we are attempting an impossibility; trying to serve God by some power in ourselves, and by some efforts of our own to make ourselves perfect. God's order is quite another. The work of perfecting us lies with Him and not with us. He came as *the* Sacrifice to do the will of God. "By which will we have been sanctified through the offering of the body of Jesus Christ once for all. For by one offering He hath perfected forever them that are sanctified" (Heb. 10:10-14, R. V.). But, you say, "All this is outside of me, How can that which Christ has done independently of me, make *me* holy?" The place where the priest ministers is within the temple, and God calls us "the temple of the living God" (11. Cor. 6:16). Paul calls us to present our bodies a living sacrifice to God which is our reasonable service (Rom. 12:1). What for? For Him to come in and dwell, for Him to come in and minister. Our great High Priest, coming into us as His temple, brings with Him his own renounced will, and becomes in our hearts all that He is in Himself, just as we give Him place and let Him in us minister to God. What chance has a besetting sin to rule in a being completely given up to Christ's government, where He is recognized as having possession of spirit, soul and body? "He is able also to save them to the uttermost that come unto God by Him" (Heb. 7:25). Blessed be His name, there is no bondage so great, no habit so inveterate, no unbelief so desperate, but that He can conquer; the very uttermost is within His reach, and His work is complete. He expects nothing from us but complete abandonment to Him and entire trust in *His* doing the work; "Ye died, and your life is hid with Christ in God. When Christ who is our Life, shall be manifested, then shall ye also with Him be manifested in glory (Col. 3, 4, R. V.).

Are we stirred up by the Holy Ghost to intercede for precious souls? Are we conscious how weak is our faith? how little trust we really have in our precious Lord? how miserably little love to souls there is in us? Let us consider Jesus, "He ever liveth to make intercession." Where? In heaven where He dwells, but also in our hearts where He dwells. He said to His Father, "I know that Thou hearest Me always" (John 11:42). Jesus, our High Priest in us, interceding, *is always heard*. God cannot, will not cast away His Son. It is His faith which prevails, "the faith of the Son of God," exercised in our hearts where He dwells, "the faith of God" (Mark 11:24, margin). "The Spirit also helpeth our infirmities, for we know not how to pray as we ought; but the Spirit Himself maketh intercession for us with groanings which cannot be uttered; and He that searcheth the hearts knoweth what is the mind of the Spirit, because He maketh intercession for the saints according to the will of God" (Rom. 8:26, 27, R. V.). Given up to God as simple instruments through which *He* works, and which *He* uses as *He* wills, prayer and faith become divine, proceeding not from us, but from Him within us. And He lets us share His joy in seeing the answer.

The priests, the sons of Levi, were chosen by the Lord "to minister unto Him, and to bless in His name" (Deut. 10:8). Jesus calls us "to be priests unto His God and Father" (Rev. 1:6, R. V.), and thus it is our privilege to minister to God and to bless man. But how shall fallen and redeemed man, however good his intentions are, rightly minister to God? Jesus alone could say, "I do always those things which please Him." Just as we deny or ignore ourselves, and give all the place to Him, He in us does those things which please God, and thus ministers to Him. But how shall we, poor helpless creatures less others in the name of the Lord? There are, thank God, many successful evangelists in our day, many souls are being brought to Christ. Is it by the talent of the preacher, or by any special power vested in him? No; it is only as souls are brought

quickly and surely in contact with God that they are really blessed. The preaching which Christ has ordained is all divine. "It shall be given you in that same hour what ye shall speak. For it is not ye that speak, but the Spirit of your Father which speaketh in you" (Matt. 10:19, 20). How often have we found that words which God has spoken once through us when used by us a second time have fallen powerless? *We* have attempted to bless, while it is Christ in us, who is the Priest blessing in the name of the Lord; we have taken His office, forgetting that, like Paul, we have "the sentence of death in ourselves, that we should not trust in ourselves, but in God which raiseth the dead" (11 Cor. 1:9). We may have valued ourselves upon methods which have proved successful, and soon we have found that those very methods failed. Why? Because they ceased to be divine. We had adopted them as *ours*, and our commission to bless is never in our own name, but only in the name of the Lord. As we learn our utter powerlessness, and our privilege to make Jesus dwelling in us responsible for all the service to man which He permits us to render. All our work for God changes. We let *Him* take the lead, we let Him make the plans, we learn to work under orders. Not having a burden of responsibility upon us, and knowing the almightiness of our Lord. He leads us to be more occupied with His will and power to save than with the difficulties of the work, however great. There are none whom Jesus cannot bless; none whom Jesus will not bless. The hindrance to His blessing is almost always unbelief, "He could there do no mighty work, save that He laid His hands upon a few sick folk, and healed them. And He marvelled because of their unbelief" (Mark 6:5). Our great High Priest wants us as His temples, to be so yielded up to Him that, wherever we go, and whatever we do blessing may flow out from us, or, rather, from Him in us. He that believeth on Me out of him "shall flow rivers of living water" (John 7:38). Looking at difficulties we look away from Jesus; looking at ourselves we look away from Him, and thus prevent Him from blessing others through our own unbelief. Jesus wherever He went dispensed blessing. Sorrow, sin, sickness, blindness, deafness, evil spirits, death itself laid at His approach. Our great High Priest dwelling in us is the same Jesus, and if He had entire possession as He wills to have, men and devils would not recognize *us* but *Jesus*. "They took knowledge of them, that they had been with Jesus" (Acts 4:13). Our place is with Him "in the heavens," in the divine; above the human. Our dwelling-place is in God where nothing is impossible, we are members of His body who is able to save unto the uttermost, How shall we do anything but bless?

"If this be so," unbelief says, "why not then claim blessing for the whole world and falsify the prophecies of Christ about the time of trouble, the great tribulation?" When Jesus was upon earth, He went nowhere, and did nothing until His hour was come; He was always under orders. We as His disciples have the same lesson of subjection to learn. We are never masters of the situation with almightiness at our command. But almightiness takes us up into union with Himself, that as instruments He may use us for His glory. Thank God, Christ is "come an High Priest of good things to come!" Thank God He makes us His temple! Thank God "the exampled shadow of heavenly things" is passed away, and in Him we have the very Substance.

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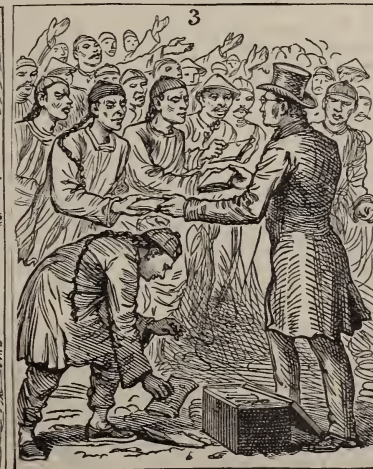
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The Rev. ROBERT MORRISON, D.D., Pioneer Missionary to China—Scenes in his Life.

DR. ROBERT MORRISON:

First Protestant Missionary to China.

His Magnificent Work—Birth in 1782 and Early Life—Self-Education—Conversion—Desire for Foreign Mission Work—Letter of Application—Accepted and Appointed to China—Departure in 1807—A Disastrous Gale—Arrival in America—A New York Child's Question—Arrival in China—A Civil Appointment—Its Benefits—Marriage—Domestic Trials—Missionaries Lost in the Snow—The Mandarins—The Great Translation—A Brief Respite—Return to China—Illness and Death.

THE great work now being done in China by the China Inland Mission and other agencies is deeply indebted for its success to the pioneer labors of the great and good man whose portrait appears on our first page. Dr. Morrison was to China what Carey was to India, and Moffat and Livingstone were to Africa. Almost single-handed he labored for sixteen years amid sorrow, trial, and privation, upheld only by his faith in the Master whose banner he bore. If he had done no other work, neither preaching nor teaching, his name would deserve immortality in the records of the Christian Church because he gave to China's millions the Word of God in their own tongue.

Robert Morrison was born at Morpeth, England, on January 5th, 1782, and died at Canton, China, on August 1st, 1834, at the age of fifty-two. He was the son of godly parents, and from his earliest days was habituated to a constant and regular attendance at the house of God. His father was a Scottish peasant, who, having developed a skill for mechanical industry, travelled southward and settled in Northumberland as a maker of shoemakers' lasts. This, too, was the first occupation of Robert, his famous son, who was the youngest of his family of seven children. He received much advantage from the instructions of the Presbyterian clergyman, the Rev. J. Hutton.

SELF-EDUCATION.

At the age of fifteen he gave more direct attention to religious matters and was led to give himself entirely to the Lord. He broke off from his evil companions, and gave himself to reading the Word of God and prayer, and publicly united with the Church of Christ. From this period he commenced a diligent improvement of his time. He had to labor from twelve to fourteen hours a day at his father's business, so that his time for study was limited, but he carefully turned to account every opportunity. Early in 1800, in order to secure a larger portion of quiet retirement, he had his bed removed to his workshop, where he would often carry on his studies till one or two o'clock in the morning, and when at work his Bible or some other book was placed open before him, that his thoughts might be profitably engaged while his hands were busily employed. Even at that early age—he was now eighteen—he often conducted the domestic worship of his father's house, and was actively engaged in visiting the poor and the sick, with whom he read the Scriptures and prayed (see picture on first page), and to whose relief he every week assigned a portion of his scanty earnings.

The year 1801 was an important era in his history, as he then entered on a more regular course of study. He thus mentions the fact in his journal: "Friday, June 19th. This day I entered with Mr. Laidler to learn Latin. I know not what may be the end, God only knows. It is my desire to serve the Gospel of Christ as He shall give me opportunity." He mentions with characteristic minuteness of detail the cost of acquiring this accomplishment, which in his circumstances was considerable—\$2.50 entrance money and \$5 a quarter afterward. This entry is very significant if taken in connection with the statement made in

HIS LETTER OF APPLICATION

to the London Missionary Society, and from which we reproduce the following extracts:

"I formed the design of engaging as a missionary. It was hardly a design—it was only a

wish, an ardent desire. I indulged it, though I saw no probability of its ever being fulfilled. I was then in an obscure situation, nearly three hundred miles from London, and had no one to encourage or second me. I conceived that nothing was to be done without learning; I therefore saved a little money from what my father gave me, to pay a teacher of Latin. Continuing in this manner about fourteen months, my mother died, whereby one hindrance to my leaving home was removed. Yet my affectionate friends pressed me to stay with them; my father wept and prayed over me, but at last consented. I endeavored to weigh every side of the case, sought direction of the Lord, and finally, in His strength, determined to give myself up to God's service in the foreign mission field."

To qualify himself for the work, he entered Hoxton Academy as a student. His preference for missionary effort increased, and at length, in 1804, he applied to the directors of the London Missionary Society in the letter from which we have just quoted. The result was perfectly satisfactory to him; he was accepted without delay, and ordered to proceed to the Missionary College for special preparatory study, "where," he says, "I was well received by the president and students; and this commences a new period of my life." After some deliberation it was determined that Mr. Morrison should be

APPOINTED TO CHINA

as the scene of his future labors, and his attention was at once directed to the acquisition of the language. He believed that his destination to China was in answer to prayer, for his expressed desire was that he might be sent where the difficulties were the greatest, and to all appearances the most insurmountable. He therefore cordially acquiesced in the decision, and from that time gave himself unreservedly to the work of the Lord in that populous but benighted land.

It was no easy matter for Mr. Morrison to gain even a rudimentary acquaintance with the Chinese tongue. That difficulty was at last surmounted by his obtaining an introduction to a young native of the Celestial Empire, named Yong-Sam-Tak, from whom he obtained his first insight into the language. For a few months he was laboriously engaged in various studies which it was thought would be of use to him in his mission; and in addition to them all, he found opportunity for preaching the Gospel and for efforts to do good to the Christless around him.

HIS DEPARTURE

for his sphere of labor took place on the 31st of January, 1807, when he was twenty-five years of age. He embarked in company with two fellow-missionaries appointed to India, their route being *via* America. Their ship was detained for some time, awaiting a favorable wind. On the night of February 17th, a violent gale sprang up, which occasioned immense devastation among the shipping, so that many vessels went ashore, and some sank. Out of a large fleet anchored in the Downs at the time, their ship—the *Remittance*—was the only one which was able to pursue her voyage. The passage was a very protracted and in some respects painful and disastrous one, owing to the prevalence of contrary winds. They did not arrive at New York till the 20th of April, having been at sea one hundred and nineteen days.

HIS SOJOURN IN AMERICA

was always remembered by him with pleasure, and led to the commencement of many a holy friendship which death alone terminated. The gentleman at whose house he stayed in New York, referring to his visit, says, "Mr. Morrison had been with us only a day or two when he was seized with sudden indisposition. As I sat beside his bed he took my hand, and in language which told of a mind at ease and prepared for every event, expressed his resignation to the divine will. After urging me to greater devotedness in the cause of the Saviour, he closed with these words, which I afterward found were ever on his lips—his own motto: 'Dear brother, look up—look on!'

"As the notice of his projected visit to us had been very short, he was placed for the first night in our child's bedroom. Beside his bed stood a little crib, in which the little girl slept. On awakening in the morning, she saw the stranger and roused herself with a look of alarm; but, fixing her eyes steadily on Mr. Morrison's face, inquired, '*Mum, do you pray to God?*' 'Oh, yes, my dear,' was the reply, 'every day; God is my best Friend.' At once reassured, the little girl contentedly laid her head on her pillow, and fell fast asleep." (See Illustration.)

On May 12th, he sailed from New York for China by way of Cape Horn. He and his friends set out together to the counting-house of the shipowner. When all business matters were arranged, this man, who evidently regarded Morrison as a deluded enthusiast, said to him, with suppressed ridicule, "And so you expect, sir, to make an impression on the idolatry of the great Chinese Empire?" "No, sir," said Morrison, with unwonted sternness, "I expect that God will!"

The voyagers entered the Chinese Sea on August 29th, and on September 8th, writing from

THE AMERICAN FACTORY.

Canton, his first residence in China, Mr. Morrison says: "By the good hand of God I am brought at length to the place of my appointed labor. Last evening I arrived here. The noise and bustle amid the working of ships, and the rowing of hundreds of boats, in which were thousands of Chinese shouting and calling to each other, were extreme. About eight o'clock, as I passed among their boats, I saw thousands of little splinters of wood, similar to matches, lighted up in honor of their imaginary divinities. I said to myself, 'Oh, whatever can be done with these ignorant yet shrewd and imposing people?' But what were our fathers before the Gospel reached them?"

Having worked at his studies with tireless assiduity for some months, a change was judged necessary for his health. Accordingly he went, in June, 1808, on

A VISIT TO MACAO,

a small island about ninety miles from Canton. There he remained for three months, spending most of the time compiling a dictionary of the Chinese language, preparatory to attempting a translation of the Scriptures. Upon returning to Canton, however, he found that, owing to some political disturbances, all foreigners were peremptorily ordered to leave that city. He therefore returned to Macao, and this second visit was connected with events of the greatest interest in his personal history. These were his marriage to Mary, daughter of Dr. Morton, and his official relation to the Honorable East India Company's Factory as Chinese

TRANSLATOR AND SECRETARY,

at a salary of \$2500 a year. It was on the very day of his marriage, February 20th, 1809, that the proposal of the East India Company was made. Without hesitation he thankfully accepted it, for by this appointment he not only relieved the funds of the missionary society, but secured the powerful protection of the Company, and was able to stay and work in China for Christ when, if he had not been so protected, he would have been expelled. Upon this circumstance the great usefulness of Dr. Morrison's life turned.

During the following two or three years Mr. Morrison pursued his laborious occupations, happy in these and in the affection of his wife, who, he says, "labored much with me in the study of the Chinese." One trial there was connected with his engagement to the British Factory; it necessitated his absence from his family every year for nearly six months, during which his presence was required at Canton. Often there were stormy scenes to be encountered there. The alleged murder of a Chinaman at one time brought on a discussion with the Government. "I obtained great *clat*," he writes to a friend, "by the examination of the

nesses; every one being astonished that I could so soon write the language and converse with the Mandarin and vulgar dialects. Through the summer I had frequent conferences with the mandarins. They are extremely haughty, overbearing, and clamorous; sometimes three or four of them will speak at the same time, and as if they were scolding. A want of truth is the prevailing feature in the Chinese character; hence, mutual distrust, low cunning, and deceit. I want some humble, persevering fellow worker."

DOMESTIC TRIALS.

No wonder he felt this want. In addition to that came to him "from without," he was led to endure domestic grief and anxiety. His gentle Mary pined away under a mysterious lady affecting the nervous system, and oppressing both mind and body. Her life was desired of, and the infant son to whom she gave birth breathed but a few hours. "Great is my grief," said the sad husband, "on account of the sufferings of my poor helpless Mary." There was at that time no proper burying-place for the English. It was necessary to find a spot to be set apart for this sad use. In China there are no inclosed cemeteries, the sides of hills being the favorite sites. Accordingly, the *old's grave* was dug on the top of a hill at the northern extremity of Macao. The Chinese at first opposed the interment of the child, but afterward yielded. The life of the mother was spared, but her health was never fully restored. Her husband's heart was often pierced with anguish on her account, but in holy resignation, he said, "It is the Lord; let Him do as seemeth Him good."

COADJUTORS.

His desire for a companion and fellow-helper was fulfilled in July, 1813, when he was joined by the Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Milne. "A companion in labor," wrote Mr. Morrison, "whose rival for six long years I have been wishing, did actually set foot on shore in this remote island. My Mary, who had longed for a companion, was overjoyed at receiving Mrs. Milne—'t would they be allowed to remain, or be even away?' Ah! that was the question; and it was soon answered in the peremptory order for Mr. Milne's departure. 'In vain I treated the governor not to persist in this order; his answer was conclusive—'My own duty, the senate, and the Roman Catholic shop, require that he be sent away; no Europeans can remain here but those connected with the Companies.' " Accordingly the poor ejected missionary—leaving his wife with Mrs. Morrison—proceeded to Canton, there to pursue the same course as his predecessor had done, to fag away, in solitary estate, at the terribly difficult language. Thus he expressed his opinion respecting it: "To acquire the Chinese is a work for men with bodies of brass, lungs of steel, hands of oak, hands of spring-steel, eyes of eagles, hearts of apostles, memories of angels, and lives of Methuselah!"

Mr. Morrison had now, by his own unassisted power, completed the translation of the New Testament, and at the commencement of 1814 he had the satisfaction of sending a copy of the work to the Bible Society. Very soon it was arranged that Mr. Milne should make

A MISSIONARY TOUR TO JAVA,

Malacca, and Penang, for the purpose of distributing the New Testament among the Chinese settlers in those places, and to obtain a residence for the whole or a part of the mission. Subsequently the junior missionary, with his family, went to Malacca to establish a branch of the mission there.

Here he was soon joined by the missionary steward so widely known as Dr. Medhurst whose *portrait and life appeared in this journal on October 4th, 1833*, then an enthusiastic and devoted young man, just twenty years of age. His arrival was hailed with delight by Mr. Milne, who at once transferred to his new colleague the sole care of the printing department. He was an evangelist of the true apostolic

stamp, and wherever he went he scattered with an industrious hand the seed of everlasting life. For twenty-seven years he labored in succession at the various stations then occupied by the Christian missionaries in the Indian Archipelago—studying various languages, making translations, teaching, printing, and preaching the Gospel of Christ, being "instant in season and out of season." A picture on the first page represents him distributing tracts, etc., to a crowd on the sea-shore. Dr. Medhurst removed to Shanghai, after the ratification of the Nanjing Treaty in 1842, when several of the Chinese ports were opened to foreigners. After forty years' toil in the mission field, he left China in 1856, and died four days after his return, in 1857.

MISSIONARIES IN A SNOW-STORM

is the subject of the sketch in the upper portion of our frontispiece picture, showing the perils of the life these three brave men were living. The incident occurred during a journey of missionaries to Fuh-chau. The further they went the thicker became the drift, and they lost their way; and so, to avoid any unnecessary risk they resolved to stay where they were for the night. Their journal says: "About noon next day, as the drift did not in the least abate, we opened our boxes, took our silver, and tried with the aid of two sticks to reach some dwelling. We had, however, counted without our host; we could with difficulty keep footing, and staggering on, could see only a few yards. We were nearly blinded by the snow-drift covering and freezing on our faces; and after battling for some time, great drifts caused us to pause, and we resolved (after prayer to God for help) to endeavor to find the cart again. This was very hard work, as we had to make our way against the wind and drift. When we had gone, as we thought, about the right distance we saw no cart, and found ourselves among slight hills and drifts which were very perplexing. We were now glad to sit, rest, and consider in shelter of a bank; but it was too cold, so we tried to cover ourselves with snow for warmth, and when this failed, again rose, resolved not to give in without a good fight. We turned our faces toward the direction in which the city lay, in hope of finding it at last; after prayer we marched on, and, thank God, had not gone far when we saw the cart. Getting in, we praised God."

THE MANDARINS

were the cause of no little trouble to the missionaries. On one occasion, when Dr. Morrison and Mr. Medhurst were distributing tracts together, the Mandarin dismounted, and threatening them with severe penalties if they disobeyed, ordered them away. Of course they obeyed the irate functionary, but as soon as he was out of sight, went on quietly giving away the silent messengers of mercy as before. Chinese Mandarins are officers of state, chosen from the men of letters or scholars, from every part of the empire. They have obtained their degrees; have passed the prescribed examinations; and have had their names inscribed in a register of qualified men. When an office in the administration is vacant the court presents to the emperor a list of those who stand foremost on the register, from among whom the monarch appoints one to fill the vacancy. They are the recognized representatives of the emperor in all the provinces of the gigantic empire.

HONORS

began to fall upon! Dr. Morrison as his services were recognized. In the year 1818 the University of Glasgow created him Doctor in Divinity, and the London Missionary Society, desirous to conduce to his comfort, proposed his return home for a time; but "*One thing I do*" was the motto and watchword of the missionary. "I should like much to visit Europe," he said, "but wishes and the lesser duties must give way to the greater." The translation of the Old Testament was still unfinished, and until that was done he could not leave his post. It was completed in 1819, and by the end of 1823 it was printed and in process of circulation; then, after sixteen years of exile, he turned his face

homeward. Before then his beloved wife and Mr. and Mrs. Milne had all fallen asleep in Jesus.

He thus recorded his reflections on leaving China: "December 7th. This is now the close of A.D. 1823. I arrived in China in 1807. Sixteen years have I lived in that land; a country full of idols; a land in which the Creator is forgotten and unknown, as much as in any part of the earth. My public life in China has been a period of great industry; my domestic life has been a checked scene of pleasure and of pain, but even the painful circumstances are very dear to my recollection. I have some misgivings or apprehensions that I may not live to return and be buried in China, but, all circumstances considered, I hope the voyage will be for my own good, for that of my children (Mary and John), and for the good of the heathen. Oh, may the Lord grant it for Jesus' sake!"

After a happy time spent in the land of his birth,

HE RETURNED TO CHINA,

and filled up the measure of the work given him to do. The next few years were occupied in the diligent discharge of his engagements. They seemed as numerous and as urgent as in former times, but now he no longer toiled alone.

The return of the hot season brought with it every year an access of suffering, and it became evident, in 1840, that his strength was rapidly failing. On Sunday, the 27th of July, he gathered around him his little Chinese congregation, and they joined together in prayer and praise. It was his last service. Five days later his friends, having heard alarming reports of his weakness, came to take him to Macao for change of air, but he died in the night. They carried the forsaken body and laid it in the tomb, beside his first wife, the gentle, suffering Mary. There they rest together, waiting the day of resurrection.

Among Several Medical Opinions on the Use of intoxicating liquors published in the latest number of the *Voile*, is one by Dr. Cyrus Edson, whose abilities and wide experience give the highest value to his utterance. Dr. Edson states that he has kept no record of his cases, but believes that not less than seventy-five per cent of those involving an accident to life or limb are due directly to drink. "My hospital experience in the lower wards of the city," he says, "makes this percentage large. Chronic diseases of the more important organs contained in the abdominal cavity, such as of the liver and kidneys, and digestive disorders, are the most usual resulting from intemperance. If the manufacture of alcohol were entirely suspended, the average length of human life would undoubtedly be increased, unless a more pernicious substitute took its place." Dr. Edson further expresses his belief that "the use of beer is an evil, little if any less than that of whiskey."

Social Purity is a Leading Topic in the minds of the Christian workers in Europe, who are the closest observers of the times. At a public meeting recently held in England, the Bishop of Newcastle said: "Strongly as I feel with regard to intemperance and the harm done by an excessive use of alcohol, yet I declare deliberately that I believe the evil will not bear comparison with the awful malignity of the poison of impurity which is not only affecting society but decimating the Church of God." Clergymen from other parts of England spoke of the manifestations of the evil in country places as well as towns, and of the appallingly awful fact that England was getting familiar with the idea of fallen children. It is true that the Christian Church has been too long silent on this subject, and that the policy of silence has failed. But ministers of religion who will do their duty in the matter must tread the way of the Cross. Men in good standing, all before the evil here as well as there, perhaps more frequently here. We therefore hail the organization of the White Cross Societies as a sign that the church is awaking to a sense of her duty.

THE DAY WE LIVE IN.

Dr. Talmage's Sermon, Preached last Sunday Morning, June 7, 1885.

"Who knoweth whether thou art come to the kingdom for such a time as this?"—ESTHER 4: 14.

Esther's God-Appointed Work—Every Man Has a Work—What the Age Needs—I. Aggressive Christians—The Useless, Self-Examining Christian—Juvenile Gardening—Flower-pot Christians—More Brawn of Piety—No Time for Inertia—II. Conservative Progress—Novel Enterprises Always Desired—A Fortress not to be Starved Out—A Work for All—Hedley Vicars Called to Work—Havelock's Sermon in the Heathen Temple—A College Servant's Prayers—III. Men of Unbounded Faith—Victory at Hand.

ESTHER the beautiful was the wife of Ahasuerus the abominable. The time had come for her to present a petition to her infamous husband in behalf of the Jewish nation, to which she had once belonged. She was afraid to undertake the work, lest she should lose her own life; but her uncle, Mordecai, who had brought her up, encouraged her with the suggestion that probably she had been raised up of God for that peculiar mission. "Who knoweth whether thou art come to the kingdom for such a time as this?" Esther had her

GOD-APPOINTED WORK;

you and I have ours. It is my business to tell you what style of men and women you ought to be in order that you meet the demand of the age in which God has cast your lot. If you have come expecting to hear abstractions discussed, or dry technicalities of religion glorified, you have come to the wrong church; but if you really would like to know what this age has a right to expect of you as Christian men and women, then I am ready, in the Lord's name, to look you in the face. When two armies have rushed into battle the officers of either army do not want a philosophical discussion about the chemical properties of human blood or the nature of gunpowder; they want some one to man the batteries and swab out the guns. And now, when all the forces of light and darkness, of heaven and hell, have plunged into the fight, it is no time to give ourselves to the definitions and formulas and technicalities and conventionalities of religion.

WHAT WE WANT

is practical, earnest, concentrated, enthusiastic, and triumphant help.

I. In the first place, in order to meet the special demand of this age, you need to be an unmistakably aggressive Christian. Of half-and-half Christians we do not want any more. The Church of Jesus Christ will be better without ten thousand of them. They are the chief obstacle to the Church's advancement. I am speaking of another kind of Christian. All the appliances for your becoming an earnest Christian are at your hand, and there is a straight path for you into the broad daylight of God's forgiveness. You may have come into this Tabernacle the bondmen of the world, and yet before you go out of these doors you may become princes of the Lord God Almighty. You remember what excitement there was in this country, years ago, when the Prince of Wales came here—how the people rushed out by hundreds of thousands to see him. Why? Because they expected that some day he would sit upon the throne of England. But what was all that honor compared with the honor to which God calls you—to be sons and daughters of the Lord Almighty; yea, to be queens and kings unto God? "They shall reign with Him forever and forever."

"HEALTHY CHRISTIANS,"

But, my friends, you need to be aggressive Christians, and not like those persons who spend their lives in hugging their Christian graces and wondering why they do not make any progress. How much robustness of health would a man have if he hid himself in a dark closet? A great deal of the piety of the day is too exclusive. It

hides itself. It needs more fresh air, more outdoor exercise. There are many Christians who are giving their entire life to self-examination. They are feeling their pulses to see what is the condition of their spiritual health. How long would a man have robust physical health if he kept all the days and weeks and months and years of his life feeling his pulse instead of going out into active, earnest, every-day work?

I was once amid the wonderful, bewitching cactus growths of North Carolina. I never was more bewildered with the beauty of flowers, and yet when I would take up one of these cactuses and pull the leaves apart, the beauty was all gone. You could hardly tell that it had ever been a flower. And there are a great many Christian people in this day just pulling apart their Christian experiences to see what there is in them, and there is nothing left in them. This style of self-examination is a damage instead of an advantage to their Christian character. I remember when I was a boy I used to have a small piece in the garden that I called my own, and I planted corn there, and every few days I would pull it up to see how fast it was growing. Now, there are a great many Christian people in this day whose self-examination merely amounts to the pulling up of that which they only yesterday or the day before planted.

Oh, my friends, if you want to have a stalwart Christian character, plant it right out-of-doors in the great field of Christian usefulness, and though storms may come upon it, and though the hot sun of trial may try to consume it, it will thrive until it becomes a great tree, in which the fowls of heaven may have their habitation. I have no patience with these *flower-pot Christians*. They keep themselves under shelter and all their Christian experience in a small, exclusive circle, when they ought to plant it in the great garden of the Lord, so that the whole atmosphere could be aromatic with their Christian usefulness. What we want in the Church of God is

MORE BRAWN OF PIETY.

The century plant is wonderfully suggestive and wonderfully beautiful, but I never look at it without thinking of its parsimony. It lets whole generations go by before it puts forth one blossom; so I have really more heartfelt admiration when I see the dewy tears in the blue eyes of the violets, for they come every spring. My Christian friends, time is going by so rapidly that we cannot afford to be idle.

ONLY A YEAR FOR WORK.

A recent statistician says that human life now has an average of only thirty-two years. From these thirty-two years you must subtract all the time you take for sleep and the taking of food and recreation; that will leave you about sixteen years. From those sixteen years you must subtract all the time that you are necessarily engaged in the earning of a livelihood; that will leave you about eight years. From those eight years you must take all the days and weeks and months—all the length of time that is passed in childhood and sickness, leaving you about one year in which to work for God. Oh, my soul, wake up! How darest thou sleep in harvest-time with so few hours in which to reap? So that I state it as a simple fact that all the time that the vast majority of you will have for the exclusive service of God will be less than one year!

"But," says some man, "I liberally support the Gospel, and the Church is open, and the Gospel is preached; all the spiritual advantages are spread before men, and if they want to be saved let them come to be saved; I have discharged all my responsibility." Ah! is that the Master's spirit? Is there not an old Book somewhere that commands us to go out into the highways and the hedges and compel the people to come in? What would have become of you and me if Christ had not come down off the hills of heaven, and if He had not come through the door of the Bethlehem caravansary, and if He had not with the crushed hand of the crucifixion knocked at the iron gate of the sepulchre of

our spiritual death, crying, "Lazarus, come forth"? Oh, my Christian friends, this is

NO TIME FOR INERTIA,

when all the forces of darkness seem to be full blast; when steam printing-presses are publishing infidel tracts; when express railroads are carrying messengers of sin; when clipper ships are laden with opium and rum; when the night air of our cities is polluted with laughter that breaks up from the ten thousand saloons of dissipation and abandonment; when the fires of the second death already are kind in the cheeks of some who, only a little while ago, were incorrupt. Oh, never since the sun fell upon the earth, has there been a time when it was such an unwise, such a cruel, such a fearful thing for the Church to sleep. The great audiences are not gathered in the Christian churches; the great audiences are gathered in temples of sin—tears of unutterable woe in baptism, the blood of crushed hearts the avowal of their sacrament, blasphemous litany, and the groans of the lost world under the dirge of their worship.

CONSERVATIVE PROGRESS.

II. Again, if you want to be qualified to do the duties which this age demands of you, must on the one hand avoid reckless iconoclasm and on the other hand not stick too much to things because they are old. The air is full of new plans, new projects, new theories of government, new theologies, and I am amazed to how so many Christians want only novelty in order to recommend a thing to their confidant and so they vacillate and swing to and fro, they are useless, and they are unhappy. I plan—secular, ethical, philosophical, religious, transatlantic, transatlantic—long enough to make a line reaching from the German universities to Great Salt Lake City. Ah, my brother, do take hold of a thing merely because it is new. Try it by the realities of a Judgment Day.

But, on the other hand, do not adhere to things merely because it is old. There is no single enterprise of the Church or the world has sometimes been scoffed at. There was a time when men derided even Bible societies; when a few young men met near a haystack in Massachusetts and organized the first mission society ever organized in this country, they were laughed and ridiculed all around the Christian Church. They said the undertaking was preposterous. And so also the work of Jesus Christ was assailed. People cried out, "I never heard of such theories of ethics and government? Who ever noticed such a style of preaching as Jesus has?" Ezekiel had talked of terrible wings and wheels. Here came a man from Capernaum and Genesaret, and he gave his illustrations from the lakes, from the sea, from the ravine, from the lilies, from the cactuses. How the Pharisees scoffed! How He derided! How Caiaphas hissed! And Jesus they plucked by the beard, and they derided him in his face, and they called him "this fellow." All the great enterprises in and out of the Church have at times been scoffed at, and yet have been a great multitude who have thought that the chariot of God's truth would have been pieces if it once got out of the old rut.

And so there are those who have no patience with anything like improvement in church architecture, or with anything like good, healthy, earnest church singing, and they deride the form of religious discussion which goes on in the walking among everyday men rather than the walking among the great and the noble, which makes an excursion on rhetorical

Oh, that the Church of God would wake up and

ADAPTABILITY OF WORK!

We must admit the simple fact that the Church of Jesus Christ in this day do not reach the masses. There are fifty thousand people in Edinburgh who never hear the Gospel. There are one million people in London who never hear the Gospel. There are at least three hundred thousand souls in the city of Brooklyn who come not under the immediate ministrations of Christ's truth, and the Church of

his day, instead of being a place full of living titles, read and known of all men, is more like dead-letter" post-office.

But," say the people, "the world is going to be converted; you must be patient; the kingdoms of this world are to become the kingdoms of Christ." Never, unless the Church of us Christ puts on more speed and energy. Instead of the Church converting the world, the world is converting the Church. Here is a battle at fortress. How shall it be taken? An army comes and sits around about it, cuts off supplies, and says: "Now we will just wait until from exhaustion and starvation they will give up." Weeks and months, and finally the fortress surrenders through that starvation and exhaustion. But, my friends, the fortresses of sin never to be taken in that way. If they are in for God it will be by storm; you will have to bring up the great siege guns of the Gospel to the very wall and wheel the flying artillery online, and when the armed infantry of heaven confront the battlements you will have to give the quick command, "Forward! charge!"

WORK FOR ALL.

Oh, my friends, there is work for you to do for me to do in order to this grand accomplishment. Here is my pulpit and I preach in it. Your pulpit is the bank. Your pulpit is the re. Your pulpit is the editorial chair. Your pulpit is the anvil. Your pulpit is the house of God. Your pulpit is the mechanic's shop. I may stand in this place and, through word or through self-seeking, may keep the word I ought to utter; while you, with eyes rolled up and brow besweated with toil, utter the word that will jar the foundations heaven with the shout of a great victory. Oh, at this morning this whole audience might feel that the Lord Almighty was putting upon them the hands of ordination. I tell you, every one, forth and preach this gospel. You have as much right to preach as I have, or as any man. Only find out the pulpit where God will have you preach and there preach.

HEDLEY VICARS

He is a wicked man in the English army. The voice of God came to him. He became an earnest and eminent Christian. They scoffed at him and said: "You are a hypocrite; you are as bad as ever you were." Still he kept his faith in Christ, and after awhile, finding that they could not turn him aside by calling him a hypocrite, they said to him: "Oh, you are nothing but a theodist." That did not disturb him. He went on performing his Christian duty until he formed all his troop into a Bible-class, and the whole encampment was shaken with the presence of God. So Havelock went into the Indian temple in India while the English army is there, and put a candle into the hand of each of the heathen gods that stood around in the Indian temple, and by the light of those candles, held up by the idols, General Havelock reached righteousness, temperance, and judgment to come. And who will say, on earth or heaven, that Havelock had not the right to each?

In the minister's house where I prepared for college, there was a man who worked by the name of Peter Croy. He could neither read nor write, but he was a man of God. Often theologians would stop in the house—grave theologians—and at family prayer Peter Croy would be called upon to lead; and all those wise men that around, wonder-struck at his religious efficiency. When he prayed he reached up and seemed to take hold of the very throne of the Almighty, and he talked with God until the very eavens were bowed down into the sitting-room. Oh, if I were dying I would rather have plain Peter Croy kneel by my bedside and commend my immortal spirit to God than the greatest archbishop, arrayed in costly canonicals. Go and reach this Gospel. You say you are not censured. In the name of the Lord Almighty, this morning I license you. Go preach this

Gospel—preach it in the Sabbath-schools, in the prayer-meetings, in the highways, in the hedges. Woe be unto you if you preach it not.

III. I remark, again, that in order to be qualified to meet your duty in this particular age you want

UNBOUNDED FAITH

in the triumph of the truth and the overthrow of wickedness. How dare the Christian Church ever get discouraged? Have we not the Lord Almighty on our side? How long did it take God to slay the hosts of Sennacherib or burn Sodom or shake down Jericho? How long will it take God, when He once arises in His strength, to overthrow all the forces of iniquity? Between this time and that there may be long seasons of darkness—the chariot-wheels of God's Gospel may seem to drag heavily; but here is the promise, and yonder is the throne; and when omniscience has lost its eyesight, and omnipotence falls back impotent, and Jehovah is driven from His throne, then the Church of Jesus Christ can afford to be despondent, but never until then. Despotism may plan and armies may march, and the congresses of the nations may seem to think they are adjusting all the affairs of the world, but the mighty men of the earth are only the dust of the chariot-wheels of God's providence.

NEARING TRIUMPH.

I think that before the sun of this century shall set the last tyranny will fall, and with a splendor of demonstration that shall be the astonishment of the universe God will set forth the brightness and pomp and glory and perpetuity of His eternal government. Out of the starry flags and the emblazoned insignia of this world God will make a path for His own triumph, and returning from universal conquest He will sit down, the grandest, strongest, highest throne of earth His footstool.

Then shall all nations' song ascend
To Thee, our Ruler, Father, Friend,
Till heaven's high arch resounds again
With "Peace on earth, good will to men."

I preach this sermon because I want to encourage all Christian workers in every possible department. Hosts of the living God,

MARCH ON!

March on! His spirit will bless you. His shield will defend you. His sword will strike for you. March on! march on! The despotisms will fall, and paganism will burn its idols, and Mohammedanism will give up its false prophet, and Judaism will confess the true Messiah, and the great walls of superstition will come down in thunder and wreck at the long, loud blast of the Gospel trumpet. March on! march on! The besiegement will soon be ended. Only a few more steps on the long way; only a few more sturdy blows; only a few more battle cries, then God will put the laurel upon your brow, and from the living fountains of heaven will bathe off the sweat and the heat and the dust of the conflict. March on! march on! For you the time for work will soon be passed, and amid the out-flashings of the judgment throne, and the trumpeting of resurrection angels, and the upheaving of a world of graves, and the hosanna and the groaning of the saved and the lost, we shall be rewarded for our faithfulness or punished for our stupidity. Blessed be the Lord God of Israel from everlasting to everlasting, and let the whole earth be filled with His glory. Amen and Amen.

A BISHOP'S EXPERIENCE OF TOTAL ABSTINENCE.

The new Bishop of London is a total abstainer. At a recent temperance meeting he presided, and thus explained his position:

"The cause of temperance is emphatically the cause of the great mass of the people. It is true that the evil against which we are contending is to be found in all ranks of society; it is true that there are sinners of this particular sort among the highest classes; it is true that there is much in all ranks which deserves to be

severely reprobated, and it is an important part of the work of the Christian ministry to preach strongly against such an evil. But above all others do the poor suffer from the presence of this evil among them; above all others does this sin tend to brutalize poverty and to separate it altogether from the consolations of religion; above all others do the poor feel that from this evil alone the greater proportion of their sufferings is derived. And it is quite certain that of all the things that could be done to elevate the laboring classes there is none to be compared with the work that might be done by those who by their sympathy, and by the necessary personal sacrifices, did their best to induce all their fellow-countrymen, down to the very lowest ranks, to cast away from them this great temptation, and to seek to elevate themselves, their characters, the position of their families, and their own souls by rising above all that is associated with and is a necessary consequence of the present intemperance of the people.

"It is not that the poor are more intemperate than others, but it is that intemperance has a more certain, and a more deadly effect upon them and upon their position; and while it might be possible to leave all others to face the consequences for themselves, the laboring man is just in that condition which is in itself a call upon every Christian to help him, if he can, to resist the sin of intemperance and to rise above temptation. If I could do anything among my fellow-countrymen, if by laboring among the poor I could make them in the slightest degree to find it easier to win for themselves a more religious and more moral condition by casting out all the temptation and the provocations of temptation entirely, then, indeed, I should feel I was doing a bishop's work—a true superintendence of the religious life of the people at large; a work which the bishop is bound to encourage and his clergy to pursue. To work, it is necessary that he should be ready always to *set an example*, and if any sacrifices are to be made, to be the first to make them.

"The day was when those who took up the cause of total abstinence, believed as they did so, and as experience has since proved, that this is, and necessarily must be the main instrument to be used in fighting this great evil. They who first began had much to face and to fight. They had to fight the scorn of their neighbors all round, and they bore that scorn in order that they might shelter from the same scorn their weaker brethren whom they desired to help. When I became a total abstainer, from the conviction of the necessity which, as it seemed to me, that God had laid upon me already, it was a comparatively easy thing. I had no doubt once or twice to face an unpleasant meeting; once or twice I have seen men get rather angry about it, and I have seen attempts made to terrify all the speakers on the platform by all sorts of threats which, likely enough, might have come to something if those on the platform had been cowards enough to run away from them. But, after all, this was a very small matter to face.

"But, as time has gone on, the total abstainers have not only found that the sacrifice which they have been called upon to make is, after all, no such very great matter in the face of society; they have found also by experience that there is no very great matter as regards their personal enjoyment. And I am quite certain that, taking them body for body, in spite of the unpleasant remarks sometimes made that total abstainers look pale, and thin, and stunted, and as if somehow or other they were taken from the unwholesome portions of society—in spite of all these remarks I do not think we feel that we have really lost anything whatever in the way of health or enjoyment. But to the end we shall insist upon pressing on all concerned, that they will sacrifice very little indeed if they will join our ranks, and that meanwhile they will be doing all that they can to render a greater service to their fellow-men than all the charities in this country put together."

THE UNION OF THE SECTS.

By Dr. Talmage.

ONE of the most significant meetings ever held was the recent Congress of Churches at Hartford, Conn. All denominations were represented in an effort to bring Christians together in combined work for God. Episcopal and non-Episcopal, Baptist and Pædo-Baptist, Calvinist and Arminian, side by side, as if there had never been any belligerency. The simple fact is that there are too many denominations of Christians, the difference between many of them being only imaginary or trivial. Hundreds of thousands of dollars are annually expended in keeping up the walls, for each sect, however small, must have its secretaries, and its church courts, and its newspaper organs, and its ecclesiastical machinery. The tendency is now toward coalescence and unification, and the next fifty years will see marvels of brotherhood, of which the Hartford Convention is a radiant prophecy.

Unless you have investigated for yourself you have no idea into what

A MULTITUDE OF FRAGMENTS

the Church is split. The Baptists are divided into: First, regular; second, Campbellites; third, Dunkers; fourth, Free Will; fifth, Anti-Mission; sixth, Winnebrennarian; seventh, Seventh Day; eighth, Six Principle; ninth, General; tenth, Mennonites. The Methodist Church is divided into: First, Methodist Episcopal Church North; second, Methodist Episcopal Church South; third, African Methodist Episcopal Church; fourth, Methodist Episcopal Zion Church; fifth, Colored Methodist Church; sixth, African Methodist Church; seventh, Union American Methodist Episcopal Church; eighth, Congregational Methodist; ninth, Primitive Methodists; tenth, Independent Methodists; eleventh, Free Methodists; twelfth, Welsh Calvinistic Methodists; thirteenth, Wesleyan Methodist Connection; fourteenth, Methodist Evangelical Association; fifteenth, Methodist Protestant; sixteenth, United Brethren in Christ. The Adventists are divided into: First, Second Adventists; second, Seventh-Day Adventists; third, Evangelical Adventists; fourth, Non-Resurrection Adventists; fifth, Age-to-Come Adventists. The Quakers are divided into: First, Orthodox; second, Hicksite; third, Wilbur, or Friends on Original Principles; fourth, Kingsties; fifth, Lambornites; sixth, Progressives. The Presbyterians are divided into the Northern Presbyterians, Southern Presbyterians, Cumberland Presbyterians, United Presbyterians, Reformed Presbyterians, Associate Reformed Presbyterians, and many other denominations more in number than I have mentioned are more or less absurdly cut up into a great ecclesiastical hash, with enough salt of real grace to keep it, and enough pepper of biting controversy to spice it, but nevertheless hash. With some it is a question of robes; with some a question of days; with some a question about non-essentials so small that the theologian has to get out his dictionary to find them.

The mere recital of their names shows the necessity that something be done for their combination. If this world is ever taken for God, and its sins overthrown, it will be by the marching of all the hosts of God in solid column to attack. The sixteen kinds of Methodists will come under one wing, the ten kinds of Baptists must come under another wing, and the seven kinds of Presbyterians under still another wing. After all the branches of each denomination have united, then the great denominations nearest akin will unite, and this absorption shall go on until there shall be one great Millennial Church, divided only for convenience into geographical section, and as of old it was the "Church of Laodicea," and the "Church of Philadelpheia," and the "Church of Thyatira," so it shall be the "Church of America," and the "Church of Europe," and the "Church of Asia," and the "Church of Africa," and the "Church of Australia." Of that world-wide Church there will be only one article of creed—Christ first, Christ last, and Christ forever.

Among the grandest events of the century is this Hartford Congress, and by its pacification of churches it has done and will do more good than a thousand conventicles to decide about dogmas and legislate concerning a hair split between north and north-west side, and building line fences between non-essentials, while the world wants light, wants sympathy, wants bread, wants God, and wants them now. Come on, then, men of voice, and men of type, and men of all callings and of all work, men in high position and low, and let us make one strong pull to help ourselves and help others. If we can do nothing to rescue the inmates of a dwelling-house, let us give three cheers to the firemen as they go up the ladder. If we cannot manage an oar well enough to fetch a drowning man through the breakers, let us huzza for the men of the lifeboat, as they pull for the rock. Our glorious neighbor, Noah Hunt Schenck, of the Episcopal Church, who is not here because God took him to rest, beautifully and appropriately transposed a somewhat familiar poetic verse so that it says, in the close of one of his sermons which I have been reading to-day:

Men of prayer, be up and stirring

Night and day;

Sow the seed; withdraw the curtain;

Clear the way!

Men of action, aid and cheer them

As ye may.

There is a faint about to stream,

There is a light about to beam;

There is a warmth about to glow,

There is a flower about to blow;

There is a midnight blackness

Changing into gray;

Men of prayer and men of action,

Clear the way!

ANECDOTES RELATED AT THE EVANGELISTIC MEETINGS IN SCOTLAND.

Something at Second-Hand.—At a recent meeting Mr. Graham related: "The other day I stopped a man whom I knew in the street, and said, 'Is it not a grand thing to be going to heaven?' 'Aye, it is that,' he replied. 'Are you on the road, my friend?' I asked, and looking rather doubtful he said, 'Well, I do not know about that.' 'How do you know it is grand going to heaven?' 'Oh, by hearsay,' was the answer. How many are there like this man, who know that it is a good thing to be going to heaven by *hearsay of it*, but yet will not accept Jesus Christ as the Saviour, the way to the Father, and 'the hope of glory'?"

Given Back by the Sea.—A Scotch Minister narrated: "Last year I was in Berwickshire, where you may remember a terrible disaster occurred to the fishing fleet about three years ago. A sudden gale arose one night, and the entire fleet of fishing smacks went down into the sea. There was one instance of a lad, who was supposed to have gone down with the rest, but a minister told me he was visiting at his home one night, when the lad, who was thought to have been drowned, walked in. Words cannot express the joy of that family. The glad father rising exclaimed, 'Oh, my son who was lost and was dead, but is alive and is found!' So also it is with God, when a child, who was 'dead in trespass and sin,' returns to Him repenting, will be welcomed as a son to his father's bosom."

An Old Lady's Query.—Mr. Craig, a Well-known evangelist, said: "Last week I was preaching in Edinburgh, and when I had finished an aged woman came to me and said: 'Mr. Craig, I have heard you speaking seven times, and each time you have spoken on the Prodigal Son. Why don't you change your subject?' 'Well, mother, I will tell you,' I replied. 'The first time I spoke on it there was a poor fallen woman in the meeting whose heart the story touched, and she repented of her evil way, and gave herself to the Lord, and she is now a faithful servant of Jesus. I am also a returned prodigal myself. Years ago I left my father's home, enlisted as a soldier, and was sent to India, where my life was so bad that all

recollections of good seemed to have left. On my return to Edinburgh, the Assembly were sitting, and a friend took me into one of the halls where the minister of my youth giving his yearly report on Home Missions. The figure and the well-remembered tones of the venerable man awoke those recollections which I thought had been gone forever, and then flashed upon my memory one of the sermons I had heard him preach, when his subject was the Prodigal Son. With tears I saw my Father's face, and He received me glad. These are two of the reasons why I like to speak on the Prodigal Son."

Poison Instead of Physic.—Mr. McLaughlin said: "In the east end of Glasgow, where I live, there was a woman sent by a doctor to druggist with a prescription. The assistant I saw behind the counter, and prepared a prescription in a rather careless way. The woman went home, and gave the medicine her little boy, and shortly afterward the child died from the effects. Instead of physic it was poison the child had taken. The child of 10 years had to give up its life, and a mother lose her darling child through the carelessness of a clerk. Dear friends, how much misery happiness we may bring on others by our actions. If we would think of it we should more careful. 'More evil's wrought for me of thought rather than want of heart.' 'Not of us liveth unto himself,' therefore 'what ever we do, let us do it heartily, as unto the Lord.'"

The Passport Demanded.—Mr. Graham related: "At the time of the Franco-German War a gentleman went over to France, and knew that he could not go without a passport, applied for one before starting. After he crossed the Channel, he was asked, 'Where your pass?' Putting his hand into his pocket he found that it was gone. He searched everywhere, but without success. He told the officials that he had had it, and appealed to his fellow passengers for confirmation, but it was no use; they still insisted on the passport be produced. Vexed and disappointed he had returned home. On entering his office, he found the pass lying upon a desk; he had neglected to take it with him. Hastily grasping it, he crossed the Channel, and this time he was allowed to pass without a word. Dear friends, there is a time coming when each of us will be asked, 'Where is your passport?' Many avaricious will be the excuses, but it will profit nothing unless you have your pass—a living unshaken faith in the Lord Jesus Christ!"

The Divine "Save-All."—Dr. McKay of Haverhill was once on his way home from addressing a meeting, when a man came running up to him and exclaimed: "Dr. McKay! can you point me the way of life?" The good doctor opened his Bible at Isaiah 53: 6, and all we sheep have gone astray," etc. After reading the verse, he said, "You see that there are thousands in this verse, the one at the beginning and the other at the end. Well, you just go at the one 'all,' and come out at the other, your salvation is secure. 'All we like sheep have gone astray.' Is not that true?" The man said it was. "We have turned every one to his own way. Is not that also true?" "Yes," was the reply. "But the Lord hath laid upon him the iniquity of us all." And bidden the man good-night, the doctor hurried away. In a few days the man, now a true believer in Christ, called to tell the doctor the great charity that had taken place in him, and to thank him for showing him the way of salvation. Perhaps many of you have gone in at the one 'all,' I have you come out at the other?"

A Drummer-Boy's Triumph.—A Convert soldier, who is now engaged in Christian work, said: "When I was in India there was a man the same regiment with me who was so wicked in his life and profane in his language that even evil men, to whom habitual swearing was no sin, shrank in fear from him, so appalling was it. One day, after a hard fit of drinking, he was

seized with an attack of illness, from which the doctor said he would never recover. When this was known the chaplain, the Biblewoman, and the evangelist each went to see him, but they were all driven from his *bedside* with maledictions. The evangelist was telling a company of Christian soldiers the reception which Whitehouse had given him, when a little drummer-boy, stepping forward, said, 'May I visit him?' 'You! What good could you do, when we have failed!' said the evangelist. But the boy replied, 'You forget, sir, that David slew Goliath,' and, so saying, he turned away, and entering the colonel's presence with his sword (God's Word) tucked under his arm, and giving the military salute, said: 'May I visit Whitehouse, sir?' 'What do you want with him?' asked the colonel. 'I have a message from his Father, sir.' 'Oh, I did not know that he had any friends; go and give him the message at once, my boy.' The boy gladly obeyed, and, bending over the dying man, he said: 'Whitehouse, I have brought a message from your Father.' 'You must be mistaken; I have no friends.' 'Yes, you have,' replied God's messenger, and, turning to John 3:16, he read, 'For God so loved the world,' etc. After hearing the verse read, the man burst into tears, and exclaimed, 'Ah, my boy, you have been sent right from God with that message to me.' Before the little drummer-boy left him, he had fully surrendered himself to the Lord, and a few days afterward he died trusting in Jesus."

MR. SPURGEON AND THE COLPORTEURS.

CONNECTED with Mr. Spurgeon's Tabernacle is a society which employs ninety men, who go about from place to place selling Bibles and religious literature, and giving away tracts. At the annual meeting recently held, it was stated that last year the men had sold eight thousand six hundred and sixty-five Bibles and thirty-six thousand three hundred and seventy-one New Testaments, beside other books. Mr. Spurgeon congratulated the men on their success. He remarked that, though many had found it otherwise, the past year had been a good time for colporteurs; the sales had not declined, and the higher success achieved had encouraged them all. Though he was not going to preach on the text "Sell the books," that was the first thing a colporteur had to do. They might be good men in other respects, but they did not excel as colporteurs if they did not push the sales. It was just the same with students in the college; they had first of all to be good preachers. Thus, the main object of their calling must not be missed. Yankee book-agents had the reputation of being terrible fellows; they would never leave a house without an order, even though it might be an order to get off the premises; and one of the fraternity was said to have had so much "cheek," that when struck by lightning in the face—his strongest point—the fluid glanced off to kill an animal some yards off. In a way this "cheek" was a good thing, and they would not do much without perseverance. They wanted men to sell books to people who thought that they did not want them. They had no reason to be ashamed of their wares, which were good to sell and good to buy.

It was then shown that a colporteur would be judged of in a district by his usefulness. As they loved their Master, therefore, let them abound in all good works to His glory, forasmuch as their labor was not in vain in the Lord. In regard to general procedure, no one could lay down rules for another; each man best knew his own capacities, and all had undeveloped abilities. There were dangers to be avoided in their career of usefulness. They must avoid getting into ruts, doing things always in the same old style. A disposition to stray into new roads was also to be avoided. They should get out of jog trot ways, and go forward as though they were always working by the piece.

Then small things in personal character might be as important as the linch-pin in the wheel—actions not absolutely wrong in themselves might become wrong if they hindered the work. The greatest dangers came from themselves; they were weakest where they thought themselves to be strongest, and needed always to be kept by the Spirit of God. It was necessary that they should like their work and be happy in their spheres. If they had dangers and discouragements, they also had many encouragements. To do anything for God was better than doing anything for themselves. They could not work like educated men, but they could all speak naturally and keep near to the Word of God. The people needed to be taught; the only body of divinity was Jesus Christ; and if only made acquainted with Him they would be fed; in places where the teaching was unevangelical the best rebuke was to preach the Gospel.

In conclusion, Mr. Spurgeon advised the men to do what they could to promote temperance, whether pledged abstainers or otherwise; and always to look after the many bed-ridden saints whose prayers evidently drew down showers of blessing on the Church.

THE LIMITS OF THE AGE.

By the Rev. M. Parsons, D.D., of Buffalo, N. Y.*
The Declared Purpose—The Separation at the End of the Age—The Predicted Character of this Age—A Search for Individuals—Civilization is Not Godliness—The Object of Christianity—Not to Make the World Better—To Save Men Out of It.

THE song of redemption uttered by the ransomed Church in the vision of the prophet John (Rev. 5:9) declares the purpose of the age to be the gathering out of the nations a people who shall afterward reign on the earth. And that the gathering is not the conversion of all men—but the evangelizing of the nations—is plain from the teaching of our Lord in the thirteenth of Matthew's Gospel. There He says tares and wheat "grow together until the harvest." "The harvest," He adds in His interpretation, is "the completion of the age." This chapter contains the history of the kingdom of heaven in mystery during this present age. The above parable refers to the corruptions aroused within it by Satan.

A CORRUPT AGE.

The parable of the leaven represents the results which will be manifested in the same kingdom during the age, from the corruptions introduced by those who are within the Church. The meal will be leavened with heresies, and perversions during all this dispensation. The heat of the Lord's chastening, and discipline, and judgment has arrested this process, during the age thus far, to bring the bread out of each generation, and will continue so to perfect His own work until the end. The gathering of the fish out of the Gospel net is at the completion of the age. Then a separation occurs. The good are gathered. The bad are cast away. These declarations of our Saviour clearly limit and define the boundaries of this age.

The distinction of the good and bad does not hint at any universal conversion of men previous to the close of the age. On the contrary, it expressly predicts what has already been confirmed by history, and is patent all over Christendom at this moment. Not for one moment, in the nineteen centuries nearly passed, has a single spot on the globe presented the glorious spectacle of an entirely converted population. If this dispensation is for the conversion of the whole world to Christ, then, for more than eighteen hundred years, anyone can see it has been a stupendous failure. But if the Paraclete has come to reveal Christ to those in every generation of the age who would receive Him, and if the Lord has commanded His disciples to preach the Gospel in all the world "to every

creature," to accomplish this blessed and glorious end, then

THERE HAS BEEN NO FAILURE.

but in every nation and each generation, from Pentecost to the present moment, "he that feareth God" and "worketh righteousness" has been accepted by Him. The only failure has been on man's part. Instead of dispersing the Church in its representatives to the end of the earth, to preach the Gospel to every creature—that the seed of Christ might be speedily gathered—we have been massing the best forces upon a few favored spots, to convert all the people, without success, hitherto, in a single case.

There is a law of progression in regard to the power and results of Christianity in the ages of the world deserving notice. Each age has shown greater fruits, and a vast increase of the numbers of the saved. Each age has also presented the similar rapid growth in the elements and forces of evil opposed to the kingdom of God. Each age had its assigned work in the recovery of this earth. Our own age has its section. It is to gather from, or out of, the nations (Gentiles) the redeemed people of God. It is a mission to Gentiles as distinct from Jews. In this mission the search and the appeal of the Spirit is for the individual—and no condition, or character, or nationality can exclude.

There are many large and precious promises that apply to a period or age to follow the present. These promises affirm the ingathering of all nations, the prevalence of knowledge and holiness—to such an extent as to fill the earth. But we are now concerned with this one age, and we are not left in doubt. Let us dwell for a few moments on its predicted character.

The parables of our Lord to which we have alluded, all betoken a mixed and corrupted state of things to the end of the age. The spirit confirms this in the revelation of great apostasy. 1 Tim. 4:1-3; Also, that

TIMES OF GREAT PERIL

shall be in the last days, that formality and hypocrisy will abound, that all who adhere to godliness shall suffer persecution, that "evil men and seducers shall wax worse and worse, deceiving and being deceived." 1 Tim. 3:1-13: The world is declared to be the enemy of God, and as evil men constitute the world—as that term is used in Scripture—the world around us is growing worse and worse every year.

This is not saying that gross and rude forms of barbaric sin may not disappear under the increasing light of Christianity, but it declares that civilization without Christ, and refinement without the Gospel, are as much greater sins in guilt and condemnation, as the light under which they have been born and have grown is greater than the darkness of heathendom. This is not saying that pure Christianity does not increase and have great power in the world. But it declares what God declares of the works of the flesh, and of the world. They are abomination in His pure eyes. And Christianity is so saturated with this abomination to-day that only the power of rebuke which the Spirit of God can exert through faithful and loyal witnesses, will prevent its overthrow by the united hordes of lawlessness and infidelity. On every hand the signs of the times fit the words of the prophecy I have cited. The boasted powers and promises of this age, to which even Christian men vauntingly point, are not the power of godliness, nor the presence of divine life in the multitude of those who are filled with the progress of arts, and science, and new inventions.

The Word of God declares that the purpose of preaching the Gospel of the kingdom in the world is to save the people out of it called the Church, and not to make the world better. The same Word declares "a friend of the world is an enemy of God" (James 4:4). If the world is a world growing better, and is in a more hopeful condition, every year, then it is strange to read these words, from 1 John 2:16, "For all that is in the world, the lust of the flesh, and the lust of the eyes, and the pride of life, is not of the Father, but is of the world."

* From his Millennial Essay published by Mr. F. H. Revell, Chicago, Ill.



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CURRENT EVENTS.

The Monthly Treasury Statement. Issued last week, shows that the month of May was rather better than the average for this year. As compared with the same month of last year the expenditure was smaller, and the receipts, though less than those of May, 1884, were not so much less as other months of this year have been. There was a falling off in revenue of only \$1,663,000, about two thirds of the average monthly decline. This occurred in the internal revenue, the customs being only \$50,000 less than in May, 1884, and the miscellaneous receipts about \$300,000 more. In the expenditures, on the other hand, there is a decrease of nearly \$3,000,000, of which \$1,228,000 is in "ordinary," \$1,440,000 in pensions, and \$315,000 in interest. The net gold balance is now \$115,120,533. There are silver dollars on hand to the amount of \$166,342,998. The public debt was reduced during the month by \$3,350,833.

The Great Strike of the Iron Workers, which has thrown one hundred thousand men out of work, is the most serious event of the day. The iron and steel, nail, plate, and bar mills are now shut down, and preparations are being made for a protracted struggle. Many interests will be affected, as there will be a much smaller demand for coal, and the railroads will suffer by a large diminution of freight. The strike has long been impending, and was precipitated by the Manufacturers' Alliance deciding to reduce wages by twenty per cent in some branches, and twenty-five per cent in others. The workmen, represented by the Amalgamated Association of Iron and Steel Workers, as soon as the reduction was ordered, directed a strike, and were promptly obeyed. There appears to be no dispute between the men and the employers about the facts. It is admitted on both sides that there is unusual depression in the trade, and that the manufacturers are not able to obtain ordinary prices for the raw material nor the finished product. It is about the remedy that there is a difference of opinion. In these cases the manufacturers generally try to make the men bear the first brunt of the bad times, and the men know it. Nothing, however, is said on that point at present. The theory of the men is that by ceasing work an artificial scarcity will be produced, and prices will rise to a point at which the manu-

facturers can afford to pay the men their present wages. The strike is felt worst at Pittsburgh, Pa., but it extends to all the mills west of the Alleghany Mountains, and north of the Ohio. In the present attitude of both parties, there is an opportunity for arbitration which may not exist after a bitter and protracted struggle. It may be hoped that it will not be allowed to pass away unused, as much suffering is inevitable if the strike continues.

The Apache Outbreak had no further development last week. With the exception of Geronimo's band, all the Indians are reported on their reservations. The United States troops are watching the avenues into Mexico, and as reinforcements arrive efforts are being made to surround the insurgents on the Black Range. Isolated murders and thefts of cattle are still reported, and on June 3d a trail was found near Hillsboro, N. M., which showed that the Indians are driving the captured cattle before them. General Crook is in the field himself, and is hopeful of catching the marauding band.

The National Conference of Charities and Corrections, now in session at Washington, D. C., has been anticipated for some time, in the hope that some practical suggestion might issue from it for the much-needed reform of the prison system. At the opening session on June 4th the President, Mr. Philip C. Garrett, of Philadelphia, in the course of an exhaustive address thus summarized his views of the reforms most urgently needed: "It is the duty of every State—a duty from neglect of which the commonwealth will be the sufferer—to provide a system of institutions properly planned and equipped for the criminal class. These should comprise: First. Reform schools for children, situated in the country, in separate, home-like cottages, accommodating not over fifty pupils each, and with honor as the basis of discipline. Second. Reformatories for first offenders between sixteen and thirty years of age, on the Elmira plan. Third. Penitentiaries to which a limited number of local places of detention, properly distributed over the State, for untried persons only, should be tributary, and connected with these comfortable quarters for witnesses. These places of detention should supplant the jails. The penitentiaries should provide for as much classification as possible, hardened criminals and determined desperadoes, old or young, being kept quite apart, without possibility of communication by sign or signals with others, and never to be seen by them. The reformation of those who may reform requires this. The only class entirely excluded from this beneficent plan for reformation is the professional criminals, who have devoted themselves to a life of crime and by long habit have become so hardened in evil ways as to be incorrigible and unreformable. For these the purpose of reformation disappears, and society owes it to herself to save the community from absolute certainty of fresh depredations every time the prisoners' terms expire by keeping them in limbo."

Victor Hugo, the Great French Poet, was buried on June 1st in the Pantheon, at Paris. His body was borne from the Arc de Triomphe, where it had been lying in state, to its last resting-place, with a pomp never equalled in the memory of the oldest citizens. Large bodies of cavalry occupied the streets leading to the Palace of the Elysée, the residence of President Grévy. Minute guns were fired from the Hôtel des Invalides and from Fort Valérien. The crowd was very orderly, and there was not a sign of that trouble with the Communists which had been expected. The funeral procession started punctually at noon. Many chariots heaped with the offerings of the people of France followed the hearse, which, in obedience to the late poet's express orders, was plain and unornamented—exactly the kind used in the funerals of the very poor. Enormous crowds of people lined the streets that formed the route of the procession, while other masses of people possessed the intersecting streets for a great distance on either side. The buildings were black

with people, as was indeed every point from which could be had a view of the unparalleled spectacle, even the trees along the line being alive with human beings. Eulogistic orations were delivered at the Arc de Triomphe and at the Pantheon. M. Le Mat, an ex-officer of the Confederate army, who served under Beauregard at Charleston, made a short speech and, in the name of the National Institute of Washington expressed the grief felt by all Americans, from one end of the land to the other, at the loss sustained by the civilized world in the death of Victor Hugo. It was not until four o'clock that the dead poet's remains were lowered into the crypt and placed beside those of Rousseau.

Negotiations Respecting the Afghan Frontier are the subject of contradictory reports from Europe. Both the governments concerned are reticent, but the impression grows that, in spite of numerous difficulties as to details, the negotiations approach a pacific settlement. The *Pal Mall Gazette*, a newspaper usually well informed, stated on Friday that an agreement has been arrived at on all questions of principle. The commissioners will forthwith commence to mark precisely the delimitation of the boundary. They are now on the spot. The *Gazette* believes that the Penjdeh incident will be referred to the King of Denmark, who has informally agreed to accept the office of arbitrator. The arbitration will be rigidly confined to the interpretation of the Sacred Covenant of March 16th. The *Paris Gaulois* states that the Princess of Wales is endeavoring to bring about a meeting of the Prince of Wales and the Czar of Russia at Copenhagen. It is the hope of the Princess that a permanent peace may be secured through the meeting. On Saturday a disquieting rumor was in circulation that the Ameer of Afghanistan had been assassinated by his suite while travelling in Persia. The rumor is discredited, because the Ameer was little likely to have gone to Persia while his own country was in difficulties. It may refer to Ayoub Khan, the cousin of the Ameer and the next claimant to the throne of Afghanistan, who is in Persia.

A Cordial Welcome to Minister Phelps has been accorded by the press and people of England. He appeared in public for the first time on June 3d, at a banquet given by the Lord Mayor of London, and delivered a felicitous speech. Referring to his first appearance, the London papers speak editorially in congratulatory terms. The *Globe* says: "Mr. Phelps, taken for what he is, without reference to his brilliant predecessor, is an acquisition to the highest social and official society of London. With delicate art he conveys, even in his modest acceptance of the welcome accorded to him as a compliment to his country rather than to himself, a subtle flattery and dignified sense of obligation." The *Echo* concludes: "The new American Minister made a decidedly good impression last night at the Mansion House when he delivered his first speech. Mr. Phelps has a good voice and smooth, graceful delivery."

A Destructive Earthquake Occurred in Cashmere on May 31st. A dispatch from Srinagar, the capital of the country, says that the shocks, which occurred at intervals of ten minutes, were of great violence. The greater part of the city was destroyed, and the cavalry barracks is a mass of ruins. Ninety persons are known to have been killed, and hundreds of the injured have already been taken from the general wreck. The total loss of life or the number of the maimed must remain unknown for some days, as many of the inhabitants still lie buried in the ruins. When the shocks were first felt and the people realized that they were being subjected to the awful possibilities of an earthquake, the wildest panic seized them. Every one able to do so rushed from the trembling houses and fled to the boats on the river and on the lakes, or sought the open country. The terrified inhabitants camped in the fields that surround the town. Other cities in the vale of Cashmere also suffered heavily, but owing to the overthrow of the telegraph poles the facts cannot be learned.

Contributions to the Fund for Supplying colored ministers in the South and others with the CHRISTIAN HERALD were received last week to the amount of \$7, in the following sums: From Boston, Mass., \$2; Sterling, Kan., \$3; New Milford, Ill., \$2.

A Fine of Thirty Dollars Each Has Been Imposed on the Hon. William F. Davis and Rev. H. L. Hastings for preaching on the Common, at Boston, Mass. We hear from Mr. Hastings that the service was merely one of singing, reading, and prayer, and was not preaching, as alleged. Three chapters of the Bible were read, with current comments, and there was no sermon delivered. It has been the custom since 1882 to hold services there, and a part of the Common is selected where no damage will be done to the grass by trampling on it. The two evangelists have appealed against the decision of the Municipal Court.

The Christian Commission will Hold its sixth reunion on June 26-30th. The President, Mr. George H. Stuart, has issued the invitation, in the course of which he says: "We have received a cordial invitation to hold our sixth reunion at Old Orchard, Me., eleven miles from Portland, by the sea. This kind offer has been accepted by the committee, and I hereby invite all delegates of the Christian Commission, the Sanitary Commission, and army and navy chaplains (Federal and Confederate) to assemble in friendly union at the time and place named. In issuing this announcement, I again embrace the opportunity of extending fraternal greetings to all who were associated with us in aiding suffering humanity on the battle-field, in the camp, and in the hospitals."

The New Mission Church in New York, which is located at Broome and Centre streets, in the midst of a densely-populated neighborhood, was opened last week. It has been built by the New York City Mission and Tract Society. It occupies a plot of ground seventy by one hundred and ten feet, and is built on the site of a once celebrated dog-bit owned by Harry Jennings, an Englishman. The building is of brick, plainly and solidly constructed. The auditorium and rooms connected with it have a seating capacity of fourteen hundred. The Tabernacle when finished will have cost about \$150,000. This money was willed at different times and by different persons to the New York Mission and Tract Society, and was laid aside for church extension purposes. Pews in the Tabernacle are free. Prayer and temperance-meetings will be held almost every day. The pastor of the Tabernacle is the Rev. John Dooly, who has been engaged in mission work in this city for thirteen years. There is an excellent unpaid choir.

A Believer's Meeting for Bible Study will be held at Niagara, Ont., July 23-30th. This will be the ninth of these annual meetings, which have been heretofore much blessed to those who have attended them. Beside the clergymen who have assisted at the former conferences, and who have promised to attend this year, are: Dr. J. H. Brooks, of St. Louis; W. G. Moorehead, Xenia, Ohio; S. H. Kellogg, Allegheny, Pa.; G. C. Needham, Mass.; L. W. Munhall, Indiana; and from Canada: H. M. Parsons, T. C. Des-Barres, and others. The singing will be led by Mr. James McGranahan. A number of brethren from Great Britain are also expected. Another conference for the special consideration of the second coming of our Lord will meet at Niagara, in the same tabernacle, July 14-17th, and in charge of Canadian brethren. All persons desiring to attend are welcome. Applications for entertainment, and reduction of fares below the usual rates, and for programmes, should be addressed to Alfred Sandham, Secretary, Toronto, Ont.

A House was Stolen Bodily in Chicago Last week. A dispatch from that city says that on June 2d a large two-story frame house at the corner of Archer Avenue and State Street was vacated by its tenant, a hardware dealer. Immediately after a force of men appeared and tore

the structure down, carting off the material as fast as it was taken from the building. The corner is one of the liveliest outside of the business district, being close to the main building of the cable road, and the neighborhood is full of busy retail places. No attention was paid to the removal of the building until the new tenant appeared to see about changes on the premises, and found nothing left but the brick foundations. The whole building had been stolen under the very eyes of the police, and the latter find it now very difficult to discover the thieves. This is a new element of insecurity for wealthy men. Property of other kinds is often stolen, but real estate has hitherto been considered safe from thieves. Christians, however, who obey Christ's injunction (Matt. 6:19, 20) need be under no apprehension; their treasure is secure (II Cor. 5:1).

A Desperate Struggle with a Maniac Occurred last week in Chicago. On May 31st a telegram was received at police headquarters in that city, from the conductor of an incoming train on the Wabash Line, who asked that a strong body of police might be sent to the depot to meet his train. He said he had a maniac on board who was promenading the cars with a revolver in one hand and a huge bowie knife in the other, and frightening the passengers, of whom there were about fifty on the train. So long as the cars were in motion the demented man continued walking through the aisles of the cars, from one end of the train to the other, flourishing his weapons; but when the train approached a station he would retire to the chair car, out of which he had driven all the passengers, and would sit there ready to shoot any man who entered. He actually did shoot at and slightly wound the face of one man who jumped on the platform of the car at Kansas City, Mo. The Kansas City police were afraid to arrest him, and the conductor wanted the Chicago police to do it. They were in readiness for him when the train arrived, but the maniac defended himself in the car and killed a policeman before he was driven out and overpowered. A man so afflicted is not punished for his crimes, being irresponsible, but those to whom the wise king likens the maniac (Prov. 26:18, 19) cannot escape God's punishment on that ground, and they are very numerous in these days.

A Battle with Rattlesnakes Took Place last week at Port Jervis, N. Y. Three young men started out armed with clubs to kill a rattlesnake which had been seen in the woods near the village. They soon found it and killed it, but not before it had sounded its rattles. Almost instantly the ground seemed alive with snakes, about half of which were black snakes. They crawled out of the bushes and from holes in the ground to the number of fully one hundred, completely surrounding the young men. Flight was impossible, and the young men laid about them with their clubs with the energy that comes of love of life. The fight seemed likely to end disastrously for them, when suddenly they noticed that the snakes were fighting each other, each of the black snakes engaged with a rattlesnake. The young men took the opportunity to make their escape. On visiting the spot the next day they found it covered with the carcasses of dead snakes, the largest number of which had evidently been killed by other snakes and not by the clubs. It was well for the young men that the snakes turned against each other or they might not have escaped. In that great battle yet to come, when that great serpent, the devil, gathers his forces for a supreme effort against the children of God, there will be a similar scene, every man's hand being turned against his fellow (Haggai 2:22).

An Apparatus to Prevent Collision with Icebergs has been invented. It is described in the current number of *Science*, and if all the advantages claimed for it by that journal are substantiated, it will probably come into general use on transatlantic steamers. The inventor, Mr. Frank De la Torre, of Baltimore, had his device tested at sea recently, with satisfactory results. Pro-

fessor Alexander G. Bell, who was present at the experiments, says that the apparatus consisted of a musket, to the muzzle of which a speaking trumpet had been attached. This gun was aimed at passing vessels, and blank cartridges were fired. After a longer or shorter time distant echoes were returned. The river steamboats and passing schooners returned perfectly distinct echoes about a mile distant. At shorter distances the effects were, of course, still more striking. The inventor claims that a steam whistle or siren apparatus for projecting the sound impulse directly ahead of a moving vessel will prove as efficacious as the firing of a gun. The recent collision of the City of Berlin with an iceberg, and the narrow escape of other steamers, show that there is urgent need of some such device for discovering the approach of icebergs or other vessels in the fog. The danger of disaster is so frightful that captains will be warned even by an echo. It needs a great deal more than an echo to prevent spiritual shipwreck. The earnest warnings of Christian friends and even the solemn words of God's Book, do not always turn the sinner from destruction (Prov. 1:25-31).

A Bride of an Hour Appeared in a Circuit Court in Illinois last week, as an applicant for a divorce. She stated that about three years ago a young man became a suitor for her hand, and she accepted him on condition that he could provide her with a home. The young man seemed to have some difficulty in fulfilling the condition, and the engagement went on from month to month, until the lady began to get tired. Recently, however, the suitor informed her that a home was ready for her, and the marriage was celebrated. An hour afterward, when the bride wished her parents farewell and was about to depart with her husband, the latter told her that they were going to boarding, and that he had been unable to provide a house to themselves. She was much incensed at this evasion, and said she did not consider a boarding-house a home. She finally refused to go with him, and taking off her wraps declared she would remain at home. She did so, and commenced a suit for divorce, which was granted her last week, with the right to resume her maiden name. So ends that marriage, in which there was evidently little love on either side. How different is the union between Christ and His Church, which Paul describes under the type of a marriage. The heavenly Bridegroom has prepared a mansion for His bride (John 14:2), and she is ready to endure poverty for His sake (Rom. 5:3-5).

A Fraud and a Fool was the Uncomplimentary description given by Judge Tuley, of Chicago, last week of two litigants in his court. The plaintiff alleged that he had advanced \$13,000 to the defendant on the security of six deeds on as many mines in Nevada. Becoming uneasy after he had advanced the money, he went to Nevada to examine the mines, and declared that when he arrived there he found that instead of their being worth \$50,000 each, as had been represented to him, they were practically worthless. He therefore brought suit to recover the money advanced. Judge Tuley, in summing up, said: "The defendant has not the poetry in him of Claude Melnotte, but he has all the imagination. He was two days on the witness-stand detailing the representations he made to the plaintiff, and while he talked I felt like taking some stock in the scheme myself. The plaintiff in this case is afflicted with the curse which rests upon nearly all Americans—an uncontrollable desire to make money quickly and with little effort. When he went to Nevada and telegraphed back the laconic message, referring to the defendant, 'He is a fraud,' he might have added the equally laconic statement, 'I am a fool.'" That was doubtless correct, but the folly in the case was not monopolized by the plaintiff. Business men are apt to regard the clever swindler as a smart man—anything but a fool; but God's Word takes a very different view of fraud. It is not only sin, but folly too (Jer. 17:11).

THE BOND OF THE COVENANT.

A New Sermon by Pastor C. H. Spurgeon.

"And I will bring you out from the people, and will gather you out of the countries wherein ye are scattered, with a mighty hand, and with a stretched out arm, and with fury poured out. And I will bring you into the wilderness. . . . And I will cause you to pass under the rod, and I will bring you into the bond of the covenant," etc.—EZEKIEL 20:34-38.

Special Judgments for Apostate Professors—A Merciful Design—How Men are Brought Under the Bond—The Difference Between the Covenants—How the Better Covenant Binds—Its Discipline—II. Experience in Coming Under the Bond—Brought Out of Present Company—Into Distress and Solitude—The Pleading—The Rod—III. The Ultimate Design—Binding and Separating—Knowing the Lord—The God of this Century.

This striking utterance was given forth by that renowned seer Ezekiel, at the time when the Israelites, scattered in every country, had begun to forget their nationality. They judged it prudent and wise as much as possible to disguise their distinctive character, and melt their race into the Babylonian or Chaldean, and become like the heathen. Now, God, who chose His people of old, would not have it so, and He interposed with this striking passage—"And that which cometh into your mind shall not be at all, that ye say, we will be as the heathen, as the families of the countries, to serve wood and stone." The Lord tells them that He had them for a people, and He meant to hold them for a people. Whether they delighted in it or not, He would not let them go.

This passage which I have taken for a text may very truthfully be regarded as

A THREATENING

of terrible judgment upon erring Israel; as much as if the Lord had said, "You of the house of Israel, whom I have made to be the type of my spiritual people, you shall be mine; and if you wander from me, I will distinguish you by special punishments; therefore I now threaten you with special judgments. If you will attempt to mix yourselves up with the Gentiles, I will deal with you with a startling severity, such as I have never shown unto the heathen. Your sins are greater, and your privileges greater, and so shall your chastisements be greater."

Such is the run of this passage. But at the same time, reading between the lines, and considering the verses very carefully, another reading is suggested; God, if He does not show distinguishing judgment, will display distinguishing grace. He solemnly threatens judgments, but these are preparations for mercy. He preaches to them by the prophet concerning mercy and judgment, blended in effectual working for salvation. Lovingkindness underlies and overlays His wrath. He puts on a frown in order to smile. He deals hardly with His chosen that He may deal safely with them; killing them that He may make them alive; piercing them with the arrows of conviction that He may pour in the wine and oil of His healing comforts.

I. First, then, the meaning of
BRINGING MEN INTO THE BOND
of the covenant. If we take the passage as referring to the work of grace, it signifies that they shall know under what covenant they stand. Beloved, there is scarcely a more important question for all of us than this: under which covenant do we live? Are we under law or under grace? By the very fact of our creation we are under bonds to our Maker to love and serve Him, and this is a form of the covenant of works. In serving God we should have found happiness; in rebelling against Him we have found sorrow. Thus the covenant, which was bound up with the very nature of things, had its sanctions of reward and penalty. Set forth as that covenant is in the ten commands of the law, it is as terrible as it is pure. The commandment is holy, and just, and good, but we constantly violate it. The perfect law has

been broken by all of us; by some it has been violated openly by wanton, wilful acts of rebellion; by all of us it has been broken in heart and will. Now, ye that are under the law, hoping to be saved by your own works, see where ye are: as many as are of the works of the law are under the curse, for "cursed is every one that continueth not in all things which are written in the book of the law to do them." Whatever excellences you may have, and you have many in the sight of men, yet if you are under that covenant of works your comeliness is turned into corruption. "This *do* and thou shalt live," is no promise to you now, seeing you have failed to *do*; but it becomes to you a curse because of your transgressions.

THE BETTER COVENANT.

But there is another and a better covenant, which is not a covenant of works at all, but of free, rich, sovereign grace. It was made of old with Christ the second Adam, our better Covenant-Head. Its tenor was on this wise—he shall obey the Father's will; actively and passively he shall do and suffer the will of the Most High; and in doing so he shall save those whom the Father hath given him. The great question for each one is: Am I under that new covenant? You can answer that question by this one, Are you in Christ Jesus? Are you resting wholly on Him alone? If you have Christ, you are in the covenant of grace; if you are trusting in Him, God hath made with you an everlasting covenant, ordered in all things and sure, concerning which we read both in Jeremiah 31, and in Ezekiel 36. Dwell on those covenant promises. "A new heart also will I give you, and a new spirit will I put within you," and again, "And I will make an everlasting covenant with them, that I will not turn away from them, to do them good; but I will put my fear in their hearts, that they shall not depart from me." Oh, the blessedness of being under such a sure covenant! This is what is aimed at, that God may bring His own from under the law, and place them under the covenant of grace.

They shall, secondly, be led to see

HOW THIS COVENANT BINDS

them to God. If you are in that covenant you belong to God, and He will have you; for the Christ will not shed His blood in vain, nor pay a ransom price for that which He will not possess. He will keep to Himself the spoil which He hath taken from the hand of the mighty, and His Father will give Him to see of the travail of His soul, and to be satisfied. If you are in that covenant you belong to the Lord forever, neither shall it be possible for you to be your own, or to be the devil's. Though this covenant be not of works, it produces more works than the covenant of works ever could do; for, being saved by grace, it is written, "Sin shall not have dominion over you; for ye are not under the law, but under grace." Grace, and the gratitude which comes of it, form a firmer bond to hold the soul from straying than the hope of reward can possibly be; it is stronger than the fear of hell.

To come under the bond of the covenant means also to come under

THE DISCIPLINE OF THE COVENANT;

for they that are in gracious covenant with God will find that He dealeth with them as with sons, and, inasmuch as He loves them, they shall know the truth of that word, "As many as I love I rebuke and chasten." He will not let you transgress as other men do; the goats may wander with impunity, but the sheep may not. God reserveth the ungodly unto the day of judgment, but judgment beginneth even now at the house of God. His fan is in His hand, and He will thoroughly purge His floor if He purges nothing else. You cannot be in covenant with God and yet be let alone in your transgressions; for it is to the reprobate that He saith, "Let him alone, he is given unto idols." The mark of God's people is that if they sin they smart, and if they wander they are whipped back. Dependancy, sickness, bereavement, loss, and even temporal death may fall upon the

chosen as visitations of God to deliver them from the power of Satan.

Further, this coming under the bond of the covenant means surely that they yield to

ITS RESTRAINT.

I do not know how to give better expression to what I mean than by quoting the lines we often sing:

"Oh to grace how great a debtor
Daily I'm constrain'd to be!
Let that grace, now, like a fetter,
Bind my wandering heart to thee."

Can grace ever be a fetter? Oh, yes, it is the most blessed of all fetters, for it holds us fast, and yet never violates our liberty. It binds the very heart in willing captivity. This is the bond of the covenant. "Oh," says one, "I do not want to be under any bond." Then, in all probability, you are bound by the chains of self-will. In grace you can be under bonds, yet not in bondage. I am in the bonds of wedlock, but I feel no bondage; on the contrary, it is a joy to be so bound. The bond of grace is a marriage bond, uniting us to Him whom we love above all, even the altogether lovely Bridegroom of our souls.

But surely, it means also the security of the covenant; "I will bring thee under the bond of the covenant" must mean, I will bind thee to the Lord Jesus, thy Surety and Bondsman, and He shall secure thee forever. This covenant is everlasting, a covenant of salt, hence we sing:

"This bond shall never break,
Though earth's old columns bow;
Our sure foundations never shake,
We're one with Jesus now."

One with Jesus we shall ever be, for who shall separate us? That is a blessed phrase which speaks of our soul being bound up in the bundle of life with the soul of the Lord our God. This is what the covenant has done for us—it has made us so one with Christ, and in Christ so one with the eternal Father, that it is written, "I will never leave thee nor forsake thee." How earnestly do I pray that some who have been strangers to this matter may begin to spell it out this morning.

II. This is our second head. The experience of some in

COMING UNDER THE BOND

of the covenant. I do not want to be mistaken; I believe that many are brought under the bond of the covenant by very simple and gentle means, especially those who sweetly yield to the gentle drawings of the Holy Spirit. Very early in life some are brought to Jesus with little terror or distress of mind. Let them be very grateful for it. If you come to Christ I do not care how you come; for I am sure you could not have come at all if the Father had not drawn you; and if He has drawn you, there is no mistake in your method of coming.

These Israelites to whom Ezekiel spoke had gone very far into sin, as far as ever they could go; they had been false to their promises, wicked in their lives, and rebellious in heart against their God. With many of this character the Lord deals with a singular severity of love. He strikes them with a sword, for so only can their sins be slain. Of those processes of grace we will speak now.

To begin, will you follow me in the text at the thirty-fourth verse? Here were a people whom God had chosen to be His own, but they had ignored that choice, and had said to themselves that they would be like the families of the countries, to serve gods of wood and stone. Many among those whom the Lord has chosen in His secret purposes are saying in themselves, "We will never belong to those religious people; we will never be called cant, hypocrites, Methodists, or Presbyterians." They have a perfect horror of being ridiculed for Christ's sake. These persons are for the present perfectly satisfied to take their lot with the multitude; distinguishing grace has no charms for them. Hear, then, what God will do with such if He means to bring them under the bond of the covenant.

SEPARATION.

First, He will cause them to come out from their present company: "I will bring you out from the people, and will gather you out of the countries wherein ye are scattered, with a mighty hand, and with a stretched out arm, and with fury poured out." You do not mean to quit your present settlement, but you shall come out of it once for all. Your old friends will miss you, and what is more, they will not desire you to return to them; you shall be so miserable that they will be glad to be quit of you. As the wounded stag retires into the depths of the forest to bleed and die alone, because those which are not wounded roughly push at it with their horns, so it shall be with you; you shall prefer solitude to the galling words of the ungodly. If the Lord has chosen you and you have chosen sin, He will deal with you with a strong hand and an outstretched arm, and make you to know His fury against evil. His love to you shall show itself in wrath against your sin. The Israelites in Egypt for a time were glad to dwell there, and then began to worship the gods of Egypt; but presently God put it into Pharaoh's heart to oppress them, and he did so most grievously, and Israel had to make bricks without straw, till their bondage grew unbearable and they cried unto the Lord their God. He will make it so with you if you are one of His, for out of the Egypt of the world you shall come. The Lord Jesus will seek out His own sheep, and separate them from all other flocks.

Note next, that God said He would bring them into distress and loneliness: "And I will bring you into the wilderness of the people." It was not to be a wilderness, like the wilderness of sin where there were no inhabitants, but "I will bring you into the wilderness of the people." This is, indeed, a terrible wilderness; for you walk in the midst of crowds and yet you are perfectly alone; you mingle with the great congregation, and yet feel that none can enter into your secret. How wretched to sit here and feel that there is not another man like you in all this vast assembly. The Lord can soon make the gay worldling into the desponding solitary. I have seen Him touch proud young men, and they have been brought to deep humiliation of spirit, so as to be glad to sit down like little children and learn the way of the kingdom. This is God's way of bringing men to Himself. He digs them up by the roots, that He may remove them and plant them by the rivers of waters in the garden of the Lord.

GOD'S PLEADING.

Read on. What does He say next? "and there will I plead with you face to face." Brethren, you that know what this means by experience must help me out, for I cannot describe it in words. When the Lord becomes so realized to the guilty conscience that there seems to be nothing anywhere except God and that poor sinner, face to face with one another, then there is a time of fear and trembling indeed. For God to stand face to face with an unpardoned sinner, and plead with him, is a matter of deep solemnity. Do you know it? The sinner then cries out with Job, "I have heard of Thee by the hearing of the ear; but now mine eye seeth Thee. Wherefore I abhor myself, and repent in dust and ashes."

The Lord further declares He will plead with them as He pleaded with their fathers in the wilderness. How did He do that? Why, very terribly indeed. Certain men had rebelled against God and against Moses, and He said, "Hang up their heads in the face of the sun." At another time when certain of them rebelled against Aaron, the earth opened and swallowed them up; and Korah, Dathan, and Abiram went down alive into the pit. Once the Lord pleaded with them by sending fiery serpents among them, and multitudes were bitten and died; at another time the pestilence multiplied graves at each halting-place. He brought them very low by these terrible pleadings! Is God pleading with you in that fashion? Believe me, you are not alone in such a dread experience;

many of God's dear children have traversed this valley of deathshade, and by this road they have been brought under the bond of the covenant.

UNDER THE ROD.

What more does God do? Well, it is said, "And I will cause you to pass under the rod." What is this passing under the rod? I have frequently seen sheep when the shepherd has required to count them; he makes them pass through a half-opened gate, and there he numbers them. They would all come rushing through, but the shepherd blocks the way, and as they come out one by one, he touches them with his staff, and so counts them. The Lord makes His chosen to pass through a narrow place, even a strait gate, where only one can come at a time, and there and then He counts them, and causes them to give an account of themselves individually. You have been hidden away among the thousands; but now you shall be made to appear as a separate individual, and so you shall come under the rod of the Lord, and be numbered with His flock.

Now, have I been describing the experience of any person here? I feel sure I have. Thousands who will read these words will leap for joy as they explain, "This is precisely where I am. I said, 'Surely He is going to destroy me,' but if this is the way in which the Lord brings me under the bond of the covenant, I will ever bless His name." May the Holy Ghost apply these my words to all the prisoners of hope!

III. But time fails me, so I must close by noticing

THE ULTIMATE DESIGN.

of all this. This bringing them under the bond of the covenant has a grand intent in it. The first design is evident in the text, it is to bind them to God. We should have gone astray long ago, and left our God entirely, if it had not been for our bitter experience when the Lord was making Himself known to us. All the better crop comes in after-life from having a deep ploughing before the seed is sown. I bear the scars of my terrible convictions about me to this day.

The next design of God is that He may entirely separate His people from the world. "I will purge out from among you the rebels, and them that transgress against me." When God makes His servants bitterly to know the evil fruit of sin, then they no longer hunger for that forbidden fruit. "Oh, you are straight-laced," says one. Indeed we are where sin is concerned. A boy climbed into a neighbor's garden, and stole unripe plums, and, after eating them, he became very ill, and was forced to drink pints of horrible physic to save his life. When he was better his school-fellows said to him, "Come with us, and steal some plums," but they seemed to be mocking him. The boy is very straight-laced, is he not? He recollects the gripes and the pains which those plums brought him, and he will have no more of them. The burnt child dreads the fire. Thus the Lord often brings His people away from their sins by giving them sharp and cutting experiences of what evil will do for them. If such be the present consequences of sin, they begin to guess what sin will bring them when they come into judgment and condemnation.

Last of all, the great end of all is that we may know the Lord. I speak thoughtfully when I say I fear that large numbers of professors do not know the Lord; that is to say, the Lord Jehovah, as known to Ezekiel, is not known by many who profess to believe in the true God, Jehovah, the God of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, is the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, but He is not.

THE GOD OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

This generation has made a god of its own. The effeminate deity of the modern school is no more the true God than Dagon or Baal. I know him not, neither do I reverence him. But Jehovah is the true God; He is the God of love, but He is also robbed in justice; He is the God of forgiveness, but He is also the God of atonement; He is the God of heaven, but He is also

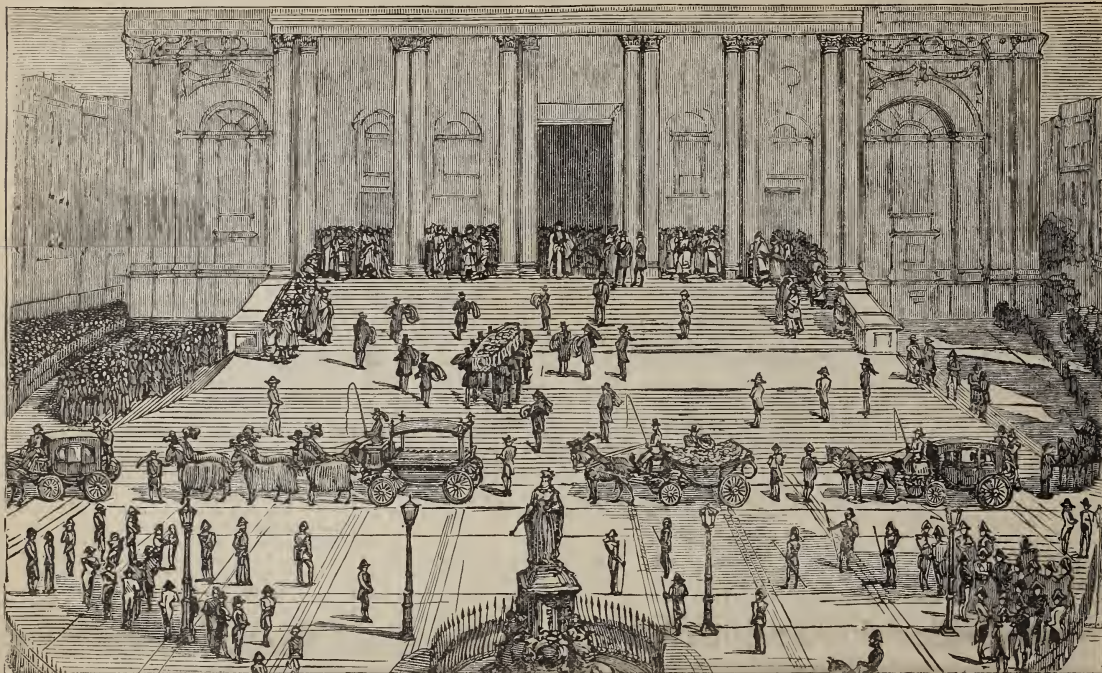
the God who sends the wicked down to hell. We, of course, are thought to be harsh, and narrow-minded, and bigoted; nevertheless, this God is our God forever and ever. There has been no change in Jehovah. He has revealed Himself more clearly in Christ Jesus; but He is the same God as in the Old Testament, and as such we worship Him. We love everything that is in God when we are brought under the bond of the covenant. May God bless this word to many sorrowing spirits, for Jesus' sake! Amen.

NEW BOOKS.

SIR HENRY TAYLOR.

The recollections of the aged necessarily have a charm for the public, and when the narrator has spent his life in the society of men who have been at the helm of national affairs—men who have made history—that charm is enhanced. That is the case with the two volumes of the autobiography of Sir Henry Taylor. He is now eighty-five years of age, and during fifty years of that long period he was in intimate relations with the statesmen who managed the affairs of the British Empire. How interesting his reminiscences are likely to be may be realized when we learn that he served under no less than twenty-six of the most eminent of the British Cabinet officers who successively became chiefs of the office in which Sir Henry was employed. That expectation is not disappointed by his book. He has much to tell of the personal characteristics of men whose names have become historical in literature as well as in politics. He knew personally Sir Robert Peel, the Duke of Wellington, Lord John Russell, the Earl of Derby, Mr. Disraeli, Mr. Gladstone, the Earl of Clarendon, Lord Melbourne, Archbishop Whately, Carlyle, Wordsworth, Coleridge, Samuel Rogers, Macaulay, Tennyson, Thackeray, Sir James Stephen, and many other eminent men whose reputation is world-wide. Sir Henry Taylor achieved that double prominence in literature and politics which is precisely of the character that attracts the regard of the most celebrated public men of the day, and he was therefore pre-eminently qualified to write a sketch of English society which could not fail to be interesting to all classes.

He was born in the year 1800. His parents were comparatively poor, but were able to give their boy an excellent education. After trying the sea as a profession, and afterward having a short experience of a public office, he resolved to devote himself to literature. He went up to London to seek employment on some periodical, but, happily for him, his first acquaintance among the chiefs of the literary world was able to open for him a door to an easier and less precarious occupation. He carried a letter of introduction to Dr. Holland, afterward Sir Henry Holland, who received him kindly and promised to assist him in his efforts to obtain literary employment. A few friendly interviews followed, and then Dr. Holland informed his young friend that he had been requested to recommend a young man for a place in the Colonial Office worth \$1500 a year, and that he had decided to recommend Taylor. The place was secured, and Taylor entered on his duties. He seems to have devoted himself with a will, for soon after his instalment he mentions in a letter home that he was working every night until two o'clock in the morning on a statement which Canning needed for the basis of a speech in Parliament. We may infer, however, that those were not his ordinary hours, as he was able, during his official career, to contribute regularly to the press and produced several works of considerable literary merit. He remained in the employ of the Government for fifty years, rising in regular gradation to the higher offices, at increased remuneration. When increasing years and infirmities necessitated his retirement, he was knighted, and received a pension as a recognition of his long and faithful service. His official life extended from 1823 to 1873, a period of political and social excitement in his country



The Funeral of the Late Lord Mayor of London in St. Paul's Cathedral.

and the world. Sir Henry Taylor's recollections, however, only incidentally deal with the great questions then agitating men's minds. They are chiefly concerned with persons, and are, therefore, the more valuable, being the result of his own observation and not such as could be gleaned from historical works. Pp. 612. Price, \$3. Published by Messrs. Harper & Brothers.

THE OBSEQUES OF THE LATE LORD MAYOR OF LONDON.

(See Illustration on this page.)

A NOTEWORTHY ceremonial was witnessed in London on April 18th, when the late Lord Mayor, (whose portrait and life appeared in this journal on December 11th, 1884), was buried in St. Paul's Cathedral. The event was notable on several grounds, but chiefly because the death of a Lord Mayor during his year of office is very rare. It is more than a hundred years since such a death was chronicled. Lord Mayor Nottage was only in his sixty-third year, and was deservedly respected by all classes. He was a man of sturdy religious principle, who was not afraid of incurring unpopularity when his conscience was concerned. In more than one case he abandoned State ceremonies which his predecessors had initiated when he found that they involved a desecration of the Lord's day or caused his attendants to lose the rest of the Sabbath. There was doubtless some disappointment caused by his conduct, for the Londoner dearly loves a civic show, but the Mayor's decision was so obviously right that he carried with him the approval of the best citizens. His death, on April 11th, was generally deplored.

His remains were borne in solemn state to St. Paul's on April 18th, and most of the stores in London were closed as a mark of respectful sympathy. The coffin, which was completely hidden by flowers and wreaths, was received at the entrance to the cathedral by the Bishop of London, the clergy, and the choir. During the first

part of the funeral service the coffin rested on a bier immediately under the centre of the dome, and at the conclusion it was lowered into its final resting-place in the crypt, in close proximity to those of the Duke of Wellington and Lord Nelson.

AN AMERICAN HEATHEN.

(See Illustration on page 381.)

A CITY missionary was one day climbing the broken staircase which led to a garret in a great tenement-house, when his attention was arrested by a man of peculiarly ferocious and repulsive countenance, who was loafing about in a state of semi-intoxication.

There was something about the man's appearance so brutal and degraded, and a look of savage passion in his eyes which made the visitor shudder, and his first impulse was to go back. But the man had already noticed him, and in a gruff voice demanded what he was doing there.

"I came," said the missionary, "to see if there was any one in need of me. I have a message for the sick and the troubled that is good to hear. It is good for the healthy and merry people, too," he added, with a smile. "In fact, as it is God's Word, it's good for everybody."

The ruffian shook him off as if he had been a viper, and bade him begone with his nonsense, or he would kick him down-stairs. While the missionary was endeavoring, with gentleness and patience, to soothe the frenzied man, he was startled by hearing a feeble voice, which appeared to come from behind one of the rickety doors which opened upon the landing, saying, "Who is that? If it's a preacher, send him here." There was evidently some one in the house needing his ministrations, and the missionary became more eager than before to disarm the suspicion and dislike of the half-tipsy loafer, who still menaced him and fiercely pointed to the stairs as the road he must take to avoid bodily harm.

"Bill, Bill," cried the voice, clearly that of a

woman, "do you hear? I want the parson. Let him come in, I say." The man muttered an oath, but stood aside, and indicating with a nod the door from behind which the voice seemed to come, said gruffly, "You can go in, as she wants you."

The visitor pushed open the door and entered the room. It was a wretched place, wholly destitute of furniture, except a three-legged stool and a bundle of straw in a corner, upon which were stretched the wasted limbs of an aged woman. When the visitor entered, she raised herself upon one elbow, fixed her eyes eagerly upon him, and said, "Are you a preacher?" The missionary nodded. "Then can you tell me about the blood which cleanseth from all sin?"

He sat down upon the stool beside her, and inquired, "My poor friend, what do you want to know of the blood which cleanseth from all sin?"

There was something fearful in the energy of her voice and manner as she replied, "What do I want to know of it? Man, I am dying! I am going to hell—I know I am; I deserve to go, if ever anybody did. I've been a wicked woman all my life. It's hard to be anything else for such as us, but I might ha' been better. My old man wanted me to go to church, and he'd ha' been a better man, if I had ha' let him, but I used to make fun of him and laugh him out of it. He made me go once, though, and I heard the preacher say as there was blood which cleanseth from all sin. I did not remember anything else, and I'd ha' forgot that only my old man kept a-talking about it, and when he was dying I fetched a preacher as told him more, and he wanted to teach me, only I wouldn't listen. But the old man seemed he could never hear enough, and he said it made him happy. He's dead now, and I never thought no more about it till I was took' bad, and then I wanted my son Bill to fetch a preacher, but he wouldn't. It was lucky you happened to come up here, for

you can tell me now all about it."

Many years before, that city missionary had been anxious to preach the Gospel in China, and had grieved sorely over the disappointment when Providence closed that path of usefulness to him. But as he listened to the old woman's story he realized that he need not go abroad to find heathen to preach to. Right here, in the very centre of American civilization, was a soul as dark and ignorant as any soul in far-off China. The churches had sent out their missionaries to the ends of the earth, but right at their own doors was a woman in her old age needing to be taught the first principles of the Gospel. How many such were dying here every day, and going before their Maker with the words, "No man cared for my soul"! A sense of responsibility went like a knife-thrust to his heart as he opened his Bible and read the first chapter of the first epistle of St. John. The poor creature seemed to devour the words, and when he paused she exclaimed, "Read more, read more!"

He read the second chapter—a slight noise made him look round; the savage ruffian had followed him into his mother's room,

and, though his face was partly turned away, the visitor could perceive that he was listening. The visitor read the third, fourth, and fifth chapters, answering her questions as he went along, and trying to show her clearly the way of salvation through Christ. He closed the book and, kneeling down, prayed earnestly for that woman's soul, and for that of her degraded son, who still stood with his arms folded, leaning against the wall, sullenly listening.

As he rose from his knees he met the poor woman's eager, questioning gaze, and interpreting the request she seemed too agitated to utter, he said, "I will come again early to-morrow. You must pray for yourself. Now I want you to ask God to teach you. While you are lying here and thinking, say to Him, 'Lord, teach me; open my eyes to see the truth.' God will hear you."

The poor woman lived nearly two weeks, and the missionary was able to do much for her bodily comfort, and to alleviate her physical suffering; but it was to her soul that God enabled him to render the greatest service. Holding firmly to the one idea she had at first of the cleansing blood, she pressed forward, learning slowly and dimly, but surely, of Christ, the Saviour of sinners, and of God's infinite love. She died at last with a smile of restful peace on her face, confident in the efficacy of the precious blood.

Her reprobate son was generally present during the missionary's visits, being, as he afterward learned, fearful lest his mother should disclose the secret of his life. He was a burglar, and he dreaded lest the missionary should learn the fact and betray him to the police. But on the day of his mother's death he confessed it himself, voluntarily, and begged the missionary to help him to start on an honest life. He, too, removed from his evil surroundings, became a reformed character, and was eventually won for Christ—a brand plucked from the burning.



Preaching to the Heathen—The Home Product.

THE JEW'S WARD.

A SERIAL STORY.

(Continued from page 367.)

A Landlord's Rights.

THE scene of weeping and lamentation in the spacious hall of Mr. Arnold's farmhouse was a significant spectacle. Patriotic Englishmen might well have found in it cause for reflection. It was something out of all harmony with political and social economy. Here were men strong, healthy, vigorous, in tears, weeping with their employer because he and they must leave the land of their birth and all their old associations, to seek new homes in a foreign land.

The man whose decision had produced this misery was acting strictly within his rights. The land was his; it had been bequeathed to him, and was his own to do what he chose with it. Every court of law would have supported him, even if he had chosen, as many 'noble lords' have done, to tear down every house in the village and make it a preserve for game. At the present time there are landowners who preside at religious anniversaries and give large sums to religious and philanthropic institutions, and in Parliament are cheered when they speak in thrilling tones of patriotism and the good of the country, who own hundreds of acres of land covered with young trees and undergrowth which are 'preserved' for the hares and pheasants for their shooting—those same acres having once supported many families clustered around a farmhouse such as that occupied by Mr. Arnold and his family. They are scattered now, and the noble lord who owns the land and his friends enjoy their shooting over the unproductive acres. It is no wonder that, under such a system of organized selfishness, England's power and glory are in their decline.

It was not, however, of the country's danger that Mr. Arnold and his men were thinking just now. The personal grief was pressing heavily, and that was a matter nearer home. Mr. Ar-

nold himself scarcely thought of the larger aspect of the question, though he felt that there was a gross injustice in this exercise by his landlord of his rights. He felt that legal right might be moral wrong. But that which brought to his eyes the unaccustomed tears was this expression of sympathy on the part of his men, who, by their spokesman, old Richard Windbank, declared that they would rather leave their homes and all their familiar associations than be separated from their employer. He did not know until now that he and his wife so loved, for he knew how poignant would be the sacrifice these people declared themselves willing to make for his sake.

There had been sorrow and grief caused by the death of many an Arnold, but, however well-beloved these had been, there had always been an Arnold to fill the vacant place. But this calamity was about to depopulate the village; half the homes would be forsaken forever, and the ancient circle of neighborhood and friendship was about to be broken up. Those who went away must leave many a friend behind them, and those who stayed must lose more than half of what made life

happy for them. It was an unmeasured, of an unmeasured catastrophe.

"You must not decide, any of you," said Philip, after a while, in a faltering voice—"not until I am in America. I am going there at once to seek a place, and I'll send you word faithfully what your chances will be, and what profit or loss it would be to you all; and then, if you will come with us, why, it will make it like a real home to us, my father and mother and me; and we will do our best for you all; and it shall never be forgotten that you left England for our sakes. But leave us now, for my father cannot speak a word to you."

Slowly the people took their departure, shaking their heads sadly as they spoke of their old master.

"He's breakin' his heart," said old Richard Windbank, "and naught as we can do 'ill mend it. Mark my words, he wunna live to quit Hazelmount; and we'll lay him wi' his forefathers. But Maister Philip, he's got all his wits about him, and a high spirit he has."

So Philip went his way just before the ingathering of the harvest began, but he could not start for America until he had made some inquiries after Carola. He had always reckoned upon being able to find her through the address given at the Bank of England when she applied for the interest of her money in the Consols, and he made application through a solicitor in London for this address. But the reply was that no dividend had been claimed for the last year and a half, and that the old address of Matthias Levi still stood on the books. There was no time for him to pursue his search personally; and with a heavy heart, and with his hopes cast down, Philip set out in quest of a new Hazelmount on the other side of the Atlantic; for what would a new home be to him, even if it was absolutely his own land, if Carola did not share it?

It was a sore disappointment, for always he

had thought that his mother's objection was his only obstacle. That once surmounted, he felt sure of the rest. He uttered the beloved name in the silence of the night, and often among the busy throng around him in the day, and it seemed to him that wherever she might be she must hear. The intensity of his love thrilled in his voice as if it must penetrate to her ear.

But of this ardent longing Carola, of course, knew nothing. She was wedded to her duties, and her heart was with the sick and suffering to whom she ministered. She had been a year in the hospital, but she had not kept account of the weeks and months. The seasons made but little difference in the landscape surrounding it, except in the length of the days and nights; yet she had not missed very much their pleasant changes. All her time was so much occupied, and her hands were so full of work, that she had no thought to give to other things. She had not taken the trouble to apply for her little income, for all her wants were supplied, and she had no leisure to spend upon herself.

For the first month she had worked as a servant merely, cooking, or scrubbing floors, or washing linen, as Sister Elizabeth ordered her. But before long she was employed as a nurse, and displayed so much ready tact, and patience, and trustworthiness, that she soon found herself on constant duty in the wards.

Next to teaching children this was a work she would have chosen for herself; yet now and then her spirit fainted a little within her, for she saw only the sorrow and suffering there is in life. It was a surgical hospital; and most of the patients who came in were working-men who had met with accidents in the pits or at the furnaces; and many a sad sight she had to witness without yielding to any outward expression of her natural tendencies. Yet before many months were over, if Sister Elizabeth could not be present at any operation, it was Carola, with her steady nerves, and strong, gentle touch, and watchful eye, whose help was called for, both by the surgeons and the patients.

The evening was the time Carola loved most, when the patients had had their supper, and the wards were quietly gliding into the stillness of night. She could then sing or read aloud to the poor sufferers, until some of them fell asleep, and the rest were soothed into patient endurance of their pains. She was pacing to and fro one night carrying in her arms a little child who had been badly burned, when Sister Elizabeth softly opened the door. The lights had been turned low, and the fire was a heap of glowing embers only, and Carola was passing slowly down the ward, followed by the peaceful and wistful eyes of the patients lying on the beds—for she was singing in a low, clear tone, and they joined their feeble and quivering voices with hers. She had sung the same verse two or three times—

"But none of the ransomed ever knew

How deep were the waters crossed;

Nor how dark was the night that the Lord passed through

Ere He found His sheep that was lost.

Out in the desert He heard its cry,

Sick and helpless, and ready to die."

"It will be a hard thing for the men to spare her, even for a few days," thought Sister Elizabeth. But she called Carola away, and sent in the night-nurse. A telegram had come from a friend of hers, a doctor in a country-place forty miles away, begging her to send him the best nurse she had by the next train. There was not much time for preparation, and Carola had to hasten.

It was a small and lonely station, lit up by a flickering oil lamp, and the train only dropped a slip coach there as it whirled on through the night. There was no one on the platform but the station-master and the doctor, who was waiting anxiously for her arrival, and who hurried her into his carriage and ordered his coachman to go on as quickly as he could. It was a drive of more than an hour, during which the doctor was reading by the light of a carriage-

lamp; and it was not until they passed through some lodge-gates that he addressed her.

"Are you used to the sight of frightful accidents?" he asked.

"We have had ones at Netherton Hospital, sir," she answered.

"I want a nurse who will be obedient and watchful," he went on; "this patient of mine was shot yesterday—accidentally, of course—and it will depend upon you as much as upon me whether we can pull him through. I suppose Sister Elizabeth has confidence in you."

"I have been with her since last September," Carola replied. "I will be obedient and watchful. I think you may trust in me, sir."

"Good!" he said, turning again to his book, until they reached the door of a hall, in which a single light was burning. Carola followed the doctor through long and silent passages to a room but dimly lighted. A woman, who was evidently only a housekeeper, welcomed her appearance warmly, and led her to the side of the bed on which the patient was lying.

It was a long and anxious night. The doctor lay down in the adjoining room, ready to be called at a moment's notice; and the housekeeper soon fell asleep in an easy-chair. But it was Carola's duty to sit beside the bed, with her eyes fastened on the half-concealed face of the stranger, possibly passing away into death.

It was the first time she had been called away from her tranquil home in the hospital, and she was excited. There was no fear of any drowsiness coming over her; this one thing she had to do: to see that no change took place in the patient she was watching, that he made no movement which might disturb the bandages about his head.

This great and silent house in which she was must be somewhere in the very heart of the country, for they had passed through no town, and only one small village on their way to it. She knew nothing; not even the name of this apparently dying man, whose life seemed to hang upon her watchfulness and care. The room was large, and lofty, and handsomely furnished; he must be a rich man, but there was not a friend or relative near him. There was no face looking in, silently and anxiously, from time to time, as if any one cared whether he lived or died.

The dawning of the day was scarcely perceptible through the thick curtains; and it was broad sunlight before the doctor set her free from her post, and bade her get the rest she needed before being called upon to watch again. The housekeeper led her to a room near at hand, and as soon as she was left alone, Carola drew aside the curtain to look out on the freshness of the early morning.

But what familiar landscape was this that stretched far and wide before her? Was she back in her little cottage at Hazelmount? For there lay the great plain sloping up to the distant horizon, with its clusters of trees all touched with autumn tints; and its yellow corn-fields ripe for the harvest, as they were three years ago. Three years ago? Nay, three centuries of years. Could this indeed be Hazelmount? She opened the window, and leaning through, looked across the hazy park. Yonder was the path leading across it to the school-house; and there was the school-house itself, and the empty rick-yard behind it, and beyond that the ivy-clad gable of the Grange. Yes; she had been brought back to Hazelmount.

All that lost and happy past rushed back upon her like a flood. Oh! how she had loved them all! What a real home she had found there! She saw, as if a flash of lightning glanced across the future, that the hospital could never be as full and true a home, with the patients dwelling only a little while under her care, and then making way in endless succession to fresh cases. Her heart yearned toward the peaceful little village with the longing of home-sickness. Yet they must not discover that she was here, so near to them; for now she knew a little more of the world, she felt that they had acted accord-

ing to its dictates in considering her unworthy of a place in their midst.

This house, then, must be Hazelmount Hall, which had been closed for years; and probably there would be no one in it who would recognize her in her nurse's cap and uniform. But it would not be right to quit her post because there was the risk of being known. Sister Elizabeth confided the most dangerous cases to her care; and this stranger was committed to her charge as a trained nurse. Ought she to leave him because she was afraid of meeting again those who had despised and rejected her?

Carola shed a few tears, very sorrowful ones. But tears were a luxury not permitted in the narrow path of duty. It was right now that she should sleep, and recruit the strength she had devoted to the service of the feeble. She whispered to herself the Lord's Prayer, for these were the very words her Lord had bidden her to say; and when she was too weary or too troubled to utter any other, she could remember them.

It was evening when she resumed her post at Captain Bentley's side. There was still danger, but it was less imminent, and the doctor told her she might allow him to talk a little if he seemed inclined. For some hours she sat reading beside a shaded lamp, glancing often at her patient, with her ear intent for any stir or whisper. Toward midnight he made an effort to move, and she was beside him instantly.

"Is the danger past?" he whispered.

"Almost," she answered; "you have only to keep quiet, and trust in me. The doctor is still in the house; and if there is any need I will call him."

"Shall I be blind?" he asked.

"We cannot tell yet," she replied, "but I have seen many men far worse injured than you get well, and go to work again. You might have been killed on the spot; and now the danger is nearly over."

"I'd almost sooner have died than be maimed and blind," he said; "and yet, perhaps, it is better to be a live dog than a dead lion, as they say. Is that true?"

"I don't know," she replied, "but for myself I know that if I live, I live unto the Lord; and if I die, I die unto the Lord; living or dying I am the Lord's."

There was a ring of gladness in her voice which made it pleasant to his ear, but her words sounded to him almost like a foreign language. He lay quite still after the effort of speaking; but he was conscious that she did not move away, that she stood near him ready to perform any service; and there was a feeling of security in being thus carefully watched. If anything went wrong this quiet, silvery-tongued nurse would see it at once. His brain was clear now, and he could recall his accident and all that passed before it.

But was it an accident? There was enough hatred of him, hatred kindled altogether by himself, to make it not impossible that he had been shot at. He thought of the families about to quit their homes and emigrate to strange lands, who felt that it was he who was driving them away. He had been a hard, selfish, and tyrannical landlord; and no wonder if one of them had shot him from behind a hedge.

"Do you know how it happened?" he inquired, after so long a pause that Carola thought he had fallen asleep again.

"You were out shooting in the Long Copple," she answered, speaking very deliberately, "and you were crushing through the underwood with your gun loaded, and a branch caught the trigger. There was no one with you but Tudor, the gamekeeper."

"Do you think anybody out of Hazelmount would do it?" he asked.

"Oh, no, no! that is impossible," she answered.

"They hate me," he muttered.

"Why?" asked Carola.

"I've turned the Arnolds out of their old farm," he said, in troubled accents, "and half

the villagers are leaving with them. Young Arnold is gone to America to buy a place there. Oh, they hate me bitterly enough."

Carola listened with passionate astonishment. The Arnolds leaving the Grange; the place which seemed as if it belonged to them by right! What right could this stranger have, a man unknown to all of them, to drive them away from the home that had belonged to them from time immemorial? Oh, the pain and the heart-breaking misery of it! And she could do nothing. For first always in the movements of her eager heart came the instinct of helping; and if that was unsatisfied, as it must be now, her own pain was great. She would need no book to keep her awake to-night; her brain was too full of thoughts for reading.

(To be continued.)

CHRISTIAN PROGRESS.

S. S. Lesson for June 21, 2d Pet. 1:1-11. Golden Text, 3:18. By Mrs. M. Baxter.

Faith Obtained—The Needed Multiplication of Grace—God's Stupendous Grant—Things Pertaining to Life—How the Claim Becomes Valid—The Divine Superseding the Human—Adding by Faith—How to Make Election Sure—A Young Wife's Mistake.

PETER styles himself "a servant and an apostle of Jesus Christ," putting the service before the office. He writes "to them that have obtained a like precious faith with us in the righteousness of our God and Saviour Jesus Christ" (R.V.).

OBTAINED FAITH!

Yes; it is not indigenous in human nature; "the faith of God" (Mark 11:22, margin), "the faith of the Son of God" (Gal. 2:20), "faith, in the same Spirit" (1 Cor. 12:9), is not human but divine; not inbred, but "obtained." Divine faith can take in divine things; it sees from God's side, and divine faith is ours now as we claim it in Christ Jesus.

"In most of the Epistles we find in the very opening the salutation, "Grace be unto you," or "Grace to you and peace be multiplied." The apostles never presupposed that their converts had so much of the grace of God that they needed no more. As we come to know God better, we see how, from beginning to end, our redemption, salvation, sanctification, and healing are all of grace. How our work for God, how our family and social life—so far as we live unto God—is all of grace. To grow in grace and in the knowledge of Christ is one and the same thing. As we know Him we trust Him, and He answers to our faith.

"Seeing that His divine power hath granted unto us all things that pertain unto life and godliness through the knowledge of Him which hath called us by His own glory and virtue" (R.V.). A government sometimes gives a grant of land or a grant of money. God gives a grant so magnificent, so stupendous, that its very vastness stuns us, and we do not take it really in.

GOD'S GRANT

is "all things that pertain to life and godliness," and it is given to them that have obtained from Him like precious faith with Peter. What are the things that pertain to life? A stream of life sets out from the Godhead toward man; it is part of God's grant, it touches soul and body. Our only trustee is Jesus. "In Him was life" (John 1:4). "He that hath the Son hath life, and he that hath not the Son of God hath not life" (1 John 5:12). The very "fulness of God" is in the grant (Eph. 3:19), the life of God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Ghost. But these are things which pertain unto life. Faith pertains unto it; this, too, is in the grant (Eph. 2:3). Abiding in Christ pertains to life, for "If a man abide not in Me, he is cast forth as a branch" (John 15:6). Again, life needs sustenance. "As the living Father hath sent Me, and I live by the Father; so he that eateth Me, even he shall live by Me" (John 6:57). Jesus has given His flesh for the life of the world, and all which pertains to godliness is in the grant of God. Christ our Sanctifica-

tion is in the grant; the Holy Spirit is in the grant to show us the things of Christ, and make real to us all Christ is.

But there is one way only by which our claim to God's grant is valid. It is "by the knowledge of Him that called us by His own glory and virtue" (R.V.). It is not by knowing about Him, but by knowing Him that we come into the possession of the grant. Many believers will do anything sooner than come face to face with God. They will read, attend meetings, discuss, get people to pray with them; but there is one thing they always fight shy of, and this is just what they most need—real face to face intercourse with God. The knowledge of God, the close acquaintance with Him which He longs for, this gives assurance in claiming the grant of all things which pertain to life and godliness. "I have tried and striven; I have prayed and read about holiness, and I cannot get the blessing," said a lady one day. "But," said a child of God to her, "you have not yielded your whole self over to the Lord, and quite let yourself go into His hands, to work in you all His will, counting joyfully upon Him to do it, so that you can rest about it, and praise Him." As we know Him it becomes so natural to trust Him that His Word becomes to us the surest thing in the whole creation.

"Whereby He hath granted unto us His precious and exceeding great promises, that through these ye may become partakers of the divine nature, having escaped from the corruption that is in the world by lust" (R.V.). What pertains to life and godliness? The divine nature! Can we not afford to set aside all hope of anything in our own nature when God will supersede it with His? "In me," says Paul—that is, in my flesh, my self, my human nature—"dwelleth no good thing" (Rom. 7:18). Nothing can be done to improve our human nature so that there shall be anything good in us, of which we can take the credit. But God by His exceeding great and precious promises, makes us partakers with the divine. Instead of improving us, He comes in to dwell, and brings His own divine perfection with Him. Thus Paul does not say, "To me to live is improvement or progress," but "to me to live is Christ." Paul was not improved, but crucified with Christ, and Christ lived in him, loved through him, spoke through him, made intercession through him. Paul never said that he thought he was getting on, and that he felt more holy; Paul was superseded by another, and that other was Christ. We are made partakers of the divine nature having escaped from the corruption which is in the world by lust" (R.V.). This word "lust" (*epithumia* in the Greek) means our own strong will or desires. The very centre of self is in the will. When we will ourselves away to God, and believe that He takes possession of us, then His will takes the place of ours, and we wonder to find it always, even in the most trying circumstances, good, and acceptable, and perfect. All that is of our human will tends to death and corruption, because eternal life is not in it.

"Yea, and for this very cause, adding on your part all diligence, in your faith supply [or add] virtue" (R.V.). Just because God makes us partakers of the divine nature, we may claim and obtain by faith all that is divine. By no effort or struggle can we supply or add to ourselves any grace or virtue; but in our faith, "the faith of the Son of God," we can claim that Christ in us shall exhibit "virtue," that Christ in us shall be our "knowledge," so that we do not need to search our own intelligence in vain for the comprehension of that which is divine, but accept it from Him who dwells within. And so with "temperance" or self-control. Oh, how many are constantly in bondage through unbribe appetites, plunged into an excess of remorse, hating themselves, yet powerless to escape! Thank God, if we give all diligence to Him who dwells within, we can claim and have Him as our "temperance." He who holds the spheres can control men's pas-

sions. And so with "patience." A strong, energetic nature is apt to champ and fret at all which impedes its projects. We can no more change impatience into patience than an Ethiopian can change his skin or a leopard his spots. But Christ in us can be our "patience" as He is our Sanctification, for the greater includes the less. And so with "godliness," "brotherly love," and "love." Reckon on Christ, dear reader, for all these blessed fruits of the Spirit. The rendering of the Revised Version here is very helpful "in your faith supply," etc. Faith expects nothing from itself, it always looks away from self to another. If we could flatter ourselves that by some effort or goodness of our own we had grown out of one virtue into another, instead of adding in faith the graces which are in Christ within us, the glory would be ours, not His. And, moreover, we should be under the delusion that self was not altogether bad.

"For if those things are yours and abound, they make you to be not idle nor unfruitful unto the knowledge of our Lord Jesus Christ. For he that lacketh these things is blind, seeing only what is near, having forgotten the cleansing from his old sins." Having Jesus as an indwelling Saviour, revealed by the Holy Ghost who makes us His temple, we are not left in ignorance as to the lack of godliness in us. And God makes us responsible to accept by faith all that Christ is. Those who live in the light of the blessed cleansing from sin become sensitive to all lack of Christ. "Wherefore, brethren, give the more diligence to make your calling and election sure, for if ye do these things ye shall never stumble" (R.V.). What is our calling and election? God hath called us unto holiness (1 Thess. 4:7), unto the fellowship of His Son" (1 Cor. 1:9), "unto peace" (1 Cor. 7:15), "according to His purpose." How, then, can we make sure of our calling? By entering upon the possession of God's great and precious promises by faith obtained from Him, and thus becoming and recognizing that we do become "partakers of the divine nature." Christ is the end of the law for righteousness unto every one that believeth, and He is the end of the Gospel for holiness also. It is truly by being occupied with Christ that we are kept from stumbling. A young wife, recently converted, began to think about herself, and watch her feelings. She listened to the accusations of Satan, who said to her, "You see, you don't feel that love to God which you ought to have, and you don't love prayer as you ought, and your first feelings don't last." For nearly a whole day she was miserable. Then she went to her husband and told him all her misery. "What were you thinking about when you were so full of happiness?" he asked. "Why, I was thinking about the Lord Jesus and His love." "Well, think about Him now." She did so, and He stilled the accusations of Satan. A child grows unconsciously, and all real growth in grace is an unconscious but sure slipping out of ourselves into Him. Growth can only come from life, and Jesus is our life. It is not our faith in Him or love for Him which is our life; it is not even His work in us; He Himself is our life. He, taking increasingly the place of self, is our growth. He is our Keeper from stumbling. He who calls upon us in our faith to supply or exhibit the virtues of Christ also says to us, "For thus shall be richly supplied unto you the entrance into the eternal kingdom of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ."

An Illustrated Work on the Unfulfilled prophecies of the Bible, by the Rev. M. Baxter, entitled "Forty Command Wonders," may be had from the office of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, #310 of recent date. It thus forms the most useful and complete guide the student can have on entering the study of that portion of the Word of God. The book may also be obtained for one dollar from any bookseller, who can procure it from the American News Company.

WEARINESS AND WAITING.

Wait on the Lord: be of good courage and he shall strengthen thine heart.—Psalm xxviii, 14.
The Lord is not slack concerning His promise.—2 Peter iii, 9.

I am weary of working and waiting—
Waiting and watching alone—
For the shadows to clear and brighten,
For the dawn of the endless day.

Sometimes the pain is so heavy,
And the burden so hard to bear,
That it even seems as if nothing
Could lighten the load of care.

I can preach to another's sorrow,
And another's burden I share,
Why, then, is the cross I must carry
So very hard to bear?

But even, as now in my trouble,
I trace these thoughts of my heart,
I can hear the voice of my Saviour—
At His words the quick tears start.

"Child"—only sorrowful accents,
And no reproach in his tone,
Though I know my faithless murmurs
And my hardened heart of stone!

"There is no cross nor burden,
Whatever it seem to be,
That will adden, or tire, or distress thee,
If thou wilt but share it with Me.

"Mourn not that the shadows deepen,
Wish not yet for the Endless Day,
From behind the clouds come the rainbow—
Do thou My Will always!"

"I cry, I will wait always on Thee!"
I lord with repentant tears,
Remembering ever Thy blessed Word—
One day as a thousand years.

"And the Lord is not slack with His promise."
Oh teach me with patience to see,
That the day of reward is not distant
When the captive of sin shall be free!

—Selected.

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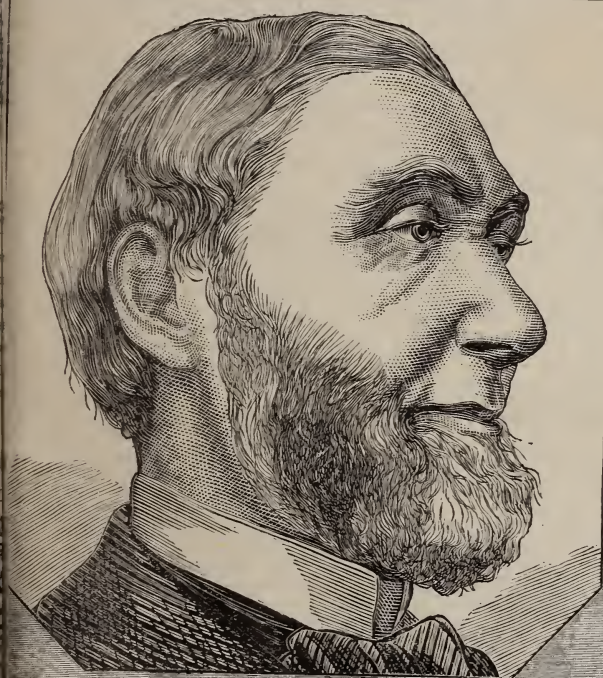
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The Lord will Provide, S. S.

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Late Mr. A. T. STEWART—The Memorial Cathedral at Garden City, L. I., Erected by Mrs. Stewart.

MR. A. T. STEWART.

Birth and Education—Emigrates to America—School Teaching—Peculiar Opening in Business—The Famous Dress-Trimming—His First Customer—Early Successes—Marriage—His Enormous Fortune—His Business Maxims—His Philanthropic Record.

THE portrait of Mr. A. T. Stewart, and the picture of the new Cathedral of the Incarnation, at Garden City, L. I., which Mrs. Stewart has erected in memory of her husband, and which was consecrated on June 2d, are published this week in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD in recognition of the fact that the gift of the magnificent edifice and the ceremonies attending its opening have recalled public attention in some degree to the remarkable man whose memory is thus splendidly embalmed. The world easily forgets men when they are dead, however large and important is the place they occupied during life. This is especially so in the case of such men as Mr. A. T. Stewart, whose place was in the business world, where competition is fierce, and where the survivors are rivals eager to occupy the place which death has made vacant. When death seizes a great statesman, his country has often reason, for many years, to lament his loss, as it sees no one with sufficient ability to serve it as he could. The philanthropist, too, lives in the memory of those who benefit by the institutions he founded. But the man of wealth dies, and men witness his departure with grim equanimity, not unfrequently mixed with a spiteful satisfaction that the man whom they envied is at last as poor as his fellows, and that even he, with all his millions, could not buy another hour of life. His place is filled, and he is forgotten. But loving hands have taken care that the memory of this man shall live, by identifying with his name a temple for the worship of God, the splendor of which attests the affection in which he was held, and respect for the cause to which it is consecrated.

BIRTH AND EDUCATION.

Alexander Turney Stewart was born December 12th, 1803, in a suburb of Lisburn, an extensive manufacturing town about six miles from Belfast, Ireland. His father was a farmer, respected in his neighborhood, but not wealthy. Both his parents were Irish, but their ancestors were Scottish. It is worthy of remark, incidentally, how many men who have attained eminence in various departments of life have sprung from the union of those two nationalities, each of which seems to contribute to the mental makeup valuable qualities which counterbalance each other. While he was still a boy A. T. Stewart lost his father, and his mother married again; he was adopted by his maternal grandfather, John Turney, who conceived a strong attachment for the boy. He hoped to have heard him preach from a Protestant Episcopal pulpit, and with that object sent him to a good school, and afterward to the Royal College of Belfast. The boy was studious, and passed his earlier examinations with honors, but before he had completed his college course his grandfather died, and he abandoned the idea of becoming a clergyman.

EMIGRATES TO AMERICA.

A Quaker gentleman had, at the grandfather's request, consented to look after the boy, and when he graduated from college and announced his desire to go to America, the shrewd Quaker gave his approval. Armed with letters of introduction to several Quaker gentlemen, young Stewart landed at the Battery, New York, in 1821. He had some little money in his pocket, and the knowledge that when he came of age, in 1824, he would receive \$3500 more, as a legacy from his grandfather. He obtained, through the influence of his Quaker friends, a position as assistant teacher in a public school situated on the corner of Pearl and Roosevelt streets, where he taught for some time, having among his pupils Hamilton Fish, afterward Secretary of State, and Fletcher Harper, of the firm of Harper & Brothers.

COMMENCEMENT OF BUSINESS.

While still teaching school Mr. Stewart assist-

ed with capital a young friend, who was about to open a small dry-goods store. Some unforeseen difficulty occurred, and the young man was prevented going into business, whereupon Mr. Stewart, believing that there was an opening that would suit him, determined to open the store himself. He was utterly unacquainted with the trade, but had plenty of shrewdness and business sagacity. He noticed that fashionable ladies were wearing dresses trimmed with a kind of needlework which was expensive here, but was cheap enough in Ireland, especially near Belfast, where he had seen the cottagers make it. He immediately went back to Ireland, informed his guardian of his intentions, and receiving his assistance bought largely of the dress-trimming. He returned to New York and found that if he sold it at ten times the price he had given for it he would still be below market rates.

A MODEST ADVERTISEMENT.

In the New York Daily Advertiser of September 2d, 1825, announced that A. T. Stewart offered for sale "a general assortment of fresh and seasonable dry goods" at No. 283 Broadway. He had rented one half of a store, with a frontage of twenty-five feet, in the building occupied by the Washington Hotel.

His first customer was a personal friend, who had promised to buy from him the first parcel he sold. She spent \$200 there and "wished him luck." Many years after, when Stewart was a millionaire, he heard that the same lady was in poverty owing to the misconduct of her husband. He sought her out and settled an annuity upon her sufficient to enable her to spend the rest of her life in comfort.

The young dry-goods merchant, in spite of his inexperience, was very successful, and in 1826 he removed to a larger store at No. 262 Broadway. In that year, encouraged by his business success, Mr. Stewart proposed

MARRIAGE.

to a young lady to whom he was attached. She was the daughter of a flourishing ship chandler, and might well have hesitated before accepting a young man who had still his own way to make. But it may be supposed that Miss Cornelia Clinch had faith in her suitor, for she accepted him and they were married. Before many years had passed, her husband spent a million dollars in building the finest marble mansion in New York, saying that it was "a little attention to Mrs. Stewart," and she has now expended two millions in the cathedral in his memory.

Mr. Stewart remained in his new store only a short time, soon transferring his stock to No. 257 Broadway. There his business increased wonderfully, and his tireless energy and commercial sagacity put him in a few years at the head of the dry-goods trade of the country. In 1848 he had accumulated so much capital that he was enabled to build the large marble store at Broadway and Chambers Street, on the site of the old Washington Hotel, in which his first little store had been situated.

The new store was a tremendous success. He began to be called the "Merchant Prince," and his business increased every year. Fourteen years later, however, his business had outgrown even those spacious quarters. He resolved to anticipate the up-town move by buying part of the old Randall Farm, bounded by Ninth and Tenth streets, Broadway and Fourth Avenue. On these lots he erected the six-story building which was the scene of his retail trade until his death, the old store at Broadway and Chambers Street being reserved for the wholesale department. The new store and the land on which it was built cost nearly three million dollars. His income continued to increase until, in 1864, he reckoned it at four millions a year.

The business of the firm was world-wide. There was a foreign bureau at Manchester, England, where all English goods were collected, examined, packed, and shipped to this city. At Belfast, Ireland, the firm had a factory where linens were bleached. At Glasgow there was

another bureau for the collection and shipment of Scotch goods. In a *magazin* at Paris were collected French, German, and East India goods. There were a woollen house at Berlin and silk warehouses at Lyons. The continental business was centred in the Paris Bureau, and the payments were made there. There were mills in Europe engaged in manufacturing for the house of A. T. Stewart & Co. alone, and these were rivalled by others in this country. There was a small army of buyers and agents who were constantly travelling from Paris to Hong Kong, from Tibet to Peru. The mill on this side the Atlantic included the Mohaw and Elbef Mills, at Little Falls, N. Y.; the New York Mills, at Holyoke, Mass.; the Woodwa Mills, at Woodstock, Conn., and the Yantic Mills, at Yantic, N. J.

When General Grant was elected President nominated Mr. Stewart Secretary of the Treasury, but it was found that Mr. Stewart's business as an importer was an insuperable bar to his appointment, importers being expressly made ineligible by a law passed in 1742.

Mr. Stewart's unexampled success was largely due to his firm adherence to his two

BUSINESS MAXIMS.

"one price and strict integrity." He became an excellent judge of the value of goods, and knew exactly what might be said in their favor. That line he never passed himself, nor allowed his employes to pass. The goods sold were precisely what they were represented to be, and no domestic article was represented as imported. No faulty article was warranted perfect in store, even if such representation would effect sale. Every customer found that he was safe "dealing at Stewart's." No advantage was taken of his ignorance or his station. The judge of values could get no reduction from prices marked, and the richest and most careless buyer was not overcharged. Mr. Stewart won the confidence of the public, and the business was easy. On his own side he had immense business sagacity. No man could so accurately foresee a change in prices. In the midst of prosperity he was the first to recognize the signs of an approaching financial storm, and was quick to see the earliest indications of a rise in value. He always bought for cash and so was able to buy at the best advantage. When he died, April 10th, 1876, the little capital of \$3500 which he started in business had grown to a sum variously estimated, but certainly exceeding fifty millions, and by some good judges believed to amount to one hundred millions. All this he bequeathed unconditionally to his widow, with the exception of legacies to his employes—thousand dollars to each of those who had labored with him twenty years, and five hundred dollars to each of those who had been with him years—and one million to Judge Hilton.

CHARITABLE GIFTS.

Mr. Stewart had not the character of a philanthropist. Though he was childless, his children having died in infancy, he seemed much engrossed in adding million to million to think of any other subject. He invested money so as to bring in a good return, and turned out a public benefit too, so much better. The scheme of an hotel for working women was one of those enterprises, but he did not pay—and philanthropic work seldom does pay financially—it was abandoned as an ordinary hotel. Yet Mr. Stewart's plan could be touched sometimes. After the fire in Chicago, when the country was throbbing with sympathy by the sudden and appalling disaster, Mr. Stewart gave \$50,000 to the fund. In 1846, when Ireland was stricken with famine, he chartered a ship, freighted it with provisions, and sent it to Belfast. The cargo distributed the provisions, and by Mr. Stewart's orders brought back as many young men as the ship would hold, who, when landed in New York, found situations where for them either under Mr. Stewart himself or the employ of his friends, whom he had interested on their behalf. Again, in 1871, a

conclusion of the Franco-German war, the distressed citizens of Havre saw a ship laden with thirty-eight hundred barrels of flour steam into their harbor as the gift of A. T. Stewart. Of course there were not wanting cynical persons who called these magnificent gifts shrewd advertisements, but the gifts were facts, and the motives may be left to the Judge who alone can be cognizant of the impulses of the heart.

A mystery which the public has not solved is connected with the present resting-place of the millionaire's body. It was surreptitiously taken, in 1878, from the temporary grave in St. Mark's Churchyard, where it was placed after his death in 1876, to await removal to the cathedral in Garden City. Rumors of various kinds have been current since then of its recovery by the family, but they have not been confirmed. One report has it that the body was not stolen, but removed and buried in a secret place by Judge Hilton's orders, to prevent its being stolen. The actual facts, however, are still in dispute.

THE CATHEDRAL.

On the first page of this number is a picture of the magnificent edifice called the Cathedral of the Incarnation, which Mrs. Stewart has reared as a memorial of her departed husband. For that picture and for the materials for the following description of the building we are indebted to our esteemed contemporary the *Churchman*.

The cathedral grounds will one day upon them, besides the cathedral itself, a chapter house connected with it by a covered cloister of one hundred feet, paved with marble, the see house (already built), St. Paul's School (already built), a half mile north-west of the cathedral, St. Mary's School a half mile in the opposite direction, the Divinity School between St. Paul's School and the cathedral, and all necessary out-buildings. The cathedral can be seen from a great distance on the plains, its graceful spire and its fine proportions rendering it a striking object in the landscape. Its architect is Mr. H. G. Harrison, of this city, and as a whole, and in its details, he may well be proud of his work.

The style of the edifice is floriated Gothic, which admits of profuse ornamentation, and, in this respect, nothing has been spared. The walls everywhere show exquisite tracery, sculpture, and carvings. Every pinnacle of the aisle wall and clerestory is flanked with gargoyles, every gable is copiously crocketed, the offsets are intricately modelled, and the capitals are carved in natural foliage. Not less than sixty miniature spires rise from different parts of the building, and it fairly bristles with points. The length of the cathedral is 188 feet, the transepts being 65 feet and the nave 60 feet, while the height from the foundation to the apex of the nave is 53 feet. The spire rises 137 feet above the nave, making its whole height 210.6 feet. The main entrance is through the tower, and has a width of 30 feet, and is guarded by massive doors of oak six inches thick.

Attached to the transept is a *baptistery*, but under a separate roof. It is in shape octagonal, 14.6 feet deep and 26 feet high, with a groined ceiling which is of perfect beauty. On the one side of the baptistery is a niche containing a marble statue of "Hope," six feet in height, and on the other side one of "Religion," of the same proportions. The font, exquisite in design, and beautifully carved with winged figures, appropriate symbols and inscription, is of pure white marble, surmounted with a cap of perforated mahogany, exceedingly rich. The chancel, divided into choir and sacrament, opens from the nave by a spacious arch, is apsidal in form, and is lighted by thirteen windows. It is very spacious, the choir measuring 21.9 feet by 48 feet, and the sacrament 21.9 feet by 32 feet, including the apse.

The altar is of pure Italian marble, white and without spot, and no description can convey any adequate idea of its sculptured beauty, and he same may be said of the ornate bishop's chair and the deep sedilia. All the appoint-

ments of the chancel are in harmony with its object and with the rest of the sacred edifice, and its floor, like those of the nave and transepts, is of polished marble; it is a wonder of symmetrical beauty.

Beneath the chancel and choir are the crypt and mortuary chapel, the former intended to be the last resting-place of Alexander T. Stewart and family. Here everything is of the noblest material; imported marbles, Irish, Scotch, English, and Italian, and labor, time, and money have been bestowed upon them without stint. The form of the crypt is apsidal, being a polygon of fourteen sides, with a diameter of 21.9 feet, and a height of 18 feet, and seven of the sides are continuations downward of the faces of the apse, while all of the faces are bays, two of them being left open for access. The walls, cells, and ribs of the vaulting are polished white marble, the junction of the ribs being marked by fine pendants carved in flowers and leafage.

The *fine chime of bells* are those that attracted so much attention at the Centennial in Philadelphia.

The *See House* is on a lot south of the cathedral, and, like it, is built without regard to cost. The plan was studied long to adapt it to its purpose, and its five-and-thirty rooms are admirably arranged. It is in some sort a bishop's palace, though it was planned for work as well as pleasure, and for the dispensation of such generous hospitality as becomes the episcopal office. It is heated by steam conducted from without, as are also the cathedral and St. Paul's School. It is admirable in all its parts, and in design and execution the work has been thoroughly done.

St. Paul's School for Boys is four stories in height, and has a frontage of 280 feet, with three wings, each 170 feet deep, and is calculated for 500 pupils. Nothing is wanting to it that could make such a school a success, or promote the interest and happiness of the scholars. A mile away some day will rise the walls of St. Mary's School for girls already in operation, and the Divinity School hard by.

THE CONSECRATION.

ON Tuesday, June 24, the cathedral was consecrated. The magnificent building was crowded by a large assembly, among which were one thousand clergymen from all parts of the State, and from New Jersey, Pennsylvania, and Illinois, who had received special invitations from the munificent donor.

Shortly after ten o'clock the booming of cannon and the ringing of the bells in the cathedral spire ceased, and the procession of the bishops and the clergy started from the crypt, through the cloister and around the cathedral, singing the Processional Hymn, "Christ is made the sure foundation." Bishop Littlejohn then read the Twenty-fourth Psalm. The bishop then passed within the chancel and Mrs. Stewart rose, and taking the arm of Judge Hilton, advanced to the bishop's chair, and with her own hand presented him with the deed of the property, which, for \$1, to be paid, conveyed to the church through him, the edifice and grounds on which \$2,000,000 had been spent. Judge Hilton read the form of presentation. With the deed was a bond providing for an annual endowment from the estate of \$15,000, to be applied to the maintenance of the cathedral. The bishop's acceptance of the gift was then read, and Assistant-Bishop Potter, of New York, preached the consecration sermon. In the course of it he said:

"It is impossible to come here for this service without being sensible that to many minds in our generation and especially in this our own land, both the service itself and the structure which is the occasion for it are equally an extravagance and an anachronism. We look back from our higher civilization to other and earlier ages which reared such buildings as this, and remember how much these ages lacked. The age of the great cathedrals, we are wont to say, was, if you choose, an age of great devotion, but it was also an age of great and widespread igno-

rance. The spirit that built Durham and Milan, Canterbury and Seville, Lincoln, Rouen, was an age certainly of splendid gifts and of matchless labors, but it was also an age of superstition even among the most learned, and of semi-barbarism among the common people. We may cordially admire the enthusiasm of those earlier days and the stately structures through which it found expression. But it is quite consistent with such admiration that we should recognize that since then fresh light has dawned on the world, and that a larger wisdom wait to guide our hearts and gifts to-day.

"There are new problems that confront us in America at this hour, and the building of cathedrals will not help to solve them. There are new tasks waiting for the Church of God in this land, and stately and splendid ecclesiastical architecture is not the agency to achieve them.

"This is a practical age, and its evils await a direct and practical solution. We want the college; we want the hospital; we want the reformatory; we want the *crèche* and the orphanage, the trades school and the trained nurse, the hygienic lecturer and the free library, the school of arts and the refuge of the aged, and we do want the cathedral.

"Yes, dear brethren, we want all these things and a great many others for which they stand. But I venture to submit that we want a great deal more than we want any or all of them, the spirit that inspires and originates them. We may disparage Christianity as we will, but the helpful and humane activities of Christendom are explicable by no other key. The hands that have reached down to snatch the perishing from the jaws of death and give them back to life again have been Christian hands. The feet that have run swift and soonest on all helpful and healing errands have been Christian feet. The eyes that have seen the deepest into all our sin and perplexing social problems have been Christian eyes, and the lips that have spoken the most quickening and consoling words, when all other lips were dumb, have been those of Christian men and Christian women.

"I do not say that these things have not come to pass in other sanctuaries humbler and less costly than a cathedral, but I do say that this is the office of the sanctuary in our human life, and I maintain that that structure which stands for influences so potent and so supreme cannot be too stately, too spacious or imperial, and most surely cannot be an anachronism in any age or in any land.

"The wise and far-sighted founder of this fair city in the fields might easily, had he taken counsel of that utilitarian spirit which rules the age, have dedicated this site to another and very different use. He might have built a factory, or he might have reared here a hospital or an inn, or a music hall. And if he had, and if he had spent millions upon some such undertaking and blazoned it all over with his own name, who does not know how the air would have rung with his praises as a wise, shrewd, hard-headed, practical, common-sense man? But he set about instead to rear a house of God; and other hands, bound to him by the closest and most sacred ties, have taken up his work and carried it on to its noble completion.

"We congratulate those whose work and gift this is, and bless God that He put it into their hearts to make it. We remember with grateful appreciation that this princely benefaction comes to-day from her hand who lays it upon God's altar unfettered by halting conditions and unspoiled by unworthy reserve. And we remember, too, with equally cordial appreciation, the wisdom and energy that have guided this work in its progress and brought it to its successful conclusion.

"Fair is the house which art has reared amid this rural loveliness. May His abiding presence make it fairer still. May weary souls, wakened out of their sleep of sin, learn to cry out with Jacob, when he came to Bethel: 'This is none other but the house of God; this is the gate of heaven.'"

THE BANISHED QUEEN.

A Sermon by Dr. Talmage.*

"Also Vashti the queen made a feast for the women in the royal house which belonged to King Ahasuerus. On the seventh day, when the heart of the king was merry with wine, he commanded Methuman, Biztha, Harbona, Bigtha, and Abagtha, Zethar, and Carcas, the seven chamberlains that served in the presence of Ahasuerus the King, to bring Vashti the queen before the king with the crown royal, to show the people and the princes her beauty: for she was fair to look on. But the queen Vashti refused to come at the king's commandment by his chamberlains: therefore was the king very wroth, and his anger burned in him."—ESTHER I : 9-12.

An Amazing Spectacle—Palatial Luxury—The Revelry of the Royal Guests—The King's Summons—The Queen's Defiance—Her Punishment—The Vindication by Posterity—I. Vashti the Queen—Queens in the Family—The Uncrowned Hospital Queens—II. Vashti the Veiled—The Veil on Womanhood—When it is Lost—III. Vashti the Sacrifice—The Family Story—Homeless Queens—The Woe of Dissipated Husbands—The Camp-Fires at Hagerstown—IV. Vashti the Silent—The Silence of Heroes—Divine Silence—Eternal Exile.

We stand amid the palaces of Shushan. The pinnacles are aflame with the morning light. The columns rise festooned and wreathed, the wealth of empires flashing from the grooves; the ceilings adorned with images of bird and beast, and scenes of prowess and conquest. The walls are hung with shields, and emblazoned until it seems that the whole round of splendors is exhausted. Each arch is a mighty leaf of architectural achievement. Golden stars shining down on glowing arabesque. Hangings of embroidered work in which mingle the blueness of the sky, the greenness of the grass, and the whiteness of the sea-foam. Tapestries hung on silver rings, wedding together the pillars of marble. Pavilions reaching out in every direction. These for repose, filled with luxuriant couches, in which weary limbs sink until all fatigue is submerged. These for carousal, where kings drink down a kingdom at one swallow.

AMAZING SPECTACLE I.

Light of silver dripping down over stairs of ivory on shields of gold. Floors of stained marble, sunset red and night black, and inlaid with gleaming pearl.

In connection with this palace there is a garden, where the mighty men of foreign lands are seated at a banquet. Under the spread of oak and linden and acacia the tables are arranged. The breath of honeysuckle and frankincense fills the air. Fountains leap up into the light, the spray struck through with rainbows falling in crystal-line baptism upon flowering shrubs—then rolling down through channels of marble, and widening out here and there into pools swirling with the finny tribes of foreign aquariums, bordered with scarlet anemones, hypericums, and many-colored ranunculus.

Meats of rarest bird and beast smoking up amid wreaths of aromatics. The vases filled with apricots and almonds. The baskets piled up with apricots and figs and oranges and pomegranates. Melons tastefully twined with leaves of acacia. The bright waters of Euleus filling the urns and dripping outside the rim in flashing beads amid the traceries. Wine from the royal vats of Ispahan and Shiraz, in bottles of shaped shell, and tily-shaped cups of silver, and flagons and tankards of solid gold. The music rises higher, and the revelry breaks out into wilder transport, and the wine has flushed the cheek and touched the brain, and louder than all other voices are the hiccough of the inebriates, the gabble of fools, and the song of the drunkards.

THE KING'S SUMMONS.

In another part of the palace, Queen Vashti is entreating the princesses of Persia at a banquet. Drunken Ahasuerus says to his servants, "You go out and fetch Vashti from that ban-

quet with the women, and bring her to this banquet with the men, and let me display her beauty." The servants immediately start to obey the king's command; but there was a rule in Oriental society that no woman might appear in public without having her face veiled. Yet here was a mandate that no one dare dispute, demanding that Vashti come in unveiled before the multitude. However, there was in Vashti's soul a principle more regal than Ahasuerus, more brilliant than the gold of Shushan, of more wealth than the realm of Persia, which commanded her to disobey this order of the king; and so all the righteousness and holiness and modesty of her nature rises up into one

SUBLIME REFUSAL.

She says, "I will not go into the banquet unveiled." Ahasuerus was infuriated; and Vashti, robbed of her position and her estate, is driven forth in poverty and ruin to suffer the scorn of a nation, and yet to receive the applause of after generations, who shall rise up to admire this martyr to *kingly insolence*. Well, the last vestige of that feast is gone; the last garland has faded; the last arch has fallen; the last tankard has been destroyed; and Shushan is a ruin; but as long as the world stands there will be multitudes of men and women, familiar with the Bible, who will come into this picture-gallery of God and admire the divine portrait of Vashti the queen, Vashti the veiled, Vashti the sacrifice, Vashti the silent.

I. In the first place, I want you to look upon VASHTI THE QUEEN.

A blue ribbon, rayed with white, drawn around her forehead, indicated her queenly position. It was no small honor to be queen in such a realm as that. Hark to the rustle of her robes! See the blaze of her jewels! And yet, my friends, it is not necessary to have palace and regal robe in order to be queenly. When I see a woman with stout faith in God, putting her foot upon all meanness and selfishness and godless display, going right forward to serve Christ and the race by a brave and a glorious service, I say: "That woman is a queen," and the ranks of heaven look over the battlements upon the coronation; and whether she come up from the shanty on the commons or the mansion of the fashionable square, I greet her with the shout, "All hail, Queen Vashti!"

UNCROWNED QUEENS.

What glory was there on the brow of Mary of Scotland, or Elizabeth of England, or Margaret of France, or Catherine of Russia, compared with the worth of some of our Christian mothers, many of them gone into glory?—or of that woman mentioned in the Scriptures, who put her all into the Lord's treasury?—or of Jephtha's daughter, who made a demonstration of unselfish patriotism?—or of Abigail, who rescued the herds and flocks of her husband?—or of Ruth, who toiled under a tropical sun for poor, old, helpless Naomi?—or of Florence Nightingale, who went at midnight to stanch the battle-wounds of the Crimea?—or of Mrs. Adoniram Judson, who kindled the lights of salvation amid the darkness of Burmah?—or of Mrs. Hemans, who poured out her holy soul in words which will forever be associated with hunter's horn, and captive's chain, and bridal hour, and lute's throb, and curlew's knell at the dying day?—and scores and hundreds of women, unknown on earth, who have given water to the thirsty, and bread to the hungry, and medicine to the sick, and smiles to the discouraged—their footsteps heard along dark lane and in government hospital, and in almshouse corridor and by prison gate? There may be no royal robe—there may be no palatial surroundings. She does not need them; for all charitable men will unite with the crackling lips of fever-struck hospital and plague-blotched lazaretto in greeting her as she passes: "Hail! Hail! Queen Vashti."

II. Again, I want you to consider

VASHTI THE VEILED.

Had she appeared before Ahasuerus and his court on that day with her face uncovered she

would have shocked all the delicacies of Oriental society, and the very men who in their intoxication demanded that she come, in their sober moments would have despised her. As some flowers seem to thrive best in the dark lane and in the shadow, and where the sun does not seem to reach them, so God appoints to most womanly natures a retiring and unobtrusive spirit.

God once in a while does call an Isabella to a throne, or a Miriam to strike the timbrel at the front of a host, or a Marie Antoinette to quell a French mob, or a Deborah to stand at the front of an armed battalion, crying out, "Up! Up! This is the day in which the Lord will deliver Sisera into thy hands." And when women are called to such outdoor work and to such heroic positions, God prepares them for it; and they have iron in their soul, and lightnings in their eye, and whirlwinds in their breath, and the borrowed strength of the Lord Omnipotent in their right arm. They walk through furnaces as though they were hedges of wild-flowers, and cross seas as though they were shimmering sapphires; and all the harpies of hell down to their dungeon at the stamp of womanly indignation.

But these are the exceptions. Generally, Dorcas would rather make a garment for the poor boy; Rebecca would rather fill the trough for the camels; Hannah would rather make a coat for Samuel; the Hebrew maid would rather give a prescription for Naaman's leprosy; the woman of Sarepta would rather gather a few sticks to cook a meal for famished Elijah; Phoebe would rather carry a letter for the inspired apostle; mother Lois would rather educate Timothy in the Scriptures. When I see a woman going about her daily duty—with cheerful dignity presiding at the table, with kind and gentle, but firm discipline presiding in the nursery, going out into the world without any blast of trumpets, following in the footsteps of Him who went about doing good—I say: "This is Vashti with a veil on."

THE UNVEILED.

But when I see a woman of unblushing boldness, loud-voiced, with a tongue of infinite clatter-clatter, with arrogant look, passing through the streets with the step of a walking-beam, gayly arrayed into a very hurricane of millinery I cry out: "Vashti has lost her veil!" When I see a woman struggling for political preferment—trying to force her way on up to the ballot box amid the masculine demagogues who stand with swollen fists and bloodshot eyes and pestiferous breath, to guard the polls—wanting to go through the loafers and the defilement of popular sovereigns, who crawl up from the saloons greasy and foul and vermin-covered, to decide questions of justice and order and civilization—when I see a woman, I say, who want to press through all that horrible scum to get to the ballot-box, I say: "Ah, what a pity Vashti has lost her veil!"

When I see a woman of comely features, and of adroitness of intellect, and endowed with all that the schools can do for one, and of high social position, yet moving in society with superciliousness and *hauteur*, as though she would have people know their place, and an undefined combination of giggle and strut and rhodomontade, endowed with allopathic quantities of talk, but only homeopathic infinitesimals of sense, the terror of dry-goods clerks, a railroad conductors, discoverers of significant meanings in plain conversation, prodigies of badinage and innuendo—I say: "Vashti has lost her veil!"

III. Again, I want you this morning to consider

VASHTI THE SACRIFICE.

Who is this that I see coming out of that palatial gate of Shushan? It seems to me that I have seen her before. She comes homeless, houseless, friendless, trudging along with a broke heart. Who is she? It is Vashti the sacrifice! Oh! what a change it was from regal position to a wayfarer's crust. A little while ago, a proved and sought for; now, none so poor!

* Dr. Talmage did not preach at the Brooklyn Tabernacle last Sunday. This sermon, which he preached in 1896, has not been published before in this journal.

to acknowledge her acquaintanceship. Vashti the sacrifice!

Ah! you and I have seen it many a time. Here is a home empalaced with beauty. All that refinement and books and wealth can do for that home has been done; but Ahasuerus, the husband and the father, is taking hold on paths of sin. He is gradually going down. After awhile he will flounder and struggle like a wild beast in the hunter's net—further away from God, further away from the right. Soon the bright apparel of the children will turn to rags; soon the household song will become the sobbing of a broken heart.

THE OLD STORY

over again. Brutal Centaurs breaking up the marriage feast of Lapithe. The house full of outrage and cruelty and abomination, while trudging forth from the palace gate are Vashti and her children. There are homes represented in this house this morning that are in danger of such a breaking-up. Oh, Ahasuerus! that you should stand in a home, by a dissipated life destroying the peace and comfort of that home. God forbid that your children should ever have to wring their hands, and have people point their finger at them as they pass down the street, and say, "There goes a drunkard's child." God forbid that the little feet should ever have to trudge the path of poverty and wretchedness! God forbid that any evil spirit born of the wine-cup or the brandy-glass should come forth and uproot that garden, and with a lasting, blistering, all-consuming curse, shut forever the palace gate against Vashti and the children!

One night during the war I went to Hagerstown to look at the army, and I stood on a hill-top and looked down upon them. I saw the camp-fires all through the valleys and all over the hills. It was a *weird spectacle*, those camp-fires, and I stood and watched them; and the soldiers who were gathered around them were, no doubt, talking of their homes, and of the long march they had taken, and of the battles they were to fight; but after awhile I saw these camp-fires begin to lower; and they continued to lower, until they were all gone out, and the army slept. It was imposing when I saw the camp-fires; it was imposing in the darkness when I thought of that great host asleep. Well, God looks down from heaven, and He sees the firesides of Christendom and the loved ones gathered around these firesides. These are the camp-fires where we warm ourselves at the close of the day, and talk over the battles of life we have fought and the battles that are yet to come. God grant that when at last these fires begin to go out and continue to lower until finally they are extinguished, and the ashes of consumed hopes strew the hearth of the old homestead, it may be because we have

"Gone to sleep that last long sleep,
From which none ever wake to weep."

Now we are an army on the march of life. Then we shall be an army bivouacked in the tent of the grave.

IV. Once more: I want you to look at
VASHTI THE SILENT.

You do not hear any outcry from this woman as she goes forth from the palace gate. From the very dignity of her nature, you know there will be no vociferation. Sometimes in life it is necessary to make a retort; sometimes in life it is necessary to resist; but there are crises when the most triumphant thing to do is to keep silence. The philosopher, confident in his newly discovered principle, waited for the coming of more intelligent generations, willing that men should laugh at the lightning-rod and cotton-gin and steamboat—waiting for long years through the scoffing of philosophical schools, in grand and

MAGNIFICENT SILENCE.

Galileo, condemned by mathematicians and monks and cardinals, caricatured everywhere, yet waiting and watching with his telescope to see the coming up of stellar re-enforcements, when the stars in their courses would fight for

the Copernican system; then sitting down in complete blindness and deafness to wait for the coming on of the generations who would build his monument and bow at his grave. The reformer, execrated by his contemporaries, fastened in a pillory, the slow fires of public contempt burning under him, ground under the cylinders of the printing-press, yet calmly waiting for the day when purity of soul and heroism of character will get the sanction of earth and the plaudits of heaven.

Affliction enduring without any complaint the sharpness of the pang, and the violence of the storm, and the heft of the chain, and the darkness of the night—waiting until a divine hand shall be put forth to soothe the pang, and hush the storm, and release the captive. A wife abused, persecuted, and a perpetual exile from every earthly comfort—waiting, waiting, until the Lord shall gather up His dear children in a heavenly home, and no poor Vashti will ever be thrust out from the palace gate.

DIVINE SILENCE.

Jesus, in silence and answering not a word, drinking the gall, bearing the cross, in prospect of the rapturous consummation when

"Angels thronged His chariot wheel,
And bore Him to his throne;
Then swept their golden harps and sung,
The glorious work is done."

Oh, woman! does not this story of Vashti the queen, Vashti the veiled, Vashti the sacrifice, Vashti the silent, move your soul? My sermon converges into the one absorbing hope that none of you may be shut out of the palace gate of heaven. You can endure the hardships, and the privations, and the cruelties, and the misfortunes of this life, if you can only gain admission there. Through the blood of the everlasting covenant, you go through those gates or never go at all. God forbid that you should at last be banished from the society of your glorified kindred, and banished forever. Through the rich grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, may you be enabled to imitate the example of Rachel, and Hannah, and Abigail, and Deborah, and Mary, and Esther, and Vashti.

THE GREAT FREE STATE OF THE CONGO.

THE attention of the whole world has been drawn to the important work being done by the *great American explorer*, Mr. H. M. Stanley, in founding a great free State in Africa, which has been named from the river at the head of which it is situated. Mr. Stanley's work, his plans, and his hopes are described in an interesting work from his pen just published. The following information is gleaned from its pages.

THE EXAMPLE OF PENN.

Without going back to the history of the conflicts between whites and blacks in the early American and newer Australian colonies, there is enough in Mr. Stanley's book to show how widely he differs from ordinary colonizers in his treatment of the aborigines; truly it may be said that he carried the unstained flag of civilization along with the banner of the Association. His has been no mere conquest by force of arms, although he knew how to be firm when firmness became essential. But he has succeeded, in a manner which will stand alone in history, in uniting white and black races in the creation of a grand administration, one which, magnificent as it is now in its inception, bids fair to astonish the world still more in the not distant future.

How the leader of the expedition fixed on Vivi for its first station and future emporium is told in the most spirited manner. After finding that the conditions of accessibility from the sea and from the interior, and of probable salubrity were fulfilled, the next thing was to see whether the natives were well affected. Five chiefs of the Vivi district appeared, and each is described in detail. The most noticeable thing was their

apparent fondness for cloth garments, old uniforms, frock-coats, and such like. Some also were felt or straw hats. This leads Mr. Stanley to make a forecast:

A MARKET FOR OLD CLOTHES.

"Short as was my view of this concourse of Vivi aborigines, I foresaw a brilliant future for Africa, if by any miracle of good-fortune I could persuade the dark millions of the interior to cast off their fabrics of grass clothing and don the second-hand costumes visible, say, in White-chapel. See what a ready market lies here for old clothes! The garments shed by the military heroes of Europe, of the club lackeys, of the liveried servants of modern Pharaohs, the frock-coats of a lawyer, merchant, or a Rothschild; or perhaps the grave garb of these my publishers, may here find people of the rank of Congo chieftainship to wear them, and strut about *en grande tenue* while on ceremonious visits. Since this period my views have been confirmed by larger experience, and I have seen many thousands of dark Africa's sons who would not feel it to be a derogation of their dignity to wear the cast-off costumes of the pale children of Europe, but would put themselves to some little trouble to gather enough raw produce to give in legitimate exchange for them, that they may wear them rightfully and nobly."

The following brief speech, which Mr. Stanley addressed to the chiefs, will show better than anything else the spirit in which the Association made its advances.

BARGAINING WITH THE CHIEFS.

"I replied: 'State that I am glad to hear them speak so kindly to the white man. To-day I do not want much. I want ground to build my houses, for I am about to build many, either here or elsewhere. I want ground enough, if I can get it, to make gardens and fields. Vivi is not good for that unless I go far up; but what I do get I want for myself and people, and the right to say what white man shall come near me. At Boma the chiefs have cut the ground up small; there is no room for me. I want plenty of room, and that is why I have come up here. I want to go inland, and must have the right to make roads wherever it is necessary, and all men that pass by those roads must be allowed to pass without interruption. No chief must lay his hand on them and say, 'This country is mine; pay me something; give me gin, or cloth, or so many guns.' You have heard of me, I know, for De-de-de, who is here, must have told you. What I saw on the road to Boma must not be repeated here. You have no roads in your country. It is a wilderness of grass, rocks, bush; and there at Banza Vivi is the end of all life. If you and I can agree, I shall change all that. I am going to stop here to-night; think of what I have told you, and I will listen. To-morrow you can return at the third hour of the day, and speak.'"

The terms on which the chiefs made the required concessions were regarded by Mr. Stanley as hard. For a tract, about a mile long, by half a mile wide, he had to pay \$160 down in cloth, and a rental of \$10 a month. As in the same paragraph he asserts that "a city of twenty thousand inhabitants might be accommodated on the larger plateau, with sufficient landing conveniences," and as this is "the highest point of the Congo opposite which a landing could be effected," and, therefore, the starting point for the future railway which will open up the vast interior of the Congo basin to trade, we can hardly think Mr. Stanley serious in lamenting the hardness of the bargain. Fancy grumbling at a ground-rent of \$120 a year for the site of the chief trading centre of this part of Africa!

At last the station was finished, and Mr. Stanley had the nickname of Bula Matari, or "Breaker of Rocks," bestowed on him by the natives, a name that afterward became familiar from the sea to Stanley Falls. The next step was to advance into the interior by road as far as Isangila, the river being unnavigable between Vivi and that place.

THE LATE VICTOR HUGO.

(See Portrait on page 396.)

In the death of Victor Hugo, which occurred on May 22, France has lost the most brilliant of her men of letters, the most splendid genius she has produced during this century. His poems have been read and admired in every civilized country, and his romances have held spell-bound men and women of all ages and all nationalities. But nothing that he ever wrote was so romantic as his own life, of which, however, we have space here for only a brief sketch.

Victor Marie Hugo was born at Besançon, in France, on the 26th of February, 1802; he was, therefore, in his eighty-fourth year when he died. He was the youngest of the three sons of General Hugo, a devoted follower of the fortunes of the Bonapartes. His mother had been an ardent Royalist during the momentous struggle in France in the closing years of the eighteenth century. She was a cousin of Volney, the author of "The Ruins," and a native of La Vendée. She took part in the famous insurrection in that province where, from first to last, one hundred thousand lives are believed to have been lost. Along with Mmes. De Beauchamp and De Larochejaquelein she was surrounded by soldiers and captured in a wood near the close of the insurrection. Under the rule of Robespierre the Hugo of that day, a French noble and the grandfather of the poet, died on the scaffold. His son, the father of Victor, was an ardent admirer of Napoleon Bonaparte, who made him a general in his army, and finally, the governor of an important province in Spain. In many of General Hugo's journeys his wife and son accompanied him. Before he was eight years old Victor had seen Spain and had visited Florence, Rome, and Naples. Before his tenth year he had written verse which had made a deep impression upon those who had read it. When he was fifteen he sent an essay to the Academy in competition for a prize, and failed of it only because the judges would not believe that so young a person had produced the essay. Victor's brothers both achieved names as writers. The one was a writer on historical subjects and the other published verse. The latter died in 1837.

Victor was a feeble child at birth, and so few were the hopes that he would live that his immediate baptism became imperative. Until he was fifteen months old his delicate shoulders were thought to be incapable of supporting his massive head. For a long period in his boyhood he lived alone with his devoted mother in a house in an obscure quarter of Paris. A priest educated him. The journey to Spain to join General Hugo was undertaken by the mother without the protection of her husband. She and young Victor formed part of an army train two miles long that crossed the Pyrenees bearing a mass of treasures designed for the support of Joseph Bonaparte's feeble throne at Madrid. After the fall of Napoleon, General Hugo returned to Paris. He sent his son to a preparatory school in the Rue Sainte-Marguerite, where, in the intervals of study he organized dramatic representations and filled volumes of copy-books with verse.

In 1821 Victor felt the first great sorrow of his life when his mother, to whom he was devotedly attached, breathed her last. It was in the consolation of one of his friends, Mdlle. Foucher, imparted to him during the agony of grief his mother's death caused him, that the seeds were sown of an attachment which shortly afterward culminated in marriage. Victor was only twenty years old when he entered wedlock, and his wife was eighteen. He had finally chosen literature as his profession at that period, much to the regret of his father, who had hoped that he would become a soldier. Royalty had by this time been restored in France, and Victor was full of joy. He had no sympathy with his father's love of the Bonapartes, but under his mother's influence had become as ardent a Royalist as she was. His literary efforts were everywhere characterized by devotion to the throne. His father must have been a far-seeing man; for when a

friend commented upon this difference between his son and himself, the father replied, "Let him alone; the child naturally adopts the sentiments of his mother; the man will hold his father's views." This prophecy was fulfilled. Victor soon learned enough of kings and their ways to realize that his mother's enthusiastic admiration of them was based on ignorance and romance.

Soon after his marriage, troubles fell thick upon him; his brother became hopelessly insane, his father died, and before the first year of his married life ended, a baby had been laid in its little grave. Hugo said sadly that his ideal of Paradise was of a place where parents were always young, and their children always small. Literary success, however, was coming to him, and his first year's income of seven hundred francs (\$125) rose in the following year to more than treble that sum.

In 1826 his famous "Odes and Ballads" were published in two volumes, and made his name famous throughout France. "Crownwell" followed, and its terrific grandeur proved to the world that a true genius had arisen in France. "Notre Dame de Paris," however, eclipsed its predecessors. The manuscript had been sold before a single word of it had been written. Only three months separated him from the date when the manuscript had to be delivered to the publisher. The author was to forfeit one thousand francs for every week's delay. He bought a bottle of ink and a knitted robe that enveloped him from neck to toe; locked up all his other clothes, gave the key to his wife, and he "entered his novel as if it were a prison." His literary fame continued growing as every year new works issued from his pen. Honors were thrust upon him. He was elected to the French Academy in 1841, and in 1845 King Louis Philippe made him a peer of France. But he was strange timber out of which to make a peer. His ideas and sympathies were growing more and more republican, and although he fell in with the régime of Louis Philippe he made no secret of it that he regarded the monarchy only as temporary—it was merely a prelude to the Republic. Yet he did not think that the Republic was at that moment ripe.

The revolution of 1848 came, and Hugo threw in his lot with the progressive party. He was elected by the city of Paris to the constituent assembly, and there he took his seat with the advanced Republicans. He strenuously opposed the election of Louis Napoleon to the Presidency of the Republic, warning the people in words that afterward seemed prophetic, that so ambitious a man could not safely be intrusted with so high an office. His warning was not heeded, but when, on that fatal December 2d, 1852, Napoleon shot the people down in the streets, and erected his imperial throne on treachery and murder, Hugo was not forgotten either by the Emperor or the people. Napoleon banished him, and Hugo took refuge under the English flag in Jersey.

It was soon after his retirement to Jersey and while still smarting under a sense of the wrongs inflicted on the French people by the *coup d'état* that Hugo published his well-known "Napoleon the Little." In this satire were compressed the strongest indignation and fury of Hugo's mind. It was published in Brussels in 1852, and was vigilantly excluded from France during the continuance of the Second Empire. In the following year he published his volume of verse called "The Châtiments," in which he renewed the attack on his imperial enemy in lines of living fire. Twice during his exile he might have returned to France by accepting the amnesty offered him, but he refused to live under the rule of a man whom he regarded as a traitor. He occupied himself in literary pursuits and issued many volumes, which were widely circulated. His most famous work, "Les Misérables," was one of those produced in exile. It appeared simultaneously in nine languages, and of one edition alone one hundred and sixty thousand copies were sold.

After the fall of the Empire Hugo returned to France. He was received with open arms by the men who had temporarily succeeded to power. His first act on his return was more characteristic of the enthusiastic idealist than of the practical statesman. He issued an address to the Germans, then pouring into the country, inviting them to declare a republic and join hands with France. He remained in Paris during the first weeks of the Commune and endeavored to calm the popular madness. He in vain protested against the destruction of the Vendôme Column. Finding his efforts of no avail, and thoroughly disheartened, he retired to Brussels. He, however, felt much sympathy with the maddened Communists, and endeavored to mitigate the severity of their punishment. Since that time he has lived quietly in Paris, busy in his literary work. Those who would claim the great poet as an atheist must have been surprised by the revelation of his friend, M. Vacquerie, who publishes a paper which Hugo, not long before he died, placed in his hands, on which were written, as his last wishes, the words: "I give fifty thousand francs to the poor. I wish to be carried to the cemetery in their hearse. I refuse the prayers (*oraisons*) of all Churches. I ask for a prayer (*prière*) from all souls. I believe in God.—VICTOR HUGO."

ANECDOTES RELATED AT THE EVANGELISTIC MEETINGS IN SCOTLAND.

The Moment when God Blesses.—At a Recent meeting Mrs. Stroad Smith said: "I was speaking to a woman the other day, who, by the dispensation of God's providence was passing through heavy trials. When in conversation with her she said: 'I wish I could rejoice in the afflictions which God has sent to me; but I am so helpless; I cannot do anything; I feel as if I must give up trying to trust.' Ah, she had come to the right point, although she knew it not. It is at such times the Lord will bless us, when, feeling our own weakness and our utter dependence on Him, we realize that we are nothing, and that God is all."

Saved by the Skin of His Teeth.—A Christian brother said: "I was standing by a man's death-bed lately, and in the agony of his soul he loudly exclaimed: 'Can I be saved? Can I be saved? Is there any hope for me?' I spoke to him very earnestly, but owing to his illness he was quite deaf, and therefore could not hear what I was saying. However, I opened the Bible, and turning to some appropriate passages of Scripture bade the poor fellow read them, which he did. Then rising on his knees in bed the dying man cried out: 'Lord Jesus, save me!' and as the last word fell from his lips his spirit passed away. He was saved, as people say, by the skin of his teeth."

A Runaway Knock.—An Evangelist remarked: "When Mr. Moody was a little boy of ten years of age, he had to pass a house door with a very large knocker on his way to school, and every morning he had a great wish to go up to that door and knock at it, but all he wanted was courage. One morning he could resist the temptation no longer, and throwing open the gate, and walking quickly up the gravel path, he took hold of the knocker, and made a great noise with it, and then ran away as quickly as possible. Mark for what reason! Because he was afraid of what the answer might be. This is what many people do to Christ. They read the text, 'Knock, and it shall be opened unto you.' They do knock, but, like the little boy, they are afraid of what the answer might be, and run away."

A Dying Girl's Story.—Mr. Garrick remarked: "On one occasion I was called in to see a young girl who was dying, and when I asked if she were trusting Jesus, she answered me thus: 'I was coming along the street one night, after a day of hard and exhausting work, and was feeling very weary and overwhelmed with fatigue. A band of Christian workers were singing at the

corner of a street, and standing for a minute, I heard them singing,

"Art thou weary? art thou languid?
Art thou sore distressed?
Come to Me, says One,
And coming, be at rest."

turned from that happy band saying, 'Yes, Lord, I am coming, I am weary and I am languid; Thou hast bidden me come to Thee, and come.' Since that moment I have been rejoicing in the love of God.'

An Addition to the Choir.—Mr. Ferrie Related: "A woman attended one of Moody's meetings in Scotland two years ago, he remarked to her friends that she did not know anything about the substitution of Christ for the sake of guilty sinners, of which they spoke, and of being forgiven her sins. She did not at all understand it—to her it was worse than Greek; but, she said, 'I know that you too are Christians have something which I have not got, and I would like to obtain it, if I only knew how.' Mr. Moody, to whom she was introduced, said: 'Will you come to this meeting regularly for a month?' 'Yes,' she replied, 'I will do anything to obtain what I need.' She did come, and within two weeks she was rejoicing in Christ's finished work for her, and the forgiveness of her sins, and singing God's praises the choir."

Why There Were No Flowers.—Dr. Cameron Related: "I heard recently of a man who went live in the country, but who until then had lived in a large and busy town. Everything was new and strange to him. He had a garden in which he sowed some seed, and so ignorant as he about it, that on the following morning he went out to see if the flowers had come; and the days passed on he became very impatient, and removed the earth to see how the seeds were getting on. When the time for the seed to have taken root and spring up had come he had no flowers, because he did not give them time to grow. This is very much like some people after they give themselves to the Lord; they continually looking at themselves to see how they are getting along, instead of looking right away to Jesus and forgetting all about self."

A Glass of Untasted Whiskey.—The Rev. Mr. Ross observed: "I was speaking to a man one night lately, who has been a Christian for over ten years. He told me that about three years ago he went into a bar-room, and ordered a glass of whiskey, and when it was lying before him, he thought, 'It is time I had given up drinking; this is the last glass of whiskey I will ever take; it he did not even take it, he rose from the table, and left the glass untouched. When the waiter said: 'You are not going away without drinking your whiskey?' 'Yes,' he said, 'I am going away, and you will never see me back here again.' Some time afterward he came under the sound of the Gospel, and gave himself to the Lord, and now I asked him, 'Are you sorry you gave yourself to the Lord?' 'No,' he answered, 'no, I am not sorry.' 'Are you sorry for anything?' I asked. 'Yes,' he replied, 'I am sorry that I was so long in coming to the Lord.'"

A Terrible Death-Bed.—Mr. Forbes Related is incident: "A young lady was the only daughter of very wealthy parents. The mother seemed to live for nothing but to please her daughter, who lacked nothing that this world could bestow. She attended a service and was deeply impressed with her need of salvation, and for a time, was very anxious about her soul; but her mother had no desire for her to become a Christian, and urged her to enjoy herself while she was young. New dresses were bought for her, and she was hurried along the path of fashionable dissipation. The theatre and the ball-room, her mother thought, would surely cure these gloomy notions, and they did. One evening she went out to a party, and by dancing she became very heated, and stepped out on to the veranda to get cool. She got a chill from which she never recovered. Some time after-

ward fever set in, and the doctor, one night, calling her mother from the room, said: 'Your daughter is dying; she cannot live over to-night.' The girl overheard the words, and when her mother returned to the room she said: 'Mother, take out all my dresses and jewelry and let me look at them again.' The mother, glad to see that her daughter was still taking an interest in the things of the world, hastily did so. 'Are these all?' asked the girl. 'Yes, dear,' answered her mother. 'Well,' said the girl, 'look at them, mother, for they are the price of my soul.'

A Very Valuable Sign.—Mr. Ferrie Related: "A good man was dying, and both mind and body were in great weakness. A cloud of thick darkness and doubt seemed to settle down upon him. A friend who was sitting by him asked, 'Do you know that you are safe for eternity?' And the dying man sadly replied, 'I know that I am passing through the dark valley of the shadow of death, and it seems to be growing darker and darker; I do not feel sure of my dear Saviour's presence. Will you repeat to me some of the marks of a Christian?' The friend repeated some of the signs of a Christian, and when he came to 'Love the brethren,' the troubled believer exclaimed, 'Ah, I always did that. I loved them for Jesus' sake!' His mind was now at rest, and he knew that he had his foot on the firm Rock, which is Christ Jesus. Yes, dear friends, that is one of the sure signs of a Christian—not given to speaking evil of the one another."

THE SIGNS OF CHRIST'S COMING.

By Rev. Francis Pigou, D.D.

In a sermon preached in Westminster Abbey on Sunday evening, May 31st, from II Thess. 2: 15, 'Brethren stand fast, and hold the traditions which ye have been taught, whether by word or our epistle,' Dr. Pigou said: "One evidence of the nearness to us of our blessed Saviour's coming, is that of which the prophet Daniel long ago spoke—the *increase of knowledge together with the restlessness of mankind*. 'Men shall run to and fro upon the earth, and knowledge shall be increased' (12: 1). Is there not a most marked increase of knowledge in every department of learning in our time? Is not the popular cry of this nineteenth century for the more general and widespread and thorough education of the masses? How rare it is for us to meet, even among the poorest of the artisan class, with any one who cannot read. Does not

RESTLESSNESS

characterize our age? Consider our means of locomotion—the rapidity with which we pass nowadays from place to place, and our impatience if we are five minutes late. It took a great explorer two years to go round the world, and now we compass the globe in three months; we pass from the metropolis of Scotland to this, the metropolis of England, in ten hours, and our forefathers took as many days to do the same journey. Daniel was not wrong.

"A third reliable sign which the Scriptures point out is the eventual

RESTORATION OF THE JEWS

to their own land. (Ezek. 38.) You have only to read the *Jewish Chronicle*, their recognized organ, to see how the eyes of the whole world of the Jews in their dispersion is now directed toward the Holy Land. But this restoration cannot take place until the Turks at present in possession of it be dispossessed. A remarkable movement is going on among God's ancient people. Societies are being formed for the purpose of encouraging colonization. We have a Palestine exploration fund. The eyes of the whole Jewish world are being directed to their old patrimony. What is meant by that expression, 'The drying up of the Euphrates,' if it is not the gradual dismemberment and disintegration of that empire which is at present in possession of the Holy Land, in order that the Jews may inherit their own inheritance? What makes the Eastern question of such moment to

politicians? What makes the slow but gradual advance of Russia of such absorbing interest to the student of the Bible, if it be not the plainest fulfilment of the predictions uttered centuries ago by the prophet Ezekiel, of that great power Meshech and Tubal which was to invade the Turkish dominions?

"The fourth significant sign is that of which our Saviour spoke, 'When the Son of Man cometh shall He find'—not, as we translate it in the older version, 'faith'—but as we correctly translate it in the Revised Version, 'the faith on the earth?' St. Paul alludes to this

APOSTASY;

he speaks of 'a mystery of iniquity,' already in his day, at work; hindered and somewhat restrained in its fuller development, but to be one day so noisy, so blatant, so defiant, so outspoken, and so bold as imperatively to demand swift destruction. He says that 'that day shall not come except there be' an apostasy or 'a falling away, and that man of sin be revealed, the son of perdition.'

'Well, what are we to understand by this expression, the man of sin, that opposeth and exalteth himself above all that is worshipped; so that He, as God, sitteth in the temple of God, showing Himself that He is God?' Without attempting to give any lengthened evidence in support of what we are saying, we may at once state that what we render iniquity, is the Greek word, *Anomia*, which, as the Bishop of Winchester has long ago shown, means

LAWELESSNESS.

Our best scholars have long pointed out the incorrectness of the received translation, and the Revisionists have adopted this the more accurate, in the Revised Version. It is used of wickedness in some of its more diabolical and revolting forms.

"In our childhood's days we were accustomed to hear this epithet applied to the Papacy, or to some one Pope in particular; but the Church of Rome, as a Christian community, is not distinguished by 'lawlessness.' All the predictions with reference to Christ's Second Coming seem to point forward to some disturbed and disquieted condition of society, to an apostasy or departure from the faith, such as should try, as well as test, the faith of God's elect, and for whose sake those days should be shortened, lest the strain should be too great; they fore-shadow a spirit of lawlessness which shall fester and gather into such a head, that nothing short of divine interposition shall effectually eradicate it. 'The Lord shall consume that wicked (lawless) one with the spirit of His mouth, and shall destroy him with the brightness of His Coming.'

St. Paul affirms that when Christianity was little more than fifty years old this mischief was at work. Is its energy exhausted? On the contrary, is there any one fact which is more noted by thoughtful men of our time than what is understood by the lawlessness of our age? Are not all classes of men profoundly impressed with it? Let us begin with the lowest rung of the ladder. Are not revolutionary sentiments undermining to an extraordinary degree the very fabric of society? What turbulent elements, like lava, are simmering beneath the crust of our social life, and finding vent, from time to time, in some violent and desperate deeds on the part of Nihilist or Fenian, or through those

SECRET SOCIETIES

which, to compass their wicked ends, are utterly reckless of innocent lives. Our age has been called *par excellence* the dynamite age. Does it not seem as if a mighty weight of lawlessness were passing over all nationalities? Is the independence of the youth of both sexes striking enough to make their grandfathers turn in their graves? Is it not the age of self-pleasing and of increasing love of self, which St. Paul long ago foresaw and foretold, and need we put an erroneous interpretation upon this expression, 'man of sin,' and apply it to a Pope, when we find a truer interpretation of it nearer home?"

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CURRENT EVENTS.

A Further Decrease in the Tide of Immigration is reported. The arrivals during the past ten months of the fiscal year were 275,468. During the corresponding period of the previous year, the number of immigrants was 371,625. The total number for the year promises to be about 385,000. The number has been decreasing since 1882, in which year it was 788,092. In 1883 it was 603,322, and in 1884 it was 518,592. The falling off is believed to have been caused by the more detailed reports circulated in Europe of the depression in trade here and the greater cost of living.

The Ohio Republican Convention Assembled at Springfield on June 11th. Unusual interest attached to this convention because it is the first that has been held since the Presidential election, and it was thought possible that the defeat of the party in November might lead to important changes in the Republican platform. There was, however, no indication of any change of feeling on the chief issues. Among the planks of the platform adopted were the following: "We want such legislation as will harmonize the relations of labor and capital and promote the welfare of the people, and protect and foster the industries of the State. We favor the establishment of a national bureau of industry; the enforcement of the Eight Hour law, and adequate appropriations from the public revenues for general education, wherever the same is needed. We denounce the importation of contract labor and favor the most stringent laws to effectively prevent it. We are in favor of a protective tariff which will encourage American development and furnish remunerative employment to American labor; and we are opposed to the British policy advocated by the Democratic party under the guise of a tariff for revenue only. We demand restoration of the wool duty of 1867, or its full equivalent, and we denounce the Democratic Congress for failing to make good the pledges they made in this behalf." As to the civil service reform law, the platform says: "Ample appropriations should be made to enforce it in letter and spirit, and all laws at variance with the objects of existing reform legislation should be repealed. Having accomplished this much, the party pledges itself to still further and higher reforms." The plat-

form is a very lengthy document, but the other paragraphs are devoted to denunciation of the Democratic party for divers sins of omission and commission in Ohio and in Washington. The convention nominated Judge Foraker for governor on the first ballot.

An Extension of the Civil Service Reform Act is announced in a special case by the Postmaster-General. Several post-office inspectors are required, and although the Pendleton bill did not cover this class of appointments, Mr. Vilas announces that applicants must present themselves for competitive examination with the view of testing their qualifications for the duties of the office. He further informs candidates that "no recommendation to favor will avail anything to the advantage of the applicant in respect to this examination, but rather to his disadvantage." The reason assigned by Mr. Vilas for this new mode of dealing with inspectorships is that he is anxious to secure the most efficient corps of inspectors possible. It may be hoped that the same method will be adopted whenever efficiency is wanted, which ought not to be a rare occurrence.

The Telegrams from the Scene of the Apache outbreak received last week were of a vague and contradictory character. It seems evident, however, that most of the Indians have escaped into Mexico. General Crook supposed that he would be able to intercept them, but the Indians fell upon the soldiers who were left on guard in Guadalupe Canon, and killed four of them and captured the provisions and ammunition of the command. The main body of the troops had gone on a scouting expedition, leaving seven men on guard. Two of the guard escaped and rejoined their comrades, but the seventh man is still missing. General Crook has appealed to the War Office for help, and four troops of cavalry and four companies of infantry have been despatched to his assistance. From Guaymas, Mexico, comes news of a battle between the Mexican troops and Yaqui Indians, in which the latter were worsted.

The Great Strike of the Iron and Steel workers in Pennsylvania appears likely to be arranged. Conference between the mill-owners and the Amalgamated Association have been held, at which mutual concessions were made. The first of these took place on June 13th, and the second on Tuesday last. The result was not known at the time of going to press, but the probabilities of a favorable settlement were undoubtedly increased. Messrs. Oliver Bros. & Philips have made an independent arrangement with the association which will enable them to resume work. The class of work done by the firm is exceptional, so that they had less difficulty in accepting the modified proposals of the men. It is believed that other firms will also come to an agreement, and that the protracted struggle so much dreaded will be averted.

The Defeat of Mr. Gladstone and his Resignation are the most momentous items of European news received last week. The adverse vote which precipitated the crisis was taken on June 8th upon a financial question. Mr. Gladstone proposed to raise a part of the money required for the war preparations by increasing the tax on beer and spirits. This proposal was resisted by the Conservatives, who advocated as an alternative a tax on tea and light wines, as beer and spirits were already bearing a duty. Mr. Gladstone, whose ability on all questions of finance is admitted even by his opponents, appears to have been annoyed by this interference with his plans. He vigorously defended the scheme of increasing the tax on beer and spirits, tea, as he said, being an innocent beverage which was already bearing a duty. His confidence increasing as he spoke, he startled the House of Commons by declaring that he would stand or fall by his measure. The Parnellites were quick to notice the declaration, and decided to show their gratitude, in true Irish fashion, to Mr. Gladstone, the best friend Ireland has had in the Premiership for a century. They voted solidly with the Conservatives, and as

many of Mr. Gladstone's supporters happened to be absent, the motion to tax beer and spirits was defeated by a majority of twelve, the vote being two hundred and sixty-four to two hundred and fifty-two. Mr. Gladstone rose as soon as the figures were announced, and his pale face and agitated manner showed how severely he felt the defeat. He moved the adjournment of the House and summoned his colleagues to Cabinet council, where it was decided to resign.

The Resignation of the Cabinet is Regarded by the English newspapers as a matter only incidentally caused by the financial question. It openly stated that the defeat was really welcomed as a relief, and that if it had not occurred the Cabinet would have fallen by internal dissension. It is notorious that there has been for long time a wide difference of opinion existing between its members. Sir Charles Dilke and Mr. Chamberlain are Radicals of an advanced type, while Lord Granville, the Marquis Hartington, and Earl Spencer, who sat at the same board, are conservative Liberals, whose principles are nearer akin to their opponent the Tories, than to their colleagues, the Radicals. The dissensions between these two parties in the Cabinet have been growing more acrimonious for several months, and though held in check by Mr. Gladstone's adroit management were evidently approaching a crisis. The crisis came on the question of the Coercion Acts in Ireland, the aristocratic members of the Cabinet wishing them to be renewed, while the Radicals desired their abolition. This question was not settled, and it threatened to disrupt the Cabinet. The defeat on the financial question was therefore welcomed as a good excuse for resignation. The matter, however, seems to be generally misunderstood here and on the continent of Europe, where the newspapers are uttering caustic comments on a nation that could forgive the administration its blunders in Egypt and the Sudan, and its humiliation of the national honor before Russia, but could not pardon an attempt to touch its beer. That view based on a very superficial knowledge of the circumstances.

Mr. Gladstone's Successor is the Marquis Salisbury, who in the last Conservative administration held the portfolio of Foreign Affairs. He was summoned by the Queen to her rural retreat at Balmoral as soon as Mr. Gladstone's resignation was accepted, and was requested to form a Cabinet. It was a matter of extreme difficulty, because the majority of the members of the House of Commons are Liberals, who by voting solidly could defeat every measure introduced by the administration and could, if they chose, refuse to vote appropriations. The Parnellites, who helped the Tories to defeat Mr. Gladstone, are not to be depended upon, and are more likely to help the Liberals to defeat the Tories than to vote Tory measures. Their object is to embarrass the Government, whether Liberal or Tory. I side with the Tories as advocates of coercion in its most stringent form, and therefore would stultify themselves by making an alliance with the Parnellites. The Marquis of Salisbury, therefore, hesitated to accept the post offered him, but on Monday it was announced that having received assurances from Mr. Gladstone that no factious opposition would be encouraged by him, the marquis accepted the office of Premier and will form a Cabinet. Some uneasiness is felt in this unexpected turn of affairs to the effect it will have on the Russian negotiations.

A Treaty Between England and China being negotiated, the purport of which is to make the opium traffic more general. The treaty provides for the admission of opium traders to the interior, and arranges for a reduction in the rate of duty which will enable traders to sell it at a lower price. The more enlightened classes in China will probably have some doubts about the sincerity of Mr. Gladstone's profession of Christianity in the light of this treaty.

An Outbreak of Cholera is Reported from Valencia, and two deaths from the disease have taken place in Madrid itself. The Spanish Government promptly sent a commission to the infected neighborhood to investigate and report. Dr. de la Granja, one of its members, declares the epidemic to be true Asiatic cholera of the most malignant type. There are fifty to fifty-five per cent of deaths in seven to forty-eight hours after the first attack. He estimates the total to be fifteen hundred cases to date. The worst are in the village of Curjasot, near Valencia. The epidemic was carried from Alciria by a workman who washed his clothes in a stream used for drinking. The inhabitants are poor. At first all who were attacked died; now seventy per cent die. Lime is used to destroy the infection of the water, but poverty spreads the disease. The progress of the disease is watched with the greatest anxiety by the Spanish people, and despite the precautions taken by the authorities almost everybody is firmly convinced that there will be a fresh outbreak this summer. All vessels from infected ports are quarantined for three days. The people are in a state of panic and are fleeing from the infected districts.

Dr. Talmage Purposes Spending the Months of July and August in Europe. He does not intend to preach or lecture during his visit, but to spend his time in rest and recuperation. It is now twenty-nine years since he has enjoyed a period of absolute cessation from public work. Dr. Talmage expects to sail on June 27th in the Aurania, of the Cunard Line. During his absence the Tabernacle will not be closed. During part of the time the services will be conducted by Rev. W. T. Wylie, D.D., and on four Sundays the Rev. C. L. Thompson, D.D., of Kansas City, Mo., formerly of Chicago, will preach. The regular publication of Dr. Talmage's sermons in this journal will not be interrupted. We have made arrangements to publish some remarkable sermons delivered a few years ago by Dr. Talmage, which will be new to our readers.

The Infidel Colony Founded Five Years ago in Barton County, Missouri, has not been a success. A correspondent of a St. Louis paper, who spent a day and a half in the new town called Liberal, says that the experiment is a failure; that the town, instead of keeping pace with other towns of the same age, has fallen far behind them, and instead of being the happy, prosperous community it promised to be, is shriveled, contracted, torn in two by dissensions, and in a condition where only prompt action on behalf of its friends toward a complete reorganization will save it from disintegration.

Iowa was Visited by a Destructive Tornado on the night of June 12th. Pulaski, which is situated on the borders of the prairie, appears to have suffered worse than other cities. The hurricane struck the city with a noise like the discharge of artillery. It damaged many public buildings and destroyed private dwellings. The Methodist Episcopal Church was twisted out of shape, denuded of its roof and tower, and left in a worthless condition. The Iowa House, the leading hotel, has not a whole wall standing. Only one man was injured, though the house contained forty persons. Their escape is considered miraculous. In another part of the city two persons were killed and several injuries from falling trees are reported. In Pottawatomie County the town of Neola was badly damaged and a large number of farmhouses in the vicinity were destroyed. The roof of the Deaf and Dumb Asylum was torn off and carried six hundred feet. The cupola was also torn away and several buildings damaged, inflicting a loss of \$30,000. Several buildings were demolished in Omaha. Just above Sioux City a train was derailed by the wind.

A Fight in a Synagogue Alarmed the Worshippers at Wilkesbarre, Pa., on June 6th. While the usual Sabbath service was in progress two Polish Jews rose in their seats and commenced to strike each other. This created a great commotion among the other members of

the congregation, and for awhile the house was in an uproar. The rabbi came down from the pulpit and separated the belligerents after they had exchanged several blows. One of them then left the building and entered suit before a justice of the peace, charging the other with assault and battery. The latter brought a counter suit before another alderman. The cause of the quarrel was disclosed in court. It seems that during the week one of the combatants had charged the other with being a Christian, and in the synagogue had made some sign which the other regarded as "a repetition of the reproach." He could bear it no longer and retaliated with a blow, and the fight followed. The day is coming in which not only Jews, but worldlings who now regard the name of Christian as an insult, will see more clearly. Then the name will be regarded as a title of highest honor (Matt. 10: 32, 33).

A Truck Loaded with Valuables was Sunk in the North River last week. A wealthy New York citizen who was removing for the summer months to his seaside cottage sent forward a truck on which was packed large quantities of plate, pictures, table furniture, and personal effects, in preparation for the arrival of the family. When the truck reached the pier from which the Long Branch steamer started, the horses were detached and the truck was allowed to run down the gang-plank on to the steamer. As it was running aboard the tackle which held it broke, and the truck ran down the plank and was carried by the momentum it had acquired clear across the steamer's deck and out through the opposite gangway into the river. Divers are now engaged rescuing such of the property as has not been carried out to sea by the stream. Evidently the tackle employed to restrain the truck from going too far was not so strong as was supposed. Mistakes of that kind are made in the moral world, where the loss is more serious. Young men who wish just to see life, generally have more confidence in their own power of self-restraint than the result justifies (Prov. 28: 26).

An Indigent Relative of a Queen Died in St. Louis, Mo., on June 9th. His name was Count Von Alt Leiningen Westerburg. He was a member of one of the oldest and most noble families in Germany, and was related to the Queen of Great Britain, whose grandmother, the mother of the Duchess of Kent, was Countess of Alt Leiningen Westerburg. The count had been for some time working as a reporter on the *Anzeiger des Westens*, and his circumstances were bad. His elder brother, who inherited the family lands and honors, and who lives at the castle of Ilbenstadt, in Hesse-Darmstadt, has helped him from time to time, but the family in Germany is very poor also. Leiningen sunk his title when he came to America, and was a hard-working, courteous gentleman. He would doubtless have thriven here, but his health failed, and all that he earned when he was well was absorbed in the expenses of his frequent illnesses. The news is a surprise, as it was supposed that all Queen Victoria's German relatives had been provided for. Englishmen frequently complain that the lucrative sinecure offices about the court are reserved for them. This man, however, appears to have been overlooked. Probably he was too insignificant to attract the royal notice. Such an oversight will never happen in the case of any, even of the most insignificant, sons of the King of kings. None are too poor or too mean to enjoy His favor (James 2: 5).

A Proof-Reader's Fortune was Acquired in a curious way lately. The incident is vouched for on actual knowledge by the New York *Sun*. One night last July he was hard at work doing his part to bring out the morning paper on which he was engaged. After some hours there came a break in the run of copy. The proof-reader, while waiting for a fresh supply, told his fellow-laborers how night-work was wearing on him, how he could not sleep through the hot days, and yet how dependent he was upon his small

salary for a livelihood. While he was talking some items came down from the compositors, and the copy-holder took them. One of them referred to a fortune in Kentucky awaiting a claimant who could prove himself heir to a deceased man named Shanks. The proof-reader's name was Shanks, and the copy-holder, thinking to play a joke upon him, added a line to the item, intimating that he was the lost heir. The proof-reader only laughed, tore off the line, and crumpled it up in his pocket, where some months afterward his wife found it. She asked her husband what it meant, and Shanks laughed and related the joke. The wife, however, thought it was worth inquiring about, and wrote to the address indicated, in Lincoln County, Ky. The reply has established the right of her husband to a fortune worth \$150,000. Badly as the proof-reader needed the money, he would never have had it but for his wife's practical sense. How many people there are acting in the same way about the spiritual riches which Christ will give to those who seek Him. They know of them yet never claim them (Luke 11: 9.)

A Fashionable Lady's Defective Memory was prompted by her hostess recently, according to an incident related by a correspondent of the *Washington Post*. Mrs. —, a lady whose gaiety has not been impaired by her marriage, but has rather increased since that event—if her zest in social pleasures may be accepted as evidence—is in the habit of tying a knot in her pocket handkerchief when she wishes to fix anything in her mind which must be attended to. She was engaged, at a recent reception, in a flirtation, much to the annoyance of her hostess, who has higher ideas of what a married lady's conduct ought to be than those which, unhappily, prevail in these days. Mrs. —, in her abstraction, dropped the handkerchief on the floor. This was noticed by her hostess, who endeavored to break up the flirtation by inviting her guest into another part of the house. As the latter rose from the chair she stooped and picked up her handkerchief, noticing, as she did so, the knot in one corner. "What have I forgotten to-day?" she asked, audibly. "That you have a husband," replied her hostess. The reproach was needed, and we may hope will have the desired effect. A similar reminder might often be given with advantage to those who profess to be followers of Christ, but are found consorting with worldlings in the ball-room and the theatre. They have forgotten much (1 Peter 2: 20).

How a Man's Spine was Repaired has been told by an eminent surgeon in Wisconsin, in the *Madison Journal*. He states that he was called several months ago to attend a patient who had been run over by a hand-car. The young man was found upon examination to have broken one of the vertebrae of the spinal column at a point nearly between the shoulder blades. The case seemed desperate, but the young man possessed great vitality, and the doctor set to work to save him if possible, though he recognized the gravity of the undertaking. The patient was stretched, the fractured vertebra pressed into position, and then the body, from the top of the hip-bone to the armpits, was solidly encased in plaster of Paris. He was kept in this solid case for several weeks, when it was removed. The fractured bone was then found to have knitted nicely, and he is now, notwithstanding the very severe injury he sustained, able to resume his occupation as a teamster. The surgeon's skill saved his patient from a life of physical helplessness, for an injury so serious as that to the spinal column usually prevents the sufferer ever standing on his feet again. It is recognition of that fact that has caused men who are morally weak to be spoken of as having "no backbone." They often get into the Christian Church and disgrace it because, though they are pious in religious society, they are worldly when with irreligious people. For such men there is no help in man. Prayer should be offered for them to the great Physician, who is able to keep them from falling (Jude 24).

THE PRIVATE TUTOR.

A New Sermon by Pastor C. H. Spurgeon.

"He that loveth me not keepeth not my sayings; and the word which ye hear is not mine, but the Father's which sent me. These things have I spoken unto you, being yet present with you. But the Comforter, which is the Holy Ghost, whom the Father will send in my name, he shall teach you all things, and bring all things to your remembrance, whatsoever I have said unto you."—JOHN 14: 24-26.

Apostolic Ignorance and Foolishness—The Trinity United to Teach—I. The Test of a True Believer—Only Two Classes—Those Who Do and Do Not Love—The Love Personal—Himself Not His Doctrine—A Further Test—Keeping His Sayings—Includes the Old Testament—Reason Superseded—II. The Needs of a True Believer—Not Another Gospel—Nor a Better Preacher—The Memory Refreshed—III. The Privilege of the True Believer—Difference Between Speaking and Teaching—Certainty Imparted.

ALL through this thrice-blessed chapter man cuts a very sorry figure. Whoever it is that speaks, whether it be Philip, or Judas, or Thomas, each one displays his own ignorance, either by asking an unwise question or by making a mistaken request. Yet, brethren, these apostolic men were by no means inferior persons; but so superior that we sink into insignificance in comparison with them. Jesus made them heralds of His Gospel, master-builders of His Church; and if they displayed such ignorance, even when the Lord Jesus Christ Himself had personally spoken to them, we must not wonder that we are apt to blunder; neither should we despair if we find ourselves dull and slow.

STRENGTH AND WEAKNESS.

But, at the same time, how wonderfully throughout this passage do we see the loving kindness of our God in condescending to the weaknesses of His people. In one verse of our text, the twenty-sixth, we have the whole Trinity at work upon the believer: "The Comforter, which is the Holy Ghost, whom the Father will send in my name." There we have the Holy Spirit, the Father, and the Son, uniting their sacred energies for the illumination of the chosen. Each divine person seeks to make the other to be more fully known; the Son speaking what He hears with the Father, and the Spirit taking the things of the Son and revealing them to us; the whole Trinity working in us to will and to do according to the divine pleasure. Wherefore, comfort one another with these thoughts. Lie low, and be more and more teachable; yet be hopeful, for you shall be taught.

It appears to me that there are three things here worthy of patient observation: one is, *the test of a true believer*—"He that loveth me not keepeth not my sayings;" a second is, *the need of a true believer*—"he needs to be taught of the Holy Ghost, and to have his memory refreshed by the same gracious Spirit"—"He shall bring all things to your remembrance." The best disciple needs help in his understanding, and in his memory. Thirdly, let us think of *the privilege of a true believer*—"The Comforter, which is the Holy Ghost, shall teach you all things, and bring all things to your remembrance, whatsoever I have said unto you."

1. Let us begin with the

TEST OF A TRUE BELIEVER.

I would draw your attention to the fact that in this passage, and elsewhere in Scripture, men are divided into two classes, and not a word is said of a neutral or intermediate class. The twenty-first verse says, "He that hath my commandments, and keepeth them, he it is that loveth me;" and the twenty-fourth verse says negatively, "He that loveth me not keepeth not my sayings." Evidently there are two sorts of persons in that part of the world which is visited by the Gospel: he that loveth Christ, and he that loveth Him not. If you once hear the Gospel you can never be indifferent to it; you must either be its friend or its foe, its disci-

ple or its opposer. By this Gospel you shall be judged, and it shall either bring you where there is no condemnation to them that are in Christ Jesus, or it shall leave you where you are condemned already because you have not believed upon the Son of God? Do not, therefore, hope to live and die as if there were no Christ.

The test is this, the loving of Christ. Loving Christ is not the way of salvation; that can only be ascribed to faith, as it is written, "He that believeth on me hath everlasting life." But the flower which comes out of the seed of faith is love, and faith is not true faith unless it worketh by love, and so purifieth the heart.

Observe, that the

LOVE IS PERSONAL:

"he that loveth me not." He speaks not here of love to doctrine, but of love to Himself; "he that loveth me." There is a personal Christ, and He is to be loved by each one of us individually. Do not think of Christ as a historic personage, who came and went away, whose memory may be dear, but who cannot personally be the object of a present love. If you are truly His disciple, and a partaker of His salvation, you love Him. You realize Him as a living person, as much so as your own self, as your dear wife or your near friend; and your heart in deed and in truth is bound to Him.

You may not always be able to say that you are sure that you love Him, because your agony to be right may create in you a painful anxiety, and even a morbid jealousy as to your own sincerity; but you do love Him if you are called by His grace, and if you do not love Him, neither have you tasted of His power to save. If we are not lovers of the Lord Jesus, the Spirit of all grace has not made us to know and trust Christ; for if we knew Jesus and trusted Him our heart must be wedded to Him. Christ trusted must be Christ beloved. Let it be a matter, then, of personal trial with each one of you. Hear your risen Lord saying, "Lovest thou me?" He standeth here this morning, as once He stood by the lake of Galilee, and He puts this loving inquiry to each disciple, "Lovest thou me?"

Furthermore, as we look at this text we observe that, inasmuch as it is not always possible to gauge the emotions and the affections,

A FURTHER TEST

is given us: "He that loveth me not keepeth not my sayings." I may know, therefore, whether I love the Lord Jesus Christ by answering this further question, Do I keep His sayings? What meaneth this? It means, first, have we a reverent regard for all the teachings of the Lord Jesus Christ? Do we receive them as being our standard of doctrine, and our rule of life? Remember that, in effect, all that is in the Old Testament as well as in the New must be considered to be the sayings of Christ; for He says that He came not to destroy the law, but to establish the law. Heaven and earth shall pass away, but not one tittle of the law shall fail. The whole record of inspiration is indorsed by Christ, and may be said to be His sayings.

I tremble as I see in this day such a trifling with the Word of God; such a haste to criticise this and question that. There are degrees of inspiration, so we are told; and if that be so, we can be sure of nothing, since we have first to decide some subtle question as to the measure of the inspiration. As well have no Bible as such a Bible. Brethren, the Word of the Lord shall have no such treatment from nie, and I trust it will not be so served by any of you, for if so, you will rob yourselves of comfort, and offer grievous disrespect to your divine Lord. Has Jesus set forth a truth in these Scriptures? Then it is not ours to judge, not ours to doubt; but ours to accept with implicit faith. The authority of Jesus stands to us in the stead of reasoning. We so reverence Him that we reverence His sayings as being truth itself.

To keep His sayings means, further, to make careful storage of them in the memory. To keep these sayings must mean to lay them up in

the heart. The blessed Virgin "kept all these things, and pondered them in her heart," and so doth every Christian. "Thy word have I hid in my heart that I might not sin against Thee."

Still, I have no doubt that

THE MAIN MEANING

of keeping Christ's sayings is found in obeying Him. Dear friends, I do not want to say anything that will be severe, but yet I shall put to you a question which ought to alarm many professors. Did you ever spend a whole day from morning to night in distinctly and resolutely doing that which would honor Christ? I do not mean did you give up your business? did you quit your family? such strange conduct would not honor Jesus, but would do the reverse. But have you day after day thought and acted as if Jesus were your master, and you His servant? Is it habitual with you to say, "I will only do that which Christ would do if He were in my place? His example shall be my law. I will not be ruled by the hope of personal advantage or selfish comfort; but to me the supreme rule shall be, What would Jesus do? What would Jesus have me to do?"

II. So far for the test of discipleship. Now, in the second place, I beg you to follow me while I speak for a minute or two upon the

NEEDS OF A TRUE BELIEVER.

The believer, though he loves his Lord truly is, nevertheless, a most necessitous person, and sadly full of wants. He does not need any better Gospel; the Lord Jesus Christ taught us the best Gospel that could be; and, indeed, there can be no other. When Paul spoke of "another Gospel," he added, "which is not another; but there be some that trouble you." We desire nothing wiser, fuller, or better, than the doctrine which our Lord once delivered to the saints. Those who seek after the novelties of this *concocted century* seek to push their Lord from His place, that a philosopher may fill His throne. They seem to say, "Stand thou back, thou Galilean! Thou wast good enough for the dark ages, but we need a brighter light for these brighter times." I return to what I said before—"we need no better Gospel than that which God Himself has set forth in the person of His Son Jesus Christ."

These disciples to whom our Lord spake did not need any better preacher; they could not imagine a better. "Never man spake like this man." What power and authority there was in Him, and what an unction of the Holy One was upon Him. I cannot say that of you; for you, beloved friends, might often sigh for an abler preacher, and it may be that in some places where you live your Sabbaths are a bondage to you, because the pure Gospel is not declared, and the sheep are not fed. But in the case of these apostles, they could not have had a better preacher; and yet, for all that, because the Holy Spirit was not yet fully given, and was not dwelling in them, they had really learned very little.

FORGOTTEN TEACHING.

The best instructed of the apostles failed to understand His Lord while He merely spake to them. Often the disciples ran away with the words which He had uttered, and dwelt upon their letter, altogether missing their spiritual meaning. Frequently when they obtained a glimpse of the spiritual meaning, they beclouded it with some prejudice or tradition of their own, which, like smoke, obscured their vision. As to memory, they displayed but little of that faculty toward spiritual things; they were constantly forgetting what the Lord had told them, and acting in a manner directly the opposite of His precept and example.

Even if you understand you may forget. I dare say you have often to lament that the good word slips away from you, and this is a great evil. Why do we forget? Is it not largely through ignorance and want of understanding? When a child does not understand his lesson he soon forgets it. Again, we forget heavenly things because we are so occupied with worldly

things; our cares, our joys, our pleasures, our pursuits often crowd the things of God into a corner, and even tread them down with heedless fury. We forget our eternal prospects because we are thinking of our immediate interests. Our circumspect stances compel us to think of lower objects, but we need divine help to abide in communion with the higher matters. We need some one to bring these things to our remembrance, and to elevate us to a superior region of mind and heart.

At times we forget our Lord's sayings, and become bewildered by many afflictions. Trouble follows trouble; we go from darkness to deeper darkness in our experience, and we are so worried that we forget. When we most need the promise we are most apt to forget it. There are good solid steps all through the Slough of Despond; but when a man is passing through that horrible place he is usually so hurried and confused that he cannot see the stepping-stones, but slips into the deep mire where there is no standing. It is ill for us to be in a storm and our anchor at home.

TRACHEOUS MEMORIES.

Sometimes, I am afraid, our memories fail us because we are not particularly anxious to recollect. Certain precepts are so contrary to the carnal mind that if we can forget them we are sure to do so. You know how easy it is in your family reading to omit parts of God's Word which are too close and personal. We are afraid of the razor which cuts too close to the skin. Have you not felt of a morning when your servants have been gathered together, that you could not well read a certain passage because you had been out of temper, or unkind, or in some other way out of proper form? You feared that they would say, "Our master and the Bible do not agree."

In your own private thoughts a precept occurs to you, but you feel it convenient to ignore it because it would stand in the way of a design which you are cherishing. You intend to go through with your purpose, and therefore you shut your eyes to an inconvenient text. But if we are under the guidance of the Spirit of God, He will bring to our remembrance the duty in its proper time, and we shall bring forth our fruit in its season. Fruit out of season is always deficient in flavor; never are the scent and the taste so perfect as in the middle of the season. Oh, that we may bring forth our fruit in its due season—patience in tribulation, courage in danger, holiness in life, and hope in death. We fail to do this because that evil nature which is in us makes us forget at the precise moment which we ought to remember. It is the office of the Holy Spirit to bring before us the sayings of Christ in their due order and time. Do you not need this?

III. Hoping to retain your prayerful attention, I proceed to notice the

PRIVILEGE OF THE TRUE BELIEVER.

It is the true disciple's privilege to possess in the Holy Spirit a private tutor, a prompter, and a Comforter. The Lord Jesus says, "The Comforter, which is the Holy Ghost, whom the Father will send in my name, He shall teach you all things." Christ in His sayings gave us our class-book, complete and infallible; but through our dulness we need more. That young man has gone to college; he has with him all necessary books, and in them is to be found all that he will need to learn; even thus the Lord Jesus has given us in His sayings all that we need to know. But the young man's father wishes him to become a learned man, and therefore he engages for him a private tutor, who will teach him what the books contain. With his tutor's help his book is of far greater use to him than before. If any passage is difficult the tutor explains it; he puts the youth into the way of reading his class-books, so as to get the full value of them. Spiritually this is the office of the Holy Ghost; He finds us the key wherewith to open up the mystery which else would be out of our reach.

He really teaches us. To teach you is a very

different thing from speaking to you. A person may speak to a company of young people, and yet teach them nothing. If I am anxious to instruct a brother on any point, I do not merely speak to him, but I go over the ground carefully, set out each point distinctly, repeat my statements deliberately, and illustrate them appropriately. The Spirit of God, when He takes the child of God out of the company, and speaks privately to His heart, goes over the truth with him till it is made clear, and happily apprehended.

HOW THE SPIRIT TEACHES.

The Spirit teaches the saints, either at once or by degrees, all the truth of Christ. Some parts of that whole you will never learn, except upon a sick bed, or in deep depression of spirit, or in bereavement and adversity; while other truths will only be learned on the bright mountains of assurance and communion with God. It is the Spirit's province to burn truth into the soul, to engrave it upon the renewed heart, and make the mind sure and certain as to what it knows. No knowledge is so sure as that which the Holy Spirit communicates to our spirit. Time was, whenever I heard a sceptical remark, I felt wounded and somewhat shaken. I am no longer shaken by these wandering winds. There are certain things of which I am as sure as of my own existence; I have seen, tasted, and handled them, and I am past being argued out of them by those who know nothing about them.

It is promised us that the Comforter will teach us *all things*—that is, all the things which Jesus said and did. Have we realized this far-reaching privilege? There is a great variety in the knowledge of Christ. Nobody need think that He will exhaust it. There is, moreover, a proportion in the things of Christ, and we need to know all that our Lord has set forth. The way with some of God's people is either to have nothing but doctrine, or else nothing but practice, or else nothing but experience, and this warps and spoils them. Give yourself up to the Spirit of God, and He will teach you all things; here a little, and there a little—here a little of what you should know, there a little of what you should feel, and then again a little of what you should do.

HE REFRESHES THE MIND

by vivid recollections. He refreshes the heart by melting gratitude. I have known times when my memory of the love of Christ has made me sit down and weep for very joy. Oh, what gratitude wells up in the heart when the Holy Spirit brings all that Christ did to remembrance, and we hear Him say from His cross, "I did all this for thee, what hast thou done for me?" It is the Spirit's work to refresh the memory of the heart as well as the memory of the mind. Oftimes He refreshes the memory of the conscience—not quite so pleasant an operation. I have been doing for years wrong things without knowing them to be wrong. I have been neglecting a manifest duty for a long time, but all of a sudden that duty has been brought to my remembrance as one of the things which Jesus told me. I bless the Holy Ghost for thus sanctifying me by giving me a higher standard of holiness, and making me more particular about things which I glossed over with but slight attention. This is a part of the work of the Holy Spirit of God, to bring all things to your remembrance whatsoever He hath told you.

PERSONAL EXPERIENCE.

I shall say no more, but pray the Spirit of God to come upon you this very day, and bring to your remembrance all things that Christ has ever said to you. There will be a mixture of sunny memories and sorrowing memories; but they will be blessed memories, all of them. I thought when I was trying to prepare a subject for this morning, "All that I have preached for these many years is taken from me and printed, so that I cannot repeat it—what shall I do?" and then this truth came to me, "He shall teach you." "He shall teach you," and I begged Him to teach me that I might teach you.

I thought, "Alas, I have had many bright and sparkling thoughts at times, but they do not come just now." I sat still waiting, and then the fact came to me that the Holy Ghost would bring all things to my remembrance whatsoever the Lord Jesus had said. I find my natural memory to be less powerful than it used to be in the days of my youth; shall I, therefore, be allowed to forget when I am teaching? No, "He shall teach you, and bring all things to your remembrance." How beautiful!

I have noticed old people whose memories have been sadly feeble. I knew one who forgot his children. But I never knew an old saint yet who forgot the name of the Saviour, or failed to remember His love. Sometimes the Holy Ghost bears such witness in the heart that the memory is very strong about divine things even when it fails about spiritual things. So, my dear old friend, you that the youngsters sometimes amuse themselves with because your memory has got to be like an old sieve that lets everything through; it will not let your Lord through, you will always feel the music of His name. You will never forget your Well-Beloved if you live to be as old as Methuselah. Memory, though it leaves no other name, shall leave that name recorded there. I wish that any here who do not know Christ would cry for the Spirit of God to teach Him to them. If you long to be saved, pray that by His Spirit the Lord Jesus may bring you into the bond of the covenant, for His love's sake. Amen.

[The prayers of the readers of this Journal are requested for the blessing of God upon its Editors, and those whose sermons, articles, or labors for Christ are printed in it; and that its circulation may be used by the Holy Spirit for the conversion of many sinners and the quickening of God's people. Dr. Talmage and Mr. Spurgeon especially request prayer every Sunday morning on behalf of their labors.]

NEW BOOKS.

THE second volume of

"CHRISTIAN THOUGHT"

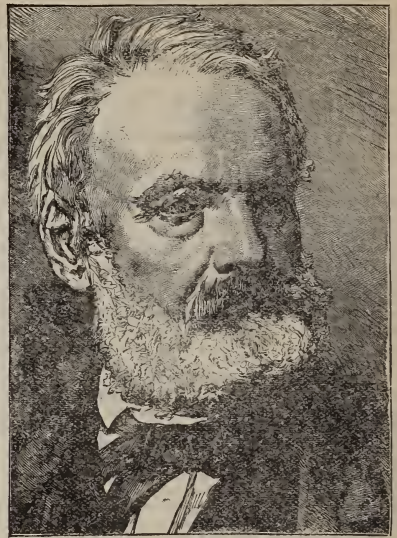
closes with June number, and with an array of exceedingly interesting articles. It would be difficult to find a more intensely interesting paper than the lecture on "Genesis—Scriptural and Extra-Scriptural," by Rev. Dr. Jesse B. Thomas. Abraham Coles, LL.D., famous for his translations of "Dies Irae," has a paper entitled, "A Half-hour with the Evolutionists." Mr. C. S. Towne has a clear, calm article on "Faith as the Basis of Science and Christian Philosophy." Rev. E. P. Thwing, Ph.D., furnishes some important views of "The Involuntary Life." There follow a poem by Paul Hamilton Hayne, a gay article on "Fun Philosophy," a paper on the Proceedings of the American Institute of Christian Philosophy, an article "About Books," and two important and interesting departments of collected matter called "Memorabilia" and "Notata." We rejoice to know that a periodical of such dignity and worth is gaining ground among the most cultivated people. The new volume will begin with the next number. It is published at 4 Winthrop Place, New York, and edited by Rev. Dr. Deems.

THE PHILOSOPHY SERIES

which the learned President of Princeton College is producing has now reached its eighth number. It is occupied with an examination of Herbert Spencer's Philosophy as culminated in his ethics. Like its predecessor, "A Criticism of the Critical Philosophy," it is written in a clear, forcible style, as free from technical terms as it is possible to make a treatise on the subject treated. Dr. McCosh has no rival among Christian philosophers; he is head and shoulders above all his competers, and in this examination of Herbert Spencer's teaching he is at his best. Since "The Data of Ethics" was issued in cheap form, the number of Herbert Spencer's disciples has largely increased, and though the famous philosopher is particularly anxious not to be regarded as a sceptic, we are describing



Blue Ribbon Army Leaders in Australia.



The Late Victor Hugo. (See page 390.)

the effect of his work very mildly when we say that it does not tend to the advancement of the Christian religion. It would be well if every reader of Herbert Spencer, and especially every earnest seeker after truth who has studied the *Data of Ethics*, would read Dr. McCosh's little volume. He would then see how large a demand Spencer makes on the faith of his readers, and how many palpable flaws there are in his reasoning. It is a small tract of seventy pages, full of powerful argument and sound, practical common-sense. Price, 5 cents. Published by Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

THE BLUE RIBBON IN AUSTRALIA.

(See Portraits on this page.)

THE illustration on this page is a copy of a photograph recently brought from Australia by a friend of temperance. The persons composing the group are the leaders of the Australian battalion of the Blue Ribbon Gospel Army, an organization which appears to be achieving in the new country a success as remarkable as that achieved by the parent army in Great Britain. The secret of its success is the union of Christian teaching with temperance teaching, the insistence of the evangelists on conversion as the only sure means of permanent reformation for the drunkard, and the confidence every worker has in the power of Christ to deliver the most abject and degraded slaves of the intoxicating cup if they can only be induced to look to Him for salvation. It is not surprising that men and women inspired by this all-conquering faith are winning souls among the vicious and the enslaved.

In Great Britain the army, though organized but little more than three years, has now more than a hundred stations, located in the chief cities in England and Scotland. Each has its hall, where, on every night in the week, the victims of ruin are directed to the way of emancipation. The enterprise has, of course, been very expensive in its initiatory stage. Some of the missions eventually become self-supporting, as the value of the work done is realized in the cities where they are located, but at first the outlay in each case is considerable. Nearly all of the enormous sum required to establish the missions has been paid by the President of the

Army, the Rev. M. Baxter, who has also devoted his time and labor without stint to the work. To his administrative talents, his munificent liberality and his unremitting toil, the success of the army is, under the blessing of God, chiefly due.

The work in Australia is an offshoot of the British work, and is also managed by Mr. Baxter. There is a great work to be done there of a very interesting character. Australia is no longer used as a penal settlement by the government, but private persons have largely regarded it in that light. Dissipated young men have been sent there by their friends in the hope that in a new country they might begin a new life, and if they still pursued their career of vice the degradation would not be so severely felt by their families. So it happens that in the Australian cities there are hundreds of young men, some of them of great promise, who are bound by the chain of the rum-fiend, and who find the temptations in the new country as seductive as in the old. It is among this class chiefly that the Blue Ribbon Gospel Army is doing its grand work. Every lost sheep it is the means of restoring is a source of joy to numbers at home, who bless God for this mighty agency for good, and that He has put it into the hearts of His servants to send it forth.

THE FRENCH EMIGRANT NOBLE.

(See Illustration on page 397.)

AMONG a group of horsemen riding from Paris toward the coast in the early dawn of the summer morning of July 17th, 1789, was Count Lafon de Leddibas. The horses were weary, and the men looked worn and tired, but eager and determined. They had been on the road all night, and the rising sun saw them still pressing forward. They were all aristocrats, and the few peasants whom they passed on their way thought that their nobles had a hunting party that morning. But it was not so; these aristocrats were the hunted, not the hunters.

How Count De Leddibas came to be riding post haste away from Paris on that summer morning is well understood now, though, unhappily, very much forgotten in these days. He was seeking a refuge, he and his companions, from a storm that he rightly believed was impending. The French nobles had filled to the

brim the cup of their iniquities, and vengeance was approaching. The people had suffered so much and had suffered so long that despair whispered in their ears, "You can but die if you rebel. Better a short, swift, glorious death than to perish of want as your fathers did." So they had risen; on July 14th the Bastille had fallen, the people were armed, and De Leddibas and a few others were quietly and secretly leaving French soil while there was yet time.

De Leddibas was only one of a class, and was better than some of his class. He did not concern himself about the sufferings of the peasants on his estate away in Normandy, but he did not wilfully oppress them. Unhappily, there was no way of avoiding their suffering. Monsieur le Count must have money. He needed it to live as a French noble should. His Parisian mansion must be maintained in the prevailing style. A host of pampered lackeys must be kept, and fed, and clothed. The court must be attended and court dresses must be bought. There were expensive intrigues, too, and a little gambling, and a little hunting, and endless channels in which money must be kept always running, and there was no supply but from that estate in Normandy. Once there were sinecure offices about the court, but now, alas! the king himself had difficulty in finding sufficient money for his needs. The steward of the estate wrote to De Leddibas that the peasants were poor, and hungry, and their poor hovels were in ruin. Already their taxes were crushing them. They had only bread to eat, and little of that. De Leddibas would gladly have spared them, but it was impossible; he needed money for his stables, for his little card parties—for many purposes. The peasants on the estate must be compelled to pay.

So the money was collected, and in that winter of 1788 many a little body, so thin and light, was lowered into the earth in Normandy, and the parents, haggard and gaunt themselves, dried their eyes as they thought that their poor little child would never more cry for bread, and would not know the pang of seeing its loved ones die of cold and hunger. And Monsieur le Count had his hunting and his little card parties, and wished his peasants—if he ever thought of them—were better off, that they might provide him with a better income.

So things went until the end came, and De Leddibas was glad to leave his splendid mansion in Paris, his hunting, and his expensive amusements, and counted himself fortunate when he was safe in England, as the heads of nobles in Paris were falling into the basket of the guillotine. He had never cursed the people, as the New York millionaire did the other day; he had been content with simply living upon them. Yet the day of vengeance came, as it will come sooner or later to all whose selfish greed is pauperizing the people. The French nobles in 1789 learned the lesson our capitalists will inevitably learn if they do not mend their ways, that selfishness and oppression are but seed of which vengeance is the harvest.

In London De Leddibas read of the burning of his castle in Normandy, and how the lead on the roof had been made into bullets, and his Paris mansion was now public property, and much more to the same purpose. The little money he brought with him was soon spent, and his diamonds were sold, and, worse than all, Monsieur le Count was sick. Trouble, and chagrin, and worry were the causes, and they were very potent on a frame rendered old by dissipation before its time.

Strange fainting fits had prostrated him twice before he sought a physician's advice. Then he went to the most eminent physician of the day, who had many such patients, poor and proud among those emigrant nobles. He was a kindly Christian man, whose piety was as eminent as his learning. A few questions were put, and the count answered them quietly. The verdict he trembled to hear, and as he gave his wrist to the physician's fingers he dared not raise his eyes to the face of the man who could tell him if he would live or die. Another moment and the dreaded words are spoken. It is heart disease, and he may die at any moment. His affairs should be put in order, and would Monsieur le Count excuse the suggestion? peace with God through His Son were of all things the most important if not already secured.

But the count was by no means pleased with the suggestion. "Thank you, Doctor," he said, "for your candor and your kindness, but I am a disciple of Voltaire. I have heard him speak, I have read his books, and I am impervious to superstition."

The doctor shook his head mournfully. "It is no superstition, my good sir. It is reality as stern and as sure as that which is meeting your friends in Paris just now. I can well believe that you and they have persuaded yourselves that it is not true; had you believed it you could not have led your frivolous lives as you have. Let me beg of you to recognize its truth and apply it."

A smile of pitying derision crossed the count's face as he bowed and left the physician. But a few weeks later he learned how much superstition there was in the doctor's advice. He was reading the news of the September massacres, when he came across a beloved name among those of the ladies cut down in the streets. He fell forward with a smothered groan, and went to meet his God.



The French Noble in Suspense.

THE JEW'S WARD.

A SERIAL STORY.

(Continued from page 383.)

Not Expatriation.

CAROLA sat silently by the bedside of the wounded man. She watched him attentively, and was ready to smooth his pillow, or readjust a bandage, or administer his medicine should need arise. Her training in the hospital had developed and applied the sweet spirit of helpfulness for which the Hazelmount people had loved her. There was no need for any of Carola's patients to ask for anything often; she seemed to divine what they needed even before the words came to their lips. Some of them said the Sister knew what they wanted better than they did themselves. It was so with Captain Bentley; he rested as tranquilly as his pain would permit, soothed by her presence and her ready helpfulness.

But meanwhile, in the silence, Carola's thoughts were very busy. The strange news about the Arnolds had affected her powerfully. The home they loved so dearly, which was so sacred a possession that it must not be sullied by her presence, with that involuntary stain of her early associations upon her, was to be theirs no longer. This man before her, helpless as he was physically, held and was exercising the power to eject them. It was strange; she could not understand it. She bore them no resentment for their harsh conduct toward herself. All her thoughts of them were of sympathy, and pity, and the ardent wish that in some way she could help them. "O Lord," she prayed, "that in some way I could save them from drinking that bitter cup!" So, in prayer and agitating thought, the hours of the night were passing by.

"Who are you?" inquired Captain Bentley at last. "I do not know your voice."

"I am a nurse from Netherton Hospital," she

answered, "and there they call me Sister. But they are all poor people, and you had better call me nurse."

For in the bitterness of her resentment she did not wish to hear him call her by so dear a name. He was doing evil to those she loved; and how could she look upon him, as she had trained herself to look upon the wounded work-people brought to her from their dangerous occupations, as brothers injured in the battle of life?

"I had a sister once," he said, sadly; "she was the last creature who cared a straw for me."

How desolate the words sounded! Carola looked down on him with pitying eyes; for the thought of the dreary future which lay before him passed vividly through her mind. If he indeed recovered it would be as a maimed and disfigured man, almost blind, from whom all the pride of life had departed. If he had secured no one's love in the past there was little hope for the time to come. Her heart melted in pity toward him.

"I care for you," she said, "and I am nursing you as carefully as a sister could."

"But you are paid for it," he replied.

"Not as you think,"

she answered: "I shall

have none of the money you pay to the hospital. But of course He who sent me will pay me."

"That is what I said," he muttered; "that makes all the difference."

"But you do not understand," she said, in a joyous tone; "He who sent me to you is my Lord Jesus Christ."

It was a long time since that name had fallen upon his ear; so long that he had to go back to his boyhood and childhood for memories of it. He had heard it chiefly at Christmas and Easter; and the recollection of holidays was principally associated with it. They were pleasant times those holidays, when he had gone home from school, and played with his little sister, and been indulged by his mother. His thoughts wandered away among silent memories until he fell asleep again; and Carola stole noiselessly back to her seat, but not to read. Her heart was too full of trouble.

During the days that followed there was no difficulty in Carola keeping her presence unknown to the villagers of Hazelmount. It was her duty to watch Captain Bentley through the night, and most of the day she spent in rest for herself. Presently he demanded more companionship from her, for her voice was always soothing to him during the dreary hours he lay awake, fretted by the long inaction. It happened one night that she began to talk of old Matthias Levi, the Jew cobbler, and she drew a picture of him and his little shop with a vividness that brought the whole scene clearly to his mind. Her own mind was dwelling fully on those early days, and Matthias seemed to stand before her in a clearer and brighter light than he had ever done before.

"Why, I know him better now than I did then!" she cried; "I can see him now, and what he was trying to do. For what doth God require of thee, O man! but to do justly, and love mercy, and walk humbly with thy God?" That is what Matthias was doing."

"It is impossible," murmured Captain Bentley. But he did it," she said; "not perfectly, of course, but to the utmost of his power. Yes, he did justly, and loved mercy, and walked humbly with his God."

He could hear her voice trembling, and he knew she could say no more to him just now. For the last week or two he had been seeing through her eyes, and thinking with her brain, and all life wore a different aspect for him. Her mind had gained so dominant an influence over him that they were pondering over the same subject, with a subtle feeling that it was so, though no word was spoken. They were both thinking of that flagrant act of injustice and tyranny lying at his very gates; and he was contrasting his own life painfully with that of the humble and poverty-stricken Jew. At last he called softly to Carola.

"Sister," he said, "do you know that at first I thought I had been shot for revenge?"

"Yes," she answered; "but that is impossible."

"For I should have deserved it," he went on, "for I am driving away people who have lived on these lands hundreds of years. The estate came to me, and I thought I'd a right to do what I pleased with my own; and I have been guilty of an unjust and unmerciful deed. I was lifting up myself proudly against God. I thank God you have told me of that old Jew to-night."

"Why?" she asked, with almost breathless eagerness.

"Because it is not yet too late to repent," he answered; "it is still two months to Christmas, and I can change all that. No, I would sooner quit Hazelmount myself than drive them away. The place is more theirs than mine."

"You make me happier than I can tell," sobbed Carola.

"Do I?" he asked; "then if it were for nothing else the thing should be done."

The next afternoon, when Carola awoke and opened her window, she heard a merry peal of bells ringing across the park from the unseen church-tower, and she knew that the glad tidings had already reached the people of Hazelmount. She leaned through the window and looked toward the Grange, which was now hidden from her by the brown stacks that began to fill the rich-yard. But how well could she picture it—the joyous meeting in the great kitchen, and the tall, strong old master standing in the midst of his work-people, and telling them there were to be no sorrowful separations, and no heart-breaking departures! They were saved from their overwhelming trouble. Yet her eyes filled with tears, and her heart felt heavy, as she thought how soon she would be going away, even though she was about to return to her work in the hospital, with the dear companionship of Sister Elizabeth.

Philip Arnold was wandering about the United States, seeking for his new Hazelmount. A great responsibility had been thrust upon him, for he had to consider the needs of a small colony rather than that of a mere family. There was no lack of money to buy such a place as he wanted, for the industry and thrift of many a generation had placed him beyond the reach of mere pecuniary difficulties. Yet his heart was sore at being driven from his fatherland; and as the hope of finding Carola died away there seemed nothing in the new country with which he could content himself. For who could seek her with the perseverance he would have if he was in England? Yet if this tribe of emigrants came out under his care, and looking to him as their head, how could he desert them in order to find her? It must be years before he could leave the new settlement to return to England for this purpose.

But a telegram reached him in the midst of his heavy-hearted inquiries. "Come home," it said; "we are not leaving Hazelmount." He had plenty of time to meditate over the mystery of this message on his voyage homeward. He had himself been privately to Captain Bentley,

imploping him to leave his father undisturbed until his death, and offering to pay a large sum for this favor. What had brought about the change he could not guess; but it was not unmingled exultation to be going back to Hazelmount, for he feared his parents' reluctant consent to receive Carola as his wife would be recalled. He had no strong hope of finding her unchanged toward him, but he could not relinquish what he had. The dreary blank of the last two years seemed about to fall upon his life again.

Yet, in spite of all, there was a great gladness in treading the old road again between the station and Hazelmount. No place he had seen had looked so beautiful in his eyes. He stood a few minutes at the edge of the fir coppice, gazing at the many-gabled, half-timber farm-house which had been the permanent abiding-place of his family. It was well for him, as well as for his parents, not to be ruthlessly driven away from it with anger and resentment in his heart.

The routine of the farm was going on as usual. The threshing-machine was humming amid the brown stacks, and the cows were marching up slowly from the meadows to their stalls. He could see the well-known figures of his men moving about the fold, and wondered that there was no change in them. It might have been years that he had been absent, but it was only three months. His mother was not aged in the least, and his father had recovered all his former vigor and spirit. Philip felt as if it was he who had changed, while every one else had come to a standstill.

"We shall never be disturbed again!" exclaimed his father triumphantly. "The captain promises me a lease for three lives; mine, and yours, and your son's. It has given me back my life, Phil; I feel as if I was forty again."

"Tell me how it came about," said Philip. It was a long story as Mr. Arnold told it, for his joy made him fluent, and Philip's long absence had given time for many things to happen. And Mrs. Arnold had interruptions and explanations to make, without which she thought he could not understand the current of events.

"It was the nurse who brought him to repentance," she said. "Captain Bentley maintains so himself."

"Did you see her?" asked Philip.

"No, not exactly," answered his father. "I caught sight of her early one morning, standing at the gate by the school-house, dressed in a brown cloak and poke bonnet, such as nurses mostly wear; and I was hurrying up to speak to her, when she turned away all of a sudden, and ran back to the Hall like a lapwing. But I tell you what, my boy, we will give that hospital such a Christmas treat as it never had yet; and we'll send the nurse the handsomest gold watch and chain as a nurse ever had. Ay! and this shall be a home for her as often as she likes to come to it. The captain's set upon doing something for her, and he wouldn't have let her go, only when the danger was over she was ordered back to the hospital."

So it came to pass that, three days before Christmas, Philip Arnold rang at the door of Nether-ton Hospital, with a porter wheeling a truck well laden with farm-house dainties. It was growing dusk, and the little room into which he was shown, after asking for the nurse who had been to Hazelmount Hall, was not lighted up in any way but by the red glare of the furnace fires. The strange landscape outside, and the softened din of the busy toll going on, had so arrested his attention that he did not catch the click of the lock as the door opened quietly, and suddenly there fell upon his ears the tones of the dearest voice in the world.

"I am Sister Carol; you were asking for me." He could neither speak nor move, for the shock of finding her so strangely, at a moment when she was least in his thoughts, seemed to paralyze him. She did not know him, for after she had waited a few seconds for his answer, she spoke again.

"You want me," she said; "are you hurt, or have you come to fetch me to some one else?"

"Carola!" he cried.

"Philip!"

She said no more, but she stretched out her hands to him with a gesture as frank and tender as if the last two years had been nothing but a dream. And he drew her into his arms, and kissed her with a fondness, as though no one in the world could blame him for loving her.

"But no," she said, drawing herself away from him, "we love one another, Philip; that is true. But we must be content to be friends only."

"Friends!" he repeated, interrupting her; "yes, such friends as husband and wife are. I will never let you go again, not if they closed their doors against me. And do you think any one will say a word now you have saved us all from banishment? For it was you, Carol; but for you we should have left Hazelmount by this time. This Christmas would have been a most miserable time for all of us, and it is you who have saved us. I never thought it was you."

"But you do not think, you do not remember," she said, falteringly; "you never knew—"

"I do know; I know all," he went on; "I was at the trial, and I went to seek you in your old Jew's house. Oh, my darling! what does it matter to me where you were born, or where you lived? I know no one as good as you. There's no one else in the whole world who can make me as good a man, and as true a Christian, as you will."

"But now," she said, with downcast eyes, "I am working for my Lord here."

"Oh, Carol!" he cried, "don't make men believe that Christ came to weaken human ties or to set at naught human affections. It is good to have hospitals, but it is better to have homes; and you will be a happier and a better woman as my wife than as a nurse here. If I am ready to leave father and mother and house for your sake, cannot you give up this? Did not our Lord say, 'What God hath joined together let not man part asunder'? You never had a home, and you do not know how sacred and holy it can be."

"But I shall bring disgrace upon you," she answered, still standing aloof from him, and not raising her eyes from the ground.

"Is there nothing of false shame in you, my Carola?" he said; "are you not too much ashamed of that early life, which was no fault of yours? If God Himself placed you there, ought you to think so much of it? Should it weigh so heavily against my love?"

"Oh, if I only knew what I ought to do!" she cried.

"There are plenty of women who can be nurses here," he continued; "but there is no other woman who can be my wife. That is more certain now than it was when we parted two years ago. If you choose to sacrifice yourself you sacrifice me also. You cannot decide to stay here without dooming me to a sad and solitary life."

"I could never bring myself to do that," she whispered.

"Take your father and mother by surprise," said Sister Elizabeth, when Philip told her his position; "tell them you have invited Captain Bentley's nurse to spend Christmas with them, and my little girl shall come down on Christmas Eve. I've always expected something like this to happen. We could not keep a girl like Carola to grow old in the hospital!"

"They cannot refuse me now," he answered. "Oh," she said, laughing merrily, "they will be so amazed they will not know what to say, and in a few minutes it will be over."

No news could have been more welcome to Philip's father and mother; but it was difficult for him to keep his secret. The gladness of his heart could not but disclose itself, and he went about the old house as if he had been a boy again. Mrs. Arnold had not seen him so happy since Carola had gone away, and her thoughts turned a good deal to her as she prepared the

best bedroom for the nurse from the hospital. Though it was a good thing that at last Philip was recovering his spirits, she could not but feel a sad interest in the poor girl, and if he would but marry how gladly would she befriend her!

(To be concluded.)

THE LORD WILL PROVIDE.

S. S. Lesson for June 28, Gen. 22: 14, Margin. Golden Text, 1 Pet. 5: 7. By Mrs. M. Baxter.

Faith Fades Without Exercise — Abraham Taught to Wait for God's Work—His Confidence in Darkness and Difficulty—Far-sighted People—Eminent Outside the Church—Least Within It—How to Deal with Vexations—Does God Know?—God's Opportunities.

ABRAHAM is "the father of all them that believe" (Rom. 4: 11), and his faith is spoken of in the epistles to the Romans, Galatians, and Hebrews for our encouragement. But faith can only continue to exist as it is exercised. Thus we see that trials of faith abound in the lives of those men of old whose record is preserved in Heb. 11. Abraham was signally tried. Long before he had any child God called him a father of many nations, saying, "A father of many nations have I made thee." Abraham's reckoning of God was that with Him to say was to do. "And Abraham believed God, and it was accounted to him for righteousness" (Gen. 15: 6; Rom. 4: 5).

What he meant by believing is beautifully told in these words: "He staggered not at the promise of God through unbelief, but was strong in faith, giving glory to God, and

BEING FULLY PERSUADED

that, what He had promised He was able also to perform; and therefore it was imputed unto him for righteousness." Once Abraham had attempted to bring about the performance of God's promises, when, in accordance with the counsel of Sarah, he had taken Hagar as his concubine. God had taught him his sad mistake, and now he had given up providing for what God undertook to do, and his heart rested on God and said, "The Lord will provide."

Isaac, the child of promise, was born after thirty years, and now Abraham's greatest trial of faith was to come. He had previously yielded his will to God about Ishmael, and had cast out the bondwoman and her son; and he had received Isaac in his old age as the precious commencement of the fulfillment of God's promises. And now this son, so directly God-given, this very tangible proof that God kept His word, was demanded of him in sacrifice. It looked as though God were trifling with him, it seemed as though God were untrue to Himself. He was demanding of Abraham an act which He Himself condemned among the heathen Canaanites. How should Abraham lift up his head among them again? And then Sarah, how account to her for this strange command? The whole situation seemed impossible; but to all and everything Abraham had but one answer, "The Lord will provide." God knows how to justify Himself; God will not be at a loss. Abraham's faith went so far that he believed, even if Isaac died, God was able to raise him from the dead (Heb. 11: 19); he saw God's resources to be unlimited. Thus he neither shirked nor delayed his obedience to the command. Even when Isaac said to him, "Behold the fire and the wood: but where is the lamb for a burnt-offering?" (Gen. 22: 7) he answered, "My son, God will provide Himself a lamb." And He did so. At the very critical moment when the hand of Abraham was raised for the fatal blow, the Lord provided. He declared that Abraham's faith was proved, and He showed him the ram which should be offered in the stead of his son. The Lord did provide.

FAR-SIGHTED PEOPLE.

Some people are by nature more far-seeing than others, and they have a tendency to provide against contingencies which may arise. They are the planning, calculating, arranging, undertaking people, whose brains are always

busy. Full of natural energy, and with a conscious sense of power, they take the place of leader wherever they are. In business, science, learning, art, these are always the shining ones. But in the kingdom of God all is reversed; there the greatest is least, and the least greatest; the first last, and the last first. There the question is not what lies in man, but what are the resources of God. As long as man is in his own province, it becomes him to provide. The man of business falls back upon his experience or his talents, or on the counsel of some tried business acquaintances to help him out in a time of emergency. The housewife racks her brain to think of how to make the best of things, how to provide for the occupation, benefit, and comfort of her visitors; the Christian worker thinks out the best ways of reaching certain classes of people, the best way of obtaining the funds needful for carrying on the work. He considers what subjects in the Bible will best bear upon the condition of his hearers, and, in short, undertakes the management in every way. He appropriates certain work to certain workers, and gets a great machinery in motion. But all this is man, not God; human, not divine. God may come into it, and make use of it to a certain extent to serve His own purposes, and to bring precious souls to Christ; but it all speaks of the energy of man more than the power of God; it is not distinctly felt at every turn that the Lord will provide.

THE AGE OF SELF-HELP.

When God gave the promise of His Son (Isa. 9: 6) He said, "And the government shall be upon His shoulder: and His name shall be called Wonderful, Counsellor," etc. That which God spoke in prophecy of the future of the Church of Christ is true in detail of the kingdom of God within us. When Paul calls us to present our bodies a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable to God, which is our reasonable service (Rom. 12: 1), he added, "And be not conformed to this age" (R. V.). This age is one of self-help, self-reliance, self-esteem, self-culture, self-effort. It is the age of the glorification of man. But the kingdom of God exists not as a theatre for the display of man, but for the manifestation of God, the kingdom is for the King. As soon as we cease simply to make use of Christ by knowing Him only as a Saviour, in a time of difficulty—and hand ourselves over to Him that He may make use of us—we pass out of our own keeping into His, out of our own hands into His. Then our Owner must provide; He takes the responsibility of His property.

"Oh, what shall I do?" said a Christian worker, "Mr. So-and-so has come for the first time to the meeting: he has been dreadfully prejudiced for years, and that objectionable brother is just beginning one of his long, rambling prayers which damp the spirit of the meeting. Human energy would go to that brother and ask him not to pray so long, or give him some hint that it was not well, and that others were hindered by it. But faith in God whispered, 'The Lord will provide;' this very thing has happened as a test whether you will be occupied with that brother or the Lord. The Lord did provide; the very prayer of the brother was blest to Mr. So-and-so."

"How very trying that a repair to the house should be needed just now, those meetings are coming on. I had laid by a little sum of money which would just have enabled me to entertain so-and-so, and they are the very people who need most to come!" So said the flesh. But the Spirit said, "Cannot God bless them elsewhere, and cannot you ask and receive a blessing for them by faith? And though they may never know that you have prayed for them, 'the Lord will provide,' and the secret will be a sweet one between you and Him." The Lord did provide; those very people came to the meetings and were blessed, but the hospitable housewife knew that the Lord alone had done it.

A very pushing brother, much in his own spirit, forced himself into a leading place in meetings which were left to the guidance of the

Spirit. "I do wish Mr. — would not come," said one; "he quite spoils the meeting." "The Lord will provide," said another; "we will ask God to keep him away, and so to bless him that when he returns he may be made a blessing." The brother was soon after kept away, his place filled by others, and his own spirit wonderfully changed. The point which we have to settle in every circumstance which may happen to us is this:

DOES GOD KNOW

all about it? Is God responsible for it? A pressure may come upon us in money matters, or as regards physical strength, or other resources; does God know it, and is it a thing arranged between Him and us that the government of it is on His shoulders? Then who shall provide? Shall the Lord, or shall I?

HIS GREAT OBJECT

in all His dealings with us is to make Himself known to us, and through us to others. He declares that every hair of our heads is numbered (Luke 12: 7); that He knoweth we have need of all these things (Matt. 6: 32); that He knoweth our frame (Ps. 103: 14); that not a sparrow falleth to the ground without Him (Luke 12: 6). And He exhorts us in every thing, in these things to make our prayer and supplication with thanksgiving (Phil. 4: 6). Wherever He leads us, into whatever circumstances, He is responsible for the consequences. When He led Elijah by the brook Cherith, He made Himself his Provider, the Lord did provide, and sent him bread and flesh morning and evening. When the Spirit of God called Philip away from his sphere of blessing in Samaria, He was responsible to provide him with service, and it was not long before he put the enmesh in his path, the more impossible to us seems to be the position of things, the more glorified is the Lord in providing. These are

GOD'S OPPORTUNITIES.

Had the children of Israel never been in such straits at the Red Sea, the Lord would not have been known as He who made a way in the sea, and a path in the mighty waters. Had they never passed through the barren desert it could not have been written of Him, "He gave them bread from heaven to eat" (John 6: 31). Had there been a plentiful supply of water He would not have been recognized as the God who gave them water out of the stony rock. In the sorest spiritual distress, the fiercest temptation, the most distressing deadness, even if we have brought it upon ourselves, our Father never expects us to get ourselves out of the snare of the Fowler. He knows what got us into the snare, He is faithful to tell us what it is and

THE WAY OUT

at the same time, and thus blesses us more than if we had not been tempted. If at this very moment you are in sore perplexity of soul or body, and know not which way to turn, then praise God, "the Lord will provide;" trust Him, stand still, and you shall see the salvation of the Lord. Look away from yourself, from circumstances, both the hopeful and the discouraging ones; let the helm of your little boat go over into His hands, and do nothing until He shows you, and He will provide. He has undertaken the responsibility of being your Father, and He will never bear the name without being true to it. He only wants you to treat Him as such, and to let Him show you and those around you that "the Lord will provide."

The Prophetic News and Israel's Watchman (London) may be had from the office of this journal, 65 Bible House, New York, price six cents, including postage. Annual subscription seventy cents. The following articles among others are contained in the number for June:

The Future and Final Personal Antichrist.

The Translation of the Waiting Saints and the Teaching of Faith Healing. By Mrs. M. Baxter.

1889, A Faithful Year. By Rev. H. Grattan Guinness.

The Time of the End Reached. By Rev. Miles Grant, of Boston, Mass.

The Invasion of Israel's Land. By Mr. J. F. Newton.

Russia's Limits Defined in Prophecy. By Rev. J. Hawker, M.A.

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Passing Events Viewed from a Prophetic Standpoint.

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Just to let thy Father do
What He will;
Just to know that He is true,
And be still;
Just to follow hour by hour
As He leadeth;
Just to draw the moment's power
As it needeth.

Just to trust Him, this is all I
Then the day will surely be
Peaceful, whatso'er befall,
Bright and blessed, calm and free.

Just to let him speak to thee
Through His word,
Watching that His voice may be
Clearly heard;
Just to tell Him everything
As it rises,
And at once to Him to bring
All surprises;
Just to listen, and to stay
Where you cannot miss his voice;
This is all I and thus to do,
Communing, you shall rejoice.

Just to ask Him what to do
All the day,
And to make you quick and true
To obey;
Just to know the needed grace
He bestoweth;
Every bar of time and place
Overletheth;
Just to take thy orders straight
From the Master's own command;
Blessed day! when thus we wait
Always at our Sovereign's hand.

Just to recollect His love,
Always true,
Always shining from above,
Always new;
Just to recognize its light,
All-enfolded;
Just to claim its present might,
All-upholding;
Just to know it as thine own,
That power which can't be away;
Is not this enough alone?
For the gladness of the day?

Just to trust, and yet to ask
Guidance still;
Take the training or the task
As He will;
Just to take the loss or gain
As He sends it;
Just to take the joy or pain
As He lends it;
How He formed thee for His praise
Will not miss the gracious aim;
So to-day and all thy days
Shall be moulded for the same.

Just to leave 'a His dear hand,
Little things;
All we cannot understand,
All that stings;
Just to let Him take the care
Sorely pressing;
Finding all we let Him bear
Changed to blessing;
This is all I and yet the way
Pointed by Him who loves thee best;
Secret of a happy day,
Secret of His promised rest.

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Vol. VIII. No. 26.

THURSDAY, JUNE 25, 1885.

Price, Three Cents.

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ANECDOTES RELATED AT THE EVANGELISTIC MEETINGS IN SCOTLAND.

MEDICAL MISSION WORK IN CHINA.

THE PERSONAL ANTICHRIST. By Rev. M. Parsons, D.D.

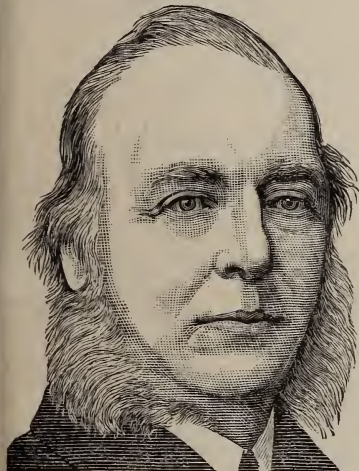
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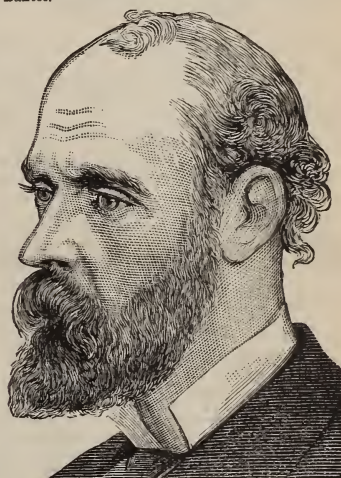
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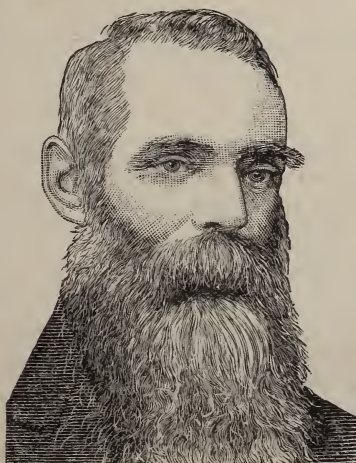
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DELEGATES TO THE FAITH-HEALING CONFERENCE IN LONDON.

EIGHT PROMINENT LEADERS AT THE FAITH-HEALING CONFERENCE.

THE Faith-healing Conference, held in London during the first week of this month, was so largely attended that it was found necessary to hold the morning meetings, as well as those in the evening, in the immense Agricultural Hall. It was intended to hold the morning meetings in the Faith-healing Institute at Bethshan, but the accommodation there was wholly inadequate for the crowds of people who sought admission. There were a large number of speakers from America, who added their testimonies to those of their transatlantic brethren as to the wonderful works of God in the healing of the sick. A general interest was taken in the proceedings by the press and the public. The secular daily journals published full reports of the proceedings at each session of the Conference. On the first page of this number of the CHRISTIAN HERALD are portraits of six of the leaders of the movement, and portraits of two others appear on page 412. The following sketches of their lives are taken from the columns of the London *Christian Herald*.

REV. W. E. BOARDMAN, OF BETHSHAN, LONDON.

MR. BOARDMAN is an American by birth. One day, while yet an infant, his parents were journeying in a chaise, and he was being carried in his mother's arms. Their journey led them to a wild and perilous place near the river Chemung, where the road, barely wide enough to allow a single carriage to pass along, is cut out of the slaty rock, which lifts its head above toward the clouds, and a steep declivity descends to the river's brink. In the narrowest place of the road the chaise upset, and the whole party, horse, chaise and all, rolled over and over down to the water's edge. How they escaped as they did has always been a mystery. All was soon put right, however, and they went on their way again. The principal injury was received by the child. The stump of a broken shrub at the water's edge pierced his groin and left a scar which he still bears.

At the age of fifteen Mr. Boardman left home, ambitious to make his fortune. A companion introduced him to the works of the poets and prose writers who have covered the poison and pollution of sensualism with the drapery of the graceful expressions that render it fascinating to the youthful fancy without shocking youthful virtue. As room-mates and bed-fellows, the two literally devoured this *pernicious literature*; and night after night upon their bed they read it by the light of the moon. By and by there grew in young Boardman's heart a wish that there were no God, no heaven, no hell, nothing to fear from the freest, fullest pursuit of the world and indulgence in its pleasures, and it was not long before the wily adversary presented him with a philosophy, falsely so-called, to suit the wish. Presently, however, through the instrumentality of an elder brother, he was led to accept the teachings of the Bible as true, and accepted Christ as his Saviour.

From the night of his conversion commenced wonderful manifestations of God to his soul; signal answers to prayer were given him, and he was helpful in leading many into the way of salvation. Believing that the Lord called him to devote himself to the Gospel ministry, he sold out the interest he had acquired in business, and began a course of study. Shortly a prospect was opened to him of making \$10,000 a year; the temptation was too much for him, and he abandoned his studies to make money. At the end of two years and a half he reckoned his gains at \$100,000, but his Christian life had become well-nigh extinct.

Some little time after his marriage the current of success changed. Instead of gains came loss upon loss, until the gains were all gone and financial failure seemed near. At this juncture his wife's anxiety about her soul led to a new consecration of himself to God, and no sooner

was Mrs. Boardman filled with the joy of the Lord and her husband brought back from his wanderings, than losses ceased and failure was averted.

Change of circumstances led to a change of residence. The more hopefully and easily to begin business again, Mr. Boardman went West, and took with him a large supply of Bibles and Testaments. In their new home, one day, as Mrs. Boardman was looking over some books, she opened the Memoir of James Brainerd Taylor, and came upon a wonderful letter of his to a friend, describing a new and blessed experience into which he had just then come, after having been a Christian many years. She began reading it to her husband. In a moment he was riveted, and when she came to the end of the letter, he exclaimed: "There! that is just what I need, and must have." Eventually, after months of misdirected efforts and fruitless struggle, both wife and husband entered into a fuller realization of abiding union with Jesus than ever before, and they were filled with unbounded satisfaction.

An ardent longing had been growing in Mr. Boardman's heart for the salvation of men, and God now placed him in circumstances where his longing was gratified. One after another was led to Christ through his instrumentality—whole families were converted—and the fame of what God was accomplishing through His servant took wing, and was told throughout the mining region in which Mr. and Mrs. Boardman were then residing. Meanwhile, the Lord called Mr. Boardman out into the ministry, and gave the means for building a house of worship at Potosi, Mo., which after forty years still abides a monument of the goodness of God.

We have not space to enter into the details of the work in which God has so largely used and blessed Mr. Boardman on both sides of the Atlantic. He is, as is well known, one of the principal expounders and most consistent illustrations of what is generally understood by the designation, "Higher Life," and is a fervent believer in the doctrine that Christ as Saviour is the Healer of our bodily maladies as well as the bearer-away of our sins. Of the work at Bethshan, which is conducted by Mrs. Baxter and others under his superintendence, we need not speak, having frequently published accounts of it in these columns.

MISS SISSON, FROM INDIA.

MISS SISSON, who is now in London, is also an American. She was six years a missionary in Southern India, and was there through the terrible famine. Broken down by overwork and the vicissitudes of the climate and the time, she returned to America for recovery of health. Restored, she went back to India in connection with Dr. Cullis's Faith Mission, and was again compelled, by the illness of her sister, to leave the sphere of her labors; she travelled as far as London with her on her way back to America, and there, becoming interested in the Bethshan work, she has remained to this time.

REV. F. D. SANFORD, OF BOSTON, MASS.

THE Rev. F. D. Sanford, who has crossed the Atlantic to attend the Conference, has charge of the evangelistic department of the works of faith of Dr. Charles Cullis, the founder of the Consumptives' Home and other institutions in Boston, Mass., California, India, and other countries.

Mr. Sanford's father was a Congregational clergyman in Massachusetts, and his mother, in direct answer to whose prayers he believed he was converted, is still living.

At the time of his conversion Mr. Sanford was a commercial traveller, and it may be incidentally mentioned, was a *great smoker*, using sometimes seventeen cigars in one day. One day, while engaged in business he was struck down in the street by what seemed to him supernatural power. He was unconscious of his surroundings, but felt vividly conscious of the divine presence. The pages of his past life ap-

peared as if spread out like a panorama before him. He seemed to see himself as some other man, making various attempts to succeed in business, but, to use his own expression, "the bottom seemed to drop out of everything I put my hand to." Then he saw himself directed to work by the Lord and proceeding successfully, having a sure promise that he should not fail. As in the experience of men saved from drowning, all this passed through his mind with lightning rapidity. His faintness or whatever the affection might be styled by physicians, was only of a few moments' duration, but it left a deep impression on his mind.

However, he went on with his journey, but had only got to Harrisburgh, Pa., when he had a similar attack. He went to the Young Men's Christian Association in that city under deep conviction, but came away still in spiritual darkness. He then proceeded to his hotel, and on arriving there discovered that a number of the members of the Legislature had met in the room next to his for a night's enjoyment. He searched for and found his long-neglected Bible—the Bible that his mother had given him, and that he had promised to read. Placing his fingers in his ears to shut out the mirth that had become so distasteful to him, and with a prayer on his lips for light, he scanned the sacred pages. He sat thus till one o'clock in the morning, when suddenly light seemed to burst upon his soul, and he felt he was a new creature in Christ Jesus.

He then went home and set to work, doing what he could for his Divine Master. About six months after his conversion, which took place in 1875, he attended Dr. Cullis's Second Faith Conference, where he heard Dr. Boardman and other advocates of the Higher Life doctrines, and was convinced of their truth.

His brother, who was a merchant, requesting him at this point to enter into his service, he consented; but the work of the Lord so attracted him that he resolved to put himself entirely into the hands of the Lord for service. Having done this, he entered Dr. Cullis's Faith-training College, in Boston, on leaving which he, at the invitation of Dr. Cullis, entered his work in a small mission. This was in 1878, since which time he has been associated with Dr. Cullis in his various works of faith and labors of love for Christ.

Shortly after entering this work he was ordained over one of the faith churches, but was soon called to be *assistant pastor* with Dr. Cullis. It soon became evident, however, that he would have to give himself up entirely to the work of an *evangelist*. He therefore entered upon his present work, and has labored as an evangelist in churches of all denominations in Connecticut, Massachusetts, Maine, New Hampshire, New York, New Jersey, and other States, being everywhere, as he had seen himself in his vision, successful in an eminent degree. He also labored with Bishop Wilson in the Reformed Episcopal Church in Ottawa, Canada, where much good was accomplished.

It is possible that he may remain in Europe for a lengthened period. For more than ten years he has been desirous of visiting England and other countries, but has not had an opportunity, owing to the pressure of engagements at home, and the duty of continuing the work which God was manifestly blessing. He has now, however, been able to gratify his cherished desire, and has arrived in England bearing a loving letter from Dr. Cullis, recommending him to Christian friends there as one in whom he has the fullest confidence, and accompanied by his wife, whom God has used in connection with him to the help of many souls in many places.

Mr. Sanford is fully in sympathy with Dr. Cullis, Mr. Muller, and others in their reliance on God for the means of life. He depends entirely upon the Lord for the supply of all his needs, and gives many thrilling illustrations of deliverance in times of difficulty, when the Lord has relieved him in answer to prayer, send-

the money in the most unexpected manner. is way of working in England, as in his own ury, has been generally to hold Bible read- for believers in the afternoon, and Gospel ings in the evening, but he often gives a s of Bible readings for a number of days. le a firm believer in divine healing, he re- ceives evangelistic work as his special mis- , his own expression being "souls first."

MISS HALL, OF SWEDEN.
This devoted Christian lady is just now found- a Home for Divine Healing in Jong Koping, her work is comparatively new. For about years she has been evangelizing in various s of Sweden and Denmark, and was one of the very first to speak publicly. Large ences have been attracted to her, and al- s the power of God comes upon the people nnection with the services, and many sick e been signally healed in various places, the s continually increasing.

MR. J. W. WOOD, AUSTRALIA.
Among the Christian agencies in South Austr- which recognize the Lord as the Healer of body as well as the Saviour of the soul, that ed on in Adelaide, under the presidency of Rev. A. Turnbull, and known as the tristian Crusade, "has been signally owned blessed of God, and more especially since advent to that city of Mr. J. W. Wood, se portrait is among those on the front page. r Wood has been in business for years in ource, and being a man of some substance, a position to devote his time exclusively to carrying on of his "Mission of Healing." h he has done in Adelaide for over a year, ng entirely given up his business in Mel- ne for that purpose.
e had previously been engaged in evangel- work in Melbourne, and was one of those were the means of introducing Mr. Henry ey and Mrs. Hampson to the colonies.
out two years ago he was very much exer- about his spiritual condition, feeling that ust know more of the divine life, and so for e time he gave himself entirely up to prayer. uring this period he underwent great bodily mental trial, with the result that he felt that had given him some great blessing. How- e he did not know what that gift was until day, praying with a sick person, his hand- ing on the sufferer, the process of healing accomplished.
aving discovered the power he was endowed e went to Adelaide, and, God setting His to the work, he determined to devote the nder of his life to the glorious work thus ed out before him. At the request of Mr. ullah he commenced his "Mission in Heal- in connection with the "Christian Cru- ," with the result that during the first week s mission over one hundred persons were ght to the Lord as their Saviour, and healed His mighty power.
e reporter of the Adelaide *Observer*, who, e not a little sceptical as to the efficacy of miraculous mode of cure, was curious to e Mr. Wood's *modus operandi*, went to the ting one night, and testifies to the com- eness of the cure effected in the case of a whose affliction—acute rheumatism in the e—the ordinary medical doctors had been le to remove or relieve, and also in the case me two hundred or three hundred other in- ls, particulars regarding which the reporter s.
r. Wood declines to lay his hands on those do not profess faith in Christ and His power eal. On receiving an answer in the affirma- e, however, he places his hands on the head he sufferer, and after invoking the Divine stance, proceeds to move his hands down- s over the part afflicted, this motion being ed on the principle which he holds that t is earthly must go to the earth.

MISS ELSABORG, OF SWEDEN.
Miss ELSABORG is the founder of various faith works in Sweden. Her home is in Stockholm. The first faith establishment by her was a Training Home for Bible-women, after the pattern of Mrs. Ranyard's work in London. In that Home there have been trained Bible-women who have gone into three kingdoms—Sweden, Norway, and Denmark—and also in Finland, in Russia; and everywhere they have been greatly owned and blessed by God in His work as teachers, and as nurses of the sick. Some of them have been used in the healing of those who were sick, through prayer and faith.
Another of her works has been the rescue of the fallen, and she has a Rescue Home in Stock- holm, in connection with which there has been a great and blessed work in the rescue of the fallen and training them for lives of usefulness.
Another arm of her faith work is the children. She has two Orphan Homes. And yet another is a Home for Invalids. And all has been founded and sustained through faith in the Lord, not a single penny being asked from any one—all has come from the hands of those whom the Lord has moved to give unasked.
The work has gone on and grown since the year 1875, and she has adapted it with God-given wisdom to the circumstances of those northern kingdoms, not imitating the work elsewhere, but adapting it perfectly to the people and their circumstances; and while she has had many trials of her faith in the work, they never have lacked bread, or clothing, or shelter, and never have been in debt. The number in the various homes now is about a hundred, depending upon the Lord, through her, for daily bread.

ASAHEL H. HUSSEY, OF OHIO.
ASAHEL H. HUSSEY, from Mount Pleasant, Ohio, whose portrait appears on page 412, also attended the Faith-Healing Conference in London. He is a member of the Society of Friends.
He is known as the editor and publisher of the *Gospel Expositor*, a paper devoted to the exposition of Gospel truth, especially on the line of Holiness and Faith-Healing. At the close of last year Mr. Hussey united his paper with one published in Chicago. He is also one of the nine directors of the Publishing Association of Friends, and one of the three editors. Mr. Hussey has also made a selection of hymns and spiritual songs which are set to music, and a smaller book of choice selections of spiritual songs without music, which is a new thing among that quiet religious community. A little book entitled "Holiness, or Christian Perfection as Set Forth in the Scriptures, and Believed in by the Society of Friends," has had a circulation of several thousands, also a tract on "Confessing Christ," are from his pen. He is a full believer in the personal return of Christ in the near future, and often speaks upon this subject.
He was born in 1833, at Mount Pleasant, Ohio, where he now lives on his father's farm of one hundred and sixty-nine acres. His early rural life and poor health promoted habits of piety, but did not bring salvation or rest of soul. But fifteen years ago, in 1870, he was converted and became concerned for the salvation of others; and immediately he began preaching the Gospel. In this God blessed his work to the salvation of souls, as he travelled through the United States. His constant work in preaching and teaching brought on a severe and painful nervousness of the head, which at times was so great as to stop his work, sometimes in the midst of a revival meeting, and at times in the midst of his preaching.

For the relief of this he tried many remedies and physicians for years, without relief. At last, when one of his worst spells was upon him, he visited a friend who had been healed by faith in answer to prayer; and on receiving instructions how to trust the Lord for healing, he did so, while Divine healing was being explained to him, and was immediately and permanently

healed. After this he was often called upon to pray for the sick, and many cases of healing occurred in answer to these prayers, of persons suffering from loss of voice, spine disease, consumption, and cancer.
While in Columbus, Ohio, he gave one of his houses for the benefit of a Faith Home, furnish- ing it mostly himself for that work, which proved a blessing to many.

REV. ELIAS SCHRENK, OF GERMANY.
REV. ELIAS SCHRENK, whose portrait appears on page 412, was born in 1831, in Tuttligen, in Wurtemberg, Southern Germany, where he received his education. In accordance with his late father's will, he became a merchant in hard- ware, and afterward head book-keeper in a bank, though from his tenth year he felt called to preach the Gospel among the heathen. When twenty-three years old he felt free in his conscience to leave business and to prepare himself for the ministry. After having offered his services to the Bäle Missionary Society, he studied five years in their college at Bäle, and then was sent to the Gold Coast of Western Africa, in 1859, where he labored thirteen years, notwith- standing the trying nature of the climate. Before his departure from Africa he was severely ill, but was healed instantaneously through faith and prayer, under the teaching of Dorothea Trudel, at Mannsdorf, after all medical treatment had failed. This experience strengthened his faith for many trials on the Gold Coast, when death so often seemed to be very near.
Having returned to Europe in 1872, he was for some time pastor at Davos, in Switzerland. The year 1874 saw him busy in England on be- half of the Bäle Missionary Society, for start- ing a mission in Ashantee after the British war with the Ashantees.
It is remarkable that out of the Ashantee war there thus sprang a mission work, which at present is carried on by twenty-five German mission- aries. Afterward he was travelling for four years in Germany to stir up people for this and other foreign mission work, and during the last six years he was engaged at Berne, introducing there home evangelistic missions, as we have it in this country. He is still very active, notwith- standing his thirteen years' service on the Gold Coast, exhibiting personally the ever sure promise of the Lord, "I am the Lord, thy Healer."

A Remarkably Successful Series of Services have been held at Nashville, Tenn., during the past three weeks, by the Rev. Samuel Jones, of Georgia. Over five thousand people, the South- ern papers say, have been seen at every service, and the number of conversions is enormous. Mr. Jones has passed through the ordeal of denunciation that lies at the outset of the course of original preachers, and his value is recognized. He is thirty-six years of age, and until his conversion, fifteen years ago, was a lawyer, and by no means a moral man. He is now intensely in earnest, and his sermons are being used of God to the conversion of many hitherto considered hopeless cases. The following pointed observa- tions are illustrations of his style of preaching, and explain how it is that his hearers are im- pressed: "Thank God any of us can turn to- night, but I would not be any man's security that he can turn to-morrow. The best thing a man can do is to say, 'Here I am, Lord; take me as I am.' There's many a fellow with a whitewash brush trying to clean up a little be- fore he goes to God. Pull up your doubts by the roots, and you'll find a seed at the bottom, and that seed is sin. A lie is always on the down grade, but the truth you have to hitch an engine to. What is culture worth if it's nothin' but whitewash on a rascal? I'd rather be in heaven learnin' my A B C than in hell reading Greek. Some preachers are so elegant that they speak of hell as the 'burnt district,' but this sort of dignity is the starch of a shroud. Heaven is on dead level with every good man."

SUMMER TEMPTATIONS.

Dr. Talmage's Sermon, Preached Last Sunday Morning, June 21, 1885.

"Come ye yourselves apart unto a desert place and rest awhile."—MARK 6: 31.

The Crowded Summer Resorts—The Temptations There—I. To Leave Piety Behind—How the Sunday is Spent—Tainted Air—II. To Attend Horse Races—The Horse in the Bible—In Literature—In Training—On the Race-Course—Vicious Surroundings—III. To Unhealthy Habits—IV. Flirtation—V. Pernicious Literature—VI. Intoxicants—Satan's Down Grade—Temptations at Home—Living Watering-Places.

HERE Christ advises His apostles to take a vacation. They have been living an excited as well as a useful life, and He advises that they get out into the country. When, six weeks ago, standing in this place, I advocated, with all the energy I could command, the Saturday afternoon holiday, I did not think the people would so soon get that release. By divine fiat it has come, and I rejoice that more people will have opportunity of recreation this summer than in any previous summer. Others will have whole weeks and months of rest. The railway trains are being laden with passengers and baggage on their way to the mountains and the lakes and the sea-shore. Multitudes of our citizens are packing their trunks for a

RESTORATIVE ABSENCE.

The city heats are pursuing the people with torch and fear of sunstroke. The long silent halls of sumptuous homes are all abuzz with excited arrivals. The crystalline surface of Winipisogee is shattered with the stroke of steamer, laden with excursionists. The antlers of Adirondack deer rattle under the shot of city sportsmen. The trout make fatal snaps at the hook of adroit sportsmen and toss their spotted brilliance into the game basket.

Already the baton of the orchestral leader taps the music stand on the hotel green, and American life puts on festal array, and the rumbling of the tepin alley, and the crack of the ivory balls on the green-baized billiard tables, and the jolting of the bar-room goblets, and the explosive uncorking of champagne bottles, and the whirl and the rustle of the ball-room dance, and the clattering hoofs of the race-courses attest that the season for the great American watering-places is fairly inaugurated. Music—flute and drum and cornet-a-piston and clapping cymbals—will wake the echoes of the mountains.

RECREATION NECESSARY.

Glad I am that fagged-out American life for the most part will have an opportunity to rest, and that nerves racked and destroyed will find a Bethesda. I believe in watering-places. Let not the commercial firm begrudge the clerk, or the employer the journeyman, or the patient the physician, or the church its pastor a season of inoccupation. Luther used to sport with his children; Edmund Burke used to caress his favorite horse; Thomas Chalmers, in the dark hour of the church's disruption, played kite for recreation—as I was told by his own daughter—and the busy Christ said to the busy apostles, "Come ye apart awhile into the desert and rest yourselves." And I have observed that they who do not know how to rest do not know how to work.

A NOTE OF WARNING.

But I have to declare this truth to-day, that some of our fashionable watering-places are the temporal and eternal destruction of "a multitude that no man can number," and amid the congratulations of this season and the prospect of the departure of many of you for the country I must utter a note of warning—plain, earnest, and unmistakable.

1. The first temptation that is apt to hover in this direction is to leave your piety all at home. You will send the dog and cat and canary bird to be well cared for somewhere else; but the temptation will be to leave your religion in the room with the blinds down and the door bolted, and then you will come back in the autumn to

find that it is starved and suffocated, lying stretched on the rug stark dead. There is no surplus of piety at the watering-places. I never knew any one to grow very rapidly in grace at the Catskill Mountain House, or Sharon Springs, or the Falls of Montmorency. It is generally the case that the Sabbath is more of a carousal than any other day, and there are Sunday walks, and Sunday rides, and Sunday excursions.

Elders and deacons and ministers of religion who are entirely consistent at home, sometimes when the Sabbath dawns on them at Niagara Falls or the White Mountains take the day to themselves. If they go to the church it is apt to be a sacred parade, and the discourse, instead of being a plain talk about the soul, is apt to be what is called a *crack sermon*—that is, some discourse picked out of the effusions of the year as the one most adapted to excite admiration, and in those churches, from the way the ladies hold their fans, you know that they are not so much impressed with the heat as with the picturesqueness of half-disclosed features. Four puny souls stand in the organ loft and squall a tune that nobody knows, and worshippers, with \$2000 worth of diamonds on the right hand, drop a cent into the poor-box, and then the benediction is pronounced and the farce is ended.

TAINTED AIR.

The toughest thing I ever tried to do was to be good at a watering-place. The air is bewitched with "the world, the flesh, and the devil." There are Christians who in three or four weeks in such a place have had such terrible rents made in their Christian robe that they had to keep darning it until Christmas to get it mended! The health of a great many people makes an annual visit to some mineral spring an absolute necessity; but, my dear people, take your Bible along with you, and take an hour for secret prayer every day, though you be surrounded by gufaw and saturnalia. Keep holy the Sabbath, though they denounce you as a bigoted Puritan. Stand off from those institutions which propose to imitate on this side the water the iniquities of Baden-Baden. Let your moral and your immortal health keep pace with your physical recuperation, and remember that all the waters of Hawthorne and sulphur and chalybeate springs cannot do you so much good as the mineral, healing, perennial flood that breaks forth from the "Rock of Ages." This may be your last summer. If so, make it a fit vestibule of heaven.

THE RACE-COURSE.

II. Another temptation around nearly all our watering-places is the horse-racing business. We all admire the horse. There needs to be a redistribution of coronets among the brute creation. For ages the lion has been called the king of beasts. I knock off its coronet and put the crown upon the horse, in every way nobler, whether in shape, or spirit, or sagacity, or intelligence, or affection, or usefulness. He is semi-human and knows how to reason on a small scale. The centaur of olden times, part horse and part man, seems to be a suggestion of the fact that the horse is something more than a beast.

Job sets forth his strength, his beauty, his majesty, the panting of his nostril, the pawing of his hoof and his enthusiasm for the battle. What Rosa Bonheur did for the cattle and what Landseer did for the dog, Job with mightier pencil does for the horse. Eighty-eight times does the Bible speak of him. He comes into every kindly procession and into every great occasion and into every triumph. It is very evident that Job, and David, and Isaiah, and Ezekiel, and Jeremiah, and John were fond of the horse. He came into much of their imagery. A red horse—that meant war. A black horse—that meant famine. A pale horse—that meant death. A white horse—that meant victory.

A NOBLE ANIMAL.

As the Bible makes a favorite of the horse, the patriarch, and the prophet, and the evangelist, and the apostle stroking his sleek hide, and patting his rounded neck, and tenderly lifting his

exquisitely formed hoof, and listening with thrill to the champ of his bit, so all great men in all ages have spoken of him in encomiums. Virgil in his Georgics almost seems plagiarize from the description of Job. The ir of Wellington would not allow any one irreverently to touch his old war-horse Copenhagen whom he had ridden fifteen hours without mounting at Waterloo; and when old Chahen died his master ordered a military s fired over his grave. John Howard sh that he did not exhaust all his sympathy pitying the human race, for when sick he v home: "Has my old chaise-horse become or spoiled?"

But we do not think that the speed of horse should be cultured at the expense human degradation. Horse-races in olden were under the ban of Christian people, a our day the same institution has come up i fictitious names, and it is called a "Su Meeting," almost suggestive of positiv religious exercises. And it is called an "Agral Fair," suggestive of everything t improving in the art of farming. But i these deceptive titles are the same cheatin the same betting, the same drunkenness the same vagabondage and the same abo tions that were to be found under the old l racing system.

VICIOUS SURROUNDINGS.

I never knew a man yet who could give self to the pleasures of the turf for a long of time, and not be battered in morals. hook up their spanking team, and put on sporting cap, and light their cigar, and tal reins, and dash down the road to per the Great day at Saratoga, and Long B and Cape May, and nearly all the other v ing-places is the day of the races. The l are thronged, nearly every kind of equip taken up at an almost fabulous price, and are many respectable people mingling jockeys, and gamblers, and libertines, and mouthed men and flashy women. The tender stirs up the brandy smash. The be high. The greenhorns, supposing all is fa in their money soon enough to lose it. weeks before the race takes place the str is decided, and the men in the secret kn which steed to bet their money. The tw on the horses riding around long before arr who shall beat.

Leaning from the stand or from the ca are men and women so absorbed in the str of bone and muscle and mettle that they a grand harvest for the pickpockets, who off the pocketbooks and portemonnaies, looking on see only two horses with two flying around the ring; but there is m man on that stand whose honor and d happiness and fortune—white mane, white white flank—are in the ring, racing with i ety, and with fraud, and with profanity, and ruin—black neck, black foot, black flank, and neck they go in that moral Epsum.

DEPRECIATION OF MEN AND ANIMALS. Ah, my friends, have nothing to do horse-racing dissipations this summer. ago the English Government got through ing to the turf for the dragon and light c horse. They found the turf depreciate stock, and it is yet worse for men. T Hughes, the member of Parliament an author, known all the world over, hearing new turf enterprise was being started i country, wrote a letter, in which he "Heaven help you, then; for of all the c of our old civilization there is nothing i country approaching in unblushing mea in rascality holding its head high, to t lauded institution of the British turf." A famous sportsman writes: "How man domains have been shared among these h rapacious sharks during the last two hu years; and unless the system be altered many more are doomed to fall into the gulf!" The Duke of Hamilton, throug horse-racing proclivities, in three year

ugh his entire fortune of £70,000, and I will hat some of you are being undermined by With the bull-fights of Spain and the bearings of the pit may the Lord God annihilate infamous and accursed horse-racing of Eng- and America.

UNHEALTHY HABITS.

I. I go further, and speak of another tem- p that that hovers over the watering-places; this is the temptation to sacrifice physical igh. The modern Bethesda was intended eparate the physical health; and yet how come from the watering-places their ly absolutely destroyed! New York and klyn idiots boasting of having imbibed ty glasses of Congress water before break- Families accustomed to going to bed at clock at night gossiping until one or two ck in the morning. Dyspeptics, usually cautious about their health, mingling ics, and lemons, and lobster-salads, and co- uts, until the gastric juices lift up all their es of lamentation and protest. Delicate en and brainless young men chazseing selves into vertigo and catalepsy. Thou- s of men and women coming back from our ring-places in the autumn with the founda- laid for ailments that will last them all life long. You know as well as I do that is the simple truth.

the summer you say to your good health: od-by, I am going to have a good time for the while. I will be very glad to see you in the autumn." Then in the autumn, you are hard at work in your office, or shop, or counting room, Good Health come and say: "Good-by, I am going," say, "Where are going?" "Oh," says Health, "I am going to take a vacation!" a poor rule that will not work both ways, your good health will leave you choleric, splenetic and exhausted. You coquetted your good health in the summer-time, and good health is coquetting with you in the er-time. A fragment of Paul's charge to taller would be an appropriate inscription he hotel-register in every watering-place: o thyself no harm."

FLIRTATION.

"Another temptation hovering around the ring-place is to the formation of hasty and ong alliances. The watering-places are re- sible for more of the domestic infelicities is country than all other things combined. ety is so artificial there that no sure judg- of character can be formed. Those who companionships amid such circumstances into a lottery where there are twenty blanks ne prize. In the severe tug of life you want ean glitter and splash. Life is not a ball- n where the music decides the step, and e and prance and graceful swing of long trail make up for strong common-sense. You ht as well go among the gayly-painted its of a summer regatta to find war vessels o go among the light spray of the summer ring-place to find character that can stand test of the great struggle of human life. In the battle of life you want a stronger pon than a lace fan or a croquet mallet! load of life is so heavy that in order to v it, you want a team stronger than one le up of a masculine grasshopper and a fem- e butterfly.

there is any man in the community that tes my contempt, and that ought to excite contempt of every man and woman, it is the -handed, soft-headed folk, who, perfumed l the air is actually sick, spends his summer taking killing attitudes, and waving senti- mental adieus, and talking infinitesimal ings, and finding his heaven in the set of a under kid-glove. Boots as tight as an inquisi- tor, two hours of consummate skill exhibited e tie of a flaming cravat, his conversation e up of "Ahs," and "Ohs," and "He- s." It would take five hundred of them ed down to make a teaspoonful of calf's-foot r. There is only one counterpart to such a

man as that, and that is the frothy young woman at the watering-place, her conversation made up of French moonshine; what she has on her head only equalled by what she has on her back; useless ever since she was born, and to be useless until she is dead; and what they will do with her in the next world I do not know, except to set her upon the banks of the River of Life for eternity to look sweet! God intends us to admire music and fair faces and graceful step, but amid the heartlessness and the inflation and the fantastic influences of our modern water- ing-places, beware how you make life-long cov- enants!

PERNICIOUS LITERATURE.

V. Another temptation that will hover over the watering-place is that of baneful literature. Almost every one starting off for the summer takes some reading matter. It is a book out of the library or off the bookstand, or bought of the boy hawking books through the cars. I really believe there is more pestiferous trash read among the intelligent classes in July and August than in all the other ten months of the year. Men and women who at home would not be satisfied with a book that was not really sensible, I found sitting on hotel-piazas or under the trees reading books the index of which would make them blush if they knew that you knew what the book was.

"Oh," they say, "you must have intellectual recreation!" Yes. There is no need that you take along into a watering-place "Hamilton's Metaphysics" or some thunderous discourse on the eternal decrees, or "Faraday's Philosophy." There are many easy books that are good. You might as well say: "I propose now to give a little rest to my digestive organs, and instead of eating heavy meat and vegetables, I will, for a little while, take lighter food—a little strychnine and a few grains of ratsbane." Literary poison in August is as bad as literary poison in December. Mark that. Do not let the frogs and the lice of a corrupt printing-press jump and crawl into your Saratoga trunk or White Mountain valise.

Would it not be an awful thing for you to be struck with lightning some day when you had in your hand one of these paper-covered romances—the hero a Parisian *roue*, the heroine an unprincipled flirt—chapters in the book that you would not read to your children at the rate of \$100 a line? Throw out all that stuff from your summer baggage. Are there not good books that are easy to read—books of entertaining travel, books of congenial history, books of pure fun, books of poetry ringing with merry canto, books of fine engravings, books that will rest the mind as well as purify the heart and elevate the whole life? My hearers, there will not be an hour between this and the day of your death when you can afford to read a book lacking in moral principle.

INTOXICANTS.

VI. Another temptation hovering all around our watering-places is the intoxicating beverage. I am told that it is becoming more and more fashionable for woman to drink. I care not how well a woman may dress, if she has taken enough of wine to flush her cheek and put glassiness on her eyes, she is intoxicated. She may be handed into a \$2500 carriage and have diamonds enough to confound the Tiffanys—she is intoxicated. She may be a graduate of Packer Institute, and the daughter of some man in danger of being nominated for the Presidency—she is drunk. You may have a larger vocabulary than I have, and you may say in regard to her that she is "convivial," or she is "merry," or she is "festive," or she is "exhilarated," but you cannot with all your garlands of verbiage cover up the plain fact that it is an old-fashioned case of drunk.

Now, the watering-places are full of tempta- tions to men and women to tittle. At the close of the tenpin or billiard game they tittle. At the close of the cotillon they tittle. Seated on the piazza cooling themselves off they tittle. The tinged glasses come around with bright

straws, and they tittle. First they take "light wines," as they call them, but "light wines" are heavy enough to debase the appetite. There is not a very long road between champagne at \$5 a bottle and whiskey at five cents a glass.

Satan has three or four grades down which he takes men to destruction. One man he takes up, and through one spree pitches him into eternal darkness. That is a rare case. Very seldom, indeed, can you find a man who will be such a fool as that.

THE DOWN GRADE.

When a man goes down to destruction Satan brings him to a plane. It is almost a level. The depression is so slight that you can hardly see it. The man does not actually know that he is on the down grade, and it tips only a little toward darkness—just a little. And the first mile it is claret, and the second mile it is sherry, and the third mile it is punch, and the fourth mile it is ale, and the fifth mile it is porter, and the sixth mile it is brandy, and then it gets steeper and steeper and steeper, and the nian gets frightened and says, "Oh, let me get off!"

No," says the conductor, "this is an express train, and it does not stop until it gets to the Grand Central Depot at Smashupton." Ah, "look not thou upon the wine when it is red, when it giveth its color in the cup, when it moveth itself aright. At the last it biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder." And if any young man in my congregation should get astray this summer in this direction it will not be because I have not given him fair warning.

LIVING WATERING-PLACES.

My friends, whether you tarry at home—which will be quite as safe and perhaps quite as comfortable—or go into the country, arm yourself against temptation. The grace of God is the only safe shelter, whether in town or country. There are watering-places accessible to all of us. You cannot open a book of the Bible without finding out some such watering-place. Foun- tains open for sin and uncleanness; wells of sal- vation; streams from Lebanon; a flood struck out of the rock by Moses; fountains in the wil- derness discovered by Hagar; water to drink and water to bathe in; the river of God, which is full of water; water of which if a man drink he shall never thirst; wells of water in the Valley of Baca; living fountains of water; a pure river of water as clear as crystal from under the throne of God.

These are watering-places accessible to all of us. We do not have a laborious packing up be- fore we start—only the throwing away of our transgressions. No expensive hotel bills to pay; it is "without money and without price." No long and dirty travel before we get there; it is only one step away. California in five minutes; I walked around and saw ten fountains, all bub- bling up, and they were all different. And in five minutes I can go through this Bible *parterre* and find you fifty bright, sparkling fountains bubbling up into eternal life.

A chemist will go to one of these summer watering-places and take the water and analyze it and tell you that it contains so much of iron, and so much of soda, and so much of lime, and so much of magnesia. I come to this Gospel well, this living fountain and analyze the water, and I find that its ingredients are peace, pardon, forgiveness, hope, comfort, life, heaven. "Ho, every one that thirsteth come ye" to this water- ing-place!

Crowd around this Bethesda this morning! Oh, you sick, you lame, you troubled, you dying—crowd around this Bethesda! Step in it! Oh, step in it! The angel of the covenant this morning 'stirs the water. Why do you not step in it? Some of you are too weak to take a step in that direction. Then we take you up in the arms of our closing prayer and plunge you clean under the wave, hoping that the cure may be as sudden and as radical as with Captain Naaman, who, blotched and carbuncled, stepped into the Jordan, and after the seventh dive came up, his skin roseate complexioned as the flesh of a little child.

THE PERSONAL ANTICHRIST.

By Rev. M. Parsons, D.D., of Buffalo, N. Y.

The Age of Antichrist—He is Not a Myth—The Three Spirits—A Hoary Blunder.

THE AGE OF ANTICHRIST.

It is quite unnecessary to regard Antichrist as a personification of anything that opposes Christ. As it is the great power on which Satan relies to forward his cause in this age, he has continued to throw around the Word a speculative, or mystical, or spiritualized sense that takes away the literal and personal power of this mighty adversary. As against the confession of Satan, let us look at the Antichrist of prophecy. Antichrist is not an abstract principle of evil. Many talk of the fact and thought of evil and deny the personality of Satan, the grand and subtle enemy of God. So, as the devil has invented many works for the Son of God to destroy, *his last masterpiece* is this Antichrist, who fills up the prophetic outline of Satan's campaign in this age.

Prophecy reveals Antichrist under various forms and separate titles. Just as our Lord is predicted by prophets and priests of the Old Testament, each one presenting some significant trait of His character, some form of His office, some distinct picture of His person, of His Coming, and His reign—all which are completed and compacted in His incarnation—so the pen of inspiration sketches the portrait of this adverse and opposing person, Antichrist, under various forms and separate titles.

The Apostle John, in his Epistle, speaks of the spirit of Antichrist as then prevailing, and that whoever denies that Christ is to come in the flesh is Antichrist (1 John 2:18, 22, 23). He does not call any name in thus describing the spirit of Antichrist. It will be more suggestive than any labored exposition to reveal the truth of Scripture on this subject, to turn our attention to several inspired portraits, and see how they fit the thought we are urging, that under separate names and titles the same person is always meant. Thus, in Revelation 13th, the Beast is described in 1st and 2d of Daniel the Little Horn, in 13th of Daniel, King of fierce Countenance, and in 9th the Prince that shall come; the King of Assyria of 10th; and Lucifer, of 14th of Isaiah. The Man of Sin and Son of Perdition in 2 Thess. 2.

These prophetic statements seem conclusive against the theory of a growing increase of boldness and peace and purity that shall be universal, previous to the coming again of the Lord. For instead of a gradual victory over the foe they describe his vaunted resumption of power, until a given time—when the "indignation" against Israel shall be accomplished, and the end of the age be at hand.

Another prophetic statement in 2 Thess. 2:4 describes Antichrist "as exalting himself above all that is called God, or that is worshipped." And this has currently been applied to the apostate Roman Church, in the assumptions claimed and exercised by the Pope. Without doubt there is here an illustrious and conspicuous and continued representation of the spirit of Antichrist manifesting itself through the age, within the Christian Church, and in the name of Christ. For we must look for this manifestation not outside, but within the organized Christian fold. Yet in the prophetic statement of the final Antichrist, in Daniel 11:45, it is said:

He shall plant the tabernacle of His palace between the seas in the glorious Holy Mountain, and in 2 Thess. 2:4 he is represented as "sitting in the temple of God showing Himself that he is God." While this last feature of the reign of Antichrist finds its shadow in the pretensions of the Papacy we still believe that a more literal and more imminent springing out of present and patent conditions of blasphemy and corruption will be seen in the very temple yet to be built in Jerusalem.

The personality of this Antichrist is seen to be real, and clearly visible in human form, from noting the contrast of personal and moral quali-

ties of Christ with those which will distinguish Antichrist.

ANTICHRIST NOT A MYTH.

Antichrist is not a mere principle, nor a myth. If Christ be a real person in human form, so is he. If Christ is declared and spoken of as endowed with all grace and humility and glory, and having a glorious retinue of the saved and glorified ones—Antichrist is the embodied reality of the very opposite principles and their malignant supporters, which shall be utterly destroyed in all their usurped empire, and in the very person of their boastful and blasphemous king, in that day when the Faithful and True shall ride forth from the opened heaven with His armies to "judge and make war" (Rev. 19:11-14).

There is a preparation now going on for this grand and glorious issue, on the part of the enemies of God. In Rev. 16:13-14, we have a description of three unclean spirits, like frogs, coming out of the mouth of the dragon, the beast, and the false prophet. These are spirits of demons working miracles, going forth to the kings of the earth and of the world to gather them to the great battle of which we have spoken. One spirit came out of the mouth of the dragon. This may be infidelity, in its various forms, now so fashionably prevalent, atheism, pantheism, skepticism, rationalism, and all the forms and phases of intellectual speculation which deny the Word of the living God to-day. These are recruiting the forces for Antichrist.

The next demon comes out of the mouth of the Antichrist, and represents that alienation from God, independence of God, and opposition to Him, which in these days is so manifest, a worldly spirit, secretly or openly infusing itself in the Church. It is that lawlessness spoken of in 2 Thess. 2:7, which is so rapidly developing in this and other lands as a lawless and godless socialism. And then a third demon from the mouth of the false prophet. When men cast off the superstitions of the harlot they will have some religion. When men throw off the external garb of a formal godliness they will seek some refuge of lies. And so spiritualism is a widely extended phase of modern infidelity. These three unclean spirits are recognized by all the children of God. We cannot, my brethren, reason them down, or coax them, with the flat-teries of a mis-called Christian charity, to cease their dreadful work of preparation for the empire of the final Antichrist.

The calculation which, by arithmetical process, would convert this world to Christ in fifty or a hundred years, falls to the ground when we consider the number and extent of the enemies of our Lord, within the very Church professing to receive and obey His last command. The age of the Church among the Gentiles will find the same appalling intrusion from conformity to the world, which we observe in every experiment before. God will be glorified in His creatures. In every age, thus far, the revelation from heaven has been slighted, and with all its splitting aid, man has started upon his first sad venture of being as God, and capable of gauding himself. His failure is demonstrated in each dispensation so wonderfully, it would seem that man should accept the Word of His Lord, and rest only on Him.

A HOARY BLUNDER.

But the power of Gentile civilization, the supremacy of Christianized thought and institutions, is so powerful and dazzling that men will not believe the Word of God. The Church is following the path of the Jews in their view of the First Advent. They looked at the coming glory, until, dazzled with the sight, they overlooked the humiliation and suffering of our Lord that was made essential to His appearing in glory. To-day the Church at large look for the recovery of this earth and this human race by means which nowhere in God's Word can be found appointed to that end.

The destinies of our age are plainly declared. As one has well said: "When this, our Gentile dispensation, shall have run the vast round of earth, and have reached again its starting point,

the land of its nativity, and, returning in grief, as it were to die, its cradle will be a grave." But "in those days the God of Israel shall set up a kingdom which shall never be destroyed." This will set in divided gloom, the Saturday evening's sun of that dispensation, briefly preceding the Mill dawn of the new Judaic dispensation, when salem shall at last dwell safely at rest in Gentile foes, when "her light shall go to brightness, and the salvation thereof as that burneth" to all the families of the with none to molest or make afraid in all holy mountain.

Thus shall Antichrist arise and prosper, practice, and pass away, and the groans travelling earth, now at last relieved, enter a Sabbath of peaceful and blessed rest. Satan be bound for a thousand years.

ANECDOTES RELATED AT THE EGELISTIC MEETINGS IN SCOTLAND.

Rest for Body and Soul.—At a Recent meeting Mr. Stuart said: "A young girl not ago was on her death-bed, and as she dragged slowly by, the dying one exclaim the friends who were standing by her side 'I am weary' 'I am weary' 'Speak about it' 'Tell me of His mighty and unchanging love' They did so, and her wan face began to glow though she were already in the glory. 'That every one had learned this happy; that to speak about Jesus as the omnipotent everlasting Saviour, is rest for both body and soul.'"

A Night Spent in a Tree.—A Friend "A missionary with whom I was acquainted twenty years in one of the South Sea Islands the inhabitants had put some of his fellow missionaries to death, and were now in sea hunt; but a friendly chief came to his aid, warning him of his danger. He said: 'Will you come with me?' and the chief the way to a wood, and placed the missionary in a tree, where the chief assured him he was perfectly safe. He told me afterward that never had such a realization of God's presence as he had that night in the tree. The missionary said: 'I would gladly spend a there again to be so near to my God.'"

Jumping into the Darkness.—Mr. W narrated the following: "A gentleman was in a cellar of his business premises one when his child, a little girl, came into the and cried: 'Father, father, where are you?' 'I am here,' called the father, from the below. The child went to the edge of the and looked down into the darkness. 'My child,' called the father, 'and I will you.' 'Not seeing her father she became timid, and drew back a step. Again he called to her to jump, and this time getting all her courage, she jumped down into the cess, and was caught safely in her father's arms. Friends, who who are not yet saved, do a little child did: by faith throw yourself upon your Father's arms, because He is waiting to receive you."

Too Late to be Cured.—A Devoted Servant Christ said: "I remember a lady friend of mine in the village where I lived who was prostrated by a disease from which she never recovered. She had sought many doctors, who all butted their skill upon her, but instead of getting better she seemed to be growing worse. At last, hearing of it, called in one day, and said: 'Nothing more to do with these doctors; they are only trying experiments upon you.' I wrote to one of the Queen's doctors, who is one of the best physicians in the world.' She wrote to him, but being away from home at a very important case, he could not immediately come to this woman, and when after considerable delay he did come, he said: 'The roots of the disease have struck, and now too late to do anything for you. Had you come sooner I might have been the means of saving your life, but now, at the most, you will

here are two years. It was just as the doctor said she had a powerful sufferer for two years when she was called to go with Christ. Her dear friends, there is a great Physician who can cure at your feet when He comes. He will not tell you that you are going to die, but that He cannot cure you without your wish, your consent and prayer. His own precious blood.

A Novelty Wanted.— Captain McLean said: "I was standing in a field the other day, and happened to ask him what church he intended, and on hearing I stopped. 'You could find a nearer church, and I think one where a truer Gospel is preached.' I want something new, he replied. 'It is always the same in that church you speak of, but I don't like it.' But he said, 'believe, and I am saved.' Yes, my friend, I replied. 'But how you believed yet?' I don't know anything about that, was his answer. 'Dear friends, that was the secret, he did not know anything about it, and he did not wish to know anything about it, and warning him of the dangerous position in which he was, I directed him to the Lamb of God which taketh away the sin of the world.'

Another Friend Lost.—An Evangelist related the following: "When I was a Gloucester I was asked to stay with the Mayor at that place, and one day his wife said to me: 'Have you any objection to accompany my husband and myself on a visit to a lady?' I thought as well tell you, she added, that she is much given to strong drink, and we intended driving over for her and taking her to the meeting with us. I willingly agreed to this, but when I saw the lady I was much surprised. She was a fine, well-looking, unassuming lady, and there would never have thought of her being given to such an evil. We drove to the attic, a small hall, where George Fox preached his first sermon, and there that lady met with God and cried for mercy. Since then she is doing as she can to further the cause of God's dear Son."

A Conservative's Salubrity.—A Christian who had spent some time in the States, and some delinquent friends, and on knocking at a door a woman opened, and said, "My husband is very ill. Will you come and see him?" On entering the man informed me that he was dying at consumption. I asked him if he were trusting in Jesus. No, he said. I said, "On any terms except Christ, said I. We are there is something to be done for you. You believe that God sent His Son as the way to save sinners?" Yes, I believe that. And that He is able to save to the uttermost all who come unto Him. Yes, he said. I believe it. But that there is a way that I cannot get to the Father. Yes, I said, "But as He said, God that is not believing we are saved, but by faith in the Lord Jesus. When the man had said that I was not his friend, we went to his bed, and he told me about his thin hand to be healed. I was a zealous Christ. He did so and his end was peace."

A Yarned Wife.—Mr. Lakin, an Evangelist, remarked: "There was a lady in Manchester whose husband was a man of some position and influence in that city. They and their children might have been a happy family, for they had everything that this world could give, but the lady was much addicted to strong drink. Her husband, a man of great patience, tried in many ways to win her from it, but it was all in vain, and one day not being able to bear the humiliating disgrace any longer, he said to her: 'You have been guilty of most atrocious deeds, and I am going to be divorced from you.' When she heard this, she threw herself at his feet, and pleaded for forgiveness, crying to him not to put her away. His heart was touched, for she was still his wife, and lifting her from the ground, he said, 'I will freely forgive you. I will not cast you off, and this matter shall never be mentioned again, on condition that you never more touch the drink.' The promise was given, and the breach was healed. But, as time wore on, she began to

take substitutes for whiskey, and by and by to take gin, and whiskey again, and eventually she was again as bad as ever. Before I left Manchester the distressed husband, with a breaking heart, was sending her to an asylum, where he intended she should spend the remaining part of her life."

How Mary became a Christian.—Mr. Jack remarked: "About ten years ago, on the occasion of Mr. Moody's first visit to Glasgow, God greatly blessed the work in Finnieston. At one of these meetings a young girl wanted to be spoken with. I directed her to Isaiah 55, and putting her finger on the verse, I said, 'All we like sheep have gone astray.' Is not that true?' Yes, perfectly true, she replied. 'We have named every one to our own way. Is not that also true, Mary?' Yes, she replied, perfectly true. 'But the Lord hath said, upon this iniquity of us all.' Do you also admit that this is true?' She hesitated, and said, 'No, I do not see that. But after some explanation, she entered into light, and went home a saved woman. Some years afterward I was visiting the district in which she lived, and when I knocked at her door was answered by Mary, who gave me a very hearty welcome. After a little conversation with her, I said, 'Were you saved in the church that called Mary?' Her mother, answering for her, said, 'Yes, Mary was saved, and has been a true and consistent Christian ever since, and I am very anxious that these two should be saved.' She added, pointing to two girls who sat by her side, 'It was not long before both of them gave their hearts to the Lord, and lately I had the pleasure of seeing a widow and her three daughters seated at the Lord's table, and all came out of this one girl giving her heart to the Saviour.' Wherefore, beloved, be ye steadfast, always abounding in the work of the Lord."

THE MARQUIS OF SALISBURY

The statesman whom Queen Victoria has invited to assume the direction of national affairs has been, since the death of the Earl of Beaconsfield, the acknowledged leader of the Conservative party. In making him Mr. Gladstone's successor, the Queen has followed constitutional precedents. For more than two centuries the government has been conducted alternately by the two great parties, and every attempt to form a coalition administration, in which Whigs and Tories were associated, has been a failure. The present Queen has reigned forty-eight years, and during that time the Whigs held office thirty years and eleven days, the Conservatives fifteen years and a half, and there was a brief period of about two years and a half, from the close of 1841 to the spring of 1843, in which a coalition ministry held office. With that one exception a Whig premier has been succeeded by a Tory premier, and be again by a Whig. This alternation is the logical consequence of the theory that the people rule. When they by a vote of their representatives in the House of Commons express disapproval of the policy of the administration the administration is expected to resign, or if this cannot be done the House does not properly represent the people, they may dismiss the representatives and order a fresh election. No premier can continue to direct the policy of the nation in defiance of the will of the people, as expressed in the House of Commons, he must either govern as the people wish, or give place to a premier who will. So when Mr. Gladstone placed in the Queen's hands the resignations of himself and his colleagues, Lord Salisbury, the leader of the Conservatives, was invited to take his place. The Conservative party is in its leading principles, contrary in its policy of protection, as opposed to free-trade, identical with the Republican party with us, but the comparison does not hold through out.

The new premier, Robert Arthur Talbot Gascoigne Cecil, Marquis of Salisbury, was born in 1830 and is therefore now fifty-five years old. The Cecil family, to which he belongs, is

descended from Robert Cecil, a younger son of the famous Lord Bacon, the favorite minister of Queen Elizabeth. The family has assumed a marquisate, which is the next rank to the peerage to that of duke, which is the highest. In the younger days of the present Marquis, being the second son of his father, was known as Lord Robert Cecil. By the death of his elder brother he became Viscount Cranborne, a title borne by the eldest son of the Marquis of Salisbury at the time being, and in 1876, on the death of his father he became Marquis, and exchanged his seat in the House of Commons for the place in the House of Lords, which the marquisate gives.

From the time of his leaving the university, in 1853, Lord Salisbury has been in Parliament. The bulk of the real estate in the town of Stamford belongs to the Salisbury family, and when a member of Parliament is to be elected by that town the man who has the support of the Marquis of Salisbury is sure of election, as the voters know that they will consult their own interests by voting for their landlord's candidate. Thus it happened that when the present Marquis, then Lord Robert Cecil, a young man of twenty-three, presented himself as a candidate, he was elected. Curiously enough, he made his mark in the House by his attacks on the Conservative administration, which he assailed with a caustic severity in which he has few equals. He assailed it also in the press, for being poor, as most younger sons of peers are owing to the law of entail, which compels the estate being carried intact from the father to the eldest son, or the next male heir, if he has no son, he was glad to earn a little money by writing for the press. Many of the most trenchant and vigorous articles which appeared in the London *Standard* and *The Saturday Review* were from his pen. It was chiefly owing to his ferocious editorials that the *Saturday Review* acquired the name of *The Saturday Revolver*.

By 1866, however, he had made his peace with the Conservatives, who were much in need of young men of ability, and when in July of that year the late Earl Derby became premier he gave the young man a seat in the Cabinet. He had by that time become an ultra Conservative, and when he saw his colleague, Mr. Disraeli, proposing to extend the suffrage, he resigned his office in disgust. He recommended his assents on Disraeli, but this time there was a difference. He attacked him personally, while supporting Conservative principles, to which he believed Disraeli to be untrue. The differences were eventually arranged, and in 1874, when Disraeli returned to power Salisbury held office under him and became his warm friend. Together they managed the Russian crisis, and by their firmness and undaunted demeanor convinced the Czar to disgorge his ill-gotten plunder and reside from before Constantinople. He resigned with Disraeli, who had then become Earl Beaconsfield, in 1880, and from that time until this has been out of office. The party have looked to him for guidance since the death of Lord Beaconsfield, and now that Lord Cairns is dead, he stands almost alone in his party as a man of capacity and statesmanship.

The Marquis is an earnest member of the Protestant Episcopal Church, strongly opposed to the rationalizing tendencies of the time. Speaking as chairman of a religious meeting on one occasion, he said: "We are standing in one of the most awful crises through which the intellect of Christendom has ever passed. We can point to many distinguished intellects from which all that Christian belief is gone in which the latest the highest minds coincided. But great scientific discoveries always dazzle the intellect of man, making him think for a time he has destroyed ignorance, and leading him to try and explain everything. It is no season for half-hearted action or concealment. Those who are for Christ, and those who are against Him, should state distinctly in which camp they stand."

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CURRENT EVENTS.

Gen. Grant's Removal from New York to a cooler climate became necessary last week, as the thermometer mounted into the nineties. Mr. Joseph W. Drexel invited him to his cottage at Mount McGregor, and the physicians having pronounced the place suitable, the General was taken there on June 16th. Everything that could be done to render the journey an easy one for the invalid was done. Mr. Vanderbilt placed his own special car at his disposal, and a special train was made up to prevent crowding and fatigue from stoppages. General Grant bore the journey as well as had been expected, though he evidently suffered much pain, and was extremely weak. A large swelling under the right ear indicates the alarming progress of the disease, and his weak voice, which for several days of the week before his removal was quite inaudible, showed how seriously the cancer was affecting the tongue and throat. Since his arrival at Mount McGregor the clear mountain air has improved General Grant's condition, but the reports of his physicians forbid the hope that the improvement is of a permanent character. All that is hoped is that it may slightly prolong his life.

The Great Statue of Liberty Enlightening the world, the gift of the French people to America, arrived off New York on June 17th, on board the Iser, and was formally presented and accepted on Friday last. The huge figure, which, when placed on its pedestal, will tower three hundred and five feet above the water of the Bay, the torch in the hand of the figure rising above the summit of the great towers of the Brooklyn Bridge, and higher than the spire of Trinity Church, is packed in sections. Its gigantic dimensions are realized as we read that it weighs two hundred and twenty tons, and is packed away below decks in two hundred and twelve boxes, some of them twenty feet long. Enormous crates, each containing many tons of metal, were packed away as neatly and with as much economy of space as so many bricks on a scow. The diadem was in an arched frame large enough for a horse and wagon to drive under. Other pieces, hardly recognizable from the careful manner in which they were packed, were

pressed close beneath it until it looked as though the iron sides of the vessel would bulge out under the stupendous weight. *The eyes and nose filled one crate*, the forehead another, an ear and part of the crown another, until every foot of space seemed to be utilized. A sheet iron curl looked large enough for the smoke-stack of a small steam launch. A sailor said that it was eight feet long. A maritime procession went through the Narrows on Friday to escort the Iser to Bedloe's Island, and her officers to the Battery. Thence Captain De Saune and the French officers were conducted by a procession of military and civilians to the City Hall, where Mayor Grace and the Aldermen formally accepted the gift of the French people. The vessels in the Bay and the public buildings in the city were gay with bunting, and the booming of cannon and the screaming of the steam whistles expressed loudly, if not intelligibly, the city's sense of the importance of the occasion, and the gratitude of the people.

The Dolphin is not yet safely off Mr. Roach's hands. Mr. Whitney is of the opinion that the government has in her either "a broken contract or a bad bargain," and has submitted those alternatives to the Attorney-General for decision. The contract proves to have been so loosely drawn that the probability seems to be in favor of the ship proving a bad bargain, in which case the loss will fall on the people. If a broken contract can be proved it will fall on the contractors. It appears that before any trials of the ship had been made the Secretary of the Navy received warning that she was practically useless. He therefore called to his assistance a board of experts to witness the trials of the ship and report. The board discovered that she is so deficient in structural strength and stiffness that slight changes in the disposition of the weights she carries are sufficient to so alter her shape that her machinery will not work properly. No one can tell, therefore, how long she would be able to maintain even the low rate of speed which has been exhibited.

A Second Destructive Tornado Passed over Nebraska and Iowa on June 14th, only two days after the severe storm reported last week. Sioux City appears to have suffered most damage. The Baptist and Methodist churches were completely shattered and the fragments scattered by the wind about the city. Public buildings, warehouses, stores, and dwelling-houses were unroofed, some of the walls thrown down, and in some cases the buildings completely demolished. Omaha, Jackson, Neb., Ponca, Neb., Mason City, Iowa, and other places also suffered heavily. Thirteen lives were lost, and the destruction of property is enormous.

The Hon. James Russell Lowell Returned to America last week on the Scythia. A formal reception will be accorded to him in a few days, but by his own desire only a few personal friends were present to greet him as he stepped from the vessel. To a reporter who said, "I supposed you are glad to be home once more?" Mr. Lowell replied, "Yes. On some accounts I am. It is pleasant to be among my old friends, but the English people have been so very kind that it is not without much regret that I leave them and the pleasant associations by which I have been surrounded."

The New Cabinet in England had not been formed at the close of last week. The difficulty which causes the delay is due to the fact that a majority of the members of the House of Commons are Liberals, and a Conservative Cabinet would only exist on sufferance. The victory won by the Conservatives was due to the absence of many Liberals from the House and the support given by the Parnellites to the opposition. The Parnellites cannot be relied upon to vote steadily with the Conservatives, and therefore the Cabinet would be in constant danger of defeat, and could not pass any measure without the consent of the Liberals, who would naturally enjoy the embarrassment of their rivals. The Queen has endeavored to obtain a definite

promise from Mr. Gladstone that he will assist the Conservatives to transact the necessary business of the session and await the decision of the people at the general election, which must take place in November. It was not known what answer Mr. Gladstone would make to the appeal, and the crisis was therefore still unarranged. The slate made up by the newspapers, based on the movements of Lord Salisbury and the Conservative leaders, gave Lord Randolph Churchill, the brilliant young Conservative guerilla leader, the office of Secretary for India, and Lord Carnarvon, the Viceroyalty of Ireland. Both those appointments would be popular, as Lord Randolph has recently paid a visit to India and made many friends there, and Lord Carnarvon is popular in Ireland. The Parnellites speak well of him, and seem disposed to make his task as easy as possible, particularly because his authorship of Canadian federation fosters the idea that he is to be charged with the duty of framing a scheme of legislative autonomy. This slate, nevertheless, is mere guess work, and it is still possible that Mr. Gladstone may return to office with a new Cabinet, in which the Radicals will be supreme.

The Cholera Epidemic in Spain is Spreading with frightful rapidity. The European correspondent of the New York Times, who travelled through the infected district during the outbreak last year, and knows the exact state of the country, cables to his journal that there are indications that Spain is definitely in for a terrible visitation of the plague. Hitherto the cholera belt ran along the coast from Castellon south to Jativa, thence by unaccountable skips to Alicante, where the bulk of the cases occurred last year, and where it now reappears in its worst form, to Murcia and down to Cartagena. Some few cases occurred in the Province of Tereul, adjoining Castellon, but then there was another skip to Toledo and Madrid. From June 6th official reports show 2858 cases and 1273 deaths, including those of Thursday, on which day the death rate was very high. Probably the real figures are 500 higher. The panic in the Province of Murcia has grown to fearful proportions. So great was the exodus that the towns are almost empty. Even the authorities, with the exception of a single prefect, have fled. Sulphur bonfires are burning night and day in the supposed infected quarters of Madrid, and almost every house in the city has been disinfected with phœnic acid. While the sanitary authorities are carrying out their precautionary measures, mobs frequently gather and attack them. The rioters are composed of the lower classes, who are bitterly opposed to all kinds of practical preventive measures, and rely solely on prayers to keep off the dreaded scourge.

The Death of "The Red Prince," the most brilliant and successful of German generals, occurred on June 15th. He was stricken with apoplexy the previous day, and never regained consciousness. His correct title was Prince Frederick Charles. He was the son of the Emperor's brother, and was born in 1828. He was a soldier from his boyhood, and early gained distinction in the field. His most noted exploits were in the war with Austria in 1866. He had command of the first army put in the field against Austria, he entered Bohemia through Saxony, and so managed his march through the latter country as to win the friendship of its people for Prussia. In Bohemia the movements of his forces were remarkably swift and energetic, disconcerting the Austrian General Benedek, who had expected the Prussians to act on the defensive. Prince Frederick Charles drove the Austrians to Sadowa by a series of actions, and won the great victory of Königgratz with the aid of the Crown Prince, who arrived with the Second Army at the crisis of the battle. During the Franco-German war of 1870 he also performed brilliant service. It was mainly through his efforts that Bazaine was shut up in Metz, and finally had to capitulate with his army. General Manteuffel, another famous general, died last week.

Two Contributions were Received Last Week to the fund for supplying colored ministers and others with THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. From Clinton, Mass., \$5, and from Rockland, Wis., \$4. We have much pleasure in acknowledging these amounts, which bring the fund up to a larger total than in any previous year. It does not, however, keep pace with the applications we receive from ministers who are pathetically anxious to share in the benefits of the fund.

A Terrible Mining Disaster Occurred at the Pendlebury Colliery, near Manchester, England, on June 18th. While three hundred and forty-nine miners were down in the workings a loud explosion was heard, and volunteers were called for to descend the pit to ascertain the fate of the men and the extent of the damage. The cages in which the volunteers were proceeding down to the bottom of the pit got stuck in the shaft, and it was two hours before the party could get to work exploring the mine for the missing men. Sixty men who were shut off by the debris from escape were liberated alive. They were ignorant of the fate of their companions. The explosion was caused by fire-damp. One hundred and sixty miners were at work in the level in which the explosion occurred. Only twenty of these were saved; all the others died from the effect of the fire-damp or the falling debris.

An Outbreak of Anarchists is Reported from Austria, and it is alleged that it was incited and led by emissaries from the socialistic societies in Chicago. A new labor law has been promulgated in Austria recently, fixing the number of hours which shall constitute a working day, and making rest from labor for a portion of the Sunday compulsory. The workmen, who have been growing more and more disaffected during the past nine years, resented this interference of the Government, and at the large manufacturing city of Brünn they rose in armed rebellion. The mob sacked the factories, smashed the engines, and demolished the machinery. They then plundered the saloons, and becoming wild with the stolen liquor, proceeded to rob the stores. The arrival of the military saved the city from complete anarchy. Twenty workmen were killed, and several hundred more or less seriously wounded. The men were generally armed with pieces of iron and knives, and possessed military organization. The city, at last accounts, was quiet, and a sufficient force is stationed there to quell any outbreaks that may occur.

Bishop Taylor's Last Letter, Dated from Loanda, and published in the *Christian Advocate*, gives interesting details of the progress of the African mission. The chiefs and governors of the country contiguous to Loanda have been seen and consulted. These dignitaries are all favorable to the missionaries, and promise to give, or lease for ninety-nine years, all the land they need, and to furnish other facilities for the prosecution of their enterprises. It was manifestly providential, the Bishop thinks, that they were enabled to rent the large house they occupy in Loanda as their headquarters. The rooms and grounds are spacious and beautiful, located on a high promontory overlooking the sea, and swept by perpetual salt breezes, and made inviting and fragrant by tropical fruits and flowers. The house and grounds, it appears, might be purchased for \$8000, and soon after the publication of that statement the amount was generously furnished by an anonymous friend of the mission, who, before Bishop Taylor's departure, gave him \$1000 toward the expenses of the journey.

A Consumptive Lady in Chicago was Healed by faith recently. She has suffered long, and when on June 2d she left her home to attend a religious service, it seemed that her death could not be delayed many days. She had heard of many cases of sick people being healed by faith, but had not a particle of confidence in it. The diseases were imaginary to begin with, she thought, or the cure, if there had been a cure, was due to other causes. But her physician had given her up, and another physician whom she

consulted at great cost assured her that no power or skill on earth could save her, and then in sheer desperation she set out to learn if she could be healed by faith. As she walked toward the cars she tottered from weakness, and was several times on the point of turning back. But she went on, and attended at the Garden City Mission, on Van Buren Street, where the meetings for faith-healing were being held. Soon after seating herself in the mission she became chilled, and arose to leave the place. The leader begged her to remain, and commenced praying fervently. Suddenly the lady exclaimed, "I feel so strange and different!" Touching her throat with her hands, she said, "The lumps are all gone;" and after a short season of prayer and praise she arose to her feet and declared she was completely cured. Mr. Edgerton, her husband, who was like his wife, an unbeliever, relates these facts, and reports his wife as going about singing and seeming entirely cured. Faith in soul-healing always comes in the same way. It is never effective until every other trust is cast away, and the soul rests on Jesus only (Rom. 10: 34).

A Deadhead Journey Across the Continent has been undertaken by a New York man, who proposes to travel to San Francisco in six weeks free of cost. The conditions arranged before setting out were that he was to start without food or money, and if any one gave him money on the way, he was to hand it to a companion, who travels with him, who, whatever the amount was, might buy a single meal out of it, retaining the balance until the end of the journey. He must ride the whole distance, never walking more than one mile from any station, and he must deadhead the whole journey in food and lodging and railroad expenses. It appears that he is well known in New York among the drovers, whom he has frequently entertained, and who take delight in his society. He has an inexhaustible stock of funny stories, to which they will listen entranced for hours. He relies on his conversational and persuasive powers to secure free transportation and free support all the three thousand miles, and, so far, he seems to have been justified in his confidence, having accomplished about half the journey. It is precisely the opposite of this confidence that supports the faithful Christian worker. He renounces all confidence in himself, and depends entirely upon Christ, who never suffers him to lack any necessary thing (Luke 22: 35).

A Death in a Hollow Tree is Reported from Pennsylvania. A farmer whose place is near Coatsville, Pa., has been missing since last February, and though search was made in all directions and every effort was made to find him, no trace of him was discovered. He was somewhat intemperate at times, and he was excited by drink on the day he quitted his home. He had a quarrel with his wife about a purchase she had made without consulting him, and went out to get more liquor. He returned late in the evening, almost demented with drink and passion, and after abusing his wife went out again. No one saw him afterward, until a few days ago, when a man who was passing through the woods in the neighborhood of the house where the missing man used to live, saw a pair of boots sticking out of a hollow tree. He obtained assistance, and it was found that the boots were on the feet of the dead farmer, who had fallen head foremost down the hollow trunk, and had been unable to extricate himself, or to make himself heard. It is conjectured that he must have climbed the tree to cut a stick and have overbalanced. His position was one of utter helplessness, with nothing possible but to wait for death—an expressive type of the situation of the whole human race when God, in His infinite mercy, rescued it by the sacrifice of His beloved Son (Isa. 59: 16).

An Unbridled Horse did Serious Mischief in Paterson, N. J., recently. A manufacturer who resides a short distance from the city drove in with a lady, a neighbor, and stopped at a harness store to get a new bridle. The harness-

maker insisted on the lady alighting while the bridle was being changed. The gentleman objected, saying that there was not the slightest danger; but the harness dealer had his way, and the lady got out. Then the bridle was tried on, and a second later the horse was dashing madly up the street, with the owner clinging to his nose. The horse rushed across a sidewalk, striking a lamp-post as he ran, and the man was hurled to the walk, the horse falling on top of him, where he lay thrashing about furiously, his iron-shod hoofs striking his prostrate owner repeatedly in the face and head. The gentleman was picked up unconscious, with a dislocated shoulder and serious internal injuries, and removed to his home in an ambulance. The owner of the horse evidently did not know the disposition of the beast. That he thought he did is proved by his wishing the lady to remain in the buggy while the bridle was changed. Some men show similar ignorance in matters still nearer home. They are apt to think that no harm will be done by their own passions if the restraints they have placed upon them are removed for a little time. The drunkard, the opium slave, and other vicious persons are generally the victims of such misplaced confidence. Even the Apostle Paul declared that he found constant watchfulness necessary (1 Cor. 9: 27).

A Texas Judge was Pronounced Incompetent to solve a difficulty recently by an applicant in his court. The man, who was young and rather effeminate, asked the judge to aid him in getting some one out of his house who would not pay any rent and refused to leave. The judge said there was no need for him to interfere; the young man might serve the tenant with a proper legal notice fifteen days before the end of the month, and the house would then have to be vacated. "But," said the young man, "the tenant is my mother-in-law, and my wife sides with her." "That makes no difference," said the judge; "you are not bound to rent your house to her, as she pays you nothing. You can notify her to vacate. Your course is quite simple." "Air you married, judge?" asked the poor fellow. "No," said the judge, emphatically. "Then there's no use trying to explain the case to you; you could not understand it," and the man turned dejectedly away. The man felt, apparently, that the only help which would suit him was the help of a man whose experience fitted him to understand the difficulty. His is not the only case in which that want is felt; the tried, and weak, and tempted Christian often needs it, and he knows where it is to be found (Heb. 4: 15, 16).

A Flight of Eight Hundred Miles was Taken by an owl, which arrived in New York recently on board the Celtic of the White Star Line. The captain says that when the steamer was on its way from Liverpool to this port, and was still eight hundred miles from the American coast, a white owl alighted on the spars of the ship. It was easily caught and brought on deck. It was quite tame, and so weak and exhausted that it could scarcely move. The men fed it, and after a few hours it revived, but showed no disposition to fly away. It remained contentedly about the ship, perching occasionally on a rope or spar, and presenting itself frequently for food. It is supposed that it was blown off shore in a gale, and being unable to return, or not knowing its way, had continued flying out to sea until it met the steamer. The mystery is how a land bird could have endured so prolonged a strain on its muscles, as it must have been in ceaseless motion night and day to save itself from drowning during its eight hundred miles of travel. During the remainder of the voyage the owl seemed to fully recover its strength, but did not attempt to fly away. Evidently it appreciated the peace and rest of the ship after its weary journey. Such an experience has the tempest-tossed soul that at last finds peace in Christ. Its own efforts are carrying it further from the haven of its search, until, being met by the Saviour, it rests upon Him and is saved (Ps. 107: 30).

A QUESTION FOR A QUESTIONER.

A New Sermon by Pastor C. H. Spurgeon.

"Hath God forgotten to be gracious?"—Ps. 77: 9.

The Despondent Believer—Homœopathic Treatment—Pursuing Truth—A Question for Three Classes—I. The Believer in Distress—Troubled by Unanswered Prayers—By Suffering—Insomnia—Melancholy—The Answer—God Forgets Nothing—Cannot Forget Eternal Habit—Nor His own Son—The Question Changed—II. For the Seeking Sinner Despondent—The Question Wrong—Faith the Queen Bee—III. For the Disappointed Worker.

ASAPH was very grievously troubled in spirit. The deep waters were not only around his barque, but they had come in even unto his soul. When the spirit of a man is wounded, then is he wounded indeed; and such was the case with this man of God. In the time of his trouble he was attacked with doubts and fears, so that he was made to question the very foundations of things. Had he not taken to continual prayer, he had perished in his affliction; but he cried unto God with his voice, and the Lord gave ear unto him. Nor did he only pray, but he used the fittest means for

ESCAPING FROM DESPONDENCY.

Very wisely this good man argued with himself, and sought to cure his unbelief. He treated himself homœopathically, meeting like with like. As he was attacked by the disease of questioning, he gave himself questions as a medicine. Observe how he kills one question with another, as men fight fire with fire.

The question which makes our text is meant to end other questions. You may carry truth as far as ever you like, and it will always be truth. Truth is like those crystals which, when split up into the smallest possible fragments, still retain their natural form. You may break truth in pieces, you may do what you like with it, and it is truth throughout; but error is diverse within itself, and evermore bears its own death within itself. You can see its falsehood even in its own light. Bring it forward, strip it of its disguises, behold it in its naked form, and its deformity at once appears. Carry unbelief to its proper consequences, and you will revolt from it and be driven by the grace of God to faith.

Sometimes our doubts assume appearances which are not their own, and so are hard to deal with; but if we make them take their own natural shapes we shall easily destroy them. The question before us is what the logician would call a *reductio ad absurdum*; it reduces doubt to an absurdity; it puts into plain and truthful words the thought of an unbelieving mind, and at once it is seen to be a horrible notion. "Hath God forgotten to be gracious?" The bare idea is both ridiculous and blasphemous.

The question now before us is one of very wide application. I shall not attempt to suggest all the ways in which it may be employed, but I am going to turn it to three uses this morning. The first is for the *man of God in distress*. Let him take this question and put it to his own reason and common sense, and especially to his own faith: "Hath God forgotten to be gracious?" When we have handled the question in that way, we will pass it over to the *seeking sinner who is despondent*, and we will ask him whether he really believes that God hath forgotten to be gracious. When this is done, we may have a moment or two left for the *Christian worker who is dispirited*, who cannot do his work as he would wish to do, and who mourns over the little result coming from it.

TO THE DISTRESSED.

I. To the man of God in distress this question is commended. "Hath God forgotten to be gracious?" What kind of distress is that which suggests such a question? Where had Asaph been? In what darkness had he wandered? In what tangled wood had he lost himself? How came he to get such a thought into his mind? I answer, first, this good man had been troubled by unanswered prayers. "In the day of my trouble," he says—"In the day of my trouble I

sought the Lord;" and he seems to say that though he sought the Lord his griefs were not removed. Nothing is more grievous to the sincere pleader than to feel that his petitions are not heeded by his God. It is a sad business to have gone up, like Elijah's servant, seven times, and yet to have seen no cloud upon the sky in answer to your importunity. It tries a man to spend all night in wrestling, and to have won no blessing from the covenant angel. When the mercy-seat itself ceases to yield us aid, what can we do? You will not wonder, then, considering your own tendency to doubt, that this man of God, when his prayers did not bring him deliverance, cried out, "Hath God forgotten to be gracious?"

IN SUFFERING.

Besides that, he was enduring continued suffering. Our text says, "My sore ran in the night." His wound was bleeding ever; there was no cessation to his pain. It is torment indeed to have a worm gnawing at your heart, a fire consuming your spirit; yet a true child of God may be thus tormented. When Asaph had prayed for relief and the relief did not come, the temptation came to him to ask, "Am I always to suffer? Will the Lord never relieve me? It is written, 'He healeth the broken in heart, and bindeth up their wounds;' has he ceased from that sacred surgery? 'Hath God forgotten to be gracious?'"

More than that, there seemed to be a failure of the means of grace for him. "I remembered God, and was troubled." Some of God's people go up to the house of the Lord where they were accustomed to unite in worship with delight, but they have no delight now; they even go to the communion-table, and eat the bread and drink the wine, but they do not receive the body and blood of Christ to the joy of their faith. Anon they get them to their chambers, and open their Bibles, and bow their knees, and remember God; but every verse seems to condemn them; their prayers accuse them, and God himself seems turned to be their enemy; and then it is little wonder that unbelief exclaims, "Hath God forgotten to be gracious?"

At the back of all this there was another trouble for Asaph, namely, that he could not sleep. He says, "Thou holdest mine eyes waking." It seemed as if the Lord himself held up his eyelids, and would not let them close in sleep. We may speak of sleeplessness very lightly, but among afflictions it is one of the worst that can happen to men. When the chamber of repose becomes a furnace of anguish it goes hard with a man. Moreover, there was one thing more; he lost the faculty of telling out his grief—"I am so troubled that I cannot speak." There are some people to whom we would not tell our trouble, for we know they could not understand it, for they have never been in deep waters themselves; there are others to whom we could not tell our trouble, though they might help us, because we feel ashamed to do so. A dumb sorrow is sorrow indeed. The grief that can talk will soon pass away; that misery which is wordless is endless.

THE QUESTION ANSWERED.

Having thus, you see, put the doubt in the most apologetic style, and mentioned the excuses which might mitigate the sin of the question, I am now going to expose its unreasonableness and sinfulness, by considering what answers we may give to such a question? I shall endeavor to answer it by making it answer itself—"Hath God forgotten to be gracious?" Answer: Hath God forgotten anything? If He could forget, could He be God? Is it not absurd to speak of Him as short of memory of whose understanding there is no searching? He hath not forgotten a worm that hides itself away beneath the sod; therefore banish the thought, once for all, that thy God hath forgotten anything, much less that He hath forgotten to be gracious. "Hath God forgotten to be gracious?" Then hath He forgotten an old, long, ancient, aye, eternal habit of His heart. Hast thou not heard that His mercy endureth for

ever? After having been gracious all these myriads of ages—after having manifested His love and His grace at such a costly rate, hath He forgotten it? Oh, Lord, forgive the thought "Hath God forgotten to be gracious?" Why then, He must have forgotten His purpose. Doth He not say, "I am the Lord, I change not; therefore ye sons of Jacob are not consumed?" Hath He said, and will He not do it? Hath He purposed, and shall it not come to pass? Banish, then, the thought of His forgetting to be gracious.

Listen, and let unbelief stand rebuked. If God hath forgotten to be gracious, then He must have forgotten *His own Son*; He must have forgotten Calvary and the expiatory sacrifice offered there; He must have forgotten Him that is ever with Him at His right hand, making intercession for transgressors; He must have forgotten His pledge to Him that He shall see of the travail of His soul and be satisfied. Canst thou conceive that? It is verging upon blasphemy to suppose such a thing; yet it must be that He has forgotten His own son if He hath forgotten to be gracious. I think I hear some one say, "I do not think God hath forgotten to be gracious, *except to me*." Doth God make any exceptions? Doth He not speak universally when He addresses His children? Remember, if God forgot to be gracious to one of His believing people He might forget to be gracious to them all. The Lord hath not forgotten Himself in any one instance; but He is faithful to all believers.

Now, let us attend to

THE AMENDMENT OF THE QUESTION.

Shall I tell thee, friend—thou who hast put this question—what the true question is which thou oughtest to ask thyself? It is not, "Hath God forgotten to be gracious?" but "Hast thou forgotten to be grateful?" Listen: Hast thou not forgotten to be believing? Hast thou not also forgotten to be reverent? "Hath God forgotten to be gracious?" Why, surely thou hast forgotten thyself, or thou wouldest not talk so; thou hast forgotten that thou owest everything to thy Lord, and art indebted to Him even for the breath in thy nostrils. Thou hast forgotten the precious blood of Jesus; thou hast forgotten the mercy-seat; thou hast forgotten Providence; thou hast forgotten the Holy Spirit; thou hast forgotten all that the Lord has done for thee: surely, thou hast forgotten all good things, or thou wouldest not speak thus. Shake thyself from the dust; arise, and leave the dung-hill of thy despair, and sing, "His mercy endureth for ever." Say in thy soul, "Though He slay me, yet will I trust in Him." Thus much to the child of God.

II. Furthermore, I desire to talk a little with

THE SEEKING SINNER.

in despondency. You have not yet found joy and peace through believing, and therefore I will first *describe your case*, and what it is that has made you say, "Hath God forgotten to be gracious?"

You labor under a sense of guilt; you know that you have transgressed against God, and you feel that this is a terrible thing, involving wrath to the uttermost. The arrows of God are sticking in your soul and rankling there. You cannot trifle with sin as you once did; it burns like a fiery poison in your veins! You have been praying to get rid of that sense of sin, but it deepens. The case I am stating is very clear to every child of God, but it is not at all clear to the man who is enduring it. He cries, "The more I pray, the more I go to hear the Word, the more I read the Bible, the blacker sinner I seem to be. 'Hath God forgotten to be gracious?'"

Moreover, a sense of weakness is increasing upon you. You thought that you could pray; but now you cannot pray. You thought it the easiest thing in the world to believe; but now the grappling-irons will not lay hold upon the promise, and you find no rest. You cannot now perform those holy acts which you once thought to be so easy. Now you say: "When I get up

in the morning I resolve that I will go straight all the day, and before long I am more crooked than ever. I feel worse rather than better. The world tempts me, the devil tempts me, the flesh tempts me, everything goes wrong with me. 'Hath God forgotten to be gracious?' I have prayed the Lord to give me peace, and He promises to give rest; but I am more uneasy than ever, and cannot rest where I used to do."

My friend, I perfectly understand your case, and think well of it; for the like has happened to many of us. You must be divorced from self before you can be married to Christ; and that divorce must be made most clear and plain, or Jesus will never make a match with you. You must come clear away from self-righteousness, self-trust, self-hope, or else one of these days, when Jesus has saved you, there might be a doubt as to whether He is to have all the glory, or to go halves with self. He makes you nothing that He may be all in all to you. He grinds you to the dust that He may lift you out of it for ever. Meanwhile, I do not wonder that the question crosses your mind, "Hath God forgotten to be gracious?"

THE QUESTION WRONG.

Let me show how wrong the question is. "Hath God forgotten to be gracious?" If He has, He has forgotten what He used to know right well. David was foul with his adultery—remember that fifty-first Psalm—but how sweet was the prophet's message to the penitent king: "The Lord hath put away thy sin; thou shalt not die!" "Wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow," was a prayer most graciously answered in that royal sinner's case. Remember Peter, how he denied his Master, but his Master forgave him, and bade him feed His sheep. Forget not the dying thief, and how in the extremity of death, filled with all the agonies of crucifixion, he looked to the Lord, and the Lord looked on him, and that day he was with the King in paradise. If God has forgotten to be gracious, he has forgotten a line of things in which He has wrought great wonders, and in which His heart delighted from of old. It cannot be that He will turn away from that which is so dear to Him.

"Hath God forgotten to be gracious?" Then why are all the old arrangements for grace still standing? There is the mercy-seat; surely that would have been taken away if God had forgotten to be gracious. The Gospel is preached to you, and this is its assurance: "Whosoever believeth in Him is not condemned." If the Lord had forgotten to be gracious He would not have mocked you with empty words.

THE WAY.

I shall come to close quarters with you. I know your despair has driven you to the question, "Hath God forgotten to be gracious?" and I would silence it by putting other questions to you. Is it not you that have forgotten to believe in Christ? "I have been praying," says one. That is all very well, but the Gospel is, "He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved," not "he that prays." I have been trying to come to Christ. I know that, but I read nothing about this *trying* in Holy Scripture, and I fear your trying is that which keeps you from Jesus. You are told to believe in Christ, not to try to believe.

A minister in America, some time ago, was going up the aisle of his church during a revival, when a young man earnestly cried to him, "Sir, can you tell me the way to Christ?" "No," was the answer, very deliberately given; "I cannot tell you the way to Christ." The young man answered, "I beg pardon; I thought you were a minister of the Gospel." "So I am," was the reply. "How is it that you cannot tell me the way to Christ?" "My friend," said the minister, "there is no way to Christ. He is Himself the way. All that believe in him are justified from all things. There is no way to Christ; Christ is here." Oh! my hearer, Christ Himself is the way of salvation, and that way comes right down to your foot, and then leads right up to heaven. You have not to

make a way to the Way, but at once to run in the way which lies before you. *The way begins where you now are*; enter it. Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ now, and you are saved; and then you will no more ask the question, "Is His mercy clean gone for ever?"

"Oh," says one, "but I have been looking to reform myself and grow better, and I have done a good deal in that way." That is not the Gospel; it is all very right and proper, but the Gospel is, "He that believeth in Him is not condemned." The other day I saw my bees swarming; they hung on a branch of a tree in a living mass; the difficulty was to get them into a hive. My man went with his veil over his face and began to put them into the skep; and I noticed that he was particularly anxious to get the queen bee into it; for if he once had her in the hive the rest would be sure to follow, and remain with her. Now,

FAITH IS THE QUEEN BEE.

You may get temperance, love, hope, and all those other bees into the hive; but the main thing is to get simple faith in Christ, and all the rest will come afterward. Get the queen bee of faith, and all the other virtues will attend her. You guilty, worthless sinner, you at the gates of hell, you who have nothing to recommend you, you who have no good works or good feelings, simply trust the merits of Christ, and accept the atonement made by His death, and you shall be saved, your sin shall be forgiven, your nature shall be changed, you shall become a new creature in Christ Jesus, and you shall never say again, "Hath God forgotten to be gracious?"

III. The time has gone; therefore

THE DISAPPOINTED WORKER

must be content with a few crumbs. You have been working for Christ, dear brother, and have fallen into a very low state of heart, so that you cry, "Hath God forgotten to be gracious?" I know what state you are in. You say, "I do not feel as if I could preach; the matter does not flow. I do not feel as if I could teach; I search for instruction, and the more I pull the more I cannot get it." "Hath God forgotten to be gracious?" Can He not fill thine empty vessel again? Can He not give thee stores of thought, emotion, and language? He has used thee; can He not do so again? "But, sir, the sinners I have to deal with are such tough ones; they reject my testimony; they grow worse instead of better; I do not think I can ever preach to them again." "Hath God forgotten to be gracious?" You cannot save them, but He can.

But I work in such a depraved neighborhood, the people are sunk in poverty and drunkenness." "Hath God forgotten to be gracious?" Does not He know the way to save drunkards? Does not He know how to rescue the harlot and the whoremonger, and make them clean and chaste?

THE DUTY.

"Ah, well," saith one, "I am ready to give it all up." I hope you will not do so. If you have made up your mind to speak no more in the name of the Lord, I hope that word will be like fire in your bones; for if God has not forgotten to be gracious, provoked as He has been, how can you forget to be patient? Is it possible, while God's sun shines on you, that you will refuse to shine on the fallen? If God continues to be gracious, you ought not to grow weary in well-doing.

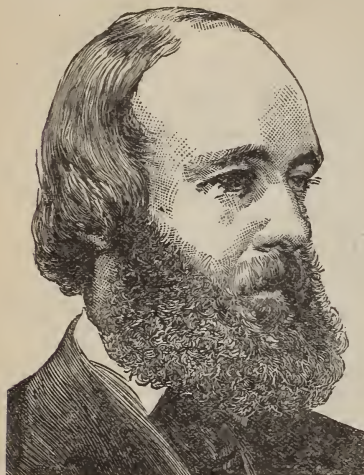
Perhaps I speak to some dear brother who is very old and infirm; he can hardly hear, and scarcely see, so that he reads his Bible with difficulty. He gets to the service now, but he knows that soon he will be confined to his chamber, and then to his bed. His mind is sadly failing him; he is quite a wreck. Take this home with you, my aged brother, and keep it for your comfort if you never come out again: "Hath God forgotten to be gracious?" Oh, no; the Lord hath said, "Even to your old age I am He; and even to hoar hairs will I carry you; I have made, and I will bear; even I will carry, and will deliver you." Having loved

His own which were in the world, the Lord Jesus loved them unto the end; and He will love you to the end. When the last scene comes, and you close your eyes in death, blessed be His name, you shall know that He has not forgotten you. "I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee," is the Lord's promise and His people's sheet-anchor. Therefore, let us not fear when our frail tabernacles are taken down, but let us rejoice that God hath not forgotten to be gracious. Though our bodies will sink into the dust, they will ere long rise again, and we shall be in glory for ever with the Lord. Blessed be His name. Amen.

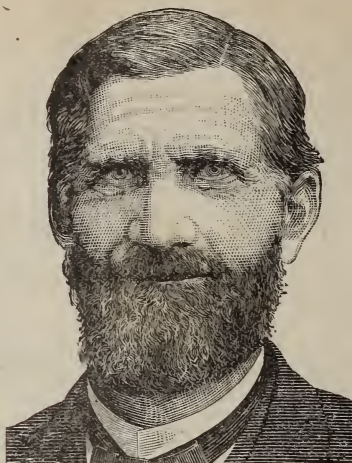
NEW BOOKS.

"THE STATE OF THE BLESSED DEAD," by Henry Alford, D.D. This little gem of a book—its pages are little more than three inches long by two inches wide—will be invaluable to those who have lost Christian friends by death. We can imagine no more kindly thing that any one can do for a bereaved family than to enclose a copy of it in an envelope and mail it to the mourners. At a time when the vacant chair stands in the family room mutely reminding those left behind of the loved one gone before, and at every turn in the household that one face is missed, there is no balm of human making that can heal the wound. But in this little volume Dean Alford directs the thoughts to the source of all consolation. His words are all the more welcome to the sorrowing because they are in the line of their own thoughts. It is of the dead that he speaks; assuring his readers from Scripture that their lost ones are still conscious, not sleeping, that they are with Jesus and enjoying all implied in the expression; that we shall see them again, either by going to them or by their coming with their Lord in the clouds; and finally of that state of reunion and eternal blessedness in which the period of separation will be forgotten. Dean Alford's words are so well known here that the beauty and tenderness of this consoling little book can be imagined. Small as it is, it will carry consolation into many an aching heart, and many eyes will reflect the heavenly sunshine again after reading its pages. Pp. 96, elegantly bound and gilt edged. Price, 35 cents; published by Mr. Thomas Whittaker, Bible House, New York.

"THE INFLUENCE OF THE APOSTLE PAUL on the Development of Christianity," by Otto Pfeleiderer, D.D., Professor of Theology in the University of Berlin. Translated by J. Frederick Smith. This volume contains the six Hibbert Lectures of the year. Its subject at this time is all-important. A study of the teaching of the Apostle Paul is the best antidote to the materialism which seems to be eating away all spiritual life in the Church and the world. That Professor Pfeleiderer deals with the subject in an original manner is only as might be expected from a scholar of his eminence and penetration. The six lectures are respectively entitled: The First Church and the Conversion of Paul; The Doctrinal Teaching of Paul; The Conflict with the Jewish Christians; The Reconciliation with Jewish Christianity; Paulinism and Gnosticism; Paulinism and the Church. The author points out how at the period of the apostle's conversion just such a teacher as he was needed to break the formalizing fetters that were binding the young Church. How he was specially prepared for his work by the superhuman interposition on the way to Damascus—an interposition which even those who reject the miraculous must account for on psychological grounds, equally marvellous. How he was further instructed in his period of retirement, and before ever he had seen Peter or had learned anything from him of the historical Christ, he appeared in public a Christian teacher sent from God, preaching the incarnation, the atonement, and the resurrection with a fullness that amazed the apostles themselves. Even Peter found it difficult to follow this brilliant reasoner, and admitted that his teaching was hard to be understood.



The Marquis of Salisbury. (See page 407.)



Rev. Asahel H. Hussey, of Ohio. (See page 403.)



Pastor Schrenk, of Germany. (See page 403.)

This origin of Paul's insight the professor regards as accounting for the absence, in Paul's speeches and epistles of reference to Christ's own teaching, and of his frequent allusions to the things he "had received of the Lord," having reference to that divine illumination and revelation at and immediately subsequent to his vision on the way to Damascus. We are unable to accept several of the professor's views, especially those respecting Paul's teaching of the Second Advent, which appear to us forced and illogical. The author is evidently in a difficulty, not liking to accept the plain teaching of the apostle, and being driven in consequence to find some ingenious way of spiritualizing words intended to be understood literally. Nevertheless, we recognize the remarkable ability displayed, and the clear insight manifested as to the character and influence of Paulinism in the Church and its power over the minds of men in the ages that have elapsed since the great apostle wrote. At the present time the value of this influence cannot be over estimated. The doctrines that lie at the basis of evangelical belief are being assailed by men of eminent ability without and within the Church. It is to the writings of the great apostle that we go for the clearest statements of the fundamental truths of the fatal effects of the Fall and the way of salvation through faith in Christ. Pp. 238; price, \$2; published by Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons.

A handy

DICTIONARY OF SYNONYMS,

by H. C. Faulkner, is one of those useful little manuals that have made the compiler's name famous throughout the country. How much labor and loss of time Mr. Faulkner has saved in the aggregate no man can realize. He has the faculty of placing the information he has to convey in such a shape that busy men can find it readily, and he seems to know by intuition or perhaps by experience what information is most needed. In this little work of two hundred and seventeen pages he has collected forty thousand words, which he has arranged with reference to their similarity and opposition, so that a writer may not only find a synonym if there is one for the word he has in his mind, but which he does not wish to use, but is helped to perceive delicate shades of meaning, and to realize how few actual synonyms there are in the language. While it is invaluable to writers for the press, the man who seldom writes anything more important than a letter will probably use it most frequently, for it is as a friend and helper to those whose education has been neglected that

Mr. Faulkner seems especially anxious to distinguish himself. Several attempts have been made to accomplish the object of this volume, but this is the most compact as well as the most comprehensive we have yet seen. Price 50 cents. Mr. J. E. Jewett, 77 Bible House, New York.

A REPROBATE FAMILY REFORMED.

(See Illustration on page 413.)

A REMARKABLE incident, showing how God uses and blesses instruments which men are apt to despise, is related in the biography of Miss Maria Louisa Charlesworth, a lady whose early piety grew with her growth, and who in her womanhood was untiring in her efforts to rescue the poor and the vicious from their degradation. Her brother, the Rev. Samuel Charlesworth, the writer of her biography, thus describes the circumstance:

"Close to our church at Flowton there was a cottage occupied by a notoriously bad family—the man, a notorious law-breaker and contraband seller of ardent spirits, a desperate character, feared and disliked by all the neighborhood; the wife, a meet partner for such a man, both in temper and vicious propensities.

"Miss Charlesworth, then a girl of fourteen, was passing by the house one Sunday afternoon on her way to church; hearing the sounds of drunken revelry within, she quietly walked up the little garden path, apparently without a tremor, and entering the house, closed the door after her. The idle, dissolute men grouped there sat amazed at the boldness of the child, as she said, calmly and kindly 'Do you not go to church? There is the bell calling you to go to worship God in His house of prayer.'

"A pause of silence followed, caused, it may be supposed, by amazement at the intrepidity and simplicity of the child. It was broken by the wife rising, and, with violent language, ordering her to leave the house; but the husband reached down his hat from the peg, and said, firmly and quietly, 'Hold your tongue, wife; the young lady is right. Come, lads, I am off to church; who'll go with me?'

"To the astonishment of all present, the hardened man entered the church, and sat quietly throughout the whole service. The village congregation was astounded at the sight of this well-known man sitting composedly in their midst. But the man listened attentively, and walked away at the close of the service with a decorous demeanor. From that day was dated a reformation in the reprobate's character. It

was not noticed at first by the village, but the man, at a later period, himself fixed the date.

"I can bear witness that he was a consistent Christian for nearly forty years, and when he died, at the age of ninety years, he breathed his last in faith and hope in Christ. He retained to the last the deepest reverence and affection for the ministering child whom God had used to turn him from the error of his ways, and who anxiously watched over his after-course. The wife, too, became an altered character, and the once worst house in the village, the plague-spot of the neighborhood, became a clean and cheerful cottage home where God was feared and loved." It was a grand work to have come from a child's ministrations, but the Holy Spirit is not bound. He works by the feeblest instrumentalities, and the self-sufficient orator sometimes goes unblest.

MEDICAL MISSION WORK IN CHINA.

At a recent meeting of the China Inland Mission Mr. A. W. Douthwaite, M.D., a returned medical missionary, said: "Much has been said as to the duty of going forth to preach the Gospel to those who have it not; but while it is a duty it is also a privilege, high and glorious. After ten and a half years' work in China I consider them the happiest years of my life, and had I ten lives it would be the highest privilege I could have to spend them in work for Christ in China. Arriving in China in 1874, I set to work to learn the language—it was slow work. By and by, before I intended to take up medical work, a man came with blind eyes. As soon as I saw him I knew I could by an operation restore his sight. I was successful, and this cure put an end to my study of the Chinese language. The people crowded on me from all hands—every sort of disease, and all expecting to be cured as by a miracle. Among those I was able to cure was a native preacher, who had been laid aside by blindness, and the moment he was healed he started to preach and speak everywhere. Thus, although I could not study the language, I did what I could in medical mission work, and soon picked up the colloquial speech."

After describing his experience with Mr. Meadows during a riotous attack, Dr. Douthwaite told of his early efforts to establish a station at Fuchow, and how Mrs. Douthwaite was enabled to reach the women. For example, one who confessed she had with her own hand destroyed seven female children was brought to the Saviour. The men, however, were hard to reach, it being a very bigoted city, one in which there are over a hundred families the

direct lineal descendants of Confucius. They won the villagers, and afterward the townspeople, by means of medical work. After about a year's labor with no results, a Chinaman came and began to oppose them bitterly; but by and by he was broken down and confessed, "I have ridiculed you, but now I know you are right. I wish to become a Christian." This was the beginning of a work which went on not only in that city, but spread into the villages and cities round, the converts taking up the work and going out into the villages.

IN THE FAMINE DISTRICTS.

Mr. A. G. Parrott remarked: "I arrived in China six and a half years ago, during the time of the great famine, and my first work was to assist in the relief of the distressed people in the famine districts of North China. The sights were simply awful, dead bodies lying about on the road and in the houses just as they fell. But, awful as this famine was, there is a worse and more widespread famine—a famine of the Word of God. We learned the Chinese language, adopted the Chinese costume, and travelled among the people, finding open doors everywhere. Some had asked: 'Do you organize meetings?' We don't organize them at all; they are ready made anywhere. Just speak to a man in the street, and a crowd is round you in a minute."

Mr. J. Hudson Taylor, the founder of the mission, who is at Shanghai, writes: "Notwithstanding the unsettlement caused by war, no less than seven brethren have been able to proceed up the Han toward the north-west; four also have been located in what were out-stations in the central province of Gan-hwuy, in which we have long wished to see resident missionaries. A happy party of our sisters from Scotland are preaching successfully in Yang-chau. The brethren Windsor and Hughesdon have reached Kwei-yang, and F. A. Steven and O. Stevenson have been for some time in Tali-Fu, in the extreme west. The first converts in Yun-nan have been given to our brethren during the present year—two at Tali-Fu and three at Yun-nan Fu. Large and encouraging meetings were held for a considerable time in Yun-nan Fu (capital of Yun-nan) by George Clarke and Arthur Eason; and Mrs. Eason has had encouraging access to the women in town and country, some of whom, it is hoped, have received Christ as their Saviour."

"In the far north-west Mr. Parker has secured valuable premises in the capital of Kan-suh, Lan-chau, for the first time. Further south Mr. Riley has rented additional premises in Chen-tu, the capital of Si-ch'uen."

"We have been greatly cheered by the arrival of the last party, consisting of Mr. Stanley Smith and his companions. Not only were they able to labor for the Lord on board the steamers in which they travelled, but five meetings were held at Colombo, one at Penang, one at Singapore, three at least at Hong Kong, and on arrival in Shanghai a series of public meetings, afternoon and evening, were held, which have been productive of much good, and which have more thoroughly affected Shanghai than any series of meetings that have ever been held."



A Child's Appeal to a Reprobrate.

"Messrs. Stanley Smith, Rev. W. W. Cassels, and D. E. Hoste will be leaving in a day or two for T'ai-yuen, *via* Tientsin and Peking, and may probably hold a few meetings on their way. The other members of the party will probably join in a conference at Gan-k'ing, after which Messrs. Studd, Cecil, and Arthur Polhill-Turner will go on to Han-chung Fu with Dr. and Mrs. Wilson. Mr. M. Beauchamp will take an inland journey with me."

THE JEW'S STORY.

A SERIAL WORK.

(Continued from page 399.)

Christmas at Hazelmout.

ONLY one thing was needed by Mr. and Mrs. Arnold now to render their happiness complete. The old farm was secured to them for three lives—their own, their son's, and their grandson's; but they had no grandson, and it seemed to them they were not likely to have one, for Philip, since Carola went away, had never borne to hear of marriage. But the good news that they were not to leave Hazelmout was sufficient to fill their hearts with joy after their sorrow, and they were just now busy with preparations to welcome the hospital nurse, who was to come down to spend Christmas with them. But Philip alone knew who the nurse was.

It was well known throughout Hazelmout that she was expected at the Grange, and Capt. Bentley proposed driving down to await her arrival there on Christmas Eve. There had been some talk of putting up a triumphal arch at the entrance of the village; but Philip discouraged it, and the fact that it was not a time for flowers was against it. But the desire to see and welcome the hospital Sister, who had been the happy agent of their deliverance from exile, was strong in every heart, and when Philip

passed through the village on his way to the station the women and children ran to the cottage doors, and looked after him as long as he was in sight.

They drove home together in the gig, side by side, close to one another, as they would often do in time to come. There was no possibility of being interrupted or overheard; yet they did not say much to one another. Philip could see that her color came and went under her brown bonnet, and that the smile which had shone in her dark eyes died away as they drew near his home. Her hands were trembling, not with cold; nor was he himself without apprehension. All the proud boasts of the unblemished name of the Arnolds rushed back to his memory as the horse slowly mounted the steep roads. They had sunk deep into his own heart; but he knew they were far deeper in his father's and mother's. And the villagers themselves were full of pride in the old fame of their masters. Even yet there might be sore trouble in store for him.

The first cottage-gate was thronged; there stood old Richard Windbank, with his son John Windbank and his grandchildren, waiting to welcome the captain's nurse. Carola's bonnet had fallen back a little, and she leaned forward to them with a wistful, timid look upon her face. For a moment they hesitated, and gazed again, then set up a cheer, which echoed with noisy gladness along the village street.

"Why, it's our schoolmistress!" they shouted to one another.

Up at the Grange they heard the running salute of hurrahs which followed Carola through the village, and Mr. and Mrs. Arnold, leaving Captain Bentley in the oak-parlor, went out to meet their guest. Mr. Arnold hastened out bare-headed to the gate, while his wife stood waiting under the porch. Philip's face was pale and anxious as he sprang down to lift Carola out of the gig, and at that moment his father, looking up into the sweet, wistful face, saw who she was.

"Carol!" he cried, opening his arms to her; and she laid her head down upon his breast, as if she was some prodigal child coming home repentant, while the old man, bending his head upon hers, burst into a passion of happy tears.

"Father," said Philip, eagerly, "she is to be your daughter."

"Ay, ay!" he sobbed; "God bless her! She's saved me from a broken heart. I thought it was a stranger did it, and it was the dear maid I've loved all along."

"Loved me all along!" repeated Carola, lifting up her head and looking into his face.

"Yes, in spite of myself and my forefathers," he said, half carrying her along the causeway of smooth pebbles to the porch, where Mrs. Arnold was standing in much amazement at the greeting he had given to this stranger, though she knew he had been in a state of grateful excitement all day. He pushed back the bonnet from Carola's face and put his arm round her as he stood before his wife.

"Anne, my dear," he said, in a broken voice, "it's Carol that has saved us, our daughter that

is to be, that must be. Oh! my dear, think of how you and me have loved one another all these years, and make us happy. They'll forgive us, them that are gone, for we should have lost the old home if it hadn't been for her."

The appeal came suddenly upon her; yet she felt as if she had been gradually preparing for it. All the day her thoughts had been busy with Carola, and there had been a secret yearning after her in her heart. Since she had been so near losing, not only the old home, but the husband who had made it so dear a home to her, and whose heart had been almost broken, she had learned how much too strong a hold the world and its principles had upon her. She called herself a Christian—nay, she was a Christian; yet when Christ had sent to her one of His disciples she had shut her heart against her, because she came with no credentials from the world. Her eyes were open at last. She had been striving to serve God and mammon; she had vainly tried to link the love of the Father with the love of the world.

It was but for a few seconds that she stood motionless while these thoughts flashed through her mind, and Carola's timid eyes anxiously and silently watching her. Then she took the girl's face between her hands and kissed her with solemn tenderness.

"I will make it up to you, Carola," she said; "I will atone for it all."

But what she had to atone for she could not have told, if there had been time to tell it; for Philip hurried Carola away into the oak-parlor, where Captain Bentley was sitting by the fire, listening intently for her voice. His disfigured face and half-blinded eyes were turned eagerly toward the door, and as she entered he sprang to his feet.

"You are come at last, then," he said; "I have been very weary without you. Sit down here beside me, and tell me what you have been doing, and if Sister Elizabeth will consent to give you up. And tell me if I have done what pleases you, and what you think I ought to do, my little conscience-keeper. For she is the keeper of my conscience, Arnold."

"And of mine," said Philip, exultantly. "Ah!" breathed Captain Bentley, with a half-sigh.

"This nurse of yours, Captain," said Mr. Arnold, "was schoolmistress here two years ago, and she promised herself to Philip as his wife. We claim her promise now, and they'll be married as soon as possible, for there is nothing to put it off for, that I can see."

"That is the best news you could tell me, Mr. Arnold," he answered, after a slight pause. "I shall have her always near me, and you know what a poor wretch I am, and must be, with one eye gone, and the sight of the other quickly going. It will be a Godsend to me to have friends like her and Philip. You'll be my friend, Philip?"

"Yes," he said, warmly clasping his outstretched hand.

"And come and live in the chaplain's cottage," he went on, "for when I am stone-blind I could find my way there. I will set about putting it in order immediately. All that must be left to me. It is twenty years since I lost my sister, and I feel at times as if God in His mercy had sent her back to me."

It seemed to Carola and to Philip as if this Christmas Eve was linked so closely to that happy one two years ago they might have made but one day. Yet there was a difference; a consciousness of a dark and sorrowful night, which had lasted long, and had threatened to last forever, lay between them. It made the joy of this latter Christmas greater, though more solemn, than the former.

On the afternoon of Christmas Day, when most of the farm-people were taking holiday at home, Philip asked Carola to go again with him to the distant fields, to count the flock, and look after the cattle. They trod the same narrow paths, foot-worn by many generations, and he helped her over rough stiles that had kept

their places for a century or two, as they had done two years ago. In the gray sky the December sun was shining coldly; and icicles hung from the roofs of the sheds, and the well-known landscape lay under a wintry haze.

He knew that all the wealth of long association and the blessedness of keeping his old home had been well-nigh lost; and that but for Carola he and those belonging to him would have been homeless this Christmas Day. It was she who had brought peace on earth, and goodwill toward men for Hazelmont; and every voice had welcomed her, and every heart blessed her. There was more gladness this day in every little homestead than there had ever been before, for the thought of that desolation, and loss, and separation, which they had just missed. They stood again on the brow of the hill, looking down on the floating columns of wood-smoke rising from the cottage hearths, and at the ivied gables of his own home.

"Oh, my darling!" he said abruptly, "have you forgiven me? Have you altogether forgiven me?"

"I never thought I had anything to forgive," she answered, with tears standing in her eyes, "but I hardly understood why you left me, till I saw my old home again, and the people I had lived with. That was a terrible thing even to me; and it was no wonder you could not take a wife out of such a place. And yet—yet if my Lord placed me there, and chose that for my home, what could I do? I could not think He had done a wrong thing. And He had placed Matthias beside me to guard and teach me. If it had not been for Matthias, I should have been like those other girls. Oh, Philip! I never thought any of you needed my forgiveness; only I needed your friendship so sorely."

"Ay! that was it," he said; "we forsook you as if you were unworthy."

It was a sting to him in the midst of his happiness; and more or less the memory of it would dwell with him all his life. They had deserted her when her need was sorest, when the battle of her life was the fiercest. She had been alone when he ought to have been beside her. In their selfish fear for their own fair fame he had left her to bear shame and suffering in dreary loneliness. In a measure he had copied the cowardice and treachery of the disciples when they forsook their Master, and fled. No one had stood by her but Matthias, the feeble old Jew, who knew nothing of her Lord.

"You love me, Carola?" he asked, so doubtful of himself that he was a little doubtful of her.

"I love you better than life!" she answered, pressing closer to his side, as if she felt his doubt. "I love you as my own soul. Yet if Christ called me away from you I would go, and I would try to do His will. All through, ever since I knew of Him, there has been in my heart, under all troubles, the peace which He left with us, the peace He gives to us. I have not been afraid; and my heart has not been altogether troubled."

"That is one thing I cannot understand, Carola," Philip said, thoughtfully. "You do not seem to take religion as my mother and other people do. Everyone I have known, even the vicar and the curate, are different from you. I love you better for the difference," he made haste to add, "but I can't understand it. Religion seems more to you than other people."

"I don't know that I can explain it," Carola said, as a far-off gaze came into her expressive eyes. "I know there is a difference, because I have noticed good people look at me wonderingly sometimes when it does not appear to me that I have said anything remarkable. I sometimes think that it is because I scarcely ever think about religion, and other people think a great deal about it. I am always thinking about my Lord, and I love Him, Philip, oh so much. I love you, Philip, very dearly, and I think if you were very ill, and I could save you from suffering by dying myself, I should do it very gladly; but that love is very different. I cannot make it clear to you; but when I think how

He came here to be poor, and how He pitied all the poor about Him, and cured the sick and helped the miserable, and how the great people ill-used Him and killed Him at last, I feel as if my heart would burst with love for Him. And then, when I wonder why He did it all, and why God let the people so ill-treat Him, and it comes to me that He did it because He loved the people and there was no other way of saving them, and though He knew all He would have to suffer, He loved them so that He did not mind His own pain and the shame of His death if He could only save them, then it seems too much almost to believe. After that, anything I can do to please Him seems to be so little, and I am always wishing I could do something more. I am ashamed to think that perhaps there is something I might do, if I only knew of it, that would show Him that I love Him so, and that I am really grateful to Him. I get low-spirited when I think of it, and I am so ignorant that I make mistakes and let opportunities go past me. Then I try to picture to myself what He was, and how He acted, and I try to be in my little way like Him. I should like to help the poor as He did, and try to make them happier and better. I thought once, just after that trial, when the angry folks wanted to kill me, that I would have let them do it, as my Lord did, if it would have done them any good. But it would not; they would have been worse, not better. But it would be a good thing to die for the sake of others."

"You are going to do a better thing, Carola," Philip said, interrupting her; "you are going to live for others—for me and my father and mother, and all the people in the village. They all love you, and you will love to make them better."

"Yes, I hope so. My Lord seems to wish me to do that, and I want to do just what He wishes. If He wanted me to die for other people, I would. All I want to know is what He wants; I don't mind myself at all. But I don't know that that is religion. I asked a clergyman about it once, and he smiled sadly, and he said I need not try to find out about religion if I only kept on loving my Lord and thinking about Him. But still I know there's a difference."

"Didn't you ever feel anxious about salvation, Carola?" Philip asked. "There was a preacher I heard once who said religious people had all been very anxious once at some time in their lives about whether they would be saved or not, and then they were converted and were happy afterward; and our curate often says the same thing in another way."

"No," Carola said, "I never felt so. Perhaps that makes the difference. I don't think about being saved—I never have. My Lord was so good, and He loved us all so and never seemed to consider Himself, and I want to be like Him in that. I expect that He will take me to heaven when I die; He promised that to all who believe Him, and I don't doubt His Word. But I don't think much about that. I should like Him to see me always trying to help other people as He did, and being exactly what He wishes me to be, and I can trust Him to take care of me now and after I am dead. It seems mean to me for people to be so anxious about themselves, when Jesus never seemed to think about Himself at all."

"You are the most unselfish woman I ever heard of, Carola," Philip said, looking at her lovingly. "I don't know whether that is religion, but I know the world would be a good deal better place if every one acted in that way. Most religious people I know seem to be so anxious about themselves, and whether they will get to heaven, that they never think of other people."

"Well, we won't blame them, Philip. Perhaps they don't look at things in the same way as I do. But I'm glad you like my way, because I should be miserable if you were to hinder me from helping poor people when we are married."

"Oh, then," said Philip, "there is something of the woman in you after all. I began to think

I was going to have an angel for my wife, but it seems my wife will want to have her own way." And looking at her lovingly, he said, "and she shall, for there is no better way."

They walked homeward through the quickly gathering gloom, and went in through the fold-yard gate to enter the house by the great kitchen. A huge fire was blazing on the hearth; and Mr. Arnold was sitting in the chimney-corner smoking his pipe; and he made room for Carola, and put his arms fondly about her. It seemed as if the past had come back again in perfect repetition. But there was no fear now for the future; no deep valley of humiliation to pass through. There might be sorrow for them; but there would be no more separation; except that brief one, when one goes before another, through the silent gates of death, into the Father's house, where Christ Himself is preparing a place for us.

THE END.

REVOLT OF THE TEN TRIBES.

S. S. Lesson for July 5. 1 Kings 12: 1-17. Golden Text, Prov. 13: 20. By Mrs. M. Baxter. The Backsliding of Solomon—Peculiarly Heinous His Lost Place as a Witness for God—His Enemies—Jeroboam Appointed—His Error—Rehoboam Succeeds—The Petition of the People—A Weak and Foolish King—The Two Sets of Advisers—The King's Answer—The Divided Nation.

THE backsliding of Solomon teaches us that no amount of knowledge and no gift of God received can insure a man of God from falling. Saul was changed, and God "gave him another heart" (1 Sam. 10: 6, 9). Solomon had asked and received of God a wise and hearing heart, so that he had become "the wisest of all men," and yet he fell into the most grievous sin, doubtless through failing to depend continually upon God. God's complaint of him was, "Thou hast not kept my covenant and my statutes which I have commanded thee." "And

THE LORD WAS ANGRY

with Solomon, because his heart was turned from the Lord God of Israel, which had appeared unto him twice" (1 Kings 11: 9, 11). Something else had taken the place of God in his heart. He who once had been first with the king was put in the second place. And this was all the more heinous a sin because Solomon's position made him the leading witness for God in the then known world. He had a splendid opportunity to make God known, and by his early history we learn how fully he embraced it. From "the uttermost parts of the earth," the Queen of Sheba came because of the fame of Solomon "concerning the name of the Lord" (Matt. 12: 42; 1 Kings 10: 1). But now the fame of Solomon was concerning his many wives, and concerning the many gods which they and he worshipped. His fame was concerning idol shrines, and his wisdom and godliness were things of the past. In proportion as he lived for himself and for the world, he became hard and cruel, his popularity declined, and God raised him up adversaries. Hadad the Edomite, Rezon of Damascus, and finally Jeroboam stirred up rebellion against him. Why did he not, like Asa and Jehoshaphat, make his cause the Lord's? Alas! it was because he would not give up his sin. There is no limit to the grace of our God, but Christ will never be the minister of sin (Gal. 2: 17). Unless we yield up our wills to God and come to His terms, we cannot count upon His grace because our past experience may have been unspeakably precious. There were points in which Solomon was at issue with God; he did not yield, and it looks much as though the talent of wisdom which he had was taken from him.

JEROBOAM NOTIFIED.

Jeroboam, the son of Nebat, was chosen by Solomon at the time of the building of Millo and the repairing of the city of David. Probably Jeroboam was made superintendent of the works. It was at this time that the prophet Ahijah, the Shilonite, met the young man in the

way, "and he had clad himself with a new garment; and they two were alone in the field; and Ahijah caught the new garment that was on him, and rent it in twelve pieces; and he said to Jeroboam, Take thee ten pieces; for thus saith the Lord, the God of Israel, Behold, I will rend the kingdom out of the hand of Solomon, and will give ten tribes to thee." It was a startling announcement for the young man, who was the son of an Ephrathite, probably one whom Solomon had employed as his servant on account of his coming from his father's birth-place.

Had Jeroboam been a man of God, he would immediately have conferred with the Lord Himself concerning this thing. When God revealed Himself to Moses, Moses turned aside to see, and immediately entered into communion with God. Thus it was with Abraham, with Jacob, with Joshua, with Gideon, and many others. But so was it *not* with Jeroboam; we have no record of any reply, on his part, to God. After declaring to him that God would still leave one tribe in the hand of Solomon's son, and that He would not take away the ten tribes during Solomon's life time, he further said, "And I will take thee, and thou shalt reign according to all that thy soul desireth, and shalt be king over Israel. And it shall be, if thou wilt hearken unto all that I command thee, and wilt walk in my ways, and do that is right in my sight, to keep my statutes and my commandments, as David my servant did; that I will be with thee, and build thee a sure house, as I built for David, and will give Israel unto thee."

AMBITION NOT PIETY.

It was the least which God could ask of Jeroboam—it is what God asks of every man; but Jeroboam, instead of being melted with the wondrous love and grace of God, was dazzled with the prospect of being king. His own aggrandizement, and not the good of the people or the glory of God took hold of him, and he gave himself to serve himself instead of God, and to stir up rebellion instead of yielding himself up to a living sacrifice to God, that he might reign as His deputy and representative. Thus he neither heard nor obeyed God further than suited his own purpose.

But are there none of us who are in point of fact doing the same thing? Are not many of us seeking personal satisfaction in our religion—in our life, physical, social, and political? Are there not many who, even when claiming the most blessed of God's promises, are more occupied with the satisfaction to themselves than the glory which may accrue to Jesus? This is the love of God, that we keep His commandments (1 John 5: 3). Jeroboam lived for self, and by and by he earned the hateful reputation of the man "who made Israel to sin."

THE PEOPLE'S PETITION.

When Solomon died, Rehoboam his son went to Shechem, "and all Israel made him king." But elements of disaffection were abroad among the people, and some of them sent for Jeroboam out of Egypt. He had fled there from Solomon, who had heard of Ahijah's prophecy. It is more than probable that Jeroboam, instead of yielding himself up to God to be prepared for reigning over His people, had boastfully told of the prophecy that he should reign, and had made a party among the people who were out of heart with the oppression which characterized the latter part of Solomon's reign. There was a preconcerted plan to make a general petition to the new king, that some of the oppressive taxes and laws under which they were groaning should be repealed. Jeroboam was made their spokesman, and worded the petition thus: "Thy father made our yoke grievous: now therefore make thou the grievous service of thy father, and his heavy yoke which he put upon us, lighter, and we will serve thee."

Rehoboam was a weak man, but not altogether irreligious. When Jeroboam was established over the ten tribes, and his idolatry became unbearable, "out of all the tribes of Israel, such as set their hearts to seek the Lord God of Israel,

came to Jerusalem to sacrifice unto the Lord God of their fathers." Rehoboam by no means discouraged them, and they "strengthened his kingdom three years." And again, when Shishak, King of Egypt, came up against Jerusalem, Rehoboam humbled himself and sought the Lord (11 Chron. 11: 16, 17; 12: 9, 12). But he never gave himself fully up to the Lord.

He did evil because he prepared not his heart to seek the Lord" (11 Chron. 12: 14). Thus, when this grave crisis came about, Rehoboam did not turn it over to God—he did not, as David did, inquire of the Lord. But feeling it too grave a responsibility to deal with entirely alone, "he said unto them, Depart yet for three days, then come again to me." He called his father's counsellors and asked their advice. They had much experience, and it may be there were men of God among them, who had known the early days of Solomon, when he had put God first in everything. They knew David's inspired utterance, "He that ruleth over men must be just, ruling in the fear of God. And he shall be as the light of the morning, when the sun riseth, even a morning without clouds; as the tender grass springing out of the earth by clear shining after rain" (11 Sam. 22: 3, 4). Their advice was sound, that if the young king should be "a servant unto this people this day, and wilt serve them, and answer them, and speak good words to them, then they will be thy servants for ever."

THE KING'S ANSWER.

But an unconverted man could get no glory out of a course such as this—it would be tame, and his young friends would jeer at him. Should he not show that he was master, and that he had some spirit and meant to show it? This was the empty, foolish vanity which led him to reject the counsel of the faithful, tried counsellors of his father, and to turn aside to the boasting, bragging, inexperienced young men who "had been brought up with him." Theirs was just the counsel which hair-brained and heartless young men would be likely to give, who had never conceived the idea of serving "their own generation," but only of ministering to their own pleasure and making a little show. "The young men that were grown up with him spake unto him, saying, Thus shalt thou speak unto this people that spake unto thee, saying, Thy father made our yoke heavy, but make thou it lighter unto us; thus shalt thou say unto them, My little finger shall be thicker than my father's loins. And now whereas my father did lade you with a heavy yoke, I will add to your yoke: my father hath chastised you with whips, but I will chastise you with scorpions."

SECESSION.

Vain, selfish, heartless boast! The only idea of those young men was to make the sorrows and wrongs of a people a means of ministering to their sovereign's pride and the display of unmeaning tyranny, just as a cruel child will play with and torture a fly or an earwig! God made use of this manifestation on the part of the king to bring about His purpose; a rebellion broke out, headed by Jeroboam, and ten tribes selected him as their ruler, leaving only Judah and Benjamin loyal to Rehoboam. "Cease ye from man, whose breath is in his nostrils" (Isa. 2: 22). "Put not thy trust in princes, nor in the son of man, in whom there is no help" (Ps. 146: 3). "It is better to trust in the Lord than to put confidence in man" (Ps. 118: 8).

The Religious News and Israel's Watchman (London) may be had from the office of this journal, 63 Bible House, New York, price six cents, including postage. Annual subscription seventy cents. The following articles among others are contained in the number for June.

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RETROSPECTION.

BY ANNA SHIPTON.

"Thou shalt remember all the way which the Lord thy God led thee,"—Deut. 8: 15.

"Cast not away, therefore, your confidence, which hath great recompense of reward."—Heb. 10: 35.

He was better to me than all my hopes,
He was better than all my fears;
He made a road of my broken words,
And a rainbow of my tears.

The billows that guarded my sea girt path,
But carried my Lord on their crest;
When I dwell on them, my wilderness march
I can lean on His love for the rest.

He emptied my hands of my treasured store,
And His covenant love revealed,
There was not a wound in my aching heart,
But the balm of His breath hath healed.

O! tender and true was the chastening sore,
In wisdom, that taught and tried,
Till the soul that He sought was trusting in Him
And nothing on earth beside.

He guided by paths that I could not see,
By ways that I have not known,
The crooked was straight and the rough made plain,
As I followed the Lord alone.

He led Him still for the pleasant palms,
And the water springs by the way;
For the glowing pillars of flame by night,
And the sheltering clouds by day.

There is light for me on the trackless wild,
As the wonders of old I trace;
When the God of the world and the Father
To search me a resting place.

Has He changed for me? Nay! He changes not,
He will bring me by some easy way,
Through fire and flood, and each crafty foe,
As safely as yesterday.

And if to warfare, He calls me forth,
He buckles my armor on;
He greets me with smiles, and a word of cheer,
For battles His sword hath won.

He wipes my brows as I droop and faint,
He blesses my hand to toil;
Faithful is He, as He washes my feet,
From the trace of each earthly soil.

Never a watch on the dreariest hall,
But some promise of eternal life, none denied,
I read from the past, that my future shall be
Far better than all my fears.

Like the golden pot, the blossoming bread,
Laid up with the blossoming bread,
All safe in the ark, with the law of the Lord,
Is the covenant care of my God.

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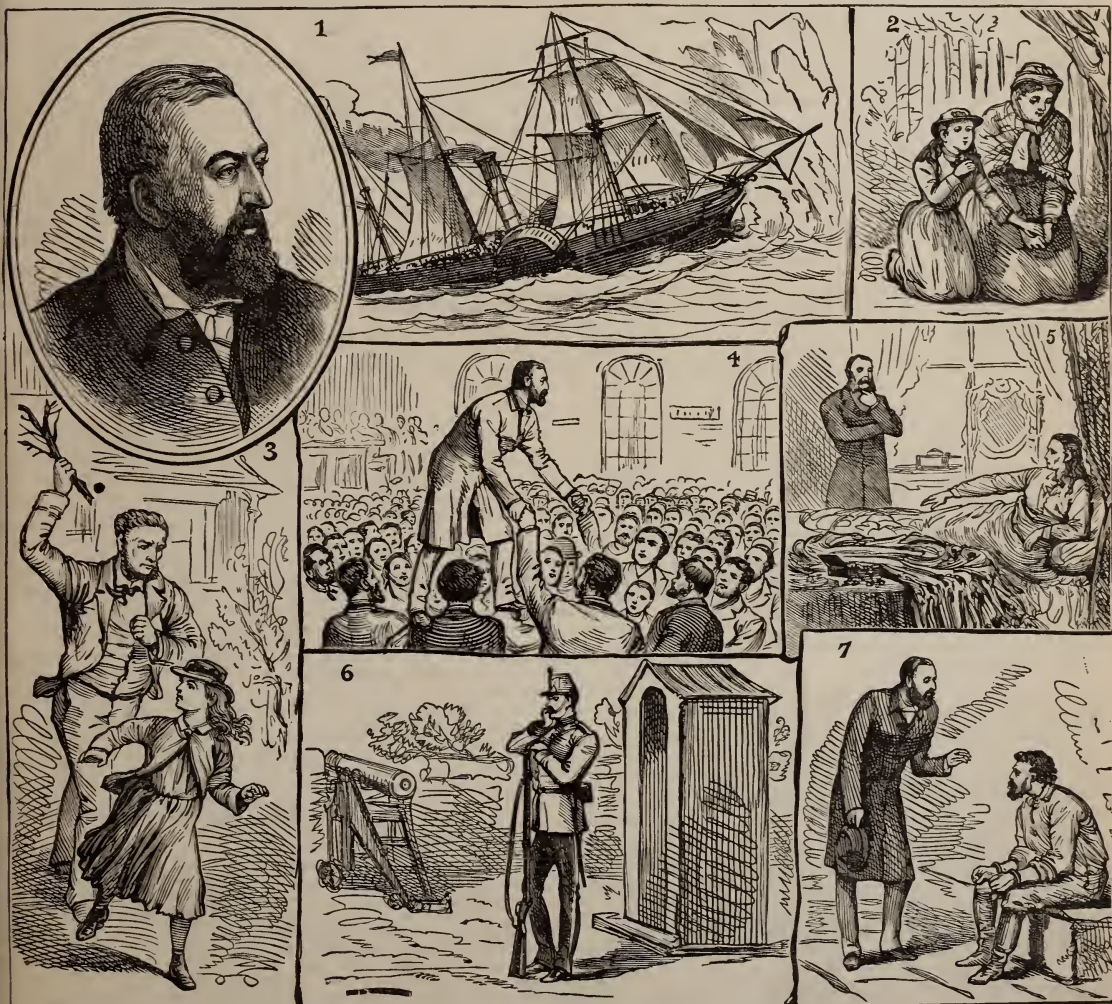
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The Rev. EDWARD PAYSON HAMMOND, the Children's Revivalist—Scenes in his Life.

REV. E. PAYSON HAMMOND, M.A.,
The Children's Revivalist.

Born in 1831—Conversion—College Life—A Trip to Europe in 1859—A Leaking Ship—Becomes a Student in Edinburgh—Work in Musselburgh—Conversions Among Children—A Persecuted Child—Evangelistic Meetings in Scotland, etc.—A Notorious Infidel Converted—Remarkable Scenes in Edinburgh—First Visit to Glasgow—The Price of a Daughter's Soul—Continental Tour—Return Home—Revisits England in 1866—Efforts in London—Nine Months' Work in California—A Murderer's Penitence—A Visit to the Indians of Alaska—Return to England.

MR. HAMMOND needs no introduction from us to our readers. Most of them have had an opportunity of hearing him for themselves, and have had facilities for judging of his methods and the value and permanence of his work. We are cognizant of all that is alleged against Mr. Hammond's work, but it is due to him to say that where complaints are made that the children have fallen back into the world after making a profession of conversion under his preaching, it is generally found that after Mr. Hammond's departure there was no special and organized effort made to build them up in the faith. Mr. Hammond's work is essentially a work of beginnings, and he, more than any evangelist we know, needs to be followed by earnest, loving, persistent, and patient successors.

Edward Payson Hammond was born in Ellington, a secluded little town in the valley of the Connecticut River, on September 1st, 1831, and is therefore now fifty-four years of age. He was the child of religious parents. At the age of seventeen he attended school at Southington, and there a powerful revival of religion took place, in which many young people were converted.

CONVERSION.

The first Sunday of his stay in Southington was communion day. It seemed to him that all his friends and relatives, and new acquaintances, were gathered around the table of the Lord. Among the few who passed out were none whom he knew. The thought of the judgment day suddenly flashed across his mind, and the awful scenes of that final separation passed like a panorama before his view.

On returning to his lodgings that night a lady handed him James's "Anxious Inquirer" to read. He glanced his eye hastily over a few of its pages, but thinking it too dry a book for him, he threw it down. But this did not extract the arrow of conviction that had pierced his heart. He felt that he was a sinner, hastening on to the great judgment day unprepared. "For two weeks," he says, "I wept and prayed, and read my Bible." During these dark days he read James's "Anxious Inquirer," and he looked upon it no longer as a dry book, but as a guide to Christ and heaven. It was not long before he surrendered himself to Christ.

COLLEGE LIFE.

He subsequently entered Phillips's College, Andover, and there God blessed his faithfulness to the conversion of souls in the institution, and in neighboring villages in which, with other students, he established Gospel meetings. He entered Williams's College in 1854, and there, without neglecting his studies, he labored earnestly and successfully for the conversion of his classmates. In the spring of 1855 he went among the Alleghany Mountains, and planted several Sunday-schools during his vacation, which in some instances proved to be the nucleus of churches. In 1858 he became a student in Union Theological Seminary, New York, and continued his home missionary work among the destitute. In this same year he received the degree of B.A., and in 1861 that of M.A.

COLLISION WITH AN ICEBERG.

Having planned a trip to Europe in the year 1859, he sailed in the ship *Edinburgh*. A few days later the vessel struck an iceberg (see picture on first page), and startled all on board by the tremendous shock. At first it was hoped

the vessel had not sprung a leak. The pumps were sounded, and in ten minutes the words "she leaks!" rang like a knell of doom from stem to stern. Many of the passengers fainted. Some were soon found upon their knees crying for mercy, and among these was one who, with atheistic audacity, had only a short time before been rudely scoffing at prayer and God's Word.

The ship safely reached St. John's, Newfoundland, the next night at dusk, when unfeigned thanksgiving ascended from every heart to God.

Eventually the journey to Europe was finished, and having spent a few weeks in England and Scotland, Mr. Hammond went to Ireland, where he remained for two weeks, receiving a fresh preparation and impulse in his work of saving souls. Returning to Scotland after a tour on the Continent, Mr. Hammond found that expected remittances of money had not arrived from America, and he was therefore disappointed in his purpose of sailing for his native land. He therefore applied for permission to study in the Free Church College, in Edinburgh, which was granted him.

SERVICES AT MUSSELBURGH.

While studying there he visited, at the suggestion of Rev. W. L. Alexander, D.D., of the Congregational Church, a hamlet called Musselburgh, about six miles from Edinburgh, where he commenced services, at which a large number of children and young people attended and were much affected.

A CHILD'S MINISTRATION.

Mr. Hammond is fond of relating the following incident which occurred during the work at Musselburgh: "A girl who was working in Edinburgh as a hired help went to Musselburgh on a visit and attended Mr. Hammond's meetings, and got into conversation with a little girl, and the little girl began to talk to her about Christ, to the utter amazement and astonishment of this grown-up woman. She said to her, 'Lassie, where did you learn this?' After a little while the child, to her further astonishment, said: 'If you will kneel down, I will pray with you.' And, to use the woman's words, 'she just drappit down on her knees and I couldna but gang down too.' (See first page picture.) And the little girl prayed; and the woman, strongly moved, when they rose up, exclaimed: 'Lassie, who ever learned you to pray?' The child's answer was, 'Naeboddy learned me; I think the Lord just pilt's into me.' That was the means of that woman's conversion to Christ; she is now one who gives satisfactory evidence of being converted."

A PERSECUTED CHILD.

As a sample of the stories with which Mr. Hammond interests children, we reproduce the following: "Mary W., of West Virginia, was made savingly acquainted with God when she was eight years old. A year after her conversion her father, who was a very wicked man, fell out with her class-leader. The following Sunday morning, after Mary had dressed herself to go to church, her father said to her, 'Mary, where are you going?' 'I am going to class, father,' replied the little girl, meekly. 'You sha'n't go to class; I'm going to put a stop to it; you sha'n't go any more,' replied the father, in very harsh tones. 'Father,' said Mary, 'I must go to class. The Lord will be displeased with me if I don't go to class. You know, father, I love you, and I try to please you, but I must not displease the Lord.' 'If you go to class, I'll whip you, see if I don't,' said the father. What was the poor little girl to do? She felt that she would sin against the Lord if she went not to class [having been taught so, it may be presumed, by the class-leader], if she went, she would displease her father, and get a whipping.

"Little Mary was greatly affected, but in the midst of her tears said, 'Father, I would rather take a whipping than offend the Lord. I am your little girl, and you know I want to be good.' That should have moved a father's heart, but it only enraged him the more, and in a most violent tone he said, 'You saucy imp, if

you go to class, I'll shoot you!' 'Well, father,' replied Mary, 'I would rather be shot than sin against the Lord,' and then immediately started on her way to class. The wicked father followed her outside the gate, and picking up a thorn bush, struck her with it, tearing her bonnet and dress (see picture No. 3 on first page), but she went on, and he returned to the house.

"When Mary came back from class, with her heart full of the love of Jesus, her mother met her at the gate, and said: 'Oh, Mary, don't go into the house; your father loaded the gun, and I am afraid he will shoot you.' The mother wept, but did not restrain her, so Mary walked into the house. The father had gone upstairs. When Mary went in she began singing one of her hymns. As she sang, her father called her, 'Mary, come up here!' She immediately obeyed, and went upstairs; to be shot by her enraged father. She had a martyr's spirit, and was not afraid to die. When she reached the top of the stairs her father said, 'Mary, that is a very pretty song; sing some more!' Then, overcome with emotion, he dropped on his knees, and said, 'Mary, will you forgive your wicked father?' 'Oh, yes, father!' said Mary, as she put her arms around his neck; 'I forgive you with all my heart.' 'Mary, pray for me!' he cried out. 'Oh, pray that God may forgive my sins!' She knelt by his side, and pleaded with the Lord for her father. The struggle was continued for hours, but resulted in the man's conversion to God. Mary continued to serve Jesus till the day of her death."

Following the Musselburgh services were meetings at Gifford, Haddington, Lowestoft, Gorleston, Skeine, Aberdeen, and other places in England and Scotland, which were largely attended, and many people, and a large number of children, professed conversion.

On October 8th, 1860, Mr. Hammond went to THE CITY OF EDINBURGH,

to supply the pulpit of Richmond Place Chapel for four weeks, and addressed crowded meetings every night during that time. Many from all denominations flocked to the church. Dr. Alexander, Reginald Radcliffe, Richard Weaver, and others took part in the meetings. The *Edinburgh Mercury* published the following paragraph at this time:

"On Monday evening Richard Weaver was advertised to preach in Richmond Place Chapel at eight o'clock, but before seven o'clock the house was filled, and the services were conducted for an hour by Mr. Hammond. At eight o'clock Messrs. Weaver and Radcliffe entered, and Mr. Hammond was asked by them to go outside and preach to the thousands crowding the streets before the chapel. There was such a crush, however, that the only way he could get out was the novel one of walking upon the shoulders of the stalwart men who allowed him to do so, and who stood like a rock under him, so eager were they that he should preach outside (see picture No. 4 on first page). The services were continued in the streets until past eleven o'clock at night."

In February, 1861, Mr. Hammond began HIS LABORS IN GLASGOW,

where over a thousand persons professed conversion at his services. From one of his addresses delivered at this time in Free St. Mark's Church, we extract the following incident, which he related to show how much parents are to blame in educating their daughters for the world and not for God. He said:

"There was a young lady in New York with whom the Holy Spirit had been striving until she became very anxious about her soul. Now, if she had gone on at this time, she would have really entered the kingdom, and been a child of God. But her father thought: a fine young girl like that, moping and talking about religion! It made him uneasy; and, as his daughter was very pretty, he thought to get her married to some rich man. That man was trading upon his child's good looks, just as many another father does. He said to his daughter she must go into society, must be gay and fascinating, just as she

had been before what he called a serious fit came on.

THE PRICE OF A SOUL.

There was a fashionable assembly in the city which the father wished his daughter to attend; he promised her a rich dress and valuable jewels if she would do so; she with reluctance consented. She grieved the Holy Spirit and lost all conviction, and from that moment was 'past feeling.' She caught cold, and in two weeks was close upon death. She tried to think of her soul, but she could not. She had her rich dress spread out upon a table and the costly jewels placed beside it, and, sending for her father, pointed with her fevered hand, and said these dreadful words: 'There is the price of my soul. I see plainly that what I've often heard is true. I have grieved the Holy Spirit, and He has left me.' And in darkness that young creature sank into eternity, the victim of her father's worldliness. (See picture No. 5 on first page.)

In April, 1861, Mr. Hammond took a trip through Europe. He visited Geneva, Milan, Genoa, Leghorn, and other places in Italy, and in June

RETURNED TO AMERICA.

He arrived about the beginning of July, and at once commenced to hold meetings in Boston, Portland, and other places. In the autumn Mr. Hammond received an invitation to conduct some services in the Church of the Pilgrimage, Plymouth, Mass., and in the following March he held his first meetings there. These, too, like the meetings in Europe, were very successful. Subsequently, in 1862, he held services in Montreal, Canada, where one thousand five hundred persons sought an interest in the prayers of God's people, and large numbers were converted. In the following winter he was

ORDAINED

as a minister and evangelist by the Presbytery of New York, and has ever since labored as an evangelist among the churches.

AN INFIDEL SOLDIER

attended Mr. Hammond's first meeting in Elmira, N. Y., on purpose to scoff. Mr. Hammond says: "The truth reached him, and for several days he was very unhappy. One night, as he was going home from the meeting, he felt, for the first time in his life, as if he would like to pray; but he was driven back by the thought of encountering the scoffs of his old companions. Next day he was placed on guard, and he studied the matter all day; but that night, as he paced his beat, he stopped and looked up at the moon and stars, and as he thought how beautiful they were, he seemed to hear the words, 'Come to Jesus.' 'I will,' he said; and there, leaning on his gun, he offered his first prayer (see picture No. 6 on first page), yielding himself to Jesus, and resolved to bear all for His sake—'and,' he remarked, 'Jesus took me.' He became a hard-working Christian, and his influence was, and still remains, very great among the soldiers."

In 1866, just after his marriage, Mr. Hammond revisited England and Scotland. At the invitation of Mr. George Muller, he visited the orphanages at Ashley Down, and addressed the children there, with the most gratifying results. In June, 1867, at the invitation of the *Hon. and Rev. Baptist Noel* and others, he began a series of services in London, which were sustained, amid indications of Divine approval, for four months. Among the places visited was the

REV. C. H. SPURGEON'S TABERNACLE,

when his colossal edifice was crowded with children, to whom Mr. Hammond preached.

In 1874-'75 Mr. Hammond was working

IN CALIFORNIA,

where he spent about nine months. At San Jose some meetings were held, which proved to be eminently successful in leading large numbers of backsliders to renew their dedication to Christ, whom they had dishonored by their desertion. In his search for perishing souls, Mr. Hammond visited a Californian gaol, and held a Gospel service among the prisoners. He talked and prayed with a man named Vasquez, a notori-

ous robber, who had been recently convicted of murder and sentenced to be hanged. (See picture No. 7 on first page.) The condemned man was ultimately constrained to seek mercy, and died in hope that God had pardoned him for Christ's sake.

Mr. and Mrs. Hammond, with a party of friends, visited Alaska, in the summer of 1875. The object of their visit was not only to preach to the Indians, but especially to awaken an interest on the part of Christians in the United States to send missionaries among them. On his return, by his pen and voice, Mr. Hammond did much to call attention to the need of work in that territory.

Having labored in Brooklyn at Dr. Talmage's Tabernacle, and in various cities in the South and West, as reported from time to time in our news columns, Mr. Hammond, in the fall of last year, again crossed the Atlantic, and in the month of December conducted a series of meetings in Liverpool and Leicester, which were crowned with great blessing. At their conclusion he went to Glasgow, and labored in different districts of that large and enterprising city for three months. India, we are informed, is to be the next sphere of Mr. Hammond's labors.

THE TIME OF THE END.

An Address by Rev. Miles Grant, of Chicago.

The Key to the Two Thousand Three Hundred Days—Useless until the Time of the End—How that Time is Known—The Crisis in the Mohammedan World—The Significance of the Mahdi's Appearance—His Immense Power—The End of Ottoman Rule.

IN the eighth chapter of Daniel we read of a ram with two horns, and the two horns were high; but one was higher than the other, and the higher came up last—the ram pushed southward, northward, and westward, so that no beasts might stand before him, etc. In the thirteenth verse Daniel asks how long shall be the vision concerning the daily sacrifice and the abomination of desolation, when both the sanctuary and the host shall be trodden down? The symbols of the horns were explained by the angel, but the two thousand three hundred days were not explained in the eighth chapter.

A KEY WAS GIVEN,

however, by which these two thousand three hundred days might be understood, but the key was not to be used until the "time of the end" (Dan 12: 9). Daniel was urging Gabriel to give him some information, but all the answer he could obtain was, "The words are closed up till the time of the end." Thus, readers of prophecy before "the time of the end" could not get a right interpretation. Of such were Clarke, Usher, Astringham, Hale, Newton. All wrote before "the time of the end," and therefore could not get light upon this part of prophecy. Most students and expounders have followed their writings, and therefore we have had all sorts of explanations of these Scriptures.

How can we know that we have reached "the time of the end"? Is there no event which will mark out the passing over of a certain limit? In Daniel 2: 40 we read, "At the time of the end the king of the south shall push at him." If I can find that event in the past I shall know we have reached "the time of the end." If we have not reached that time, then we might as well keep silence on this subject, because these things are sealed till "the time of the end."

I purpose giving some brief evidence that

WE HAVE REACHED "THE TIME

of the end." I quote from Sir Isaac Newton, who was born in 1642. On Daniel 4: 10 he writes: "It is a part of this prophecy that it should not be understood before the last age of the world. About 'the time of the end' in all probability a body of men will be raised up, who will turn their attention to the prophecies, and insist upon their literal interpretation in the midst of much clamor and opposition."

THE BEGINNING OF THE PUSHING.

Bugher says: "In 1832 the Egyptians rebelled against Turkish rule and had such success that

the very existence of the Turkish Government in Europe was threatened." At this date "the time of the end" began. Preaching on the subject, too, it is remarkable, was begun at the same time. Mr. Miller began to preach in 1831. In 1835 Archdeacon Brown said: "I am strongly impressed with the conviction that our lot has fallen under the solemn period emphatically designated in Daniel as the 'time of the end.'"

Again, in "the time of the end," we read, "He (the king of the north) shall enter also into the glorious land, and many countries shall be overthrown; but these shall escape out of his hand, even Edom and Moab and the chief of the children of Ammon" (Daniel 2: 41-43).

ALL THIS HAS BEEN ACCOMPLISHED.

Dr. Scott says: "The king of the north (the Ottoman Empire) was never able to subdue the Arabian tribes or the mixed people, which inhabited the regions formerly occupied by Edom, Moab, and Ammon—and the Ottoman emperors now pay the Arabs an annual pension of 40,000 crowns for the safe passage of their pilgrims to Mecca."

Who will arouse the king of the north? Surely there is sufficient cause in the proclamation of the Mahdi—the false prophet of the Soudan. He says in that proclamation to India, "Learn ye that God hath chosen me for the Khilafat-el-Kuhana, i.e., Principal Vicegerent."

A GREAT CRISIS

in the Mohammedan world is at hand. The treading down of the sanctuary is near its end. The Moslems believe that their Mahdi will thoroughly purify Islam, and his coming will be a sign of the general resurrection. In anticipation of his coming the cleansing and repairing of the eastern minaret, called the Minaret of Jesus, of the great mosque at Damascus, was begun in 1882. From Mecca to Morocco the following prophecy was circulated: "On the first of the month of Moharrem, in the year 1300 (November 12th, 1882), will appear El Mahdi. He will be exactly forty years of age, and of noble bearing."

The Mahdi was born at Dongola in 1842. He is a noted orator. In 1878 he became a hermit, which gave him fame. He has absolved his followers from all allegiance to earthly potentates, and announced himself as the successor of Mohammed. He has now adherents in every land where Islam prevails, and General Stone says his influence is extending throughout the Moslem world. General Stone also asserts that the full success of the Mahdi would mean "at least the destruction of Turkish power in Arabia, Palestine, and Syria; probably also in Tripoli." A French paper states: "At the present moment it is not England only who is struck, it is the entire eastern world, it is

THE WHOLE OF CHRISTENDOM."

El Hazar, the greatest Mohammedan university, has pronounced in favor of the Mahdi's claims, which cannot fail to have an immense influence. The Mahdi has declared that the archangel Gabriel has commanded him to unsheath the sword of faith in order to reform the bad Moslem, and to found a Mussulman Empire which will be followed by universal peace. "At the time of the end—tidings out of the east shall trouble him."

This tends to show clearly the

DISTURBED STATE OF THE OTTOMAN EMPIRE.

Something must stir up the king of the north to go forth with great fury. And he shall plant the tabernacles of his palace between the sea in the glorious holy mountain; yet he shall come to his end and none shall help him." The glorious holy mountain must be Mount Zion. At that time when the king of the north comes to his end—when I can see the Turkish power moving its forces to Palestine—then I will be assured that the Lord is nigh. We have entered a period of thrilling interest to prophetic students, such as they never had before. It impresses us strongly that we are very near the Great day of the Lord. Let us see to it that we are ready.

SOLD OUT.

A Sermon by Dr. Talmage.

"Ye have sold yourselves for nought; and ye shall be redeemed without money."—Isa. 52: 3.

The Bargain Uncompleted—A Cheating Purchaser—The Property Sold—Four Instalments—A Hoary Swindler—The World Compelled to Buy You—One Bargain—Some Famous Vendors—Business Closed—A Bad Investment—The Worth of the Article—A Suit of Replevin—The Lawful Tender—The Cost of the Suit—The Bid that Wins—The Alternative—Sold Out for Eternity—A Shipwreck.

THE JEWS had gone headlong into sin, and as a punishment they had been carried captive to Babylon. They found that iniquity did not pay. Cyrus seized Babylon, and felt so sorry for these poor captive Jews that, without a dollar of compensation, he let them go home. So that, literally, my text was fulfilled: "Ye have sold yourselves for nought; and ye shall be redeemed without money."

There is enough Gospel in this text for fifty sermons; though I never heard of its being preached on. There are persons in this house who have, like the Jews of the text, sold out. You do not seem to belong either to yourselves or to God. The title-deeds have been passed over to "the world, the flesh, and the devil;" but the purchaser has never paid up. "Ye have sold yourselves for nought."

THE PROPERTY SOLD.

When a man passes himself over to the world he expects to get some adequate compensation. He has heard the great things that the world does for a man, and he believes it. He wants two hundred and fifty thousand dollars. That will be horses, and houses, and a summer resort, and jolly companionship. To get it, he parts with his physical health by overwork. He parts with his conscience. He parts with much domestic enjoyment. He parts with opportunities for literary culture. He parts with his soul. And so he makes over his entire nature to the world. He does it in

FOUR INSTALMENTS.

He pays down the first instalment, and one fourth of his nature is gone. He pays down the second instalment, and one half of his nature is gone. He pays down the third instalment, and three quarters of his nature is gone; and after many years have gone by he pays down the fourth instalment, and, lo! his entire nature is gone. Then he comes up to the world and says: "Good morning. I have delivered to you the goods. I have passed over to you my body, my mind, and my soul, and I have come now to collect the two hundred and fifty thousand dollars." "Two hundred and fifty thousand dollars?" says the world. "What do you mean?" "Well," you say, "I come to collect the money you owe me, and I expect you now to fulfil your part of the contract." "But," says the world, "I have failed. I am bankrupt. I cannot possibly pay that debt. I have not for a long while expected to pay it." "Well," you then say, "give me back the goods." "Oh, no," says the world, "they are all gone. I cannot give them back to you." And there you stand on the confines of eternity, your spiritual character gone, staggering under the consideration that you have sold yourself for nought.

A HOARY SWINDLER.

I tell you the world is a liar; it does not keep its promises. It is a cheat, and it fleeces everything it can put its hands on. It is a bogus world. It is a six-thousand-year-old swindle. Even if it pays the two hundred and fifty thousand dollars for which you contracted, it pays them in bonds that will not be worth anything in a little while. Just as a man may pay down ten thousand dollars in hard cash and get for it worthless scrip—so the world passes over to you the two hundred and fifty thousand dollars in that shape which will not be worth a farthing to you a thousandth part of a second after you are dead. "Oh," you say, "it will help to bury me, anyhow." Oh, my brother! you need not worry about that. *The world will bury you*

soon enough, from sanitary considerations. After you have been deceased for three or four days you will compel the world to bury you.

Post mortem emoluments are of no use to you. The treasures of this world will not pass current in the future world; and if all the wealth of the Bank of England were put in the pocket of your shroud, and you in the midst of the Jordan of death were asked to pay three cents for your ferriage, you could not do it. There comes a moment in your existence beyond which all earthly values fail; and many a man has wakened up in such a time to find that he has sold out for eternity, and has nothing to show for it. I should as soon think of going to Chatham Street to buy silk pocket-handkerchiefs with no cotton in them, as to go to this world expecting to find any permanent happiness. It has deceived and deluded every man that has ever put his trust in it.

ONE BARGAIN.

History tells us of one who resolved that he would have all his senses gratified at one and the same time, and he expended thousands of dollars on each sense. He entered a room, and there were the first musicians of the land pleasing his ear, and there were fine pictures fascinating his eye, and there were costly aromatics regaling his nostril, and there were the richest meats, and wines, and fruits, and confections pleasing the appetite, and there was a soft couch of sinful indulgence on which he reclined; and the man declared afterward that he would give ten times what he had given if he could have one week of such enjoyment, even though he lost his soul by it. Ah! that was the rub. He did lose his soul by it! Cyrus the Conqueror thought for a little while that he was making a fine thing out of this world, and yet before he came to his grave he wrote out this pitiful epitaph for his monument: "I am Cyrus. I occupied the Persian Empire. I was king over Asia. Begudge me not this monument." But the world in after years ploughed up his sepulchre.

FAMOUS VENDORS.

The world clapped its hands and stamped its feet in honor of *Charles Lamb*; but what does he say? "I walk up and down, thinking I am happy, but feeling I am not." Call the roll, and be quick about it. *Samuel Johnson*, the learned! Happy? "No. I am afraid I shall some day get crazy." *William Hazlitt*, the great essayist! Happy? "No. I have been for two hours and a half going up and down Paternoster Row with a volcano in my breast." *Smollett*, the witty author! Happy? "No. I am sick of praise and blame, and I wish to God that I had such circumstances around me that I could throw my pen into oblivion." *Buchanan*, the world-renowned writer, exiled from his own country, appealing to Henry VIII. for protection! Happy? "No. Over mountains covered with snow, and through valleys flooded with rain, I come a fugitive." *Moliere*, the popular dramatic author! Happy? "No. That wretch of an actor just now recited four of my lines without the proper accent and gesture. To have the children of my brain so hung, drawn, and quartered, tortures me like a condemned sinner."

BUSINESS CLOSED.

I went to see a worlding die. As I went into the hall I saw its floor was tessellated, and its wall was a picture-gallery. I found his death-chamber adorned with tapestry until it seemed as if the clouds of the setting sun had settled in the room. The man had given forty years to the world—his wit, his time, his genius, his talent, his soul. Did the world come in to stand by his death-bed, and clearing off the phials of bitter medicine, put down any compensation? Oh, no! The world does not like sick and dying people, and leaves them in the lurch. It ruined this man, and then left him. He had a magnificent funeral. All the ministers wore scarfs, and there were forty-three carriages in a row; but the departed man appreciated not the obsequies.

I want to persuade my audience that this world is a poor investment; that it does not pay

ninety per cent of satisfaction, nor eighty per cent, nor twenty per cent, nor two per cent, nor one; that it gives no solace when a dead baby lies on your lap; that it gives no peace where conscience rings its alarm; that it gives no explanation in the day of dire trouble; and at the time of your decease it takes hold of the pillow case, and shakes out the feathers, and then jolt down in the place thereof sighs, and groans, and execrations, and then makes you put your head on it. Oh, ye who have tried this world, is it satisfactory portion? Would you advise your friends to make the investment? No. "Ye have sold yourselves for nought." Your conscience went. Your hope went. Your Bible went. Your heaven went. Your God went. When a sheriff under a writ from the court sells a man out, the officer generally leaves few chairs and a bed, and a few cups and knives but in this awful vendue in which you have been engaged the auctioneer's mallet has come down upon body, mind, and soul: Going! Gone "Ye have sold yourselves for nought."

WHAT IS IT WORTH?

How could you do so? Did you think that your soul was a mere trinket which for a few pennies you could buy in a toy shop? Did you think that your soul, if once lost, might be found again if you went out with torches and lanterns? Did you think that your soul was short-lived and that, panting, it would soon lie down to extinction? Or had you no idea what your soul was worth? Did you ever put your forefinger on its eternal pulses? Have you never felt the quiver of its peerless wing? Have you no known that, after leaving the body, the first step of your soul reaches to the stars, and the next step to the furthest outposts of God's universe, and that it will not die until the day when the everlasting Jehovah expires? Oh, my brother, what possessed you that you should part with your soul so cheap? "Ye have sold yourselves for nought."

A SUIT FOR REPLEVIN.

But I have some good news to tell you. I want to engage in a litigation for the recovery of the soul of yours. I want to show that you have been cheated out of it. I want to prove, as I will, that you were crazy on that subject, and that the world, under such circumstances, has no right to take the title-deed from you; and if you will join me I shall get a decree from the High Chancery Court of Heaven reinstating you into the possession of your soul. "Oh," you say, "I am afraid of law-suits; they are so expensive, and I cannot pay the cost." Then have you forgotten the last half of my text? "Ye have sold yourselves for nought; and ye shall be redeemed without money."

Money is good for a great many things, but it cannot do anything in this matter of the soul. You cannot buy your way through. Dollars and pounds sterling mean nothing at the gate of mercy. If you could buy your salvation, heaven would be a great speculation, an extension of Wall Street. Bad men would go up and buy out the place, and leave us to shift for ourselves. But as money is not

A LAWFUL TENDER.

what is? I will answer: Blood! Whose? Are we to go through the slaughter? Oh, no; it wants richer blood than ours. It wants a king's blood. It must be poured from royal arteries. It must be a sinless torrent. But where is the king? I see a great many thrones and a great many occupants, yet none seem to be coming down to the rescue. But after awhile the clock of night in Bethlehem strikes twelve, and the silver pendulum of a star swings across the sky, and I see the King of Heaven rising up, and He descends, and steps down from star to star, and from cloud to cloud, lower and lower, until He touches the sheep-covered hills, and then on to another hill, this last skull-covered, and there, at the sharp stroke of persecution, a rill incarnadine trickles down, and we who could not be redeemed by money are redeemed by precious and imperial blood.

We have in this day professed Christians who

re so rarefied and etherealized that they do not want a religion of blood. What do you want? you seem to want a religion of brains. The bible says: "In the blood is the life." No yonement without blood. Ought not the postle to know? What did he say? "Ye are redeemed not with corruptible things, such as silver and gold; but by the precious blood of Christ." You put your lancet into the arm of our holy religion and withdraw the blood, and you leave it a mere corpse, fit only for the grave. Why did God command the priests of old to strike the knife into the kid, and the goat, and the pigeon, and the bullock, and the lamb? It was so that when the blood rushed out from these animals on the floor of the ancient tabernacle the people should be compelled to think of the coming carnage of the Son of God. No blood, no atonement.

THE ACCUSING BLOOD.

I think that God intended to impress us by the vividness of that color. The green of the grass, the blue of the sky, would not have startled and aroused us like this deep crimson. It is as if God had said: "Now, sinner, wake up and see what the Saviour endured for you. This is not water. This is not wine. It is blood. It is the blood of my own Son. It is the blood of the immaculate. It is the blood of a God." Without the shedding of blood is no remission. There has been many a man who in courts of law has pleaded "not guilty," who nevertheless has been condemned because there was blood found on his hands, or blood found in his room; and what shall we do in the last day if it be found that we have crucified the Lord of Glory and have never repented of it? You must believe in the blood or die. No escape. Unless you let the sacrifice of Jesus Christ go in your stead you yourself must suffer. It is either Christ's blood or your blood.

THE COST OF RECOVERY.

"Oh," says some one, "the thought of blood sickens me. Good. God intended it to sicken you with your sin. Do not act as though you had nothing to do with that Calvarian massacre. You had. Your sins were the implements of torture. Those implements were not made of steel, and iron, and wood, so much as out of your sins. Guilty of this homicide, and this regicide, and this decide, confess your guilt to-day. Ten thousand voices of heaven bring in the verdict against you of guilty, guilty. Prepare to die, or believe in that blood. Stretch yourself out for the sacrifice, or accept the Saviour's sacrifice. Do not fling away your one chance.

It seems to me as if all heaven were trying to bid in your soul. The first bid it makes is the tears of Christ at the tomb of Lazarus; but that is not a high enough price. The next bid heaven makes is the sweat of Gethsemane; but it is too cheap a price. The next bid heaven makes seems to be the whipped back of Pilate's hall; but it is not a high enough price. Can it be possible that heaven cannot buy you in? Heaven tries once more. It says: "I bid this time for that man's soul the tortures of Christ's martyrdom, the blood on His temple, the blood on His cheek, the blood on His chin, the blood on His hand, the blood on His side, the blood on His knee, the blood on His foot—the blood in drops, the blood in rills, the blood in pools coagulated beneath the cross; the blood that wet the tips of the soldiers' spears, the blood that plashed warm in the faces of His enemies." Glory to God.

THAT BID WINS IT!

The highest price that was ever paid for anything was paid for your soul. Nothing could buy it but blood! The estranged property is bought back. Take it. Ye have sold yourselves for nought; and ye shall be redeemed without money." Oh, atoning blood, cleansing blood, life-giving blood, sanctifying blood, glorifying blood of Jesus! Why not burst into tears at the thought that for thee He shed it—for thee the hard-hearted, for thee the lost? "No," says some one; "I will have nothing

to do with it except that, like the Jews, I put both my hands into that carnage and scoop up both palms full, and then throw it on my head and cry: 'His blood be on us and on our children!'" Can you do such a shocking thing as that? Just rub your handkerchief across your brow and look at it. It is the blood of the Son of God whom you have despised and driven back all these years. Oh, do not do that any longer. Come out frankly, and boldly, and honestly, and tell Christ you are sorry. You cannot afford to so roughly treat Him upon whom everything depends.

I do not know how you will get away from this subject. You see that you are sold out, and that Christ wants to buy you back. There are three persons who come after you to-night: God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Ghost. They unite their three omnipotences in one movement for your salvation. You will not take up arms against the Triune God, will you? Is there enough muscle in your arm for such a combat. By the highest throne in heaven, and by the deepest chasm in hell, I beg you look out. Unless you allow Christ to carry away your sins, they will carry you away. Unless you allow Christ to lift you up, they will drag you down. There is only one hope for you, and that is the blood. Christ, the sin-offering, bearing your transgressions. Christ, the surety, paying your debts. Christ, the divine Cyrus, loosening your Babylonish captivity.

THE ALTERNATIVE.

Would you not like to be free? Here is the price of your liberation—not money, but blood. I tremble from head to foot, not because I fear your presence, for I am used to that, but because I fear that you will miss your chance for immortal rescue, and die. This is the alternative divinely put: "He that believeth on the Son shall have everlasting life, and he that believeth not on the Son shall not see life, but the wrath of God abideth on him." In the last day, if you now reject Christ, every drop of that sacrificial blood, instead of pleading for your release as it would have pleaded if you had repented, will plead against you. It will seem to say: "They refused the ransom; they chose to die; let them die; they must die. Down with them to the weeping and the wailing. Depart! go away from me. You would not have me, now I will not have you."

"SOLD OUT FOR ETERNITY."

O Lord God of the judgment day, avert that calamity! Let us see the quick flash of the scimitar that slays the sin but saves the sinner. Strike! Omnipotent God, for the soul's deliverance. Beat! O eternal sea, with all thy waves against the barren beach of that rocky soul, and make it tremble. Oh! the oppressiveness of the hour, the minute, the second, on which the soul's destiny quivers, and this is that hour, that minute, that second!

I wonder what proportion of this audience will be saved? What proportion will be lost? When the Schiller went down, out of three hundred and eighty people only forty were saved. When the Ville du Havre went down, out of three hundred and forty, about fifty were saved. Out of this audience, to-day, how many will get to the shore of heaven? It is no idle question for me to ask, for many of you I shall never see again until the day when the books are open.

A SHIPWRECK.

Some years ago there came down a fierce storm on the sea-coast, and a vessel got in the breakers and was going to pieces. They threw up some signals of distress, and the people on the shore saw them. They put out in a life-boat. They came on, and they saw the poor sailors, almost exhausted, clinging to a raft; and so afraid were the boatmen that the men would give up before they got to them, they gave them three rounds of cheers, and cried: "Hold on, there! Hold on! We'll save you!" After a while the boat came up. One man was saved by having the boat-hook put in the collar of his coat; and some in one way, and some in another; but they all got into the boat. "Now,"

says the captain, "for the shore. Pull away now, pull!" The people on the land were afraid the life-boat had gone down. They said: "How long the boat stays. Why, it must have been swamped, and they have all perished together."

And there were men and women on the pier-heads and on the beach wringing their hands; and while they waited and watched, they saw something looming up through the mist, and it turned out to be the life-boat. As soon as it came within speaking distance the people on the shore cried out: "Did you save any of them? Did you save any of them?" And as the boat swept through the boiling surf and came to the pier-head, the captain waved his hand over the exhausted sailors that lay flat on the bottom of the boat, and cried: "All saved! Thank God! All saved!" So may it be to-day. The waves of your sin run high, the storm is on you, the danger is appalling. Oh! shipwrecked soul, I have come for you. I cheer you with this Gospel hope. God grant that within the next ten minutes we may row with you into the harbor of God's mercy. And when these Christian men gather around to see the result of this service, and the glorified gathering on the pier-heads of heaven to watch and to listen, may we be able to report all saved! Young and old, good and bad! All saved! Saved from sin, and death, and hell. Saved for time. Saved for eternity. "And so it came to pass that they all escaped safe to land."

The War on Indecent Literature is being vigorously waged in Connecticut. A statute has been passed by the legislature and signed by the Governor which imposes a fine of \$50 or less and imprisonment for three months or less, or both, at the discretion of the court, upon every person who shall sell, lend, give, or offer, or have in his possession, with intent to sell, lend, give, or offer, any book, magazine, pamphlet, or paper devoted wholly or principally to the publication of criminal news or pictures and stories of deeds of bloodshed, lust, or crime.

The New Mission Church in Broome Street, New York, to which we recently referred, is to be called "the Broome Street Tabernacle." It was originally intended to call it "the Dodge Memorial Church," in grateful recollection of the late Hon. W. E. Dodge, but it is understood that the name was changed in deference to the wishes of the family. A few years ago, when the City Mission began to raise money especially for building churches for the people, Mr. Dodge was among the earliest and most generous subscribers to the fund, and he left by will to the City Mission a legacy of \$20,000 to be applied to the erection of a church for the people. To the Building Fund the widow of Mr. Dodge has given a sum of money equal to that of her husband's legacy.

The Resignation of the Presidency of Cornell University, which the Hon. Andrew D. White has been for some time pressing on the Board of Trustees, was at length accepted last week, with profound regret. Mr. White, who is also Professor of History, has been connected with the university from its inception, and was the chosen and intimate adviser of its founder, the Hon. Ezra Cornell, in all the plans for the realization of his generous scheme. He takes the ground that his service of twenty years and the present prosperous condition of the university entitle him to seek relief from executive work, and the complete restoration of his health, which is somewhat impaired. He has publicly stated that when he retires from the university presidency it will be to devote the remainder of his life to preparing for publication the historical and social science material which he has for many years been gathering at home and abroad. The Board of Trustees have requested Mr. White to accept the nomination of the board to act as the Honorary President of the university, and will apply to the New York Legislature to amend the charter of Cornell so as to make Mr. White a life member of the Board of Trustees.

THE INTERNATIONAL FAITH-HEALING CONFERENCE.

ON Monday, June 1st, the first of the five days' session of this Conference, was opened at Bethshan, London. There was a numerous attendance, and some time having been spent in prayer, *Rev. W. E. Boardman*, who presided, announced that brethren were present from America, Australia, France, Germany, Holland, India, Spain, Sweden, and Switzerland. For some time it had been earnestly desired by a number of zealous inquirers to know more of faith-healing than they had learned from the accounts which had come under their notice. It was hoped that this Conference, in which it was intended there should be full inquiry, but no controversy, would be found useful to such.

Pasteur Schrenk (Germany), said he had come from attending a funeral—that of his own dogmatism—and he should advise all who wished to arrive at the truth to bury their own notions on the subject, and to listen to the voice of the Lord. *Pastor Hussey*, of Chicago (whose portrait appeared last week on page 412), *Captain Dennis*, *Dr. Woods Smyth*, and others expressed the conviction that the gifts of holiness and healing should never be separated, inasmuch as sanctification or wholeness is a gift pertaining to body, soul, and spirit. In the afternoon there was a large attendance of visitors at the Agricultural Hall, when *Captain Dennis* presided, and stated that the object of the gathering was that those who had been healed might bear their testimony. As, however, there were about two thousand persons present, it would be necessary for them to speak briefly and clearly. A speaker testified that his daughter, who had been very ill, had been immediately cured at Bethshan. *Dr. Hamilton* said that after living for several years a life of mere nominal Christianity, a brother had anointed him, and he had received the baptism of the Holy Spirit. Another spoke of suffering from *hernia*, but he had been healed, and been able ever since to do without the instrument he had been wearing.

Miss Hefwood described how, when the doctors had failed after attending her for nine years, and when, after all the treatment she had received, she could only move on crutches, she had been healed. She was one day led to pray for healing of the *spinal disease* from which she was suffering, and while in prayer she distinctly heard a sharp "crick" in her back. She did not know that she was healed. Half an hour afterward she was able to stand as upright as she did now, for the Lord had given her strength. In the evening there was a very large attendance.

TUESDAY'S MEETINGS.

As a considerable number of persons on Monday were unable to gain admission to the opening meeting in Bethshan, it was resolved to hold the morning meetings in future in the Agricultural Hall. *Rev. W. E. Boardman* again presided, and after the meeting had been opened in the usual way, spent some time in answering questions which had been sent in to him in writing by some who wanted explanations of difficulties in regard to Faith-healing. *The Rev. Dr. Simpson*, of New York, spoke upon the various phases of the gift of the Holy Ghost, as taught in the Fourth Gospel, and was followed by *the Rev. Mr. Sanford*, from Boston, Mass., whose address had reference to the reception and retention of the Divine gift.

In the afternoon there was a far larger gathering than on the preceding day, and the chair was occupied by *Dr. McKilliam*, who said that the meeting was intended chiefly for testimony from those who had been healed. Three or four questions had been sent in, to which, as they might be causing some anxiety, he thought that answers should be given. He did not believe it to be God's will that His people should continue invalids. In reference to St. Paul, who had the gift of healing, leaving Epaphroditus ill, he said this was quite as exceptional a case as it is now for men to get healing.

Among the testimonies given was one from a

man who, having worked for a considerable time among metals which had emitted poisonous fumes, had contracted *blood-poisoning*. For twelve years he was deemed a hopeless incurable, and was given up by doctor after doctor. Sea voyages and other means were resorted to, but without benefit, and death at length seemed imminent. When looking into the face of death, however, he looked also into the face of God, and cried for healing. His nervous state was such that he could not even bear the ticking of his watch; but God heard his cry; he was healed, and since that time he had not had one sleepless night, and to-day felt a new man.

Another speaker said he had long suffered from *nervous affection of the heart*. He was present to testify that he had been made strong, and was able to go about his ordinary work in the city.

Another case was that narrated by *Mr. Moody*, of Grimsby, who had a paralyzed leg. After various means had been tried by medical men, who had done all they could for him, amputation was advised as the only way of saving him. He had refused, however, and grew worse. He went to hospital after hospital, but with no good result. At length he read of a cure effected by faith-healing, and though he had been on crutches for a long time, with his foot never touching the ground, he resolved to try the remedy for himself, and he stood before them to-day healed. Among other cases of cure were the following: A young man who had been given up by the doctors; a woman who had suffered great pain for many years; another who had been ill for eighteen years, who had come from Italy to London, having heard of the wonderful cures effected; and yet another who testified to having been treated in a house in Dusseldorf similar to Bethshan.

In the evening there was a large attendance; and after the meeting had been opened by the *Rev. E. W. Boardman*, *Mr. Wood* gave an account of the work of healing in South Australia, where, he said, results had been witnessed of quite as striking a character as any which had been seen in England.

WEDNESDAY'S MEETINGS.

The attendance at the hall was even larger than that of the preceding day, and after the meeting had been opened with prayer, *Mrs. W. E. Boardman* stated that it was proposed to open a home in Bombay, in which the work of healing might be carried on among missionaries laboring in India. *M. Schrenk*, a Swiss evangelist, in the course of an address, maintained that the way of holiness and healing, to which they were bearing witness in the Conference, was the old way which had been taught by Christ. Addresses were also given by *Miss Sisson*, *Miss Murray*, and the *Rev. W. E. Boardman*, who told of the way in which they had been led to believe in faith-healing.

In the afternoon, as it was expected that after the testimonies had been given, there would be a meeting for "anointing," the galleries were crowded as well as the area of the hall. Near the platform some invalids were reclining on extemporized couches, and others were in invalid chairs. The blind and the lame were seen in considerable numbers among the audience. In consequence of the large number desirous of being anointed, the usual testimony of those who had been healed was dispensed with, and in its place there was an impressive address by the *Rev. A. B. Simpson* upon the ceremony of anointing. He showed that the solemn dedication of the body to the Lord in the ceremony, amounted to nothing less than an entire surrender of man's tripartite nature of body, soul, and spirit, by an everlasting covenant to his Creator and Redeemer.

THE ANOINTING SERVICE.

Mr. Boardman then left the platform for the area of the hall, accompanied by four gentlemen, and *Mrs. Baxter*, accompanied by two ladies, followed them. Perfect silence reigned in the hall as they moved from row to row among those waiting to be anointed. *Mr. Boardman* touched the

head of each—about two hundred and fifty in all—with oil, while his coadjutors followed, placing their hands upon the heads of those who had been anointed. At the close of the anointing service the entire audience joined in repeating the opening verses of the 102d Psalm.

In the evening the hall was crowded in every part, and after the meeting had been opened, testimonies were given by several in various parts of the hall—all to the effect that they had received healing in the anointing service in the hall. Their voices, however, were so imperfectly heard that the *Rev. W. E. Boardman* suggested that those who had to-day received healing should bear testimony by standing up. Between forty and fifty responded. The meeting was then addressed by *Dr. Baderer*, *Rev. D. D. Smith*, of Wilmington, Del., and others.

THURSDAY'S MEETINGS.

At the opening of the Conference to-day, the *Rev. W. E. Boardman* said that those who had sent in requests for prayer, might rest assured they would not be forgotten. In answer to a question whether there is any scriptural authority for believing in gradual and imperfect healing, *Mr. Boardman* repeated what he had said at an early stage of the Conference—that they had the very same grounds for believing in physical healing as a Divine gift as for believing in spiritual blessings. If in any case there was imperfect healing, they might be sure there was imperfect faith. All who sought healing should take a full Christ for body, soul, and spirit, for only as they had a full Christ would they find a full salvation.

Mrs. Baxter remarked that in the work of faith-healing they should be careful not to follow the example of the heathen, who in prayer thought they would be heard for their much-speaking. She received hundreds of requests for prayer; but nine tenths of them were marked by this mistake.

In the course of the day the testimonies by those who had received faith-healing were quite as remarkable as any which had already been given. One speaker stated that for twenty years she had been lying a *helpless cripple*, but while in this condition it seemed to her as if a voice had spoken to her saying, "I will heal you." She said, "I knew nothing of faith-healing. I had not even heard of it; but while lying in a helpless condition, a verse of Scripture came into my mind. 'Whatever things ye desire when ye pray believe that ye receive.' On that verse I literally lived for a long time, and at last in full faith I laid aside my crutches, rose from my couch, and God gave me back the use of my limbs and eyes. In that faith I stand before you whole to-day." Another stated that having been cured he had felt it his duty to come many miles to testify. There was a time when from the top of his shoulder to his feet he was afflicted with *chronic rheumatism*. He could not bear being touched however lightly without experiencing the sharpest agony. His creed was that Christ is the Saviour of both body and soul.

In the afternoon many cases of healing were cited. One appeared to excite considerable interest. It was that of a woman who on the preceding day had entered the hall suffering from a *diseased hip*. She had been suffering from this for twenty years, and had been unable to walk without her crutch. At the anointing service, however, she had been healed, and the chairman exhibited the crutch as a trophy. The woman herself, who had come from Birmingham, rose and spoke a few words. "I am thankful to say I am healed," she said. "When I found that I was so, I cried for joy to think that I had healing of body, soul, and spirit. I can stand without my crutch, which I have not been able to do for twenty years."

A yet more remarkable testimony was that of a lady who said that for years she had not been able to do without a physician, who had repeatedly told her that she could not possibly get over the *fibrous tumor* from which she was suffering—a tumor which weighed twenty pounds, and occasioned her intense pain. Ten months ago she had prayed the prayer of faith, and had

deliberately consecrated her body to the Lord as she had already consecrated her soul years ago. She closed her statement by saying, "I am perfectly well, and have been able to attend three services on Sunday since last week." Several cases quite as remarkable were given in the course of the afternoon, namely, those of Mrs. Brodie, of Honduras; *Miss Gordon* and *Miss Morehead*, of America. The conference was resumed in the evening, when addresses on the general subject were given.

FRIDAY'S MEETINGS.

On Friday morning *Miss Murray*, of Bethshan gave a very interesting address on "Forgetting Those Things which are Behind." At the coming of the Messiah the Jews were dwelling so much upon their own cherished notions concerning Him—remembering those things which were behind that they knew Him not when He did appear among them. We are in expectation that God is about to send another mighty message to the world. We are therefore to forget the things which are behind.

Pastor Schreck then gave an able address, after which *Mr. Green*, of Highgate, and others spoke. *A Lady from Dr. Cullis's Home*, at Boston, Mass., related how, after years of suffering: "One night alone in my room I shut the door, resolving to remain there until He had healed me. I could only pray, 'Lord, help me,' and as I was praying I seemed to hear a voice, which said, 'Rise up and walk,' and with it came power, and I arose and walked, and was healed."

Mrs. Incomb, of Croydon, related how the Lord had healed her after ten years of suffering from disease of the lungs and heart, and nervous debility, and internal tumor several inches in circumference, the pressure of which caused intense pain. The pain all disappeared at healing. The tumor vanished in a few days. She also left off spectacles.

The Rev. Mr. Sole said, "God has been showing me that in the breaking up of the human there will be the revelation of the Divine. After three years of suffering God has been restoring me to health. During this week I have been enabled to do more than for three years before."

On Friday afternoon an anointing service was held, at which, before a large audience many were anointed with oil, and hands were laid on them. In the evening another large meeting was held.

MDME. MALHERBE, OF HAUPTWEIL, the co-worker of Pasteur Stockmeyer, gave the following testimony in German, which Mrs. Baxter translated for the audience: "From my infancy the Lord has drawn my attention to His truth in the fifth chapter of James, but I lent no serious attention to it. Ten years ago, however, I became very ill, and became worse and worse. Continually I tried all the remedies possible, but at last I was obliged to keep my bed, and I felt that death approached. One day, when they had left me quite alone in my room, when I could no longer support the slightest noise, I was remaining in the silence and conversing with my God. I heard all at once the sound of sobs, and I found that it was my daughter and servants who were expecting my last moments. In fact I had gone quite cold, and when I understood that my last hour was come I sought to look to God in quite a new way. Then the Lord made my life pass before me. It was like a great picture which unrolled itself before my eyes, and from that vision one thing became quite clear to me. It was that I was dying because I had been rejecting a grace from God. The Lord showed me that I had been rejecting since my infancy His truth in James 5, and that thus I had grieved Him, and that I was under His judgment. Then arose a cry in my heart; I cried to the Lord inwardly, and I said to Him, 'Lord, I yield to Thee; I take Thee for my doctor. I never will go to another than to Thee. Do with me what Thou wilt.'

"I made a sign to my daughter to throw away all my medicine, and the same day I felt life return in body, and every day I felt stronger. Four days afterward Mr. Stockmeyer came to pay me a

visit. I had not let him know anything; I did not even know he was in the habit of laying on hands. When he was there I told him what had passed and asked him for the laying on of hands. He laid on hands and instantly my strength returned as in my youth. I could rise, I could act. I could go and walk in my garden which I was very fond of. But when I sat under the shade and looked at the flowers which I had been so fond of caring for something strange took place. I seemed to hear thousands of voices which seemed to come from the plants, the leaves, the flowers, and the trees, and which all said to me, 'Don't be occupied longer with the earth; you have no longer strength for us, you belong only to the Lord, you are but for God and you have to live for Him only.'

Mrs. Baxter observed: I should like to add to that testimony, that about eight days after the day *Mdme. Malherbe* speaks of, I saw her myself. I had heard she was in a dying state from hemorrhage and all the blood seemed gone from her. I saw her the week after, and she was far stronger looking than she is to-day.

ANECDOTES RELATED AT THE EVANGELISTIC MEETINGS IN SCOTLAND.

Sailors in Good Company.—At a Recent meeting Mr. J. G. Forbes said: "It is gratifying to meet with the results of the labors of others in the same cause. The other night I spoke to two German sailors who had attended the meeting at Brownfield, Glasgow, regularly for some time. They told me that when their ship had visited Marseilles they had gone to a Gospel meeting. Their knowledge of English was very slight, and so they did not understand much that was said, but simply came to the meeting to enjoy the company of fellow-Christians, for, as they said, 'Your Jesus, our Jesus.'"

A Wife's Solitude Rewarded.—The Rev. Dr. Bonar said: "I heard of a woman who had a very kind husband, but who was not a Christian, and who would on no account be spoken to on the subject of religion. His wife, who was a godly woman, was anxious about her husband and thought of a plan which she soon put into practice. She learned a verse of Scripture daily that she thought would touch his heart, and every night, just before retiring to rest, she whispered it into his ear. Eventually she had the joy of leading him to the feet of the Saviour, and they are now heirs together of the grace of life."

A Prize Found in a Meadow.—Mr. Ralston narrated that a Wesleyan minister was on his way home from preaching one Sunday night, and when crossing a meadow he met a man who said, "I am lost!" The preacher took the man's own text, and preached to him Christ. Then both getting down on their knees in the dark meadow, the preacher pleaded with the Lord for the man's soul, and rising from the grass, the man joyously exclaimed, "I am so light, I am so light; the burden has gone." Yes, dear friend, it was laid on Jesus, the burden-bearer. "He bore our sin in His own body on the tree," and gives perfect rest and safety to all who trust Him.

Both Ways at Once.—The Rev. Mr. Ross Related: "Some time ago two travellers went to Africa. Coming to a lake, one sought to find whither the current tended by throwing a float on its surface, and slowly but surely it floated eastward. 'The current is eastward,' said the traveller, satisfied with his discovery. Some time afterward another traveller stood by the same lake asking himself the same question: 'Whither does the current tend?' He, too, cast a float upon the surface of the water, which at once floated westward. 'The current is toward the west,' he said, and following out his discovery, he gained its outlet, and so traced it to where it emptied itself into the Atlantic Ocean. Dear friends, let us see to it that our life is not uncertain, like this lake, at one time seeming to be going heavenward, and at another seeming to be going with the world. But rather, may

we who bear the name of Jesus let our lives run like a quiet and steady stream, and as we go leave a bright record of our lives behind us."

An Angel in the Marble.—The Rev. Mr. Hood said: "It is remarked of Michael Angelo that at one time, coming upon a large piece of rough marble, he exclaimed: 'Ah! there is an angel here; get me a chisel.' And soon, cut out of the rough material, appeared a beautiful figure, representing an angel. Might I, therefore, suggest to ministers, to Sunday-school teachers, or Christian workers, that they may have rough material to work with, but if they will look at it with the eye of Michael Angelo, they will see something better and purer than they otherwise would have done?"

A Terribly Vivid Dream.—The Rev. Mr. Brown remarked: "I once read a poem in *Addison's Spectator*, which gave a vivid description of a dream in which the writer had dreamed he was in hell alone with his accusing conscience, and he describes it as the most terrible agony he had ever experienced. And the poem goes on to say that he does not know what hell in reality may or may not be, but he concludes, 'To sit alone with my conscience was hell enough for me.' Yes, it is true; all the tortures of the Spanish Inquisition are not comparable to the scorpion stings of a guilty conscience. There is happily cleansing and peace in the precious blood of Christ."

A Puzzled Child.—"Many Years Ago a woman died, and left one little girl, whom we took to live with us, until after the funeral. On that day, putting her little arms around my neck, she said, 'I saw mother's coach to-day, and they tell me they are going to put her into the earth.' 'Yes, dear,' I replied, 'Jesus has taken mother to be with Himself in heaven.' 'But,' argued the child, 'how can mother be in the ground, and yet in heaven with Jesus?' Can we wonder that a child did not understand the separation of the soul from the body, when sometimes older people do not? But I shall never forget her simple faith, as I explained to her the way of life. Oh, tell the children of Jesus' love when they are young, for they delight to hear of Him!"

A Russian Taken Prisoner.—"One Night a Christian worker conversed with a man who, though a foreigner, spoke English perfectly. For a long time the worker could get no satisfaction, a dumb spirit apparently having taken possession of the man. Feeling it was hopeless to speak to him any further, the worker left him, but half an hour later he saw the man standing in the same place, and thinking that perhaps the internal struggle might now be over in the man's mind, he spoke to him again, pressing upon him the need of immediate decision for Christ. Suddenly the man put out his hand, and grasping that of the worker, cried: 'I will.' When the first outburst of feeling was over, he told us that he was a Russian, and that when he returned home he would confess Christ as the Saviour to his countrymen."

A Sailor's Hand Healed by Christ.—Another Christian friend observed: "One night a French sailor was converted in a Gospel meeting near the docks, and, while he remained in port, his efforts to bring others to the Saviour were very pleasing. His conversion was brought about in a singular way. During his last voyage he so injured his hand that he could not ship again as he intended. A kind brother spoke to him in the open air about the need of salvation, but the sailor, pointing to his hand, said, in a most bitter tone, 'If Jesus would heal my hand He might be of some use to me.' 'Jesus can heal your hand if you will trust Him to do so,' said the worker. 'Bah,' was the scornful answer. But he slipped inside the meeting once or twice, and not only was he converted to Christ, but his hand began to heal, and lately he has shipped for another voyage, his injured limb having been made quite whole by the Great Physician."



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CURRENT EVENTS.

The Long-Anticipated Appointments in the New York Custom House were made last week. The President, on June 27th, appointed Edward L. Hedden, Collector, Hans S. Beattie, Surveyor, and Silas W. Burt, Naval Officer of the Port. Necessarily a great number of Democrats are disappointed. There were several candidates for the coveted office of collector, which is worth \$12,000 a year, and each of the candidates had influential supporters. It is assumed, and apparently with some show of reason, that the appointments are a concession to the County Democracy. One of the most zealous of the President's supporters in the press remarks that the selections will have to be justified; they are not of the kind that justify themselves. The men are comparatively unknown, but if they prove efficient, their selection will be amply justified. The impression is growing among the people that political prominence is not the best qualification for office; and though the President has failed to satisfy the politicians and his party, he will be indorsed by the public if the men appointed prove honest and efficient. Judge Robertson, who now leaves the Custom House, has been, in spite of the sad circumstances connected with his appointment and his curious political action, a popular collector. It reflects credit on ex-President Arthur that he was allowed to complete his term, notwithstanding the vigorous action General Arthur took against his confirmation.

Two Conspicuous Criminals Received Sentence last week. On June 23d C. A. Buddensiek, the contractor who was building the row of eight five-story tenement houses in West Sixty-Second Street, New York, which collapsed on April 13th, before they were completed, and caused the death of one man and serious injury to others, was brought up for sentence. His counsel pleaded for mercy on the ground that there was no evil intent, but the Recorder replied that he was actuated by "a base motive to derive money without giving any adequate return," and that as there were several other contractors at work with similar principles, it was necessary to make an example for the public good. He therefore sentenced Buddensiek

to pay a fine of \$500, and to be kept at hard labor in the State prison for ten years. The second criminal was James D. Fish, the President of the Marine National Bank, which suspended in May, 1884. Mr. Fish was found guilty of misapplying the funds of the bank and of making false entries in the books. On June 27th he was brought up for sentence, and was condemned to serve ten years in prison. The judge reminded the ex-bank president that he was liable to have served ten years for each of the seven counts, but in merciful consideration of the fact that he is over sixty-five years of age, the sentence was not made cumulative.

Increased Uneasiness Among the Indians is reported. A telegram to the New York Times states that Geronimo is trying to excite the Mescalero Apaches in New Mexico to rebellion, the Southern Cheyennes are putting on war paint, and there are indications of serious trouble among the Utes in south-eastern Colorado. The cowboys near the Southern Ute reservation have killed six Indians, and the Utes have killed at least two white men. The cowboys declare that the Indians committed the first of the murders, but the Indians and their agent assert that the cowboys began the fight by killing Indians who were not on the Reservation. The Indian version of the trouble is confirmed by other and independent sources. General Crook is not trying to compel Geronimo and his band to return to the reservation, but intends to kill or capture them.

The Rebellion in the North-West may be considered at an end, and General Middleton has decided not to pursue Big Bear further. The chief's band is splitting up into small parties, and it would be almost impossible to catch him. Middleton learned from the Crees, who have deserted Big Bear, that the country over which Big Bear has gone cannot be got over by the troops in any way. It is thought by the general that Big Bear will soon get into such a destitute state that he will be compelled to give himself up, and the expense of pursuing him will thus be avoided. The real object of the pursuit was to release the McLean family. They have been aided by the Crees to escape, and have been brought safely into General Middleton's camp. It was owing to the Crees that they were preserved all through, Big Bear and his band wishing to kill them. The Misses McLean and their mother are terribly broken down in health by exposure and rough usage. They had been compelled to travel on foot with Big Bear's band.

The Conservative Administration in England was formally installed last week. The cablegrams indicate that the Queen's influence has been the chief factor in this settlement of the crisis. The Marquis of Salisbury was averse to taking office, knowing that a majority of the House of Commons was opposed to his policy. The Queen, however, urged him to accept the Premiership, and attempted to arrange an agreement with Mr. Gladstone, by which the Marquis could be assured of liberal support for non-partisan measures. Mr. Gladstone, however, declined to pledge himself and his followers. Lord Salisbury, at length, urged by the Queen and by the more ambitious members of his own party, yielded, and has formed his cabinet. The administration bears little resemblance to the Tory ministries of the past. The men who formerly occupied the chief places are dead, or have been removed to the House of Lords, and comparatively new men occupy their places. Lord Randolph Churchill, who seems to be the most energetic member, is an erratic politician, who has yet to make his reputation as a statesman. He has considerable abilities, but is reputed deficient in prudence. Sir Stafford Northcote, who since Mr. Disraeli quitted the House of Commons has been the acknowledged leader of the party in that House, is raised to the peerage, and makes way for a more vigorous leader in Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, who becomes Chancellor of the Exchequer, or, as we denominate that official, Secretary of the Treasury. The loss of

Earl Cairns, who died a few months ago, will be severely felt, as the Conservatives possess, no man equal to him in debating power. The office of Lord High Chancellor, which Lord Cairns so ably filled, is given to Sir Hardinge Giffard, a man of a very different type, who was formerly Attorney-General. Altogether, the Cabinet is not regarded as a strong one, and even by Conservatives, is not greeted with enthusiasm. Its hope of life consists in the fact that it may win support from moderate Liberals, who would rather see the country governed by Conservatives than Radicals. It may also receive help from the Parnellites, who are ready to treat with any statesman on the basis of conciliatory measures in return for Irish votes.

The Rapidity with which the Cholera is spreading in Spain is alarming. A comparison made by the European correspondent of the New York Times with the epidemic of 1884 shows how much worse is the disease this year. He states that there have been four thousand two hundred deaths reported from eight provinces of Spain, which is much more than half the entire number of deaths in all of France last year. From the start the rate of mortality in Spain has been far greater than it was in France, and lately it has become greater than it was last year, even in Naples. The average ratio of deaths to cases now is about four in nine throughout Spain. Roughly speaking, the death ratio was two to seven in France last year, and three in seven in Italy. Within the last week, and notably has this been the case in Murcia, more than half the people attacked have died, and in the new provinces where the pest has appeared within the last few days escapes have been the exception. The plague finds ninety-nine in a hundred of its victims in the slums or poor villages, where hygiene is an unknown word. The city of Murcia, where the plague is peculiarly malignant, is surrounded by a perfect network of crowded hamlets, constituting one vast tropical garden, irrigated by a system which permits not a drop of water to reach the sea—a system which is most marvellous from the engineering point of view, but is simply murderous now when the summer's sun makes every trench a dispenser of the plague and of death. Refugees from the cities were quick to spread the disease through these villages.

A Large Accession to the English House of Lords has taken place, as is usual when there is a change of administration. The incoming Cabinet has to arrange its offices, and where a member of the party is offered an office which he considers below his merits, he is sometimes placated by making him a lord, with a seat in the Upper House for himself and his heirs after him. The outgoing Cabinet also generally contributes to the House of Lords some of its members or friends. In this case one notable addition has been made. *A few for the first time takes his seat in the House of Lords.* It is true that other peers have been of Jewish birth, as the Earl of Beaconsfield was, but now there is to be a peer of Jewish faith. That is Sir Nathaniel de Rothschild, upon whom, at Mr. Gladstone's request, the Queen has conferred a peerage.

A Prisoner Escaped from the Mahdi has Arrived at Dongola. He is the Rev. Luigi Bonomi, an Italian missionary priest, and he has been for a long time a captive in the Mahdi's camp. Father Bonomi reports that all the priests made prisoners during the rising in the Soudan and the march of El Mahdi are in good health. The magnitude of the revolt in Kordofan has been very much exaggerated, says Father Bonomi, but he confirms the truth of the reports that the forces of El Mahdi have been repeatedly defeated by the garrison of Senaar. Father Bonomi states, however, that famine and disease are ravaging, making a waste of Kordofan. It is expected that the withdrawal of the British troops from the Soudan, will continue in spite of the advent of the Conservatives to power. The French Government demands also that England shall evacuate Egypt itself.

The Evangelical Alliance of the United States of America has been incorporated. Its purpose is to further religious opinion with the intent to manifest and strengthen Christian unity, and to promote co-operation in Christian work without interfering with the internal affairs of denominations. The corporators are Philip Schaff, S. Irenaus Prime, William L. Harris, George R. Crooks, A. H. Burlingham, Samuel B. Schieffelin, John Jay, Enoch L. Fancher, James M. King, William E. Dodge, S. D. Burdard, G. W. Samson, Edward Colgate, John D. Slayback, G. L. Shearer, James S. Chadwick, Cephas Brainerd, and Henry B. Chapin. It is to have forty managers.

Mr. Moody's Associate in Evangelistic Work is, according to an announcement made in the *New York Weekly Witness*, "Mr. D. B. Townner, late chorister of Union Chapel, Covington, Ky. The engagement is for five years. The prayer of many will be that their united labors may be crowned with the richest spiritual results."

A Lady Preacher was Ordained as a Baptist minister recently in Nebraska. A dispatch from that State published in the *New York Sun* states that Miss Frances E. Townsley was ordained by a council of Baptist churches. This is the first instance, so far as we know, of a lady being regularly ordained in the Baptist Church. It is decidedly a new departure, which we may hope will be followed by good results.

An Invitation from Mr. Moody to Christian workers has been issued to a convention at Northfield, Mass., commencing August 5th, closing August 15th. The buildings of the Northfield Young Ladies' Seminary, and of the Mt. Hermon Boys' School, will be thrown open to visitors. Accommodations can be had at the hotel and at the houses of the citizens of Northfield. The railroads will run special trains to convey visitors to the adjoining towns of Brattleboro, Greenfield, Keene, etc., where ample accommodations can be found. Christian workers are invited from all parts of the country. Applications for accommodations will be received until July 10th, addressed to D. L. Moody, Northfield, Mass.

An Innovation in Church Excursions was effected last week by Dr. Talmage. About seven hundred members of the Brooklyn Tabernacle congregation went to Niagara, setting out on Tuesday, June 23d, and returning Thursday, June 25th. The large party caused a sensation at the Falls, where an ovation to the famous preacher was organized. People came from the towns and villages around until over two thousand were crowded in the hotel where the church party was staying. Dr. Talmage had an exhausting experience in supplying the demand for his autograph, and in shaking hands with his visitors. Village bands for miles around serenaded him, and the firemen tendered him a complimentary parade. The party viewed the cataract from the various vantage points, spent a pleasant evening in the hotel, and returned the next day to Brooklyn without mishap. On Saturday Dr. Talmage sailed in the *Aurania* for England.

A Seaside Summer School of Philosophy will be held under the auspices of the Institute of Christian Philosophy, at Asbury Park, N. J., from the 21st to the 28th of July, and at Key-East, N. J., from July 29th to August 1st, and a "Mountain" meeting at Richfield Springs, N. Y., from August 20th to August 26th. Among the speakers at these different sessions we note the names of Dr. T. T. Munger, Dr. Washington Gladden, President Buttz, of Drew Seminary, and Dr. Deems, the President of the Institute.

A Month of Special Bible Study, Under the auspices of the Bible Work of Chicago, has just closed. Evangelists, missionaries, Bible readers, colporteurs, and other Christian workers met for the exposition of Scripture and the systematic study of doctrine and of church history, under the leadership of Professor W. G. Moorehead, D.D., of Xenia, Ohio. Four mornings and four evenings of each week were devoted to the regular sessions. The enrolled members of

the class attended regularly throughout, and the number of those who could attend for a few days only steadily increased. It is hoped that a similar Bible Institute will be held in the fall or early winter.

An Octogenarian's Record was the Subject of eulogium at a meeting of the directors of an insurance company in New York last week. The president of the company had at that meeting tendered his resignation. He was twenty years old when he entered the office as a clerk, and he had served continuously for sixty years, rising to the highest place in the association. He said that in three-score years he had not taken a single day's vacation. He had never been to Long Branch, and he knew Coney Island only through the newspapers. He went to Albany once on business for his company, and that was the extent of his travels. It is doubtful whether any company in the Union has on its records an example of devotion to its interests equally constant and protracted. Some mark of practical appreciation will doubtless be tendered him by the directors. In God's service there are few such devoted workers. Yet there is less excuse for Christians taking holidays, because though they may wisely leave their special work for a brief time occasionally, they need not discontinue service for the Master, who provides those who seek them with opportunities of doing good wherever they may go, and in that service work recaptures the worker (Isa. 40: 31).

A Prison Instead of a Church was the Destination at which an immigrant in New York arrived last week through a mistake. On Sunday, June 21st, a newly arrived Irish girl went out intending to go to church. As she passed along Clinton Place she noticed a crowd of women, about forty in number, walking ahead of her. Thinking they were also on their way to a place of worship, she followed them, and went with them into the imposing edifice at the corner of Ninth Street and Sixth Avenue, which she not unnaturally supposed was a place of worship. She was soon undeceived. Entering with the women, and taking her seat on the benches among them, she saw a policeman lock the door, and then she realized that she had made a mistake. She was with a number of prisoners awaiting trial, and was unable to convince the policeman that she was not one of those arrested. Half an hour afterward, when the judge entered, she told her story, and he sent a policeman to investigate. As her account of herself was confirmed, she was released in time to attend evening service. She will probably be more careful how she follows a crowd again. In her spiritual walk unhappily she will find also that the path most thronged is not the safe one (Matt. 7: 13).

A Prayer in the Jury Room, Offered by One of the jurors, is the ground on which a lawyer in Kansas relies in his attempt to have a verdict set aside by the Supreme Court of that State. It appears that at a recent trial, when the jury retired to deliberate upon its verdict, one of the jurors proposed that their deliberations should be opened with prayer, and, with the consent of his associates, he led them in supplication to God for divine guidance in making up their judgment upon the matter submitted to them. The counsel for the beaten party moved to have the verdict set aside on the ground of "undue influence exercised by one of the jurymen by means of public prayer in the jury room." He concedes that there can be no valid objection to "a private petition to the throne of grace earnestly offered by a conscientious juror, with a motive of freeing his own mind from prejudice and passion." But he claims that "a public prayer in such a place," made in the hearing of his associates, is not legally admissible. He may be right as to the illegality of the proceeding, but as the juror seems to have prayed for divine guidance simply, and not for the success of either litigant, the lawyer's contention suggests curious inferences as to the character of his client's case, and is also a testimony to his belief in the efficacy of prayer. We should judge,

from the nature of the verdicts rendered in some noted cases recently, that the practice is not a common one (Prov. 28: 5).

A Belated Pardon Arrived at the County jail of Louisville, Ky., on June 11th. The jailer on that day received a large, important-looking envelope with the United States official stamp on it. When it was opened it was found to contain a pardon for a prisoner named Meredith, signed by President Cleveland. A search was made through the jail for Meredith, but he could not be found. A look over the records of the jail showed that Meredith's time had been served and the man released on May 11th, just one month before his pardon arrived. Meredith was sent for trial in the United States Court for illicit distilling. He was convicted and sentenced to six months' imprisonment and a fine of \$500. He served his six months and one additional month for the \$500, and then took the insolvent's oath and was released. During this time his friends were at work in Washington trying to obtain a pardon for him, in which they were successful. The pardon was granted, but did not arrive in time to benefit the prisoner. Thus the efforts of his friends were wasted. That can never happen in the case of the penitent sinner. Though condemned, he may obtain pardon through Christ before his sentence is executed (Rom. 5: 18).

A Curious Race with a Snake is Reported from Hawley, Pa. A lady who lives near that place went out on the hills a few days ago to look over the huckleberry barrens. While standing at the side of an old road she heard a rattlesnake sound its rattle immediately behind her, and then felt a tug at the skirt of her dress. She looked around quickly, and saw that a big rattlesnake had struck at her, and that its fangs were fast in the bottom of her dress skirt. She instantly started on a run for home. The snake's fangs were so securely fastened in the dress that the snake was carried along. The lady ran so fast that the rattlesnake was whipped and tossed about like the tail of a kite. The distance to the house was a quarter of a mile, and when the lady reached her door she was exhausted, and looking around and seeing the snake still pursuing her as she supposed, she fell down fainting with fright on the steps. When the neighbors came to her assistance, the snake was found to be dead. Its life had been beaten out of it by its involuntary rough journey over the stones. So it will be with the Christian when, at the end of his race, he is at the door of his heavenly home. The old serpent he has dreaded and fled from will have lost his power to harm him (Rom. 16: 20).

The Defective Memory of a Buffalo Official caused him some chagrin while in New York recently. The Buffalo *Courier* states that the gentleman visited New York on important business connected with his office, and having transacted it to his satisfaction, he determined, in furtherance of a political or some other end, to give before he returned home an elaborate dinner to a numerous and distinguished company. The appointed evening arrived, the collation, an elegant one, was all ready to be served, but the guests came not. Half an hour passed, still they did not come, and the host became really uneasy. When the delay had grown to an hour and not a man of them had shown up, his feelings were indescribable. He speculated on the causes which might have prevented this or that guest coming, but none that he could imagine would account for what appeared an organized plot of all his friends to insult him. Deeply mortified, he returned to his hotel room, and there discovered the cause. Happening to open a drawer, he found therein the whole bundle of invitations, which he had forgotten to send out. Vexed and annoyed as he was with himself, he was relieved by the discovery that his friends had not plotted to humiliate him. It is not from any such cause that the Gospel banquet is unfurnished with guests. Those who were invited were too much occupied with business or pleasure to come (Luke 14: 16-21).

ISRAEL AND BRITAIN. A NOTE OF WARNING.

A New Sermon by Pastor C. H. Spurgeon.

"But though he had done so many miracles before them, yet they believed not on him; that the saying of Esaias the prophet might be fulfilled, which he spake, Lord, who hath believed our report? and to whom hath the arm of the Lord been revealed? Therefore they could not believe, because that Esaias said again, He hath blinded their eyes, and hardened their heart; that they should not see with their eyes, nor understand with their heart, and be converted, and I should heal them. These things said Esaias, when he saw his glory, and spake of him."—JOHN 12: 37-41.

Isaias's Loss of the Senses—The Paul of the Old Testament—I. Isaias and His Ministry—He saw the Coming Glory—His Lips Touched—He Spoke of Him—What we Need—II. The Nation to which Isaias Spoke—Dead to His Teaching—The Terrible Destruction—A Parallel Feared—England's Deliverances—Her Present Degradation—Vice in Court and Palace—Indifference to Religion—Preachers Making Infidels—The Holy Tithe.

The blindness of Isaias concerning our Lord was sadly remarkable. It was a blindness of the eyes, for they saw His many miracles, and yet believed not; their ears also seemed to be stopped, for they heard His words and did not understand them; and their hearts also were heavy, for they did not relent under the plaintive admonitions of a Saviour's love. Their hearts were cruel toward the Messiah; they hated Him without a cause. No door was open to the heart of Isaias; they had hardened their heart, they had shut their eyes, they had stopped their ears, and even He that spake as never man spake gained no access to their souls. They went so far as to crucify Him, and cried as they did so, "His blood be on us, and on our children"—words so sadly verified when Jerusalem was destroyed, and her children slaughtered, sold as slaves, or scattered to the four corners of the earth. It was, indeed,

A TERRIBLE BLINDNESS

which happened unto Isaias. How sadly far can men go in unbelief, prejudice, and hardness of heart! How dim can human eyes become when men refuse to see! How darkened the understanding when men are unwilling to comprehend! Let us tremble at this, lest we ourselves by imitating the chosen people in their unbelief should fall into like bondage to prejudice and ignorance, lest we by tampering with truth should come at last to be incapable of perceiving it. Isaias was informed that such would be the outcome of his ministry; the Lord bade him say to the people, "Hear ye indeed, but understand not; and see ye indeed, but perceive not." This must have been a very sad business for so generous and tender-hearted a man of God. It was painful to him to be so clear and yet to be so little understood. He was the Paul of the Old Testament; to him belonged fullness of knowledge, clearness of vision, plainness of speech, and faithfulness of spirit, and yet none of these things could make the people understand his message and receive it into their hearts.

This morning I shall draw certain lessons for ourselves from the great evangelical prophet, his ministry, and the people to whom he ministered so vainly. Our first meditation shall be concerning Isaias and his ministry; and our second shall be concerning the people to whom he spake. Alas! I fear that we who speak in the name of the Lord in these last days have also to deal with hearts that are gross, ears that are heavy, and eyes that are dimmed. Upon this generation also there is falling a measure of judicial withdrawal of light and discernment; and we also have to cry, "Who hath believed our report? and to whom is the arm of the Lord revealed?"

I. First, then, let me speak with you concerning

ISAIAS AND HIS MINISTRY.

Oh, that the Spirit of God may speak with power through me. Our text says two things of

Isaias; first, that "he saw His glory," and secondly, that "he spake of Him." The first statement is that Isaias saw. Isaias was a great seer; his prophesy begins thus: "The vision of Isaias the son of Amoz, which he saw concerning Judah and Jerusalem." All prophets were more or less seers, and saw what they foretold; but Isaias above others was endowed with the seeing and foreseeing faculty. He had the clearest sight, and for that reason he had the clearest speech. When a man speaks so that you cannot understand him, the usual reason is that he does not understand himself; and when a man speaks so as to be readily comprehended, it is because the thought in his own mind is well defined. He that would speak well must see well. Mark the two things in the text—"When Isaias saw His glory, and spake of Him."

But what did he see? It is a most important thing that in these days you and I should see the same, for the same work lies before us among a people who are a repetition of that disobedient and gainsaying nation. Read, then, with care the sixth chapter of Isaias. First, what Isaias saw was the Lord sitting upon a throne, high and lifted up. When the prophet went abroad among the people he heard them speaking against the Lord God; some contending for one deity and some for another; some leaning upon an arm of flesh, and others despising the promise of Jehovah the God of Israel. All this, I say, he saw out of doors, and he was troubled. But when he went into the sanctuary of God he saw the Lord sitting upon a throne; still reigning, still glorious, undisturbed by opposition. I pray you, brethren, settle this in your hearts; our Lord is highly exalted as Lord of all. He that died upon the tree is crowned with majesty, and all the angels of God worship Him. "He must reign till He hath put all enemies under His feet." Let us have no question about this; for, if we have, we shall not be prepared to speak in the Lord's name with this evil generation. Amid the anarchy of the ages we see the glorious high throne of our redeeming Lord unmoved, unmovable; this is the rock of our refuge when the unsettled times rage about us like the waters of the troubled sea. We cannot be afraid, for Christ is on the throne. In

HIS VISION

Isaias saw the flaming spirits that wait upon the Christ of God. He calls them "seraphims." The best interpretation we can give is "burning ones;" they burn in the sense of consuming. They burn up that which ought to be consumed, namely, all kinds of evil. There are powers around our Lord which will destroy evil. You ask me to tell you something about these seraphim; how can I? They have covered their faces, and covered their feet. Since nothing is to be seen, what can I tell you? Neither would it be right for us to speak concerning them, for manifestly it is their desire to be hidden. This vision of the body-guard of the Prince of peace was enough to strengthen Isaias; thus comforted He would calmly confront that rebellious generation. If the prophet, when he opened the young man's eyes strengthened his heart by making him see horses and chariots of fire round about Elisha, shall not we be comforted as we behold legions of burning ones surrounding our King, and standing ready to fulfil His decrees?

As I stand here this morning I also have visions of God, and the cross seems to me transformed into a burning throne, whereon justice is high and lifted up to the uttermost, as I see God Himself in Christ Jesus bowing His head to death, that He might be just, and yet the Justifier of Him that believeth. Around that cross I see troops of angels gathering, and I hear one crying unto another, and saying, "Holy, holy, holy, is Jehovah Jesus, the great Sacrifice for sin." Do you not unite in their reverent homage?

Then came the best part of the vision for Isaias. At the glorious sight, he felt, "Woe is me, for I am undone, I am stricken dumb. I can never speak again, for my lips are unclean, and I dwell among an unclean people." Then,

swift as lightning flew a seraph, bringing a coal more burning than himself from off the altar of sacrifice, wherewith He touched the prophet's lip. Beloved, this is

WHAT WE NEED.

We need to feel the atonement laid home to us, to feel the power of the great sacrifice of Christ, to hear a voice saying within our spirit, "Thine iniquity is put away, and thy sin is purged." Brother, if you are to proclaim the glory of your Lord, you must feel the sacrificial coal applied to the place where your impurity is most seen, even to your lips; you must know that you are forgiven; for your conviction that you are clean before God will give you confidence in telling out to others the story of the cross. This is what Isaias saw.

Listen for a minute to that further word that follows: Isaias when he saw His glory "spoke of Him." He that hath seen this sight must speak. He spake in deep humility. Never braver man than Isaias, but never one who walked in lowlier reverence before his God. He never forgot to his dying day that "Woe is me! for I have seen the king, the Lord of hosts." Yet, observe that he spake with very willing obedience. "Here am I," he said, "send me." He offers himself to be God's mouth to the people, whatever the message may be. He seems to say, "Here am I in the entirety of my being, purchased to thee by Thy great pardoning love; use me as Thou wilt, and send me where Thou wilt." He continued to report his Lord's message under constant rebuffs, and despite the ceaseless obduracy of Israel. Though he cried, "Who hath believed our report?" yet he continued that report. That chapter which begins with his complaint, has in it not only a continuation of the report, but a fuller version of it than he had ever given before. He was sad but resolute, grieved yet persevering, broken in heart, but not broken down in constancy. Brethren, it needs great grace to go upon a fruitless errand. One had need see the glory of the Lord to be enabled to fight a losing battle. I am sometimes afraid that I have to do this myself; but if it be so, it is not ours to bargain for success, but to yield implicit obedience.

II. I now ask your kind attention to the second part of my subject, which is a very painful one, concerning

THE NATION

to which Isaias spake. Their terrible sin lay in this, that they were willingly blinded by the light which ought to have been to them a help to see Christ, and they were hardened by those very truths which ought to have melted them. They became more and more adverse to Christ through beholding in Him such a character as ought to have won their hearts. To the prophet's teaching they were entirely dead.

They went on from bad to worse as a nation; they turned aside grievously from God, and when they appeared to cleave to Him it was in name only, but not in heart, so that when Christ came they were unable to discern Him, for had they known Him they would not have crucified the Lord of glory. This blindness was in part a punishment for their long rebellion. If men willfully shut their eyes, do you wonder that they become blind? If men will not hear, do you wonder that they grow deaf? If men will not understand, do you wonder that they become stupid? He that perverts truth shall soon be incapable of knowing the true from the false. If you persist in wearing glasses that distort, everything will be distorted to you.

"Hear the just law, the judgment of the skies!"

He that hates truth shall be the dupe of lies."

But although this blindness was a punishment for former sin, it was itself a sin. They willfully rejected the testimony of God against themselves; they refused the self-evident Christ who would so greatly have blessed them. This wilful rejection was carried out so effectually that it became impossible to convert and heal them; they could not be instructed, or reformed, and therefore they were given over to destruction. Nothing remained but to allow the Romans to

burn the temple and plough the site of the city. It was a dreadful thing that they should deliberately choose destruction, and obstinately involve themselves in the most tremendous of woes.

THE PARALLEL.

What I have to say this morning is this—that I am growingly fearful lest our own country should furnish a parallel to all this. Read the story of England, beginning where you will, and see how gracious God has been to us. Note well our great deliverances, from the destruction of the Spanish Armada to the overthrow of Napoleon. Do not forget how often this little country has been made victorious in wars against great peoples, who thought to swallow her up. Then reflect how God sent the light to us; how the Gospel spread all over England, and how it has in many ways been rejected. How often since the days of Cromwell Rome has been allowed to dim the light of our Protestantism, and how it labors to do so still! See how this people have received the truth of heaven, but again and again have proved false to it, turning at one time to superstition and at another time to infidelity. At this moment we are rich, and despite depression in business, we are less tried by it than any other nation.

And what comes of all this mercy but increased sin? Why, at this moment we have sin rampant among us almost beyond precedent. Think how the poor are oppressed and ground down with awful poverty in many parts of this great city. Shall not God answer the cry of starving women? Worse still, if worse can be; those who dare walk our streets after sundown tell us that Sodom, in its most putrid days, could scarce exceed this metropolis for open vice. To our infinite disgust and horror, the names of certain of the greatest in the land are at this hour openly mentioned in connection with the filthiest debauchery. This is not the place for details, nor can I mention the matter, or even think of it without feeling my very soul on fire.

VICE IN HIGH PLACES.

Faithfulness requires plain speech; but it is a hideous evil that the dregs of vice should be the chosen luxury of certain of our hereditary legislators and rulers. Woe unto thee, Oh land, when thy great ones love the harlot's house! Deep is our shame when we know that our judges are not clear in this matter, but social purity has been put to the blush by magistrates of no mean degree; yea, it is said that the courts of justice have lent themselves to the covering and hushing up of the iniquities of the great. Shall not God be grieved by such a nation as this? He who has read a certain story, which is but too-well known, must have felt his ears tingle and his heart tremble. What is coming over us? What horrible clouds are darkening our skies? There were judges once who would not have suffered the laws to be trampled on by the great, but would have dealt out equal justice to rich and poor; I cannot persuade myself that it will be otherwise now, and yet I fear the worst. O God, have mercy upon the land whose judgment-seats and palaces are defiled with vice.

This is not all; a general indifference to all religion is creeping over the country; at least over this vast metropolis. Ask those who visit from door to door among our crowded populations, and they will tell you that never before in their lifetime were there so few persons attendant upon the means of grace. Street after street of this city scarcely possesses more than one regular attendant upon the preaching of the word. The Sabbath is no longer a day of worship with millions. What continual efforts are made to rob us of the Sabbath-day; to degrade it into a common work-day, and to make a slave of the workingman.

SPIRITUAL TRAITORS.

To-day the revelation of God is treated with indifference, or talked of as if it deserved no reverence or credit. Unbelief has sapped the foundations of the social fabric. Worst of all—I must not hold back the charge, many of the avowed ministers of Christ are no ministers of faith at all, but promoters of unbelief. The

modern pulpit has taught men to be infidels. What truth is there which has not been doubted by divines, questioned by doctors of divinity, and at length been denounced by the priests of "modern thought"? Nothing remains upon which a certain school of preachers have not spit their scepticism. The experience of the unbelief of Germany is being repeated here. Among those who are ordained to be the preachers of the Gospel of Christ, there are many who preach not faith but doubt, and hence they are servants of the devil rather than of the Lord.

Think not that I am aiming at the Church of England.* With all my objection to a State-church, I am not so unjust as to conceal my belief that I see in the Episcopal Church at this time less of unbelief than among certain dissenters; in fact, Nonconformity in certain quarters is eaten through and through with a covert Unitarianism, less tolerable than Unitarianism itself. So frequently are the fundamental doctrines of the Gospel assailed, that it becomes needful, before you cross the threshold of many a chapel, to ask the question, "Shall I hear the Gospel here to-day, or shall I come out hardly knowing whether the Bible is inspired or not? Shall I not be made to doubt the atonement, the work of the Holy Ghost, the immortality of the soul, the punishment of the wicked, or the deity of Christ?" I know

I SHALL STIR A HORNET'S NEST

by these honest rebukes, but I cannot help it. I am burdened and distressed with the state of religion; *a pest is in the air*; no truth is safe from its withering infection. No signs can be more alarming than the growing infidelity and worldliness which I see among those who call themselves Christians. Does this nation really intend to cast off the fear of God and the doctrines of Holy Scripture to follow the vain imaginings of the sophists and the fashionable follies of the great? Are we to see again unbelief and luxurious sin walking hand-in-hand? If so, there be some of us who mean to take up our sorrowful parable, and speak as plainly as we can for truth and holiness, whether we offend or please.

Be it ours still to thunder out the law of God, and proclaim with trumpet clearness the Gospel of Jesus, not bating one jot of firm belief in the revelation of God, nor winking at sin, nor toning down truth, even though we fear that the only result will be to make this people's hearts gross, and their ears heavy, and their eyes blind. If it must be so, my soul shall weep in secret; but still, oh Lord, here am I, send me.

Hearken yet again while I press this subject personally home to you. Has not this word a personal bearing upon some of you? Certain of you have heard the Gospel preached plainly and honestly, and yet you have never received it; is there not creeping over you a fatal indifference? Are not your hearts turning to stone? Possibly you are professors of religion, and yet you do not feel the power of it; what does this mean? If you are not a praying people, nor a holy people, and yet are a professing people, what an awful doom awaits you! May God in infinite mercy speak to you that you may believe in Jesus now, lest that should come upon you which is spoken of by the prophet, "Behold, ye despisers, and wonder, and perish!"

THE HOLY TITHES.

Ere I have done, hear the sweet whisper which closes the sixth of Isaiah. Notwithstanding all the terrible work that Isaiah had to do he was not left without comfort; the Lord said to him, "In it there shall be a tenth." You know how the prophet cried, "Except the Lord of hosts had left us a seed we had been as Sodom, and been made like unto Gomorrah." The Lord has His sacred tithes and these He will not lose. The tree has lost its leaves, for it is winter time; but still it is alive, and the sap will flow again, for its substance is in it!

Behold, He cometh with clouds, and every

eye shall see Him. Reject Christ if you will to-day, oh ye who think yourselves so exceeding wise, but there is a people who love Him, a secret people who cling to Him; and when He comes, as come He must ere long, they will welcome Him and partake in His glory. As for you that refuse Him this day, how will you stand when He appeareth? Whither will you flee? You shall ask the hills to cover you, but they will refuse. You shall bid the mountains hide you, but they will not yield a cavern for your shelter. Be wise now, therefore, and no more resist your Lord. "Kiss the Son lest He be angry, and ye perish from the way while His wrath is kindled, but a little. Blessed are all they that put their trust in Him!" May you and I and all of us be of that blessed number. Amen and Amen.

[The prayers of the readers of this Journal are requested for the blessing of God upon its Editors, and those whose sermons, articles, or labors for Christ are printed in it; and that its circulation may be used by the Holy Spirit for the conversion of many sinners and the quickening of God's people. Dr. Talmage and Mr. Spurgeon especially request prayer every Sunday morning on behalf of their labors.]

NEW BOOKS.

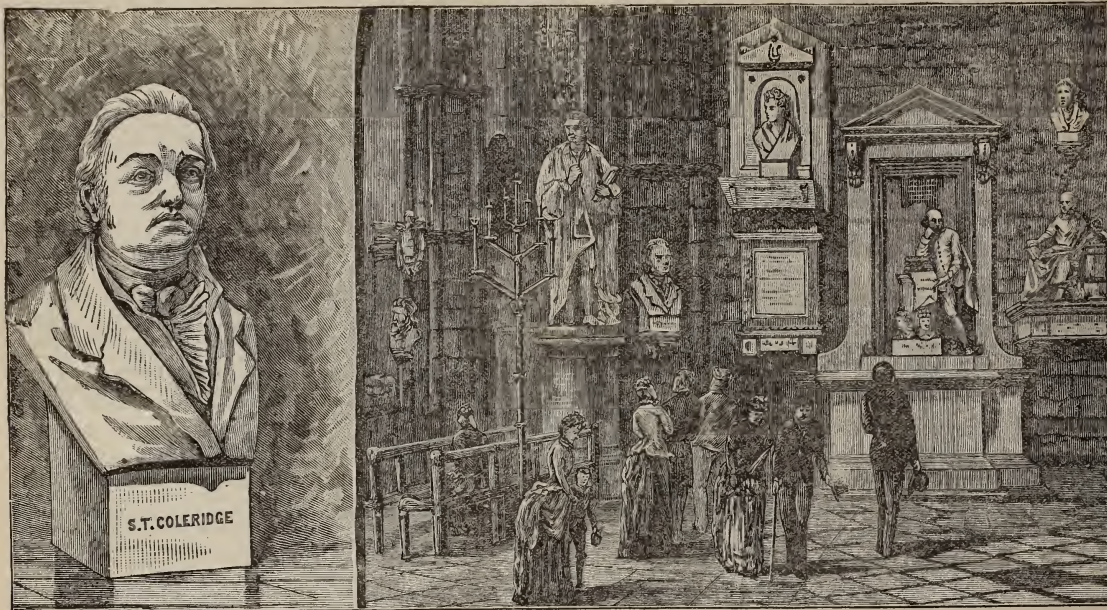
"THE DAYS OF MIRACLES NOT PAST,"

by the Rev. William Doss. In the twenty chapters of which this little work consists, the great question which is now engaging the attention of evangelical Christians, is argued with much force and modesty. Is it possible that to men and women of strong faith—with faith such as Christ described (Luke 17:6), which though only like a grain of mustard-seed, would cause a tree to be removed—is it possible that to such believers God will answer by miracle? That question Mr. Doss considers in all its bearings, showing what faith does for the soul; how the man who believes God, who takes Him at His Word, and expects that He will assuredly fulfil it, is transformed in heart and life. He shows how it operates in temporal affairs, as in the case of George Müller and others, and having proved beyond the possibility of contradiction, by facts which are open to the investigation of every one, that God has honored every draft made in the right spirit on the bank of faith, he naturally asks why we should draw the line where the Christian Church does draw it. God's power being unlimited, there is no reason when the object is for His glory and unalloyed with selfish motives or any desire for self-advancement, why Christian men should limit their requests by the boundaries of human possibility. In short, that God is ready now, as in past ages, to answer the believer's prayer by miracle as He answered Elijah centuries ago on Mount Carmel. Mr. Doss does not apply the question; he leaves that for his readers to do. But he is concerned to establish the principle that faith is now in its power what it was in the ages of the prophets and apostles, and that like faith, will bring like results. He gives several remarkable illustrations, showing that for many years the Church has been on the borderland of miracle, and that believing prayer has been answered over and over again, when to all human sense it seemed impossible that it should be answered. The capacity of the power the believer has in his hands is as Mr. Doss shows illimitable; it is for those who possess it to think how it may be applied. It is a most stimulating thoughtful work which deserves a wide circulation. Pp. 119. Price in paper covers, 35 cents; in cloth, 50 cents. Published by the Southern Methodist Publishing House, Nashville, Tenn.

"THE ERRORS OF EVOLUTION,"

by Robert Patterson. The theories of the evolutionists: The Nebular Theory, Geological Evolution, The Origin of Life, and Darwinism are successively examined here with the view of proving that the whole evolution system is "scientific superstition." The author contends that the system "is not founded on facts," that "its premises do not warrant the conclusions

* The Protestant Episcopal Church.



The Bust of the Poet Coleridge, an American Contribution to Poets' Corner, Westminster Abbey.

drawn from them;" and that "the theory is unfounded, absurd, and degrading."

The author is very much in earnest, and does not underestimate the difficulties of his task. We do not think his arguments would convert an evolutionist, but they may prevent young people who have become dazzled by the brilliant theories of Darwin, Herbert Spencer, Huxley, and others, from embracing evolution doctrines. They may also be useful to Christians, young and old, who are sore under the taunts often flung at them that, if they knew more of science they would believe less of the Bible. Pp. 271. Price in paper covers, 50 cents; in cloth, \$1. Published by H. L. Hastings, 47 Cornhill, Boston.

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

(See Illustration on this page.)

AN interesting ceremony was witnessed on May 7th, when the Hon. James Russell Lowell, standing in Poet's Corner, Westminster Abbey, in the presence of a large assemblage of Americans and Englishmen, unveiled the bust of the poet Coleridge, placed there by the munificence of the late Dr. Mercer, of Newport, R. I. It was, as Mr. Lowell remarked, a significant sign of the consciousness of the two nations, that "we hold our intellectual property in common." It is fifty-one years since Coleridge died, and in the great Abbey where memorials of so many men of genius are placed, no monument was raised to this great poet and thinker until American gratitude supplied the omission. The bust stands there now appropriately in the vicinity of the effigies of Campbell and Southey, and only a few feet from those of Shakespeare and Burns. Our illustration shows the bust itself and its surroundings.

Coleridge was the son of a clergyman, and was born October 21st, 1772. He was educated at the Blue Coat School in London, and was sent to Cambridge University. After spending two years there, he left the place suddenly and enlisted as a common soldier in a cavalry regiment. At the end of four months he was glad to be released through the payment of a consid-

erable sum of money by his family, and soon afterward, when still without income, he fell in love and married. He had written a few poems, which were published in 1796, the year after his marriage, and the following year he published another volume, the joint production of Lamb, Lloyd, and himself. In 1798 the "Lyrical Ballads" were published, and then the well-known poem of the "Ancient Mariner," which was contained in that volume, attracted public attention. He obtained journalistic work, and also produced *The Fall of Robespierre*, an historical drama, and *Remorse*, a tragedy, which was performed at Drury Lane Theatre. It was in 1816, when opium was fastening its fatal hold upon him, that he published "Christabel," the most musical of all his works. He shortly afterward went to reside with his friends, the Gillmans, at Highgate, who reverently and tenderly cared for him until he died in 1834. Probably the greatest service he rendered to his generation was that he performed during his retirement at Highgate. Frederick Dennison Maurice, John Sterling, Edward Irving, Talfourd and others came under his influence, and were held spell-bound under his brilliant conversational power. His abhorrence of atheism and materialism had its weight with them, and if it did no more, held them back from the fatal whirlpool. His negative influence in that direction was altogether beneficial, though of positive teaching he could give little. It is doubtful whether Coleridge himself knew what he believed, and it is very certain that no one else could learn it from him; but he was very clear that atheism was a deadly error, and at that time that truth was the one which the young men at Coleridge's feet most needed to be assured of.

Mr. Lowell, in unveiling his bust the other day, very aptly spoke of him as "the most striking example in literature of a great genius, given in trust to a nerveless will and a fitful purpose." Such Coleridge was—very learned, very brilliant, but utterly without aim and without energy to pursue an aim if he had one. That with his genius he might have accomplished much, every one who has read his works must

realize; and while we regret that he accomplished so little, it is better that, as Mr. Lowell tenderly said, we do not "consider what he owed to himself, his family, or the world, but rather what we owe to him." For that we are grateful, and are glad that this tribute of homage to him comes from a countryman of our own.

THE SAILOR BOY'S FRIEND.

(See Illustration on page 429.)

"COME below, boy, I want a word with you," said a wiry old seaman to a lad of about fifteen years of age, whose clean, fresh-looking uniform showed that he had but recently entered on a seafaring life. The boy followed the old sailor below deck, and stood waiting to hear what would be said to him, as the old man leisurely seated himself. "This is your first voyage, isn't it?"

"I never went to sea before," said the lad, "but I've had a year on shipboard on a lake steamer."

"Ah! you'll find this a different thing. Got a father and mother?"

"No," said the boy; "my father's dead. I've a mother and sister."

"Didn't your mother give you a Bible?"

"Oh, yes. It's in my locker."

"I'd like to see it, my boy."

The lad ran away, and in a few minutes returned with the book, which he handed to the old man.

"Ah! 'from his dear mother, who is praying for him.' Don't forget those words, my boy. I'll be bound her eyes were wet when she wrote them. I've faith in boys with praying mothers. Now, I dare say you wonder why I am asking you all these questions. Well, I'll tell you. Long before you were born—it's five and thirty years ago now—I had a mother praying for me. She loved me as a mother does love her only son. But I was a bad lad, and I believe I broke her heart. I was a wild, reckless lad, and never wrote to her when I was away, and never went to see her when I was ashore. Drink and pleasure as long as the money lasted, and then to sea again. My boy, that mother died praying for

me. I had a letter from her minister one day when I got to New York, saying that she was dead, and that her last words were, 'Lord, have mercy on my dear boy. Dear Lord, save my precious boy.' She was dead, and I'd never shown her a single kindness. The Lord did save me soon after that, but she never knew. I've been to her grave, and I've thought when I stood there I'd give my life if I could only see her for five minutes to tell her how sorry I am for all my neglect of her, and that her prayers are answered now. But I can't tell her, and she died without knowing. Well, I thought, perhaps I can do something she'd like; so now if I see a boy just beginning sea life, I try to help him to begin right. I cannot make my mother glad, but perhaps I can do something for another mother. Now, I'm going to stand by you. There'll be plenty for you to bear when the men and boys see you read your Bible; but just you remember you've got a friend aboard, and bear it like a man. They all know me, and they wouldn't hurt you. They may laugh and fool with you, but they won't do you harm. Don't be down-hearted and don't give up your colors. I'll pray for you, too."

"Thank you," said the lad, quietly, but evidently under strong emotion; "I won't forget."

The old man was as good as his word. The fatherless boy was encouraged and watched and protected, and found the path smoothed for him in a hundred ways. Many a time, at his old friend's invitation, he brought his Bible and read aloud to him, and the two prayed together. They talked of the Saviour, and the boy's book knowledge was exchanged for the sailor's heart knowledge, and they were mutually helpful. At the end of the voyage the old man carried the boy off out of the temptations of the seaport, and took him to his mother. He needed no reward for the kindness which, as he had told the boy, sprang from his own remorse; but the widow overwhelmed him with gratitude, and into his lonely life there came the tender, elevating influence of a Christian woman's affection.

UNDER FIRE.

A STORY OF THE FRANCO-GERMAN WAR.

Lurid Clouds.

My little sister Sylvie and I were living at the beginning of 1870 in the quaint old city of Strasburg. We had gone there two years before, to live with our father's mother. It was all very strange to us, for we knew very little of the language, and the houses and the streets and all things around us were unfamiliar. It was like a new world to Sylvie and me, but after two years we were getting to feel at home in it, and had some friends there.

The way we came to be there was this. My father was born in Strasburg, and was very learned and clever, and he travelled about a great deal. About twenty years before, he went to England to lecture before a learned society, and, being well received, and becoming popular,



The Sailor's Compact.

he remained there for some time, and was a professor in a university. He met my mother, a blooming young English lady, and fell in love with her. She admired the brilliant young Dr. Kromer, and, as they became acquainted, she grew to love him dearly, and after a time they were married. I have seen many homes since that in different parts of the world, but I have never seen one that was so thoroughly happy as that one in which I was born. I was only fourteen when it was broken up, but I shall never forget its peace, and calm, and joy. My mother's refined, gentle nature would have made any place beautiful to live in if she ruled in it. My father was not grave with all his learning. He was as merry as a schoolboy when he came home, and would romp and play with me as if our games were the most serious business in life. I have seen grave, dignified men stand staring in amazement when they came to our house to consult the great Dr. Kromer about some profound scientific subject, and were asked to wait a few minutes till our game of marbles was finished. Then my father was the learned Dr. Kromer again, and while he was answering his visitors' questions, I could see how they wondered at his inexhaustible store of knowledge.

But, as I have intimated, this happiness came to an end. My dear mother was taken ill suddenly, and died. I have never seen grief like that of my father. He was crushed. He seemed to grow old in a day. He moved about the house like a man in a dream. But after a few weeks there was a struggle, and he tried to resume the duties of his profession. But it was of no use, he could not bear the scenes that reminded him of his loss, and he gladly accepted an invitation to join an expedition up the Nile, hoping that in new surroundings he would recover his energy. Sylvie and I were his difficulty. He

could not leave us alone among strangers, and yet he could not stay. At last an invitation came for us from our grandmother, my father's mother, who lived in Strasburg, and as there was an excellent Protestant Lyceum there where I could study, and a good school for Sylvie, it was settled that we should go until the expedition returned.

So we came to live at Strasburg. Our grandmother's house stood at a corner where four streets met. It was very ancient; built of immense black beams of timber from the Black Forest, with the spaces filled up with stone or brick. It was four stories high, besides the roof, which was very steep, like most of the houses about it, and with no less than three stories of attics in it. The very topmost was in the highest and steepest pitch of the roof, and in shape was something like a long, narrow tent; but nobody lived in it, for it was intensely hot in summer, and bitterly cold in winter.

In the two rooms below lived Lisbeth Bernhard, and Elsie, her little girl. She gained her living by ironing; and to my thinking, her attic was the pleasantest place in the house, though my grandmother always shook her head about the number of steps to climb up to it. There was

something worth climbing for, I said. The casement was almost as wide as the room, and reached up to the ceiling, which was not more than six feet six inches high, so that I could easily touch it with my hand. But from the window, which caught all the earliest and latest light from the sky—the day lingering up there long after it was dark in the narrow street below—from the window, I say, you could see all down the broad valley of the Rhine, stretching southward, with the Vosges Mountains bounding it on the one hand, and the Baden hills on the other, with the wide, blue River Rhine winding along down toward the city, and flowing past it about a mile away.

Besides this, all the streets lay below you, like a map; and by leaning through the casement you could catch a sight of the citadel, which stood about half-way between the city and the river, beside other things well worth seeing. Near by were the pointed roofs of neighboring houses, with their queer attic windows row above row, and there were churches, and, above all, the tall spire of the famous cathedral, with its iron cross twenty feet high, towering up to the clouds, and the deep-cut, fine stone carving showing like delicate lace against the blue sky.

In the attic underneath Lisbeth's lived an old bed-ridden man, whom she waited on, and cooked for; but whom we never saw, as I will tell you afterward.

My grandmother was quite as pleased with her share of the house, as I was with Lisbeth's. She rented the second and third floors, which had windows opening upon beautiful balconies overlooking the street; pleasant places to spend the cool of the day in, on a summer's evening, when all the citizens strolled up and down the pavements, or when the soldiers of the garrison marched through with banners and music.

Gretchen, my grandmother's servant, kept the balustrades of the balconies as bright and polished as the handsome furniture within; for both she and her mistress were proud of the house, and all belonging to it.

My grandmother had lived there ever since she was married, and she thought there was no place on earth to compare with it. She and Gretchen were always seeking for some spot of dust or dirt to remove from it, though everything was in the greatest order. At first, Sylvie and I were often slipping upon the polished floors; and I could never bear to sit down on the white covers of the chairs in the salon. That was another reason why I enjoyed Lisbeth's attic so much. When my father left us, he told me I was to take his place, and be a son and protector to my grandmother; which at once made me feel older, and more like a man, than I had ever done before. She used also to talk to me as if I were grown up, and I need not tell you that was the very way to make me begin to put away childish things, as St. Paul says.

Of course, it is well known—only I never learned it from books, as I did from seeing the place—that Strasburg, though it is in France, is close upon Germany, with nothing but the Rhine between. Here were we, French citizens, with a French garrison and a French governor, while only a mile or so away was Germany. We spoke German, too, and we had dear friends on the other side of the river—friends who were in the habit of coming to visit the people of Strasburg, and whom they visited in return. There was no enmity between us, any more than between the English and the Scotch, who live close and good neighbors on the border, with only a line on the map to separate them.

That was how we were living together, up to the middle of July, last year. I suppose the emperor and the king, and their statesmen, knew that there was mischief brewing; but none of the citizens of Strasburg knew. Only the week before, the markets were as full as ever of German farmers and peasants, buying and selling, and bringing kindly little gifts. Sylvie and I had an invitation to pay a visit to a German country house, as soon as the vintage began.

It was on St. Swithin's Day that the emperor declared war against Prussia. Most of us were thinking of nothing more serious, than whether it would rain for St. Swithin's, and so foretell a wet harvest for forty days; little guessing what those forty days and more would be for us all. It was like an electric shock running through the whole city, when the news came. There were we behind our walls, foremost among the fortresses of France, in the very front of the coming tempest. Through our gates would march thousands upon thousands of the grand army, who were now shouting in Paris, "To Berlin! To Berlin!"

It was a grand time; all the city was astir, and the garrison was full of life. Only, here and there, a few old people shook their heads sadly and despondently enough. When they heard us say that the French would be in Berlin at the end of the month, these old people muttered sometimes, "The good God, He alone knows." The railway bridge across the Rhine had been built in such a way that each end would turn upon a pivot; so that with only a few hours' work the communication could be quite cut off between Strasburg and Kehl, a little German town on the other side of the river. The Germans turned their portion of the bridge at once; but they were not satisfied with this precaution as a measure of safety. We said in Strasburg, that they thought how easily the French could swing it back to its place, as soon as they got possession of Kehl; so they made up their minds it would be safest to blow it up altogether, though it had cost them a lot of money, and would cost as much to rebuild it.

I was sitting at home in the salon, preparing my studies for the next morning, when we heard a tremendous din and reverberation in the air. We sat stock-still, staring at each other for more than a minute; but a second roar of thunder

made us fly. Sylvie and me, up the long flight of steps to Lisbeth Bernhard's attic.

I see it all this moment just as it looked then; though we scarcely paused for an instant before rushing in. The door was open, and Lisbeth was sitting at her ironing-table, but the cap she had held in her hands had fallen to the ground, and she sat like a statue of stone, as white and rigid, staring out through the open window as though she saw something exceedingly terrible. The child Elsie, a pale, delicate, pretty little creature about five years old, sat upon the low window-sill, with a close white cap on, giving her an old-fashioned look, only a fine fringe of curling golden hair hung from under it on her neck, and round her face. There was nothing to be seen beyond her save the deep blue sky, and her little head and face seemed to stand out with strange clearness against it. She was knitting away as quietly as if she had heard no noise, and the sun shone upon the white wool and steel needles in her tiny hands.

"What is the matter, Lisbeth?" cried Sylvie; while I pushed on to the window, and leaned out as far as I could reach, to see what was going on. There it lay in the July sunshine; the broad river, with its queer water-mills and bathing-places, both shores crowded as thick as bees with people pressing upon each other to see the sight. Time after time came the fine white cloud, and then the loud noise of powder exploding; and fresh portions of the bridge fell into the troubled waters. Before long the last bit of the masonry crashed down into the river.

"They've blown up their bridge!" I shouted. "The Germans know we shall conquer. Hurrah! hurrah!"

Neither Lisbeth nor Sylvie answered me a word. Lisbeth drew a long breath from time to time, and sat with her lips parted as if she could scarcely breathe; and Sylvie leaned against her, looking frightened and pale. At last some large tears rolled down Lisbeth's cheeks, and fell upon her ironing-table.

"They are dear friends of mine, some of them," she said, "and I cannot bear to think of there being war among them."

"Either they must be conquered, or we," I said.

"I suppose so," she answered; "but I should like to know why the emperor and the king could not go to law about their quarrels, as they make us poor folks do. They will not let us settle our disputes by fighting; and I ask you, Max, which is worse—for two men to fight, or two hundred thousands?"

"Oh, Lisbeth!" I said, "you do not understand the question at all. War brings glory!"

"Ah!" she answered, sighing, "but not the glory the angels sang, when the dear Lord Christ was born. Then it was glory to God, and peace on earth."

I did not know what to reply to that; so I held my tongue.

"It is no glorious thing for the poor," went on Lisbeth; "if there should be a siege, which God forbid! either in France or Germany, we poor will die by hundreds and thousands. The last war was no glory for the poor, nor will this one be, you will see, Herr Max."

"Why, you don't remember any great war," I said.

"No," she answered, "but my father was in Pfalzburg when it was besieged by the Cossacks in 1813, and he would tell you, if he was still alive, what war means to the poor, and to women and children, Max. There are not many people to whom it brings glory!"

I pretended not to hear, and put my head out of the window again to see the bridge, which showed a great gap now on the German side. Sylvie had stolen her arm about Lisbeth's neck, while Elsie went on knitting as if she had to get her living by it.

"What is Elsie doing?" asked Sylvie in a little while; and I drew in my head, for I was tired of leaning out, only I did not want Lisbeth to go on about the war.

The little creature looked up for a moment

with her blue eyes, and a smile on her face, which I thought would break into a merry laugh, but it passed away into a grave look of importance.

"I am making a birthday present," she said, shyly.

"Whoever for?" asked Sylvie again.

The child hesitated for a minute, and then she said, in a very soft, low voice, "For the dear Lord Christ!"

"For the Lord Christ!" repeated Sylvie, while I felt a strange sort of feeling creep over me, as if it was almost an awful thing to say and hear.

"Yes," added Lisbeth. "Elsie was born on Christmas Day, the same day as the dear child Jesus, our Lord Christ. Last Christmas she asked me were the little children in heaven giving birthday presents to Him; and I said I was not sure, but perhaps they were. So she has been learning to knit all this year; and now she is knitting Him a warm white vest against next Christmas."

She had said all this aloud, in her clear, pleasant voice; and Elsie nodded her little head. But Lisbeth said in a much lower tone, only for Sylvie and me to hear: "She thinks somehow of Him as if He was only a young child like herself, born on the same day—only living in heaven, while she is down here in Strasburg; and in her childish way she tries to be like Him."

"The days are long and light now," said Elsie, as gravely as an old woman, "and it will not get soiled if I knit it in the sunshine. When it is quite, quite finished, we shall wrap it in some silver paper, and take care of it till His birthday; and then it will be as white as the snow on the hills. See how clean my hands are, and my frock!"

She opened her small, rosy hands for us to look at; and then she went on with her knitting, very slowly, stitch by stitch.

"But she cannot give it to Jesus Christ," said Sylvie, in a loud whisper, before I could put my hand over her mouth to stop her.

"Hush! hush!" whispered Lisbeth; "you can't think how quiet and content it keeps the child! And the Lord Christ will not be displeased with her, will He, Max? It is still a long time till Christmas, and perhaps she will be old enough and wise enough then to have it explained to her. My little Elsie loves her work," she went on, in a louder voice.

"And He knows Elsie is doing it!" said the child, with a very sweet smile all over her happy face.

"Yes, yes," answered Lisbeth; "He is watching every stitch, and knows it is all being done for Him. And He is sure to take care of Elsie and me all through the dreadful noise of the war. Elsie is His little sister, and He is sure to take care of her. We will not be frightened, will we, Elsie?"

"No, never!" said the child, looking up from her long task, and speaking in a very trustful voice. I felt so silent that I could not have spoken for the life of me, and after a while Lisbeth said again, in an undertone:

"She looks to me almost like a little angel, sitting so still there in the window. If ever she is the least bit naughty, I have only to tell her that the Holy Child Jesus is never like that. I think I am nearly as happy a Mary herself was when He was really only a young child."

These were such odd things for a woman to be saying, that still I did not know what or how to answer her. But Sylvie was not so shy.

"Oh, Lisbeth!" she said, "why do you call Elsie His little sister?"

"Is He not the brother of us all?" she said, gently. "He said Himself that if any one would do the will of God, the same was His brother, or His mother, or sister. And is not Elsie doing the will of God, when she tries to be like the child Jesus in heaven? If men only knew what it was to think of Him as their Master, and all men as their brethren, there could not be any more war in the land."

I was puzzled, but Sylvie, who was still only a child, seemed tired of such talk, and in a minute or two she said, quite in an ordinary, everyday tone:

"Oh, Lisbeth, to-morrow Max and some of his school-fellows are going to have a battle on the ramparts! Some of them are to be Prussians, come to storm Strasburg, you know; and the rest will be French, and beat them all back again, or take them prisoners. I hope Max will be chosen general! General Max sounds so! And grandmamma says Gretchen may go, and take me. Oh, I wish you would let little Elsie go with us!"

"We shall see," answered Lisbeth.

(To be continued.)

IDOLATRY ESTABLISHED.

S. S. Lesson for July 12, 1 Kings 12:25-33; 13. Golden Text, Ps. 106:36. By Mrs. M. Baxter.

Jeroboam's Difficulty—His People's Allegiance in Peril—His Plan to Secure It—Religion Provided at Home—Supported by the Government—The King Officiating—A Warning from God—The Messenger Scorned—The King's Hand Arrested—Forced to Seek God's Help—Royal Hospitality Rejected—An Invitation from a Prophet—Disobedience and Punishment.

Jeroboam was made king, and he built cities to strengthen himself; he might have owned to some faith in God, but he had far more faith in himself. A difficulty arose in his kingdom: God had commanded, "Three times in the year all thy males shall appear before the Lord thy God" (Ex. 23:17). "Unto the place which the Lord shall choose out of all your tribes to put His name there, even unto His habitation shall ye seek, and thither thou shalt come" (Deut. 12:5). Jeroboam began to feel that his interests clashed with those of God, a time of crisis must come, when he must either yield to God or openly rebel against Him. The rebellion began where it usually does, within. "Jeroboam said in his heart, Now shall the kingdom return to the house of David: If this people go up to do sacrifice in the house of the Lord at Jerusalem, then shall the heart of this people turn again unto their lord, even unto Rehoboam King of Judah, and they shall kill me, and go again to Rehoboam King of Judah." What was become of the promise of God? Did he count the words of the Lord for "sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal"? A distinct promise had been made him of God that He would be with him, and build him a sure house, on the one condition that he would hearken to God and obey Him. But the king neither believed in the promise, nor fulfilled its conditions. He acted as though God were not in any way an interested party, and as though only his relations to Rehoboam were to be considered. Oh, how often, how almost universally men act thus.

LEAVING GOD OUT OF THE RECKONING, until some terrible trial forces them to cry unto Him! The king took counsel (not of God), and made two calves of gold and set them up, one in Bethel, on the frontier of Judah, and one in Dan, on the frontier of Syria. He then made a proclamation ostensibly full of regard for his people's welfare, concealing his own interested and sinful policy. "It is too much for you to go up to Jerusalem: Behold thy gods, O Israel, which brought thee up out of the land of Egypt." Then he went further—made priests of the lowest of the people, himself sacrificed to the golden calves, and ordained a feast to supply the place of those ordained of God, "in the month which he had devised of his own heart." Man-made religion is a miserable substitute for real communion with God, forms and ceremonies can never fill the void in a hungry soul.

King Jeroboam seemed at this time to carry all before him, he was the great man, and in the eyes of most of his people, God Himself was not practically greater, for they had to do with the king but not with God. God, however, did not ignore Jeroboam. His heart years after

the most rebellious. "There came a man of God out of Judah, by the Word of the Lord unto Bethel: and Jeroboam stood by the altar to burn incense. And he cried against the altar in the Word of the Lord, and said: O altar, altar, thus saith the Lord; Behold, a child shall be born unto the house of David, Josiah by name; and upon thee shall he offer the priests of the high places that burn incense upon thee, and men's bones shall be burned upon thee." All this was fulfilled in the reign of Josiah (1 Kings 23:15-17). A prophecy of judgment, the execution of which might be far future, was not likely to have much effect on a man like Jeroboam. He would say, "The vision that he seeth is for many days to come, and he prophesieth of the times that are far off" (Ezek. 12:27). But God who spoke through His servant, was present, and the prophet gave a sign

THE SAME DAY,

saying: "This is the sign which the Lord hath spoken; Behold, the altar shall be rent, and the ashes that are upon it shall be poured out."

The king, who was so openly at war with God, was not likely to deal gently with His faithful servant. He put forth his hand from the altar, and issued the command, "Lay hold of him." But the God whom he despised held absolute command over both his life and being, and that of the man who opposed him. The hand with which he intended to seize the man of God "dried up," so that he could not pull it in to him again. There he stood, a sorry witness of his own cause, a striking witness against himself of the presence of God. The same power which struck him with paralysis, rent the altar, and poured out the ashes. Whose was the invisible hand which did the work? The king knew, and to the humbling of his haughty spirit, instead of calling the state physicians to his aid, he was forced to ask help of God. In the presence of his body-guard, and of many whom he had led into idolatry, he was so pressed by his helpless, ludicrous position, that he said to the man of God, "Entreat now the face of the Lord thy God, and pray for me that my hand may be restored to me again." Why did he not go to the golden calves? Why did he not seek some of the priests whom he had made? It is not state patronage that gives power with the living God, and Jeroboam found it so. Oh, how full of grace is our God! Truly as the king deserved the chastisements, yet when he turned to God, even through another, the ear of God was open to his cry, and his hand was restored. Alas! even this merciful approach of God to him did not succeed in drawing him away from sin and self; "After this thing, Jeroboam returned not from his evil way."

But he was quite inclined to make much of God's instrument. Far from desiring now to take the life of the man of God, the king said: "Come home with me, and refresh thyself, and I will give thee a reward." Big people like to

PATRONIZE CHRISTIANS,

and somehow while receiving favors at their hands, God's children are not so free as at other times. When God leads us distinctly into the houses of the great, we need to be very specially under the close direction of the Holy Spirit, that we may serve God's purpose there. But the man of God had no word from above to bid him accept the king's hospitality. "If thou wilt give me half thine house, I will not go in with thee, neither will I eat bread, nor drink water in this place; for so it was charged me by the Word of the Lord. It was the place of witness for idolatry, no place for a man of God to be at home.

Every child of God, and especially such as He uses in His direct work with souls, must be exercised in faith by continuous trial. The man of God had come out of his encounter with Jeroboam with flying colors; faithfully and well had he executed his mission. But, after leaving the king, he sat down under an oak, still in the neighborhood of Bethel, to rest. God does not deny rest to His weary children, but He likes to choose for us our times of rest as well our times of service. An old prophet who had heard the

report of his testimony against the king, of the rending of the altar, of the withering and subsequent healing of the king's hand, and of the royal invitation so decidedly refused, sent his sons to overtake the man of God and bring him back to him. But how should he induce a man so firm and strong in his principles to disobey his God, and to eat bread, and drink water at Bethel? Satan was at hand, and suggested that he should send him a lying message, purporting to be from God, that he was commanded to bring him back.

Oh, how often Satan, as an angel of light, speaks through those who have been a long time Christians! How often young, ardent, devoted spirits are led astray by succumbing to the influence of such as should be more acquainted with God than themselves! How often has their veneration for prominent Christians come between them and God! True men of God would be the last to lay claim to infallibility, and they are not to blame if men persist in putting them in the place of God. The old prophet of Bethel assumed to himself an infallibility in the way of guidance which should render null and void God's direct command to the man of God.

"TRY THE SPIRITS

whether they are of God: because many false prophets are gone out into the world" (1 John 4:1). The leading of God can never be contrary to His own Word, the Spirit of God always sets forth that Jesus Christ is come in the flesh.

The man of God fell into the snare which was laid for him, went back, and accepted hospitality at the hands of the old prophet, so disobeying the Word of the Lord to himself. We are never responsible for other people's guidance, but we are responsible for what the Lord says unto us. It was a false step. As they sat at table, a real message from God came to the old prophet against the man of God, exposing his own guilty duplicity. "Thus saith the Lord, Forasmuch as thou hast disobeyed the mouth of the Lord, and hast not kept the commandment of which the Lord thy God commanded thee, but camest back, and hast eaten bread, and drunk water in the place of which the Lord said unto thee, Eat no bread and drink no water; thy carcass shall not come unto the sepulchre of thy fathers." It was

A POOR REPARATION

to the man of God, that the prophet who had deceived him should lend him his ass wherewith to make his journey. It did not save him from the judgment of God, for a lion met him and slew him. Yet God did not allow His servant to be the lion's prey, He withheld the savage beast, and the passengers who went that way brought the news to the old prophet how they had found the slain man, with the lion and the ass standing by, as though both were guardians of the body. Then the old prophet sent his sons to bring the carcass, and he had it carefully buried, leaving directions with his son, that at his death he should share the same sepulchre in token that he believed God would fulfil His predictions.

Idolatry continued to increase. How it might have been had these two prophets laid hold of God as Elijah did afterward, we know not, but this we know, that men of faith "subdued kingdoms, wrought righteousness, obtained promises, stopped the mouths of lions, quenched the violence of fire, escaped the edge of the sword, out of weakness were made strong, waxed valiant in fight, turned to flight the armies of the aliens" (Heb. 11:33, 34). Satan cannot have it all his own way when men believe in the living God.

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CONSECRATION.

H. W. BROWN.

Now ye have consecrated yourselves unto the Lord, come near and bring sacrifices and thank offerings into the house of the Lord.—1. Chron. 29:31.

Are you willing, wholly willing,
Just the little things to do,
Caring more to please the Master,
Than for what men may say of you?

Are you sure you are not able
Just a falling prayer to raise,
Choosing not your will and pleasure,
Of your Saviour it will praise?

Do you feel no obligation
To acknowledge Christ in you?
Have you never asked in earnest,
"Lord, what wilt Thou have me do?"

You have asked, and He has shown you,
But your shrinking heart cried, "No!
It is true, I asked for service,
But—*that way* I cannot go!"

While you *choose*, you are not willing;
We shall never dare to ask
Consecration means obedience
To the Spirit's every call!—

Meaneeth dying, meaneeth living,
(Death of self and life in God.)
Meaneeth work, or, at least waiting,
Or submission 'neath the rod!

Meaneeth such a full surrender,
We shall never dare to ask
Why God gives on faith such testing,
Or assigns so hard a task.

We are here to be perfected!—
Only Christ our needs can so;
Rarest gems bear hardest grinding,
God's own workmanship are we!

He loves harmony, not discord,
And what ever may befall,
Let a grand Psalm His is perfecting;
Let us praise Him for it all.

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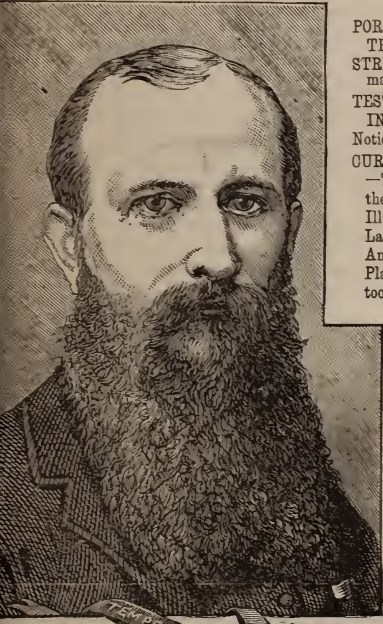
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The Gospel Temperance Advocate.

Joins a Band of Hope—Earliest Efforts in the Cause—First Work in London—Becomes Temperance Missionary at Reading—His Services to Good Templarism—Assistance to Canon Wilberforce—He Puts on the Blue Ribbon—Successful Missions—His Recent Tour—Visits Australia and Tasmania—Interview with Maori King and Chiefs—Goes to New Zealand, California, Salt Lake City, Chicago, etc.

THOMAS WILLIAM GLOVER, the Blue Ribbon Temperance orator, whose portrait appears on our front page this week, was born in the town of Ross, Herefordshire, England, on May 24th, 1844, so that he is now forty-one years of age. From a very early period his sympathies were enlisted on the side of total abstinence, and when a mere boy he became a member of the Band of Hope, and has kept his pledge unbroken to this day.

He was early deprived, by death, of his mother; but his father married a second time, and his stepmother from the time that he was twelve years of age, proved herself worthy of the love of her adopted family of eight little ones, of which Thomas is the eldest. Mr. Glover received a fair education at a local middle-class day-school, from which he went to Tetbury, his parents' native place, and was engaged with his uncle there in the conduct of a dry-goods business. At Tetbury he joined the Temperance Society, held the office of Secretary for five years, and made his maiden temperance speech as chairman of a public meeting in the common school.

FIRST EFFORTS.

Proceeding from his uncle's roof, under which he had been very happy, he went to London to gain experience in business. There he obtained a situation in a large retail concern, and occasionally rendered efficient service to the temperance cause in that populous quarter of London. He was constant in his visitation of meetings, and wrote an essay on "Is the Use of Intoxicating Liquors Consistent with the Christian Profession?" which he read before the Young Men's Association (see illustration), the result being that the association adopted the sentiments of the writer, and ordered the essay to be published.

Being unable to find a temperance society in the immediate neighborhood, he determined to start one himself, engaged the Stepney Temperance Hall, and arranged meetings on his own responsibility. But friends soon gathered round him, and a flourishing society was formed, with Dr. Edmunds as president and himself as secretary.

At length, after consulting with judicious friends, and with unshaking deliberation, he determined to devote himself entirely to the work, and immediately after having done so, he accepted an engagement as

TEMPERANCE MISSIONARY

at Reading, where he labored assiduously and with success, for a period of five years.

In 1872, during his residence at Reading, he was instrumental, along with a few friends, in starting the first Good Templars' Lodge, and has since held nearly all the offices in subordinate lodges, and was for several years elected and re-elected District Chief Templar for the county of Hampshire, which office he holds, we believe, at the present time.

Mr. Glover is also an active member of St. Mary's (Canon Wilberforce's) Church of England Temperance Society, serving on the committee of one of the parochial branches. He is also a member of the Executive Committee of the Winchester Diocesan Branch, and Vice-President of the Southampton Temperance Society, besides holding other important and responsible offices. So that it is plainly evident that Mr. Glover has a pretty fair amount of hard work on his hands.

HE DONNED THE BLUE RIBBON in Jersey, at the hands of Mrs. Philip De Carteret, in 1881. He has since taken part in many large Blue Ribbon demonstrations, and was the

Secretary of the Memorable Gospel Temperance Mission carried on in Southampton by Mr. Booth, under the presidency of the Rev. Canon Basil Wilberforce, when, during the eight days of its operations fifty-five hundred new pledges were taken.

PRESENTATION BY THE GOOD TEMPLARS.

The estimate in which Mr. Glover is held by the Good Templars is shown by the presentation which was made to him at a special session of the Grand Lodge of Good Templars of England held at Weymouth in June, 1882. The presentation consisted of a handsomely illuminated and framed address, which was signed by the leading office-holders of the Grand Lodge, and which concluded thus: "Your general advocacy of our principles in different parts of the kingdom has been highly esteemed by the membership, and of great practical advantage to this Grand Lodge, and your attention to the internal administration of the order has been similarly appreciated by your colleagues on the executive."

Mr. Glover was married in the year 1867 to Miss Hawkey, of London, a life-long abstainer, who has stood by him in his work, cheerfully helping him in all the different phases of the movement, so far as was in her power, and consistent with the claims of a young family of several children, all growing up strong and healthy teetotallers, wearing the blue ribbon and bearing the honorable names of some eminent temperance men.

HE MADE THE TOUR OF THE WORLD

recently, sailing for Australia in the ship Orient, and during the voyage held several Gospel Temperance meetings on board (see illustration, No. 3), attended with most gratifying results, several of the young men who were going out to start life on their own account in the colony being prevailed upon, by Mr. Glover's arguments and eloquence, to take the total abstinence pledge. When, some months after, Mr. Glover met the young men again, he was rejoiced to find that they were sticking to their pledge, and, with God's help, resolutely determining to do so.

Having landed at Adelaide, Mr. Glover, with his companion, Mr. R. T. Booth, received an enthusiastic welcome from a body of temperance friends, who took him around the thriving city, and showed him the principal objects of interest. Among other places visited were the magnificent premises of the Young Men's Christian Association, where at half an hour's notice a crowded prayer-meeting was held. Speaking of

MEN AND THINGS AT ADELAIDE,

he says: "I found the drink was doing the same debasing work in the Colony as in England; it is the nature of drink to do evil everywhere, and I have not found a single spot where it is doing good. I was pleased, however, to hear from some of the natives that the young Australians are taking to total abstinence. The drinking that went on there in by-gone times was terrible. Many gathered together from all parts of the world, and in a few months became immensely rich at

THE GOLD DIGGINGS,

and thought they were made for life. Then they went into some drinking-saloon, and there, perhaps, lost it all. Some men on going to these places, would hand the landlord a cheque, and say 'Landlord, I am going in for a spree, and when that is gone you must let me know.' So they would sit down and begin 'shouting' for every one who came in, wanting every one to drink with them. Drinks were drugged, and in a few days all the money would be gone, and the men would be turned out to make their way back to the diggings as best they could. That was called 'knocking down cheques.' The sleepers on the large farms did exactly the same, and that was called 'lambing down.' These things are not entirely discontinued in the Colony now, though a great improvement is going on, and men and women are becoming more and more sober."

From Adelaide Mr. Glover proceeded to Mel-

bourne, and here again was met by a great concourse of enthusiastic friends, and arrangements were made for a meeting of welcome in London Hall, and afterward for a temperance mission. In the mean time he went on to Hobart Town, Tasmania, where some large meetings were held, presided over by the Premier, the Hon. Robert Stout, and the bishop and the dean "donned the blue" at the first meeting. At the third meeting

THE PREMIER OF TASMANIA

stood up, and said: "Ladies and Gentlemen: I am going to sign the pledge to-night and put on the blue ribbon. I am going to sign for my son's sake. My son is going to England—going to Oxford—and I know the temptations he will have to meet, and when he said to-night, 'Father, if you will sign the pledge, and put on the blue ribbon, I will,' I could not refuse" (see illustration, No. 4). As the Premier told the story, and signed the pledge, there was scarcely a dry eye in the meeting.

From Hobart Town Mr. Glover went to Launceston and other places, and then away back again to Melbourne, where arrangements had been completed for

A GREAT MISSION

in the Exhibition Building, an edifice holding six thousand people, all on the ground floor. There was a choir of six hundred blue ribboners, and the hearts of the people were thoroughly moved, and one night no fewer than nine hundred came up out of the meeting and signed the pledge, and put on "the badge of blue." Mr. Booth falling ill with congestion of the lungs, the entire responsibility for the organization and conduct of the meetings fell on Mr. Glover, but God gave him the strength required, and he was able to go on. Night after night the colossal building was densely crowded, and thousands were unable to obtain admission, and at the close of the campaign it was found that no fewer than eighteen thousand persons had signed the pledge. The excitement was intense. Night after night processions gradually growing in volume might be seen on the streets, proceeding to the place of meeting (see illustration, No. 5).

AMONG THE MAORIERS.

On April 15th, 1884, Mr. Glover interviewed Tawhiao, the Maori king, then returning from his visit to Europe to New Zealand. The king and his chiefs, who were staying at an ordinary hotel, appointed the interview to take place in the little parlor of the house, and gave Mr. Glover and his friends a very hearty reception, and, through their interpreter, expressed the appreciation and gratification they all felt for the kind attention bestowed on them. Mr. Bælen, as representing the Australian Gospel Temperance Union, tendered to Tawhiao, as the first kingly wearer of the emblematic "blue ribbon," respects and best wishes, coupled with a cordial welcome to Victoria. The chiefs said they were all agreed as to the value and importance of the principles they had embraced. Mr. Glover, before leaving, asked, and was granted permission to pin "the blue" on the coat of one of the chiefs who, at the time, was not wearing that distinction (see illustration, No. 6). The blue ribbon worn by the king is somewhat larger than the bit generally worn, and is attached to a small, neat buckle, like the orders kings and princes wear in Europe.

After this cheering incident of his exhausting labors, Mr. Glover held smaller missions in the suburban districts, and altogether he was speaking every night for over three months in Melbourne and its environs. From Melbourne he went to Geelong, a city on the sea-coast, where he had, in proportion to the population, as great a success as he had had in Melbourne. The Chief Secretary of State for Victoria took the chair at a meeting, when Mr. Glover gave an address on Local Option, and announced that the Government were preparing to introduce a bill dealing with that matter, and that, therefore, he was glad to get information. The missioner took care not to let the State official go without knowing that nothing short of the

power of stamping out the traffic would ever elude the people. "There is nothing else," he said, "able to get rid of it; that is the only regulation wanted, and that is all Sir Wilfrid Lawson ever asked for in the British House of Commons." Mr. Glover then held meetings in Ballarat, at one of which one thousand people signed the pledge—

THE GREATEST NUMBER OF PLEDGES

He had ever known taken in a single night. After spending six months in the small towns he went back to Tasmania, and from thence to New Zealand—the Prime Minister of which Colony is a total abstainer—addressing meetings at Invercargill, Dunedin, Christchurch, Wellington, and Auckland.

He was anxious to work in this country, so travelled home *via* San Francisco and Salt Lake City. He intended to stop and find out what he could about the Mormons, and hearing of a temperance meeting went to it, and was asked to speak. The temperance party appeared to be a very low ebb there, but a committee was formed and arrangements made for a mission, a Mormon bishop allowing them the use of the theatre for the meetings. They had a large attendance, both of

MORMONS AND GENTILES.

Mr. Glover says: "I am obliged to say that what the Mormons affirm is absolutely true—that every drinking-saloon in Salt Lake City is kept by what are called 'Christians,' and not by Mormons, and if there were no 'Christians' there would be no drinking there." An assertion which, as Mr. Glover is not a prophet may or may not be true, but which most people who know anything of Utah, will take with the traditional grain of salt.

While at Salt Lake City, he visited the prison (see illustration, No. 7), where he found about one hundred prisoners, none of whom were Mormons, but all "Christians." If he went there now, he would find some Mormons who, if justice had been done, would have been there long ago. Perhaps if he had not been so ignorant of the political influences at work in the Territory at that time, he would have understood why the Gentile scamps were inside the jail, and the Mormon scamps outside. He was allowed to give a brief address to the men, and, lifting up his heart to God for wisdom and aid, proceeded to make the most of his opportunity. The impression produced by his remarks was profound.

IN THE MORMON TEMPLE.

He went also to the temple (a building holding twelve thousand persons), and heard Brigham Young, who made no compromise with the publicans and the liquor traffic, but said straight out: "Any man who will take a liquor saloon and sell strong liquor to his fellow-men is fit only to be hanged by the neck." Mr. Glover remarks: "I shouted out 'Hear, hear!' I dared not say such a thing as that in England, but I was glad to be somewhere where I could say it."

It may be presumed that Mr. Glover observed a discreet silence about the sins of polygamy, immorality, robbery, and murder, or his friend Brigham would have felt uncomfortable, and might have made the missionary feel so too. On the whole, the less Brigham said about hanging by the neck the better. None so richly deserved it as he did.

From Salt Lake City he went to Denver, from Denver to Chicago, from Chicago to Seneca Falls—to the home of Mr. R. T. Booth—and from thence to New York, Philadelphia, Boston, and Portland, Me. He then returned to England.

That Mr. Glover assigns to total abstinence a high place as a mighty agency of reformation is evident in nearly every utterance he makes, but happily he is too enlightened a Christian to allow it to supersede the yet mightier agency of the Gospel of Christ, in the perfect enfranchisement of both soul and body, and which alone is "the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth."

TESTIMONIES AT THE INTERNATIONAL FAITH-HEALING CONFERENCE.

IN continuance of our report of this Conference at Agricultural Hall, Islington, in last week's CHRISTIAN HERALD we give further details. Similar Conferences were held at Brighton and Blackheath the following week.

MR. J. W. WOOD, OF AUSTRALIA.

having quoted Psalm 27:4, and Romans 12:1, said it was through an exposition of these passages by Mrs. Hampson that he was led to see the way to obtain the blessing. He had preached against it for many years; he thought it was impossible for a man to live without sin—to have a clean heart. But he came to have one sole desire—that Christ should be king in his heart, a thing He had not been for many a year. After thirty years of struggling he came to see that as Christ was given by God to man, so man had to give something which would be acceptable to God; he was to present his body a living sacrifice. He described in detail how after some two weeks' intense conflict, day and night almost, the light of God broke into his soul, and it was perfect heaven; whether at business or waiting before the Lord, he was filled with the Holy Ghost. At the close of the fourteen days he was led to see the power of the Lord to heal the body, and since then he had never doubted it, though he had suffered not a little persecution through it. He was assured that the healing power had been given to him, and he pledged himself to use it for the glory of God. He knew nothing then about "faith-healing." He searched the Word, however, and there he found confirmation of the truth that gifts of healing are given to the children of God for the perfecting of the body of Christ, *until the time when it should meet the Lord in the air*. He had been a perfect invalid for over twenty years. Nearly all the doctors in Victoria had

PRONOUNCED HIM IN CONSUMPTION,

suffering from disease of heart and lungs and liver, but the Lord had perfectly healed him without any human intervention. The Lord subsequently allowed one of his children to become sick; there was a large lump under her chin, and she was in high fever. He had found it difficult to exercise his healing gift elsewhere because of the prejudice that existed, and he believed the Lord had brought on this sickness that he might have the opportunity of exercising it without hindrance. He went to the child, and prayed: "Lord Jesus, Thou art the Great Physician, heal the child." Away went the fever. He puts His hand under the child's chin, and away went the lump! A few days afterward she was taken with a low fever. When he came home he placed his hands on her and prayed the Lord to heal her;

SHE GOT UP PERFECTLY RESTORED.

Mr. Wood also told in detail of the healing of a friend in the hospital, whose family had been summoned to see him die. He was raised up by the prayer of faith, and the doctors called it a *resurrection case*. Later on a medical certificate was granted to him to pass an insurance company. He proceeded to tell how, having received invitations to visit many parts of South Australia, something like

THREE THOUSAND PERSONS

came under the ministry of healing. Night and day people came calling upon God for salvation, and all kinds of diseases were healed by His mighty power resting upon them.

REV. A. B. SIMPSON, OF NEW YORK,

said he represented thousands of hearts on the other side of the Atlantic which were throbbing with sympathy. He referred to the work of Dr. Cullis, Boston, whose influence had extended far beyond the United States in many directions. The names of Mr. Sanford (who was present at the Conference), and of *Carrie Judd, of Buffalo*, and Mrs. Dix, were held in affectionate esteem for their works' sake. A quiet farmer, Ephraim Allen, was also doing a wonderful work for God. Miss Gordon, Nashville, had been marvellously

used of God during this winter. He scarcely knew a church throughout the land where there is not a little band who are united in the maintenance of this truth. It was becoming a bond of union stronger than any they had known before. With respect to New York, it had been his delight that the work was so impersonal. He felt bound to say that he had been a little oppressed when hearing the blessed personal testimonies given at this Conference, lest there should be too much of the personal element, to the exclusion of God's truth.

Coming to his

PERSONAL EXPERIENCE.

Mr. Simpson said that ten years ago he got out of the waters of despondency by simply believing on Jesus as his Saviour. He got out of another difficulty by simply, through faith, taking Christ to be his Sanctifier. About four years ago he was broken down physically. After a time the Lord Jesus showed him that it was His blessed will to be a complete Saviour for body, soul, and spirit. When he returned home from Europe two years ago he made three solemn pledges—first, that he believed this Divine healing was the truth of God's Word, and he would stand upon it; second, that he would take it for himself and believe not only that he was healed, but that he had the full strength of the risen Lord needed for the rest of his work on earth; and third, that he could not refuse to use this truth for the help of others.

From that time, continued Mr. Simpson, I have been permitted to *work about four times as hard as before*. I have had the entire charge of a large magazine, of which I have done half the writing, all the editorial work, and all the oversight. I have been pastor of a church, where there are services every night of the week and three times on Sunday. I have had the charge of a Home in New York, opened for receiving those who came for healing, and have spent hours and hours every day in personal conversation. Some three thousand called last year. During these four years, I can truly say that with the exception of two nights when I felt the Lord wanted to get me alone with Him and rest on His bosom, I have not had to be one hour from my work, and have not even taken a summer vacation, choosing rather to work through the summer in New York, and finding it the best harvest time of all. I have done this because I could not help it; it was a delight. I stand here to say that

THE LORD JESUS CAN BE BODY AND NERVE, and vital energy, and brain, and mind, and thought, to those who will simply trust and not be afraid to venture out in His service.

Dr. F. W. Badcker, said: "Twenty years ago I was an infidel, and I was converted by the words, 'God is.' Whatever I might think of it, God is, and I must believe that He is. That floored me. From that day I gave myself up to God. I was told at once that people are

CONVERTED FOR SERVICE.

There was a new Master to serve instead of the old one. But I was an invalid in the doctor's hands, drinking wine, and spirits, and beer, and medicine; but all did me no good. One day I was asked to speak in the open air. "It is an impossibility," I said; "I'm a man of one lung, a man of a weak heart and weak spine." "Have you asked the Lord about it?" That sent me to the Lord. "Lord, if I am to serve Thee anywhere, Thou must heal me and do it all Thyself alone." He answered me, and poured grace into me, and now I could not keep back the message. He burned (Isaiah 40:1) into my heart, and I must tell it out, but the end of the chapter were precious words which I took for myself. "Strength sufficient," is our German word. I thought 'that is what I want.' I have taken it as mine ever since. I am just starting for a second journey to Russia. Pray for me to be anointed with fresh oil."

VOLUME VII of the Christian Herald, Containing the Numbers for 1884, with complete index, bound in cloth, may be had from this office; price \$1, including postage. A few volumes of 1885 and 1883 are also for sale. We have none prior to 1882.

STRIPPING THE SLAIN.

A Sermon by Dr. Talmage.

"And it came to pass on the morrow, when the Philistines came to strip the slain, that they found Saul and his three sons fallen in Mount Gilboa."—1 SAM. 31 : 8.

The Human Vultures on the Battle-field—The Unresisting Dead—The Battle-field of Life—The Overthrown—Why the World Sticks by Them—Slain by Evil Habits—An Ex-Congressman's Death—Satanic Torture—An Infidel's Death—The Consummation of Sadness—Recovery Possible—The Ministering Angels of the Battle-field—The Spiritual Channel House—Ezekiel's Vision—The Heavenly Gale—The Oceanic Tides—The Lord's Ambulance.

SOME of you were at South Mountain, or Shiloh, or Ball's Bluff, or Gettysburg, and I ask you if the gaze is any sadder sight than a battle-field across the field of Antietam just after the conflict. The scene was so sickening I shall not describe it. Every valuable thing had been taken from the bodies of the dead, for there are always

VULTURES HOVERING

over and around about an army, and they pick up the watches, and the memorandum books, and the letters, and the daguerotypes, and the hats, and the coats, applying them to their own uses. The dead make no resistance. So there are always camp followers going on and after an army, as when Scott went down into Mexico, as when Napoleon marched up toward Moscow, as when Von Moltke went to Sedan. There is a similar scene in my text.

Saul and his army had been horribly cut to pieces. Mount Gilboa was ghastly with the dead. On the morrow the stragglers came on to the field, and they lifted the lachet of the helmet from under the chin of the dead, and they picked up the swords and bent them on their knee to test the temper of the metal, and they opened the wallets and counted the coin. Saul lay dead along the ground, eight or nine feet in length, and I suppose the cowardly Philistines, to show their bravery, leaped upon the trunk of his carcass, and jeered at the fallen slain, and whistled through the mouth of the helmet. Before night those cormorants had taken everything valuable from the field : "And it came to pass on the morrow, when the Philistines came to strip the slain, that they found Saul and his three sons fallen in Mount Gilboa."

THE WORLD'S BATTLE-FIELD.

Before I get through to-day I will show you that the same process is going on all the world over, and every day, and that when men have fallen, Satan and the world, so far from pitying them or helping them, go to work remorselessly to take what little is left, thus stripping the slain.

There are tens of thousands of young men every year coming from the country to our great cities. They come with brave hearts and grand expectations. They think they will be Rufus Choates in the law, or Drapers in chemistry, or A. T. Stewarts in merchandise. The country lads sit down in the village grocery, with their feet on the iron rod around the red-hot stove, in the evening, talking over the prospects of the young man who has gone off to the city. Two or three of them think that perhaps he may get along very well and succeed, but the most of them prophesy failure, for it is very hard to think that those whom we knew in boyhood will ever make any stir in the world.

THE OVERTHROW.

But our young man has a fine position in a dry-goods store. The month is over. He gets his wages. He is not accustomed to have so much money belonging to himself. He is a little excited, and does not exactly know what to do with it, and he spends it in some places where he ought not. Soon there come up new companions and acquaintances from the bar-rooms and the saloons of the city. Soon that young man begins to waver in the battle of temptation,

and soon his soul goes down. In a few months, or few years, he has fallen. He is morally dead. He is a mere corpse of what he once was. The harpies of sin snuff up the taint and come on the field. His garments gradually give out. He has pawned his watch. His health is failing him. His credit perishes. He is too poor to stay in the city, and he is too poor to pay his way home to the country. Down! down! Why do the low fellows of the city now stick to him so closely? Is it to help him back to a moral and spiritual life? Oh, no! I will tell you why they stay; they are the Philistines stripping the slain.

SLAIN BY EVIL HABITS.

Do not look where I point, but yonder stands a man who once had a beautiful home in this city. His house had elegant furniture, his children were beautifully clad, his name was synonymous with honor and usefulness; but evil habit knocked at his front door, knocked at his back door, knocked at his parlor door, knocked at his bedroom door. Where is the piano? Sold to pay the rent. Where is the hat-rack? Sold to meet the butcher's bill. Where are the carpets? Sold to get bread. Where is the wardrobe? Sold to get rum. Where are the daughters? Working their fingers off in trying to keep the family together. Worse and worse, until everything is gone. Who is that going up the front steps of that house? That is a creditor, hoping to find some chair or bed that has not been levied upon. Who are those two gentlemen now going up the front steps? The one is a constable, the other is the sheriff. Why do they go there? The unfortunate is morally dead, socially dead, financially dead. Why do they go there? I will tell you why the creditors, and the constables, and the sheriffs go there. They are, some on their own account, and some on account of the law, stripping the slain.

CROWDED OUT.

An ex-member of Congress, one of the most eloquent men that ever stood in the House of Representatives, said in his last moments : "This is the end. I am dying—dying on a borrowed bed, covered by a borrowed sheet, in a house built by public charity." Bury me under that tree in the middle of the field, where I shall not be crowded, for I have been crowded all my life." Where were the jolly politicians and the dissipating comrades who had been with him, laughing at his jokes, applauding his eloquence, and plunging him into sin? They have left. Why? His money is gone, his reputation is gone, his wit is gone, his clothes are gone, everything is gone. Why should they stay any longer? They have completed their work. They have stripped the slain.

A PITILESS WORLD.

There is another way, however, of doing that same work. Here is a man who, through his sin, is prostrate. He acknowledges that he has done wrong. Now is the time for you to go to that man and say : "Thousands of people have been as far astray as you are, and got back." Now is the time for you to go to that man, and tell him of the omnipotent grace of God, that is sufficient for any poor soul. Now is the time to go to tell him how swearing John Bunyan, through the grace of God, afterward came to the celestial city. Now is the time to go to that man and tell him how profligate Newton came, through conversion, to be a world-renowned preacher of righteousness. Now is the time to tell that man that multitudes who have been pounded with all the flails of sin and dragged through all the sewers of pollution at last have risen to positive dominion of moral power.

You do not tell him that, do you? No. You say to him : "Loan you money? No. You are down. You will have to go to the dogs. Lend you a shilling? I would not lend you five cents to keep you from the gallows. You are debauched! Get out of my sight now! Down; you will have to stay down." And thus those bruised and battered men are sometimes accosted by those who ought to lift them up. Thus the

last vestige of hope is taken from them. Thus those who ought to go and lift and save them are guilty of stripping the slain.

The point I want to make is this : *sin is hard, cruel, and merciless.* Instead of helping a man up it helps him down; and when, like Saul and his comrades, you lie on the field, it will come and steal your sword, and helmet, and shield leaving you to the jackal and the crow.

SATANIC TORTURE.

But the world and Satan do not do all their work with the outcast and abandoned. A respectable, impenitent man comes to die. He is flat on his back. He could not get up if the house were on fire. Adroitest medical skill and gentlest nursing have been a failure. He has come to his last hour. What does Satan do for such a man? Why, he fetches up all the inapt, disagreeable, and harrowing things in his life. He says : "Do you remember those chances you had for heaven, and missed them? Do you remember all those lapses in conduct? Do you remember all those opprobrious words, and thoughts, and actions? Don't remember them, eh? I'll make you remember them." And then he takes all the past and empties it on that death-bed, as the mail bags are emptied on the post-office floor. The man is sick. He cannot get away from them.

HELLISH TAUNTS.

Then the man says to Satan : "You have deceived me. You told me that all would be well. You said there would be no trouble at the last. You told me if I did so and so you would do so and so. Now you corner me, and hedge me up, and submerge me in everything evil." "Ha! ha!" says Satan. "I was only fooling you. It is mirth for me to see you suffer. I have been for thirty years plotting to get you just where you are. It is hard for you now—it will be worse for you after a while. It pleases me. Lie still, sir. Don't flinch or shudder. Come now, I will tear off from you the last rag of expectation. I will rend away from your soul the last hope. I will leave you bare for the beating of the storm. It is my business to strip the slain."

While men are in robust health, and their digestion is good, and their nerves are strong, they think their physical strength will get them safely through the last exigency. They say it is only cowardly women who are afraid at the last, and cry out for God. "Wait till I come to die. I will show you. You won't hear me pray, nor call for a minister, nor want a chapter read me from the Bible." But after the man has been three weeks in a sick room his nerves are not so steady, and his worldly companions are not anywhere near to cheer him up, and he is persuaded that he must quit life.

HIS PHYSICAL COURAGE IS ALL GONE.

He jumps at the fall of a tea-spoon in a saucer. He shivers at the idea of going away. He says : "Wife, I don't think my infidelity is going to take me through. For God's sake, don't bring up the children to do as I have done. If you feel like it, I wish you would read a verse or two out of Fannie's Sabbath-school hymn-book or New Testament." But Satan breaks in, and says : "You have always thought religion trash and a lie; don't give up at the last. Besides that, you cannot, in the hour you have to live, get off on that track. Die as you lived. With my great black wings I shut out that light. Die in darkness. I rend away from you that last vestige of hope. It is my business to strip the slain."

A man who, had rejected Christianity and thought it all trash, came to die. He was in the sweat of a great agony, and his wife said : "We had better have some prayer." "Mary, not a breath of that," he said. "The lightest word of prayer would roll back on me like rocks on a drowning man. I have come to the hour of test. I had a chance, and I forfeited it. I believed in a liar, and he has left me in the lurch. Mary, bring me Tom Paine, that book that I swore by and lived by, and pitch it in the fire, and let it burn and burn as I myself shall soon burn." And then, with the foam on his

, and his hands tossing wildly in the air, he hid out: "Blackness of darkness! Oh, my God, too late!" And the spirits of darkness jostled up from the depth, and wheeled around d around him, stripping the slain.

THE END OF THE PROCESS.
Sin is a luxury now; it is exhilaration now; it is victory now. But after awhile it is colic; it is defeat; it is extermination; it is ekalism; it is robbing the dead; it is stripping the slain. Give it up to-day—give it up! how you have been cheated on my brother, on one thing to another! All these years you have been under an evil mastery that you understand not. What have your companions done for you? What have they done for your health? early ruined it by carousal. What have they done for your fortune? Almost scattered it by endrthrift behavior. What have they done for your reputation? Almost ruined it with good en. What have they done for your immortal soul? Almost insured its overthrow.

You are hastening on toward the consummation of all that is sad. To-day you stop and ink, but it is only for a moment, and then you ill tramp on, and at the close of this service ou will go out, and the question will be: "How d you like the sermon?" and one man will y: "I liked it very well," and another man ill say: "I didn't like it at all," but neither the answers will touch the tremendous fact at, if impenitent, you are going at eighteen oots an hour toward shipwreck! Yea, you are a battle where you will fall; and while your riving relatives will take your remaining tate, and the cemetery will take your body, e messengers of darkness will take your soul, d come and go about you for the next ten illion years, stripping the slain.

RECOVERY POSSIBLE.
Many are crying out: "I admit I am slain, I limit it." On what battle-field, my brothers, y what weapon? "Polluted imagination," y one man; "Intoxicating liquor," says another man; "My own hard heart," says other man. Do you realize this? Then I me to tell you that the omnipotent Christ is able to walk across this battle-field, and re- ve, and resuscitate, and resurrect your dead ul. Let Him take your hand, and rub away e numbness; your head, and bathe of the hing; your heart, and stop its wild throbb. He ough Lazarus to life; He brought Jairus' ughter to life; He brought the young man of ain to life, and these are three proofs anyhow at He can bring you to life.

When the Philistines came down on the field, ey stepped between the corpses, and they lled over the dead, and they took away every- thing that was valuable; and so it was with the eople that followed after our army at Chancel- rville, and at Pittsburg Landing, and at Stone iver, and at Atlanta, stripping the slain; but e Northern and Southern women—God bless em—came on the field with basins, and pads, d towels, and

LINT, AND CORDIALS,
nd Christian encouragement; and the poor fel- lows that lay there lifted up their arms and id: "Oh, how good that does feel since you ressed it!" and others looked up and said: "Oh, how you make me think of my mother!" d others said: "Tell the folks at home I did nking about them," and another looked up, d said: "Miss, won't you sing me a verse of Home, Sweet Home" before I die." And en the tattoo was sounded, and the hats were f, and the service was read: "I am the resur- ection and the life," and in honor of the e-departed the muskets were loaded, and the e- mand given: "Take aim—fire!" And there as a single set up at the head of the grave- irth the epitaph of "Lieutenant"—in the "fourteenth Massachusetts Regulars," or "Cap- in"—in the Fifteenth Regiment of South Carolina Volunteers." And so to-night, across as great field of moral and spiritual battle, the angels of God come walking among the slain, nd there are voices of comfort, and voices of

hope, and voices of resurrection, and voices of heaven.

OH, THE SLAIN! THE SLAIN!
Christ is ready to give life to the dead. He will make the deaf ear to hear, the blind eye to see, the pulseless heart to beat, and the damp walls of your spiritual channel hose will crash into ruin at His cry: "Come forth!" I verily believe there are souls in this house who are now dead in sin, who in half an hour will be alive forever. There was a thrilling dream, a glorious dream—you may have heard of it. Ezekiel closed his eyes, and he saw two moun- tains, and a valley between the mountains. That valley looked as though there had been a great battle there, and a whole army had been slain, and they had been unburied; and the heat of the land, and the vultures coming there, soon the bones were exposed to the sun, and they looked like thousands of snowdrifts all through the valley. Frightful spectacle! The bleaching skeletons of a host!

But Ezekiel still kept his eyes shut; and lo, there were four currents of wind that struck that battle-field, and when those four currents of wind met, the bones began to rattle; and the foot came to the ankle, and the hand came to the wrist, and the jaws clashed together, and the spinal column gathered up the ganglions and the nervous fibre, and all the valley wriggled, and writhed, and throbbed, and rocked, and rose up. There, a man coming to life. There, a hundred men. There, a thousand; and all falling into line, waiting for the shout of their commander. Ten thousand bleached skeletons springing up into ten thousand warriors, panting for the fray. I hope that instead of being a dream it may be a prophecy of what we shall see here to-day. Let this north wall be one of the moun- tains, and the south wall be taken for another of the mountains, and let all the aisles and the pews be the valley between, for there are thou- sands here to-day without one pulsation of spir- itual life.

A GALE FROM HEAVEN.
I look off in one direction, and they are dead. I look off in another direction, and they are dead. Who will bring them to life? Who shall rouse them up? If I should halloo at the top of my voice, I could not wake them. Wait a moment! Listen! There is a rustling. There is a gale from heaven. It comes from the north, and from the south, and from the east, and from the west. It shuts us in. It blows upon the slain. There, a soul begins to move in spiritual life; there, ten souls; there, a score of souls; there, a hundred souls. The nostril throbbing in Divine respiration, the hands lifted as though to take hold of heaven, the tongue moving as in prayer and adoration. Life! immortal life com- ing into the slain. Ten men for God—fifty—a hundred—a regiment—an army for God! Oh, that we might have such a scene here to-day! In Ezekiel's words, and in almost a frenzy of prayer, I cry: "Come from the four winds, O Breath, and breathe upon the slain."

You will have to surrender your heart to-day to God. You cannot take the responsibility of fighting against the Spirit in this crisis which will decide whether you are to go to heaven or to hell—to join the hallelujahs of the saved, or the lamentations of the lost. You must pray. You must repent. You must this day fling your sinful soul on the pardoning mercy of God. *You must!* I see your resolution against God giving way, your determination wavering. I break through the breach in the wall and follow up the advantage gained, hoping to rout your last opposition to Christ, and to make you "ground arms" at the feet of the Divine Conqueror. Oh, you must! You must!

THE OCEANIC TIDE.
The moon does not ask the tides of the Atlantic Ocean to rise. It only stoops down with two great hands of light, the one at the European beach, and the other at the American beach, and then lifts the great laver of molten silver. And God, it seems to me, is now going to lift this audience into newness of life. Do you

not feel the swellings of the great oceanic tides of Divine mercy? My heart is in anguish to have you saved. For this I pray, and preach, and long, glad to be called a fool for Christ's sake, and your salvation.

Some one replies: "Dear me, I do wish I could have these matters arranged with my God. I want to be saved. God knows I want to be saved; but you stand there talking about this matter, and you don't show me how." My dear brother, the work has all been done. Christ did it with His own torn hand, and lacerated foot, and bleeding side. He took your place, and died your death, if you will only believe it—only accept Him as your substitute.

THE LORD'S AMBULANCE.
What an amazing pity that any man should go from this house unblessed, when such a large blessing is offered him at less cost than you would pay for a pin—"without money and without price." I have driven down to-day with the Lord's ambulance to the battle-field where your soul lies exposed to the darkness and the storm, and I want to lift you in, and drive off with you toward heaven. O Christians, by your payers help to lift these wounded souls into the ambulance! God forbid that any should be left on the field, and that at last eternal sorrow, and remorse, and despair should come up around their soul like the bandit Philistines to the field of Gilboa, stripping the slain.

An Indication of the Long-hoped-for Disap- pearance of the color-line in the South is re- ported. It is not an important one, but it is re- garded as one of the signs of the current of public opinion, and encourages the hope that there are other signs to follow. On Sunday, May 17th, a colored bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church, of Minden, La., and his sermon was pronounced excellent. Two colored delegates were also received at the Episcopal Diocesan Convention assembled at Columbia, S. C.

Mr. Henry M. Stanley was the Guest of the Baptist Missionary Society in London on May 28th, and received the thanks of the society for the help he had given the missionaries on the Congo. Mr. Stanley, in his reply, said that he was glad to have had the opportunity of helping the missionaries and of obtaining in return their help to teach the natives. Formerly he ill understood the missionaries. However, since that he had seen Livingstone. He recognized in him the type of a noble and spiritual manhood. The real work of the missionary was hard, his privations were great, his worldly reward small. Mr. Stanley expressed the hope that the Congo country would soon be well supplied with missionaries. He urged the society to be very care- ful about the kind of men they sent out as mis- sionaries to Africa. "Do not," he said, "send young men without first having taught them the practical life necessary to success, the same as you teach children whom you wish to live long. Dead missionaries are of no more value than other dead men."

A Letter from John Bright, the Veteran British statesman, to a deputy of Paris, has been published. It expresses opinions which are more or less disturbing the most enlightened minds in Europe. Mr. Bright says: "If European nations would accept commercial liberty—that is, moderate or abolish customs—Europe might soon tend to an era of perpetual peace. At present all resources are swallowed up by military exigencies. The people's interests are sacrificed to the most miserable and culpable fantasies of foreign politics. The real interests of the masses are trodden under foot in deference to false notions of glory and national honor. I cannot help thinking that Europe is marching toward some great catastrophe of crushing weight. The military system cannot indefinitely be supported with patience, and the populations, driven to despair, may possibly before long sweep away the royalties and pretended statesmen who govern in their names. I hope your country and mine will remain at peace."

A PERFECT HELL OF FIRE.

UNDER the above heading, the New York Times publishes a graphic narrative of a journey recently made by a party of tourists to the summit of Mount Vesuvius, the great volcano which, during the past few months, has been in a state of alarming activity. The comparison of this volcano, with its seething fires, vomiting forth hot lava, stones and ashes, to the dread abode of lost spirits, is not ours. It is that of one of the travellers to whom it occurred as he looked down into the molten mass. It is not for mortal man to conceive what is the condition in which exist the souls of men, who in the time of their probation rejected Christ, and trod under foot the blood of the Saviour. A veil is drawn over it, but such glimpses as the Scriptures give us of that fearful place tend to the conclusion that the comparison made is not inappropriate (Isa. 33:14; Matt. 25:41; Rev. 14:10, 11). This is the narrative:

"Horses and a guide were awaiting us at 1 A.M. It was a beautiful, clear, cold, starry morning, and we all felt in the best of spirits. We trotted about in any order. We saluted a few belated marketmen returning from Naples, but they were all evidently asleep in their wagons, and gave us no response. At last we turned off the main road and made straight through narrow lanes for the burning mountain. It seemed to be in good working order—the fire fountain playing on the summit, the streams of lava pouring down its sides and collecting into five red glowing caldrons. We were here going Indian file—our guide mounted on a light chestnut horse; then my friend on a restless white animal, whose name was 'Garibaldi'; myself on 'Macaroni'; and last of all, the lady of the company on 'Mary Stuart,' to the tail of which a boy, who was to take back the horses, firmly held on, and half asleep, was being dragged along. At 3 A.M. the tramp of our martial steeds woke the echoes of two sleeping hamlets—'Bosco del Case,' and 'Bosco Reale,' 'The Wood of Three Houses,' and 'The Royal Wood.' Beyond this our path lay between fields of vines, and then, the mountain proper being reached by zigzag paths, among cinders and scoriae, gradually approaching the streams of burning lava.

"By four o'clock we reached a little plateau called the Atrio del Cavallo, where we all dismounted to make the further ascent of the mountain on foot, it being too steep and rugged to take the horses. This plateau was nearly on a level with the termini of the streams of burning lava. Skirting the mountain toward the sea, we went to examine these. We were struck with the manner in which the lava advances. This is not in a thin stream, but in a huge pile, thirty or forty feet deep, of wedge-like form. The surface of this had, to a certain extent, cooled and dulled; inside it was glowing red. The onward movement of these streams was caused by the enormous weight of lava pushing from behind. Its movement was thus by throbs and pulsations. They were also extended and widened by the lava constantly falling over its sides and face, exactly as an embankment is enlarged by material being conveyed along its top and tilted over the edge. We now returned to the Atrio del Cavallo and continued our ascent.

"After a half hour's struggle among loose ashes we came to slopes of lava, the appearance of which was most striking. It exactly resembled the entrails of a great monster, literally 'the bowels of the earth.' Again we passed through ashes, and in some places, where the former were very steep and deep, a sort of scoriae causeway was laid to assist the toilsome ascent. We were now thankful to reach a 'half-way house,' or rather a sort of 'rest-and-be-thankful' sheltered seat formed of blocks of lava. Day was now beginning to dawn, and what a marvellous panorama we looked down upon! Away to the southeast were the Abruzzi Mountains, whose snowy peaks were just catching and glittering in the rays of the rising sun; to the southwest were the islands of Capri and Ischia,

throwing off a thin mantle of mist in which they had passed the night; nearer at hand the lovely contour of the Bay of Naples, with its smiling villages; a little way inland, the red ruins of Pompeii, in the midst of green fields and pleasant woods; while, in contrast to all that fertility and life and beauty, we had around us a scene of utter silence and desolation. Not a speck of green, not a bird, not an insect; no life—only fields on fields of lava and scoriae and ashes. The silence from time to time was broken, but it was only by the low mutterings and growlings of the mountain, that always heralded an upheaval of lava and debris.

"Again we bent our steps upward, going zigzag among scoriae and lava, passing various little extinct craters, until we came to where the mountain was hot and where white sulphurous smoke was rising all about. Here another halt was called and the guide went off to explore. He soon returned and bade us follow. We could not go higher at this point for smoke and falling stones, and so he struck across the mountain in the Naples direction. We soon saw where we were—at the fountain-head of the two streams of burning lava. These we must cross before we could make a further ascent. The guide stepped very cautiously on the black, cooling crusts of lava, and we followed. We were surrounded at times with sulphurous smoke. Our feet felt blistering in our boots. The lava creaked and cracked, but we passed lightly on.

"A little dog had followed us from the hotel; its piteous cries attracted us. The poor creature was having its feet sorely burned, so we took it up and carried it. But now we were safely over and could examine more closely the phenomena. We approached as near the streams of burning lava as its scorching heat permitted. We saw it issuing from what looked like huge, black, cast-iron cylinders. These were formed of the outer rim of lava that had gradually cooled somewhat and hardened. The burning mass moved constantly, but not equally. It seemed to pulsate and throb in its flowing—to be jerked out of the cylinders. As it advanced down the mountain it grew in width and height, because always cooling, and became less liquid, until it ended in the great piles that we first saw.

"I think the worst and most dangerous part of the whole ascent had now to be made. This was an almost perpendicular cone of loose ashes. At every step we sank to the knees, so our progress was exceedingly slow. Right below us were the burning streams of lava, into which it seemed we were bound to slide. Above us was the crater, whose thunderings we could hear, and whose tremblings at times we thought we felt. Breathless and exhausted, we frequently lay down among the ashes.

"But at last we gained the summit, and all our exertions were rewarded. Such a sight! The crater of Vesuvius! A perfect hell of sulphur, fire and smoke, cinders and ashes, and red-hot stones; its flooring of hardened lava everywhere rent by seams and cracks and yawning chasms emitting stifling vapors, while in the midst of it all rose the last-formed central cone of smoking debris, belching forth clouds of sulphurous vapor, and at intervals with loud thunderings, and with an effort that shook the mountain, throwing like a mighty fire fountain showers of rock and scoriae high into the air. Amid the terror of the scene there was an element of great beauty. The rich and varied coloring that everywhere prevailed was wonderful, from the purest white up through all shades of yellow and rich orange to deepest reds, the deposits of salts, and sulphur, and iron, and chemical matters.

"Near the cone there were two tremendous chasms. To the edge of these we could approach. The guide explained that they opened a week ago, when the present eruption took place. They were the reservoirs from which flowed the two rivers of lava that were now coming down the mountain's sides. The guide did not wish us to linger, so we undid our bas-

kets and set about having breakfast. It was now six o'clock, and we thought we had earned this meal, after a five hours' climb. But our appetites were not worthy of the occasion; a little seemed to satisfy us. There was some excuse for this, for the thin crust of lava on which we sat was hot and trembling, and the 'crater,' so far from being appeased by our presence, seemed to be extra irritable; for we had scarcely started breakfast, and were doing admirably, when, with a noise like thunder, he cast a cloud of smoke over and about us, which hastened our bidding him 'good morning.'

THE VALLEY OF DRY BONES.

By Rev. A. C. Tris, of Howard City, Kan.
An Agitating Question—Will Israel Return?—The Prophetic Vision—Mistaken Theories About It—The Resemblance of the Bones—Strength and Weakness—Bleached by Persecution—The Enigma of the Ages—What the Bones Were—What they are to Be—No Hiatus in God's View—How it will be Accomplished—Human Agency not Excluded.

THE adamantine rock on which unbelief and radicalism must suffer shipwreck is comparatively unknown—yea, nearly forgotten in this present age. That rock is called Israel, a people despised and looked upon as "tribes of the wandering foot and weary breast."

The great question that has agitated the religious world for many ages, is, Will the Jews, will the twelve tribes of Israel return to their own land, Canaan, and will they stand again among the nations as a national political power, blessed by the great Jehovah? We answer that question in the affirmative, and maintain that He who is the fountain of Israel shall fulfil His Word and prophecy, which we find in Ezekiel 37:1-14, called the valley of dry bones.

MISTAKEN IDEAS.

We are aware that there are mistaken ideas current among divines, based on the theory that the vision of those dry bones has reference to the conversion of the Gentile nations; or, that the event spoken of is the resurrection of the dead—ideas which cannot be admitted as true, as being not in accordance with this prophetic word, neither with the fundamental doctrines of the New Testament. The conversion of an individual, or Gentile nations, is never called in Scripture, "the whole house of Israel, or the land of Israel," neither is the resurrection of the dead called by the name of "dry bones." We know the dust of ages shall arise, the voice of the archangel shall be heard (1 Thess. 4:16), and the resurrection of the dead shall be accomplished instantaneously—that is, the whole body at once, and not by degrees, as we find it to be the case in this vision of Ezekiel.

THE TRUE KEY.

We have the true key to this vision in the eleventh to the fourteenth verses, and every unbiassed mind can read and find it. Jehovah Adonai said to Ezekiel, "Son of man, these bones are the whole (all) house of Israel. . . . Lo, I am opening your graves ["kabar"—original not "Shool"], and bring you in into the land of Israel, and have caused you to rest (original), to put down in your own land (adamah), which emphatically means the land of Canaan (Ezek. 36:6, 36:17, 36:24).

WHAT IS PROPHECY?

Prophecy is not given to the world to satisfy the curiosity of the world; it is like a beautiful picture of a landscape in which, in bold relief, the outlines and the lines of demarcation and division are drawn of the objects brought to our view, although some dim lines remain of objects which are placed in the background. In older times God, overlooking the ages, did give by His Spirit such a picture to show to His prophets of the ages to come; they saw realities before their eyes, and in their visions and dreams the future time stood in bold relief before their eyes. They felt the truth, and they saw all the distinctive lines and also the lines and objects in the background. In this respect the vision of the valley of dry bones can be called a pro-

phetic pictorial landscape of Israel's dispersion and restoration in the latter days (Gen. 49 : 1).

TWOFOLD DIVISIONS.

It gives a retrospect of what those bones were in former time—namely a political and ruling power among the nations, and also, that those bones as a nation, as a whole nation, shall be re-established and reinstated in their former political prestige and power.

WHY THE JEWS ARE COMPARED TO BONES.

It is indeed a strange expression, that the remaining substance of the people of Israel should be called (verses 1 and 2) "bones," and "dry bones," yea, "bones of the slain" (verse 9), leading our thoughts to a battle-field where we find the remains of such persons who were before in existence; and, stranger still, looking at the derivation of the word "bones" in the Hebrew language, which primarily signifies "strength," we have two ideas brought before our mind—namely, former strength and strength yet remaining in existence, although in a state of weakness. The bones are not decayed, nor pulverized to dust. They are lying in a dislocated and lost condition—a condition visible to all passers-by. The prophet says: "And He caused me to pass by them round about."

Let us keep in mind that these bones were all of one and the same people, not any amalgamation should be found (verse 11). "Son of man, these bones are the whole house of Israel;" thus Israel should never become extinct, or, like all other nations, become mixed. Truly the Jews are to this very day a homogeneous people in pedigree and consanguinity.

No better description could ever have been given to the Jews than that of "dry bones" in regard to their religious services. The power and love of money have left their visible traces upon their souls, and yet the character of Israel is not devoid of true courage and religious fervor. They have indeed a backbone to defy the whole world, as they have done in their Diaspora. Isolated as they are, they are united, and although the sun of persecution has bleached those bones, yet they have borne his scorching rays with an endurance and patience above all other people. Indeed, the Jews are the stumbling-stones—in other words, the bones of contention. "It is but a Jew" is the derisive expression among many Christians. The Jews have been the axiom and the paradox of the ages past, and will be of the ages to come.

THEIR NUMBER.

The number of those dry bones is said, in verse 2, to be "very many," the valley is "full of dry bones." At the present time the number of Jews are as many as at the time of David and Solomon—about ten millions of souls. Where is the place on the globe which has not been trod by those weary travellers? They have been forerunners of civilization, and in every land, clime, and region of the earth the sons of Abraham are known as a peculiar race, as an enigma of the ages.

THEIR OBSTINACY.

In verse 3 we read the question: "Son of man, can these bones live?" and an answer is given: "O Lord Jehovah, Thou, Thou hast known" (Dr. Young). Here is given a plain description of the deep misery of Israel, and also of the great doubt of Israel's conversion; and truly, if to the thousands of Christians, and to the majority of ministers, should be propounded that question, Will the Jews ever be brought back to Canaan, and shall they be converted by the coming of Jesus, the King of Israel? Oh, how very few would be found who indeed believe "that the Jews shall be called to the highest place among the nations of the earth."

ISRAEL'S NATIONALITY.

There is only one solution by which this problem of dry bones can be solved, and that is "to keep before our minds what those bones were before they came in their dislocated condition"—namely, a politico-theocratic nation. Those bones had before tendons, were in a state of ac-

tivity, were clothed with the flesh or substance of political wealth, had political life, and stood as a political body before the nations of the East as a unique body politic. Israel was the head of the nations, not in strength or number, nor in great architectural and archaeological achievements, but in the ruling power of Jehovah, who had His radiant fulcrum in Jerusalem. There was no world-dominion on earth as long as in Israel was the Shechinah, and when that "indwelling" left, we read of the commission given to Nebuchadnezzar, Darius, Cyrus, Artaxerxes, and Augustus: "and the dry bones were scattered in the valley." The times of the Gentiles had commenced, and are still in continuance.

In the second place, the vision of Ezekiel declares emphatically that the whole house of Israel shall be re-established in the same manner as it has lost its political prestige and power.

NO HIATUS.

By God all things are seen in the present time. He overlooks the ages and events without interim. He sees things as they are and as they will be in one view. The vista of future ages are an accomplished fact for Him, therefore we have "no hiatus" in this vision of "dry bones." Eighteen hundred years have already elapsed since the Jews have been in Diaspora, and twenty-five hundred years since the ten tribes have lived in Persia, in the Afghan and Himalayan Mountains. But the word of the Watcher of heaven, who commanded that the tree of Israel should be laid low, has also decreed that it shall become once more the tree of liberty for all nations, planted on Mount Zion in Jerusalem. To cavil with the decree of Jehovah is not only folly, it is rebellion (Is. 46 : 9-13).

HUMAN INSTRUMENTALITY.

Verses 4-6 give us an insight to the work, and how it shall be performed. There it is plainly told that Jehovah shall do the work. He said plainly, "I will cause to enter—I will lay sinews—I put breath in you," or, more in accordance with the original, Jehovah Adonai says: "I am bringing in a spirit unto you, and ye have lived" (Dr. Young); and yet human instrumentality is not excluded. Human exertions and prayers, yea, human labor, shall be employed in connection with the wonderful restoration of Israel. Ezekiel is commanded to prophesy (verses 4, 7, 9, 10, 12). What a great promise! What a great honor to be a co-laborer with God! What a great incentive to prosecute a Jewish mission, and to labor in behalf of Israel; and how very little it is understood, in the present time, that we have lost sight of this glorious mission.

(To be concluded.)

ANECDOTES RELATED AT THE EVANGELISTIC MEETINGS IN SCOTLAND.

A New Heart Wanted.—At a Recent Meeting a Christian worker said: "I knew a gentleman who had a son that was fast going to ruin through strong drink. His father, not knowing what to do with him, sent him to Australia, where he thought new scenes might make him forget his evil habit; but after being there for three years he came home and died of *delirium tremens*. Dear friends, it is not the change of scenes or locality that will ever make us better; nothing can avail but the blessing craved by David, Create in me a clean heart, and renew a right spirit within me."

A Ballet Girl Turned Out-of-Doors.—Mr. Forbes whose Christian work among theatrical employes has been continued for more than seven years, said: "I had a letter from one of the ladies of the ballet who had attended my theatrical tea-meetings, held in Exeter Hall. She said that she was done with the stage, and that she had given her heart to Jesus. This young woman went home and told her parents that she had given herself to the Lord, and was no more going to appear on the stage. When they heard it they turned her out of the house, telling her she must seek a home elsewhere. A doctor's family, who were Christians, befriended her in this time of need; they furnished a room, and

also supported her until she got proper employment. She is now married, and has a comfortable home. How true it is that 'When thy father and mother forsake thee then the Lord will take thee up.'"

A Maiden's Broken Heart Healed.—Miss Clugston, the founder of the Glasgow Home for Incurables, said: "I remember well the night that my father died, I lay in bed, and cried most of the night. I had a friend sleeping with me, and she, trying to soothe me, said: 'My dear, be still; you had your father for seven-and-twenty years, and I only had mine for seven; you are really better off than I was.' Two hours afterward she awoke and found me still weeping; her lecture had done me no good, but rather tended to make me worse; but, this time, in pitting tones, she prayed, 'Oh, Lord, heal a maiden's heart that is well-nigh broken.' This prayer did its work; it came like a healing balm to my troubled soul, and I went to sleep, believing that the Lord, for Jesus' sake, had healed the deep wound. Oh, dear friends, *lecturing* a soul about its faults will never bring them to Jesus!"

A Cancer Victim.—Some Time Ago I was going through the cancer hospital in London. I spoke to one woman there who I saw was a great sufferer. She told me that her husband was an artist, and that he often brought his children to see her. I spoke to her of her suffering, but she replied, 'Oh, I would not mind that, if it were not for my children, who come to my bedside and say, "Oh, mother dear, do come home, we so much need you!"' Poor children! they did not know that their mother would never rise from her bed again, until Jesus would call her home."

Torturing a Troubled Conscience.—"I Recollect a woman who once came to me and said: 'I wish, Miss Clugston, you would speak to Rob,' meaning her husband. I did speak to him, but unfortunately began by upbraiding the man with his sins, instead of pointing him to Jesus, where he would get a complete cure for them. After listening to me for some time, he said, 'Woman, be still; my conscience is bad enough.' Oh, I felt as if I were only mocking that man with his sin, and from that time I resolved never to speak to a man or woman about their sin, but to point them directly to Jesus, who is willing and ready to receive sinners, saving even to the uttermost all that come unto God by Him."

Jennie's Farewell.—Miss Clugston also said: "One morning I was sitting by the bedside of a dying girl. I sat through all the night until the sun rose on a beautiful June morning. When I rose and looked at Jennie, I saw that her end was very near. I went to her brother, and said: 'Jamie, Jennie would like to see you before she dies.' Jamie followed me silently into the room, and he holding one hand of his sister, and I the other, he stood and waited for the end. Her mother was sitting, weeping, and turning to her, I said, 'This is your place, not mine.' 'No, no,' she replied; 'it was you that led Jennie into the light of God's salvation, therefore you have been her best earthly friend; and very soon Jennie passed without a struggle to her home of rest above.'"

What A Lady's Kind Look Did.—Mr. William Forbes said: "A short time ago a lady, who wore the blue ribbon, was entering a railway station in Liverpool, when she met a man who also was wearing the blue ribbon, and noticing it she bowed to him. Missing her train she spoke to the man, and he said: 'You do not know, ma'am, how much good you did to me just now. It was only last night I went to a Gospel Temperance meeting, and there was induced to sign the pledge, and put on the blue ribbon. Just now I was almost yielding to the temptation to go into a grog-shop, but when you passed and bowed to me, that settled the question. I have now, thank God, not the least inclination to go in.' Dear friends, how much good a kind word or a kind look will do to a weak brother or sister!"



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CURRENT EVENTS.

The Treasury Statement Issued Last Week completes the accounts for the financial year, which closed on June 30th. It was anticipated with more than usual interest, owing to the depressing rumors circulated from time to time. It appears that the total revenue for the year from all sources was \$322,590,776, which is about six million dollars less than it was expected to be, and about twenty-six millions less than it was the preceding year. Of this falling off, fourteen millions was in customs-duties and about nine millions in the internal revenue. The total value of the imports was less than that of the imports of the preceding year by nearly one hundred millions. They were, however, less than the exports by \$170,000,000. The year's expenditure was \$262,788,452, which is nearly nineteen millions more than last year. The increase is under the head of "ordinary." There was a decrease in the amount of interest on the debt balanced by an increase in pensions. The decrease of the public debt during the year was \$63,494,708. This reduction is much smaller than that of the previous year, which was \$101,000,000; but it is larger than might have been expected in the depressed state of trade, and perhaps larger than it was prudent to make, considering how seriously the taxes, direct and indirect, it involves press upon the people.

Gen. Grant's Condition Caused an Increase of anxiety last week. He is growing perceptibly weaker day by day, though the progress of the disease is not so rapid as it was some weeks ago. The clear mountain air is evidently doing the patient good, and he himself expresses the belief that he could not have lived through the hot months in New York. He seldom speaks, but uses his pencil and pad continually, and has even been able to add to his book several paragraphs covering matters that he omitted to mention. They are chiefly recollections of military companions and friends in civil life. His slight relapse last week was due to an effort he made to lie down. He hoped that he might get some natural sleep by quitting his chair for his couch. He has not lain down for some months, and the attempt satisfied him that it was imprudent. A coughing spell was induced, which increased his debility. The Fourth of July brought him many

sympathetic letters from all parts of the Union. A specimen letter of his mail is one from an ex-Confederate, which gave the General much pleasure. In the course of it the writer said: "I hope you will allow one who, when a boy, laid down his arms at Appomattox and pledged allegiance to the Union, to express his warmest sympathy for you in your suffering. Dear General, I have watched your movements from the hour you gave me my horse and sword and told me to 'go home and assist in making a crop.' I have been proud to see the nation do you honor, and now, dear General, in the hour of your pain, I weep that so brave, so magnanimous a soul must suffer as you do. My prayer to God daily is that you may be restored to perfect health, and be assured that I am not the only ex-Confederate who sends his prayers daily to the Throne of Grace for your restoration."

The Ohio Prohibitionists Met in Convention at Springfield on July 1st, and nominated a full ticket. Mrs. Mary A. Woodbridge was re-elected permanent secretary. The platform demands a Prohibition amendment, and opposes license tax or regulation of the liquor traffic. It says friends of Prohibition should not be controlled by either of the old parties, because both have shown themselves subservient to the liquor interest. It declares the rum power must be vanquished by a new party devoted expressly to that purpose. It describes the two wings of the great liquor party, one as advocating license and the other taxation and regulation of the liquor traffic, leaving no loyal citizen any alternative except to join the Prohibition party. It favors moral suasion as a means of reform, favors Civil Service Reform, full protection to the ballot, wants divorce based on divine law, expresses sympathy for the negro race, opposes violent changes in tariff, indorses the voters' union memorial, favors civil Sabbath, and recognizes civil government as ordained by God.

The President has Appointed ex-Representative Adlai E. Stevenson, of Illinois, to be First-Assistant Postmaster-General in the room of Mr. Malcolm Hay, who has resigned, owing to ill-health. Efforts were made to secure the appointment for a New York man, but, as in so many cases in which efforts are made, they failed. Mr. Stevenson is under fifty years of age, and when he was in Congress proved that he had no lack of energy. The *Times* correspondent says: "Mr. Hay has been an invalid from the moment he was sworn in, and had hoped, by active employment, to be able to forget his bodily ills and to regain his shattered health. For a time abundant occupation served a healthful purpose, but recently Mr. Hay's weakness had become so oppressive that he repeatedly found it difficult to reach his home without assistance."

The Pestilence in Spain Continues its Dreadful ravages. The number of deaths is now placed at *nine thousand*, more than half of which occurred last week. A correspondent of the New York *Herald*, who cables an account of a four days' visit to Murcia, states that thirty thousand persons have fled from the place since the epidemic broke out. Its streets are deserted, eighty per cent of its stores are closed, and hardly a house remains in which a cholera case has not occurred. The yellow-covered stretcher on which the cholera-stricken sick and dead are carried through the streets is one of the common sights. Deaths have become so frequent that the tolling of the church-bells, usual there on such events, has been forbidden. Including the full normal population of nearly one hundred thousand people, one person in each thirty has already had the cholera, and one person in each seventy-five of the population has been buried within three weeks. Under the most favorable conditions, one thousand more deaths are expected by the physicians before the fall. Many pathetic incidents are reported, among which is one of the complete clearance of every living person from a house by the disease. One of the houses in an infected district remaining closed, the authorities ordered the doors forced, and then the rotting bodies of its

inhabitants were found. They had apparently died of malignant cholera after closing the house, and so suddenly that they had been unable to summon aid. Dr. Castello Tapia, the chief of the Board of City Physicians, says: "If proper precautions are taken the cholera will not spread through Spain nor to other countries. But with quarantines loosely enforced, as at present, its spread is certain."

The Conservatives in England Achieved a series of victories last week. A member of Parliament who accepts office vacates his seat in the House, and has to seek re-election from his district, as, unlike our system, the English constitution requires Cabinet officers to be members of Parliament. The Peers in the Cabinet retain their seats in the House of Lords, but Cabinet officers who are members of the House of Commons must face the ordeal of an election. There were consequently several elections last week, in all of which the Conservatives were victorious. The election which excited the greatest interest was that of Lord Randolph Churchill, who is Secretary for India. He was the member for the little borough of Woodstock, the greater part of which is owned by his brother, the disolute Duke of Marlborough. When he was last elected he had the active support of his father, who was then duke; but since then his father died, and the new duke announced his intention of opposing his brother's election. Lord Randolph Churchill remained in London attending to the duties of his office instead of going to Woodstock to canvass, as a candidate usually does. His place was, however, well filled by his wife, who is the daughter of Mr. Leonard Jerome, of New York. She canvassed every elector, and worked persistently to insure her husband's election. Her greatest achievement was her conquest of her brother-in-law, whom she won over to Lord Randolph's side. Lord Randolph was re-elected by an increased majority, a triumph for which he is indebted to his American wife.

Much Curiosity is Felt about the Irish policy of the new British Cabinet. It is very certain that Mr. Parnell is not working without the prospect of compensation, and he is working hard for the Conservatives. What he is to have as payment excites general speculation. It is believed that some large concession for Ireland has been promised him. As several members of the Liberal Cabinet are willing to give a partial measure of self-government to Ireland, and Mr. Chamberlain has openly advocated the submission of the land question to an Irish council, it is evident that the Conservatives must have offered more than that in order to secure Mr. Parnell's assistance. The Irish voters in all the districts in which elections have taken place have voted the straight Conservative ticket, and at Wakefield Mr. Sexton, Mr. Parnell's chief lieutenant, was present to see the Irish vote properly delivered to the Tory candidate. Mr. Parnell appears to hold the balance of power, and the rival parties show a disposition to bid against each other for his support.

The French Socialists have Issued their platform in preparation for the elections. It is significant chiefly as an indication of the objects aimed at by the organization. Among the planks are the following: The abolition of the Presidency; the abolition of the Senate; bestowal upon the Assembly of the power to dismiss Ministers of State; the settlement of all questions of war and of constitutional revision by popular vote; confiscation of Church property; the separation of Church and State; the legal equality of illegitimate and legitimate children; the gradual abolition of standing armies; the free education of children at the public expense, and the free feeding of children at the public expense in all cases where they are not otherwise properly provided for; political amnesty; reduction of the hours of labor; prohibition of the employment of children under fourteen years of age; prison reform; the maintenance of disabled workmen at the public expense.

A Serious Labor Strike Agitated Chicago Last week. The drivers and conductors of the West Division Street Railroad Company, to the number of *one thousand*, went on strike, and prevented the cars from running. There was trouble between the men and the company about a month ago, when the men demanded an increase of wages and a re-arrangement as to hours of work. The company conceded the demand, but shortly afterward discharged the leaders in the movement. The men thereupon inferring that the discharged men were being punished for the part they had taken in securing the concession, demanded their re-instatement, and when the company refused, they struck in a body. The company engaged non-union men to take their places, but the strikers and citizens who sympathized with them gathered in the streets, upset the cars, and attacked the new employees with paving-stones and other missiles. The car service was suspended in consequence on Thursday, Friday, and Saturday, and on each day there were savage fights between the mob and the police. It was reported on Saturday that the Mayor, who is endeavoring to act as mediator, had prevailed on the men to submit their grievances to arbitration.

The Acquittal of Mrs. Dudley, the Woman who shot O Donovan Rossa, is not a satisfactory termination of that case. The jury acquitted her on the familiar ground of insanity, though her evidence and the running commentary on the proceedings she kept up during the trial indicated a mind remarkably clear and keen. If the jury had returned the American verdict, "justifiable insanity," they would probably have accurately expressed their opinions. It was evident to those present at the trial that the prevalent feeling in court was one of abhorrence of the dynamiters and their business, and a conviction that if Rossa had been killed he would have had no more than his deserts. But whether that is true or not, it does not affect the question really at issue. Mrs. Dudley committed an offence against the law, and the character of her victim did not justify her act. One of the most alarming signs of the times is the disposition of people to take the law into their own hands, and verdicts of this kind foster that disposition.

The Case of Preaching on the Boston Common was before the Superior Court last week. On July 3d Judge Aldrich rendered his decision in the case of Rev. W. F. Davis, whom he ordered the jury to find guilty on the ground that the question was one of law entirely. He declared that the question has nothing to do with the right of free speech or preaching the Gospel. Judge Aldrich said he could not doubt that the city had a perfect right to make such provision for the preservation of the Common as it might deem necessary. The provision was not made to prevent the freedom of speech or public worship, but to preserve order on the Common. Mr. Davis has appealed.

The Sunday Horse Races in Chicago are not likely to be continued. This is not due to municipal action, but to the efforts of the churches. An organized movement, in which the leading churches have united, has been ably conducted through a representative committee, with the result of inducing two railroads to discontinue the Sunday excursions to the Driving Park, where the races have been held. It is now reported that the lessee of the Park has given his promise that the races shall be stopped. This may encourage the committee to continue its good work and commence a campaign against the Sunday theatres.

An Octopus, or Devil Fish, Recently Caused the death of a sailor at Ballenas Bay, California. A number of Chinese junks are in the harbor of San Diego preparing for a fishing excursion. It is usual for them to go to Ballenas Bay, where they can obtain the abalone, the beautiful shell which finds a ready sale for decorative purposes all over the United States. An inquiry of one of the sailors, however, elicited the fact that the party would not on this occasion go to their usual station. The reason is that on their last

visit one of the men, whose first trip this was, strayed away from the rest and entered the sea, a short distance away. They saw him standing barlegged, with the water up to his knees, when suddenly he was seized by one of his legs by an immense octopus, and in a second he was tripped over, drawn out into deep water, and drowned before the rest of the Chinamen realized what was the matter with their fellow-shell-gatherer. The boats of the Chinamen were high up on the beach, and when they were got into the water, no trace could be seen of the missing man. Several days afterward his remains floated ashore in a horrible state of mutilation. The octopus, from the description of it, must have been a monster, each arm measuring about ten feet. They therefore prudently resolved to give a wide berth to a bay infested with such dangerous creatures. It would be well if similar prudence was shown in our cities. The gambling saloons and other haunts of vice are always crowded, though many strong men have been seen to fall there into death, spiritual and eternal (Prov. 4: 14-16).

A Bejewelled Dog is Advertised for in a daily journal. The owners think it has been stolen. It had around its neck a gold collar, bearing a plate on which its name was inscribed, and the plate was studded with gems, diamonds, rubies, and a sapphire. The advertisement states that the possessor of the dog may keep the collar if he will return the dog to its owners. It is probable that an arrangement will be made on that basis which will be satisfactory to both the owner and the thief. The two parties have doubtless a different standard of values, the one esteeming the dog above the collar, the other preferring the collar to the dog. A similar difference of opinion prevails in other matters. While some men who profess to be Christians are directing all their energies to the acquisition of wealth, which they esteem as their chief good, others, enlightened by the Spirit, spend their lives in seeking lost souls for their Master, esteeming them the most precious treasures on earth (1 Thess. 2: 10).

The Purchase of an Abandoned Vessel made the fortune of a Baltimore sea captain. A Baltimore journal states that a lady in that city is expecting the arrival there of her husband, a sailor under thirty years of age, with a vessel which is his own property. In the course of a recent voyage to the Bahama Islands he saw on Hogsty Reef a wrecked steamer which he examined closely. He made inquiries, and found that she was the British steamer "Dawn," which had struck on the reef and been abandoned. The underwriters had sold her to a merchant at Inagua, at the price of old iron, and the young captain had no difficulty in purchasing her from him at a small advance. He spent a week upon the vessel with a native crew, did some repairs, and when he got her off the reef she floated as smoothly as if just launched. She is believed to be worth \$95,000. There are many moral wrecks in society which have been abandoned as hopeless cases, but which might yet be saved if Christians had some of this young captain's energy. The reward of such work is assured (James 5: 20).

A too Appropriate Text Provoked Laughter in a church in Cleveland, O., the other Sunday morning. The regular pastor was absent, and his place was occupied by a brother clergyman, whose clerical attire showed that some accident had befallen him. He wore a long pepper-and-salt sack coat, which the congregation recognized as the property of their sexton, and a long rent in his trousers secured by pins was plainly visible, while an abrasion on his face marred his personal attractiveness. It appeared that the clergyman is fond of bicycle exercise, and his house being at some distance from the church at which he had promised to preach, he concluded to travel there on his favorite conveyance. Unhappily for him, as he passed his friend's parsonage, a big Newfoundland dog saw and recognized him, and gave him a too boisterous greeting, overturning the machine and

spilling the clergyman in the dust. It was too near service time to return home for fresh clothing; so borrowing the sexton's coat and temporarily pinning up the rent in his trousers, he went on the platform. There was some tittering among the small boys over his disordered dress, but the older members of the congregation only pitied him until he announced his text, when they too joined in the unseemly laughter. The text was: "But it was so . . . that the priests had not repaired the breaches of the house" (11 Kings 12: 6). It is stated that the excellent sermon which followed failed of its effect, the congregation being concerned with the application of the text to the preacher. It is so with moral falls, of which there is of late a sadly increasing number in the ranks of the clergy in this country. Though we may hope that erring preachers repent and receive God's forgiveness, their ministerial usefulness is at an end. That fact Paul evidently realized when he gave his caution to Timothy (1 Timothy 3: 2-7).

A Dying Man's Solution of a Religious Question is a remarkable illustration of the prevalent indifference or ignorance of what true religion is. Two brothers, both long past middle life, and both wealthy merchants, were lying ill two weeks ago, the one in Brooklyn and the other at his residence in New York. Louis, the younger brother, was dying of consumption, while his brother Ben was prostrated by pneumonia; but neither knew of the illness of the other. The physician attending Louis on June 9th pronounced his case hopeless, and frankly told his patient his opinion. The dying man's landlady, supposing he would like to see a clergyman, asked him what denomination he would prefer. "I don't know," he said. "I've never been a religious man. I'll wait and see my brother Ben, and whatever faith he professes I'll profess the same." But Ben lay unconscious, and made no profession. On June 11th Louis died, and two days after Ben died also, and no profession was made by either of them. There is no reason to deplore the fact; a profession made in such circumstances would have done no good. But there is very grave reason to deplore the fact that a man could have lived so many years surrounded by religious influences and yet have the idea that a faith professed on no better ground than that his brother had professed it was worth professing at all. God will accept sincere death bed repentance, but a mere profession is a hollow mockery (John 3: 3).

Two Brothers Met in a Railroad Depot Recently, says a Boston journal. They were elderly men, and had not met before in thirty years. They looked at each other intently for a minute, and then recognition was mutual. "Tom," said the one; "Bob," said the other, and clasped hands. "You look horribly poor; can I do nothing for you?" said one; "I'm off to Europe now, but I'll look you up when I come back. Good-by." The speaker was expensively dressed, and his lavish display of costly jewelry showed his vulgarity. His brother was poorly dressed in a sun-browned black suit, his boots worn and patched, and he carried a shabby valise. "That's a brother of mine," said the shrewdly-dressed man to his companions; "obstinate mule. Stuck to religion all his life, and there's what it's done for him. No success for him, poor wretch." The speaker had been a defaulter, had escaped to Europe, returned when the affair had blown over, had gone into politics, and was the powerful boss of the lowest district of his State. The brother he had just parted from in pity was the clergyman of a poor church in the mining district, and had labored for thirty years among his indigent flock on the mountains, enduring hardship with them, as poor as they were, often hungry, always ill-clad, but the best-loved—almost idolized—man in the State. The two brothers went thence in their several ways, one to the West and the other to Europe, and "the lookers-on wondered," says the reporter, "which was really the successful man." That point will not always remain undecided (James 5: 1-8).

THE PITIFULNESS OF THE LORD THE COMFORT OF THE AFFLICTED.

A New Sermon by Pastor C. H. Spurgeon, when a Collection was made on Behalf of the Public Hospitals.

"Behold, we count them happy which endure. Ye have heard of the patience of Job, and have seen the end of the Lord; that the Lord is very pitiful, and of tender mercy."—JAMES 5: 11.

The Best Piece of Furniture—Seed that Always Produces a Harvest—The Apostolic Vindication—I. An Instructive Instance—The Sufferers Counted Happy—Immortal Fame of Men of Endurance—The Lord's End in Affliction—Correction—Education—Greater Happiness—II. A Consoling Statement—A God of Feeling—III. Lessons to be Learned—Patience—Penitence—Pity.

We are far too apt to entertain hard thoughts of God. The horrible atheism of our depraved nature continually quarrels with the Most High; and when we are under His afflicting hand, and things go cross to our will, the evil of our nature becomes sadly evident. When sorely distressed, we are too apt to think and to speak as we ought not to do concerning the Most High. Let us never forget that our hard speeches have all been false speeches, and that our suspicions of our God have always been libels upon Him. When we have not thought and spoken well of His name, we have thought and spoken amiss. Looking back, we desire, if possible, to blot out every murmuring thought with our tears, and we would cancel every complaining word with humble sorrow. We would eat our bitter words; they were all unwarranted, and therefore with deep repentance we call them back.

On taking a survey of our whole life, we see that the kindness of God has run all through it like a silver thread. Goodness and mercy have followed us all our days, ever pursuing us, even when we have wickedly fled from them. Even our apparent ills have been real blessings.

THE BEST PIECE OF FURNITURE

I have ever had in my house is the cross of affliction. Adversity is the richest field in all the farm of life. We have never reaped such a harvest from any seed as from that which fell from our hand while tears were falling from our eyes. When we have gone forth weeping, bearing precious seed, we have invariably come again rejoicing, bringing our sheaves with us. Oh, thou sufferer, when thy bed grew hard beneath thee, and thy pain was exceeding great, it may be that thy groanings and complaints were not altogether those of sorrow, but a measure of rebellion mingled with them. For this be ashamed and confounded. Confess those rebellions, acknowledge that thy hard thoughts were all founded upon error, and ask for grace to be henceforth at one with thy Lord. Thou who hast suffered the loss of property or the loss of beloved friends, thou, too, perhaps, hast thought of God foolishly; remember those thoughts with shame, and be all the more eager at once to bear willing testimony that the Lord is good, and that His mercy endureth for ever. True it is, however circumstances may look otherwise, that "the Lord is very pitiful, and of tender mercy." Oh, that we may never bear false witness against our God! The Apostle James in this passage aims at setting us right in our judgments of the Lord's dealings, that patience may become an easier lesson.

I. Notice that when James is exhorting us to full confidence in God in the hour of trial, he gives us

AN INSTRUCTIVE INSTANCE.

He quotes the story of Job. In these days everything is doubted, and a new theory is sure to run like fire among stubble; for this fickle age delights, like the Athenians, in everything new, however absurd it may be. Hence no part of Scripture has been let alone, and of the Book of Job it has been said that it is a drama, a fiction, a fine piece of Oriental imagination. But see how the New Testament protects the Old. How can Job be an imaginary character? Does the Spirit of God quote for our guidance a ficti-

tious personage? Does He set Job before us as an example when Job never existed? The thing is too absurd to contemplate for a single moment. There was such a person as Job; and possibly the present passage may confirm us in the belief that the patriarch lived in the earliest ages, since this apostle, when mentioning the prophets, places Job in the forefront of them, and quotes his case in preference to any other.

HAPPY PEOPLE.

Observe, that when this apostle introduces Job, it is with the view of pointing out the tender mercy of God in his case; and he begins by saying, "Behold, we count them happy which endure." The pitifulness and tender mercy of God are to be seen in the happiness of those who are called to suffer. "We count them happy which endure." Who counteth them happy? It is a counting which is not general. This arithmetic is only known to faith, and must be learned of the Lord Jesus. "We," that is, the Church of God, count them happy who are counted worthy to suffer for Christ's sake. We count those happy who endure, because our Saviour has taught us so to reckon. Did He not say, "Blessed are ye, when men shall revile you, and persecute you, and shall say all manner of evil against you falsely; for my sake. Rejoice, and be exceeding glad; for great is your reward in heaven: for so persecuted they the prophets which were before you?"

I may venture to say that the more sensible part of mankind in some measure concur with the people of God in this accounting. We count that man happy who has passed through trial and hardship with a brave endurance. Such life is of an interesting and manly kind; but life without struggle and difficulty is thin and tasteless. How can a noble life be constructed if there be no difficulty to overcome, no suffering to bear? What was there about Dives, and his fine linen, and sumptuous fare, to make a life of? Who envies him? Studying the lives of eminent men, we come to this conclusion, that on the whole it is good for a man to bear the yoke; good for a man to breast the billows; good for a man to pass through fire and through water, and so to learn sublime lessons. When we see what poor, paltry things those who are nursed in the lap of luxury, and consequently never come to a real manhood, "we count them happy that endure." As a matter of faith, and even as a matter of reasonable judgment, "we count them happy which endure."

THE SOLID GAIN.

This counting is not mere fancy, but it is a correct estimate: there is a happiness in affliction which none will doubt who have tasted it. Within the rough shell of sorrow we find a sweet kernel. When we look to the end of affliction, when we see all its comfortable fruit, when we mark what it corrects, and observe what it produces, we judge that it is no mean blessing. Happy is the man who has been enabled to endure; he rises from the depths of woe like a pearl-finder from the sea, rich beyond comparison. He has gained more than he has lost, even though he has lost everything, if he has gained contentment, conformity to the will of God, a deep experience, and a surer hope. Beloved, those of us who have done business upon great waters, and have endured abundant pain, count them happy that endure, even while they are enduring.

Endurance also works in the child of God a close clinging to God, which produces near and dear communion with Him. Have you not, in time of trouble, found yourself admitted to inner chambers, which aforetime had been closed to you? Oh, the rare fellowship of tried saints! Sorrows reveal to us the Man of Sorrows. Griefs waft us to the bosom of our God. See the little chicks to-day in the sunshine; they are running all over the yard to gather what they can; but a hawk is in the sky, and the mother calls them with a sharp alarm; they perceive the danger, and now they thrust them-

selves into her feathers and are hidden beneath her wings. He was a much afflicted man who wrote, "He shall cover thee with His feathers, and under His wings shalt thou trust."

Beside, the Lord has a choice way of manifesting Himself unto His servants in their times of weakness. I speak what I do know; for I have trodden "that path which no bird of prey knoweth, neither hath the falcon's eye seen it,"—the path upon which shines the inward personal revelation of God. I have never known more blissful seasons than those which my Lord vouchsafed me when I was abused by men, and had to fight a weary battle. After all, there is no place in all our pilgrim ways which, taken for all in all, has all

THE CHARMS OF THE VALLEY

of Humiliation. The tops of the Delectable Mountains are royal spots; from thence we sometimes see the Golden City; but these are heights too steep for our trembling feet continually to stand upon; the lowly valley suits us better, though flesh and blood find it hard to go down-hill. Here the herb called heart's-ease growth luxuriantly, and he that weareth it is happier than the courtier in silk and velvet. Delightful is that well-shaded valley, where the shepherd's boy sits and sings among his father's sheep—

"He that is down need fear no fall;

He that is low, no pride;

He that is humble ever shall

Have God to be his guide."

Bunyan truly says, "The Valley of Humiliation is of itself as fruitful a place as any the crow flies over." Chiefly is it so because in its wilderness the Lord speaks to our hearts. To His child when passing through the glens of tribulation the Lord saith, "Certainly I will be with thee." In the furnace of affliction the Lord manifests Himself to His chosen as He doth not to the world—yea, as He does not even to those of His people who are basking in prosperity; therefore, "we count them happy which endure."

Even in worldly histories it is by enduring hardness that men build their memorials. Who that has read the classics has not heard of Mutius Scævola? and why? He was a valiant man, but he did not win his name by a common deed in battle. His fights are unrecorded; but you have heard of his laying his right hand upon the burning coals of an altar, to let Por-senna see how a Roman could endure pain without shrinking. When he suffered his right hand to burn he was writing his name in his country's annals. A thousand instances prove that only by endurance can names be

GRAVEN IN THE BRASS

of history. To make a man a man, to bring his manhood forward, and to make other men see it, there must be endurance. Read the lives of any who have become the leaders of our race; read the stories of any that are written in the bead-roll of fame, and you shall find that not without trial did they come to be renowned. Poor tailors, husbandmen, and apprentices live in the story of the church because they counted not their lives dear to them for Christ's sake. Simple maids and wives, unlettered and poor, are heard of to this day, and shall be heard of in eternity, because they were burned as martyrs for the truth. Who would have heard of Ann Askew if it were not that she was put upon the rack, and when every bone was out of joint, and all her body was in exquisite torture, she baffled her tormentors.

You may, if you please, enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season; but if God intends to honor you, you will choose rather to suffer affliction with the people of God. If you would reign in Christ's kingdom, you must drink of His cup, and be baptized with His baptism. Do not therefore look down upon those who suffer, but rather look up to them as among the higher classes of our race. The trials of Job elevated him into the peerage of the saints, and therefore we gather from this honorable result of endurance, "that the Lord is very pitiful, and of tender mercy," when He sends afflictions to His beloved ones.

Once again, in order to see the pitifulness of God in sorrow, we must see

THE LORD'S END IN IT;

for, saith the apostle, "Ye have seen the end of the Lord." God's end in affliction is that which proves that He is very pitiful, and of tender mercy. Does it not strike you as rather a singular thing that when James wants to show us that the Lord is pitiful, and of tender mercy, he points us to Job on a dunghill, with all his property gone, with his children dead, with his wife ill-advicing him, with his friends provoking him, and himself covered with sore blains from head to foot? Who can see the pitifulness and tender mercy of God there? Nobody that is blind; but he who has had his eyes opened by the Spirit of God can see it there, because he does not look so much at the process as at the result; he stays not with the crucible and the furnace, but joyously gazes upon the pure gold which comes from the refining pot. We see not so much *how* grace works as *what* it works.

First, remember that the Lord's end in sending affliction to His people is corrective. Sanctified sorrow is a sharp frost which kills the germs of spiritual disease. Our griefs, like a hail-storm, break off the buds from the branches of sin, so that they do not produce the black, accursed fruit of actual transgression. How much we owe to the knife which cuts out the canker and the gangrene! Christ's vines would soon be in an evil case if it were not for the pruner.

AN EDUCATION.

Further, our trials are an education for the future. I do not think Job was fit to have any more substance until his heart had been enlarged by trouble; then he could bear twice as much as before. A man of God is not prepared to enjoy success till he has tasted defeat. Many an heir of heaven will never be fit for heaven till first of all he has been brought near to the gates of hell. You have been strengthened and prepared and made ready for a nobler future by your late experience of grief. A traveller said to me yesterday, speaking of the heat, How different it is from cold; for the more you suffer heat the less you can endure it; but the more you are tried with cold the more you can bear it, for it hardens you. I am sure it is so as to the influences of prosperity and adversity. Prosperity softens and renders us unfit for more of itself; but adversity braces the soul, and hardens it to patience.

Beloved, I would not have you forget that "the end of the Lord" is always with His tried people to give them greater happiness as the result of it. Job's double portion was an instructive type of what God does with His children in some form or other after trial. "Ye have seen the end of the Lord." Job came to the end of his words with great bitterness and sorrow of heart: but God's end was not yet; but when it came it was glorious, and full of joy for His servant. Mark in Job 31:40, it is written, "The words of Job are ended," ended amid thistles and cockle; but the end of the Lord was very different, for He loaded His servant with pieces of money and earrings of gold, and blessed his latter end more than his beginning. He will restore thy soul even in this life, and give thee joy and rest out of thy sorrow.

II. Secondly, our trials make

A CONSOLING STATEMENT:

"The Lord is very pitiful, and of tender mercy." Observe that this is the teaching of God's holy Word; and therefore, if we have at this moment no evidence of it perceptible to sight or sense, we are bound to believe it all the same. I ask the child of God to settle this in His mind. "Truly God is good to Israel, even to such as are of a clean heart." Though as for me, "my feet were almost gone; my steps had well nigh slipped;" yet surely God is good to His own people. Whatever appears to conflict thereby, nothing can possibly shake the certainty of this fact, that "the Lord is pitiful, and of tender mercy."

How often the mercy of God is seen in sick-

ness and suffering by His mitigating the pain and loss! One ounce more, and the back had broken, but that ounce never came; one breath more and the ship that even then staggered before the gale would have been driven to the bottom of the sea, but that breath of wind did not come. There is always a restraining of affliction, even in the hour of severest trial. Those who are washed in the blood of Jesus shall never be drowned in the sea of sorrow.

A PREVENTIVE.

So also in the overrulings of our sorrows His love is conspicuous. He often sends a great sorrow that we may not be compelled to bear a greater one. By fire He prevents conflagration; by pain He kills a greater pain. If you had not endured a certain trouble you might have been visited by seven troubles, each one more terrible than your present one. Thank God for the preventive operations of His providence!

In closing the second head I should like to say I wish we could all read the original Greek; for this word, "The Lord is very pitiful," is a specially remarkable one. It means literally that the Lord hath "many bowels," or a great heart, and so it indicates great tenderness. The God in whom some believe is unable to feel; they lay it down in their theology as an axiom that God cannot feel. This, however, I take leave to deny. God is able to do all things. I cannot regard Him as though He were a block of wood, or a mass of iron, unable to feel. On the contrary, He is represented to us as greatly feeling: the God of many bowels. You know how a sensitive person is affected at the sight of suffering. Some persons cannot bear to see a creature in pain; they are unmanned thereby, and begin to weep like children. Our God is not only pitiful, but *very* pitiful; not only of mercy, but of *tender* mercy.

III. Now I have to close with

THE LESSONS TO BE LEARNED

out of the whole subject. I will but hint at them. The first is, *be patient*. The whole context teaches us patience. Read the chapter at home, and see how James continues to say, "Be patient." Be patient for this reason, that God is very pitiful, and of tender mercy. A person going to a surgeon will bear sharp pain when he is convinced that by such pain his cure will be wrought. If a man proposes to gash me with a lancet I decline his offer; but if I know that I shall die unless the incision be made, and if I believe that an intolerable pain will thus be assuaged, I say, "Welcome the knife." Let him cut without mercy, if by it he intends mercy. It might be unmerciful to stay the hand in such a case. Such knowledge should make us patient under divine chastisement.

The next lesson is, *be penitent*. You unconverted ones here to-day, if you are suffering and sorrowful, I want you to feel that God is sending this sorrow in love to your souls: He smites you that you may turn to Him in repentance; He chastens you that He may bring you to Himself, that you may not perish for ever. He "is very pitiful." His hand is strong to smite, but it is also strong to save. Return to thy Father, O thou prodigal! Though thou hast spent thy substance, though thou hast brought thyself to rags, return to thy Father; there is bread enough in His house; and, better still, there is love enough in His heart to welcome even thee.

The last lesson is, *be pitiful*. If God be pitiful and of tender mercy, children of God, you are to imitate Him, and to be pitiful too. This truth is to be remembered at all times; but just now you have an opportunity of showing your pitifulness toward the poor and sick of this great city. When you relieve the wants of a man in health you may possibly assist him in his vices; but in helping the sick poor you can do no wrong. The door of a hospital is open for good, and only for good. I am concerned to know that there are many beds unoccupied and many suffering persons kept out of the hospitals from lack of funds. Whole wards are rendered useless for want of income. In some cases the

authorities are compelled to use those wards for persons who can pay for attendance; and though this is a good thing, yet I cannot forget that those who cannot pay are thus deprived of what they need so much more than others. You that have been sick yourselves should give liberally to-day out of sympathy; you that have never been sick ought to give twice as much out of gratitude. Yet I must correct myself; those who have been afflicted and healed should feel both sympathy and gratitude, and so should give the double, of those from whom I have asked double liberality. Let us try to give to this fourfold degree. When the box is passed round, be pitiful, and of tender mercy, like your Father and your God, and then the hospitals will be largely helped this day.

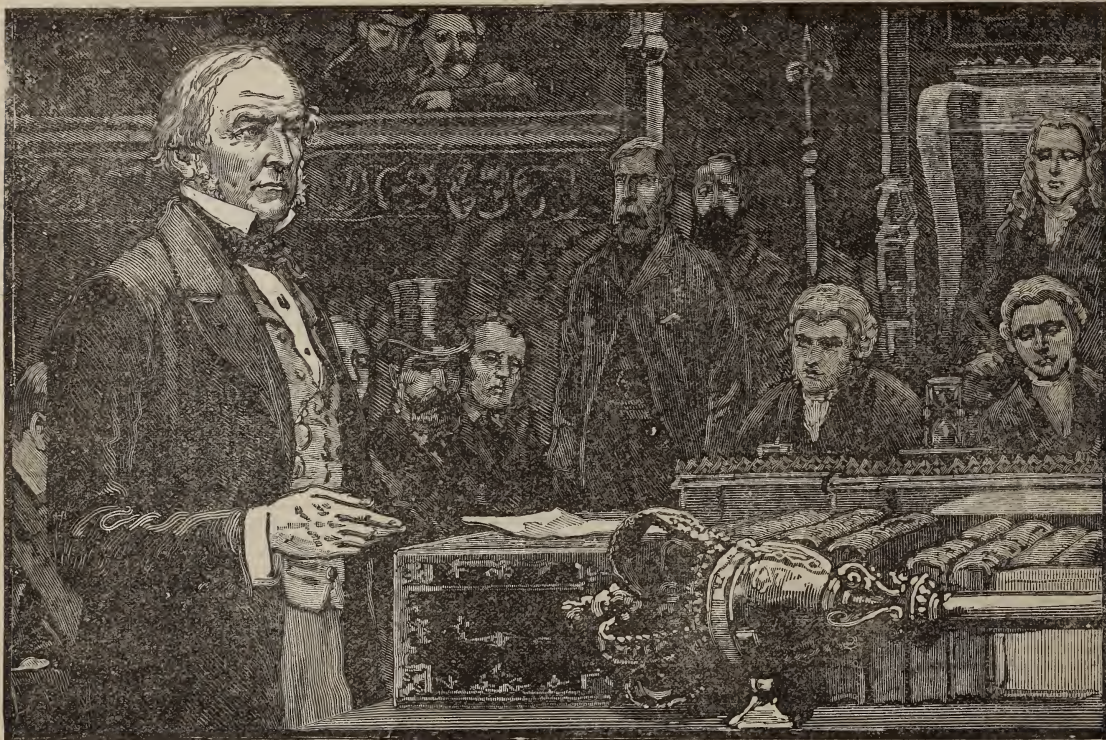
[The prayers of the readers of this Journal are requested for the blessing of God upon its Editor, and those whose sermons, articles, or labors for Christ are printed in it; and that its circulation may be used by the Holy Spirit for the conversion of many sinners and the quickening of God's people. Dr. Talmage and Mr. Spurgeon especially request prayer every Sunday morning on behalf of their labors.]

NEW BOOKS.

"HISTORY OF THE CHRISTIAN CHURCH,"

by Philip Schaff. The fourth volume of Dr. Schaff's history now issued, deals with the period between 590 A.D. to 1073 A.D. It comprises the conversion of England, Ireland, Scotland, France, Germany, Scandinavia, and the Slavs. A third chapter is devoted to Mohammedanism, describing its "Position in Church History; The Home and Antecedents of Islam; The Life and Character of Mohammed; The Conquests of Islam; The Koran and the Bible; The Mohammedan Religion and Worship, and the Christian Polemics Against It." Chapter four is devoted to the Roman Catholic Church from Gregory I., "The Last of the Fathers the First of the Popes," to the deposition of the three rival popes in 1046. In the remaining chapters, Dr. Schaff gives a sketch of church life during the period, in its several aspects of morals and religion; Monasticism; Church Discipline; Church and State; Worship and Ceremonies; Doctrinal Controversies; Heretical Sects; The State of Learning, and closing with biographical sketches of the ecclesiastical writers. An immense amount of labor and research has been devoted to the production of this volume, which is one that the Christian student will find of great service to him in his historical studies. Pp. 799; published by Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons.

"WORKING PEOPLE AND THEIR EMPLOYERS," by Washington Gladden. Some home truths for both capitalist and workman, are contained in these lectures, and both will do well to read the whole book. We hear a little too much in these days about the *rights* of capital, and the *rights* of labor; this book touches the other side of the question, in reminding both capitalist and workman of their respective *duties*. Yet, after all, the views are one. When the capitalist does his duty, his workmen have their rights, and when the laborer does his duty, his employer has his rights. There is strong common-sense in Mr. Gladden's mode of dealing with this question which, of all others, is the most vital to this generation. There are men working here and in Europe to set class against class; and they are succeeding better than the world imagines. The workmen listen eagerly to speakers who know their grievances, and readily follow the advice of men who "know where the shoe pinches." They learn to look on their employers as their natural enemies, as men who keep them out of their rights, who take a mean advantage of them, and who, having in their hands the product of the joint efforts of capital and labor, do not fairly divide it. Can they be compelled to divide it fairly, so that the laborer shall get his full share of the profit? "Show us how we can compel them," say the workmen, "and we'll try." "Combine, organize



Mr. Gladstone Announcing his Resignation to the British House of Commons on June 9.

unions," say the advisers, "and your united strength will protect the individual worker from oppression." The employer is quick to recognize the power that comes from the union of his men, and looks around him for the means of defence. It may insist on his paying so large a share of the gross profits to his workmen, that when he has paid that, and paid his office expenses, the cost of insurance and repairs, and has written off bad debts, the balance left to him will be so small that it would have been better for him if he had bought Government bonds with his money, and have kept out of business altogether. So he looks upon the union as an enemy, and prepares to fight it. Thus, the estrangement between workmen and their employers grows, and labor conflicts multiply. Now, is it not possible for workmen and their employers to look upon each other as colleagues, as joint workers in a common enterprise, having a joint interest in its success? Not while each class is jealously watching the other, and is suspiciously alert to clutch all that it can to the injury of the other. There must be mutual confidence. This is the aim Mr. Gladstone has in view in this little work. He is doing the most friendly thing he can do for both parties, and we heartily wish him success. "Blessed are the peace-makers," and especially blessed in our day is a peace-maker on this field of conflict. Sound advice both parties need, and they have it here from a man not afraid to tell his readers of their faults, and to assure each that the way to reconciliation and prosperity is not in hostile combination, in intimidation, but in a reformation of their own principles and conduct. The following are the subjects discussed, and it will be seen from the list how practical is the character of the teaching: Duty and Discipline of Work; Labor and Capital; Hard Times and

How to Ease Them; Rising in the World; The Household and the Home; Society and Societies; Strong Drink; The Duties of Employers; The Future of Labor. Pp. 241. Price, in paper covers, 25 cents; published by Messrs. Funk & Wagnalls.

THE RESIGNATION OF MR. GLADSTONE.

(See Illustration.)

The scene depicted in our illustration will long be memorable in the history of Great Britain. It was half past four o'clock in the afternoon of Tuesday, June 9th. Members of Parliament were hurrying in excitement along the corridors of the magnificent building in which the two Houses of the British legislature hold their sittings. From the restaurant, the smoking-room, the committee-rooms, and the library the members passed in a stream to the dingy chamber of the Commons, until every seat was full, and the aisles and galleries were blocked by eager men, for the House has not in it nearly enough seats to accommodate all who belong to it. The cause of the unusual interest was the announcement that Mr. Gladstone had arrived, and every one wanted to hear what course he and his colleagues had decided to take.

They had not long to wait. The Premier was talking to his friend and protégé, Mr. Peel, whom he has made Speaker. There was no trace of the agitation in his face which had appeared there the preceding night when the vote was announced. He looked cheerful and self-possessed when he took his accustomed seat behind the despatch-box, which lies on the table near the head of the mace, the emblem of the majesty of the House. He rose as soon as the cheering which greeted him had subsided, and

briefly announced that he and his colleagues "thought they were under an obligation to submit a dutiful communication to the Queen." Every one understood that resignation was the meaning of the significant phrase. The Queen was six hundred miles away in Scotland, and it would not have been courteous to her to state publicly the terms of a letter which she had not at that time received. Therefore the Premier used the vague expression which, however, was well understood.

So the House adjourned, to give the messengers time to go to and from the Queen's residence, at Balmoral, delivering their communication and bringing back her answer. The inconvenience was the subject of much complaint in the country, all public business being at a standstill until the Queen could make up her mind to travel to a point nearer to the Capital. The English press expressed strong disapproval of her neglect to make the journey, and pointed out that her predecessors had always consulted public convenience by remaining at hand whenever Parliament was sitting, while she not only went away during the session, but remained away, even when a ministerial crisis urgently required her presence.

A CLERGYMAN'S BARGAIN.

(See Illustration.)

An ingenious and painstaking clergyman, in a recent communication to the *Brooklyn Union*, gives the results of a calculation based on United States Government returns. He has been collecting statistics with the view of showing that the reproach brought against clergymen of being too highly paid is unjust. He declares that his investigation proves that in the United States a smaller sum is spent annually in supporting

the clergyman of the country than is spent in

KEEPING DOGS.

An incident reported in an exchange supplies another illustration equally significant of the injustice of the complaints made about the salaries clergymen receive. A hard-working minister, hurrying along a back street to pay a visit to a sick member of his flock, saw a group of laborers lying on a vacant lot smoking after their dinner. As he passed the group, he overheard one of them say, "I'd like to be a parson, and have nought to do but to walk about in a long black coat, and carry a walking-stick in my fist, and draw the spondulix."

Of course there was a laugh at the parson's expense, but he turned sharp round, and replied good-humoredly: "So you'd like to be a parson. How much do you get a week?"

"Twenty dollars," was the reply. "Well," said the curate, "though I'm only a poor man, I'll give you twenty dollars if you'll come with me for six days, and see how you like it. Then you'll be better able to talk about it."

The laborer tried to back out of it, but one of his companions, whose accent showed that he was an Englishman from Lancashire, said: "Nay, man, thou saidst thou'd like it, thou mun go with the parson." So he put on his coat and started with the curate amid a roar of laughter. The parson presently turned down an alley, and told his companion that they were going to visit a sick man, and that he must be very particular not to make a noise going upstairs.

"What might be the matter with him?" asked the laborer, with a show of anxiety.

"Small-pox," said the clergyman.

"Oh, then," said the man, "I'll just wait outside for you, sir, for I've not had it myself, and I've got a wife and children to think of."

"That's exactly my case," replied the curate, "for I have not had it, and I have a wife and children depending on me. But you agreed to come with me wherever I went."

The man seemed uneasy, and after a moment's hesitation he asked somewhat nervously, "And where are you going next?"

The curate told him they would have to visit a house where the father lay in his coffin and all the family were down with scarlet fever, and also a house where there was typhus; and on the morrow there would be a longer round. And after that he had to prepare a sermon and conduct a Friday night service. Then the next day he would have to conduct a funeral at a cemetery, six miles off, and prepare two sermons for Sunday and an address for the Sunday-school, and there were a lot of letters to be written in reply to a heavy mail. On Monday he was going around to beg money to buy a sewing-machine for a widow, and to find employment for her eldest boy.

"Say, dominie," said the man, "this ain't your regular work, is it? You are putting on a spurt."

"No; I am often busier than this. If you stay with me I can always find you plenty to do."

"When do you eat?"



The Clergyman's Bargain Broken.

"When I can; I have no regular hour. Sometimes I run into a restaurant and get a lunch in the middle of the day if I am near one, but often I cannot get anything until I get home at night."

"What time do you quit work?"

"I never quit until I go to bed, for there is always some work to be done after I get home."

"Well, dominie, I guess you earn your money. I take it all back that I said just now. I'd sooner be as I am, for I do get regular hours, and I don't risk my life that way you do in the fever-dens. I'll say no more again the parsons. It looks easier than it is. And say, as I'm breaking bargain, I'll pay fine. Here's a dollar-bill—I wish it was a V; you can give it to some of those poor critters you're visiting. I'll bet you can find a use for more than you've got to give away. Good-by; I'm going back to work that suits me better. Wish you luck." And the man hurried away with a new idea of clerical life.

UNDER FIRE.

A STORY OF THE FRANCO-GERMAN WAR.

(Continued from page 437.)

A Little Refugee.

WE boys had our sham battle duly. The ramparts were a long, thick, high mound of earth, thrown up outside the city walls; the slopes of it were covered with soft green turf, and a broad walk ran all along the top, making a favorite promenade for the people, from which they could see the city lying beneath them. We went out through the Fishermen's Gate, beyond which was a beautiful suburb of Strasburg, called Rupert's Meadow, where there were avenues of limes and chestnuts in full leaf, with seats underneath them, and bands of music, and people dancing and singing, and strolling about in the splendid summer sunshine. But I saw many groups talking together, with very grave and anxious faces; and the bands played military

music; and even the women and children looked a little less gay than usual.

There were scores of people who stood still to see our battle. Gretchen was there, in her scarlet petticoat and green bodice, holding Elsie by the hand, whose long gray frock and white close cap looked very odd and pretty in contrast with Gretchen's finery. I was one of the oldest of the students engaged in that affair; and Fritz and I drew lots which should be French and which Prussian general. Unluckily, I drew the lot of Prussian general. I say unluckily, because in the heat of the fight I forgot which side I was on, and I led my boys to the charge with so much eagerness, that we conquered the French army before we remembered who we were. There was a great deal of laughter at our mistake among those who were looking on; and an officer who was there clapped me on the back, saying I should make a good soldier when my turn came. He did not know that I was to be a citizen of England.

In coming home, Elsie was tired; so I carried her part of the way, for she was very small and light. Gretchen was talking to the baker's wife, and Sylvie was walking on with some

of her girl friends. Elsie and I lagged behind. It turned out that the child had heard every syllable we had said in Lisbeth's attic the day before; and it had been weighing heavily upon her little mind.

"Max," she said, in her pretty, prattling voice, "is it true that the dear Lord Christ is not a little child now, just like me?"

"Once He was, Elsie," I said, feeling very sorry to say it; but I could not help telling her the truth about Him.

"But not now?" she said, mournfully. "How long ago was He a little child?"

"Oh! a great many hundred years ago," I said.

"Then He must be very, very old," said Elsie, in an exceedingly troubled little voice; "He has forgotten all about being a little child."

"No, no," I answered, "He has not forgotten being just like you; and He has not forgotten being a boy like me. Nobody is old in heaven. And then, Elsie, if He was only a child like you, still, there would be nobody for me to try to be like; and there would have been no one to die upon the cross for us, as He did. I have to think what sort of a boy He would have been if He was living now in Strasburg; just as you must think how good He was when He was His mother's little child. So the Lord Christ belongs to us all, Elsie. He is the elder brother of all men who will only come to Him."

All that seemed to come into my mind in a moment, as clear as daylight. The brotherhood men talked about was real, not in word only, but it was centred in Christ. We were truly brethren, all of us, because He was our Master.

"Is the dear Lord Christ brother to the soldiers who are going to fight with us?" asked Elsie.

"Yes, He is the brother of everybody who loves Him," I said. "The Bible says somewhere, 'He is not ashamed to call them brethren,'"

ren." Oh! I hope He will never be ashamed of me!"

"I don't think I could have talked like that to any one else, but Elsie was such a little child, and she stroked my face so tenderly as I spoke."

"Is it better for Him to be bigger than me?" she asked.

"Why, yes!" I answered. "He can do so many things for you. You love me better than if I was only as big as you; I can carry you in my arms when you are tired. And he can do everything for you, Elsie."

"But the little vest will be too little," she said, half sobbing.

"Never mind, Elsie," I answered; "it is better to make Him a little vest than do nothing for Him. He will know what to do with it."

She was quite satisfied with that, and chattered all the way home. When I was quiet in my own room that evening, I searched through the Bible for a verse. I found it at last. It was this: "For it became Him, for whom are all things, and by whom are all things, in bringing many sons unto glory, to make the Captain of their salvation perfect through sufferings. For both He that sanctifieth and they who are sanctified are all of one: for which cause He is not ashamed to call them brethren." Those are very strange words.

The Lord Christ, therefore, was both my brother and my captain, made perfect through sufferings, and He would bring me to glory. "Captain" and "glory" were words very often on our lips at that time. Sufferings became known to us later on.

After a few days of excitement and suspense, the news reached us of the first victory of our army. It had crossed the frontier, and won a battle at Saarbrück. You should have seen the stir and joy in the streets of the old city. Crowds of peasants came in, bringing loads of fruit, and hay, and wood, and corn, almost like the great autumn fair; and the bells rang merrily from all the church-towers.

But all the joyfulness was gone in a day or two, though the stir remained. We soon knew that the victory was a mere trifle, and had been followed by a double defeat. The Prussians had driven our army back over the frontier; and General MacMahon was in full retreat upon Saverne, which was not much more than twenty miles from us. We heard, too, that a large army had crossed the Rhine to the south of us, and was marching upon our city. The tumult was greater than before.

My grandmother could not sleep at night for the marching of troops, and the blowing of bugles along the streets. She and Gretchen went about all day long cleaning away the dust that would rise from the passing of regiment after regiment of cavalry; while the balconies, from which Sylvie and I watched them, were in a state that almost broke their hearts.

One evening after dusk my grandmother called me into her bedroom, as I passed the door to go to my own. She seemed very troubled and anxious, and her white head looked very white and old against the dark velvet of her high-backed chair. "Max," she said, "you are almost old enough to judge like a man, now. Many a boy gets his own living at your age."

"Yes," I answered, "I shall be fifteen next month."

"I am very much troubled," she went on; "all my old friends are going away as fast as they can, to take lodgings in Appenweir, or Offenberg, or some other place across the Rhine; but you know, Max, I could not leave my house and my furniture to fall into the hands of the pillagers and marauders who will soon be prowling about the city. If I was sure there was any positive danger, of course, I would send you and Sylvie; but it is not likely that those open villages will be as safe as Strasburg."

"Of course not," I said. "You should see our fortifications, grandmother—our ramparts, and bastions, and lunettes, and the citadel! Why! thousands of people are coming into the

city for safety; and it seems ridiculous to go out of it into the enemy's villages. Besides, General Urrich has taken the command of the garrison, and he is a brave old soldier. We shall be quite safe with him at our head."

"I could not go," said my grandmother, shaking her head; "but the neighbors say to me, 'For the children's sake, Madame Kromer! What should I say to your father, Max, if anything should happen to Sylvie and you?' And what should I say to my father if anything happened to you?" I asked. "No; I let us all stay together. I am sure we shall be safer here than beyond the Rhine. Our own armies will come and drive the Germans back into their own country, and then what will happen in the open villages? I have been all about the fortifications, and I don't believe the city ever could be taken."

"It is very hard upon old people like me," she said, two or three tears rolling slowly down her cheeks. "I've lived here in peace with God and man these fifty years; and it will be very hard, indeed, if I cannot die peacefully."

I felt very sorry for her, and tried to cheer her up; but still it was not likely that she, any more than Lisbeth, could understand how much glory and honor there was to be won in battle. I, who went about the city, and talked now and then with the garrison soldiers, knew it better than they could. I would not have fled from Strasburg, just then, for anything that could have been offered to me; for that day a decree had been issued, proclaiming Strasburg, with a number of other towns along the frontier, in a state of siege.

It was a few days after this, early in August, and splendid weather, that one evening after supper I wandered off into the streets, making my way in and out through the crowd, which all that day, and the one before, had been pouring in through the Saverne Gate in an unbroken stream. It would be very difficult to give you the least idea of it: it was such a sad, desolate-looking crowd, every one seeming almost alone in it, so great was their distress. There was very little talking, and no laughter. Most of them were peasants, who had fled at the mere rumor of the Prussians, and were bringing with them a few fragments of their house goods, and a few animals of their farm stocks, such as they could gather in their flight, without impeding or delaying it.

There were but few strong, full-grown men in it, for to every one who appeared able to bear the toil and fright there seemed to be half a dozen feeble folk, either old or infirm, or children, most of them looking downcast, and many of them crying quietly to themselves, as they trudged along with weary feet. Those who looked the happiest, and from whom now and then a laugh broke, were the very little children perched aloft on the loaded wagons, with their pet cats or rabbits hugged in their arms. But even many of these, the youngest children, were running by the side of their parents, their little feet trotting as quickly as they could, to keep up with the longer steps of the older ones, and here and there leaving a stain of blood upon the pavement, from the cuts they had got from the stones along the high road.

There was not much glory in that dismal procession. How different it looked from the march of the regiments, with their gay uniforms, and with banners streaming and bands playing! But the thought came across me that the one must follow the other, as surely as the night, with its thick darkness, follows the brightest day.

I had drawn back into a doorway, while I watched the almost unbroken train plod by, when a young girl, about as old as Sylvie, sank down on the step at my feet, as if she was quite worn out, and could not take a step further. Not a person in the throng took any notice of her; they went on and on, and not one looked at the girl, and asked her to go on with them. Her face was dusty, and stained with tears; and her cap was lost, for she was bareheaded. She

sat quite still, straining her eyes through the gateway, and down the darkening road—for the sun was quite gone down now, and very soon the gate would be closed. After a while I stooped down, and put my hand quietly on her shoulder, almost afraid of startling her; but she turned and looked at me without fear, but very earnestly. Her eyes were red with crying, and never had I seen any creature with a face so full of sorrow.

"Why do you sit here so long alone?" I asked.

"I am waiting for my mother," she said, turning quickly away again to watch and watch through the Saverne Gate; but the night was falling fast, and the ramparts prevented her seeing far. I could not have recognized even Sylvie beyond a very little distance.

"Where is she?" I asked; "have you lost her?"

But the girl burst into such sobs and weeping that she could not answer me, and I sat down beside her on the step, and took her small, rough hand into mine, to comfort her, if possible—at least, to make her feel that I was her friend.

"She fell down on the road, a long, long way off," she said, at last, "and she would not let me stay with her. She drove me from her. She said, 'Run, Louise—run on as fast as you can to the city, and get inside the gates. I will come as soon as I am a little rested.' But you see my mother is not come; and she will be alone all night, out of doors, somewhere."

"But where is your father?" I asked again; "is not he with her?"

Then I thought that the girl would never speak to me again, her sobs choked her voice so; and I could do nothing for her but hold her hand more tightly in my own.

"He's killed!" she cried—"killed for a spy;" and as she spoke she sobbed as if her heart must break, while my own felt as heavy as lead, and a shiver of very great cold ran all through me. "They hung him near Pfalzburg," she went on, "as a Prussian spy, and he was nothing of the kind. He was only going to see my brother, who lives in Pfalzburg. We did not know till this morning, and my mother was ill in bed. But they said the Prussians were coming; and she got up, and we ran away as fast as we could, till mother fell down in the road. She would not let me stay with her, and now she will be alone all night; and perhaps the Prussians will kill her too."

You must not suppose the girl told me all this at once, as I have written it down. She said it just a word or two at a time, in the midst of her sobs and tears, while I listened to catch all she spoke. I could not persuade her to move till the gate was closed; and then I had to promise to be there again with her before it was open in the morning. She would have slept on the steps all night if I had not been there; but when it was quite dark, she put her hand into mine of her own accord, just as Sylvie would have done, and said, "Take me home with you."

I scarcely knew how my grandmother would like it; but what else could I do? What else would the Lord have done, if He had been a boy in Strasburg? She had no friends in the city, and was only a child like Sylvie. However, I was rather uneasy till I had told my grandmother, and besought her for my sake to take the poor desolate girl in; and she, after a moment or two, said; "Yes; she may stay till her mother comes." So a bed was made up in Gretchen's room, and some of Sylvie's old frocks and things found for her; and after she had eaten some food she cried herself to sleep, as Sylvie told me, for she sat beside her till then, lest she should feel lonely.

But Gretchen looked very sulky, and went around muttering to herself about an extra mouth, and said that she must give up her supper for my whim.

We sat all day long at the Saverne Gate the next day, Louise and I—except once, when Gretchen brought us some food, and I persuaded

her to stay in my place, for I wanted to see what was going on in other parts of the city. The fugitives were coming in at every gate; and among them a good number of soldiers, who had escaped from the battle-fields of Saarbruck and Woerth, and now came to swell the garrison of Strasburg.

(To be continued.)

OMRI AND AHAB.

S. S. Lesson for July 19, 1 Kings 16: 23-34. Golden Text, Prov. 15: 9. By Mrs. M. Baxter. Jeroboam's Distress—His Expedient—Its Failure—The Queen Recognized—The Message Awaiting Her—The Heavy Judgments for the King—His New Title—A Wicked Dynasty—Ahab's Bad Eminence—Every Man Lighted—Why Evil is Permitted.

The proud, wicked heart of Jeroboam never yielded to God. He had one godly son, Abijah, and he loved that son, but never succumbed to his influence for good. God in His love and tenderness allowed sickness to come upon Abijah—it was his last call to Jeroboam. The king did not humble himself and seek the face of the Lord. He must have known God's promises to take away all sickness from such as would hearken to the voice of the Lord and obey Him (Ex. 15: 26, 23: 20-25; Deut. 7: 12-15), but Jeroboam heeded not the Word of the Lord. Yet natural affection for his boy made him very anxious how the sickness might end. He knew well enough that his false gods were powerless, and was well aware of the deceit he was practising upon his people; he knew that God alone could tell him what would become of the child, and yet he would not come face to face with God. What should he do? He thought of

AN EXPEDIENT.

Ahijah the prophet, who had told him that he should be a king over Israel, was now an old man and blind. He would send his queen to the old man, disguised as a peasant woman, bringing a poor woman's offering, and the prophet would have power with God, his prayers would secure the life of the child, and God would be tricked into blessing him. Jeroboam did not know the God he had to deal with; He was beforehand with the king and apprised Abijah of the queen's visit. "And it was so, when Ahijah heard the sound of her feet, as she came in at the door, that he said, Come in, thou wife of Jeroboam; why feignest thou thyself to be another? for I am sent to thee with heavy tidings."

Poor, unhappy woman! Little she expected the reception she met with. Full of the little scheme which her husband had devised, she never thought of God's side of the question, and she was made an unwilling messenger of judgment to her husband. "Go, tell Jeroboam, Thus saith the Lord God of Israel, Forasmuch as I exalted thee from among the people, and made thee prince over my people Israel, and rent the kingdom away from the house of David, and gave it thee; and yet thou hast not been as my servant David, who kept my commandments, and who followed me with all his heart, to do that only which was right in mine eyes; but hast done evil above all that were before thee: for thou hast gone and made thee other gods, and molten images, to provoke me to anger, and

HAST CAST ME BEHIND THY BACK:

therefore, behold, I will bring evil upon the house of Jeroboam." Perhaps Jeroboam and his wife had said in their hearts, "God hath forgotten: He hideth His face; He will never see it," and now it burst like a thunderbolt on the unhappy woman that God had been taking stock of all that occurred. God had seen through her disguise; and God had seen the motives which led to the setting up of the golden calves; God knew all. Why did she not turn to God and seek for mercy? Oh, how often are men convicted without being converted!

Heavier and yet heavier judgments were spoken against the house of Jeroboam. The very children who called the poor queen mother—not one of them should come to the grave save he

who was now dying; in the city the dogs should eat them and in the fields the fowls of the air, and Israel should be given up because of the sins of Jeroboam, who did sin, and who made Israel to sin. In spite of herself she was made the messenger of doom to Jeroboam; she was the first to announce to him the sad title by which he was afterward known as the man "who made Israel to sin;" she was to announce that her son, now so ill, should be the only one of his family that should come to the grave, "because in him there is found some good thing toward the Lord God of Israel in the house of Jeroboam (1 Kings 14: 13), and she learned the heart-rending fact that when her feet should enter the city the child should die. Surely,

HAD SHE REPENTED,

and Jeroboam, too, the God who reversed His sentence against Nineveh in Jonah's time would have had mercy upon them! There are many who, without intending it, want to trick God into blessing them. They will not have to do with Him themselves, but they want to turn the faith of others into the channel of their own wishes and purposes, and so get second-hand what they desire. Oh, how little men know what a God we have, and how He desires, of all things, to have real personal acquaintance with His people; how all His providences are directed to this end, and that therefore the making use of the prayers and faith of others in the stead of our own is altogether missing the mark.

Nadab, the son of Jeroboam, succeeded him, and "walked in the way of his father" (1 Kings 15: 26). Baasha conspired against him, and smote him, and founded a new dynasty. Yet so corrupt was he that God sent to him Jehu, the son of Hanani, to denounce judgment against him and his house. Baasha had ignored God, who gave him the kingdom; had chosen the way of Jeroboam, and therefore must share his fate. His son Elah succeeded, and was slain by Zimri, one of the generals of his army, while he was in a state of intoxication. Omri, his superior in office, besieged Tirzah, and the wretched Zimri burned the king's house over his head and so perished. A faction of the people crowned Tibni king, but Omri prevailed against him, and became sole king over Israel. But Omri was

NO BETTER

than his predecessors, but far worse. "Omri wrought evil in the eyes of the Lord, and did worse than all that were before him." This is all which is recorded of him except that he bought the hill of Samaria and built the city. What a history! Not one good act by which men could remember him, not one glance of his eye toward God! A life which was unmixt evil! He did not die a violent death, but what kind of eternity can he have? He slept with his fathers, and Ahab, his son, reigned in his stead. Alas! the scale of evil went on increasing. Omri had exceeded in wickedness all that were before him, but Ahab exceeded even him. "And it came to pass, as if it had been a light thing for him to walk in the sins of Jeroboam the son of Nebat that he took to wife Jezebel the daughter of Ethbaal king of the Zidonians, and went and served Baal, and worshipped him." Jeroboam had substituted forms for heart worship, and had broken the second commandment in making an image of God to worship, probably an image of the cherubim. But Ahab set aside God altogether, and brought in a false god; he "reared up an altar for Baal in the house of Baal, which he had built in Samaria. And Ahab made a grove; and Ahab did more to provoke the Lord God of Israel to anger than all the kings of Israel that were before him." Jeroboam tried to accommodate religion to suit his purpose. Ahab daringly set God aside, and put another in His place, and that publicly.

God had commanded His people that they should not make marriages with the nations whom He had cast out from before them (Deut. 7: 3). "But," He said, "thus shall ye deal with them; ye shall destroy their altars, and break down their images, and cut down their

groves, and burn their graven images with fire. For thou art a holy people unto the Lord thy God: the Lord thy God hath chosen thee to be a special people unto Himself, above all people that are upon the face of the earth" (Deut. 7: 5, 6). Ahab repudiated all responsibility to God, broke down all barriers between himself and the heathen, married the most godless and profanely idolatrous women he could find, and set up the altars to false gods which he, as king over Israel, was the responsible party to throw down. It is easy to say, "He had a bad example in his father and in all the kings of Israel who preceded him." True, but "the true light

LIGHTETH EVERY MAN

that cometh into the world" (John 1: 9). In some way or other, by some means or other, God always does seek souls in such a way that if they reject Him it is consciously. There may be those who have very little light—Jews who have never read the New Testament, Unitarians who do not believe in the atonement of Christ, no doubt, also, Mussulmen and heathen, but some way, and in some measure, God makes an appeal to them. They that have "no law, are a law unto themselves; in that they shew the work of the law written in their hearts, their conscience bearing witness therewith, and their thoughts one with another accusing or else excusing them; in the day when God shall judge the secrets of men, according to my gospel, by Jesus Christ" (Rom. 2: 14-16, R. V.). If God deals thus with the heathen, much more closely did He deal with Ahab, as we shall learn from his after history. While we may not judge others, we can be very clear ourselves that all our want of knowledge of God lies at our own door. "If any man will do His will, he shall know of the doctrine" (John 7: 17).

The question may be, and often is, asked, Why does God permit so much sin to exist, especially in high and influential quarters? Why is it that we more often learn of God through some very humble person than through the dignitaries of the Church? Why do we see the nobility of the kingdom of heaven less among the great ones of this world than among the most lowly? God has told us why: "That no flesh should glory in His presence" (1 Cor. 1: 29). Having little in man to rest upon, we are thrown upon God. Had the prophet Elijah come into the world when kings and priests were walking with God, he would not have had the same exercise of faith, and would never have known God as he did. While God does not originate evil,

HE OVERRULES

it to the great blessing of His own children. When He steers their boat against wind and tide, then they learn to trust Him. Take one who has been always cherished and surrounded with pious influences, and compare him with one who has been alone in his family and misunderstood, alone in his work for God, in straits out of which God alone has brought him, pecuniarily and spiritually, and you will find, when it comes to the push, that he is the man who knows God, and who can reckon on Him. God did not want Jeroboam, Baasha, Omri, and Ahab to run such a course of sin and lose their own souls. He sought to hinder them, but His very righteousness would not allow of saving them against their will, and since they would not, He made use of them as tools with which to model His prophets.

Bethshan Tracts.—The Following Tracts, by Mrs. M. Baxter and others, on the subject of Faith-Healing and Holiness, have been received from England, and can be obtained at the following prices: Bethshan: A House for Healing, 3 cts. each; Pastor Bishopp's, 3 cts. each; Paul's Thorn, If it be Thy Will, Does Sickness Sanctify? Repeating Prayer, What about the Use of Means, The Apostolic Attitude, all at 15 cts. a dozen; The Law of Liberty, Simple Truths about Faith, God's Purpose in Sickness, The Great Physician, Job's Sickness, God's Side of Prayer, Pastor Rein, Redeemed from all Evil, Health by Grace, all at 20 cts. a dozen. Also the following books by Mrs. M. Baxter: S. S. Lessons, 1877-'78, in cloth, 30 cts. each; Lessons from the Gospel of Matthew, 50 cts. cloth, 30 cts. paper; Daily Life, 30 cts. cloth, 20 cts. paper; Life Lessons, 25 cts. paper, 35 cts. cloth; Practical Lessons, 25 cts. paper, 35 cts. cloth. Address The Manager, CHRISTIAN HERALD OFFICE, 63 Bible House, New York.

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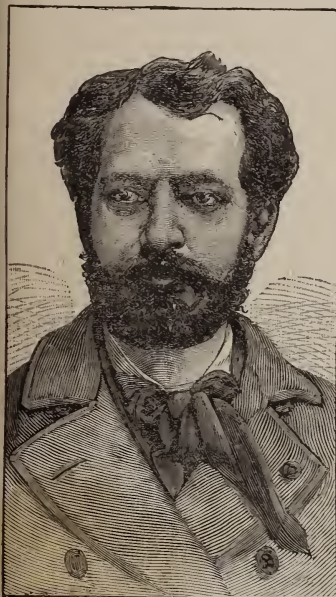
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M. FREDERIC-AUGUSTE BARTHOLDI—The Colossal Statue for the Bay of New York.

M. FREDERIC AUGUSTE BARTHOLDI.
Birth and Early Studies.—In the Studio of Ary Scheffer.—Engaged in the Franco-German War.—Mission to America—A Farewell Conference of Artists—A Friendly Project—Conception of the Statue.—Sojourn in America—Distinguished Friends.—The Project Launched.—Progress of the Work.—Its Arrival and Reception.—A Triumph of Newspaper Enterprise.

The eminent sculptor whose name has become a household word in America, and whose portrait appears on the first page of this number, was born at Colmar, in 1835. He is, therefore, now fifty years of age. Colmar is a manufacturing town of Alsace-Lorraine, the province which France was compelled to cede to Germany after the war of 1870. Though the native place of M. Bartholdi is now a German town, he prides himself on his French nationality, and was one of those who felt most acutely the humiliation of the conditions of peace imposed by Germany upon France. To citizens of other countries it seemed only natural that as Napoleon III. would have surely demanded from Germany a cession of territory, had he been the victor in that war, Germany should exact a similar penalty as she achieved victory. Nevertheless, the French people could not be expected to take an impartial view of the situation, and they, and especially the citizens of Alsace-Lorraine, of whom M. Bartholdi was one, bitterly resented the loss of the territory.

Having resolved to devote himself to art as his profession, he placed himself under the tuition of the celebrated French painter, Ary Scheffer, whose striking pictures "Christ in the Garden," and "Christ Bearing the Cross," are known through engravings all over the world. He died in 1858, at the age of sixty-three. Under Ary Scheffer and other famous masters, the genius of M. Bartholdi developed, and he was winning renown in his profession when the outbreak of war called him away from peaceful pursuits. Toward the end of the war, M. Bartholdi who was serving

IN THE FRENCH ARMY

in the East, was dispatched to Bordeaux to receive some arms and munition of war which had been sent from America. He entered into conversation with the officers of the vessel, and sought information on a subject which puzzled him, in common with many patriotic French officers. He asked how it was that in the time of France's trouble, America was rejoicing over the German successes, and forgetting that when America was struggling to throw off the hated British yoke, France was the nation that lent her a helping hand, and aided her to achieve independence. He was informed, and doubtless there was some basis of truth in the reply, that much of the jubilation that pained him came from Germans resident in America who, though they had left their native land, still remembered it with pride, and had associations with it in friends left behind. Many, moreover, rejoiced in the achievement of German unity, because they believed that it would pave the way to a more liberal government, and would weaken rather than strengthen the hands of the autocrat. The explanation appears to have soothed the wounded feelings of the young Frenchman, and the reproach of ingratitude which in his soul he had brought against the United States was wiped away.

DEATH OF IMPERIALISM.

In common with other enlightened Frenchmen, M. Bartholdi was realizing then in the stern school of adversity what Imperialism really meant. The adventurer who, for twenty years had ruled France, was responsible for that war. It was a war undertaken with no high or noble purpose, but, as it appeared at a later day, with no other object than that of strengthening his own throne. France was slipping out of the Emperor's fingers, and there was no surer way of tightening the grip than a successful war. The man who could bring glory to the flag of France was the man who would command the loyalty of the French people, and caring not for

the misery involved by war, thinking lightly of the lives that must inevitably be sacrificed, Napoleon had tried to purchase a renewed lease of power for himself by a payment in blood. That was Imperialism! That was the selfish motive which animated the man who sat on the French throne! M. Bartholdi, like many other Frenchmen, began to think it might be better if that throne were empty, and that it would be better if the people governed themselves. They, at any rate, if they made war, would know by experience the cost of it, and could have none but patriotic motives in quarrelling with other governments. Naturally, the eyes of these newly-converted Republicans were turned to America, the most successful instance, on a large scale, of the ability of the people to govern without king or emperor, or any hereditary ruler. M. Bartholdi determined to pay

A VISIT TO AMERICA,

that he might see with his own eyes government by the people, and for the people, in practical operation. Before sailing, he paid a brief visit to his Parisian friends, whom he had not seen since he left Paris with the army. They were gathered at Versailles, the capital being then in the hands of the Commune, its flaming buildings and blood-stained streets, crying aloud the lesson that a country must not look to its law-breakers for just government. He saw MM. Laboulaye, Lafayette, Henri Martin, Remusat, and other ardent Frenchmen, and told them of his contemplated voyage across the Atlantic. The project was warmly applauded, for the cordial friendship of young Frenchmen for America was newly stimulated by the resolve to adopt Republican institutions in France. America was a sister Republic, and as the group of enthusiastic Frenchmen sat and talked, the desire was born that in some way the two great nations might be drawn more closely into the bonds of friendship. Could not some gift, some striking token of regard be devised, that would show to the whole world that nations could love one another as individuals may do. That was the mustard-seed of an idea, out of which grew the magnificent gift that has now been landed on our shores.

THE CONCEPTION.

M. Bartholdi sailed for America, charged with the mission of finding some way in which the French people could testify their regard for the sister Republic, so that all the world might understand and appreciate it. The mission was discharged before he set foot on American soil. No sooner did the vessel on which he sailed enter the unrivalled bay of New York, than there entered his mind the conception that has now been moulded into enduring metal. To the artistic mind there could be no grander or more appropriate gift than a colossal statue which should stand at the portals of the new world, to tell to every traveller from the monarchy-ridden countries of Europe, that he was entering a land of liberty and self-government, so strong and so stable that a sister nation rendered it spontaneous homage.

AMERICAN FRIENDS.

The visit of the French artist was an extensive one, he travelled from New York to California, and from Maine to Florida, not confining his attention to the great cities, but visiting small towns and wild western settlements. He studied the people and the Government, enjoyed himself thoroughly, as a Frenchman will, if enjoyment can be had by any means, and as an artist is sure to do, in the most magnificent scenery in the world. He painted and sketched, made friends everywhere, and when his visit approached a termination, it seemed as if he had made for himself a new home. Among the warm personal friends he made, Longfellow was chief. Whenever M. Bartholdi was within a day's journey of Boston, he turned his face toward the hospitable door of the great poet, and always received a hearty welcome. Other friends whom M. Bartholdi still speaks of with affection, were Senator Sumner, General Sheridan, General Meade, Peter Cooper, Cyrus Field,

Professor Agassiz, and Colonel Forney. To these and many less distinguished friends, M. Bartholdi bade farewell in the latter part of 1873, and returned to France.

THE PROJECT LAUNCHED.

Soon after the traveller's return, a meeting of the same circle of artistic comrades that had bade him good-by so many months before, was held at the house of M. Laboulaye, to consider the project started at their former meeting. M. Bartholdi explained his ideas more fully than he had been able to do by mail, and showed a sketch in water-colors of the Bay of New York, and the site on Bedloe's Island, where he proposed that the colossal statue should stand. The idea was received with enthusiasm, and the French-American Union was organized to receive subscriptions, and to arrange details. Subscription lists were prepared and circulated throughout France. They bore at their head the following introduction of the project to the French people, which M. Bartholdi quotes in his narrative published in the New York *Tribune*: "The Monument of Independence would be executed in common by the two peoples associated in this fraternal work, as they were of old in establishing Independence. In this way we declare by an imperishable memorial the friendship that the blood spilled by our fathers of old sealed between the two nations. It is a treaty of friendship which should be signed by all hearts which feel the love of their country."

THE WORK COMMENCED.

Sufficient funds speedily came in to enable M. Bartholdi to begin his great work. They followed in a continuous stream. As Mr. Couderc said at the reception of the statue in New York, a few weeks ago: "This was a popular, not a political offering. The report of the original committee shows how earnest the promoters of this great scheme were that its true character should not be misunderstood. They spoke in the name of one hundred and eighty-one towns, all of them represented by their municipal authorities; of forty general councils of departments, of ten chambers of commerce, and of one hundred thousand individual subscribers. Were they not right when they said: 'The people of the United States will understand the feeling which has inspired this great manifestation?' On November 6th, 1875, the commencement was celebrated by a banquet of eminent men in Paris, and soon afterward the hand of the statue, holding the torch, was sent over here, and was set up in Madison Square, as an earnest of the work that was to follow. In the following year, too, there came another token of good-will from France. The French Government, in recognition of some kindness shown to the people of France by American citizens, during the period of distress which followed the Franco-German war, presented the city of New York with a statue of Lafayette, which also came from the studio of M. Bartholdi.

COMPLETION.

Six years were occupied in preliminary work, and in October, 1881, the various pieces were completed, and the work of putting them together was commenced. Two years later the statue was declared finished, and stood in the suburbs of Paris a conspicuous object, towering high above surrounding buildings, and eagerly visited by the Parisian public. It remained on exhibition for a few months, and then on July 4th it was formally presented to Mr. Morton, the United States Minister to France at that time.

French munificence had not even then been exhausted. At a dinner given by Mr. Morton to the members of the French-American Union, on July 11th, M. Ferry, the Prime Minister of France, speaking on behalf of the French Government, announced that he and his colleagues desired to share in the substantial message of good-will. They had decided to place a Government steamer at the service of the Union, and to carry the statue to its destination in a vessel bearing the national flag of France.

As we have already stated in our news columns, the statue, carefully packed in cases, arrived here on June 17th, last, on board the mail-war Isere, and was received in due form two days later. The orator of the day, Mr. Frederic K. Coudert, who spoke on behalf of the American people, voiced the general sentiment when he said: "The splendid gift which these gentlemen have carried from their own soil to find a home in our bay, is not the gift of a king or an emperor, or any government whatever. It is not the fashion of political bodies to manifest international regard by costly presents. Many inconveniences might attend such a practice if adopted—not the least, perhaps, the necessity of reciprocity. Besides this, the lesson of the Trojan horse is not without its value. We may well hesitate to become the recipients of favors which might imply too much. But the spontaneous offering of a people—and of the only people who stood the sponsors of the infant nation, that needed help as no nation ever did before—this may well be accepted as a symptom of the same affection that approved itself so long, so well, so often."

"This bronze memento, out of which so many far-reaching guns might have been made, typifies and perpetuates the common aspirations of two great nations, and symbolizes the hope that not only they and their children shall see and live in the light of liberty's torch, but that all nations and all people shall be warmed and made happy by its rays. For the instinct and spirit of liberty is not one of caste, nor of sect, nor of narrow limitations. It embraces the universe with a bond of brotherhood that throws its girdle around the earth as the magnet wire that daily draws the nations into closer and more fraternal contact."

NEWSPAPER ENERGY

must not be forgotten in this narrative. A singular, almost inexplicable apathy had fallen on our people in reference to the statue. Though it was known that the statue was nearly completed, but little progress had been made with the work of preparing the pedestal on which it was to stand. Neither Congress nor the municipality of New York had taken the matter in hand with the energy required. Private subscriptions had been looked for, but they came in so slowly that work was at length suspended for lack of funds. It seemed as though the comparatively small share of the cost of erecting the noble memento, which fell upon the United States could not be borne. When effort seemed dead, a daily newspaper in New York—the *World*—took up the matter and persistently pressed it on the attention of the public. It speaks volumes for the power of the press that, alone and unaided, a single newspaper could so arouse the people to a sense of their duty, that in a few weeks over *ninety-one thousand dollars* was voluntarily sent to the *World* office toward the fund, leaving only about eight thousand yet to collect. Work has now been resumed on the pedestal, which will not again be suspended until it is complete. Too much honor cannot be paid to the zeal and energy of the *World* for having saved the nation from reproach in this matter.

Appropriate as is the statue as a gift from the people of France to the people of the United States, and thoroughly in character as it is with French thought and genius, the Christian spectator who in years to come looks at the colossal figure, holding aloft its torch at our gates, will wish that both the people who gave and the people who received the magnificent emblem might better understand what true liberty is, and how to attain the liberty that alone can "enlighten the world." The liberty which is only another name for license, the freedom from control and from the fear of God, is a darkening influence leading to misery and death. That liberty which gives light and life to the world, is that which is enjoyed by the individual soul that has realized the truth of Christ's words, "Ye shall know the truth and the truth shall make you free" (John 8 : 32).

THE GIGANTIC STATUE.

(See illustration on first page.)

Details of its Proportions and Method of Construction.

M. BARTHOLDI has communicated to the *Philadelphia Press* an elaborate and exhaustive article describing in detail his extraordinary work of art. From that article we extract the following particulars:

"I think that it may be timely to examine briefly the characteristics of colossal statuary, in view of the fact that the art has from time to time been the object of criticism. Many persons see in it only a striking production, and do not understand its peculiar laws, its difficulties, or its artistic value."

"Colossal statuary does not consist simply in making an enormous statue. It ought to produce an emotion in the breast of the spectator not because of its volume, but because its size is in keeping with the idea that it interprets and with the place which it ought to occupy. It should be used only in dealing with a limited order of ideas. M. Lesbazeilles, in his work on the Colossi, said with reason: 'It is within its scope when it represents power, majesty, infinity. It can lay claim to that class of effects which are produced in us by the heaving of the boundless sea, the bellowing of the wind, the rolling of the thunder.'"

"Egypt incontestably gives us on this point the most complete instruction, and we can judge Egyptian colossal art with our own eyes. To all those who have studied it, Egyptian art has been the object of profound admiration, not only in view of the masses, the millions of kilogrammes moved by the Egyptian people, but on account of its concrete and majestic character, in design and in form, of the works which we see. We are filled with profound emotion in the presence of these colossal witnesses, centuries old, of a past that to us is almost infinite, at whose feet so many generations, so many million existences, so many human glories, have rolled in the dust. These granite beings, in their imperturbable majesty, seem to be still listening to the most remote antiquity. Their kindly and impassable glance seems to ignore the present and to be fixed upon an unlimited future. These impressions are not the result simply of a beautiful spectacle, nor of the poetry of historic remembrances. They result from the character of the form and the expression of the work in which the design itself expresses, after a fashion, infinity."

"After the Grecian epoch we must pass on to modern times to find examples of colossal statues. The Jupiter Pluvius, of the Pratolino Villa, executed by John of Bologna, and the St. Charles Borromeo, on the banks of Lake Maggiore, may be referred to. All the other colossal statues in existence are entirely modern. That of Bavaria is the oldest. It measures about fifty-one feet. Next was executed the colossal statue of the Virgin of Puy, which is sixteen measures in height; and, finally, that of Arminius in Westphalia, which, including the sword which he raises toward the sky, is ninety-two feet in height."

"Up to the present time, no statue had ever been executed of the extraordinary proportions of the Statue of Liberty. The total height of the first model, was four feet. This was the study model, which was long sought and often recast."

"After this first study, I made the statue which measures from the head to the feet, nine feet four inches. This statue, executed with rigid precision, was reproduced four times as large by the ordinary processes. The model which was the result of this work, measured about thirty-six feet in total height. Placed in a large space it could be taken in by the eye in its entirety, and the corrections to be made could still be noted. This statue was divided into a large number of sections, destined to be produced separately at four times their size. After this last enlargement changes were no longer possible. Now, the sculptor could only

aim at very great precision, and at great care in the modelling of the surfaces which were becoming enormous."

"In an immense workshop, specially constructed for the work, were to be seen four plane surfaces on which the work was carried on. They were encompassed with frames, laid out, in numbered divisions. Another similar frame, corresponding exactly to the one below, was fastened beneath the ceiling of the workshop. Lead wires and rulers hung all around the frames. On these frames thus geometrically laid out, the sculptors executed in wood and in plaster enormous fragments of the statue. The sculptors executed the enlargement by measurements taken with the compass on the lead wires and the rulers. They first laid out the general form with wooden beams, covered with lathwork. The wood was then covered with a coating of plaster. They verified the large measurements already established, and then executed the reproduction, point by point, and finished the modelling of the surfaces."

"On these wooden moulds or gabarits, the hammerers pressed the sheets of copper by pressure with levers and by hammering with mallets. The pieces of copper were finished by beating them with little hammers and with rammers. The profile of the forms was again taken in detail with sheets of lead, pressed upon the model, again working the copper according to the profiles. The pieces of copper were furnished from point to point with iron braces, intended to give them rigidity. Thus furnished, the pieces were mounted, brought together and fastened on powerful trusswork of iron beams which serves as support for the whole envelope of the statue. The trusswork was designed and executed by the eminent constructing engineer, M. Eiffel. The copper plates, kept in shape by iron bands, are supported by iron braces, which are cramped on to the central core. They do not bear in the least upon the lower plates, and their weight is always independent of all that is above and below. The statue is constructed of copper sheets, two and a half millimetres in thickness. It measures one hundred and fifty feet from the base to the top of the torch, one hundred and eleven feet from the heel to the top of the head. This will make the top of the torch three hundred and five feet above the water of the bay. That is, twenty-one feet higher than the spire of Trinity Church, and twenty-three feet higher than the towers of the Brooklyn Bridge."

"The forefinger is seven feet eleven inches in length, and four feet eight inches in circumference at the second joint. The head is thirteen feet six inches in height. The eye is over two feet in width. The nose is three feet seven inches in length. About forty persons were accommodated in the head at the Universal Exposition of 1878. It is possible to ascend into the torch above the hand. It will easily hold twelve persons. It represents an outlay of more than \$200,000."

"The Liberty is the largest work of its kind that has ever been completed. The famous Colossus of Rhodes, according to the proportions which the legends attribute to it, was but a miniature in comparison. The Column Vendôme is not so high by seven feet."

"Yet we must not expect its appearance to be colossal when it is in its place. In the immense picture which will surround it, it will appear simply in harmony with the whole, and have the normal aspect of a statue in a public place. It should be thus, because its part is not to appear extraordinary in itself, but to connect itself intimately with an extraordinary whole."

The Mission Work Among the Jews of New York, conducted by the Rev. Jacob Freshman, is making progress. Mr. Freshman has secured a house in St. Mark's Place for the purposes of his mission, and has received promises amounting to about \$500 toward its purchase. Increased interest is manifest among the Jews in the work, and Christian literature is readily accepted by them.

CASTLE JESUS.

A Sermon by Dr. Talmage.

"Who have fled for refuge."—HEB. 6: 18.

The Cities of Refuge—Not Useless—Men in Peril—Through Sin and Pollution—Pursued by Troubles—A Condemned Soldier's Pardon—Jesus as a Refuge—I. Safe—A Queen's Clemency—II. Near—III. Universal—The Poor Specially Welcome—Going in with the Rabble—IV. The Only Refuge—Well Tested—Jesus Crucified by Rejection.

PAUL is here speaking of the consolations of Christians. He styles them those "who have fled for refuge."

Moses established six cities of refuge—three on the east side of the river Jordan and three on the west. When a man had killed any one accidentally he fled to one of these cities. The roads leading to them were kept perfectly good, so that when a man started for the refuge nothing might impede him. Along the cross-roads, and wherever there might be any mistake about the way, there were signs put up pointing in the right way, with the word "Refuge." Having gained the limits of one of these cities the man was safe, and the mothers of the priests provided for him.

REFUGE CASTLES.

Some of us have seen our peril, and have fled to Christ, and feel that we shall never be captured. We are among those "who have fled for refuge." Christ is represented in the Bible as a Tower, a High Rock, a Fortress, and a Shelter. If you have seen any of the ancient castles of Europe, you know that they are surrounded by trenches, across which there is a drawbridge. If an enemy approach, the people, for defence, would get into the castle, have the trenches filled with water, and lift up the drawbridge. Whether to a city of safety, or a tower, Paul refers, I know not, and care not, for in any case he means Christ, the safety of the soul.

But why talk of refuge? Who needs it if the refuge spoken of be a city or a castle, into which men fly for safety? It is all sunlight here. No sound of war in our streets. We do not hear the rush of armed men against the doors of our dwellings. We do not come with weapons to church. Our lives are not at the mercy of an assassin. Why, then, talk of refuge?

THE PERIL.

Alas! I stand before a company of imperilled men. No flock of sheep was ever so threatened or endangered of a pack of wolves; no ship was ever so beaten of a storm; no company of men were ever so environed of a band of savages. A refuge you must have, or fall before an all-devouring destruction. There are not so many serpents in Africa; there are not so many hyenas in Asia; there are not so many panthers in the forest—as there are transgressions attacking my soul. I will take the best unregenerated man anywhere, and say to him, You are utterly corrupt. If all the sins of your past life were marshalled in single file they would reach from here to hell. If you have escaped all other sins, the fact that you have rejected the mission of the Son of God is enough to condemn you forever, pushing you off into bottomless darkness, struck by ten thousand hissing thunderbolts of Omnipotent wrath.

WEIGHED WITH SIN.

You are a sinner. The Bible says it, and your conscience affirms it. Not a small sinner, or a moderate sinner, or a tolerable sinner, but a great sinner, a protracted sinner, a vile sinner, an outrageous sinner, a condemned sinner. As God, with His all-scrutinizing gaze, looks upon you to-day, He cannot find one sound spot in your soul. Sin has put scales on your eyes, and deadened your ear with an awful deafness, and palsied your right arm, and stunned your sensibilities, and blasted you with an infinite blasting. The Bible, which you admit to be true, affirms that you are diseased from the crown of your head to the sole of your foot. You are unclean. You are a leper. Believe not me, but believe God's Word, that over and over again an-

nounces, in language that a fool might understand, the total and complete depravity of the unchanged heart. "The heart is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked."

In addition to the sins of your life there are uncounted

TROUBLES IN PURSUIT

of you. Bereavements, losses, disappointments are a flock of vultures ever on the wing. Did you get your house built, and furnished, and made comfortable any sooner than misfortune came in without knocking, and sat beside you—a skeleton apparition? Have not pains shot their poisoned arrows, and fevers kindled their fire in your brain? Many of you, for years, have walked on burning marl. You stepped out of one disaster into another. You may, like Job, have cursed the day in which you were born. This world boils over with trouble for you, and you are wondering where the next grave will gape, and where the next storm will burst. Oh, ye pursued, sinning, dying, troubled, exhausted souls, are you not ready now to hear me while I tell you of Christ, the Refuge?

WARRANT AND PARDON.

A soldier, during the war, heard of the sickness of his wife and asked for a furlough. It was denied him, and he ran away. He was caught, brought back, and sentenced to be shot as a deserter. The officer took from his pocket a document that announced his death on the following morning. As the document was read, the man flinched not and showed no sorrow or anxiety. But the officer then took from his pocket another document that contained the prisoner's pardon. Then he broke down with deep emotion at the thought of the leniency that had been extended. Though you may not appear moved while I tell you of the law that thundered its condemnation, while I tell you of the pardon and the peace of the Gospel I wonder if they will not overcome you.

Jesus is

A SAFE REFUGE.

Fort Hudson, Fort Pulaski, Fort Moultrie, Fort Sumter, Gibraltar, Sebastopol were taken. But Jesus is a castle into which the righteous run, and is safe. No battering-ram can demolish its wall. No sappers or miners can explode its ramparts, no storm-bolt of perdition leap upon its towers. The walls that guard this fort are omnipotent. Hell shall unlimber its great guns as death only to have them dismantled. In Christ our sins are pardoned, discomfited, blotted out, forgiven. An ocean cannot so easily drown a fly as the ocean of God's forgiveness swallow up, utterly and forever, our transgressions. He is able to save unto the uttermost.

You who have been so often overcome in a hand-to-hand fight with the world, the flesh, and the devil, try this fortress. Once here, you are safe for ever. Satan may charge up the steep, and shout amid the uproar of the fight, *Forward*, to his battalions of darkness; but you will stand in the might of the great God, your Redeemer, *safe in the refuge*. The troubles of life, that once overwhelmed you, may come on with their long wagon-trains laden with care and worryment; and you may hear in their tramp the bereavements that once broke your heart; but Christ is your friend, Christ your sympathizer, Christ your reward. *Safe in the refuge!*

Death at last may lay siege to your spirit, and the shadows of the sepulchre may shake their horrors in the breeze, and the hoarse howl of the night wind may be mingled with the cry of despair, yet you will shout in triumph from the ramparts, and the pale horse shall be hurled back on his haunches. *Safe in the refuge!* To this castle I fly. The last fire shall but illumine its towers; and the rolling thunders of the judgment will be the salvo of its victory.

A QUEEN'S MERCY.

Just after Queen Victoria had been crowned—she being only nineteen or twenty years of age—Wellington handed her a death-warrant for her signature. It was to take the life of a sol-

dier in the army. She said to Wellington: "Can there nothing good be said of this man?" He said: "No; he is a bad soldier, and deserves to die." She took up the death-warrant, and it trembled in her hand as she again asked: "Does no one know anything good of this man?" Wellington said: "I have heard that at his trial a man said that he had been a good son to his old mother." "Then let his life be spared," said the Queen, and she ordered his sentence commuted.

Christ is on a throne of grace. Our case is brought before him. The question is asked: "Is there any good about this man?" The law says: "None." Justice says: "None." Our own conscience says: "None." Nevertheless, Christ hands over our pardon, and asks us to take it. Oh, the height and depth, the length and breadth of His mercy!

Again, Christ is

A NEAR REFUGE.

When we are attacked, what advantage is there in having a fortress on the other side of the mountain? Many an army has had an entrenchment, but could not get to it before the battle opened. Blessed be God, it is no long march to our castle. We may get off, with all our troops, from the worst earthly defeat into this stronghold. In a moment we may step from the battle into the tower. I sing of a Saviour near.

During the late war the forts of the North were named after the Northern generals, and the forts of the South were named after the Southern generals. This fortress of our soul I shall call *Castle Jesus*. I have seen men pursued of sins that chased them with feet of lightning, and yet with one glad leap they bounded into the tower. I have seen troubles, with more than the speed and terror of a cavalry troop, dash after a retreating soul, yet were hurled back in defeat from the bulwarks. *Jesus near!* A child's cry, a prisoner's prayer, a sailor's death-scrial, a pauper's moan, reaches Him. No pilgrimages on spikes. No journeying with a huge pack on your back. No kneeling in penance in cold vestibule of mercy. But an open door! A compassionate Saviour! A present salvation! A near refuge! *Castle Jesus!*

Oh, why do you not put out your arm and reach it? Why do you not fly to it? Why be riddled, and shelled, and consumed under the rattling bombardment of perdition, when one moment's faith would plant you in the glorious refuge? I preach a Jesus here; a Jesus now; a fountain close to your feet; a fiery pillar right over your head; bread already broken for your hunger; a crown already gleaming for your brow. Hark to the castle gates rattling back for your entrance! Hear you not the welcome of those who have fled for refuge to lay hold upon the hope set before us?

Again, it is

A UNIVERSAL REFUGE.

A fortress is seldom large enough to hold a whole army. I look out upon fourteen hundred million of the race; and then I look at this fortress, and I say that there is room enough for all. If it had been possible, this salvation would have been monopolized. Men would have said: "Let us have all this to ourselves—no publicans, no plebeians, no lazzaroni, no converted pickpockets. We will ride toward heaven on fierce chargers, our feet in golden stirrups. Grace for lords, and dukes, and duchesses, and counts. Let Napoleon and his marshals come in, but not the common soldier that fought under him. Let the Girards and the Barings come in, but not the stevedores that unloaded their cargoes, or the men who kept their books." Heaven would have been a glorified Windsor Castle, or Tuilleries, or Vatican; and exclusive aristocrats would have strutted through the golden streets to all eternity.

Thank God, there is

MERCY FOR THE POOR!

The great Dr. John Mason preached over a hundred times the same sermon; and the text was:

"To the poor the Gospel is preached," Lazarus went up, while Dives went down; and there are candidates for Imperial splendors in the back alley, and by the peat fire of the Irish shanty. King Jesus set up His throne in a manger, and made a resurrection day for the poor widow of Nain, and sprang the gate of

HEAVEN WIDE OPEN,

so that all the beggars, and thieves, and scoundrels of the universe may come in if they will only repent. I can snatch the knife from the murderer's hand while it is yet dripping with the blood of his victim, and tell him of grace that is sufficient to pardon his soul. Do you say that I swing open the gate of heaven too far? I swing it open no wider than Christ, when He says: "*Whosoever will, let him come.*" Don't you want to go in with such a rabble? Then you can stay out.

The whole world will yet come into this refuge. The windows of heaven will be opened; God's trumpet of salvation will sound, and China will come from its tea-fields and rice-harvests, and lift itself up into the light. India will come forth, the chariots of salvation jostling to pieces her juggernauts. Freezing Greenland, and sweltering Abyssinia, will, side by side, press into the kingdom; and transformed Borneian cannibal preach of the resurrection of the missionary he has slain. The glory of Calvary will tinge the tip of the Pyrenees; and Lebanon cedars shall clap their hands; and by one swing of the sickle Christ shall harvest nations for the skies.

I SING A WORLD REDEEMED.

In the rush of the winds that set the forest in motion, like giants wrestling on the hills, I see the tossing up of the triumphal branches that shall wave all along the line of our King as He comes to take empire. In the stormy diapason of the ocean's organ, and the more gentle strains that in the calm come sounding up from the crystal and jasper keys at the beach, I hear the prophecy: "The earth shall be filled with the knowledge of God as the waters fill the sea."

The gospel morning will come like the natural morning. At first it seems only like another hue of the night. Then a pallor strikes through the sky, as though a company of ministering spirits, pale with tedious watching through the night, had turned in their flight upward to look back upon the earth. Then a faint glow of fire, as though on a barren beach a wrecked mariner was kindling a flickering flame. Then chariots and horses of fire racing up and down the heavens, then perfect day: "Who is she that cometh forth as the morning?"

Come in, black Hottentot and snow-white Caucasian; come in, mitred official and diseased beggar; let all the world come in. Room in Castle Jesus! Sound it through all lands; sound it by all tongues. Let sermons preach it, and bells chime it, and pencils sketch it, and processions celebrate it, and bells ring it: *Room in Castle Jesus.*

Again, Christ is

THE ONLY REFUGE.

If you were very sick, and there was only one medicine that would cure you, how anxious you would be to get that medicine. If you were in a storm at sea, and you found that the ship could not weather it, and there was only one harbor, how anxious you would be to get into that harbor. Oh, sin-sick soul, Christ is the only medicine; oh storm-tossed soul, Christ is the only harbor. Need I tell a cultured audience like this that there is no other name given among men by which ye can be saved? That if you want the handcuffs knocked from your wrist, and the hoppers from your feet, and the icy bands from your heart, there is just one Almighty arm in all the universe to do everything? *There are other fortresses* to which you might fly, and other ramparts behind which you might hide, but God will cut to pieces, with the hail of His vengeance, all these refuges of lies.

Some of you are foundering in terrible Euroclydon. Hark to the howling of the gale, and the splintering of the spars, and the starting of

the timbers, and the breaking of the billow, clear across the hurricane deck. Down she goes! Into the life-boat! *Quick! One boat! One shore! One oarsman! One salvation! You are polluted; there is but one well at which you can wash clean. You are enslaved; there is but one proclamation that can emancipate. You are blind; there is but one salve that can kindle your vision. You are dead; there is but one trumpet that can burst the grave.*

I have seen men come near the refuge but not make entrance. They came up, and fronted the gate, and looked in, but passed on, and passed down; and they will curse their folly through all eternity, that they despised the only refuge. Oh! forget everything else I have said, if you will but remember that there is but one atonement, one sacrifice, one justification, one faith, one hope, one Jesus, one refuge. There is that old Christian. Many a scar on his face tells where trouble lacerated him. He has fought with wild beasts at Ephesus. He has had enough misfortune to shadow his countenance with perpetual despair. Yet he is full of hope. Has he found any new elixir? "No," he says; "I have found Jesus the refuge."

WELL TESTED.

Christ is our only defence at the last. John Holland, in his concluding moment, swept his hand over the Bible, and said: "Come, let us gather a few flowers from this garden." As it was eventime he said to his wife: "Have you lighted the candles?" "No," she said; "we have not lighted the candles." "Then," said he, "it must be the brightness of the face of Jesus that I see."

Ask that dying Christian woman the source of her comfort. Why that supernatural glow on the curtains of the death-chamber; and the tossing out of one hand, as if to wave the triumph, and the reaching up of the other, as if to take a crown? Hosanna on the tongue. Glory beaming from the forehead.

HEAVEN IN THE EYE.

Spirit departing. Wings to bear it. Anthems to charm it. Open the gates to receive it. Hallelujah! Speak, dying Christian—what light do you see? What sounds do you hear? The thin lips part. The pale hand is lifted. She says: "*Jesus the refuge!*" Let all in the death-chamber stop weeping now. Celebrate the triumph. Take up a song. Clap your hands. Shout it. Hallelujah! Hallelujah!

But this refuge will be of no worth to you unless you lay hold of it. The time will come when you will wish that you had done so. It will come soon. At an unexpected moment it will come. The castle bridge will be drawn up and the fortress closed. When you see this discomfiture, and look back, and look up at the storm gathering, and the billowy darkness of death has rolled upon the sheeted-flash of the storm, you will discover the utter desolation of those who are outside of the refuge.

CRUCIFIED AGAIN.

What you propose to do in this matter you had better do right away. A mistake this morning may never be corrected. Jesus, the Great Captain of salvation, puts forth his wounded hand to-day to cheer you on the race to heaven. If you despise it, the ghastliest vision that will haunt the eternal darkness of your soul will be the gaping, bleeding wounds of the dying Redeemer.

Jesus is to be crucified to-day. Think not of it as a day that is past. He comes before you to-day weary and worn. Here is the cross, and here is the victim. But there are no nails, and there are no thorns, and there are no hammers. Who will furnish these? A man out yonder says: "I will furnish with my sins the nails!" Now we have the cross, and the victim, and the nails. But we have no thorns. Who will furnish the thorns? A man in the audience says: "With my sins I will furnish the thorns!" Now we have the cross, the victim, the nails, and the thorns. But we have no hammers. Who will furnish the hammers? A voice in the audience says: "My hard heart shall be the hammer!"

Everything is ready now. The crucifixion goes out! See Jesus dying! "Behold the Lamb of God, that taketh away the sins of the world."

The Rev. Thomas Harrison, the Boy Preacher about whom some of our subscribers are inquiring, has completed his work at the Trinity Church in Chicago, and expects to commence services next week at Louisville, Ky. The reports from Chicago indicate that a very extensive revival has followed his labors in that city, and some very remarkable cases of conversion among some who were regarded as hopeless have occurred.

What are Christians For?—A Christian Lady, who was engaged in work for the poor and degraded, was once spoken to by one who was well acquainted with both the worker and those whom she sought to reach, and remonstrated with for going among such a class of people. "It does seem wonderful to me that you can do such work," her friend said. "You sit beside these people, and talk with them in a way that I do not think you would do if you knew all about them—just what they are, and from what places they come." Her answer was, "Well, I suppose they are dreadful people; but if the Lord Jesus were now on earth, are they not the very sort of people that He would strive to reach? And am I better than my Master? Would He feel Himself too good to go among them?" A poor, illiterate person, who stood listening to this conversation, said with great earnestness and simplicity, "Why, I always thought that was what Christians were for." The objector was silenced, and what wonder? Is not that what Christians are for? If not, then what in the name of all that is good are they for?

A Nineteen Years' Search for a Daughter has been crowned with success in Cleveland, O. Twenty years ago a worthless young man won the affections of a beautiful girl in Northern Pennsylvania, and married her. A year later he ran away, leaving his wife destitute. She returned to the home of her parents, and was kindly received; but when her husband also attempted to quarter himself on the old people, they indignantly refused to shelter him. In order to revenge himself, he stole his infant daughter, and carried her away none knew whither. The wife's friends offered a reward for the discovery of the child, but no trace of her could be found, and all except the mother came to the conclusion that the unnatural father had murdered her. The mother continued the search, advertising and making long journeys on false clues. She made it her chief business in life for nineteen long years, but vainly until a few weeks ago. News reached her then that her wretched husband was dead, and that when dying he confessed the theft of the child, and said that he had placed her in the Orphans' Home at Elmira, N. Y. The mother immediately set to work on this clue, and traced her daughter to Parkersville, Pa., where she was found, and taken to her mother's home in Cleveland. She had grown into a beautiful woman, strikingly resembling her mother. She had endured many hardships during the years in which her mother had been seeking her. All the nineteen years of toilsome search seemed to be speaking in the loving welcome with which the devoted mother received her long-lost child. It is such a welcome that awaits the wandering sinner who at length resolves to arise and go to his Father (Luke 15:20).

The Prophetic News and Israel's Watchman (London) may be had from the office of this journal, 63 Bible House, New York, price six cents, including postage. Annual subscription seventy cents. The following articles among others are contained in the number for July:

The Prophetic Future of England.
Things Which Must Shortly Come to Pass." By Nathaniel Starkey, Esq.
The Revelation of the Wicked One. By Rev. J. R. Caldwell.
The Final Warning. By R. N. Cottrell.
The Satanic Origin of Spiritualism. By Mrs. E. McHardie.
The Coming of the Lord. Addresses at the Conference Second Advent Prayer Union.
Passing Events Viewed from a Prophetic Standpoint.
Bound volumes containing the monthly numbers for 1884 or 1885 may be had, price, \$5.

MR. C. H. SPURGEON'S FIFTY-FIRST BIRTHDAY.

ON Friday, June 26th, Mr. Spurgeon completed his fifty-first year, and, accordingly, on the day preceding, the usual birthday celebration took place in the grounds of the Stockwell Orphanage, when some ten thousand persons were present. The spacious grounds presented a thoroughly holiday-like appearance, while the choir, the band of Dr. Barnardo's Homes, and the orphanage handbell ringers all contributed varied entertainment for the visitors. There was also a procession of the orphans, now numbering between *four and five hundred*, and some of these enlivened the scene by wearing masks of representative animals. A much-needed bake-house and laundry are now in course of erection, and the formal commencement took place at the *five*.

When, in the course of the afternoon, Mr. Spurgeon laid the memorial stone of the laundry, he intimated that he preferred a good, honest workman's implement to such a common article as a silver trowel, and, having no money to spare, none was placed beneath the stone, the motto of which was, "Hitherto hath the Lord helped us." Reference was then made to the funds which were still needed, and the blessing of God was invoked. The company then adjourned to the grounds, the speakers occupying a platform erected for the purpose.

After prayer had been offered by the Rev. John Spurgeon (the pastor's venerable father), the president remarked that they had to praise the Lord Jesus for His providences as well as for redemption. He mentioned a storm which had damaged the works after the first stone was laid; but there was mercy even in the disaster. He became impressed that it was the work of the Lord; help was sent, and that work would remain. The orphanage buildings were, at last, almost finished; they had built in faith, and now love saw the completion. Debt had never been incurred; all was begun and carried on for God's glory, and He had never failed them.

It was then asked, where were the orphanages which unbelief, as represented by Tom Paine or Voltaire, had ever erected? If such institutions existed, he would like to see them. On proceeding to speak of means, Mr. Spurgeon added that God would always honor their faith by sending the money as it was wanted. What was thus given to the Lord would not make people poorer, and what was withheld would not enrich them.

The Earl of Aberdeen presided at the evening meeting. He referred to the blessing which had rested on Mr. Spurgeon's endeavors, and thought that institutions full of brightness were an answer to such as said religion was a gloomy thing. The keynote of the report of the managers was thankfulness and hopeful expectation; and its brightness and buoyancy were only a reflection of what prevailed throughout the establishment.

In the course of another speech, Mr. Spurgeon alluded to the friend who annually sent as many sovereigns as he (the president) was years old; and he was becoming a *dear minister*, for, at the outset, only £30 was needed, but the sum had risen to £51. Many presents had been received. Some of these came from Scotland; and he believed he ought to have been a Scotchman somehow or other, because the theology he loved was paramount in the North. Other gifts had come from Constantinople, British Guiana, and New Zealand. Reference was then made to the funds which were needed; but Mr. Spurgeon confessed that he had seen the great arm of God so conspicuous that he was never anxious. He liked the money to come in as it was needed day by day, but if it did not come in that way, it would still be sure to come. The Rev. J. A. Spurgeon, as vice-president, showed that in proportion as expenses increased, the generosity of friends enlarged. Those lads who had been sent out from the institution were doing well, and they had a clean bill of health, there having been only six cases of serious sickness during the year. At dusk the grounds were

illuminated with Chinese lanterns and variegated lamps.

ANECDOTES RELATED AT THE EVANGELISTIC MEETINGS IN SCOTLAND.

A Kicking After the Sermon.—Mr. Porter related at a recent meeting: "A man and his wife came to meeting, and at the close the man abused and even kicked his wife, and when asked for an explanation of his brutal conduct, he replied: 'She has been telling the preacher all about me.' Ah, dear friends, it was God who was speaking through the preacher to that man's soul. The man was not only striving with his wife, but he was doing far more, for he was striving against God's Holy Spirit. The man has, we hope, ere this, found forgiveness through faith in Jesus, the sinner's Friend."

A Nobleman's Possessions.—Mr. Ferrie remarked: "A gentleman on one occasion went into the country to visit a nobleman. He was a very kind-hearted, well-disposed man, but he lacked the one great thing—he was not a Christian. He took his visitor to the house, where they got a splendid view of the surrounding district, and pointing to the grounds which surrounded his magnificent mansion, he said: 'All this land is my possession.' Ah! replied the other, 'these are the things that make it hard for a man to die.' What a wise speech! for remember, dear friends, great is the fascination of riches."

Won by a Mother's Tear.—Mr. Jack Related: "I remember a mother, now in glory, who had an only son, for whom she prayed night and day that he might be brought to the Saviour. One night, sitting at the tea-table, she asked him if he would not go to the meeting to-night? 'No, mother,' he replied, 'I have got my drill to attend to-night.' He saw the tears gather in his mother's eyes, then steal slowly down her cheeks. His heart was touched; the tear had won him. Rising from the table, he slipped out of the house, and, instead of going to his drill, he went into an evangelistic meeting and waited until the after-meeting, where he was won for Jesus, and now he is a humble Christian, walking in the fear of the Lord."

A Satisfactory Sign.—An Evangelist said: "A man was induced to come into one of our meetings and was spoken to about his soul by one of the workers. He continued to come to the meeting after that, and one night I remarked to the worker who had spoken to him, 'I think that man is all right.' 'Oh, yes,' replied the worker; 'I am sure of it, I will tell you how I know. Previous to the new year, he had engaged a man to work for him for so much, and at the end of his time the man claimed his wages, but his master said: 'You did not work that time for me,' and refused to pay the man for the work which he had done. The first week after his conversion, he went to the man whom he had wronged, confessed his fault, and paid what was due. By this I know that the man is truly converted, for a good tree is known by the good fruit which it bears. Oh, yes, the man has given himself to Christ, and he is anxious to do nothing which will dishonor Him.'"

A Father's Unopened Letter.—Mr. Stuart said: "I knew a young man who lived in this country. He was brought up in a very good position; but when he came to be a man he strayed very far from God, and lived a very fast and a very wicked life. Shame at length drove him from the country. He enlisted, and was sent to India. His anxious parents knew nothing of him, until, through a friend, they heard that he was in India. His father at once wrote to him the following letter: 'My Dear Son: You are breaking your mother's heart.' Come home at once, and we will freely forgive you for all the wrong you have done us. I send out money to a friend in Calcutta to buy you out of the ranks, and also sufficient to bring you home. Come at once; we will give you a hearty welcome home. Your loving father.' He got the letter, but did not open it, thinking it was of no value. He went further into sin than ever,

until at length he was stretched upon a hospital bed, with his life fast ebbing away. When he felt that his end was drawing near, he asked the nurse to give him the unopened letter out of his knapsack. There it was, telling him of his redemption from the army, and a free pardon from home. Oh, how he wished now that he had opened it and read the good news which was sent from a loving father to him; but he spurned it when he had the opportunity, and now it was too late forever. He died a poor castaway, without a friend near him, and, worse still, without a Saviour. Just such a letter is the Bible, which God has sent to those who are far off from Him; but they neglect it, until, at length, all chance of rejoicing in a father's pardon and a glad welcome home passes away forever."

A Surprising Discovery.—A Christian Friend related: "I was speaking to a man in one of our meetings the other night, who said, 'You need not speak to me; you can do me no good.' 'No,' I replied, 'I can do you no good, but Jesus can.' 'No, no,' he answered; 'I am a very ungodly man; no one can do me any good.' I directed him to Romans 5:6, and, putting his fingers on the verse, he read, 'Christ died for the ungodly.' Thinking that his eyes were surely deceiving him, he read the words over again, 'Christ died for the ungodly.' 'I never saw that in the Bible before,' he remarked. His hands began to tremble, and the strong man's frame shook with emotion, as he exclaimed, with the tears gathering in his eyes: 'I had no idea that Jesus loved me so much!' and then, in the agony of his soul, he cried: 'Oh, God, save me for Jesus' sake.' The cry was heard, and the answer came at once. Before leaving the meeting, he grasped my hand and repeated again, 'Oh, friend, I had no idea Jesus loved me so much!'"

A Welcome Visitor.—A Christian worker said: "I was staying in Manchester with a gentleman who was Scripture reader to the clergyman of that district. One day I asked what kind of a man was the clergyman, to which he replied: 'He is a right genuine good fellow.' 'I am glad of that,' I remarked. 'More than you are glad of it,' was the reply; 'he not only feeds their souls, but he also feeds their bodies. On certain days of the month he takes a basket and fills it with tea and sugar, and many delicacies, and with it on his arm he goes round and visits all the widows in the village, and distributes the contents of his basket, and the last widow he visits, he stays and takes tea with her. They are in no way displeased at this, for they say he leaves behind him three times as much as he eats. Therefore, he is always a welcome visitor.' But, dear friends, there is a Friend who has offered to come in and sup with you if you will let Him, and He will not only give you three times in return, but will satisfy your hungry soul with good things from His bounteous table."

Great Change in a Whole Family.—Mr. Mabon, a town missionary, reported: "God is giving us great blessing at our meetings in Partick. The other night I noticed a woman, who I thought had been a Christian for a long time, going out of the meeting weeping bitterly. Detaining her, I said: 'Mother, are you not trusting Jesus?' 'No,' she replied, 'I am not.' I asked her and a friend who was with her to step into another room, where I turned her to Romans 8:3, and read: 'For what the law could not do, etc.' Now, I said, 'For what Mrs. — could not do in that she was weak through the flesh, God sending His own Son in the likeness of sinful flesh, and for sin condemned sin in the flesh.' By this means she was led into the light. The friend who was with her, said: 'Will you put my name in there, too?' I did so, and I believe both women went away converted. Shortly afterward I called upon one of them, and finding her husband in, I asked: 'Did your wife tell you that she is converted?' 'She did,' was the reply. 'Would you not also like to be a Christian?' I then asked, 'Ay, that I would,' was earnestly said. 'Well, let us

tell God so," I replied. The man willingly consented; we both knelt, and I pleaded that God would change his heart. The answer soon came, and he with his wife was rejoicing in the Lord. Their daughter came to the meeting the next night, and gave her heart to the Lord. I might here say that the Lord has, indeed, let the light of His countenance fall upon that family."

THE VALLEY OF DRY BONES.

By Rev. A. C. Tris.

(Continued from page 439.)

The Call and Motion—The Sins Appearing—The Fleshly Beauty—The Skin of Administrative Capacity—Waiting for the Animating Spirit—The Inevitable Return.

THE CALL AND MOTION.

In verse 7 in the original we read: "And I have prophesied as I have been commanded, and there is a voice, as I am prophesying, and lo! a rushing, and draw neth the bones, bone unto its bone" (Dr. Young); and indeed, that call and motion, and voice has been seen and heard of among the Jews. Since the days of Mendelssohn, the great Jewish organizer in Germany, the lethargy of Israel, so proverbial through former ages, has passed away. Israel—the Jews—have been aroused from their sleep of ages, and the word "Forward! advance! Israel has yet a day of freedom coming," has reverberated through the continent of Europe, has been heard in the regions of the Hudson, and on the borders of the Indian Ocean. A powerful political concentration is established among the Israelites. The "Benai Israel," or the Sons of the Covenants, and many other politico-religious organizations, are everywhere in existence.

The number of Jewish students in the universities of Europe is very large. The press of Germany, England, and of the United States have many of their representatives, who are Jews by birth or converted Jews; and many of the choicest as well as of the most dangerous articles are produced and come from the Jewish mind. There is already a concert of action among the Jews, a network like a mighty cobweb, with all its ramifications in existence, which was not unknown, neither overlooked, by the late Mr. Disraeli, who employed the labor of the Moldavian or Hungarian peddler, of the unscrupulous Russian liquor-dealer, of the monied Jewish aristocracy, and leading merchants of Jewish nationality, to a good advantage, to know the inner workings of the political condition of the nations.

THE BONES ARE MOVING.

This is, indeed, the great event of the present age. Only forty years ago, and there was very little Semitic agitation. Except by reason of religious prejudices, it is quite different in our time. Russia has driven hundreds of thousands of her Jewish population from her dominion. Germany has manifested political hatred. Austria, Hungary, Poland have not only curtailed their liberty, but left them to the fury of their enemies. We have heard the "rushing," the shaking of the bones; how multitudes of Jews became wanderers and exiles, and many could not find a hospitable place; and how many thousands emigrated to Palestine, Jerusalem, and Asia Minor. And that is only the forerunner and vanguard of the great army to come. Bone came to his bone. Already is Jerusalem a city of Jews under Mohammedan rule, with her twenty thousand Jewish population; and Palestine is rapidly increasing in the number of her children coming to the old homestead.

THE SINS.

In verse 8, "And I beheld, and lo, on them are sinews" (Dr. Young). The sinews, or tendons of the body are known, and also their use. Here, in the prophetic Word, it gives the same idea of a strength imparted to the bones for moving and action; it means political issues, "coupling, tying together" as the Hebrew word signifies in its primary meaning (Job. 10, 10-40:17; Isa. 48:4). Indeed, Israel as a nation has outstripped all other nations in

weakness, and also in inherited strength. Centuries passed by, and the Jews remained as they were before. Never becoming mechanics, they were known as peddlers and merchants, and goldsmiths; but the prophet saw that a time of a new national life should dawn, and that the mechanical strength of the nation should be developed. In delight he cries out: "Lo, on them are sinews," and, indeed, everything tends at the present time to prepare Israel for the return to a national life. It has become a people esteeming and fostering skilled labor, and having representatives in every branch; so that we find Jews as printers, bakers, shoemakers, builders, and in many other occupations; and in eastern Europe a great many are farmers. The transformation is going on gradually. It is, "Lo, on them are sinews!"

THE FLESH.

The prophet sees and says: "And the flesh came up upon them" (verse 8). The primary word "basar" has a meaning of fulness, fairness, beauty, also joy. In this vision the flesh calls back the appearance which Israel had in fairness, beauty, and wealth among the nations, when her political life was in a healthy condition, as is stated by the historians at the time of David and Solomon.

That healthy condition of political life and wealth should come back, and how this portion of the prophecy is already partly fulfilled, is known to us all. The Jews, as a nation, have accumulated a competent portion of this world's good; it is true there is yet a shady side, and many are poor. As a common rule, the Jews are no paupers, the words, "As rich as a Jew," have become proverbial. We could speak of the wealth of Jewish bankers and brokers and mercantile establishments on the globe belonging to Jews. We could point out that most of the best and richest trades in the emporium of this western continent, as well as in Europe and Asia—as the fur, the tobacco, the liquor, the collar, the clothing, and the diamond trades—are monopolized by, and in the hands of Israel—the Jews.

And what has the future in store for Israel? The answer to that question is recorded in Isaiah 60:9, 11-16, and 17: "That gold, silver, precious stones and the wealth of the nations," shall be their portion, and also "that they shall suck the milk of the nations (Gentiles), and shall suck the breast of kings;" and already this prophecy is verified in the present time, so that the ruling powers of Europe cannot undertake an extensive and costly war except the Jewish banking fraternity acquiesce, and provide the sinews of war; truly, "They suck already the breasts of kings."

THE SKIN.

In verse 8, we read: "And cover them with skin over above" (Dr. Young). Here we have the gradual and finishing touch of Israel's appearance as a body politic; and like the skin is in the textural relation, merely a part of the great mucous system, a basement tissue under which the vessels, nerves, and connective tissue all have their correspondence, and is, indeed, the most beautiful and finished part of the body, so are the intellectual powers of a nation the outward show and beauty of a body politic; and like as the skin is closely connected with the blood, nerves, and bones, so the intellectual powers of the people of Israel will stand again in bold relief, as they stood before, as a people endowed with great administrative qualifications, statesmanship, and energy. Already we have seen it in a Disraeli in England, and in many of the prime ministers of State in France, Austria, Holland, and elsewhere, who were Israelites by birth. What intellectual wealth Jehovah has laid up in store for Israel! It seems that the power of a lawgiver, as Moses, of a ruler, as Daniel, and of an organizer, as Nehemiah, is visible in that Semitic people; and, not only in statesmanship; it is also in literature, jurisprudence, languages, music, and in gigantic undertakings, that the present age has seen the beauty of Israel, and received a foretaste of the time to

come when all those intellectual powers shall be developed.

NO POLITICAL LEADER AMONG THE JEWS.

Verse 9 declares emphatically: "But spirit there is none in them" (Dr. Young). How truly is that word of prophecy—The Jews love the graves of their fathers, and many desire to be buried in the land of Canaan; and yet, Israel lacks patriotism. Indeed, the Jews are an enigma among the nations of the globe. Their bones are scattered in the valley, and are moving; "political power is coming to them," the Semitic power is dreaded in Germany, is sought after as commanders for the armies of France, is courted in Britain, and is of great importance in the elections of the United States, so that they have already a great weight in the balance of the political power of the nations. They serve those nations often with courage and fidelity, but for the delivery of bondage, and for the national freedom of their "fatherland Canaan," not one voice is heard; they are, indeed, as in their graves (verse 12). Not one leader, like a Moses, Zerubbabel or Nehemiah, has arisen, proclaiming: "To lead God's ancient people to Palestine to regain their old homestead. They rather remain in their Ghettos, Jewish Strasses—in old Jewry—or in the land of their oppressors. True patriotic spirit there is none in them."

THE RETURN OF ISRAEL TO CANAAN.

Although the morning light of Israel's freedom, and their return to the land of Canaan is brightening only gradually, yet we have the sure promise of Jehovah Adonai that the meridian of Israel's day will come in all its splendor. It is an accomplished fact in the prophecy spoken by the son of Buzi; read verses 12-14: "Lo, I am opening your graves, and have brought you up out of your graves, O My people, and brought you in unto the land of Israel! And ye have known that I am the Lord, in My opening your graves, and in My bringing you up out of your graves, O My people! And I have put My Spirit in you, and ye have lived, and have caused you to rest on your land; and ye have known that I am the Lord." (Dr. Robert Young's Literal and Idiomatic Translation of the Holy Bible, and author of the "Analytical Concordance." One of the foremost linguists of the age).

We desire to draw the attention of every student of prophecy to how the word "Spirit" is used in the vision of the dry bones; in verse 5 it is without the article—"a Spirit;" in verse 8 the same, "no Spirit;" but in the 14th verse, it is, "My Spirit and My people." As soon as Israel returns to Canaan, and is in the land of Canaan, "a renewed covenant relation is established," then, it is not only the body politic, it is also the body ecclesiastic; then, it is, "O My people;" then they will know "the Great I Am;" then they will live, and a nation will be born in a day (Zech. 12:9-14). Then shall Jehovah Jesus be their King. Israel shall be called, "Hephzibah," my delight is in her; and Palestine, "Beulah," thy land shall be "married" (Isa. 62:4).

The Apostle Paul corroborates the words of Ezekiel. The apostle of the Gentiles proclaims in Rom. 11:12-15: "Now, if the fall of them be the riches of the world, and the diminishing of them the riches of the Gentiles 'nations,' how much more their fulness? . . . For if the casting away of them be the reconciling of the world, what shall the receiving of them be, but life from the dead?" both agree, as it were, in the same expression, it is life from the dead; "the nation stood up upon their feet an exceeding great army," a nation of priestly kings to bless the nations of the earth. The vista of the future of Israel at the close of this dispensation, shall be like a sunset in the clouds, seen on an ocean voyage—above all description; yet, when the morning of the Millennial age shall dawn, and the Sun of Righteousness shall arise, the glory of Israel shall be transcendent in beauty, and will eclipse our most glorious expectations.



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CURRENT EVENTS.

The Republicans of Pennsylvania have Issued their political programme. At their State Convention, in session at Harrisburg, on July 8th, they adopted a platform, of which the following extract is the most important part: "The Republican party of Pennsylvania proclaims its advocacy of the repeal of the internal revenue taxes, except upon spirituous and malt liquors. The revenues necessary for a liberal support of the Government and the payment of pensions to our disabled soldiers, their widows and orphans, and of the principal and interest of the public debts, should be raised by an *additional levy upon imports*, and, with a view to lift business from its present and guard it against future depression, we insist, not only upon full protection to all home industries, but upon a prompt revival of our commercial marine and promotion of foreign commerce by proper discount of duties imposed on goods imported in American bottoms and proper bounties to goods exported in American bottoms. The live issues of the present campaign are protection to American industry, not only through adequate tariff laws, but such as will effectually stop the importation of foreign contract labor, and the establishment of a true system of civil service, one which will give competent officers, and yet not bind either the political thoughts or actions of American citizens, one which will give a fixed tenure of office, and no removal during the term of office, except for adequate public cause." The demand for an additional levy on imports in the present condition of business excites some surprise. It is stated in Republican journals of high standing in the party that the Pennsylvania demand will not be supported by the conventions of the party in other States. There is evidence that both the great parties are widely divided within themselves on the Tariff Question, but comparatively few advocate an increase of duties. The protectionists in both parties are, as a rule, content with the present rate.

A Rumor that the Cheyennes had Broken loose caused a panic in Kansas last week. Reports of massacres were in circulation, and it was stated that the Indians were advancing and burning all in their path. A telegram from Topeka announced that hundreds of families

had abandoned their crops in terror, and crowded into that city. Scouting parties, however, reported that all was quiet, and no damage had been done. There is evidently ground for apprehension, nevertheless. Parties of Cheyennes well-armed have left the reservation, and others are slipping away every day. It is believed that the Government has received information of a serious character, for the President has ordered General Sheridan to proceed to the scene of disturbance and direct operations in person. The intentions of the Government are kept secret, but it is believed that an attempt is to be made to disarm the Cheyennes, which will, of course, precipitate a struggle. From twelve hundred to fifteen hundred fighting men are among them, who will not surrender their arms peaceably. There are now about three thousand United States troops on the Kansas borders. The President has directed General Sheridan to invite statements from the Indians of any real or fancied grievances they may have, and to assure them of the resolution of the Government to investigate and remedy them, and also to maintain peace and order.

A Mormon Insult to the Nation Caused some excitement in Utah on Independence Day. Early on the morning of July 4th the Gentile inhabitants of Salt Lake City were moved to indignation by seeing the national flags flying at half-mast on the City Hall, County Court House, *News* office, Mormon Tabernacle, Church Tithing Office, John Taylor's residence, Cerro Gordo House, Mormon Church Offices, and the Salt Lake Theatre. In a short time a number of loyal citizens assembled and organized a committee to wait upon the city officials and demand that the flags should be either raised or taken down altogether. On arriving at the City Hall the committee received an exasperating refusal to comply with the demand. Captain Evans, a member of the committee and an ex-Confederate, rushed to the stairs, declaring that he would raise the flag himself; but the Mormon police guarded the door and the city marshal warned his visitors that any man who dared to touch the flag-ropes would be shot. A Grand Army post, celebrating near the city, passed a resolution to put the flags in their proper places, and started to carry it out, but were prevailed upon by Governor Murray to refrain from fighting. Angry crowds of citizens gathered, which the Mormon police were preparing to disperse, when the mayor ended the matter by raising the flag to the masthead. His explanation of his conduct was that "the persecution" of the Mormons had rendered Independence Day a day of mourning. Evidently the Mormons are, for the first time in their history, in despair.

The Labor Troubles at Cleveland, Ohio, Culminated in a riot last week. The leaders in the agitation are Messrs. Chisholm's employes in the Cleveland Rolling Mill, who struck in consequence of the intimation of the firm that wages would be reduced on and after July 1st. A large proportion of them are Poles and Bohemians, whom the firm imported some time ago to replace American workmen on strike. The workmen of Cleveland naturally regard the present trouble as a just retribution on the employers. The scenes of disorder that took place on July 7th, however, are discreditable to a civilized city. Several other manufactories beside the rolling mill are controlled by the Chisholms, and these the strikers resolved to close. They commenced with the H. P. Nail Company. They made a rush for the works and drove out the workmen, who, to the number of one hundred and fifty, fled from the building. Several men who stood by their machines were given five minutes to leave or be thrown out. They all took the hint and left. The strikers then proceeded to the Chisholm Shovel Works, but their coming had been anticipated, and the laborers had been sent home and the doors locked. Thence they went to the Union Steel Screw Works. When the strikers reached the works they found all the doors shut and barricaded. In an instant the character of the pro-

cession changed into an angry mob. A fence was torn to pieces, and in a moment the door leading into the works was battered down and the strikers began to swarm into the building. The president of the company stood right in the way of the strikers, and they made a savage onslaught on him. He was struck with a club, knocked down, and while down repeatedly struck and kicked. If it had not been for the exertions of several of the strikers themselves he would have been killed. The mob then swarmed through the building, the men and boys who were at work leaving their places and jumping through windows and making their exit in the best manner they could. The girls were all told to leave, and were permitted to pass out through the door. Three of the girls fainted, and had to be carried to residences of citizens living near. One man who refused to leave the building was knocked down with a club and badly hurt. He was thrown down-stairs and had to be carried to his home. The character of the strikers was indicated by the fact that the red flag of the Commune was hoisted by them and carried in their procession. It is hoped that the worst of the trouble is now over, as the men seem to be awed by the military preparations made to repress disorder. Efforts are being made to induce the employes to pay the men's expenses back to Europe.

English People were Shocked Last Week by a series of disgusting revelations made by the *Pall Mall Gazette*, a high-class evening newspaper of conspicuous ability. It charged the aristocracy and moneyed classes of London with being guilty of crimes of the most filthy and loathsome character. Without mentioning names, it gave details of cases investigated by its own corps of editors and reporters, who have spent a month in visiting the refuges where fallen girls are received, and agencies in various parts of the city at which an abominable traffic is openly carried on. The evidence collected, the journal states, implicates princes, peers, bishops, cabinet ministers, members of Parliament, judges, barristers, distinguished army officers, and respected merchants. The facts disclosed show that the vices which brought the vengeance of God on the ancient cities of the plain, and which have made the name of Babylon a by-word in history, flourish in the British metropolis, and the guilty parties are men of the highest social position and influence. Mr. Spurgeon's solemn warning, uttered in his sermon published in these columns two weeks ago, indicated that he was aware that moral impurity was rampant, but probably he had no idea of the extent of it. He has written to the *Pall Mall Gazette* to express his approval of the course it has taken in publishing the facts. Public opinion is, however, divided as to the wisdom of printing in a paper read by persons of both sexes and all ages all the filthy details. It is a significant fact that no one seems to doubt the truth of the revelation. The editor of the journal seems to have expected that his assertions would be questioned, and therefore offered to disclose the names of the guilty parties, with the evidence against them, to a committee composed of the Archbishop of Canterbury, Cardinal Manning, and four representative laymen, who should be pledged to secrecy, but should inform the public whether the charges were substantiated to their satisfaction. The *Pall Mall Gazette* has broken the law against obscene literature in publishing the articles, but it seems to be under no apprehension of prosecution, and it warns the government that if proceedings are commenced against it, it will in self-defence subpoena as witnesses the Prince of Wales and half of both Houses of Parliament. The exposure, it may be hoped, will lead to the enactment of laws for the prevention of the crimes mentioned, which is the object the *Pall Mall Gazette* has in view. We may hope, too, that it will lead to greater vigilance in this country, where, especially in New York, Chicago, and Cincinnati, the state of society is even worse than in London.

Contributions to the Fund for Supplying The CHRISTIAN HERALD to colored ministers and others have been received to the amount of \$9 since our latest acknowledgment. They were: from "A Friend," Lacota, Mich., \$2; "A Friend," Verona, Wis., \$2; Hillside, N. Y., \$1; Menno, Pa., \$4.

The Striking Railroad Men in Chicago have won a victory. The bosses met a committee of the men on July 7th, and arranged a compromise under which traffic was resumed. The sixteen leaders discharged by the company were reinstated, pending an investigation of their conduct subsequent to the recent trouble. The bosses claim that the leaders were discharged for specific offences committed after the new terms were arranged, while the union of employees believe that they were discharged because they took a prominent part in the agitation which secured the advance in wages. This question is to be settled by a public trial, and in the meantime the cars are to be run without molestation.

The Cholera has made its Appearance in France. The correspondent of the New York Times cabled last week: "No doubt there is cholera in the south of France; the marvel is that the authorities have been so long able to suppress knowledge of the fact. At Marseilles, so it is reported, there have been seventy cases in Camp Pas-de-Lanciers, and fifty cases have been sent to the hospital at Aix. This statement may, perhaps, be exaggerated; but the fact is, orders have been issued for the camp to be struck on Monday. Nothing further has been heard from Carcassonne, but it seems impossible that the outbreak can be staved off another week." Three suspicious deaths occurred at Marseilles on Friday. On Sunday Madrid was startled by the death of the Countess Romeral from the disease. She is the first person belonging to the upper classes who has died of the cholera this year in Madrid, and her death has caused almost a panic. The statistics published by the Spanish Government have been proved reliable. One day last week a correspondent counted two hundred and thirty-five interments of cholera victims in one cemetery alone, yet the Government figures were only one hundred and forty-four for the day.

The Foreign Policy of the New British Cabinet has been outlined by the Marquis of Salisbury, and it allays the apprehension felt that complications of a warlike character might arise out of the change of administration. The Prime-Minister said that he should not reverse the policy of his predecessors. With respect to the Anglo-Russian difficulty, he said: "The business of the Government is not now to consider or comment upon the past. It was their business to take up the policy of their predecessors, and to conduct it to an issue consistent with the public interest. Many pledges had already been given, and the first duty of any government was to see that pledges which an English Government had given should be observed." As to Egypt, Lord Salisbury said that the policy would be a firm one without oscillation, and the British troops would not be withdrawn until Egypt was safe. There was no alternative between taking a steady, cautious, and circumspect policy and taking a course which would cover England with shame—namely, to abandon Egypt to her fate.

An Evangelist's Gift to Saloon-Keepers is mentioned by a Southern journal. It states that the Rev. Samuel Jones, the famous Kentucky evangelist, received the gift of a purse containing \$1500 as an acknowledgment of his services at the close of a series of meetings. He took out \$200, and directed the committee to distribute the remaining \$1300 among the families of the saloon-keepers who had been converted, and therefore thrown out of business.

The Use of an Old Rope is said to have led to a fatality in New York recently. Two painters were at work upon a scaffold, suspended in the usual way by a rope from the roof of the building, when the rope parted and the men were precipitated to the ground, and one of

them died from his injuries. Last week a coroner's jury, composed of painters, sat to determine the cause of his death. The contractors claimed that the man's death was due to his own negligence in fixing the rope so that it chafed against the cornice of the building. They admitted that the rope had been five years in use, but insisted that a new rope would have parted if it had been fixed in the same way. The jury, after listening to other witnesses, came to a different conclusion. They expressed their belief that a rope which had been used for five years was unsafe, and that the dead man was the victim of the old rope. As they were experts, their opinion is entitled to respect, and workmen in future will hesitate to risk their lives on a rope that has been long in use. Happily for us, in the more important matter of the safety of the soul, there is no cause for apprehension on that score. The means of salvation God has provided will endure for all time; it is the new schemes of human origin which should be distrusted (Gal. 1:9).

An Excited Mother Dropped her Infant in the East River last week. On July 8th, as the steamer Laura M. Starin was returning from Glen Island, she passed an excursion barge off Astoria, N. Y. Many people on the barge waved their handkerchiefs, and among them was a woman on the upper deck, who had a baby on one arm. While waving her handkerchief she dropped the baby overboard, and, as it struck the water, she fainted and fell on the floor. Two men were in a rowboat near the barge, and they quickly pulled to the spot where the child fell, and were able to rescue it before it was drowned. When the mother recovered consciousness, her babe was placed in her arms. It is seldom that a mother is guilty of carelessness so gross in respect to the life of her child, but there is reason to fear that there are many parents quite as careless about the eternal life of their children. They are so engrossed with what is passing in the world, and so eager to share in any pleasure within their reach, that they pay no heed to the spiritual interests of those committed to their charge (Ps. 127:3).

Very Inadequate Consolation was Administered from the bench recently by a Wyoming judge, who passed sentence of death upon a condemned murderer in this wise: "I am by no means satisfied with the evidence in the case, and am not sure whether you killed John Forbes or whether he died by visitation of God, but my sentence is that you be hanged on the third Friday of next month, and should you know of your own innocence you will have the comforting thought that it is doubted by some of the wisest thinkers of the age whether life is in any circumstances worth living." A man must be strangely constituted if he could accept such a reflection as "a comforting thought." The condemned man will do well to leave "the wisest thinkers of the age" and their doubts to themselves, and turn his attention to the Word of God. He will find there that the remainder of his life, short as it may be, is so well worth living that it may become the portal to an eternity of happiness (Isa. 55:6, 7).

A Shot that Won a Wife was Described Recently by an old hunter in Virginia to a correspondent of the Philadelphia Times. The old man, who is now eighty years of age, is a fine, hardy specimen of hale, vigorous manhood. His experience in hunting made him the best marksman in Virginia, and it was in describing his achievements in that line that he told the reporter of the best shot he ever made. He had fallen in love with a young lady, but, owing to the objections of her parents, there seemed no prospect of marriage. One day, nearly sixty years ago, he was out as usual in the woods with his gun, feeling sorely depressed about his love affair, when he heard a woman's scream, and saw a lady on horseback rushing madly toward him. As she approached, he saw that a monster catamount was on the horse's neck, trying to reach the terrified girl. He raised his gun and fired, killing the catamount, and then ran

to the girl's assistance. She was unhurt, and fainted on his shoulder. It was his own lady love, and he carried her to her home triumphantly. There was no further objection after that, and "this is old faithful" said the old man, as he told the story, taking down an ancient-looking gun from the rack and patting it affectionately, "what done the business for me. An' this," he continued, unrolling a musty looking parcel, "ar the skin of the varmint that brought about the nappy change, an' thar," pointing to a white-haired old lady who sat rocking and smiling in a corner of the room, "am the old gal herself." It was natural that the life the man saved should belong to him, and so the girl and her parents seem to have thought, but when that plea is applied to spiritual matters, it is not so readily conceded. Christ often gets small service from the men whose souls are saved by His death, though a complete surrender is but a reasonable service (Rom. 12:1).

An Unconscious Owner of a Fund in a New York bank applied to the Kings County Supreme Court last week for the money. The claimant, who is the wife of a Brooklyn physician, had never heard of the fund until a few days before applying to the court. It appears that more than thirty years ago two merchants in New York had dispute about a balance of \$750 in their accounts, which were very extensive. The dispute grew, and the merchants were unable to agree. They had been friends from boyhood, and when the contention was at its height they seem to have recollected the fact, for they ended the dispute by a compromise. Rather than break their long friendship over a sum small in comparison to their transactions, they agreed to deposit it to the credit of a child, known to both of them, then an infant in arms. The money was so deposited immediately, and the matter seems to have passed from their minds. Neither of them mentioned it to the child or her parents, and when the merchants died, no one but the bank officials knew of the existence of the fund. Recently, however, as the principal and interest had increased to a considerable sum, the lady was informed of the circumstances, and lost no time in proving her claim to it. She has not acted as some Christians do, who, even after they learn of the treasures God has placed at their disposal, neglect to use them. It is true now, as when the apostle wrote, they have not because they ask not (James 4:2).

Cutting a Tiger's Claw is a Dangerous Under- taking; but it was successfully performed on July 4th, at the Zoological Garden, Cincinnati. The most ferocious of the tigers on exhibition there was suffering from a malformed claw, which grew into the flesh, and as it caused the animal pain every time it came in contact with the floor, the beast's temper grew worse daily. It was finally resolved to cut it out. A low, strong temporary ceiling was built in an inner cage, and so fixed that it could be lowered, reducing the size of the cage. The tiger was then driven in, and the ceiling gradually lowered. The beast fought terribly, and if the timbers had been less strong would have broken them. At length, the foot to be operated upon was drawn through the bars of the cage and secured with ropes, the tiger struggling fiercely all the time. One man came near losing his arm by a vicious blow from the infuriated beast. As soon as the foot was securely tied the superintendent went to work, and in a few minutes the claw was deftly cut away, and the end that was imbedded in the flesh extracted. The tiger was then allowed to return to its own cage, and, it may be hoped, find itself benefited by the operation. The tiger's resistance was perfectly natural, as it could not be expected to understand that the suffering was inflicted in kindness to save it from greater suffering. That excuse cannot be made for men who are restive and impatient under losses and trials; they should know enough of the wisdom and love of God to submit cheerfully (Lam. 3:33).

THE PURGING OF THE CONSCIENCE.

A New Sermon by Pastor C. H. Spurgeon.

"For if the blood of bulls and of goats, and the ashes of an heifer sprinkling the unclean, sanctifieth to the purifying of the flesh; How much more shall the blood of Christ, who through the eternal Spirit offered himself without spot to God, purge your conscience from dead works to serve the living God?" HEBREWS: 13, 14.

God's Idea of a Nation—Unrealized in the Wilderness—The Type to be Fulfilled—I. The Hindrance in the Way—Contact with Spiritual Death—A Sense of Past Sin—Of Present Defilement—Of Deficient Life—Contact with Evil—The True Purgation—The Purifying by the Sacrifice—Christ's Blood more Purifying—A Greater Sacrifice—Offered Himself—III. The Kind of Service Required—Living Service—Loving Service.

SOME of you may remember that six years ago I preached from this text, principally dwelling upon the type of the red heifer.* We then tried to show how in these ashes of the heifer, laid by in store and applied to the unclean with water, God gave to His people in the wilderness a purification of the flesh whenever they had defiled themselves by touching any dead thing. This was the great instrument by which they were delivered from a ceremonial quarantine under which they were kept apart till they had been purified. I am not going to enlarge upon that type to-day. I felt when preaching upon it that I had not reserved due space for the latter and more important part of the text; it is my purpose to make amends this morning.

God's idea of what a nation should be was set forth in the camp in the wilderness. If God's command had been fully carried out, the desert would have exhibited a scene of highest blessedness. Happy had they been if they could have carried out

THE DIVINE IDEAL;

it would have been well with them in the highest degree. Alas! they were always seeking to be as the evil nations around them; they could not rest till they had descended to the level of the common mass of mankind; but if they could have risen to God's intent, so that the divine purpose of love had been fully carried out in them, they would have been the happiest of all the sons of men. We ourselves, as a church, if we can fulfil the type, if we live with God in the midst of us, if He is our dwelling-place throughout all generations, if we fetch our supplies from Him, if we move only at His bidding, if we intensely love Him, we shall be a people to be envied by all who know us.

But, alas! a great difficulty comes in the way; and of that I am going to speak this morning, in order to the removal of it. Our text very plainly points out the *sad hindrance* in the way of our service; we need that our conscience be purged from dead works, or else we cannot serve the living God. Secondly, our text leads us to consider the *true purgation* from this evil; if the blood of bulls and of goats purged the flesh of men so that they could draw near to the visible tabernacle of God, much more shall the blood of Christ purge our conscience from all that spiritual defilement which prevents our heart-worship of God.

I. First, then, let us briefly consider

THE SAD HINDRANCE

which lies in the way of the service of God. In the camp in the wilderness the law was that if a man touched a dead body he was made unclean by that touch; nay, if he only trod upon a dead bone in his daily walks, he was polluted by his accidental contact with death. If any person died in the tent, all the family, and the tent itself, became at once defiled, and they must undergo purgation before the inhabitants could mingle with the rest of the congregation, much less could go up to the holy place of assembly. My brethren, we are all under the ban by coming into contact with spiritual death. The apostle does not say, purge your conscience from *evil* works, because he wanted to turn our

minds to the type of defilement by death, and therefore he said: "dead works." I think he had a further motive; for he was not altogether indicating wilful transgressions of the law, but those acts which are faulty because they are not performed as the result of spiritual life. I see a difference between sinful works and dead works which we may perhaps be able to bring into light as we go on. Suffice it to say for the moment, that sin is the corruption which follows necessarily upon spiritual death. First, the work is dead, and soon it rots into actual sin.

Upon our consciences there rests, first of all, a sense of past sin. Even if a man wishes to serve God, yet until his conscience is purged, he feels a dread and terror of God which prevent his doing so. He has sinned, and God is just, and therefore he is ill at ease. The law is not to be trifled with; it is sent into the world armed with terrible sanctions, and the conscience when awakened makes us know that we cannot sin with impunity. Sin, like a dark cloud, darkens our spirit, and shuts us out from joy. It is impossible for any man rightly to serve God with a living, loving worship while he is conscious of guilt. You see, then, that the first hindrance to holy service is our sense of guilt; and from this we must be wholly delivered: we must receive a new consciousness, a consciousness of perfect pardon and complete reconciliation, or else we cannot serve the living God.

On the back of this comes the consciousness that we ourselves are sinful, and inclined to evil. Men who know that they are forgiven, yet nevertheless are seized with trembling in the presence of the divine purity. They cry, "Woe is me! for I am a man of unclean lips." How shall we bear the vessels of the Lord if we are not clean? And clean we are not by nature. "Who shall ascend into the hill of the Lord? or who shall stand in His holy place?" We feel that we have not that perfect purity of heart and cleanness of hands which would fit us for the holy place; nor can we ever be saved from this fear, so as to take up our heavenly priesthood and serve God, till the precious blood of Christ shall be applied to the conscience, nor until we feel that in Christ we are accounted righteous. Happy are we if we are believers in Jesus; for He hath washed us and we are clean every whit.

But, besides this consciousness of sin and sinfulness, we are conscious of a measure of

DEFICIENT LIFE.

About us there is a body of death. Dead works are the things we most require to be purged from. Dead works need not be in themselves works of wilful sin. Without going into what the world calls actual sin, you and I may come into contact with spiritual death, nay, we carry death about us, from which we daily cry to be delivered. For instance, in prayer, or prayer in its form and fashion may be right enough, but if it lacks earnestness and importunity, it will be a dead work. A sermon may be orthodox and correct, but if it be devoid of that holy passion, that divine inspiration, without which sermons are but mere harangues, it is a dead work. An alms given to the poor is good as a work of humanity, but it will be only a dead work if a desire to be seen of men is found at the bottom of it. Like the almsgiving of the Pharisee, it will be a mockery of God. Without a spiritual motive the best work is dead. I confess that I never appear before you without a fear that my preaching may be a dead work among you. It must be so, as it comes from myself; its life must depend upon the spiritual power with which the Lord clothes it.

Do you not think that very much of common Christian conversation is dead, or very near to it? Ye stand and sing, but your hearts do not sing; ye bow your heads in prayer, but you are not praying; ye read the Scripture, but it is not inspired to you, so as to breathe its own life into you. Even our meditations and thoughts about God's work may be mere intellectual exercises, and so may be devoid of that power which alone can make them living works, fit for the service of the living God. Beloved friends, we want

the precious blood of Christ to purge our consciences from this death and its working, and to lift us into holy and heavenly life.

Once more: I told you that the Israelites were defiled by even touching a dead bone, and this teaches us the easiness of being polluted. We have to come into

CONTACT WITH EVIL

in our daily dealings with ungodly men. Can we think of them, can we speak to them, can we trade with them, without incurring defilement? Even if we grow indignant with evil practices, may there not be sin in our indignation? and when we reprove the custom of the trade, may we not become Pharisees in that very act? We are seldom exactly right; in avoiding one sin we drop into another; we flee from the lion, and a bear meets us.

Can we walk through such a charnel-house as this world without being defiled even unconsciously? Remember, under the Jewish law the man who was defiled and knew it not was still under penalty; and when he did discover it, he was made to bring his sacrifice. He needed the blood of bulls and of goats and the ashes of an heifer even for his sin of ignorance. If we have heard an evil thing, or read an evil thing, it has probably left some stain upon us though we perceive it not. All the more surely it may be so because we do not see it; for that may but prove that the judgment has been depraved and the heart infected. The water of purification and the blood of atonement are needed day by day. Without these we cannot hope to minister before the Lord our God with acceptance.

II. Now, I want to show, in the second place, what is

THE TRUE PURGATION

from this evil. Under the law there were several methods of purification, but the apostle was not of a mind, on this occasion, to speak particularly of any one of them; and therefore he summed them all up in these words: "The blood of bulls and of goats, and the ashes of an heifer sprinkling the unclean, sanctifieth to the purifying of the flesh." These things did purify the flesh, so that the man who had formerly contracted impurity might mix with his fellow-men in the congregation of the Lord. Now, if these matters were so effectual for the purifying of the flesh, well does the apostle ask, "How much more shall the blood of Christ purge our conscience from dead works?" Why does he say, "How much more?"

First, because it is more truly purifying. There was not really and truly anything of purification about the blood of bulls and of goats. Now, when the Lord Jesus Christ took upon Himself our human nature, and lived a life of perfection, and then made an offering of Himself in death, as the Just for the unjust; then there was a real sacrifice made unto the Most High God. Therefore he says "How much more?" if the shadow cleansed the flesh, how much more shall the substance cleanse the spirit?

Moreover, our Lord Christ offered a much greater sacrifice. Why doth the text here show the term "Christ?" The Apostle Paul uses the name of our Lord with considerable variety; it is sometimes "Christ," sometimes "Jesus," sometimes "our Lord Jesus," sometimes "our Lord Jesus Christ," sometimes "Christ Jesus." But there is a reason for the use of each name wherever it occurs. It would be an instructive study for you to try to find out why in such a place our Lord is called "Christ" and not "Jesus," or "Jesus" and not "Christ." In this passage the name used is "Christ." One reason why the precious blood has such power to put away sin is because it is the blood of Christ—that is, of God's Anointed, God's Messiah, the Sent One of the Most High. Our Lord came not as an amateur, but He came with a commission, He came with an appointment and unction from the Holy One. If, therefore, the Lord Jesus Christ be offered a sacrifice for us, He is appointed to that end by God Himself, and therefore He must be accepted of God.

* Published in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD of July 17th, 1899.

Note what it was that Christ offered, and be sure that you lay great stress upon it. "How much more shall the blood of Christ, who through the eternal Spirit offered Himself?" What a splendid word that is! Did He offer His blood? yes, but He offered "Himself." Did He offer His life? yes, but He specially offered "Himself." Now, what is "Christ?" The "anointed of God." In His wondrous complex nature He is God and man. He is prophet, priest, and king. He is—but time would fail me to tell you what He is; but whatever He is He offered Himself.

THE SPIRITUAL SACRIFICE.

Observe, then, the sacrifice was a spiritual one. You must never look at Christ's sacrifice as a carnal way, as though the mere drops of literal blood, as a material substance, could have virtue in them for the purging of sin. Do not know Christ after the flesh; be no longer children, but understand spiritual things. It is true that our Lord had a material body and poured forth material blood; but the essence of His sacrifice lay in His will, intent, motive, and spirit. I once heard a dissertation upon what became of those drops of blood which fell to the ground on Calvary, and I felt that it was foolish talk.

By the blood of Christ we mean His suffering unto death, the obedience which made Him yield His life, and especially the will of His soul to suffer, and the object of His mind in suffering. When the bullock was brought up to be a sacrifice in spirit; the bullock had no intention to die, and no understanding of the reason of its death; the bullock was not willing to die, and therefore it presented no sacrifice by the spirit. But Christ knew what He was, and why He was there, and why He must die, and He gave His willing assent thereto. He entered with His whole heart into the substitution which involved obedience unto death. "For the joy that was set before Him he endured the cross." It was by His spirit that He offered up a true and real sacrifice; for He says, "I delight to do Thy will, Oh, my God."

But then you must not forget that this spirit was divine—"by the eternal Spirit." The spirit of Christ was an eternal spirit, for it was the Godhead. Brethren, I never feel it hard to trust my sinful soul with the great sacrifice of Christ; I feel, on the contrary, that if I had all your souls within my body and all your sins heaped upon me, and all the sins of all the redeemed blackening my conscience, I could now readily trust to that divine sacrifice for the taking away of all that guilt. What limit can you set to the merit of one who by the eternal spirit offered up Himself? What bound can there be to a sacrifice divine? You can no more set a limit to our Lord's sacrifice than to Godhead itself.

ITS EFFICACY.

Now, all this tends to make us feel how clean are they who are purged by this sacrifice which our Lord offered once for all to God. Need I call your attention to the fact that He offered Himself "to God?" Yes, I must; for of late some have blasphemously said that the sacrifice was made to the devil. To mention such profanity is to condemn it.

Further, brethren, it comes home to us this way: we read in the Word of God that "He that believeth in Him hath everlasting life," and we say to ourselves, "Then we have everlasting life, for we have believed in Him." We read, "The blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from all sin," and our conscience whispers, "We are cleansed from all sin." So you see, brethren, that what the blood of bulls and of goats could not do, the blood of Christ has done; it has passed beyond the flesh, which, indeed, it has never touched in our case, and it has sanctified the heart, and calmed the spirit, thus preparing us to serve the Lord.

III. This brings me to my last head, which is this: consider the kind of service which we now render. After so much preparing,

HOW SHALL WE BEHAVE

ourselves in the house of God?

I am not speaking to you who have never been purged from dead works by the application of the precious blood of Christ; for you cannot serve God, you are forbidden to come into His presence, or to stand among His saints. You are in quarantine, even as lepers put forth from the camp. Go home and set a red cross upon your door, and write over it, "Lord have mercy upon us." That would best befitt your unclean condition. As Joshua said to Israel, even so say I unto you, "Ye cannot serve the Lord; for He is an holy God; He is a jealous God." Ye must be born again ere ye can be acceptable unto Him; for as ye are, an infection is upon all your doings, and ye may not hope that He will accept anything at your hands.

But to you who have had that blood applied to your conscience by the Spirit of God, even to you I speak. You should present unto the Lord the constant worship of living men. You see it is written, "Purge your conscience from dead works to serve the living God." You are not at this day likely to die in order to prove your love to God; but if you are ever called to it, you must be prepared to lose your lives for Christ's sake. But what you have to do is to "present your bodies a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable unto God." Now, a living sacrifice is much more difficult of presentation than a slain one. I believe there are thousands of men who could go to the stake and die, or lay their necks on the block to perish with a stroke for Christ, who nevertheless find it hard work to live a holy, consecrated life.

The act of one moment, however painful, must be much easier than that service which is to run through a series of years, until life itself shall close. But if the Lord Jesus gave Himself for you, will you not give yourselves for Him? If He died for you by His eternal spirit, will you not live for Him by that new spirit with which He has quickened you? Yes, brothers, sisters, it must be a lifelong sacrifice that we now present unto Him that liveth forever. Let us have no more dead works, no more dead singing, no more dead praying, no more dead preaching; no more dead hearing. "Oh," said one, when he heard a sermon, "it was very good, if it had been alive." Dead-and-alive Christianity is poor stuff. No dish ever comes to table which is so nauseous as cold religion. Put it away. Neither God nor man can endure it.

LOVING SACRIFICE.

I close by noticing how this precious blood of Christ will work all this in us. It will operate upon us thus: when our conscience is perfectly pure from sin, and we know that we are forgiven and accepted in the Beloved, then how happy we shall be! and there is no service so acceptable to God as that which is joyfully rendered. When it is a joy to us to serve Him, then it is a joy to Him to be served; when it is a delight to us to honor God, then God delights in such honor. He seeks not slaves to grace His throne. When we know that we are perfectly forgiven, then we are full of gratitude, we feel that we must serve God, not because of anything we are to get for it, but because we long to do so. It is the cleansing blood which brings us near enough to do this.

This precious blood of Christ has now given us perfect peace with God, and therefore we can serve Him without fear. You cannot serve an enemy; while you hate Him you cannot please Him; but our enmity to God is slain; He is our friend, our father, and our God. His will is our will, His designs are our designs. As far as the little can keep pace with the great, and the minute with the infinite, we run parallel with God; and if we ever quit the lines for a moment we are in misery till we get back again. What the Lord aims at we aim at, what He desires we desire. Is Christ's coming God's ultimatum? so it is ours, and we cry, "Even so, come Lord Jesus!" Shall "the kingdoms of this world become the kingdoms of our Lord and of His

Christ?" it is our last, best, highest prayer. Thus are we truly serving the Lord.

See ye not, then, how the washing of the precious blood has made us partakers of the service of heaven? How close it has brought us to God! In what amity and accord we walk with Him! With what sympathy we enter into all that He does! With what intense delight we joy in Him through our Lord Jesus Christ, by whom also we have received the atonement! How I wish that every soul here believed in Jesus! Oh, that you would do so at once! Amen.

NEW BOOKS.

"THE EXPOSITOR IN THE PULPIT"

contains some excellent advice to young preachers. It is an address which was originally delivered by Rev. Marvin R. Vincent, D.D., before the students of Union Theological Seminary, New York. Its object is to show the preacher how important a part the exposition of the Word should have in pulpit ministration. The young minister is liable to forget the fact. Quoting Dr. Whately, Dr. Vincent reminds his readers that "A hortatory discourse in a style of florid declamation is an easier thing than a good explanation, and also more likely to be popular, and to gain a man the credit of being a fine preacher." But the pastor who desires that his hearers may profit under his preaching will deal largely in exposition. As an illustration of the need there is for this class of work, Dr. Vincent mentions that, he was himself asked by an elderly church member what description of script it was that the apostles were forbidden to carry (Matt. 10: 9, 10), and being told that it was a pouch, confessed that he had always supposed that it was "some kind of certificate." Evidently that church member had been in Wall Street and understood the meaning of the word in that locality. Dr. Vincent believes that a true estimate of the value of exposition will prevent the common practice of wresting Scripture and extracting from isolated passages lessons they were never intended to convey. As an illustration of this tendency, he mentions a sermon against fashionable costumes from the text, "top-not come down" (Matt. 24: 17). And another on the dangers of the American Republic from the words, "Let her drive" (Acts 27: 15). Another curious illustration showing the evil of neglecting exposition, in order to force private and personal application, is that Dr. Vincent gives of a backwoods' preacher who, speaking from the text, "Enoch walked with God, and he was not for God took him" (Gen. 5: 24), said: "Enoch was not an Episcopalian; for he walked; he did not dance. Enoch was not a Baptist; for he walked; he did not swim. Enoch was not a Presbyterian; for he walked with God. Enoch was a Methodist, for God took him." Dr. Vincent's counsel is that, though it will seem sometimes that "the true meaning of your text yields you baser ore than your own thought about it, if you work your shaft resolutely on the line of the Word you will soon be undeceived. God's thought is always richer than man's. You may groan over a vanished sermon, but your people will rejoice in a better one." Dr. Vincent's book is very short, but it is so good that we wish it had been longer. There is, however, sufficient advice in it, if it is heeded, to work a very welcome change in the sermons under which congregations are amused, but not edified. Pp. 38; price, 30 cents. Published by Messrs. Anson D. F. Randolph & Company.

"THE LADY, OR THE TIGER?"

and other stories, by Frank R. Stockton, will probably amuse many people who are taking mental as well as physical recreation during the holiday season. The stories are of the light, entertaining kind which may be read without tiring the most exhausted mind. A vein of quiet humor runs through them, which, with their simplicity and originality, renders their perusal a real pleasure. They abound with ludicrous situations described with the utmost grav-



Peril of a Switchman's Child.



A Soldier Saved from Drowning by an Albatross.

ity The characters are life-like and well drawn. Mr. Tolman, the hero of one of the stories, is one of the most amusing personages who has appeared on the stage of fiction; full of whims and eccentricities, yet getting along without making himself the disagreeable individual that the eccentric man generally is. "The Transferred Ghost," and its sequel, "The Spectral Mortgage" are, as is indicated by their titles, an introduction to the supernatural world, but they are not ordinary ghost stories. The reader is invited to enter into close and uncanny relationship with the ghosts, and study their manners and occupations. These as described in the stories are surprising, and include a love affair between one of the phantoms and a young lady in the flesh, and an episode in which a ghost kindly assists a timorous suitor whose love-making is halting through want of confidence in himself. The volume closes with a laughable series of model letters, under the caption, "Every Man His Own Letter-Writer," providing models for correspondence in circumstances not foreseen by the compilers of "Complete Letter-Writers." Among them is one for the use of "a father to his son at school, in answer to a letter asking for an increase of pocket money." We fancy, however, that these models are intended for amusement rather than use. Fathers animated by feelings like those expressed in this letter, are usually able to find words to convey their meaning intelligibly without assistance. Pp. 207; price, 50 cents. Published by Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons.

"ABOARD AND ABOARD."

by Rev. W. P. Breed, D.D., is a collection of letters written, some of them, on shipboard, and others from Great Britain, where the author went to attend the great Presbyterian Council, in Belfast, Ireland, last year. The letters are simple, chatty, sprightly narratives of the author's experience, relating what he did, and describing what he saw in a plain but humorous phraseology. Dr. Breed, like a good American, put up on his arrival in London at the Franklin House, No. 7 Craven Street, where Benjamin Franklin resided while on his mission to London. We regret to notice that the good American doctor fell a prey to British smartness,

which, for the honor of his country, he should not have done. He was cheated by the "cabbies," and had a leaden coin, knavishly professing to be worth fifty cents passed upon him. Dr. Breed duly climbed the Monument, visited the Tower, Westminster Abbey, and the Houses of Parliament. The letters are short, pithy, and interesting. Pp., 162; price, 15 cents. Published by Messrs. Funk & Wagnalls.

THE SWITCHMAN'S CHILD.

(See Illustration.)

ON a railroad in Prussia, where the switches are placed in the old-fashioned way, at the side of the rails instead of in the boxes, it was the duty of one of the switchmen to attend to these switches. One day he had just left one of them and was turning to another, when he heard the whistle of an approaching train. He ran to the switch and held it down, for the incoming train had to be switched at that point on to another line of rails, that it might pass safely a train ahead on the same track. As he laid his hand on the handle of the switch he saw, to his horror, his little son standing unconcerned on the track. What could he do? He might spring to his child and rescue him, but to do that he must loose the switch, and the wretched apparatus had no locking attachment and would spring back the moment they were loosed, and hundreds of lives might be lost. He was in sore trouble, but he could not neglect his duty, and crying out to his little boy, "Lie down! Lie down!" he stood by the switch.

The child, knowing well that his father must have some reason for his command, at once lay down, and the heavy train thundered over him. Little did the passengers think, as they passed safely over the switch, what their safety had cost one noble heart. The father rushed forward to where his boy lay, fearful lest he should only find a mangled corpse; but to his great joy he found the child alive and unhurt. The boy knew his father well; he knew that father would give no unnecessary orders, and he knew his father loved him; and that knowledge saved his life. One of the passengers in that train, an earnest Christian worker, who relates the incident, says that the lesson came to his heart with

a force which has never passed away. Many a time since, when life has seemed hard to him and some sorrow seemed unnecessary and incomprehensible, he has thought of the prompt obedience of the switchman's child, and has, like him, obeyed blindly in simple trust.

A LIFE SAVED BY AN ALBATROSS.

(See Illustration.)

ONE of the most remarkable instances of rescue from a watery grave is related in a letter to a family in Montreal, from a friend who is an officer in an English regiment doing duty in India. He states that while the vessel in which his regiment was embarked was nearing the Cape of Good Hope it became necessary to administer corporal punishment to one of the soldiers. The man was publicly flogged, and though the punishment was not severe, the disgrace seemed to madden him. No sooner was he released than, in the sight of his comrades and the ship's crew, he sprang overboard. It may be supposed he intended to commit suicide, but if so his resolution failed when he struck the water, for as soon as he rose to the surface he made vigorous efforts to keep himself afloat.

There was a high sea running, and as the man was quickly swept astern there seemed small hope of rescuing him. Nevertheless, the captain had the ship's engines stopped and ordered a boat lowered. It seemed to the anxious watchers on board that hours passed before the boat was on its way to the spot where the man was struggling with the huge waves, but it was a dangerous undertaking, and apparently a hopeless one, to send a boat out on such a sea, and caution was necessary.

The soldiers crowded eagerly to the ship's side to look for their drowning comrade, and there they saw a strange sight. As the man was buffeted with the waves an albatross, a large bird frequently seen in those latitudes, flew immediately over him and made a swoop at him. The bird missed its mark, but the man caught it by the legs and held on with a death grip. The bird struggled to free itself, and fluttered its powerful wings in a vain effort to regain its liberty. How long the struggle would have continued it is impossible to say, but it was main-

tained until the boat reached the would-be suicide and took him on board. Incredible as this narrative appears, the name and position of the writer of the letter, who was an eyewitness of the incident, establish its veracity.

"A lucky escape," some will say, but the Christian, who knows that not a sparrow falls to the ground without the will of God, sees in such a marvellous deliverance an interposition of divine providence more unusual, but not more direct, than many deliverances from peril which have occurred in his own experience. God has kept faith with His people in His promise, "I will be with him in trouble; I will deliver him, and honor him" (Ps. 91: 15).

A TEXT IN THE STEERAGE.

(See Illustration.)

WHEN the Apostle John, in apocalyptic vision, saw the new heaven and the new earth, he tells us (Rev. 21: 7) that he noticed that there was no sea. Wealthy travellers, whose experience of the sea is gained in their own yachts, or in the saloons of the floating palaces, in which they enjoy luxuries of all kinds as they journey across the Atlantic, cannot appreciate the change mentioned by the apostle; but in the steerage of the transatlantic steamers on every voyage may be found many passengers to whom a world without a sea would be a happier world than this. During the last three years the revelations of the newspapers have made the great steamship companies ashamed of their conduct, and there is now on the chief lines some slight improvement; but even now much remains to be done in the interest of the passengers.

Have any of my readers been down into the steerage of a great ship? The foul smells, the semi-darkness, the filthy litter, the crowd of weary, sea-sick, miserable people, huddled together day and night without regard to comfort or decency, combine to render the place unspeakably offensive to sight, and touch, and smell, a place none who enter it ever forget. Those whom necessity compels to spend days, and nights in such a place are entitled to our sympathy, and there are many among them whose senses are quite as delicate and refined as those of their fellow-passengers in the saloon. Rough men and gentle women, old men and children, are crowded into those close quarters, to bear, with what patience and equanimity they can, the rolling and tossing of the ship, and the inevitable discomforts of a voyage. In such an experience the Christian who lives near to God finds many opportunities for usefulness. Relieved himself from fear of disaster, assured that shipwreck would be no catastrophe to him armed by his faith against temptations to repining and impatience, he is able to comfort and encourage those around him, and by his cheerful demeanor to be a light to their souls.

How much one steerage full of passengers owed to one Christian among them has recently been told by a grateful writer. There was, it appears, the usual crowd in the steerage, which was dark and gloomy as usual. It was in the winter and the passage was rough. The women, of whom there were many, and the children, suffered much from sea-sickness, and even



A Text in the Steerage.

the strong men, some of whom had made several voyages, lost their jollity before they had been two days out. On the third day the wind rose to a gale and the misery increased. The ship pitched and rolled with that constant motion which makes the unaccustomed voyager feel that one minute of stillness would be bliss—the floor quivering beneath their feet keeping sickly rhythmical time with the propeller, the wall in front constantly changing its position, now slanting forward, as if it would fall upon them, and now away, as if it was falling outward, not perpendicular for a moment, and the ceaseless roar outside of the waves, as if a thousand demons were clamoring for the lives of all on board. Ah! it was a miserable time.

One woman, with a baby at her breast, was sitting weeping silently, and others had huddled themselves into corners, as if they dreaded being spoken to. The men were speaking in subdued voices, or had fallen silent altogether, for a general impression prevailed that there was danger, and a rumor was current that a sailor had been heard say that the vessel could "not stand much more of that, for she was leaking already." Some were moaning, some were walking about discussing the situation in tones of solicitude, and a few were praying—all were sad and anxious.

"Come and sit here, mother," said a boy of some thirteen years, of bright, intelligent face, as he laid his hand tenderly on the shoulder of the woman with the baby. He pointed to a spot a few yards distant under a swinging lamp, to which he had dragged a box as a seat for her. The woman seemed little inclined to move, but the boy persisting, she apathetically consented, and the lad tenderly conveyed his mother to the seat he had prepared for her.

"Look there, mother," he said, pointing to a Scripture text which he had fixed under the lamp. "There's some comfort for you. When you feel dull you can look at that."

The mother looked up and read, "Trust in Him at all times; ye people, pour out your heart before Him: God is a refuge for us" (Ps.

62: 8). "Thank you, my boy," she said; you are a good son to your mother. May God bless you, as I'm sure He will."

The boy's upraised finger, on which the lamp shone, attracted the attention of others, and soon there was a group around the text which he had contrived to fix up. His Sunday-school teacher had given it to him as he said good-by to her, and instead of taking it to his new home, as he intended, he had concluded to put it to use now that there was need of it.

It was a spectacle to be remembered—that group of faces reading the text which seemed written for just such a time. There was no scoffing, no ridicule, but all seemed touched by the appropriateness of the words and the boy's strong faith in the promise as the best comfort. Doubtless many who read the words with emotion then forgot them when, a few days later, the vessel entered the bay and that danger was over; but even with them the lesson may not be lost. None will remember that voyage and the scene in the steerage without thinking of the text which perhaps in other scenes the Holy

Spirit may apply to their hearts.

UNDER FIRE.

A STORY OF THE FRANCO-GERMAN WAR.

(Continued from page 447.)

The First Shell.

AT nightfall Louise and I went home, worn-out and very downcast; for her mother had not yet entered the city, and we did not dare to guess at the reason. I said perhaps she had gone back to Saverne; but Lisbeth shook her head sadly, without speaking. I knew very well what she thought. For a day or two Louise persevered in her mournful watching; but after that Sylvie persuaded her to go to school with her, where there were some girls from Pfalzburg and Saverne, who could talk to her about those places. Still, whenever she was at home, she would creep away into one of the balconies, and peer down, with her distressed little face, as if still seeking her lost mother among the people passing along the street below. It used to make my heart ache to see her there, when I was coming home. But her mother never came.

All that time Lisbeth's attic used to be my favorite place. You could see the German camp, with its long lines of tents, almost as large as villages, which had sprung up like mushrooms upon the plain, stretching all across the south of the city. I knew it was the same to the north, but there was no window looking out that way—I had to go to the ramparts to see that camp. Sometimes I could catch the flashing of bright bayonets and spears, gleaming like lightning along the far-off fields, as the regiments marched in to take possession of their tents.

It was not till the 17th of August, nearly three weeks after the siege was proclaimed, that the enemy's circle was completed, and we were fairly shut in. Now there could be no more coming in or going out of Strasburg, until Marshal Bazaine came to our aid, or General Urrich and his brave garrison drove the invaders back to their own side of the Rhine.

One evening, when I came home a little before supper-time, I found a number of buckets full of

water ranged on every landing, ready for some use. I ran up to Lisbeth's attic, where it was no play to carry water, and there I found nearly every pail and jar she had full up to the brim. Elsie was floating a little walnut-shell boat I had made for her the night before upon one of the pails. She sprinkled some drops of water upon my hot face as I sprang up the steps, and screamed, half in fear, when I made a dart at her as if I was angry. Lisbeth looked out to see who Elsie was at play with.

"Whatever is this for?" I asked, pointing to the water.

"The Committee of Safety has ordered it to be ready in every house," she said, "to put out any fire the moment it breaks out. The bombardment may begin any time now."

"Elsie," I said, "come and show me how you are getting on with your knitting."

"It's too dark to work now," she answered; "but it will be finished in time. Mother says it is sure to be finished in time."

She was getting on nicely with it, Lisbeth said; and the child unwrapped it carefully, to show me how clean and white she was keeping it.

"You are quite sure He knows I am doing it?" she asked, wistfully.

"Quite sure," I answered; "just the same as I do, Elsie."

"It is time for Elsie to sing her even-song," said Lisbeth, lifting her on to her lap. She sat there, upright, with clasped hands, and her blue eyes looking out earnestly at the faint sky, when the light was fading away fast. One verse she sang I remember well:

"Ah! dearest Jesus, holy child,
Make Thee a bed, soft, undefiled,
Within my heart, that it may be
A quiet chamber, kept for Thee."

I turned away that they should not see the tears in my eyes, to look through the casement at the watch-fires beginning to glimmer like glow-worms in the German camp. They stretched so far and wide, for miles upon the plain, that I felt, all at once in dismay, how great a host had come up against us.

"Elsie is not frightened," Lisbeth was saying, when I turned my head back again, as if she knew my thoughts, and my heart-sinking, of which I was ashamed.

"No, not here," she said, nestling closer to her mother; "there is nothing to be frightened at here."

"Just so," said Lisbeth, looking me steadfastly in the face; "just so are we in the arms of God; and there ought to be nothing to be frightened at there."

"Oh, Lisbeth!" I cried, "how do you know it?"

"Can a mother forget her child?" she said, with a quiet smile; "yes, she may forget; yet will not I forget thee." These are the words, Max.

"But," I answered, pointing to the German camp, "His arm is round them as well. He says the same words to them."

"Yes," said Lisbeth, "we are like children quarrelling on the same mother's lap; but her arms are round both, and she loves one as much as the other. It must be a great grief to the mother, though," she added, softly, as she laid her hand gently on Elsie's wide-open, shining eyes, and rocked her to and fro in her arms, till she fell asleep. Then I stole away across the floor, and went down-stairs, perplexed, and full of thought.

Were there any men who believed that—really believed it? That we were all brethren, with one Father in heaven, and one elder brother, Christ Jesus? If they believed it, how could there be any more war? And yet, as Lisbeth said, the children of one mother will quarrel, even on their mother's lap.

I opened the door of our dining-room, where supper was ready on the table, and Gretchen standing behind my grandmother's chair. Both of them looked troubled and disturbed, and Gretchen was the first to tell me the cause.

"We have a sergeant and three men quartered upon us," she said, "to sleep in our soft beds, and sit on our chairs. I never thought to live to see such times as these! Where will all the polish of the floors be, with their heavy tramp, tramp, and their thick boots? My mistress has offered to pay for them to be billeted elsewhere; but they say the city is crowded, what with peasants and soldiers. I thought it was hard enough to take in Louise; but four rough men—"

Gretchen could say no more, for her throat was choked; and my grandmother spoke, with a mournful quaver in her voice.

"It is true, Max. I do think it very hard, when we are only a family of women and children. But this is what war brings. Our houses are our own no longer."

"Are they to eat here?" I asked, for Gretchen had been buying in provisions, and it was not likely she had laid in store enough for four men.

"No," she said, recovering her voice; "they are only to sleep and live here. They take their meals with their regiment."

"Well, then," I went on, "if they only have my room, which is the largest, and opens close upon the staircase, you will not have much to do with them. You might pay Lisbeth to keep it in order for them; and the floor there is not so bright as the other rooms—that was why you gave it to me."

I saw that they were pleased with the idea; though it still seemed a great calamity to them to have these strangers thrust upon them. They talked it over all the time we were at supper; and then Gretchen and I went to make the needful arrangements, for the men were coming in that very night.

It certainly was vexatious to know that the bright floor would be all marked and spoiled, and that the smell of tobacco would fill the place; but it was not I who was put out by it. I was glad to know that some men were coming into the house, who would often be at hand to talk to, and to give me news of what went on in the citadel; and when they came I had no reason to be disappointed. They were decent, well-conducted men, who kept strictly to their own place, and never came into my grandmother's way. I saw more of them than any one else; for, besides going to inquire if they were content with their treatment, as being the only male representative of the family, I met them often in Lisbeth's attic, where they went partly to see Elsie, who was a great favorite with them, and partly to look out through the window over the enemy's camp. It was nearly as good a post of observation, they said, as the Cathedral tower, so far as the south of the city was concerned.

It was on the 21st of August, four days after the enemy had shut us in, that, as I passed through the long, broad archway by which we reached the square court belonging to our house, I overtook Sergeant Klein, with a basket on his arm, and Elsie perched aloft upon his shoulder. She looked all contentment, and nodded merrily to me as I joined them. The sergeant was striding along, but with slower steps than usual; and he gave me a military salute as soon as he saw me, saying, "Good-morning, Herr Max!"

"Good-morning, sergeant," I said, taking off my cap to him; for we liked one another, did Sergeant Klein and I.

"We are going to market for Lisbeth," he said, "but without speaking to her beforehand. She is not a capitalist, you know; and there are not as many caps to iron as there ought to be. Her purse is neither long nor well-lined; and my little one here has not had much breakfast this morning. There is no milk for Elsie now."

"No," answered Elsie, "but I am not hungry. Elsie never is hungry."

"A good thing for a siege, my little puss," said Sergeant Klein.

I looked what money I had in my purse. There were two francs and a few centimes; quite enough to buy vegetables to last Lisbeth and Elsie a week. Gretchen, I knew, had laid in a

stock of provisions. But I had never thought of Lisbeth, and hundreds like her, who would have no money to buy in a store beforehand. Here, on the fourth day of the investment, all her food was gone, and she was dependent upon what she could manage to get from day to day. We went on to the market-place; but how different it was to what it had been only a few weeks before! Now, instead of hundreds of stalls, and people eager to sell, there were only a few salesmen, and a crowd of persons anxious to buy, but without money to pay the prices demanded.

Sergeant Klein pushed his way through the throng, and I followed him closely. There was rather a poor show of vegetables and fruit upon the stalls; but at the first answer to our inquiries I received a shock. The potatoes we asked for were a penny apiece; all the money I had would only buy thirty, and those were not large ones.

"So soon!" exclaimed the sergeant, "and we are not at the beginning yet! What is to become of us before the end is at hand?"

"Not at the beginning?" I repeated. "Why! the gates have been closed these four days!"

"But the music has not struck up yet, and the dance will begin after that," he said, significantly; "you know nothing of a siege, Herr Max."

"I am tired," said Elsie, on his shoulder; "carry me in your arms now."

She slipped down from her high seat, clasping his neck with her small hands. He bent down his head over hers, and I saw his eyes glisten with tears he would not let fall.

"I have two little ones at home," he said, glancing at me to see if I noticed them—"two little children and their mother, in an open village near Pfalzburg, and if these brigands should pass their way, the good God alone knows what would become of them."

"Do you like to be a soldier?" asked Elsie, stroking his cheek. It was a habit she had with those she loved, and I liked to feel her soft little fingers about my face.

"Bah! little one," he answered, "nobody asked me whether I should like to be a soldier or no. They just take us. No; Herr Max, believe me the peasants hate war. It is all loss and no gain to us. It is no fine thing, I tell you, to be torn from your own house, where there are the children, and the cattle, and the harvest all dependent upon you, and be driven, with thousands of poor fellows like yourself, where the bullets are rattling and falling round you like rain-drops in a thunder-storm. We are human beings, you see. We love our homes and our children as much as you others, who are living quietly in your own houses. We hate battles, and wounds, and death, as much as any one. And a siege is not a whit more to my taste than a battle. You will be of my mind before it is over."

"What will become of the poor?" I asked, looking down at the basket, which hung but lightly on my arm.

"Ah! God knows!" he said, again; "there are ten thousand peasants in the city—all extra mouths. But we must always hope!"

"See! see!" cried Elsie, pointing upward with her finger.

A large black ball was moving rather slowly—slowly enough for us to watch it—across the blue sky, at a good height above the spot where we stood; but it was already making a curve downward, as if it was about to fall at a little distance to the south. The sergeant's face changed, and he stood still, clasping Elsie closer to him, and holding my shoulder with a tight grip. We watched it out of sight.

"Listen!" he said.

It was several moments before any sound reached us. I saw the people strolling about the street, and talking to one another, unconscious of what was about to happen. Then there came a crash, followed by piercing shrieks, which rang through the air. For an instant every person within sight stood still, as if struck

into stone; but afterward there was a frantic flight in all directions, some fleeing to the cathedral, which was close by, and others running swiftly to the place where the first shell had burst.

"The music and the dance are both begun," said Sergeant Klein, grimly. "Here, Max, take the child into the cathedral, and wait for me there. I shall be back presently."

(To be continued.)

ELIJAH THE TISHBITE.

S. S. Lesson for July 26, 1 Kings 17: 1-16. Golden Text, Prov. 10: 3. By Mrs. M. Baxter. Elijah's Abrupt Appearance in the Palace—His Startling Announcement—A Human Religion—God's Witness—His Faith in God's answer to Prayer—The Unwonted Purveyor—Witnesses to God's Direct Provision—Elijah's Faith Tried—The New Provision—Apparently Unpromising—The Believing Widow—Looking to God not at Difficulties—Sickness as God's call.

WHILE the successors of Jeroboam were going to greater and yet greater lengths of wickedness, God was quietly preparing one of His own people to be a witness for Him, to kings, prophets, priests—in short, to all Israel. Of the birth and parentage of Elijah the Tishbite we are told nothing. Abruptly and unexpectedly he comes into the presence of the king with

THE STARTLING ANNOUNCEMENT.

"As the Lord God of Israel liveth before whom I stand, there shall not be dew nor rain these years but according to my word." The king had ignored God, and chosen a religion which did not rebuke sin, and which entailed no responsibility on those who professed it, a religion to be controlled at will, which should minister to, rather than restrain the unholy passions of men; and which should serve the purpose of men who lived only for themselves. Was God aware of all which was going on? Yes, in the darkest times of sin and superstition, God has been at work. "My Father worketh hitherto and I work" (John 5: 17). He revealed Himself to Abraham just when all his antecedents had been those of idolatry and utter ignorance of God. Moses was called out of the most complete worldliness and ignorance of God. And in Ahab's time in the midst of the reign of sin, which was prevalent in Israel, God not only called an Elijah, but won seven thousand believers to Himself.

GOD'S WITNESS.

The very name of Elijah or Eljah was a witness to his God; it means "My God is Jehovah." He bore his message in the authority of God, it was not his part to make Ahab believe it, he adduced no arguments, added nothing of his own, took no responsibility upon himself; he gave his message and departed. But on, the power of those words! It was the simple but unanswerable word of the Creator which events must prove. God has made provision that all true preaching shall be thus powerful, thus divine. He has commanded His own people not to think beforehand what they shall say or what they shall speak; "It shall be given you in that hour what ye shall say and what ye shall speak, for it is not you that speak but the Holy Ghost." He would have us know His Word and keep it; He would have that Word dwell in us "richly in all wisdom." He would have us compare "spiritual things with spiritual." But when He gives us a message it must be "Hands off," and He is responsible to carry it home with power. The amount of preaching and teaching which does not accomplish its object is terrible, and the reason is clear, it is human not divine.

The prophet was a man of faith. The awful state of his land weighed heavily upon him. He communed with God, and then prayed the prayer of faith, not doubting in his heart (Mark 11: 23). "Elias was a man subject to like passions as we are, and he prayed earnestly that it might not rain; and it rained not on the earth by the space of three years and six months" (James 5: 17). Had he no compassion for those who

would suffer? Yes, indeed. But God taught him that His people could only be touched by real need. Elijah's message to the king was the result of his faith. The drought had not commenced; there was no visible sign of the answer of God. But so sure was Elijah that God had undertaken, that he delivered the message in unhesitating confidence. Afterward "The word of the Lord came unto him, saying, Get thee hence, and turn thee eastward, and hide thyself by the brook Cherith, that is before Jordan." And it shall be, that thou shalt drink of the brook; and

I HAVE COMMANDED

the ravens to feed thee there." Could Elijah trust God to maintain him where there was no human prospect of his procuring food? Might he not have said that he knew the habits of ravens too well to expect them to be his purveyors? The prophet saw God Almighty and abandoned himself to His care. "So he went and dwelt by the brook Cherith that is before Jordan." And God did not leave him long in suspense; one night's sleep and then the unwonted messenger of God brought him bread and flesh. It was not for him to inquire where it had been procured, a first cause was at work, and gratefully he took his morning meal. In the evening it was the same, and day by day the man of God was thus fed.

Thank God, in our day the Lord is raising up MANY WITNESSES who can prove by blessed experience that in food, and clothing, and other earthly necessities our heavenly Father careth for us, and "knoweth that we have need of all these things" (Matt. 6: 32). That eminent man of God, Mr. George Müller, of Bristol, with his two thousand and more orphan children, depending directly on the Lord, the numerous missionaries of the China Inland Mission, who go forth "without scrip or staff," with no salary guaranteed to them; the scattered faith missionaries in India; the Faith Homes of Dr. Cullis, in Boston; Mr. A. B. Simpson, in New York; Miss Carrie Judd, in Buffalo, and many others in America; of Mr. Zeller at Männedorf, in Switzerland, and Mr. Stockmayer at Hauptweil, as well as Mrs. Ginner's orphanage, Miss Mittendorf's, and many others in England, bear witness to the precious fact that God cares for our bodily needs, and is to be trusted for their supply. And yet this is no premium upon idleness. The command of God through Paul is clear enough, "If any would not work, neither should he eat" (II Thess. 3: 10). And it is no premium upon begging; faith and begging cannot go together. Paul himself worked for his daily bread. But there are some positions of usefulness where God Himself calls for an abandonment of those earthly cares to Him, because He has made the spiritual work itself to absorb all the time and strength.

FAITH ON TRIAL.

Elijah's faith was not without trial. "After a while the brook dried up, because there had been no rain in the land." The prophet who had prayed that there should be no rain—for the sake of the testimony it would be to the landowners and citizens, the rich and poor, that the Almighty God reigned—would not pray for rain that his personal needs should be supplied, he left his case with God. And not in vain. "The word of the Lord came unto him, saying, Arise, get thee to Zarephath, which belongeth to Zidon, and dwell there: behold, I have commanded a widow woman there to sustain thee." "A poor lookout!" some man of the world might say, "a widow sustain a stranger in a time of famine?" Yes; a widow in the hand of an Almighty God. Elijah was not afraid; reasonings he had none; possibilities and probabilities he left to those who had not the living God to trust to. "I have commanded" was his warrant, he counted on the Word of God.

On arriving at the city, he found the widow woman gathering sticks, and begged her to give him a little water. As she was going, he called

to her, and said, "Bring me, I pray thee, a morsel of bread in thine hand." Could he have been mistaken in the woman? She answered, "As the Lord thy God liveth, I have not a cake, but a handful of meal in a barrel, and a little oil in a cruse; and, behold, I am gathering two sticks, that I may go in and dress it for me and my son, that we may eat it, and die." Was it possible that God would have him take the last morsel from this poor widow? God could not make a mistake; He gave His servant a message to the widow, "Fear not; go and do as thou hast said; but make me thereof a little cake first, and bring it unto me, and after make for thee and for thy son. For thus saith the Lord God of Israel, The barrel of meal shall not waste, neither shall the cruse of oil fail, until the day that the Lord sendeth rain upon the earth." God was at work, making the poor woman believe it. She went and did as he had said, and the result was the little company of three were sustained during the time of famine. All through we see Elijah did not look at the difficulties, but at the Lord. If he had felt that he ought to rebuke the king, how awkward he would have been, and probably he would have lost his life. But when God sent him, He sustained him too. Had he looked at the ravens, he could not have brought himself to depend on such an extremely precarious mode of supply. Had he looked at the widow, he would rather have done anything than depend upon her in the time of her distress; but

ELIJAH DEALT ONLY WITH GOD.

and he was lifted above all circumstances whatsoever. We cannot be placed in circumstances which are too difficult for God. Believing that He is, and that He is a Rewarder of them that diligently seek Him (Heb. 11: 6), we can put any need, every need that arises, into His hands. He is enough for it. The difficulty may be insuperable to human resources, but God can master it. There may be complications which involve others, and we may be little able to count on them, but what cannot Almightyness accomplish? It is a blessed sign in these last days, that men are beginning to trust God with their bodies as well as their souls, with their earthly, as well as their spiritual needs. It is a witness to the unconverted that God exists, when they see cancers, lameness, paralysis, blindness, deafness yield before a present God. It is something which the most careless can understand, when those who never ask for money yet never suffer in a time of commercial distress, although they have no human means to fall back upon.

God had another work to do in the house. Sickness came in and attacked the widow's only son, so that he succumbed to it and died. Sickness is

GOD'S CALL

that we may hearken to His voice (Job. 33: 19-33). The widow recognized it as such, and came to the man of God convicted, "Art thou come unto me to call my sin to remembrance, and to slay my son?" For once Elijah had a moment of conflict, "O Lord my God, hast Thou also brought evil upon the widow with whom I sojourn, by slaying her son?" His gratitude to the woman made him unwilling that sorrow should come upon her. In an instant he had turned to his omnipotent God, "he stretched himself upon the child three times, and cried unto the Lord, and said, 'O Lord, my God, I pray thee, let this child's soul come into him again.'" It was the first time in the world's history that such a prayer had been offered, but Elijah measured death with the Author of life, and believed in Him as the Overcomer. "The Lord heard the voice of Elijah; and the soul of the child came into him again, and he revived." Oh, what a new light on the faithfulness of God! Oh, what joy to take the risen child and say to his mother, "Lo, thy son liveth!" Oh, what greater joy to hear from her lips what neither sickness nor death had taught her. "Now by this I know that thou art a man of God, and that the Word of the Lord in thy mouth is truth!"

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Count the mercies! Count the mercies!
Number all the gifts of love!
Keep a daily, faithful record
Of the comforts from above.
Look at all the lovely green spots
In life's weary desert way!
Think how many cooling fountains
Cheer our fainting hearts each day.
Count the mercies! Count the mercies,
See them strewn along our way!

See oh, see, the countless beauties
In the charming scenes of earth!
Think of all the untold blessings,
Clustering round our home and hearth.
Think of friends and loved ones
To our hearts so dear and sweet.
Think of heaven's unnumbered blessings
Which you all the time receive!
Count the mercies! Count the mercies
Making bright paths for your feet.

Count the mercies, though the trials
Seem to number more each day;
Count the trials too, as mercies,
Add them to the grand array.
Trials are God's richest blessings,
Send to prompt our upward flight,
As the eagle's broken wings,
Make them fly to loftier heights.
Count them mercies—count them mercies
That bring heaven within our sight.

Count them mercies which shall sever
Cords that bind our spirits down—
Causeth them help to grovel,
And forget our heavenly crown.
Let all earthly ties be broken,
Nests be broken, hopes decay,
If to God our souls be driven,
If from earth we soar away.
Wondrous mercies! hallowed mercies!
Urging us the heavenward way.

Thus we find the purer comforts,
Richer far than those of earth—
Joy unalloyed and enduring,
Treasures of surpassing worth.
Beams of bright, celestial radiance,
From the Centre of our Light,
Spreading o'er each scene of sadness,
Hails gladdening to our sight.
Count the mercies—count the mercies—
Filling us with joys so bright!

Let us number all our jewels,
Let us estimate all our gains,
Let us thank the Gracious Giver,
Strewing blessings o'er the earth;
All our hearts overflow with gladness,
Let us tell the wonders o'er;
Till our multiplying treasures
Seem a countless, boundless store.
Then let praises—grateful praises,
Be our language evermore.

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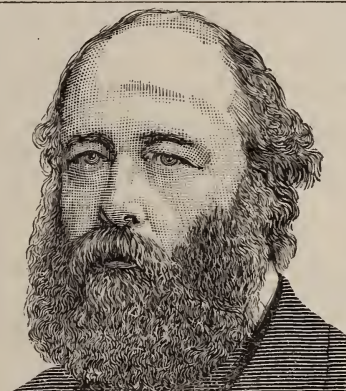
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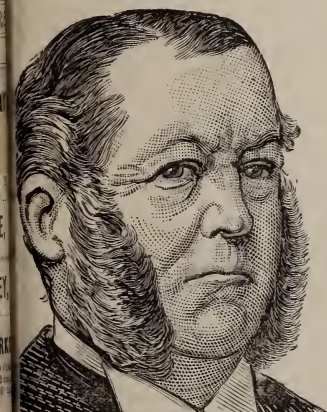
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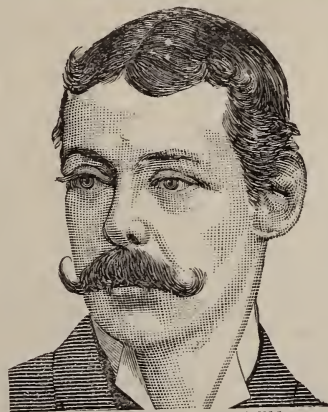
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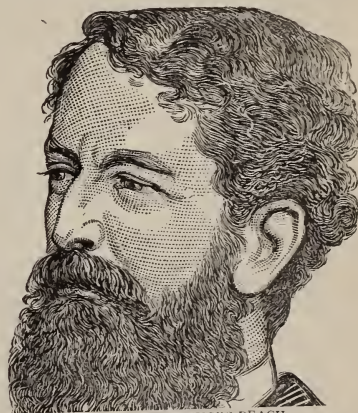
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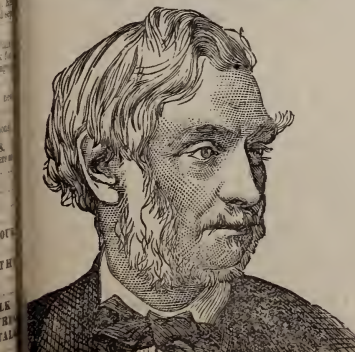
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PROMINENT MEMBERS OF THE NEW ADMINISTRATION IN GREAT BRITAIN.

TEN MEMBERS OF THE BRITISH CABINET.

On the first page and page 476 of this number are portraits of the most prominent statesmen to whom has been committed the administration of the government of the British Empire. Lord Salisbury has made his Cabinet unusually large. It contains sixteen members. Usually only nine or ten of the Secretaries have seats there, but as the statesmen who sat in the previous Conservative cabinets could not be excluded from this without affront, they have been admitted, while the younger statesmen, whose energies are really needed, have necessarily been admitted also. The Premier will doubtless find so large a number inconvenient, but to have made it smaller would have aroused jealousies which would have involved danger.

THE MARQUIS OF SALISBURY.

Premier and Secretary of State.

A SKETCH of Lord Salisbury's life appeared in our issue of June 28th; it is therefore unnecessary to recapitulate; but we may add to the details given in that notice a few personal facts collected by Mr. Henry W. Lucy, and published in a recent number of *Harper's Magazine*.

"As a Parliamentary orator," says that writer, "the Marquis of Salisbury is unquestionably the chief figure in the House of Lords. He possesses in almost equal degree with the late Lord Beaconsfield the quality of being personally interesting, of which he is now the only remaining example in either House of Parliament. . . . His very manner in the House of Lords makes his speeches the more charming. Half leaning on the table, and speaking in a level, conversational tone, as if his helpless victims were not of sufficient importance to inspire either gesture or declamation, he lets fall some of the most rasping sentences which it is possible to combine in the English language. . . . There was a time when all the infinite scorn of Lord Salisbury's soul was poured on Mr. Disraeli—a personal attitude much easier of comprehension than that of later years, when the two statesmen sat shoulder to shoulder on the ministerial bench. . . . Regarded personally, Lord Salisbury is the most striking figure in the peerage, the nearest realization modern conditions permit of the capable, headstrong, and imperious English baron of the fourteenth, fifteenth, and sixteenth centuries."

THE DUKE OF RICHMOND, K.G.

President of the Board of Trade.

THE present ducal house of Richmond dates from 1675, and was the creation of King Charles II. That licentious monarch, the most vicious of the infamous race of the Stuarts, turned the royal palace into a harem, and for some time the most favored woman in it was the degraded creature called Louise de Querouaille. She was a woman of some ability, which she used to hold Charles under the influence of the King of France, and gave him money, as a bribe, to betray the interests of his country. The son of this vicious pair was created Duke of Richmond when he was three years old, and became the ancestor of the present Lennox duke.

Charles H. Gordon Lennox, Duke of Richmond, was born at the London family mansion, Richmond House, Whitehall, on February 27th, 1818, and is now sixty-seven years old. He was educated at Westminster School, a nursery for the British army. Thence he proceeded to Oxford University, where he graduated B.A. in 1839. He immediately entered the army, but never saw any active service. He became a captain in 1844, and was aide-de-camp to the Duke of Wellington, and Viscount Hardinge, bearing the title of the eldest son of the Richmond family, Earl of March.

The southern family seat is *Goodwood Park*, near Chichester, which is maintained in princely style, and at certain seasons the Dukes of Richmond are wont to entertain royalty, foreign as well as English. The late duke lavished untold

sums upon the improvement of the historical patrimony. He was a man of great talent, and, like his son, a soldier, but he had seen active service, and had a deep bullet wound in his chest, from which he suffered much during the later years of his life. His philanthropy and strong attachment to the Church of England were marked characteristics in him, as in the present duke.

The duke, prior to his father's death, sat in the House of Commons, and took a deep interest in agricultural questions. He has been in office before, and during one of his terms had charge of the measures for stamping out the cattle-plague. The Dukes of Richmond were until lately in receipt of an income the product of an onerous burden that became intolerable. It was laid upon the shoulders of the English nation by Charles II., who, in order to provide for his illegitimate son, empowered him and his successors to collect twenty-five cents on every ton of coal shipped in the river Tyne. That tax was collected until the year 1800, a period of one hundred and twenty-eight years, when the late duke was persuaded to relinquish his tax for a pension of \$95,000 a year, which ceased upon his death.

LORD RANDOLPH CHURCHILL.

Secretary for India.

LORD RANDOLPH CHURCHILL is the son of the late and the brother of the present Duke of Marlborough, a descendant of John Churchill, the conqueror of Blenheim, the favorite of Queen Anne, who gave him his dukedom and a pension for himself and his heirs of \$20,000, which is still being paid. In the one hundred and seventy-three years which have passed since the grant, the Dukes of Marlborough have received by this pension \$3,460,000. Lord Randolph does not get any of it, as his brother, the duke, is a licentious, dissolute man, who needs it all for his expensive vices.

Lord Randolph Churchill entered Parliament in 1874, on the crest of the wave of Tory reaction. He sits for Woodstock, a family possession that went with Blenheim. Few knew him when he rose the first time to address the House of Commons, but he soon proved that he possessed an instinctive knowledge of what the House of Commons likes, and the power of saying the right thing just at the right time. In this he is like the late Earl of Beaconsfield, whom he seems to have made his model.

He commenced as Mr. Disraeli did, by attacking the chief of his own party, Sir Stafford Northcote, whom he has now driven out of the House of Commons. He was despaired at first, but he made so many telling points that the House began to listen to him with attention. Sir Stafford Northcote was becoming lethargic and unfit to lead a great party, and Lord Randolph Churchill's criticisms were well aimed, and they told. Gradually he gathered a group of young Tories around him, and his influence in the House increased. Now it has been found necessary to placate him by removing Sir Stafford Northcote to the House of Lords, and putting Lord Randolph in office.

SIR MICHAEL HICKS-BEACH.

Chancellor of the Exchequer.

THE statesman whom Lord Salisbury has selected for the office which we in this country call *Secretary of the Treasury* is forty-eight years of age. He was born in London in 1837, at the town residence of his father, who was Member of Parliament for the eastern division of Gloucestershire. He was educated at Eton, from whence he went to the University of Oxford, where he gained the degree of Bachelor of Arts in 1858, being placed in the first class of law and modern history. He graduated Master of Arts, after the usual interval.

Entering upon political life, he was elected, in July, 1864, Member of Parliament by his father's old constituents in East Gloucestershire, whom he has continued to represent in the Conserva-

tive interest to the present time. This is not the first time he has held office. He was Parliamentary Secretary to the Poor Law Board from February till December, 1868, with the exception of a few weeks, during which he was Under-Secretary for the Home (Interior) Department. He also served as a member of the Royal Commission on Friendly Societies.

When the Conservatives again came into power, after the election of February, 1874, Sir Michael Hicks-Beach was appointed by Mr. Disraeli to the responsible and difficult office of Chief Secretary for Ireland. Subsequent experience fully proved that the Premier was not mistaken in his estimate of Sir Michael's talents, for the Conservative Chief Secretary displayed such tact and moderation in the House of Commons as to extort compliments even from the Home Rule members at the termination of the protracted debates on the Irish Coercion Acts in the Session of 1875.

He has yet to prove whether he possesses the financial capacity requisite for a successful Secretary of the Treasury. The Conservatives have never been remarkable for ability in that department, and their errors never escape notice, for they have in Mr. Gladstone an opponent who whatever other defects he may have, is the most brilliant financier in the world. Beside this office, which in the circumstances is exceptionally difficult, Sir Michael is, by virtue of it, leader of his party in the House of Commons, and in any great debate will be expected to defend the home and foreign policy of the administration.

LORD JOHN MANNERS.

Postmaster-General.

THE dukedom of Rutland, which Lord John James Manners will inherit if he outlives his elder brother, is a very rich peerage. The motto of the family is "*Pour y parvenir*," (to attain to the object), and it is a very appropriate one. The Dukes of Rutland have kept one object consistently and steadily before them, and have "attained" it to a marvel. They made it their object to become rich in land and money, and they now possess 69,021 acres, a large part covered with valuable buildings, paying a rental of \$450,000 a year. A large portion of this property came into the family in the sixteenth century.

The head of the family in that time was favorite of Henry VIII., and when that king suppressed the monasteries Rutland succeeded in getting a fat slice of the plunder. Since the Rutlands have not been idle. At various times lands have been left to the people of the country as "common lands," where a poor man who had saved money enough to buy a horse or a cow might have free pasture for it. Wherever any of these lands lay near the Rutland estate the duke has stolen them or swindled the people out of them. In one parish alone—that of Braunston—he seized 1286 acres, which his son still holds.

Lord John Manners is the second son of the late, and brother of the present Duke of Rutland. He was born December 13th, 1818, and therefore in his sixty-seventh year. He was educated at Eton and Trinity College, Cambridge, where he graduated M.A. in 1839, and in June, 1841, he was, with Mr. Gladstone, elected Member of Parliament for Newark. In 1850 he was elected Member for Colchester, and continued to represent that borough till March, 1857, when he was elected for North Leicestershire.

He made his maiden speech in February, 1841, when he opposed the repeal of the Corn Laws, advocating, subsequently, the cultivation of diplomatic relations with the See of Rome, and of better understanding with the Irish priesthood and in many other matters showing that he held too broad opinions to act always with his party though he opposed Sir R. Peel's free-trade measures in 1845-46, and from that time identified himself with the Conservatives.

Lord John Manners's official experience was in minor offices until 1874, when he was placed in the office to which he is now again appointed—that of Postmaster-General.

THE EARL OF CARNARVON.

Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland.

THREE earldoms are in the possession of the fortunate family to which the Right Hon. Henry Howard Molyneux Herbert, Earl of Carnarvon, belongs—those of Carnarvon, Powis, and Pembroke. The present Earl of Carnarvon was born June 24th, 1831, and has therefore just completed the fifty-fourth year of his age. He was educated at Eton and Christ Church, Oxford, where he graduated as a first-class in classics in 1852, and D.C.L. in 1859.

Lord Carnarvon was Under-Secretary of State for the Colonies in Lord Derby's second administration, 1858-'59, and was appointed Secretary of State for the Colonies in Lord Derby's third administration, June, 1866.

Lord Carnarvon has a habit of disagreeing with his colleagues, and on this occasion he resigned the Colonial Secretaryship on account of a difference of opinion respecting Parliamentary Reform. Lord Carnarvon, in the speech he delivered on the occasion, avowed that he was opposed to allowing so large a number of poor and uneducated people to vote at elections as would be admitted to the franchise under the bill. So he resigned his office.

On the formation of Mr. Disraeli's (Earl of Beaconsfield's) Cabinet, in February, 1874, he was for the second time appointed Secretary of State for the Colonies. He resigned his seat in the Cabinet on January 24th, 1878, in consequence of his disagreement from his colleagues as to the policy of ordering the British fleet to proceed to the Dardanelles. Lord Derby, Foreign Secretary, tendered his resignation at the same time, but was induced to remain in office a short time longer, when he again resigned and joined the Liberals.

The appointment to the Vice-Royalty of Ireland is considered a wise one, as Lord Carnarvon is of a conciliatory disposition, and is known to be inclined to consider favorably proposals for a tentative experiment of local self-government. He has been favorably received in Dublin by the press and people.

SIR HARDINGE GIFFARD.

Lord High Chancellor.

THE coveted prize of the legal profession in Great Britain has fallen to a man but little known in this side the Atlantic. The office itself is a very valuable one, both in pay and patronage. The salary is \$50,000 a year, and a pension on retirement for life of \$25,000. It also carries the presidency of the House of Lords for the incumbent, and a seat there for his heirs in perpetuity.

Lord Salisbury has given this office to Sir Hardinge Stanley Giffard, who in 1875 held the office of Solicitor-General in the Cabinet of the Earl of Beaconsfield, when he also received the honor of knighthood. He is a son of the late Mr. Stanley Giffard, Barrister-at-Law, of Kilcorral, in Ireland. He was born about the year 1830, and is now fifty-five years old. He was educated at Oxford, where he graduated B.A. in 1852, and M.A. in 1855. He was called to the bar of the Inner Temple in 1859. He represented the Cornish borough of Launceston in the House of Commons.

SIR STAFFORD NORTHCOTE.

First Lord of the Treasury.

SIR STAFFORD HENRY NORTHCOTE, who has now been created Earl of Ildesleigh, and whose portrait appears on page 476, was born in London, October 27th, 1818, and is now in his sixty-seventh year.

Having passed some time at Eton, he was sent to Balliol College, Oxford, where he graduated B.A. in 1839, taking a first-class in classics. He subsequently acted as private secretary to Mr. Gladstone while that statesman was President of the Board of Trade, from 1843 to 1845, and on being called to the bar at the Inner Temple in 1847 he became Legal Secretary to the Board of Trade. On the death of his grandfather, Sir

Stafford Henry Northcote, in 1851, he succeeded to the family title and estates.

In March, 1855, he was elected a Member of Parliament for Dudley, and continued to represent that constituency till April, 1857. From July, 1858, till May, 1866, he sat in the House of Commons as member for Stamford, and was then elected for North Devonshire, though it had rejected him a few years previously. This constituency has since returned him at every succeeding general election.

Soon after his entrance into Parliament his experience of official life commenced. He held the post of Financial Secretary to the Treasury during the first half of the year 1859, and he was appointed President of the Board of Trade in Lord Derby's third administration in 1866. From the early part of 1867 until the end of 1868 he acted in the responsible capacity of Secretary of State for India. He was also a member of the Joint High Commission whose labors resulted in the Treaty of Washington in 1871.

When Mr. Disraeli (afterward Lord Beaconsfield) formed his Cabinet in 1874, Sir Stafford Northcote was appointed Chancellor of the Exchequer, and on the removal of the Premier to the House of Peers he became also the leader of the Conservative party in the House of Commons, which he has held until the present time. It is understood that he does not regard his elevation to the peerage as a promotion. He would have preferred to retain his post of Conservative leader in the Commons had not Lord Randolph Churchill insisted that a more capable man was needed in the Commons. As he has been, by his position as leader of the Conservatives, pitted against Mr. Gladstone, the difference in the abilities of the two men has been somewhat sharply defined. A witty but irreverent Member of Parliament recently hearing the Liberal leader described by the title his admirers give him of "the Grand Old Man," promptly gave his rival, Sir Stafford, the title of "the Grand Old Woman," and so querulous and indecisive is the late Conservative leader, that the title was too appropriate to be forgotten.

THE RIGHT HON. W. H. SMITH.

Secretary for War.

MR. WILLIAM HENRY SMITH, whose portrait appears on page 476, is a Londoner by birth. He was born in 1825. He received his early education at a free grammar school, where he continued a pupil until he was ready to enter his father's business. This was the book trade, in the days when cheap literature had not become the order of the day. The time, however, arrived when the popular newspapers were reduced to a penny, when cheap literature was published by the ton weight, and the copies numbered millions per week. As these were printed there came an increased demand for them. The Post Office was considered too slow and too expensive in its operations to transmit the weighty loads week by week into the country, or to distribute them in and around London; and it was then that the father of Mr. W. H. Smith proved himself to be a man equal to the emergencies of the hour. He opened stalls at the railway stations, where the morning papers were sold, and orders taken for other publications and the trade supplied.

The business became a great success in the hands of Mr. W. H. Smith alone, and before the firm became "W. H. Smith & Son." When the latter, however, entered the concern, he threw into it an amount of energy and tact that soon made a business which had been large before one of the most important in the country, and, being a monopoly, one of the most prosperous.

In 1868 the idea of his election as a Conservative for the radical constituency of Westminster might have seemed Utopian. Westminster had been for three years represented by Mr. John Stuart Mill, one of the broadest of the broad in politics, religion, and moral principles. But such was the reputation which Mr. W. H. Smith

had gained among the electors since the previous election in 1865, when he failed, that in 1868 they were proud to choose as their representative one who owed his rise from the ranks neither to aristocratic influence nor to subservient adulation of the people.

He had not long been in Parliament when the late Lord Beaconsfield offered him the post of Financial Secretary of the Treasury, a position demanding business qualifications of the highest order. During the subsequent Premiership of Lord Beaconsfield, in 1870, he was First Lord of the Admiralty. He is now made chief of the military department, though he knows as little about soldiers as he did about ships.

THE RIGHT HON. SIR R. A. CROSS.

Secretary for the Home Department.

RICHARD ASSHETON CROSS, whose portrait appears on page 476, was born at Red Scar, near Preston, Lancashire, on May 30th, 1823, and is therefore now sixty-two years of age.

He was educated at Rugby School, and at Trinity College, Cambridge. In 1846 he took his degree of Bachelor of Arts. In 1849, having chosen the law for his profession, he was called to the Bar at the Inner Temple.

In March, 1857, he was elected Member of Parliament for Preston as a Conservative, and continued to represent that borough until 1862. At the general election which took place in December, 1868, he came forward as a Conservative candidate for South-west Lancashire, in opposition to the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone. The election, which, as might have been expected, was watched with the keenest interest throughout the United Kingdom, terminated in Sir Richard Cross obtaining a majority of three hundred and fourteen votes above Mr. Gladstone. At the general election of 1874 Sir Richard Cross was returned without opposition.

On the formation of Mr. Disraeli's administration Sir Richard Cross was appointed Secretary for the Home Department—or, as we call it, "the Interior"—on February 31st, 1874, and on the same day he was sworn in as a member of the Privy Council. During the time he has been in Parliament he has been instrumental in passing several important acts, chiefly with the object of giving the poor and the workmen legal protection against the rapacity of employers and landlords.

His services at the Home Office, during the last Conservative administration, met with general approval, and by his undoubted skill in debate he rendered valuable and efficient aid to the Government, whose Eastern policy he skillfully vindicated in several powerful speeches.

Sir Richard Cross has also obtained a large share of public honors outside of Parliament, holding many coveted offices to which no salary is attached, but which prove that he is held in esteem by the people.

The First Jewish Peer ever Admitted into the British House of Lords, was sworn in on July 9th. The New York Herald says that Lord Rothschild was introduced by the Earl of Rosebery, husband of Hannah Rothschild, daughter of the late Baron Mayer, and by Lord Carrington, son of that Lord Carrington who, during ten years of contention, from 1848 to 1858, voted against the bill admitting Lord Rothschild's father, Baron Lionel, to the House of Commons. Several peers who fought in the latter period against Tory bigotry were present to see the revenge that the whirligig of time had brought. In the gallery were the proud and happy faces of Lady Rosebery, Lady Rothschild, Lady Anthony de Rothschild, Miss Alice de Rothschild, who watched the proceedings. The oath was taken with great solemnity on a Hebrew copy of the Pentateuch, held by Deputy-Clerk Ralph Disraeli, brother of the late Earl of Beaconsfield, while Lord Rothschild stood with his head covered. Then, as the first Hebrew peer took his seat on the front opposition bench below the gangway, all his colleagues cheered.

THE THREE RINGS.

A Sermon by Dr. Talmage.

"Put a ring on his hand."—LUKE 15 : 22.

The Richest Ring in Existence—God's Service a Joyous One—I. The Ring of Adoption—A Child's Old Dress Given Away in Philadelphia—Children of the Ruler—The Family Secrets—The Brotherhoods—II. The Marriage Ring—A Procession of Memories—No Divorce of that Marriage—Margaret, the Scottish Girl—III. The Ring of Festivity—The One Gold Ring—A Pillow of Rest—The Safe Anchorage—Life's Saturday-Night—A General Invitation—The Final Step.

I WILL not rehearse the familiar story of the fast young man of the parable. You know what a splendid home he left. You know what a hard time he had. And you remember how after that season of vagabondage and prodigality he resolved to go and weep out his sorrows on the bosom of parental forgiveness. Well, there is great excitement one day in front of the door of the old farm-house. The servants come rushing up and say, "What's the matter? What's the matter?" But before they quite arrive, the old man cries out: "Put a ring on his hand." What

A SEEMING ABSURDITY.

What can such a wretched mendicant as this fellow that is tramping on toward the house want with a ring? Oh, he is the prodigal son. No more tending of the swine-troop. No more longing for the pods of the carob-tree. No more blistered feet. Off with the rags! On with the robe! Out with the ring! Even so does God receive every one of us when we come back. There are gold rings, and pearl rings, and coral rings, and diamond rings; but the richest ring that ever flashed on the vision is that which our Father puts upon a forgiven soul.

I know that the impression is abroad among some people that religion becometh and belittles a man; that it takes all the sparkle out of his soul; that he has to exchange a roystering independence for an ecclesiastical strait-jacket. Not so. When a man becomes a Christian, he does not go down, he starts upward. Religion multiplies one by ten thousand. Nay, the multiplier is in infinity. It is not a blotting out—it is a polishing, it is an arborescence, it is an efflorescence, it is an irradiation. When a man comes into the kingdom of God he is not sent into a menial service, but the Lord God Almighty from the palaces of heaven calls upon the messenger angels that wait upon the throne to fly and "put a ring on his hand." In Christ is the largest liberty, and brightest joy, and highest honor, and richest adornment. "Put a ring on his hand."

I mark, in the first place, that when Christ receives a soul into His love, He puts upon him

THE RING OF ADOPTION.

Eight or ten years ago, in my church in Philadelphia, there came the representative of the Howard Mission of New York. He brought with him eight or ten children of the street, that he had picked up, and he was trying to find for them Christian homes; and as the little ones stood on the pulpit and sang, our hearts melted within us. At the close of the services a great-hearted wealthy man came up and said: "I'll take this little bright-eyed girl, and I'll adopt her as one of my own children;" and he took her by the hand, lifted her into his carriage, and went away.

The next day, while we were in the church gathering up garments for the poor of New York, this little child came back with a bundle under her arm, and she said: "There's my old dress; perhaps some of the poor children would like to have it," while she herself was in bright and beautiful array, and those who more immediately examined her said that she had a ring on her hand. It was a ring of adoption.

ANCESTRAL PRIDE.

There are a great many persons who pride themselves on their ancestry, and they glory over the royal blood that pours through their arteries. In their line there was a lord, or a duke, or a

prime-minister, or a king. But when the Lord, our Father, puts upon us the ring of His adoption, we become the children of the Ruler of all nations. "Behold what manner of love the Father hath bestowed upon us, that we should be called the sons of God." It matters not how poor our garments may be in this world, or how live in, or how mean the hut we live in, if we have that ring of Christ's adoption upon our hand we are assured of eternal defenses.

Adopted! Why, then, we are brothers and sisters to all the good of earth and heaven. We have the family name, the family dress, the family keys, the family wardrobe. The Father looks after us, robes us, defends us, blesses us. We have royal blood in our veins, and there are crowns in our line. If we are His children, then princes and princesses. It is only a question of time when we get our coronet. Adopted! Then we have the family secrets. "The secret of the Lord is with them that fear Him." Adopted! Then we have the family inheritance, and in the day when our Father shall divide the riches of heaven we shall take our share of the mansions, and palaces, and temples. Henceforth, let us boast no more of an earthly ancestry. The insignia of eternal glory is our coat-of-arms. This ring of adoption puts upon us all honor and all privilege. Now we can take the words of Charles Wesley, that prince of hymn-makers, and sing:

"Come let us join our friends above,
Who have obtained the prize;
And on the eagle wings of love
To joy celestial rise.

"Let all the saints terrestrial sing
With those to glory gone;
For all the servants of our king,
In heaven and earth, are one."

I have been told that when any of the members of any of the great secret societies of this country are in a distant city and are in any kind of trouble, and are set upon by enemies, they have only to give a certain signal and the members of that organization will flock around for defence. And when any man belongs to this great Christian brotherhood, if he gets in trouble, in trial, in persecution, in temptation, he has only to show this ring of Christ's adoption, and all the armed cohorts of heaven will come to his rescue.

Still further: when Christ takes a soul into His love He puts upon it

A MARRIAGE RING.

Now that is not a whim of mine. "And I will betroth thee unto me for ever; yea, I will betroth thee unto me in righteousness, and in judgment, and in lovingkindness, and in mercies" (Hosea 2 : 19). At the wedding altar the bridegroom puts a ring upon the hand of the bride, signifying love and faithfulness. Trouble may come upon the household, and the carpets may go, the pictures may go, the piano may go, everything else may go; the last thing that goes is that marriage ring, for it is considered sacred. In the burial hour it is withdrawn from the hand and kept in a casket, and sometimes the box is opened on an anniversary day, and as you look at that ring you see under its arch a long procession of precious memories. Within the golden circle of that ring there is room for a thousand sweet recollections to revolve, and you think of the great contrast between the hour when, at the close of the "Wedding March," under the flashing lights and amid the aroma of orange-blossoms, you set that ring on the round finger of the plump hand, and that other hour when, at the close of exhaustive watching, when you knew that the soul had fled, you took from the hand, which gave back no responsive clasp, from that emancipated finger, the ring that she had worn so long and worn so well.

On some anniversary day you take up that ring, and you polish it until all the old lustre comes back, and you can see in it the flash of eyes that long ago ceased to weep. Oh, it is not an unmeaning thing when I tell you that when Christ receives a soul into His keeping He puts on it a marriage ring. He endows you from that

moment with all His wealth. You are one—Christ and the soul—one in sympathy, one in affection, one in hope.

There is no power in earth or hell to effect a divorce after Christ and the soul are united. Other kings have turned out their companions when they got weary of them, and sent them adrift from the palace gate. Ahasuerus banished Vashti; Napoleon forsook Josephine; but Christ is the husband that is true forever. Having loved you once, he loves you to the end. Did they not try to divorce Margaret, the Scotch girl, from Jesus? They said: "You must give up your religion." She said: "I can't give up my religion." And so they took her down to the beach of the sea, and they drove in a stake at low-water mark, and they fastened her to it, expecting that as the tide came up her faith would fail. The tide began to rise, and came up higher and higher, and to the girdle, and to the hip, and in the last moment, just as the wave was washing her soul into glory, she shouted the praises of Jesus.

Oh, no, you cannot separate a soul from Christ. It is an everlasting marriage. Battle and storm and darkness cannot do it. Is it too much exaltation for a man, who is but dust and ashes like myself, to cry out this morning: "I am persuaded that neither height, nor depth, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor any other creature shall separate me from the love of God which is in Christ Jesus my Lord"? Glory be to God that when Christ and the soul are married they are bound by a chain, a golden chain—if I might say so—a chain with one link, and that one link the golden ring of God's everlasting love.

I go a step further, and tell you that when Christ receives a soul into His love He puts on him

THE RING OF FESTIVITY.

You know that it has been the custom in all ages to bestow rings on very happy occasions. There is nothing more appropriate for a birthday gift than a ring. You delight to bestow such a gift upon your children at such a time. It means joy, hilarity, festivity. Well, when this old man of the text wanted to tell how glad he was that his boy had got back, he expressed it in this way. Actually, before he ordered sandals to be put on his bare feet, before he ordered the fatted calf to be killed to appease the boy's hunger, he commanded: "Put a ring on his hand."

Oh, it is a merry time when Christ and the soul are united. Joy of forgiveness! What a splendid thing it is to feel that all is right between me and God. What a glorious thing it is to have God just take up all the sins of my life and put them in one bundle, and then fling them into the depths of the sea, never to rise again, never to be talked of again. Pollution all gone. Darkness all illumined. God reconciled. The prodigal home. "Put a ring on his hand."

THE ONE GOLD RING.

Every day I find happy Christian people. I find some of them with no second coat, some of them in huts and tenement houses, not one earthly comfort afforded them; and yet they are as happy as happy can be. They sing "Rock of Ages" as no other people in the world sing it. They never wear any jewelry in their life but one gold ring, and that was the ring of God's undying affection. Oh, how happy religion makes us. Did it make you gloomy and sad? Did you go with your head cast down? I do not think you got religion, my brother. That is not the effect of religion. True religion is a joy. "Her ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace."

Why, religion lightens all our burdens. It smooths all our way. It interprets all our sorrows. It changes the jar of earthly discord for the peal of festal bells. In front of the flaming furnace of trial it sets the forge on which sceptres are hammered out. Would you not like to-day to come up from the swine-leaving and try this religion? All the joys of heaven would come out and meet you, and God would cry from the throne: "Put a ring on his hand."

YOU ARE NOT HAPPY.

I see it. There is no peace, and sometimes you laugh when you feel a great deal more like crying. The world is a cheat. It first wears you down with its follies, then it kicks you out into darkness. It comes back from the massacre of a million souls to attempt the destruction of your soul to-day. No peace out of God, but here is the fountain that can slake the thirst. Here is the harbor where you can drop *safe anchorage*.

Would you not like, I ask you—not perfunctorily, but as one brother might talk to another—would you not like to have a pillow of rest to put your head on? And would you not like when you retire at night to feel that all is well, whether you wake up to-morrow morning at six o'clock, or sleep the sleep that knows no waking? Would you not like to exchange this awful uncertainty about the future for a glorious assurance of heaven? Accept of the Lord Jesus to-day, and all is well. If on your way home some peril should cross the street and dash your life out, it would not hurt you. You would rise up immediately. You would stand in the celestial streets. You would be amid the great throng that forever worship and are forever happy. If this day some sudden disease should come upon you, it would not frighten you. If you knew you were going you could give a calm farewell to your beautiful home on earth, and know that you are going right into the companionship of those who have already got beyond the toiling and the weeping.

LIFE'S SATURDAY NIGHT.

You feel on Saturday night different from the way you feel any other night of the week. You come home from the bank, or the store, or the shop, and you say: "Well, now my week's work is done, and to-morrow is Sunday." It is a pleasant thought. There is refreshment and reconstruction in the very idea. Oh, how pleasant it will be, when we get through the day of our life, and lie down in our bed of dust, we can realize: "Well, now the work is all done, and to-morrow is Sunday—an everlasting Sunday."

"Oh, when, thou city of my God,
Shall I thy courts ascend?
Where congregations ne'er break up,
And Sabbaths have no end."

There are people in the house to-day who are very near the eternal world. If you are Christians, I bid you be of good cheer. Bear with our congratulations to the bright city. Aged men, who will soon be gone, take with you our love for our kindred in the better land, and when you see them, tell them that we are soon coming. Only a few more sermons to preach and hear. Only a few more heartaches. Only a few more toils. Only a few more tears. And then—what an entrancing spectacle will open before us!

"Beautiful heaven, where all is light,
Beautiful angels, clothed in white,
Beautiful strains that never tire,
Beautiful harps through all the choir;
There shall I join the chorus sweet,
Worshipping at the Saviour's feet."

I stand before you on this Sabbath, the last Sabbath preceding the great feast-day in this Church. On the next Lord's day the door of communion will be open, and you will all be invited to come in. And so I approach you now with

A GENERAL INVITATION.

not picking out here and there a man, or here and there a woman, or here and there a child; but giving you an unlimited invitation, saying: "Come, for all things are now ready." We invite you to the warm heart of Christ and the enclosure of the Christian Church. I know a great many think that the Church does not amount to much—that it is obsolete; that it did its work and is gone now, so far as all usefulness is concerned. It is the happiest place I have ever been in except my own home.

I know there are some people who say they are Christians who seem to get along without

any help from others, and who culture solitary piety. They do not want any ordinances. I do not belong to that class. I cannot get along without them. There are so many things in this world that take my attention from God, and Christ, and heaven, that I want all the helps of all the symbols and of all the Christian associations; and I want around about me a solid phalanx of men who love God and keep His commandments. Are there any here who would like to enter into that association? Then by a simple, childlike faith, apply for admission into the visible Church and you will be received. No questions asked about your past history or present surroundings. Only one test—do you love Jesus?

Baptism does not amount to anything, say a great many people; but the Lord Jesus declared: "He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved," putting baptism and faith side by side. And an apostle declares: "Repent and be baptized, every one of you." I do not stickle for any particular mode of baptism, but I put great emphasis on the fact that you ought to be baptized. Yet no more emphasis than the Lord Jesus Christ, the Great Head of the Church, puts upon it.

THE FINAL STEP.

The world is going to lose a great many of its votaries next Sabbath. We give you warning. There is a great host coming in to stand under the banner of the Lord Jesus Christ. Will you be among them? It is going to be a great harvest day. Will you be among the gathered sheaves? Some of you have been thinking on this subject year after year. You have found out that this world is a poor portion. You want to be Christians. You have come almost into the kingdom of God; but there you stop, forgetful of the fact that to be almost saved is not to be saved at all. Oh, my brother, after having come so near to the door of mercy, if you turn back you will never come at all. After all you have heard of the goodness of God, if you turn away and die, it will not be because you did not have a good offer.

"God's spirit will not always strive
With hardened, self-destroying man;
Ye who persist His love to grieve,
May never hear His voice again."

May God Almighty this hour move upon your soul and bring you back from the husks of the wilderness to the Father's house, and set you at the banquet, and "put a ring on your hand."

THE CAMBRIDGE ATHLETES IN CHINA.

MESSRS. STUDD and Smith, the two young Cambridge students whose portraits appeared in this journal on April 9th, have arrived at their chosen field of labor for Christ. In the course of a letter to the *Independent*, dated Pekin, May 8th, the Rev. Henry Blodget, D.D., thus refers to the arrival there of the young men and their companions:

"Among the seventy and more missionaries who have recently come to China from England, in connection with the China Inland Mission, are five graduates of Cambridge University, and two young officers who have resigned their commissions in the British Army. One of these Cambridge graduates, Mr. Stanley P. Smith, had the stroke oar in the University boat race in 1882." Another, Mr. C. T. Studd, was a well-known member of the cricket club, which played against the Australian club. These young men now enter, with the other members of that mission—about one hundred and fifty in all—upon the great work of evangelizing the Chinese people. On their arrival in China they assumed the Chinese costume, and had their heads shaved, preparatory to braiding in the Chinese queue, as is customary in that and in some other missions. Thus apparelled, they made their preparations for leaving western civilization on the shores of China, and taking up their abode in the city of Han Chung in the remote province of Shensi, in the north-western part of China, thence to go to Szechuen, or to

what other region the necessities of the work might call them.

Before leaving Shanghai these brethren held a series of evangelistic services, at which all English-speaking persons were invited to be present. Large numbers attended, attracted by the report of what these men had been in England, as well as by the fact that two of them were so well known in athletic contests. The audiences listened most attentively to their earnest and powerful addresses, and quite a number were converted. *The chaplain at the cathedral in Shanghai* acknowledged that now he had come to know the Saviour.

At Shanghai they parted company, some to go by the river route to Han Chung, while Messrs. Smith, Cassel and Hoste came with Mr. Bolles to Tientsin and Peking, to go thence by land to Tai-Yuan-fu and Han Chung. At Tientsin the same blessing followed their labors. Some who had long halted between two opinions were brought to take a decided stand for Christ. At Peking their circular letter, inviting all to attend evangelistic services, brought together many who seldom or never before had been found in such places. Among them were Roman Catholics, a Greek Catholic, and Protestants of various denominations. All listened most attentively while Mr. Stanley P. Smith set forth with great eloquence and power the simple truths of the Gospel. The services lasted for ten successive evenings, while meetings were also held each afternoon in different parts of the city. The simplicity and earnestness of these young missionaries won all hearts, and their preaching was with power.

"These brethren preach and teach the old Gospel in the spirit and power of such men as Finney and Kirk, Moody and Spurgeon. They have no new notions in regard to eschatology. They give themselves wholly to their work. *The most remarkable thing* in their preaching is their familiarity with and dependence upon the Bible. Their mouths are full of the most apt quotations from the Old Testament and the New, and they use these with great power. Their lives are marked by self-denial and prayer, with fasting. They visited no remarkable places in Peking, saw no sights, wondered at nothing, but made it their one object, while here, to seek for themselves and for Christians the power of God's Spirit according to His promise.

"There are now in Cambridge University forty men or more who are looking toward missionary work in the foreign field; a large number, also, in Oxford. From these old universities fresh streams are issuing forth to gladden the desert wastes. One can but think in this connection of Yale and Harvard. Is this kind of religion dying out in these universities? Have the officers and students in these seats of learning nothing to learn from the parent universities in the mother land?"

Temperance Progress in Canada is Indicated

by the vote recently taken in the Canadian House of Commons, on the proposal to exempt beer, ale, and light wines from the operation of the Scott act. The Senate had already voted for such exemption, and the most powerful pressure was brought to bear on the House of Commons by the united liquor interest of the Dominion, which realized that this was probably their last opportunity to destroy the Scott act. The amendment was rejected by a vote of 86 to 78. This victory was won in face of the fact that there were many members who dodged the vote. At the same time several amendments regulating the sale of liquor by druggists were adopted. These allow sales for medicinal purposes, sales of patent medicines and other preparations containing alcohol, and the sale of as much as eight ounces of liquor at one time by apothecaries in localities under the Scott act. Amendments were adopted requiring physicians and druggists to register all sales, and make annual returns to the Government, and imposing penalties for violation of the conditions granting these privileges.

ANECDOTES RELATED AT THE EVANGELISTIC MEETINGS IN SCOTLAND.

How Converts are Made.—At a Recent Meeting Mr. Barr, a devoted Christian worker, related the following: "The other day I was visiting at a house not far away, and saw that the woman was troubled about something, and I said, 'I think you are anxious about your soul.' 'Yes,' she responded, 'I am very anxious.' Then I preached Christ to her, and after I had done so, she asked, 'Am I to rest my soul upon that?' After speaking to her a little longer, she sweetly entered into the glorious light and liberty of the children of God. The result was that first her husband and then her brother gave themselves to Christ, and now the outcome of it all is that they are having evangelistic meetings in their house every night, and men and women are being led to the Saviour."

The Power of a Little Word.—The Rev. Mr. Riddell remarked: "I heard some time ago of a man in Dundee who was very much concerned about his soul, and had been struggling hard to get into the true light, but he said he could not see the way; it all seemed so dark to him; he did not understand it. One day, however, he visited his minister, and told him that he had found rest and peace in Jesus. 'In what way?' inquired the minister, much interested. 'By one of the smallest words in the Bible,' was the response, and he quoted the verse, 'Come unto Me all ye that labor, and I will give you rest.' And he said, 'It was not the Come that did it, but the little word "Me"; it made me see myself as a helpless, lost sinner, and Jesus was there lovingly and patiently waiting to receive me.'"

Why the Man Whistled.—Mr. McPhail related the following: "Some time ago I was walking through a graveyard, and noticed a young man going on before me whistling cheerfully. Supposing him to be the gravedigger, I accosted him thus: 'You seem to be very happy.' 'And why should I not be?' was the reply. 'I did not think one of your calling could be very happy,' I said, and then he told me the cause of his enjoyment. He said: 'Two years ago I was walking along a street intoxicated, when two ladies came up to me and asked if I would come into a meeting. I went with them and signed the pledge at their earnest request, and before leaving they knelt down and asked the Lord to keep me. They were surprised but very glad to see me back at the meeting the following morning, when I gave myself to the Lord. I went home and told my wife; she also gave her heart to Jesus, and not only my wife, but my children are converted, and who should be happier than I?'"

A Gambler Struck Blind.—James Newby, the colored missionary, related the following strange incident, of which he professed himself an eyewitness: "At one time gambling was the very passion of my life. I devoted myself entirely to it. Week-day and Sunday, it was all alike to me. On one occasion my companions and I prolonged our play to about 4 A.M. on the Lord's Day. A young man, who had lost heavily, connecting his losses with this fact, suddenly exclaimed: 'Well, if I play any more on a Sunday morning may I be a struck blind!' On the following Saturday evening he was again in his place at the card-table. On this occasion he was the winner. A little before midnight he said, 'This is my last game; I am done playing,' referring to what he had said the week before. We, however, did not wish him to stop playing just then, as he had all our money in his hands, so we coaxed him into commencing again. I think I see him yet, when, after having dealt round the cards, he took out his handkerchief and, wiping his eyes, said, 'What is the matter with me?' Just as he spoke the clock on the mantel-shelf began to chime the hour of twelve. Then suddenly, as the last stroke sounded, throwing up his hands, he exclaimed: 'O God, I am blind!' 'What is the matter with you?' we asked. 'I am blind! I am blind!' he replied. As there could be no

doubt but that he was really so, it was suggested that he should be taken home as fast as possible. You may be curious to know what became of him. He continues blind to this day, his eyes being covered with white scales. This judgment from God made no change in him."

A Deadly Poison is at Work in our Midst.—said a clergyman. "A man I knew, connected with my own church, formerly an eager listener to the truths of the Gospel, a communicant, living alone, lately to the surprise and horror of all who knew him, not many days ago, for no apparent cause, committed suicide. The secret was discovered when, after death, in his room was found a pile of C. Bradlaugh's infidel literature, including a whole year's series of an infidel serial, illustrated with coarse and blasphemous caricatures of all that is held holy and sacred by a Christian man, pictures that no man, with any fear of God in his heart, would dare to look upon a second time. This poor man's mind was, without doubt, unhinged by the guilty practice he had indulged—the poison had entered his soul, and, alienated from the fear of God, he had yielded to the promptings of the tempter. In these evil days nothing but the close adherence to the Word of God can keep the unlearned and the unstable from the paths of the Destroyer."

A Good Night's Work.—Professor Lindsay said: "A woman used to come to our meetings who for a long time was in great anxiety about her soul. Her husband laughed at her when she spoke to him of her conscious sin and misery, and told her she was talking only a lot of nonsense. An earnest young minister visited the woman three or four times to try and lead her into the light, and one Sunday he was putting Christ's promises before her, when she suddenly exclaimed, 'Ah, I see it all now! Yes, I see it all now! My salvation is complete!' Her husband was sitting by the fireplace, but was not taking any part in the conversation, and the young minister, turning to him, said: 'I have not spoken to you yet. He listened to all he had to say, but was in no way impressed. The minister went away, promising to call again. On his next visit he found the man also rejoicing in Christ. He said, 'I took Christ five minutes after you went away. I listened to all you had to say both to my wife and to myself, but quite unmoved. When you left I rose and went to the door, and stood looking out into the night, and as I stood the whole light of the Gospel came over me like a flood. I saw myself a helpless sinner, but I also saw the finished work of Christ, and when I turned into the house I was a saved man.'"

Fleeing From the Sound of the Church Bells.—A Scotch minister related that "there was a young man in the county of Perth who was a very hardened sinner. Above all things he hated the sound of church bells, and so great a dislike had he to them that every Sunday morning he rose early and walked far out of town to be away from the sound of them. For five years he continued this practice, until one morning he slept rather later than usual, and he hastened to be out of their hearing; but he was too late—the bells began to ring, calling the worshippers of God together. The sound made him stand still, for he had not heard them for five years. He retraced his footsteps, entered the nearest church, and sat down in a back part of the gallery. While the minister was speaking, a verse entered his mind, 'I will be found of them that sought me not.' As he sat there tears fell on the book before him. He did not know where he had heard the verse, for it was not in the church, and before he left the seat he surrendered himself to the Saviour. So overjoyed was he that he could not go to his work on Monday, and made up his mind to go and tell his sister the glad news. When he entered her house, she exclaimed: 'Oh, George, I know what you are come for: it is to tell me that you have given yourself to Jesus. I have prayed for you for ten years, but yesterday morning I prayed for you as I never prayed before. I

cried, 'Oh, Lord, he is now running from the sound of the church bells, but Thou hast said, 'I will be found of them that sought Me not.' Oh, take him back, and arrest him just now.' I knew when that prayer was finished it was heard and answered, and I have been looking for you since then.' Brother and sister now rejoice together, because both are on their way to heaven."

THE MIDNIGHT CRY.

From an Address by Mr. Nathaniel Starkey.

Certainly Coming—The Church Put off her Guard—Two Questions Answered—The Coming Cry—I. As to Time—At Midnight—Before the Millennial Reign—II. As to Manner—Four Stages—III. As to Purpose—To Dethrone the Usurper—To Reign with His Saints.

To those who have an ear to hear and a heart to perceive we propose to offer a few suggestions arising out of the words, "At midnight there was a cry made, Behold, the Bridegroom cometh, go ye out to meet him" (Matt. 25:6).

That this same Jesus who was taken up into heaven shall so come in like manner as He was seen to go, is clearly told us in Acts 1:11. That He shall come the second time without sin unto salvation is also clearly set forth in Heb. 9:28. But, that the sinner may go on in sin, and the saint may continue his slumber, the enemy confuses the mind of thinking men by spiritualizing away the meaning of these plain statements of Scripture, and, as a very lullaby, borrows the words of our Lord—"Of that day and hour knoweth no man, no not the angels in heaven." But He also said, "Take heed to yourselves, lest at any time your hearts be overcharged with the cares of this life, and so that day come upon you unawares. For

AS A SNARE shall it come on all them that dwell on the face of the whole earth." Now, because a period of a thousand years is marked off as lying between the first resurrection and the final judgment (see Rev. 20), called the Millennium, two questions naturally arise, and they have divided the thought of the best and wisest of Bible students for ages. First, Will the second coming of Christ be visible and personal? Second, Will it be pre- or post-millennial?

To answer the two questions in our present design, in order to which we have chosen the words, "At midnight there was a cry made," which we propose to view in three aspects: First, As to time; Second, As to manner; Third, As to purpose.

I. AS TO TIME.

At midnight the cry is made; and then the coming of the bridegroom will be after midnight and toward morning. Not necessarily a solar night or morning, for when it is night in one part of the earth, it is morning elsewhere. But His coming, who made the sun, shall make the morning, that morning without clouds to all to whom He comes: so then night and morning are here figurative, signifying the end of one age and the dawn of another. *By whom*, then, is the cry at midnight made? Evidently by some watchers who have kept awake till midnight, some who knew their Lord's will and did it better than even the wise virgins who went forth to meet the bridegroom, and while He tarried they slumbered and slept.

But if the day and hour is not to be known until it comes, it should not be difficult to determine whether its coming is before or after the millennial period. In Matt. 13:41 we read, "The Son of Man shall send forth His angels, and shall gather out of His kingdom all scandals, and them which do iniquity; and shall cast them into a furnace of fire: then shall the righteous shine forth in the kingdom of their Father." From this we learn that His coming is to clear away the tares, the children of the wicked one, to bind the father of lies himself, casting him into the bottomless pit, and setting a seal on him, that he should have no liberty for the thousand years that Christ is to reign on the earth with all His saints. And

WHEN THIS IS TO BE,

we further learn from Luke 19:12, etc., where our Lord sets forth Himself as a nobleman going into a far country to receive for Himself (the title-deeds of) a kingdom and to return. And then comes the reckoning with the servants left in charge during His absence. From all this it is evident that the adjudication and appointment of the worthy, as well as the sentence pronounced on the unworthy, must precede and preface the establishment of the millennial reign of blessedness foreshadowed and promised in Romans 8:19 to 23.

II. AS TO MANNER.

Here, for lack of discrimination, many become so confused between one passage of Scripture and another, that the subject is too soon given up by the uninitiated in hopeless despair, failing to see that this Second Coming of our Lord consists of three or four stages: First, Into the air secretly; Second, In the clouds visibly; Third, On the earth standing; Fourth, On the throne of David sitting.

First: Into the air secretly, suddenly, and unseen by the world, seen only by those who are caught up to meet Him there. For we read in Matt. 24:40, etc., "Two shall be in the field, one taken and another left; two grinding at the mill, one taken, the other left;" for as a thief He will come. And where Luke records the same, he adds: "two shall be in one bed; one shall be taken and the other left;" "we shall be caught up together to meet the Lord in the air" (1 Thess. 4:17). There his bride shall continue with him for three and a half, or, it may be, seven years when he shall appear in the second stage.

Second: In the clouds visibly, with power and great glory, as we learn from Daniel first, in chap. 7:9, etc.; also Matt. 24:30, "they shall see the Son of Man coming in the clouds of heaven with power and great glory;" also Rev. 1:7, "Behold He cometh in clouds, and every eye shall see Him, they also which pierced Him, and all kindreds of the earth shall wail because of Him;" also Rev. 6:16, when "the great, the rich, the mighty, both bondmen and free men say to the mountains and rocks, Fall on us, and hide us from the face of Him that sitteth on the throne, and from the wrath of the Lamb;" also Rev. 19:11, etc., when "He is seen as a King of Kings and Lord of Lords, riding forth to universal conquest, the armies of heaven following Him upon white horses clothed in fine linen, white and clean."

Third: On the earth standing; in that same spiritual body which He took up on the morning of His resurrections, bearing the credentials of the crucified One in His hand and His feet; whereof Zachariah had a glimpse, when he was inspired to say, "Then shall the Lord go forth, and His feet shall stand in that day upon the Mount of Olives."

THE VERY SPOT

from which He went up shall be the spot to which He will return and on which He will alight.

Fourth: On the throne of his father David sitting, for so has it been foreshown and promised, "He must reign till He hath put all His enemies under His feet;" so declared the angel Gabriel: "He shall be great, and shall be called the Son of the Highest, and the Lord God shall give unto Him the throne of His father David, and He shall reign over the house of Jacob for ever, and of His kingdom there shall be no end." What then to do? See Rev. 21:3, "He that sat upon the throne said, Behold I make all things new." For then new heavens and a new earth shall reveal a new age wherein righteousness and blessing shall abound, as now unrighteousness and the curse abound.

III. AS TO PURPOSE,

and this we have somewhat anticipated, but briefly let us add: To dethrone the usurper, whose words were no vain idle boast, when he showed our Lord all the kingdoms of the world in a moment of time, and said: "All this power will I give thee, and the glory of them, that

is delivered unto me, and to whomsoever I will give it." (And there is no other way of accounting for the success of cruel emperors, and the prevalence of false faiths hitherto.) But He comes to overthrow the usurper, and be set as rightful heir on His holy hill of Zion. There, on David's throne, to "reign in Mount Zion before His ancients gloriously," for Enoch must be there, Noah, Daniel, and Job, Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, Moses, and Samuel, David, and Solomon, Isaiah, Jeremiah, and Ezekiel, who saw Him in vision only, but then must see Him, the Son of Man, the Son of God, the Christ of all the Scriptures, for "to Him all the prophets witness." There to rule all nations with a rod of iron (typical of strength, not oppression), until they become willing to bow to His sceptre of love. There and then to

REIGN WITH HIS SAINTS

one thousand years, as we read in Rev. 2:26, 27; 3:21; 5:10; and 20:4-6. Israel, the lineal descendants of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, restored to divine favor, shall become the regal nation on earth. Jehovah's bride in Jerusalem restored, beautiful for situation, the joy of the whole earth, shall Mount Zion be, as the city of the Great King. Then shall the teeming millions of Asia and Africa, as well as of Europe, America, and the isles afar off, abolish their idols for ever, and

ALL FALSE RELIGIONS SHALL VANISH

like mist before the rising of the sun. Then shall the wolf lie down with the lamb, and the leopard with the kid. "They shall not hurt nor destroy in all my holy mountain, for the earth shall be filled with the knowledge of the glory of the Lord, as the waters cover the sea."

"Hallelujah! Praise ye the Lord," shall then go up in one joyous anthem, transporting to man and well pleasing to God. This is the good time coming, and no other. The burden of Dumah may well become ours. "He calleth to me out of Seir, Watchman, what of the night? Watchman, what of the night? The watchman said, The morning cometh, and also the night." First the night and then the morning.

A REMARKABLE FAITH-CURE.

AMONG the interesting incidents published in the current number of *Triumphs of Faith*, by Miss Carrie Judd, of Buffalo, N. Y., is the following, which we condense:

NERVOUS PROSTRATION.

The Rev. S. S. Binkley writes from Barnesville, O.: "While pastor of Prospect Street Methodist Episcopal Church, in Cleveland, O., by overtaxing my strength, I was suddenly prostrated in the pulpit, on Sabbath evening, April 16th, 1882. My physician seemed to think that a few months' rest would suffice to restore my former vigor. I therefore resigned my church and arranged to lay aside all care and labor for several months, fully expecting to regain my health in a short time. In this hope I was disappointed; instead of improving I grew worse."

I consulted with nine different physicians, tried various remedies, made change of climate, and did all that I could in the use of means, without any decided relief. For some time it was difficult to determine my disease precisely, but after a year and a half the main trouble seemed to be located in the base of the *brain and spine*, accompanied with very serious stomach derangement. Sleep gave me temporary relief, and for nearly two years I slept from ten to twelve hours in every twenty-four. By rest and change of climate my general strength was somewhat improved.

"After a rest from pastoral charge for eighteen months, I finally took charge of a small church. I commenced by preaching but once on the Sabbath, expecting to be able to preach twice a day in a few months, but it was soon found that one sermon a week made me much worse. I began to cast about in my mind as to some location for a home at the close of the Conference year in October, expecting to retire from the work of the ministry, feeling wholly unable to discharge any of its duties, and wonder-

ing how I could possibly hold on until the year should end.

"A short time before this, the physician who seemed best to understand my case, informed me that no medicine could give me permanent relief, that my case would require extreme care and a long period of time for recovery, and at one time told a friend that he thought my days of preaching were over.

"On the evening of June 16th, 1884, I awoke, after having sought relief to my brain in a sleep of about three hours; I felt worse than I ever had before, and my case seemed perfectly helpless and hopeless, so far as human power was concerned. But instantly I was strangely drawn out in earnest and importunate prayer, not only for relief, but for complete restoration. The Spirit of God seemed to take sudden and complete possession of my whole heart, and the Spirit of prayer and faith that filled me seemed to be God-given. I fell upon my knees and began to pray and renew my consecration to God."

"Previous to this time in all of my praying and efforts at believing for healing, I wanted to experience some sensible touch of God's power in my body that would wholly remove disease and impart vigor and strength to my system. I felt that with such an experience, I could gladly proclaim the healing power of God for His own glory, but without this sensible change I had felt unwilling to go forth in the strength of faith only."

"But, now, while upon my knees, I promised God that I would *act out my faith*, that I would give up the use of human means, would not look at symptoms (either favorable or unfavorable), but would *trust in Christ and His promise alone* for healing. No sudden or sensible change took place in my body, save that I felt some new physical vigor and experienced the strongest Divine assurance of entire healing."

"My first test was in regard to eating; for several years it was necessary that I should use the greatest care in my diet, and with all the precaution and self-denial I had practised, my stomach caused me great suffering, and this increased my brain trouble."

"After rising from my knees, I went to the tea-table and ate thankfully what was set before me. From that time I did the same, using only the care that a person of sound health ought to use—eating many things that I had not dared to eat for several years. For many months my digestion was so perfect that I scarcely felt that I had a stomach. For this wonderful change I praised God almost constantly, and the reality of it has been confirmed by nearly a year of experience. Upon this point I have had some tests of my faith, but have always had final victory. I felt new vigor and strength in my brain but the immediate change in that particular was not so apparent. The next Sabbath, however, I preached with but little of the excitement that had previously attended mental effort. On the second Sabbath the improvement was still more marked, and in a few weeks I was able to preach twice on Sabbath and to perform an increased amount of pastoral work."

"Thus, in the strength of God, in answer to repeated applications at the throne of grace, I was enabled to complete the year's work, and in October, at the session of Conference, was appointed to my present charge, having a membership in the beginning of the year of more than four hundred. In the strength of God, I have labored six months, passing through a series of revival services, lasting nearly three months, and, with God's blessing, I am better than when I commenced. The work requires me to attend six services regularly every week, besides doing a large amount of pastoral work in a membership of nearly seven hundred."

"It often becomes necessary for me to go to the Great Physician for a renewal of strength, pleading the atonement of Christ and the promises and covenant of God. But this experience has taught me the lesson of "walking by faith," leaning upon the arm of the Omnipotent, covenant-keeping, God, who never fails me."

CHRISTIAN HERALD

AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES.

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CURRENT EVENTS.

An Effort on the Part of the New York banks to assist the Government was made last week. This action is significant as a reversal of the usual relations. As a rule heretofore in emergencies, it has been the Government that has come to the assistance of the banks. But just now the Government is in a difficulty, and the banks, from motives of gratitude or interest, are endeavoring to extricate it from an impending crisis. For some time past the stock of gold at the command of the Treasury has been dwindling. It has been compelled to pay out twenty-four million dollars a year in gold for the purchase of silver to make silver dollars, and as it is bound to accept silver on deposit from citizens, the time is necessarily approaching when it will have to pay the interest on the public debt in silver. In order to avoid that step, which would cause serious financial disturbance, the banks have offered to supply the Government with twenty millions or more in gold to carry on until Congress meets in December, when an effort will be made to relieve the Government from the necessity to continue coining the silver dollar. The aid cannot legally be rendered directly, but some means will doubtless be found for doing it indirectly.

Another Stage of the Miserable "Dolphin" business was reached last week. The ship, it would appear, is not to be added to the curious collection of vessels called "the American Navy." Mr. Whitney having informed the Attorney-General that the Dolphin is defective in speed and strength, requested to be informed whether the Government was bound to accept the ship. Mr. Garland's formal opinion was published last week. It was to the effect that the Secretary of the Navy could not legally take the vessel. The Act of Congress under which the ship was built called for a despatch boat having a sea speed of fifteen knots. It was not so specified in the contract, but the contractor is supposed by law to be aware of the character of the act under which his contract is awarded. The stipulation as to strength is less definite, but as the contract called for a vessel strong enough for a specified purpose, and Mr. Whitney affirms that the Dolphin is not strong

enough for that purpose, the Attorney-General holds that in that matter also the contractor has failed to fulfil his contract. Besides those two grounds for rejecting the ship Mr. Garland says the contract does not bind the Government because it "contained a clause intended to relieve the contractor of responsibility for the power of the engines, and, as a necessary consequence, for the speed of the ship." This clause, Mr. Garland believes, vitiates the entire contract, because it was inserted contrary to the act. And finally, that Mr. Roach, having received a large portion of the purchase-money of the Dolphin, may be forced to refund it. On Saturday last Mr. Roach made an assignment for the benefit of his creditors. It is believed that he is perfectly solvent, but found the step necessary in view of possible litigation and the probability of trouble respecting contracts he holds with the Government for three other ships. As those contracts are like that of the Dolphin, they, too, may prove invalid. The aggregate amount of the four contracts is \$2,440,000.

The Long Projected Niagara Park is Now an established fact. On Wednesday, July 15th, Governor Hill, of New York, formally took possession, on behalf of the State, of the reservation. For a long time the neighborhood of the falls has been disfigured by private speculators, and a system of extortion extremely onerous has been practised on visitors. In 1879, however, a commission was appointed under an Act of the New York Legislature to purchase the land abutting on the falls for the State. After vexatious delays the business was carried through, and last year the Legislature voted a million and a half of dollars to complete the purchase. On Wednesday the park was thrown open free of charge, and the Governor, with a distinguished party, inaugurated the new public property with appropriate ceremonies. Several prominent Canadians crossed the border to join in the festivities, and it was predicted that in a short time a similar ceremony would take place in the Dominion, when the Canadian Government would set free its side of the cataract.

A Desperate Fight between the Police and the strikers at Cleveland, Ohio, took place on July 15th. On the previous day symptoms of uneasiness among the men on strike were observed. The attempt of the rolling mill company to start up the plate and wire mills was the cause of the dissatisfaction. A meeting of strikers was held, at which Garsuch, the Socialist, made a speech, calling upon the men to advance to the mills in a body and break through the inclosures and drag the men from their work. He said they should not remain cowards, but fight, and if the police or any other body of men stood in their way to sweep them from their path. Soon nearly a thousand men, followed by their wives, were on their way to the mills. They were met at the gates by a body of police numbering seventy-five. There was a parley, and all might have ended peaceably, but some boys commenced throwing stones, and then the police charged the crowd. No shots were fired, but the clubs of the police did fearful execution. The women continued in the crowd, encouraging the men and carrying off the injured. In the end the rioters were driven off, leaving six of their number seriously wounded on the field. Two policemen were fatally injured.

A Revival of the Anglo-Russian War Rumors was the burden of the cable last week. The point in dispute is the celebrated Zulufkar Pass, which is the key of Afghanistan on the north. Its importance is realized by all parties, and the English diplomatists labored hard to secure it for Afghanistan. It was supposed they had been successful. The English correspondent of the New York Times says that Mr. Gladstone actually relinquished Pendjeh on the explicit understanding that Russia would not demand the pass, and was generally blamed at home and abroad for giving too much for too little. However, that was the price of peace, and he paid it. He paid it freely and fully. There

was no talk of qualifying the cession or curtailing its proportions; everything conceivably belonging to Pendjeh went to Russia. When it became the turn of Russia to fulfil her part of the bargain, her payment was delayed beyond reason on one pretext or another, till the English contracting party was suddenly put out of power. The very next morning the Russian regiments started from the Caucasus for Merv, and Russian agents began talking to the effect that Lords Salisbury and Churchill must apologize for their past words before negotiations could be resumed. This was kept up till rumor filtered westward that the Russians were massing heavy forces near Zulufkar, and that the whole Asiatic military machine was in a state of activity. Then Russia announced that England was strangely mistaken about the Zulufkar agreement. Russia never dreamed of conceding the pass; she might consent to let the Afghans occupy the valley east of the pass if the proper inducements were offered, but Russia positively must hold the pass commanding the valley as a guarantee against an Afghan invasion. To give point to this declaration troops are ready to occupy the pass, if, indeed, they have not already done so.

The Revelations of Disgrusting Vice in London are being investigated by a committee composed of the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Bishop of London, Cardinal Manning, the Lord Mayor of London, and Mr. Samuel Morley, M.P. Reporters of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, the journal which made the revelations, have appeared before the committee and have been examined under oath. They detailed their experiences, and the committee, being pledged to secrecy, disclosed the names of the aristocratic debauchees who are preying on English society. One reporter hearing a doubt expressed about the existence of a firm composed of two women, who were alleged to be engaged in supplying victims to the wealthy villains implicated, sent a telegram to the firm, and before the committee had concluded its sitting produced ocular demonstration that the firm was still actively engaged in the loathsome business. The indignation in London and, still more, in country towns increases, and it is hoped that, public opinion being aroused, stringent measures will be adopted to stop the traffic, even if it is impossible to punish past offences.

The Ravages of Cholera in Spain Continue without abatement. The total of deaths in Spain to the close of last week from cholera was over 18,000, and the pest is spreading daily into new Provinces. The European correspondent of the New York Times says that officials are suppressing the news right and left, and the reports of the mortality are far below the truth. Reports from Madrid say that there were 1329 new cases of cholera and 624 deaths from the disease reported on Friday in Spain. In Madrid 9 new cases of cholera and 4 deaths were reported; in the adjacent villages, 9 new cases and 5 deaths; in Aranjuez, no new cases, but 5 deaths; in the city of Murcia, 10 new cases and 4 deaths.

A Bank Failure in Ireland Announced last week is likely to cause much distress in that country. The Munster Bank, having its head office in Cork and having twenty-nine branches in other cities, suspended on July 14th. The collapse appears to have been caused by the methods with which we on this side are unhappily familiar. The directors have been making unauthorized loans on insufficient security to their friends. The effect of the suspension will be most severely felt in the southern provinces, where the farmers who cannot realize their harvest have to repay advances made by the bank. Many failures are expected in Cork, where a large business is done with merchants and traders. Then there is a large body of shareholders among the middle classes who will be ruined. The late President of the bank, Mr. William Shaw, M.P., Mr. Parnell's colleague, owes the bank \$700,000, nearly half of which is unsecured.

Contributions to the Fund for Supplying colored ministers in the south with the CHRISTIAN HERALD were received last week to the amount of \$11. They were: from Lafayette, R. I., \$4; A Friend in California, \$5; from Denbig, Ont., Canada, \$2. We are continually receiving gratifying assurances from the South of the good resulting from this gratis supply. Many ministers are wholly without religious literature, and are very grateful for the benefit they derive from the suggestive sermons published in this journal.

The Death of Dr. S. Irenæus Prime on Saturday last will cause sincere regret throughout the country. He was stricken with paralysis on Sunday, July 12th, while staying at Manchester, Vt., and never afterward fully regained consciousness, though he lingered through the week, and, it is thought, recognized his wife and brother, who were summoned to his bedside. Dr. Prime was in his seventy-third year and was fifty-two years in the ministry. Probably he was with a few exceptions the best known Presbyterian clergyman in this country, and his genial manner and sound sense made for him friends wherever he went. But it was as an editor that Dr. Prime was most widely known. For nearly forty-five years he was the chief writer on the paper was its attractive feature. Besides his editorial work, he was the author of about forty volumes. Of these the one which attained the widest circulation was "The Power of Prayer," which was published in 1858, translated into several languages, and reprinted in Europe, Asia, and Africa. Of this work more than 175,000 copies are said to have been sold. Dr. Prime also wrote a great number of tracts.

General Grant's Pathetic Acknowledgment of Christian interest in him was recorded last week. A Roman Catholic priest said to him: "We are all praying for you." The General took his pad and wrote: "Yes, I know and I feel very grateful to the Christian people of the land for their prayers in my behalf. There is no sect or religion, as shown in the Old or the New Testament, to which this does not apply. Catholics, Protestants, and Jews, and all the good people of the nation, of all politics as well as religions, and all nationalities, seem to have united in wishing or praying for my improvement. I am a great sufferer all the time, but the facts I have related are compensation for much of it. All that I can do is to pray that the prayers of all those good people may be answered so far as to have us all meet in another and better world."

A Serious Riot Occurred in Ireland on Sunday, July 12th. The citizens of Waterford were according to their habit, celebrating the anniversary of the battle of the Boyne, and there was consequently a large increase in the usual Sunday number of drunken men on the streets. Among them were many of the soldiers belonging to the Welsh regiment doing garrison duty there. A number of citizens got into a row with the soldiers, during which the latter bayoneted to death a man named Peter Grant. During the hottest part of the conflict a soldier attacked Grant, and plunged a bayonet straight through his heart. Grant fell dead on the spot. This tragedy infuriated the people, and they fell with such ferocity upon the troops that the latter retreated in full flight into the barracks. The barracks buildings were besieged all night by the citizens, who, although they were unable to break in, smashed every window in the building. The excitement in the city lasted all night, and every soldier met in the streets was attacked.

The Decision of a Lawyer in California may be commended to the notice of some successful lawyers in other States, which would be happier, better and more prosperous, if the said lawyers had less success. The California lawyer announces that he will not hereafter defend any of the criminal class, and says, "I prefer to aid in sending that class to State Prison, where they more properly belong, rather than keeping them

free to prey upon the community, as I have heretofore done to my sorrow."

Residents Who Are Not Citizens Are Causing some trouble to the enumerators in Dakota. It is stated that in a large number of towns the population is placed at a figure far below the actual number. The discrepancy is caused by a great many people refusing to be enrolled as citizens of the towns because they hold claims in the country, often in other counties, and in proving up these it is necessary to establish a legal residence on them. In many cases they have lived in the towns for years, own the houses they live in, are engaged in business, belong to churches, and look and act like residents. But they are afraid that if their names appeared as citizens their title to the land they claim in the country would be invalidated, as that has been granted to them on condition of their residing on their claims. It is possible in the existing uncertainty as to what constitutes legal residence to evade the law by spending a few hours at long intervals on the land. There is reason to fear that many people are acting in the same way about their spiritual interests. They look and act like worldlings, doing business on worldly principles, and seeking their amusements where worldlings do, appearing in their Christian character occasionally on Sundays and times of revival. It is difficult to class them now, but an end will come to all that. Men cannot now, any more than in past times, serve God and mammon (Matt. 6:24).

A Novel Experiment in Photography is Described by the Boston Post. It was an attempt to obtain the portrait of the typical girl of culture. Eleven young ladies forming the senior class in physics at Smith's College were to be consecutively photographed on the same plate. The camera was arranged and the eleven sitters quickly took their places before it, each one only occupying a second or two. The sitters posed that their eyes exactly corresponded with two points marked on the camera, so that each face occupied precisely the same position on the negative. The girl with the most regular features was taken first, and in the end there was developed a photograph, showing the features common to all the sitters, but exactly resembling none of them. The portrait of the *mystical lady* so obtained is more beautiful than any of the young ladies individually. With high brow, softened by fluffy waves of hair, deep-eyed, with refined features and earnest expression, she is a young woman of dignity and sweetness. The lines of her countenance are noble, and her head is evenly developed. The senior class at Smith's College has named its new sister "Miss Senior P. Smith," the P indicating physics, and will place her photograph in their album among the class photographs of bright and beautiful graduates. The experiment is curious and the result suggestive. Pictures of the character of individual Christians would all show defects, but if a picture could be taken collectively showing only the features common to all, it would be surpassingly beautiful, because the only features common to all are the features of Christ. So the Church, the bride of Christ, will be presented perfect and spotless (1 John 3:2).

A Night in a Cave Infested with Rattlesnakes was spent two weeks ago by a party of Northerners, who were prospecting in Alabama. The party, who arrived at Chulahee, Ala., on July 10th, gave a vivid account of their *night of terror*. They were looking for minerals near the head of a small ravine, about one mile from the Talapoosa River, when they noticed an opening into a cave, which they entered one by one, the entrance being too small to admit two persons. They found the cave about four hundred feet in length, varying in width from ten to sixty feet, with an average height of fifteen feet, and dimly lighted throughout by small fissures in the rocks, extending from the roof to the ground above. When the explorers were about to leave the cave they were terrified at finding the exit blocked by a writhing mass of big rattlesnakes. The noise made by the party had doubtless

roused the snakes from their hiding-places among the rocks, and they had gathered in large numbers near the entrance. Deeming discretion the better part of valor, the party retreated to that part of the cave most remote from the entrance to wait for the snakes to return to their hiding-places. They were compelled to remain in the cave from four o'clock in the afternoon until morning. They were in terror all night, not knowing in the darkness when a snake might glide among them. Daylight came at last, to the great relief of the entire party. Going forward to the entrance of the cave they found that the snakes, with the exception of one or two, had gone back to their hiding-places. Those that remained were quickly dispatched with stones, and the explorers made their exit from the cave in safety. If during the hours of darkness and danger light and safety had been offered to that party they would have eagerly accepted the offer. That is precisely the offer made by Christ to every human being in this dark and perilous world (John 1:9; Luke 10:19, 20).

A Poisoned Man's Race for Life Was Witnessed in Helena, Ark., recently. The *Globe-Democrat* says that "Mr. F. L. Dover, a farmer residing three miles from Helena, took a dose of morphine, thinking at the time that it was quinine. He did not discover his mistake until the deadly drug began to be absorbed into his system, and his horror was increased when he realized that he would have to ride three miles on a slow mule before medical assistance could be received. It was only a few moments after the discovery had been made that he was on his mule and madly riding toward town, and every minute the terrible drug throwing its meshes around him and numbing his senses. He managed to get to a store kept by a friend, and informed him of his condition. Medical aid was immediately summoned, and the most effective antidote known to the profession was applied. After hovering between life and death for some hours, the poison was overcome, and the farmer recovered. Had he remained at home until a doctor could have been brought to him, he must have died." If sinners only realized their danger as this farmer did, they would neglect everything else to seek the Great Physician without delay (Jer. 51:6).

An Irish Immigrant Girl Piteously Explained to the Superintendent at Castle Garden, New York, on July 17th, her reasons for wishing to return home. The thermometer was registering ninety-nine in the shade, and the streets of the city were giving out the sickening combination of odors for which they are noted, when a blooming girl of nineteen made her way through the crowd of sweltering human beings to the official at the Battery, and laying down a ten-dollar bill, begged him to send her back to Cork. "Can't you get along here?" asked Mr. Jackson. "Yes, sir, I can; but the weather is so hot, and you have no green fields, and I cannot live here." Mr. Jackson added \$5 to the girl's \$10, and purchased a ticket for her on the City of Chester. As she had no money she was allowed to sleep that night in the hospital. In the night the watchman was startled at hearing a woman's shriek. He awoke Dr. Schultz, who, going to the little ward in which the immigrant girl had been placed, found that she had become a raving maniac. It took the united efforts of three men to force her into the padded cell. One of the register clerks, who is a surgeon, asked permission to visit her the next morning in the cell. He was warned not to, but insisted. He found her tied down in her cot. He led her to speak of green fields and flowers, and then sang some Irish melodies. The girl wept and became quiet, and finally fell asleep. It is thought she will completely recover, and she will then be sent to Ireland. How many suffering Christians weary of the heat and burden of life have so been calmed and soothed by some sympathizing fellow Christian, who talked to them of the happiness of their Father's house, and sang some of the songs of Zion (Rev. 7:14-17).

BEFORE SERMON, AT SERMON, AND AFTER SERMON.

A New Sermon by Pastor C. H. Spurgeon.

"Wherefore lay apart all filthiness and superfluity of naughtiness, and receive with meekness the engrafted word, which is able to save your souls." But be ye doers of the word, and not hearers only, deceiving your own selves."—JAMES 1: 21, 22.

A Sermon as a Narcotic—The Right Object of Hearing—I. What to Do Before a Sermon—The Need of Preparation—The Best Raiment to Wear—Things to be Laid Aside—Filthiness—All Sin Offensive—And Dangerous—Three Foul Sins—II. During a Sermon—Receiving—In Meekness—The Grafting Process—III. After Sermon—Positive and Negative Duties—A Scotchman's Answer.

BRETHREN, it is a good thing to be under the sound of the Word of God. Even if the very lowest motive should induce persons to come to hear the Gospel, it is nevertheless a good thing that they should come. We have heard of some who have even come to steal, and yet the Word of God has stolen into their hearts. Master Hugh Latimer, in his quaint manner, when exhorting people to go to church, tells of a woman who could not sleep for many nights, notwithstanding that drugs had been given to her; but she said that if they would take her to her parish church she could sleep there, for she had often enjoyed a quiet

SLEUMBER UNDER THE SERMON;

and he goes the length of saying that if people even come to the sermon to sleep, it is better than not to come at all; for, he adds, in his fine old Saxon, "*they may be caught napping.*" It is even so. A sick man doeth well to live where there are physicians, for one day he may be healed. If men are in the heat of a battle, they may be wounded; if they come where Gospel arrows are shot they may fall under them. Plants that grow in the open are likely to be watered when the shower falls. We dare not say to any man who wills to enter the house of prayer, "Thou must not come, because thy motive is gross and low." Nay, thou art welcome, anyhow. Who knoweth but that, being in the way, God may meet with thee. Being where His truth is preached, thou mayest hear it; and "faith cometh by hearing, and hearing by the Word of God."

Yet it will strike you at once that though it be well to come to the hearing of the Word in any case, yet it is better to come in a better way. We should endeavor to gather the most we can from the means of grace, and not pluck at them at random.

This morning, I shall handle my text with the earnest design of teaching you how to hear. Oh, that the Spirit of God may graciously help me! First, let us note what to do *before* sermon: "Lay apart all filthiness and superfluity of naughtiness." Secondly, let us learn how to behave *during* sermon: "Receive with meekness the engrafted Word, which is able to save your souls." And thirdly, here is the instruction for *after* sermon: "Be ye doers of the Word, and not hearers only, deceiving your own selves."

I. Let us consider the fit and proper preparation for listening to the Gospel, or what is to be done

BEFORE HEARING.

It will strike every man who thinks about it, that there should be some preparation of the heart in coming to the worship of God, and to the hearing of the Gospel. Consider who He is in whose name we gather, and surely we cannot rush together without thought. Consider whom we profess to worship, and we shall not hurry into His presence as men run to a fire. Brethren, when I think of our engagements throughout the week, who of us can feel fit to come into the holy place of the tabernacles of the Most High? I mean not into these tabernacles made with hands, but into the inner spiritual temple of communion with God. How shall we come unto God until we are washed? After travelling so niry a road as that which

runs through this foul world, can we come unto God without shaking the dust from off our feet? Can we be busy with earthly cares all the six days of the week and be ready for the holy Sabbath without a thought? I trow not.

There is a common consent among mankind that there should be some preparedness for worship. I see the visible signs of it here to-day. Before the Sabbath dawned you began to prepare clean linen and brighter garments than those of common days. I fear me this change of clothing full often degenerates into a wish to appear well before your fellow-men, but the underlying meaning should be this: "I am going up this day to the worship of my God. I will not go, therefore, either in uncleanness of body or of apparel, but will put on

THE BEST RAIMENT.

that I may show respect to my God and to the assemblies of His house." My counsel to you is, cleanse your hearts rather than your garments. Go before God in newness of spirit rather than in newness of clothing. If of old the prophet said, "Render your heart, and not your garments," so may I say to-day, Put on the garments of righteousness and holiness by the grace of Christ Jesus our Lord, far rather than external garments, which do but adorn the flesh. Yet, I say, even in that change of raiment there is an admission that there should be preparatory to worship God.

In making this preparation our text tells us that there are some

THINGS TO BE LAID ASIDE.

What saith it? "Wherefore lay apart all filthiness and superfluity of naughtiness." Some things must be removed ere the Word of God can be received. And what are these things? The text mentions all filthiness. Filth, you know, is a *debas*ing thing, meet only for beggars and thieves; and such is sin. Filth is *offensive* to all cleanly persons. However poor a man is, he might be clean; and when he is not, he becomes a common nuisance to those who speak with him, or sit near him. If bodily filthiness is horrible to us, what must the filthiness of sin be to the pure and holy God! I cannot attempt to express the abomination of sin to God. He hates it with all His soul. If we are to be acceptable before God, there must be no keeping up of favorite sins, no sparing of darling lusts, no providing for secret iniquities; our service will be filthiness before God if our hearts go after our sins.

Moreover, sin is not only offensive, but it is dangerous. We have learned at last, I hope, though some are still ignorant of the fact, that filthiness means disease. Men begin to see that unless we are clean we cannot be healthy. He who harbors filth is making a hot-bed for the germs of disease, and thus he is the enemy of his family, and of his neighborhood. The filthy man is a public poisoner, a suicide, and a murderer. Sin is the greatest conceivable danger to a man's own soul; it makes a man to be dead while he lives, yea, corrupt before he is dead. Will you bring your infectious diseases into His temple? They must be laid apart. Oh, for grace to do this!

There are three sins at least that are intended here, and one is *covetousness*. Hence, the desire of unholy gain is called filthy lucre, because it leads men to do dirty deeds which else they would not think of. Now when a man's heart is full of filth, when the desire to get gain, and to get it anyhow, is strong on a man, he is in a very unfit condition to profit by hearing the Gospel. You cannot get the Gospel into him;

A GOLDEN BOLT

fastens the door. He is somewhat in the condition of the sea captain I have heard of who went out after whales, and when he landed and heard the Gospel preached, he said to the man of God, "Sir, it was of no use your preaching to me, for all the while I was thinking about where I should find a whale. There is no room for anything else in my mind but whales. I must have whales, and for the time I can think of nothing else but whales." So it must be with

the man who is hot for gain: his farm and his merchandise are in his heart crowding out everything else. He who has a *stall in Vanity Fair* is in an unfit state to buy the truth, since his merchandise is vanity.

Then, with peculiar correctness, *lustfulness* may be spoken of as filthiness. I need not enlarge. Doth not Nature itself teach us that the indulgence of our animal passions, whatever form that indulgence may take, whether of drunkenness or lewdness, is a condition that unfits man for the reception of the pure Word of God?

But in the connection of my text the filthiness meant is especially *anger*. Read it, and you will see. "The wrath of man worketh not the righteousness of God; wherefore lay apart all filthiness." Some persons when they are angry will say things that never ought to be repeated, or even said for the first time. It was so no doubt in James's day even more than in our own; then, angry men let fly horrible epithets and abominable insinuations which were indeed a superfluity of naughtiness. Now, the child of God is to subdue his anger, wrath, and malice. How can you accept the Word of peace while you are at enmity with your brother? God help us, then, to lay apart all filthiness, and especially all enmity.

But it is added, "and superfluity of naughtiness." What does that mean? Any kind of naughtiness in a child of God is superfluous; iniquity ought not to be within him. "Superfluity of naughtiness," or the outpouring of evil, is unnecessary; it is an excrescence upon a child of God. The phrase here used differs not in meaning from the first epithet of the text; it gives another view of the same thing. You have seen a rose-tree which, perhaps, was bearing very few roses, and you half-half-wondered why. It was a good rose, and planted in good soil, but its flowers were scanty. You looked around it, and by-and-by you perceived that suckers were growing up from its root. Now, these suckers come from the old, original brier, on which the rose had been grafted, and this rose had a superfluity of strength which it used in these suckers. These

SUPERFLUITIES, OR OVERFLOWS,

took away from the rose the life which it required, so that it could not produce the full amount of flowers which you expected from it. These superfluities of naughtiness that were coming up here and there were to the injury of the tree. Children of God, you cannot serve the Lord if you are giving your strength to any form of wrong; your naughtinesses are springing from the brier stock of your old nature, and the best thing to do is to cut off those suckers and stop them as much as possible, so that all the strength may return into the rose, and the lovely flowers of grace may abound. This is what is to be put away.

The garments spotted with the flesh and infected with disease are to be taken off and *laid apart*. We are to wear them no more, if we desire to profit by the Word which we hear. We are not to lay up *these* to put them on again, but lay them *apart* among the offal of Tophet's fire, with the strong desire never to touch them again. To the fires we condemn these filthy things. Why is this? Why is a man as he comes to hear the Gospel to see to this? I take it because all these evil things *preoccupy* the mind. Whether it be covetousness, or lewdness, or anger, in addition to the pollution which these bring, they also possess the thoughts, so that they are not likely to be blessed while hearing the Word. These are the rocks which prevent the seed from entering the mind, these the birds which devour that which is sown, these the weeds which choke the upspringing shoots. Wherefore lay these aside.

Moreover, *sin prejudices* against the Gospel. A man says, "I do not enjoy the sermon." How can you? What have you been enjoying during the week? What flavor did last night leave in your mouth? "I cannot bear that man," says one; and if you could, it would be

an evidence that the man was not faithful. Can Ahab love Elijah? I remember seeing one get up and go out in hot indignation at what I had said, which happened to come personally home to him, though the man was a stranger to me. What I had said was the pure truth of God, and I could not be sorry that an ill-living man was indignant at it, since this was the only homage that such as he could pay to purity. Had he but known it, there was therein a manifestation to himself of what his nature was, and in what condition he was. If you are to hear God's Word with pleasure and profit to yourselves, you must "lay apart all filthiness and superfluity of naughtiness;" for these things will prejudice you against the Word of God, and render you incapable of that lively appreciation of it which is so needful to profiting thereby.

II. Secondly, I will talk a little about

DURING HEARING.

How shall we act while listening to the Word? "Receive with meekness the engrafted Word, which is able to save your souls." The first thing, then, is *receive*. That word "receive" is a very instructive Gospel word; it is the door through which God's grace enters to us. We are not saved by working, but by receiving; not by what we give to God, but by what God gives to us, and we receive from Him. In the hearing of the Word there should be a receiving of it, not into the ear only, but into the understanding, into the heart, into the conscience, together with a laying-up of this good treasure in the memory and the affections.

Then, it is added, "receive with meekness." Many do not perceive the Gospel because they are not of a meek and teachable spirit; they come up to God's house, but the only seat they will occupy therein is the judgment-seat. One would imagine them to be the god of God by their bold talk. Judge not the Word of God, I charge you. Ye may judge me as you like; *small matter shall that be to me*; for we are not anxious as to men's judgment, but our judgment is with the living God. If the preacher truly declares the Word of God, woe unto the man who sits in judgment upon it; this same Word shall judge him at the last great day. Except ye be converted, and become as little children, ye cannot enter into the kingdom of heaven.

THE GRAFTING PROCESS.

What is this which is to be received? "Receive with meekness the engrafted Word." We are not bidden to receive with meekness men's words, for they are many, and there is little in them; but receive with meekness God's Word, for it is one, and there is power in each word which proceedeth out of His mouth. It is called "the engrafted Word." The Revised Version has "the implanted Word," which is, perhaps, more literal than the Authorized translation; and gives another idea, and yet conveys a like sense. I will keep to our old and well-beloved version, and read it "engrafted Word." Engrafting implies that the heart is wounded and opened, and then the living Word is laid in and received with meekness into the bleeding, wounded soul of the man. There is the gash, and there is the space opened thereby. Here comes the graft; the gardener must establish a union between the tree and the graft. This new life, this new branch, is inserted into the old stem, and they are to be livingly joined together. This new cutting grows into the old, and it begins to suck up the life of the old, and change it so that it makes new fruit. That bough, though it be in the grafted tree, is altogether of another sort. Now we want the Word of God to be brought to us after a similar fashion; our heart must be cut and opened, and then the Word must be laid into the gash till the two adhere, and the heart begins to hold to the Word, to believe in it, to hope in it, to love it, to grow to it, to grow into it, and to bear fruit accordingly. Is not that a wonderful thought? The daily incarnation of Christ in the believer, or, in other words, the new eternal life, living in us, and producing fruit after its own kind, while we

live in it, and the fruit is our own. Christ is come in all the newness of His life, and is living in me. Oh, blessed grafting! "Receive with meekness the engrafted Word." This is how to behave at sermon. Oh, what need have we of the Holy Ghost to help us to hear the truth as well as to prepare us before we hear it!

III. Lastly, and very briefly, let us think of

AFTER SERMON.

"Be ye doers of the Word, and not hearers only, deceiving your own selves." First, the command is *positive*—"Be ye doers of the Word." Oh, dear sirs, I come to this pulpit oftentimes and speak with you, but as I come hither my heart is more and more burdened with this desire; that mine may not be an unprofitable ministry unto you. I shall be useless to you unless you are doers of the Word as well as hearers. The world is always looking to the Church, not so much to hear her teachings as to see her doings. Few ask, "What is the doctrine taught at such a meeting-house?" The ungodly world cries, "*Both the doctrine. What good is done there?*" If the people who attend there are mean, false, hypocritical, the world condemns the tree which yields such fruit. The bulk of men do not read the Bible, but they read you; and if they do not come to hear the minister preach the Gospel, yet they say, "These people who hear Him are no better than other people, and why should we trouble to go and listen to him?" The minister gets the blame which should rightly belong to those who are hearers but not doers of the Word. Oh, may the Eternal Spirit work in us all to will and to do of his own good pleasure! There is nothing done by these Sundays, there is nothing done by these pulpits, there is nothing done by these pews, there is nothing done by these vast gatherings, unless our hearers are doers of the Word.

THE DEVIL'S BELL.

Observe that the command is put *negatively*; the text says, "not hearers only." Those who are hearers only are wasters of the Word. What poor creatures hearers are, for they have long ears and no hands! Ye have heard of him who one day was discoursing eloquently of philosophy to a crowd, who greatly applauded him. He thought he had made many disciples, but suddenly the market-bell rang, and not a single person remained. Gain was to be made, and in their opinion no philosophy could be compared to personal profit. They were hearers till the market-bell rang, and then, as they had been hearers only, they quitted the hearing also. I fear it is so with our preachings; if the *devil rings the bell* for sin, for pleasure, for worldly amusement, or evil gain, our admirers quit us right speedily. The voice of the world drowns the voice of the Word. Those who are only hearers, are hearers but for a time. Some of those now before me are hearers only. We cannot mark your houses by putting a cross upon your doors, and writing thereon, "Lord, have mercy upon us;" but if I did so, London would seem to be smitten with the plague. Oh that you would cease from this mocking of God.

SELF-DECEIT.

The text closes with this solemn word: "*deceiving your own selves.*" Whereupon, says Bishop Brownrig, "To deceive is bad, to deceive yourselves is worse, to deceive yourselves about your souls is worst of all." Alas! there are many in that sad condition. Hundreds believe that because their minister is unquestionably sound in the faith, therefore they are sound also. As they have the good sense to hear him, surely they are first-rate people, and the Lord will overlook their faults. Oh, sirs, be not such fools! Do not deceive yourselves in that way, for there is no truth in this comforting conclusion. The better that which you hear, the more guilty are you if you do not practise it; and the plainer and more straight the Gospel which is taught you, the more inexcusable are you if you do not receive it. God grant to each one of us that when we go home we may attend to the doing of the sermon. You know the old story;

I am half-ashamed to repeat it again, but it is so pat to the point. When Donald came out of kirk sooner than usual, Sandy said to him, "What, Donald, is the sermon all done?" "No," said Donald, "it is all said, but it is not begun to be done yet." Let my sermon be done in your chambers by prayer, and in your lives by holiness. Let it be done all through the week by our each one seeking to put away all filthiness. Let us cling to the holy Christ, desiring to live His life, and breathe His spirit. God grant it may be so with you all, for Jesus Christ's sake.

NEW BOOKS.

MISS CLEVELAND'S ESSAYS.

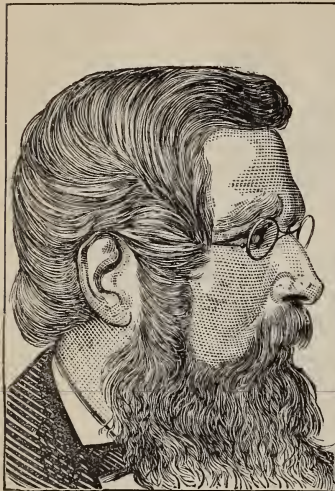
published under the title, *George Eliot's Poetry and other studies*, have taken captive the public on both sides the Atlantic. We understand that five editions have been sold in America, though only a few days have elapsed since publication, and in one day the English edition was exhausted, and another large issue was sold before it was printed. In part, doubtless, this large demand was due to the fact that the author is the *mistress of the White House*. Exalted personages who enter the world of letters have an advantage over authors less distinguished. Even the "Leaves from the Journal of our Life in the Highlands," by Queen Victoria, had, at first, a very large sale, though it was trivial to the verge of silliness with its details about John Brown's legs, and whiskey-drinking at Highland cottage parties. The book is now almost forgotten, but we believe that Miss Cleveland's book will live by its intrinsic excellence. It is a singular contrast to the Queen's book, as Americans will notice with gratification. It seems that Miss Cleveland's publishers have supplied her royal rival in literature with a copy of her essays, sumptuously bound. That was a very proper act of courtesy, and no doubt the Queen will enjoy the book, if some intelligent person is at hand to explain it to her.

The book contains nine essays: George Eliot's Poetry; Reciprocity; Altruistic Faith; History; Old Rome and New France; Charlemagne; The Monastery; Chivalry; Joan of Arc. They display not only a very wide acquaintance with a field of literature which ladies seldom explore, but much original thought. The literary style is Emersonian; clear-cut gems of thought glisten on every page, set in that terse epigrammatic style of which Emerson was a master. Yet there is a grace and refinement of composition peculiarly feminine in all the sentences, and a musical rhythm which makes the reading of it a pleasure, akin to that which we feel in listening to solemn music. The following extracts from its pages will give our readers a better idea of the character of the book than the most lengthened description:

"Reciprocity, constant and equal, among all His creatures, is the plan of the only Maker of plans whose plans never fail in the least jot or tittle. He has reserved to Himself the power to give without receiving. Everywhere, even among rudest nations, has this principle of reciprocity between man and man been recognized, and ideals of governments have been erected on it."

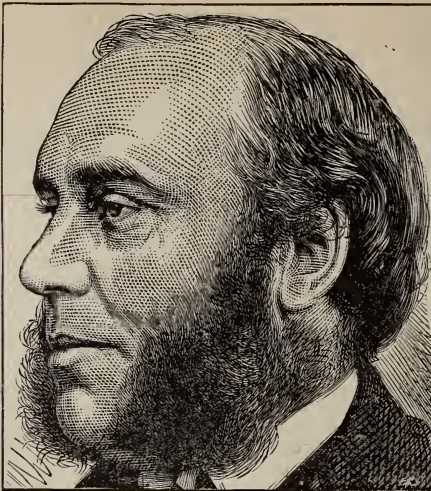
"Whether men admit it or not, faith in ourselves and faith in our brother's and sister's humanity follow from our faith in God, and if that faith be allowed its full growth, will each win its rightful rank. But because our faith in God is so rarely allowed its full growth, these other faiths—faith in ourselves, and faith in each other—do not come into full view and win due recognition."

"I venture to say that if the author of that remarkable book, 'Is Life Worth Living?' had occupied himself in making life worth living to one or more of his fellowmen, not in the general way of well-wishing and money-giving, but in the particular way of discovery to some hopeless man, the special aptitude in him, the painstaking way of recognizing as good for something, and good for something in particular,



SIR S. NORTHCOTE (LORD IDLESLEIGH).

(See page 467.)



W. H. SMITH, Esq.

(See page 467.)



SIR RICHARD CROSS.

(See page 467.)

some individual or individuals who felt themselves good for nothing—I venture to say, that, if he had so occupied himself—so attitudinized his mind—he would have found no time for the pessimistic studies and analyses with which he treats the momentous question."

"We shall find life so worthless that we would not care for its continuance unless we have made, are making, or shall make somebody else's life worth living, which other life, except for us, had not been in the end so worth while."

GOD IN HISTORY.

"Let a man believe in God, and he will find Him in history. I do not say he will find Calvinism there, as did Edwards, or any other *ism*. That he must first import into it before he can export it from it. To the agnostic, doubtless, history is but one long Walpurgis night of the past, from beginning to end; he sees but a witch-dance round a caldron from which no constant form emerges, but ever and anon, within its boil and bubble, arises to evanescent view a momentary seeming which he christens destiny, or chance, or the unknowable. But let the believer in God the Father gaze herein, and he will see, as in the laboratory of some chemist, that *all the past is but the crucible of God*; he will perceive the creature God has made in successive transmigrations, passed and repassed in the fire of the ages; and he will discern the divine alchemist, bending over His creation with constant patience, and with perfect plan."

"I would study history in order to make my standing firmer in religious faith. In these days of ebb and quicksand, when agnosticism rears its stone wall in front of faith, and writes upon it in black letters the end-all and be-all of all knowing, the unknowable, we have need to go where God is to confirm our faith in Him. And God is in history; He is there because the human soul is there. 'Take thy shoes from off thy feet, for this is holy ground.' Turn the pages reverently, for, as Carlyle says, 'all history is the Bible.'"

A CONTRAST.

The essay on "the Monastery," shows, perhaps, better than any other, the philosophical character of Miss Cleveland's mind. The best men in all ages have struggled to bring the body into subjection to the soul, and in this essay two forms of that struggle are described and contrasted. The monks of the Middle Ages fought it in solitude and in mortification of the body; the Buddhists fought it in dreamy contemplation and in dwelling on their cardinal doctrine

of the annihilation of the individual. In grand contrast to these, the author places Christianity effecting the object vainly sought by the other two, yet not quitting its place and work in the world. These are the concluding words of the essay:

"Behold the Nazarene, the young Carpenter, the Evangelist, the Son, the Brother, the Man of Bethlehem—behold Him entering into all the joys and sorrows of the manhood which He dignified, wearing graciously to its last humiliation the garb of human flesh, to which He has ever joined in honorable wedlock the unassailable human soul—behold Him, from His manger-cradle to His death-bed cross, preeminently the Man of men, fullest of humanity, whose whole burden of mission to us lies epitomized in His own statement: 'I am come that ye might have life, and that ye might have it more abundantly!'"

The humanity of each of us is like some *Æolian* harp, constructed by the master musician, and laid down tenderly by Him upon the sea-shore where winds from every quarter play continuously. Buddhism would sweep into the vast ocean this palpitating lyre, and mix its several elements indistinguishably in the deep waters. Mediaeval monasticism would heap it with sand, and bury its melodies from every human ear. An enlightened Christianity would leave it, free and sensitive, upon the shore—would open it to all the winds that hurry to and fro, that it may give out to heaven and earth its full completed harmony. Behold in Christianity the antipode of Buddhism, the antidote of monachism!" Pp. 101; price, \$1.50. Published by Messrs. Funk & Wagnalls.

Volume VII. of the *Christian Herald*, containing the Numbers for 1884, with complete index, bound in cloth, may be had from this office; price \$3, including postage. A few volumes of 1882 and 1883 are also for sale. We have none prior to 1882.

A SUNDAY JOURNEY STOPPED.

(See Illustration.)

"ROBERT, you are not going to work to-day, are you?" said a bright little woman who was busily engaged preparing breakfast, when her husband entered the kitchen in his working clothes.

"Yes I am, Mary, and it's no use your making a muss over it. I've got to do it. I don't like working seven days a week any better than you like to have me do it, but I must. So get the breakfast as quick as you can, so as I may be out and away before folks go to church."

"Oh, Robert, don't go. No good will ever

come of it. God won't let you prosper if you break His commandments. I'd sooner you left your place than have you do it."

"Oh yes, Mary, it's easy for you to say what you'd sooner have, but if I came home without any money for you and the children you wouldn't like it."

"I'd rather you did that, Robert, than work on Sunday. I'd sooner go for a scrub-woman than you should do it. Please, Robert, don't go. God will take care of me and the children, even if you should be discharged."

"Mary, I'm going, and there's an end of it. I'm not going to have you go out scrubbing, and you might have to do it if I lose my work. I'm going to work to-day, and perhaps it won't occur again."

Neither husband nor wife referred to the real cause of Robert having to go to work at all on that day. Robert was too much ashamed of himself to do it, and Mary, having more sense and delicacy than most wives, refrained from reproaches. The fact was that on Friday and Saturday Robert had been drinking when he ought to have been out with his employer's horse and wagon. He knew that if the goods he had to deliver were not at the appointed place before sunrise on Monday morning his employer would lose a customer and he would lose his place. The foreman had told him that plainly on Saturday night, and Robert concluded he had better desecrate the Lord's day and offend God than offend his employer; so, when the foreman hinted that he might even now avert the consequences of his drunken idleness by doing Saturday's work on Sunday, he jumped at the chance. That was why Robert was in his working clothes and Mary was in tears.

The breakfast was soon ready, and Robert swallowed his share hurriedly and sullenly. Mary could eat nothing, and the children were not there. Neither husband nor wife spoke of them. Tacitly they seemed to agree that, if it was possible, the children had better not know about their father going to work on Sunday, and fortunately they were not awake this morning. By and by Mary would call them and give them breakfast, and send them to Sunday-school.

Robert rose from the table, and with a blushing face slunk off to the barn. He knew he was doing wrong, but it seemed to him the best way out of his difficulty, and he was realizing a fact that all sinners find out, sooner or later, that one sin always brings on the apparent necessity for another sin to set the first right. But he

had no time to think just then; he was in a hurry to get away, or he would surely meet some one who knew him. So he walked quickly to the barn, put the horse in, and started with his heavy-laden wagon. He was just reaching the outskirts of the town, and was congratulating himself on not having been seen by any one who knew him, when from a side street emerged Mr. John Green, the superintendent of the Sunday-school to which his children went. Robert knew him very well; he was a wealthy man, whose friendship Robert valued very highly. He had often said to Mary that if any trouble came to them Mr. Green would prove a friend in need. There was no man whom Robert would not rather have met than this Christian man, whose caustic words he knew could cut so deeply when on rare occasions he used them.

Mr. Green's eyes were fixed on the ground when Robert saw him first, and it was just possible that he might not raise them to where Robert was perched; but just as the old gentleman came opposite the cart he suddenly stopped, and lifting up both hands, as if in alarm, he exclaimed, as he gazed under the wheels: "There, there; you are going over it; you have gone right over it."

Robert was frightened, and instantly cried out, "Whoa, whoa!" and brought his horse to a stand. He then looked under the wheels, expecting to see the mangled remains of some poor innocent child, or, at least, some poor dog or cat that had been crushed to death. But after gazing about, and not seeing anything under the wheels, he looked at the superintendent, who had so strangely arrested his attention, and anxiously asked: "What have I gone over, sir?"

"Over the Fourth Commandment, my friend: 'Remember the Sabbath day, to keep it holy!'" was the slow reply.

Robert's nerves after his drunk were not in a condition to stand that fright. He was shaking and trembling from head to foot, for he was, with all his faults, a humane man, who could not bear to hurt even a dog. It was of no use; he could not go on. He turned the horse's head round and retraced his steps to the barn. Come what would, the journey should not be made. Mary gave him a glad welcome through her tears, and bade him cheer up. God would see them through. And He did. Long before daylight the next morning Robert was again on his way, and a frank confession of his fault on his arrival prevented his negligence being reported and punished.

UNDER FIRE.

A STORY OF THE FRANCO-GERMAN WAR.

(Continued from page 463.)

A Night of Terror.

THAT first shell was a new experience to many in the city, myself among the number. We were during the next few weeks to grow familiar with them, but we never lost our horror. Rather, as we witnessed the frightful effect of the explosives, we grew to dread them more and more. The great black globes could be



"You've gone right over it."

seen, as I saw this first one, rising in a graceful curve, clear enough against the blue sky, to a point overhead; then they would fall almost in a perpendicular line somewhere—none could do no more than guess where. Then there would be a moment's silence, possibly broken by a shriek of terror, and then an explosion which shook the city, and the strong iron globe would be burst in pieces, every fragment doing damage to life and limb or property. It was awful!

We had heard that our Emperor's minister said, in announcing the declaration of war to the Legislative Assembly, that he entered upon it "with a light heart." I often thought of that speech during the siege. If M. Ollivier had been in Strasburg during those dreadful days he must have been less than human if he kept that lightness of heart. The poor maimed creatures who were carried to the hospitals, their bodies torn by those jagged pieces of iron, seemed to me more to be pitied than those who were killed outright, and there were enough of both to make the heart of any man heavy almost to bursting. Beautiful children running merrily home from school, lovers full of life and hope, men and women in middle life on whom whole families depended for bread, and old people who were spending their last days in kindly beneficence—all classes furnished representative offerings to this bloodthirsty god of war. Ah! as I look back now at those days and nights of terror, and sorrow, and suffering, and death, and think of the misery inflicted on that one city alone, I shudder at the responsibility of the men who caused it all. Surely it had been better for every one if there had been no war. The Emperor and his ambassador were insulted, we were told; it was proposed that a distant relative of the King of Prussia should be King of Spain, and that of itself was a provocation; but what was either of those causes to us that we should suffer? I think now as I thought then, that kings and emperors will not much longer be endured on the earth. They have wrought misery enough with their personal quarrels, forcing

men who have no enmity to each other to stand and fight for them, dragging them from their homes to fly at each other's throats, as I have seen cruel men set two dogs fighting while they looked on. Surely the time cannot be far distant when the peoples will say to their rulers, "We are tired of the reign of Caesar; we have been crushed under your tyranny and your cruelty long enough. Who will lead us to establish the reign of Christ?"

But at the time I am now describing these thoughts had not penetrated my mind. I dreaded the siege, it is true, because of the helpless ones around me; but I knew nothing then of the terrible things that a few days would bring before my eyes. So, when that first shell fell, and the good sergeant said "the music and the dance are both begun," and bade me run with the child to the cathedral, I did not realize, as I did afterward, the frightful import of his words.

I had a great wish to run with him to the place where the bomb had fallen, but there was Elsie to be thought of. I turned toward the cathedral, but as we got near the door the rush of people carried me off my feet, and I was hurried in, whether I would or no. In the dusky light within—for, coming out of the sunshine, my eyes were dazzled—I could see that every part was choked with women and children, among whom were sprinkled a few men.

The priests were going to and fro, trying to comfort and encourage them; but the wailing and sobbing was terrible to hear. There were people lying almost prostrate before the altars, speechless with terror; while others were crying aloud to the saints to fight for them, and save them. On the step which runs along the side wall of the nave sat numbers of little children, some looking grave and quiet, and others playing. In the chapel of St. Catherine the angel-figures seemed to look down, cold and unmoved, upon the throng of panic-stricken creatures below them. Then, amid the terror and the crying, I said in my heart: "Lord, save, or we perish!"

I waited, what appeared to me a very long and dreary time; yet Sergeant Klein did not come; and it was doubtful whether I should see him in the crowd. I wondered how they were bearing the fright at home; and I recollected what anxiety Lisbeth would suffer about Elsie. Sylvie and Louise were at school, and how terrified they would be! There was no one to see after them, but me; so I made my way with difficulty through the mass of people to the north door of the cathedral, and passed out into the street. Elsie pointed to the crowned image of Mary, with the infant Jesus in her arms, looking down upon us as coldly as the angel-forms within. It made me sorrowful to look at it.

The streets were almost deserted, for by this time all who could had fled for shelter, either to their own houses or the churches. Another shell had been thrown into the city, and no one knew how many might fall during the coming night. The sky above was calm and clear, as if nothing could reach to stain its loveliness; and the steep roofs, holding now so many fam-

ilies of poor peasants, stood out sharply against the blue. As yet, there was no sign of damage and destruction among them, and everything now was as quiet and tranquil as the precincts of an English cathedral on a Sunday morning. I stepped out from the sheltering porch, not knowing how I should reach home, with my double burden of Elsie and the basket.

"Max," she whispered in my ear, "mother says the dear Lord Christ is everywhere, as well as in heaven. Is He in Strasburg to-day?"

"Yes, Elsie," I answered.

"Oh, how sorry He must be!" whispered the child again; "how very, very sorry He must be!"

And so the thought rushed into my mind all at once, that the Lord Jesus Christ was not like those angel-figures, looking down, cold and unmoved, from His own glory, upon our agony and terror. If I, Max, was filled with care and trouble, thinking of my poor little Sylvie, and my grandmother, and Gretchen and the rest; what must He feel, when He saw His brethren, and those whom He was ready to make His brethren, dying miserably by one another's hands? What must He feel, when He looked upon these poor trembling women, and helpless children, all exposed to a shocking and violent death, without any fault of theirs? What must He feel, seeing the beautiful earth stained with blood, and spoiled by the sin and cruelty of His brothers, who were defacing everything, except the tranquil sky above them, which was beyond their reach. Thank God! heaven was placed beyond their reach, lest they should carry their wars there.

So my thoughts ran, as I carried Elsie, sobbing, through the deserted streets. We found Lisbeth, half-distracted, in the archway, looking along all the four streets, for some trace of her darling. But as soon as she saw her, she set up a shrill scream, as if I was bringing the child home dead; and she shook so, she could not take her from me.

"Why are you frightened, Lisbeth?" I asked; "Elsie is safe."

But I was compelled to call Gretchen down, to help her upstairs. Gretchen lifted the lid of my basket, as soon as we had got Lisbeth up to her attic, and asked me where the potatoes came from.

"They belong to Lisbeth," I said; "Sergeant Klein went marketing for her to-day, and he gave me the basket to bring home."

I dared not tell Gretchen that I had paid for the potatoes.

"How much were they?" she asked.

"Two sous apiece," I answered.

"Two sous!" she repeated. "Then, indeed, we shall soon come to starvation! Two sous for one potato? Why! they'll be worth their weight in gold before the siege is over."

"Gretchen," I said, "do you think that we shall starve?" For it seemed a dreadful thing to die of famine—a hundred times worse than dying on a battle-field.

"Not if I can help it," answered Gretchen, with a significant nod; "but you must bring no more Louisies home. I can tell you Max."

I went down full of thought, and found my grandmother sitting in her carved oak chair, with a small reading-table before her. It was her custom, morning and evening, to read a portion of the Psalms, and a chapter out of an old "History of France," which always seemed to soothe and please her. But her hands were trembling so that she could not turn over the leaves of her Bible. I looked over her shoulder, and saw that the Psalm she had been reading left off at these words: "I am forgotten, as a dead man out of mind; I am like a broken vessel. For I have heard the slanders of many; fear was on every side." I turned over the page for her, and read: "But I trusted in thee, O God; I said, Thou art my God. My times are in Thy hand. Make Thy face to shine upon Thy servant; save me, for Thy mercies' sake."

"You wanted to see the other side of the page, grandmother," I said, cheerfully.

"God bless thee, Max," she answered; "thou art indeed as good as a son to me."

That made my heart light and glad in the midst of my trouble. So I set off, happy enough, to fetch Sylvie and Louise from school, for Gretchen was afraid to go; and by and by we were all together once more, in our own salon, safe and sound. As there was no more bombarding that night, only two or three shells having been thrown into the city, and no great mischief done, as Sergeant Klein told us when he came in—we went to bed after our fright, in greater peace and quietness of mind and body than you would suppose.

But it was the next day our real danger and terror began. I had been down the street, and round the Cathedral—for my grandmother loved the Cathedral as dearly as her own house, and always wanted to know whether any harm had befallen it—when a shell again passed overhead, and fell in a street not far away. But instead of there being a long pause before another came, they followed closely and swiftly, one after the other; while on every hand you could hear the deafening sound of the explosions. At the same time, our forts opened their fire, and the noise was awful. Streams of people were pouring out of their houses to seek refuge in the churches and public buildings. I was rushing away, myself, to fetch Sylvie and the rest to some safer place than our own house, when I met Sergeant Klein, whom I should have passed without seeing if he had not caught me by the arm.

"Where are your running to so fast?" he asked.

"Home," I gasped, "to take Sylvie somewhere. What can I do with them? Where can I take them?"

He stood still for a minute, considering, and another shell sailed across the sky, and new cries of fear rang through the streets.

"You are too far from the casemates; they will be crowded already," he said. "I think they will be safest at home—unless they go to the Cathedral, and that, too, is crowded. The Prussians will aim at all the other public buildings. No; you have four stories above you to protect you. It is the attics that will be in danger. Take care of Elsie," he shouted after me as I darted off the instant he loosed my arm.

Sylvie had not gone to school; but Louise had persisted in going, because of her school-fellows from Saverne and Pfalzburg. I was a little sorry, and yet almost glad, to miss her sorrowful face, with her black eyes looking as mutely sad as some dumb thing that cannot speak its trouble. Sylvie was cowering up to her grandmother, with her face hidden in her lap, and Gretchen was on her knees in a corner, telling her beads as fast as her tongue could run. My grandmother's voice was so low I could hardly hear what she said.

"Max, we have nobody but you to look to. You must take care of us, and the house."

I did not tell her how little I could do, but I stooped down and kissed her, and kissed Sylvie's shoulder, for her face was quite hidden.

"Sergeant Klein thinks we are as safe here anywhere, except in the Cathedral," I said, in an assured voice; "would you like me to take you all there?"

"No, no," she said; "I will never leave my house. If it is to perish, I will perish with it."

"Perhaps Gretchen would rather go," I continued; "I will take care of your through the streets, Gretchen."

"No," she answered; "I will stay or go with my old mistress."

I liked Gretchen all the better for that; and I could speak more cheerfully now.

"Well, then," I said, "we will all stay together; and Sergeant Klein says there is not much danger, except in the attics. I must fetch Lisbeth and Elsie down stairs."

So I went up to Lisbeth's attic, where there was an uproar as of a fierce tempest of thunder; and where the sloping roof shook and rattled as if it was all coming down, like a house built of cards. Neither Lisbeth nor Elsie were there,

and I went to the window to have just one look out, though I knew it must be only for a second, for what right had I to run any risk when down stairs they had nobody to look to but me? The German firing was out of my range of sight, for it was mostly at the north of the city; but by leaning through the casement I could see our own citadel, and one or two of the smaller forts, from which every moment, as it seemed, there came a cloud of white vapor as the cannon were fired, while the roar from them was incessant.

Already two or three roofs were crushed in, and columns of black smoke were rising from them; while long, wailing cries of Help! fire! pierced through all the din and thunder of the batteries. My blood boiled and tingled to be out among the uproar and the tumult; but then there was no one to think for my grandmother and poor little Sylvie, except me.

I could scarcely tear myself away; but just then a ball rattled down the pointed roof above me, and fell into the street below, bounding two or three times like a foot-ball. It startled me, and I drew in my head, and called with all my might, "Lisbeth!" I heard her answer from the landing below, and then I found her, with Elsie clinging to her gown, at the door of the bedridden old man's chamber.

"Come down with me this moment," I cried; "you are not safe here. The roof may be crushed in any minute, and it is safer down stairs."

"I cannot, Max," she said, with a brave and resolute look on her pale face. "I must stay with old Hans. But I would thank you with all my heart to take my Elsie down; she would go with you."

"But we will carry old Hans down, too," I said.

"He is too ill to be disturbed," she answered; "it would be the death of him. And, Max, they who have God's arms about them are safe either in life or death. Not but what I tremble a little when those fearful noises come very near. Yet He is here, and I should be ashamed to be much afraid."

Lisbeth's face was both peaceful and steadfast, though the tears stood in her eyes, as she kissed Elsie, and put her little hand in mine to take her away.

"I give her into your charge, Max," she said.

"Lisbeth," I answered, "I would die rather than let any harm come to the child."

She smiled and nodded, laid her hand for a moment upon mine, and looked once again at Elsie. Then she turned back into old Hans' chamber, and closed the door between us.

Oh! the terror and the horror of that day and night! We got used to it afterward, and did not suffer so much, even when the bombardment was more severe. But then it was all new to us, and a boy like me could never describe it. In one of the old prophets there is a verse that comes nearer to describing, but that does not tell the half of it: "That day is a day of wrath, a day of trouble and distress, a day of wasteness and desolation, a day of darkness and gloominess, a day of clouds and thick darkness, a day of the trumpet and alarm against the fenced cities, and against the high towers."

But in those times there were no cannon, or batteries, or shells, to add to the horrors of the battle. If the old prophet could only come back again, and if the words had been put into his lips, he might have so told it that people hearing of it, who had never seen the horrors or felt the terrors, would have vowed, with a solemn vow, that there should be no war like that again in a Christian country.

We did not eat; we did not sleep; we scarcely stirred. All we could do was to listen, straining our ears to catch up every dismal sound that filled the night. It was not long dark, for, as you know, it was a summer night; but as long as it was dark a lurid red light shone, whenever a shell passed over us, showing us one another's faces, knotted and drawn with fear. Only Elsie,

who lay on a cushion I had placed for her at my grandmother's feet, fell soundly asleep; and her sweet little face wore a smile, as if she saw beautiful things and heard sweet, pleasant sounds.

It was still dark, though the dawn was breaking, when suddenly there came a crash and an explosion, so close upon us that the great house shook to its foundations. Gretchen flung herself upon the floor, and Sylvie clung with all her might to my grandmother. I sprang to my feet and waited. For some minutes there was the sound of beams giving way, and of bricks tumbling into the street below; but as yet no harm had come to us. I ventured out on to the staircase, where it was pitch dark, for the faint light of the daybreak could not reach it, and I groped my way carefully up the stone steps.

(To be continued.)

ELIJAH MEETING AHAB.

S. S. Lesson for Aug. 2, 1 Kings 18:1-18. Golden Text, ver. 18. By Mrs. M. Baxter.

God's Care of the Individual—Nothing Lost—Elijah Educated in Private—The Horrors of the Drought—A Perilous Mission—How Fear of Man is Lost—Royalty Seeking Water—A Test of Reality—Conduct in Trial—The Commission to Obadiah—Obadiah's Faltering Faith—Reassured by Elijah—A Solemn Oath—Ahab and Elijah Meet.

OUR loving God, in all His purposes for nations and generations of men, never loses sight of the human instruments through whom He works. He utilizes every circumstance in which they are placed, every person with whom they meet, to carry on their education. He who said to the disciples, when He had multiplied the loaves, "Gather up the fragments that remain, that nothing be lost" (John 6:12), acts Himself upon the same principle.

NOTHING IS LOST

in the economy of God. When it seems to us that time, talents, money, opportunities are being lost, God is only emptying us of our own poor resources, that He may fill us with His own. While Ahab was learning, in spite of himself, to know that there was a God in Israel, and while the confidence of the people was being shaken in the "vanities of the Gentiles," that could not cause rain (Jer. 14:22). God was exercising in private the faith of Elijah, which was soon to be put to a test which all Israel should see.

Elijah had "prayed to the Lord that it might not rain" (James 5:17). One, two, three years passed, and still the heavens were as brass. Everywhere around he could see the manifest answer to his prayer. Everywhere the God, who had been rejected as the King and Father of His people, was asserting Himself as the God of judgment. The state of the land and people was similar to that which Jeremiah describes, when famine came upon Judah. Their nobles have sent their little ones to the waters; they came to the pits, and found no water; they returned with their vessels empty; they were ashamed and confounded, and covered their heads. Because the ground is chapped, for there was no rain in the earth, the ploughmen were ashamed, and confounded, and covered their heads. Yea, the hind also calved in the field, and forsook it, because there was no grass. And the wild asses did stand in the high places, they snuffed up the wind like dragons; their eyes did fail because there was no grass (Jer. 14:3-6).

It was while the land was in this sore need that "the Word of the Lord came to Elijah in the third year, saying: 'Go, shew thyself unto Ahab, and I will send rain upon the earth.'" Elijah knew well enough Ahab's bitter personal hatred to himself, he knew that a price was set upon his head, that in all human probability to show himself to Ahab was certain death. But Elijah had seen with his own eyes the conquest of death by the power of that God, whose presence he never lost sight of, and without gaining or demurring, "Elijah went to show him-

self to Ahab." When the widow's son was raised, Elijah had believed in God for another, now it was his own life which was in danger. It is in exact proportion to our practical acquaintance with God, that we

LOSE OUR FEAR OF MAN.

Men in all stations appear very small to those who endure "as seeing Him who is invisible" (Heb. 11:27). In measure as the greatness of God dawns upon us, we see the extreme littleness both of ourselves and of others.

Ahab might kick against God as much as he would, but he could not help feeling the weight of the judgment which was upon the land. The question of water supply was not only discussed by royalty; that might occur at any time, but the need was so sore that the king set out in person to find water. He called Obadiah, his house-steward. This man, although no preacher, "feared the Lord greatly," and not in word only. When Jezebel, in her infamous hatred of God and of holiness, "cut off the prophets of the Lord, Obadiah took one hundred of these persecuted men, found them refuge in caves, and maintained them. No easy thing to do in the then circumstances of the land; he made himself liable to the queen's displeasure, which meant a cruel death. Ahab said to him, 'Go into all the land, unto all fountains of water, and unto all brooks; peradventure we may find grass to save the horses and mules alive that we lose not all the beasts.'" Why did not Obadiah tell the king there was power in the living God to send rain? Why did not Ahab humble himself, and turn to the Lord, whose severity he was feeling? Alas! he would rather keep the famine and his sin, than give up his sin and have the curse removed! Anything rather than to have to do with God! They divided the land between them to pass throughout it; Ahab went one way by himself, and Obadiah went another way by himself. If Ahab had really believed in Baal, surely he would have prayed to his false God! If he had had any trust in Baal's prophets he might have sent them to take a survey of all the water-courses.

It is a very good test of the reality of a man's religion to inquire, "What does he do in the time of trial?" If a man's religion can stand the test of trial, and he is lifted completely above that which would crush another man—if he does not attempt to extricate himself, but relies on the Almighty God to do it, and he remains perfectly calm—it is a clear evidence that that man has found out a God on whom he can rely, and his faith is real. But if a man is ever so religious, ever so devotional, and yet when sickness, temporal distress, reproach, or any other trial comes, he is just as much overcome by it as a worldly man, it is very clear that he has found religion only, and has not

TAKEN HIS SOUNDINGS IN GOD.

As Obadiah was on his survey, Elijah met him. Had he ever seen that face before? Yes; once when he had stood before Ahab, and declared the drought from which the land was suffering now. Obadiah had more fear of Elijah than oneness of spirit with him. Believers who meet with one who is out and out for the Lord, and who is constantly occupied with Him, are often afraid because the presence of God does not to them outshine man. Obadiah fell on his face, and said: "Art thou that, my lord Elijah?" And he answered him, I am; go tell thy lord, Behold, Elijah is here." It was a startling commission; the very man whom Ahab was seeking to destroy, thus announcing himself as though he courted destruction! And yet, after all, it was not Elijah's danger which Obadiah felt so much as his own. "What have I sinned," he said, "that thou wouldst deliver thy servant into the hand of Ahab to slay me?" Obadiah could neither conceive of Elijah's being willing to die at Ahab's hands, nor yet that he should have faith in God for his preservation. Obadiah could fear God, and serve him, but he had not learned to rely upon Him as Elijah could. So he continued, "As the Lord thy God liveth, there is no nation or kingdom

whither my Lord hath not sent to seek thee; and when they said, He is not there, he took an oath of that nation and kingdom that they found thee not. And now thou sayest, Go and tell thy lord, Behold, Elijah is here. And it shall come to pass, as soon as I am gone from thee, that the Spirit of the Lord shall carry thee whither I know not; and so when I come and tell Ahab, and he cannot find thee, he shall slay me."

Obadiah gave Elijah no credit for sincerity, for he could not picture himself acting as he did; and he made up his mind that the only way of deliverance for Elijah was to be caught away miraculously before he should see Ahab. Oh, how different are man's thoughts from God's! Obadiah did not inquire of Elijah whether God had commanded him to see Ahab, he was occupied with second causes, and did not see God in the matter at all. Like so many believers, he stood on what he was, and what he had done, and he related his good deeds to Elijah, as though to impress him with the fact that such an earnest good man as he deserved more consideration than to be placed in such a position of danger. And after all, the danger was but imaginary; had he seen God over-ruling all, he would have been as calm as Elijah was.

The prophet reassured him, "As the Lord of hosts liveth, before whom I stand, I will surely show myself unto him to-day."

BEFORE WHOM DO YOU STAND,

dear reader? Before man? Before a difficulty, real and present, or possible and future? Do you stand before family circumstances, before the selfishness of one member of your family, which destroys all the comfort of the rest? Do you stand before a dreaded trial, which you are expecting daily to break upon you? Or do you stand before the living, Almighty God, who is able to put His hand between you and the trial, who knows how to deal with the selfish member of your family, who holds in His own hand the thread of your circumstances? Wherever Elijah looked he saw God, it mattered not what lay beyond.

So Obadiah went to meet Ahab, and told him, and Ahab went to meet Elijah. Ahab the king, acted the subject, and instead of commanding Elijah to come to him, he went to meet Elijah. The first words of the king were terms of reproach, "Art thou he that troubleth Israel?" Alas! alas! for poor human nature! Ahab could believe in the power of Elijah's prayer and the truth of his declaration concerning the drought, and, perhaps, would have spoken of him as a man with wonderful power in prayer or in preaching. But he did not see that Elijah himself was nothing at all, and that the living God was holding back the rain. Hundreds of thousands speak of prayer as though prayer itself were God, and therefore they do not get at God. Elijah's answer was fearless, and true to the letter, "I have not troubled Israel; but thou and thy father's house, in that ye have forsaken the commandments of the Lord, and thou hast followed Baalim." What must have been the astonishment of the weak and faithless Obadiah, when he heard Elijah coolly take the king to task, and when the irate king stood and heard him! What could have brought about such a change in their relationships? God, the presence of God. Nothing is impossible with God. Nothing is difficult to Him. It is our glorious privilege to deal with Him in everything and at all times.

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GENERAL ULYSSES S. GRANT.

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"The last enemy that shall be destroyed is death." The mourning nation to-day may take a grim satisfaction in the Apostolic assurance, as it thinks of the long and heroic struggle which has now ended in the vanquishment of the hero of many a hard-fought battle-field—in the surrender of the greatest soldier of his day. Death is a conqueror now, but, as we see from time to time the bravest and noblest fall before him, we joyfully look forward to the time when Death himself, having survived all other enemies of our race, must meet One mightier than he, and be "put under His feet." For the present, however, sorrow for the dead hero, and sympathy with the bereaved family absorb all other feelings, and they are experienced throughout the land. It is a significant fact that there are no exceptions to this sentiment. The tribute of respect and homage which comes from the South is no less ardent or sincere than that from the North, and comes from political opponents as from political friends.

THE PATIENT SUFFERER.

It is but little more than nine months since General Grant was regarded as a strong and vigorous man, likely to live to a good old age. Nine months ago he walked into the office of a prominent physician to consult him about a soreness of the throat, and there it was discovered that a fatal disease had the distinguished man in its relentless grip. Cancer of the throat and tongue was already clearly developed, and the fatal termination could not be averted. All that medical skill and family affection could do to relieve his sufferings was done, but from the first there was no hope of cure. With the indomitable resolution and fortitude which the General had displayed on the battle-field he bore his sufferings. The physicians say that the agony he endured would have caused the majority of men to spend their days in groaning; but General Grant continued patient and considerate of the comfort of all about him until the last, and with the rare will-power he possessed in so extraordinary a degree, he commenced and carried to a conclusion an autobiography which, as a historical work, will be of priceless value to his countrymen.

When the excessive heat of this summer first appeared, the physicians, dreading its effect on the vitality of the sufferer, counselled his removal from New York. Mr. Joseph Drexel's cottage at Mount McGregor was placed at the disposal of General Grant and his family. Thither on June 16th he was removed, and apparently derived much benefit from the purer air. Early last week, however, gloomy reports were published describing his increasing weakness, which, in his condition, was a most alarming symptom. On Wednesday last it was evident that the end was rapidly approaching, and on the following morning, July 23d, at eight minutes past eight, the greatest citizen of the Republic, surrounded by his sorrowing wife and family, passed peacefully and almost painlessly away from the scene of his triumphs, his joys and his sorrows.

General Grant's family, though American for generations, is of Scotch descent. It was founded by Matthew Grant, who sailed from Great Britain in the good ship Mary and Jane, and landed at Dorchester, Mass., in 1630. From him General Grant was the eighth in line of descent. The sixth in the line, and the grandfather of General Grant was Noah Grant, a lieutenant of militia, who fought at the battle of Lexington in 1776, and served in the Continental army throughout the war. His son, Jesse Root Grant, settled in 1820, at a place

called Point Pleasant, in Clermont County, Ohio, about twenty-five miles above Cincinnati, and there, on April 27th, 1822, the future President was born. He was named Hiram Ulysses, but some years afterward he received an appointment to West Point, under the name of Ulysses Simpson Grant, and thenceforward that was the name by which he was known. The change was the result of an accident; the Hon. Thomas L. Hamer who secured the West Point cadetship for the boy was acquainted with Mrs. Grant's maiden name, and not knowing his full name conferred that cognomen upon him temporarily. But the boys in the school noticing the familiar initials "U. S." called him "Uncle Sam," and the name stuck.

A HORSE TRADE

is one of the incidents of his boyhood related by himself in the autobiography which Messrs. Charles L. Webster & Co., of New York, are about to publish. The General says: "There was a Mr. Ralston living within a few miles of the village, who owned a colt which I very much wanted. My father had offered \$20 for it, but Ralston wanted \$25. I was so anxious to have the colt that after the owner left I begged to be allowed to take him at the price demanded. My father yielded, but said \$20 was all the horse was worth, and told me to offer that price; if it was not accepted I was to offer \$22.50, and if that would not get him, to give the \$25. At once mounted a horse and went for the colt. When I got to Mr. Ralston's house I said to him: 'Papa says I may offer you \$20 for the colt, but if you won't take that I am to offer \$22.50, and if you won't take that, to give you \$25.' It would not require a Connecticut man to guess the price finally agreed upon. This story is nearly true. I certainly showed very plainly that I had come for the colt and meant to have him. I could not have been over eight years old at this time. I kept the horse until he was four years old, when he went blind, and I sold him for \$20."

AT WEST POINT.

The beginning of his military life is thus described by the General in the same work:

"My father received a letter from the Hon. Thomas Morris, then United States Senator from Ohio. When he read it he said to me: 'Ulysses, I believe you are going to receive the appointment.' 'What appointment?' I inquired. 'To West Point; I have applied for it.' 'But I won't go,' I said. He said he thought I would, and I thought so, too, if he did. I really had no objection to going to West Point, except that I had a very exalted idea of the requirements necessary to get through. I did not believe I possessed them, and could not bear the idea of failing. During my first year's encampment, General Scott visited West Point and reviewed the cadets. With his commanding figure, his quite colossal size, and showy uniform, I thought him the finest specimen of manhood my eyes had ever beheld, and the most to be envied. I could never resemble him in appearance, but I believe I did have a presentiment for a moment that some day I should occupy his place on review, although I had no intention then of remaining in the army. But my experience in a horse trade ten years before, and the ridicule it caused me, were too fresh in my mind for me to communicate this presentiment to even my most intimate chum.

"The next summer, Martin Van Buren, then President of the United States, visited West Point and reviewed the cadets. But he did not impress me with the awe that Scott inspired. In fact, I regarded General Scott and Captain C. F. Smith, the commandant of cadets, as the two men most to be envied by the nation. I was impatient to get on my uniform and see how it looked, besides probably wanting my old schoolmates, particularly the girls, to see me in it. But the conceit was knocked out of me by two little circumstances that happened soon after the arrival of the clothes, and which gave me a distaste for military uniform that I never recovered from.

"Soon after the arrival of the suit, I donned it and put off for Cincinnati on horseback. While I was riding along a street of that city, imagining that every one was looking at me with a feeling akin to mine when I first saw General Scott, a little urchin, bareheaded, barefooted, with dirty and ragged pants held up by a single galls—what's that? suspenders were called then—and a shirt that had not seen a wash-tub for weeks, turned to me, and cried out: 'Soldier, will you work? No, sir-ee. I'll sell my shirt first.' The horse trade and its dire consequences were recalled to mind."

Grant's West Point record appears to have been creditable though not brilliant. He entered the Institution on July 1st, 1839, and graduated on the 30th of June, 1843. His standing was No. 21, or about the middle of a class of thirty-nine. He was awarded the rank of brevet second-lieutenant of infantry in the United States Army. There was no war, and he was therefore attached as a supernumerary lieutenant to the Fourth Regiment of Regular United States Infantry, then stationed on the Missouri frontier, looking after obstreperous tribes of Indians. In 1845, when the military occupation of Texas took place, the young officer was ordered there with his regiment to join the army of General Taylor. Mexicans and Americans were in dispute over an imaginary boundary line of what is now the State of Texas. Disputes grew to hostilities, and these ripened into the war between the United States and Mexico.

When Corpus Christi was occupied by the Americans as a base of operations, Grant received his commission as full second-lieutenant of infantry. The Mexicans besieged Fort Brown, on the Texas shore of the Rio Grande. General Taylor went to the relief of the place, and this was Lieutenant Grant's

FIRST BATTLE-GROUND.

On the 8th of May, 1846, he participated in the battle of Palo Alto, and on the following day in that of Resaca de la Palma. Lieutenant Grant also took part in the subsequent operations of General Taylor along the Rio Grande, and then advanced into the Mexican Territory, joining in the successful operation against Monterey. War had now been regularly declared. General Scott landed above Vera Cruz, and Lieutenant Grant was transferred to the command of that officer in time to serve in the siege operations, which ended in the surrender of that city on the 29th of March, 1847. The qualities of Lieutenant Grant had by this time begun to attract the attention of his commanding officers; and during the early part of April, when the army was preparing to advance into the interior, he was appointed quartermaster of his regiment—a post both honorable and important in the enemy's country. With this position he went through the entire Mexican campaign, to the occupation, by the United States forces, of the Capital. At Molino del Rey and Chapultepec he distinguished himself by gallant behavior, and after the latter battle received the brevet of Captain of the Regular Army, the nomination being afterward confirmed by Congress during the Session of 1849-50.

Some desultory operations in Oregon followed the close of the Mexican War; but there being little duty to perform, Grant, who had been made a first lieutenant, resigned his commission July 31st, 1854. He rented a small farm near St. Louis, and settled down to hard work. In 1848 he had married Miss Julia T. Dent, of St. Louis, which accounts for his choice of a location. A newspaper correspondent says that while on the farm "Grant was in the habit of cutting the wood, drawing it to Carondelet, and selling it in the market there. Many of his purchasers are now calling to mind that they had a cord of wood delivered in person by the great General Grant. When he came into the wood-market he was usually dressed in an old felt hat, with a blouse coat, and his trousers tucked in the tops of his boots. In truth, he bore the appearance of a sturdy, honest woodman." In 1859, however, the farm had been given up, and

Grant was in Galena, Ill., as the junior member of the firm of "Grant & Son," in the leather trade. He was so engaged at the

OUTBREAK OF THE WAR.

A peculiar interest attaches now to the letter in which Grant tendered his services to the Government. The letter itself is lost, though careful search has been made for it, but a copy of it is given by General Grant in his autobiography. It was dated May 24th, 1861, and was addressed to Adjutant-General Thomas, and ran as follows:

"SIR: Having served for fifteen years in the regular army, including four years at West Point, and feeling it the duty of every one who has been educated at the Government expense to offer their services for the support of that Government, I have the honor, very respectfully, to tender my services until the close of the war in such capacity as may be offered. I would say, in view of my present age and length of service, I feel myself competent to command a regiment if the President, in his judgment, should see fit to intrust one to me.

"Since the first call of the President I have been serving on the staff of the Governor of this State, rendering such aid as I could in the organization of our State militia, and am still engaged in that capacity. A letter addressed to me at Springfield, Illinois, will reach me.

"I am, very respectfully, your obedient servant,
U. S. GRANT."

The letter received no answer, but Grant offered himself to Governor Yates, of Illinois, who made him mustering officer of volunteers. At the end of five weeks the Governor offered him the Twenty-first Regiment of Illinois Infantry. Early in June he took command of his regiment, marched to Missouri, and reported to Brigadier-General Pope, by whom he was stationed at the town of Mexico. In the beginning of August he was commissioned by the President Brigadier-General of Volunteers, to date from May 17th. He had been unanimously recommended for the promotion by the members of Congress from Illinois, at the suggestion of the Hon. Elihu B. Washburne, of Galena.

It is not our intention to repeat here the oft-told tale of General Grant's brilliant military services. The following extract from his book will, however, probably be new to our readers; and coming as it does from the pen of the great General himself, has unusual interest, as showing his feeling at the opening of the great struggle in which he was to play so important a part.

A CONFESSION OF FRIGHT.

"As soon as the enemy saw us they decamped as fast as their horses would carry them. We halted at night on the road, and proceeded the next morning at an early hour. Harris had been encamped in a creek bottom for the sake of being near water. The hills on either side of the creek extend to a considerable height, possibly more than one hundred feet. As we approached the brow of the hill from which it was expected we could see Harris's camp, and possibly find his men ready formed to meet us, my heart kept getting higher and higher, until it felt to me as though it was in my throat. I would have given anything then to have been back in Illinois, but I had not the moral courage to halt and consider what to do; I kept right on. When we reached a point from which the valley below was in full view I halted. The place where Harris had been encamped a few days before was still there, and the marks of a recent encampment were plainly visible, but the troops were gone. My heart resumed its place. It occurred to me at once that Harris had been as much afraid of me as I had been of him. This was a view of the question I had never taken before; but it was one I never forgot afterward. From that event to the close of the war I never experienced trepidation upon confronting an enemy."

THE EVENTS OF THE WAR.

are too fresh in our recollection to need narration here. A brief summary, which we condense from the history of the period published

in the New York *Evening Post*, will suffice to recall the order of those events to the memory of our readers.

With the assignment of Halleck and Buell to the two principal departments of the West, the systematic prosecution of the war may be said to have begun. Halleck saw that the Tennessee River was the line by which to break the Confederate centre, and was glad to make use of Grant's eagerness to make an expedition against Forts Henry and Donaldson, and thus to take the initiative in the campaign from Buell, who was methodically perfecting his arrangements for an advance. The audacity of the movement suited Grant's qualities as a soldier, and was itself in no small measure the cause of its success. Fort Henry's capture was, as to the fighting, a naval engagement; but the surrender of Donelson remains a striking proof of the moral effect of a daring initiative. Grant's confidence seemed to the Confederate generals to indicate an army at his back double what it really was, and they took him at his word when his demand for "unconditional surrender" implied an overwhelming force to execute his threat. This really important victory came at a time (February, 1862) when the fame it gave was multiplied in public estimation by the universal impatience at the delay in opening the campaign on the Potomac, and Grant reaped the full benefit of it in glory and in promotion. "U. S.," the initials of his name, were not now understood to mean Uncle Sam, but "Unconditional Surrender."

The battle of Shiloh followed quickly (April 6th, 7th, 1862), and the result tended to intensify the debate whether military good conduct or the blind favors of fortune were to be thanked for his success. That the two-days' battle had ended in a national victory no one denied; but there was a loud outcry that Grant's own army had been routed when Buell's arrival on the field turned disaster into victory. Halleck himself took the field, and, by announcing Grant as second in command without immediate control of troops, practically retired him.

Grant never forgave this, and would have insisted upon being relieved of service in that department if Sherman, with warm friendliness, had not urged patience and the awaiting of the varying chances of the campaign.

VICKSBURG.

His patient endurance of his half disgrace brought its reward. Halleck would seem to have gained confidence in him and to have had his prejudices removed; for when he became General-in-Chief he gave Grant most earnest support in the Vicksburg campaign, and served loyally under him when the latter became Lieutenant-General. The campaign of Vicksburg at first seemed fated to keep open the question of Grant's capacity, though there was now no question of his fighting qualities. But when crossing the Mississippi at Bruinsburg he divided and beat in detail the enemy's forces, then, turning upon Pemberton, drove him into Vicksburg, and invested him there, resuming his own communications in doing so, the most sceptical were forced to admit his possession of military talents of the highest order. Pemberton's surrender on the 4th of July, 1863, came with the victory at Gettysburg to give assurance that a permanent turn in the tide of war had been reached.

THE CLOSING CONTEST.

"Grant's fame was now secure, and his military pre-eminence was scarcely disputable; but when, in November of that year, he redeemed the disaster of Chickamauga by the dramatic victory of Mission Ridge, his promotion to the Lieutenant-Generalship may be said to have been made by acclamation. If the hard hammering of the Virginia campaign which followed had little of the brilliancy of his former exploits, it perhaps consolidated all the more his reputation for tenacity and for power to infuse his own unconquerable determination into a great army. If we shuddered at the fearful cost of life at which that campaign was carried on, the stead-

ily defensive policy of an army which had made the dashing campaigns Lee had before that time conducted, was sufficient proof of the conviction he felt of Grant's ability to deliver a fatal thrust if the guard should for a moment be lowered. The surrender at Appomattox, on April 9th, 1865, was made more imposing by the unaffected modesty of the victor, and the nation's gratitude was intensified by the perfect subordination to the civil authorities of his country, which removed every fear that the war had raised up any soldiers too proud or too powerful to be peaceful citizens. After the war General Grant fixed his headquarters at Washington, and on July 25th, 1866, he was commissioned General of the United States Army, the rank being created for him.

THE PRESIDENCY.

His conduct during the miserable troubles of the closing months of President Johnson's term increased the esteem with which he was regarded by all sections of the country. No one was surprised, therefore, when the Republican National Convention, on May 21st, 1868, unanimously nominated General Grant, on the first ballot, for President. His Democratic competitor was Horatio Seymour. Grant and Colfax carried twenty-six States, and received two hundred and fourteen electoral votes, against eighty for Seymour and Blair. Grant was inaugurated President March 4th, 1869. As President Grant was in political harmony with the majority in Congress, the reconstruction of the Southern States, which had been delayed by the lack of such harmony during the previous administration, now went on. In 1871 Grant urged the annexation of Santo Domingo as a territory of the United States. A treaty to effect this, and also one by which the peninsula and bay of Samana were ceded to the United States for fifty years at an annual rental of \$150,000 in gold, had been signed November 29th, 1869, on behalf of President Grant and President Baez. The Senate, however, withheld its approval of the treaties.

A "joint high commission" of five British and five American members met at Washington, February 27th, 1871, and on May 8th signed a treaty on the subject of the coast fisheries, river navigation, and the Alabama claims. The last-named question was submitted to a court of arbitration which met at Geneva, Switzerland, and on September 14th, 1872, awarded the gross sum of \$15,500,000 to be paid by the British Government to the United States for damages to American commerce by Confederate cruisers fitted out in British ports.

At the National Republican Convention at Philadelphia, June 5th, 1872, President Grant was renominated by acclamation, and Henry Wilson, of Massachusetts, received the nomination for Vice-President; while Horace Greeley and B. Gratz Brown were the candidates of both the Liberal Republicans and the Democrats. Grant and Wilson received two hundred and sixty-eight votes in the Electoral College against eighty for the other candidates.

We have no heart, under present circumstances, to dwell critically on the events of those two terms. The incident of the horse-trade in his boyhood is recalled by Grant's conduct in the Presidential chair. The honest, frank simplicity of his character fitted him to be the dupe of men without principle; and the men who swarmed into Washington at the close of the war were precisely of that class. Under Grant's splendid reputation they intrigued and schemed for their own advantage, satisfied that the rugged, fearless soldier would "never desert his friends under fire." It was a cruel thing, and the whole country grieved at the sight of the brave general's name being used to shelter a gang of thieves. But Grant always gave his whole confidence to a friend, and never could be persuaded that a man who had once abused his confidence should be cast off. So the whiskey scandals, and others only too well remembered, cast a blight on his administration. Unthinking men associated the President with the

subordinates to whose corruption he was blind, but those who knew him best were well aware that his personal character was unsnirched, and that his faults as a President were based on the most estimable qualities of the human mind.

THE TOUR AROUND THE WORLD.

Soon after the expiration of his second term, General Grant left Washington for Philadelphia with the design of making a tour of the world. This he began May 17th, 1877, with his wife and eldest son. From Liverpool he went to London. During his stay in England the General was honored with an invitation to dine with the Queen at Windsor Castle, was presented with the freedom of the city of London in a gold casket, and was treated by the statesmen and the people with all the honor usually reserved for royal personages. The General and party next visited successively Switzerland, the northern part of Italy, Alsace and Lorraine, Brussels, Egypt, the Holy Land, Constantinople, Rome, Paris, Berlin, Copenhagen, Stockholm, St. Petersburg, Vienna, Madrid, Bombay, Calcutta, Burmah, Siam, Hong Kong, Canton and Yokohama, returning to America by San Francisco, having thus completed the circuit of the world. He arrived at San Francisco on September 20th, 1879, having been away two years and four months. During this tour General Grant was received with distinguished honors by Queen Victoria, King Leopold of Belgium, the Khédive of Egypt, the Sultan of Turkey, King Humbert of Italy, Pope Leo XIII., President MacMahon of France, the King of Holland, Emperor William of Germany, Prince Bismarck, King Oscar of Sweden, the Emperor Alexander of Russia, the Emperor Francis Joseph of Austria, King Alfonso of Spain, President Grévy of France, M. Gambetta, Lord Lytton, Viceroy of India; King Thebaw of Burmah, Prince Kung of China, the Emperor of Siam, and the Mikado of Japan. During his travels General Grant was the recipient of many valuable presents, most of which go to the Government, in accordance with an arrangement made some time ago with Mr. William H. Vanderbilt.

In 1880 General Grant's political adherents once more endeavored to secure his nomination for President. This was at Chicago. They did not succeed, however, and the nomination was given to General Garfield. This Convention was remarkable for the tenacity with which Grant's friends stuck to him to the last, the "Stalwart 306" subsequently receiving a medal each to commemorate the event. About this time, through the efforts of Mr. Jones, of the New York Times, Mr. George W. Childs, of the Philadelphia Ledger, and other patriotic and benevolent gentlemen, a fund of over a quarter of a million dollars was raised, the interest of which was to be placed at the disposal of General Grant, the fund being invested by trustees in securities believed at the time to be profitable. In 1883, General Grant became silent partner in the firm of Grant & Ward, bankers and brokers, New York City, with whose disastrous failure our readers are already familiar.

It was not until after that financial catastrophe, and when it became known that the whole of General Grant's estate, personal as well as real had been swept away, and that not even the swords and medals presented to him could be called his own, that the long-continued efforts to secure a pension for him succeeded. He had resigned his military office to be President, so that when the failure came he had not even his pension as a soldier at command. To the general satisfaction of the people, however, North and South, Congress passed a bill on March 4th, 1885, providing for his being placed on the retired list, with the full pay of General. The act, tardy as it was, evidently afforded consolation to the distinguished invalid, who was then fully realizing the fatal nature of his disease.

General Grant leaves a widow and three sons (Fred, Jesse, and U. S., Jr.), and one daughter, Mrs. Nellie Sartoris. The father and mother of General Grant are both dead.

HOW HE CAME TO SAY IT.

A Sermon by Dr. Talmage.

"If any man love not the Lord Jesus Christ, let him be Anathema Maran-atha.—1 Cor. 16 : 22.

Christ's Personal Appearance—His Lovely Disposition—The Four Pictures of Him—All Lovely—Lovely in Beneficence—In Sacrifice—The Shame of Injustice—A Fair and Square Purchase—Bought with Blood and Tears—The Spiritual Suicide—A Name on the Note—A Mean, Cruel Thing—The Knocking at the Door—Another Refusal—Worlds on a Swivel—Will He Come?—A Solemn Farewell.

The smallest lad in the house knows the meaning of all those words except the last two, Anathema, Maran-atha. Anathema, to cut off. Maran-atha, at His coming. So the whole passage might be read : "If any man love not the Lord Jesus Christ, let him be cut off at His coming." Well, how could the tender-hearted Paul say that? We have seen him with tears discoursing about human want, and flushed with excitement about human sorrow; and now he throws those red-hot words into this letter to the Corinthians. Had he lost his patience? Oh, no. Had he resigned his confidence in the Christian religion? Oh, no. Had the world treated him so badly that he had become its sworn enemy? Oh, no. It needs some explanation, I confess, and I shall proceed to show by what process Paul came to the vehement utterance of my text. Before I close, if God shall give His Spirit, you shall cease to be surprised at the exclamation of the Apostle, and you yourselves will employ the same emphasis, declaring, "If any man love not the Lord Jesus Christ, let him be Anathema Maran-atha."

If the photographic art had been discovered early enough, we should have the facial proportions of Christ—the front face, the side face, Jesus sitting, Jesus standing—provided. He had submitted to that art; but since the sun did not become a portrait-painter until eighteen centuries after Christ, our idea about the Saviour's PERSONAL APPEARANCE is all guess-work. Still, tradition tells us that He was the most infinitely beautiful being that ever walked our small earth. If His features had been rugged, and His gait had been ungainly, that would not have hindered Him from being attractive. Many men you have known and loved have had few charms of physiognomy. Wilberforce was not attractive in face. Socrates was repulsive. Suwarrow, the great Russian hero, looked almost an imbecile. And some whom you have known, and honored, and loved, have not had very great attractiveness of personal appearance. The shape of the mouth, and the nose, and the eyebrow, did not hinder the soul from shining through the cuticle of the face in all-powerful irradiation.

But to a lovely exterior Christ joined all LOVELINESS OF DISPOSITION. Run through the galleries of heaven, and find out that He is a *non-such*. The sunshine of His love mingling with the shadows of His sorrows, crossed by the crystalline stream of His tears and the crimson flowing forth of His blood, make a picture worthy of being called the masterpiece of the eternities. Hung on the wall of heaven, the celestial population would be enchanted but for the fact that they have the grand and magnificent original, and they want no picture. But Christ having gone away from earth, we are dependent upon four indistinct pictures. Matthew took one, Mark another, Luke another, and John another. I care not which picture you take, it is lovely. Lovely? He was altogether lovely.

He had a way of taking up a dropsical limb without hurting it, and of removing the cataract from the eye without the knife, and of starting the circulation through the shrunken arteries without the shock of the electric battery, and of putting intelligence into the dull state of lunacy, and of restraining the auditory nerve of the deaf ear, and of striking articulation into the stiff tongue, and of making the stark-naked madman dress himself and exchange tombstone for otto-

man, and of unlocking from the skeleton grip of death the daughter of Jairus to embosom her in her glad father's arms. Oh, He was lovely—sitting, standing, kneeling, lying down—always lovely.

LOVELY IN HIS SACRIFICE.

Why, He gave up everything for us. Home, celestial companionship, music of seraphic harps, balmy breath of eternal summer, all joy, all light, all music, and heard the gates slam shut behind Him as He came out to fight for our freedom, and with bare feet plunged on the sharp javelins of human and satanic hate, until His blood spurted into the faces of those who slew Him. You want the soft, low, minor key of sweetest music to describe the pathos; but it needs an orchestra, under swinging of an archangel's baton, reaching from throne to manger, to drum and trumpet the doxologies of His praise. He took everybody's trouble—the leper's sickness, the widow's dead boy, the harlot's shame, the Galilean fisherman's poor luck, the invalidism of Simon's mother-in-law, the stinging of Malchus's amputated ear.

HE TOOK EVERYBODY'S TROUBLE.

Some people cry very easily, and for some it is very difficult to cry. A great many tears on some cheeks do not mean so much as one tear on another cheek. What is it that I see glittering in the mild eye of Jesus? It was all the sorrows of earth, and the woes of hell, from which He had plucked our souls, accreted into one transparent drop, lingering on the lower eyelash until it fell on a cheek red with the slap of human hands—just one salt, bitter, burning tear of Jesus. No wonder the rock, the sky, and the cemetery were in consternation when He died. No wonder the universe was convulsed. It was the Lord God Almighty bursting into tears! Now suppose that, notwithstanding all this, a man cannot have any affection for him. What ought to be done with such hard behavior?

It seems to me that there ought to be some chastisement for a man who will not love such a Christ. Does it not make your bloodingle to think of Jesus coming over the tens of thousands of miles that seem to separate God from us, and then to see a man jostle Him out, and push Him back, and shut the door in His face, and trample upon His entreaties? While you may not be able to rise up to the towering excitement of the Apostle in my text, you can at any rate somewhat understand His feelings when He cried out : "After all this, 'if a man love not the Lord Jesus Christ, let him be Anathema Maran-atha.'"

SHAMEFUL INJUSTICE.

Just look at the injustice of not loving Him. Now, there is nothing that excites a man like injustice. You go along the street, and you see your little child buffeted, or a ruffian comes and takes a boy's hat and throws it into the ditch. You say : "What great meanness, what injustice that is." You cannot stand injustice. I remember, in my boyhood days, attending a large meeting in Tripler Hall, New York. Thousands of people were huzzaing, and the same kind of audiences were assembled at the same time in Boston, Edinburgh, and London. Why? Because the Madai family, in Italy, had been robbed of their Bible. "A little thing," you say. Ah, that injustice was enough to arouse the indignation of a world. But while we are so sensitive about injustice as between man and man, how little sensitive we are about injustice between man and God. If there ever was

A FAIR AND SQUARE PURCHASE of anything, then Christ purchased us. He paid for us, not in shekels, not in ancient coins inscribed with effigies of Hercules, or Ægina's tortoise, or lyre of Mitylene, but in two kinds of coin—one red, the other glittering—blood and tears! If anything is purchased and paid for, ought not the goods to be delivered? If you have bought property and given the money, do you not want to come in possession of it? "Yes," you say, "I will have it. I bought and paid for

it." And you will go to law for it, and you will denounce the man as a defrauder. Aye, if need be, you will hurl him into jail. You will say: "I am bound to get that property. I bought it. I paid for it."

Now, transpose the case. Suppose Jesus Christ to be the wronged purchaser on the one side, and the impenitent soul on the other, trying to defraud Him of that which He bought at such an exorbitant price, and how do you feel about that injustice? How do you feel towards that spiritual fraud, turpitude and perfidy? A man with an ardent temperament rises and he says that such injustice as between man and man is bad enough, but between man and God it is reprehensible and intolerable, and he brings his fist down on the pew, and he says: "I can stand this injustice no longer. After all this purchase, if any man love not the Lord Jesus Christ, let him be Anathema Maran-atha."

SPIRITUAL SUICIDE.

I go still further, and show you how suicidal it is for a man not to love Christ. If a man gets in trouble, and he cannot get out, we have only one feeling toward him—sympathy and a desire to help him. If he has failed for a vast amount of money, and cannot pay more than ten cents on a dollar—aye, if he cannot pay anything—though his creditors may come after him like a pack of hounds, we sympathize with him. We go to his store, or house, and we express our condolence. But suppose the day before that man failed William E. Dodge had come into his store and said: "My friend, I hear you are in trouble. I have come to help you. If ten thousand dollars will see you through your perplexity, I have a loan of that amount for you. Here is a cheque for the amount of that loan." Suppose the man said: "With that ten thousand dollars I could get through until next spring, and then everything will be all right; but, Mr. Dodge, I don't want it; I won't take it; I would rather fail than take it; I don't even thank you for offering it." Your sympathy for that man would cease immediately. You would say: "He had a fair offer; he might have got out; he wants to fail; he refuses all help; now let him fail." There is no one in all this house who would have any sympathy for that man.

THE NAME ON THE NOTE.

But do not let us be too hasty. Christ hears of our spiritual embarrassments. He finds that we are on the very verge of eternal defalcation. He finds the law knocking at our door with this dun: "Pay me what thou owest." We do not know which way to turn. Pay? We cannot pay a farthing of all the millions of obligation. Well, Christ comes in and says: "Here is My name; you can use My name. Your name would be worthless, but My red handwriting on the back of this obligation will get you through anywhere." Now suppose the soul says: "I know I am in debt; I can't meet these obligations either in time or eternity; but Oh, Christ, I want not Thy help; I ask not Thy rescue. Go away from me." You would say: "That man, why, he deserves to die. He had the offer of help; he would not take it. He is a free agent; he ought to have what he wants; he chooses death rather than life. Ought you not give him freedom of choice?" Though awhile ago there was only one ardent man who understood the Apostle, now there are hundreds in the house who can say, and do say within themselves: "After all this ingratitude, and rejection, and obstinacy, if any man love not the Lord Jesus Christ, let him be Anathema Maran-atha."

A MEAN ACT.

I go a step further, and say it is most cruel for a man not to love Jesus. The meanest thing I could do for you would be needlessly to hurt your feelings. Sharp words sometimes cut like a dagger. An unkind look will sometimes rive like the lightning. An unkind deed may overmaster a sensitive spirit, and if you have made up your mind that you have done wrong to any one, it does not take you two minutes to make

up your mind to go and apologize. Now, Christ is a bundle of delicacy and sensitiveness. How you have shocked His nerves! How you have broken His heart!

WAITING AT THE DOOR.

Did you, my brother, ever measure the meaning of that one passage: "Behold, I stand at the door and knock"? It never came to me as it did this morning, while I was thinking on this subject. "Behold, I stand at the door and knock." Some January day, the thermometer five degrees below zero, the wind and sleet beating mercilessly against you, you go up the steps of a house where you have a very important errand. You knock with one knuckle. No answer. You are very earnest, and you are freezing. The next time you knock harder. After awhile with your fist you beat against the door. You must get in, but the inmate is careless or stubborn, and he does not want you in. Your errand is a failure. You go away.

The Lord Jesus Christ comes up on the steps of your heart, and with very sore hand he knocks hard at the door of your soul. He is standing in the cold blasts of human suffering. He knocks. He says: "Let Me in. I have come a great way. I have come all the way from Nazareth, from Bethlehem, from Golgotha. Let Me in. I am shivering and blue with the cold. Let Me in. My feet are bare but for their covering of blood. My head is uncovered but for a turban of brambles. By all these wounds of foot, and head, and heart, I beg you to let Me in. Oh, I have been here a great while, and the night is getting darker. I am faint with hunger. I am dying to get in. Oh! lift the latch—shove back the bolt. Won't you let Me in? Won't you?" "Behold, I stand at the door and knock."

ANOTHER DOOR.

But after awhile, my brother, the scene will change. It will be another door, but Christ will be on the other side of it. He will be on the inside, and the rejected sinner will be on the outside, and the sinner will come up and knock at the door and say: "Let me in, let me in. I have come a great way. I came all the way from earth. I am sick and dying. Let me in. The merciless storm beats my unsheltered head. The wolves of a great night are on my track. Let me in. With both fists I beat against this door. Oh, let me in. Oh, Christ, let me in. Oh, Holy Ghost, let me in. Oh, God, let me in. Oh, my glorified kindred, let me in." No answer save the voice of Christ, who shall say: "Sinner, when I stood at your door you would not let Me in, and now you are standing at My door, and I cannot let you in. The day of your grace is past. Officer of the law, seize him." And while the arrest is going on, all the myriads of heaven rise on gallery and throne, and cry with a loud voice, that makes the eternal city quake from cap-stone to foundation, saying: "If any man love not the Lord Jesus Christ, let him be Anathema Maran-atha."

WORLDS ON A SWIVEL.

Sabbath audience in the Brooklyn Tabernacle, and all to whom these words shall come on both sides the sea, notice here the tremendous alternative; it is not whether you live in Pierrepont Street or Carleton Avenue, walk Trafalgar Square or the "Canongate"; nor whether your dress shall be black or brown; nor whether you shall be robust or an invalid; nor whether you shall live on the banks of the Hudson, the Shannon, the Seine, the Thames, the Tiber; but it is a question whether you will love Christ or suffer banishment; whether you will give yourselves to Him who owns you or fall under the millstone; whether you will rise to glories that have no terminus or plunge to a depth which has no bottom. I do not see how you can take the ten thousandth part of a second to decide it, when there are two worlds fastened at opposite ends of a swivel, and the swivel turns on one point, and that point is now, now. Is it not fair that you love Him? Is it not right that you love Him? Is it not imperative that you love Him? What is it that keeps you from

rushing up and throwing the arms of your affection about His neck?

My text pronounces Anathema Maran-atha upon all those who refuse to love Christ. Anathema—cut off. Cut off from light, from hope, from peace, from heaven. Oh, sharp, keen, sword-like words! Cut off! Everlastingly cut off! Behold, therefore, the goodness and severity of God; on them which fell, severity; but toward thee, goodness, if thou continue in His goodness; otherwise thou also shalt be cut off. Maran-atha—that is the other word. "When He comes" is the meaning of it.

WILL HE COME?

I see no signs of it. I looked into the sky as I rode down to church. I saw no signs of the coming. No signal of God's appearance. The earth stands solid on its foundation. No cry of welcome or of woe. Will He come? He will. Maran-atha! Hear it, ye mountains, and prepare to fall. Ye cities, and prepare to burn. Ye righteous, and prepare to reign. Ye wicked, and prepare to die. Maran-atha! Maran-atha!

But oh, my brother, I am not so aroused by that coming as I am to a previous coming, and that is the coming of our death-hour, which will fix everything for us. I cannot help now, while preaching, asking myself the question—am I ready for that? If I am ready for the first I will be ready for the next. Are you ready for the emergency? Shall I tell you when your death hour will come? "Oh, no," says some one, "I don't want to know. I would rather not know." Some one says: "I would rather know, if you can tell me." I will tell you. It will be at the most unexpected moment, when you are most busy, and when you think you can be the least spared. I cannot exactly say whether it will be in the noon, or at the sundown when people are coming home, or in the morning when the world is waking up, or while the clock is striking twelve at night. But I tell you what I think, that with some of you it will be before next Saturday night.

UNEXPECTED DEATH.

A minister of the Gospel said to an audience: "Before next Sabbath some of you will be gone." And a man said during the week: "I shall watch now, and if no one dies in our congregation during this week I shall go and tell the minister his falsehood." A man standing next to him said: "Why, it may be yourself." "Oh, no," he replied; "I shall live on to be an old man." That night he breathed his last.

Standing before some who soon shall be launched into the great eternity, what are your equipments? About to jump, where will you land? Oh, the subject is overwhelming to me; and when I say these things to you, I say them to myself. "Lord, is it I? Is it I?" Some of us part to-night never to meet again. If never before, I now here commit my soul into the keeping of the Lord Jesus Christ. I throw my sinful heart upon His infinite mercy. But some of you will not do that. You will go over to the store to-morrow, and your comrades will say: "Where were you yesterday?" You will say: "I heard Talmage preach, and I don't believe what he preaches." And you will go on and die in your sins.

A SOLEMN FAREWELL.

Feeling that you are bound unto death eternal I solemnly take leave of you. Be careful of your health, for when your respiration gives out all your good times will have ended. Be careful in walking near a scaffold, for one falling brick or stone might usher you into the great eternity for which you have no preparation. A few months, or weeks, or days, or hours will pass on, and then you will see the last light, and hear the last music, and have the last pleasant emotion, and a destroyed eternity will rush upon you. Farewell, oh doomed spirit. As you shove off from hope, I wave you this last salutation. Oh, it is hard to part for ever and for ever! I bid you one long, last, bitter, eternal adieu!

THE IMAGE COLOSSUS.

By Professor J. C. Randolph.

(From the *Restitution*.)

The Image of the Vision—The Four World-Empires—Their Respective Characteristics—The Present Time Indicated—In the Feet—The Ten Toes Forming—The Descent of the Little Stone—Numerous Independent Conformations—Approaching Physical Convulsions—The Loftier Calculus.

IN the second chapter of Daniel we have a view of the four great empires of the world. These are called universal, and they give us a very clear idea of

WHERE WE STAND TO DAY

in relation to events of the greatest moment.

The great Image seen in a dream by Nebuchadnezzar, and reproduced to Daniel in Divine vision, exhibited the four great empires that were to precede the time when the saints of the Most High shall possess the kingdom or government of this world, in conjunction with their glorious Head, and reign forever, even forever and ever.

Now, by viewing this Image, and Daniel's exposition and interpretation of its signification, we know very nearly where we stand to-day. He said to King Nebuchadnezzar, These four empires represented by the Image begin with you. "*Thou art this head of gold.*" Then after him a second, denoted by the breast and arms of silver. Then a third kingdom of brass, having rule over all the earth. Finally, the fourth and last, an iron kingdom, subduing all things and breaking to pieces every other kingdom.

THE GOLDEN EMPIRE.

Now, there is no diversity of opinion among Christians about these four empires. It is one of the few things about which all Christendom is agreed. Nebuchadnezzar's empire was the first: "*Thou art this head of gold.*" This was six hundred years before the birth of Christ. This empire stood until Cyrus deflected the current of the Euphrates, marched his army in the bed of the river, passed under the great two-leaved gates of the mighty city of Babylon, surprised the carousing, drunken Belshazzar and his licentious court, slew them all, captured the city, and put an end to the first great empire. This occurred in 535 B.C.

THE SILVER KINGDOM.

From this period dates the rise of the second great empire, the Medo-Persian or silver kingdom. This flourished under nine successive kings: Cyrus, Cambyses, Darius, Xerxes, Artaxerxes, etc., until the time of Artaxerxes III., at which period Alexander the Great hurled his Grecian Phalanx, like the mighty smiting of a thunderbolt, against this second empire, shivered it to atoms, and erected upon its ruins his own colossal empire. This is the third great universal kingdom, and dates from the year 339 before the Christian Era.

THE BRASS AND IRON.

This third empire flourished about two hundred and ten years. Then the hitherto invincible Grecian Phalanx was ground to powder beneath the iron heel of Rome's all-conquering legions. This is the portion of the Image designated by the iron legs and feet, part of iron and part of clay. This is the fourth and last great empire the world will ever see of this description. "The fulness of the Gentiles" will be accomplished under this empire. After the unity is broken it is divided or flattened out, so to speak, like the feet and toes of a human being. We know perfectly well when the Roman Empire lost its unity, or was broken up into what we now see the present nations of Europe to be, since the fall of the old Roman Empire. How exactly the prophet has delineated the character and relations, the one to the other, of the present existing nations of Europe: "Whereas thou sawest the feet and toes, part of potters' clay, and part of iron, the kingdom shall be divided; but there shall be in it of the strength of the iron, forasmuch as thou sawest

the iron mixed with miry clay. And as the toes of the feet were part of iron, and part of clay, so the kingdom shall be partly strong, and partly broken."

The Western Roman Empire ended in A.D. 476, and the Eastern in 1453. We have, therefore, been already living under that period denoted by the feet and toes of the Image not less than four hundred and twenty-five years. But the little stone which was cut out of the mountain without hands was to smite this Image upon his feet.

The great Image is one. It is a unit throughout, though composed of different metals, denoting all phases of worldly, godless, Gentile Empire, and when it is at an end, broken by this little stone, and destroyed, the God of Heaven shall set up a kingdom which shall stand forever. And this shall be done just when Time has carried us to that period denoted by the last extremities of this Image. And even history itself tells us that we are just there now.

THIS ERA INDICATED.

Christ's words in Matthew 24 indicate that we are just there now. The twelve hundred and sixty years during which Jerusalem was given to be trodden down under the feet of the Gentiles proclaims that we are just there now. The twelve hundred and sixty years of the existence of the great Anti-Christian power, now so manifestly waning, groans, like a distant muttering thunder, that we are just there now. The attitude of the "Fourth Beast," as described in the seventh chapter of Daniel, admonishes us that we are just there now. The form of godliness without the power, so strikingly exhibited everywhere throughout the whole of Christendom, proclaims in thunder tones that we are just there now. The certain and unmistakable marks of the "Last Time," given by Peter, by Paul, by Jude, and by John, both in the Apocalypse and in the Epistles, all proclaim to us that we are just there now.

The measurements in the Grand Egyptian Pyramid, if they are rightly understood, seem mathematically to demonstrate that we are just there now—just where this little stone may be certainly expected to smite that great Image, and make it like chaff of the summer threshing-floor, while the little stone itself shall become a great mountain, and fill the whole earth. The manifestly very near close of six thousand years of the world's human history, and the consequent commencement of her seventh thousand, or Sabbatical Millennium, joyfully proclaims in trumpet tones that we are just stepping upon its glorious threshold now.

"The Times of the Gentiles," these seven years of years, or twenty-five hundred and twenty years, "the seven times," the double of the time, times, and half a time, the double of the forty-two months, or of the twelve hundred and sixty years, prominently figuring in Daniel, in the Apocalypse, and elsewhere, all admonish us that we are just upon the very threshold of the most stirring and tremendous events of the people of God and for the whole world.

The wonderful astronomical cycles, so marvelously denoted by Daniel and John, hundreds of years in advance of all the world's astronomers, foreshadow to us the most

TREMENDOUS PHYSICAL CHANGES.

commotions, and probable convulsions, as they culminate in the most remarkable manner in the very near future. For let us remember that it is the same Great Creator that has given the Times and Seasons and Laws and Periods to all these vast rolling heavenly bodies, who has likewise appointed and adjusted the spiritual dispensations to harmonize, interpenetrate, and "work together" with these physical cycles, which so amaze us, as we are able more and more, though it be little by little, to mount up to grasp these mighty astronomical periods, one rising above and beyond the other, more and more mighty and glorious, until our earthly mathematics break down and succumb, and are all inadequate to frame and embrace the vast equation of this spirituo-physical harmony.

The converging rays of light from this source also forewarn the astronomer of the most stirring physical phenomena in the very near future. They may be of one character or of another—his experience is too limited, his field of vision too narrow, for him with any degree of certainty to say just what may be expected. For it requires the aid of that Higher Mathematics, that Loftier Equation, to embrace the portending events of the near, the mighty, the wonderful future. We know that Daniel and John were not led to strike these marvellous key-notes in astronomy accidentally, and without having events in the direct line of their thought of a spiritual and higher character, corresponding in their magnitude and importance to the lofty region in which they were moving.

Is it possible to overlook the manifest fact that we are now for more than four hundred years living in the period denoted by the feet and toes of Nebuchadnezzar's great four-metalled Image? We must, therefore, be far out toward the toes. But the little stone cut out of the mountain—Messiah's kingdom—will strike this Image on the feet. "In the days of these kings will the God of Heaven set up a kingdom that shall never be destroyed, and the saints of the Most High shall take the kingdom and possess the kingdom forever." This kingdom is Christ's glorious millennial reign over all the earth. There is no millennium taught in the Scriptures till Christ comes. This is the grand purpose for which He comes out from "within the veil."

A VALEDICTORY MISSIONARY MEETING.

THE recent visit to this country of the Rev. H. Grattan Guinness and the partnership established here in his missionary work, render the following details especially interesting to American readers: On Tuesday evening, June 30th, a meeting was held at the Missionary Institute, managed by Mr. Guinness, to bid farewell to a number of outgoing missionaries. There was a large attendance of influential friends. The Rev. H. Grattan Guinness, in opening the proceedings, said they were about to bid God-speed to those students who were leaving for various parts of the mission field. The number of students which had been received into the institute during the year had been large. They had sent out during that period *fifty missionaries*, seventeen of whom had been located in Europe, eight in Asia, eleven in Africa, eleven in the Territories of the United States, one in Canada, and three in the Australian Colonies. They were in correspondence with three hundred and twenty brethren now laboring in various parts of the world who had passed through the Institute.

Mr. Guinness then gave an address on "Today's Duty in the Light of the Second Advent," in which he spoke of the imminent second coming of our Lord, and its practical bearing upon Christian duty. Without going fully into the question as to what the Second Advent is, he said Holy Scripture justified him in believing in its nearness. As to the nearness of the Great Day, there was not a shadow of doubt. The Book of Revelation, he said, should be studied in connection with the Book of Daniel. Daniel, so to speak, is the *First John*, and John is the *Second Daniel*—they are so intimately connected.

In the wonderful prophetic programme there is an outline of the course of the Gentile nations, of the Jewish people, and all that relates to them. In the prediction given of the Gentile nations it is foretold that there were to arise four great monarchies, to be followed by a fifth of another kind—the kingdom of God. This is the great prophetic programme as regards the story of the Gentile monarchies in relation to the kingdom of God, and this was given at the commencement of the dispersion of the Jewish people under Gentile power twenty-five hundred years ago. You know that these four monarchies are represented (gold, silver, etc.), and how they are interpreted, and how "the stone cut out of the mountain without hands" breaks them in pieces. There is nothing

ing dubious, perplexing, or uncertain here. We are in the presence of divinely-revealed facts.

At an interesting meeting in the grounds, after tea, it was announced that several ladies were going out, and some of these, at the request of Mr. Glennie, stood up, that the company might obtain a glimpse of them. It appears that ten have already gone out, and ten more are about to follow their brave sisters' example. He said several ladies were going to labor in Morocco, Algeria, Sahara, Tripoli, and Barca, and mentioned that in Algeria there were three hundred villages, and in a large number of them no pastors were seen at work, and therefore the need of those who were going out. The chairman then cordially shook hands with the missionaries about to leave for Calabar, Cape Colony, and China.

FAITH-HEALING CONFERENCES.

At a recent International Conference in England, *Miss Tuckett* said: "Ten years ago, when I was a hopeless cripple, the Lord said, 'I will heal you,' and gave me Mark 11:24. Upon it I lived, laid aside my crutches, arose from my bed, and walked in the name of the Lord."

The Rev. Miles Grant, of Chicago, said: "As a student of prophecy I am convinced that this holiness and healing movement is a preparation for the second coming of our Lord. We are standing on the very borders of glory-land. At a holiness convention in America I put all on the altar, and God has kept me in perfect peace from that hour till now. I was once called to pray with and anoint a lady in the last stage of consumption. I almost shrank from it, but the next morning I met her out walking."

Miss M. W. Gordon testified to the fact that in Nashville, Tenn., where now she preaches a full Gospel salvation for soul and body, multitudes come to hear—ministers of various denominations, Catholics and Jews; and added: "We have not yet come up to the full privilege of sons of God. We have only tasted of the fountain of life. Let us drink more, that more may overflow to others."

Miss E. M. Moorhead told how she had rejected the doctrine of healing until she was shown that James 5:14, 15, was not only a prescription, but a command, in opposition to which she had been living all her life. She was startled at the discovery, felt it was time she obeyed the command, and deliberately gave her body to Christ to care for, as she had done her soul. The next morning the blessing came; first, a spiritual blessing, an earnest hunger for the Bible, which she had not been able to read for four or five years. It has been a new book to her since. Everything has been new. Then came the healing of a fibroid tumor of twenty years' standing, and then restored sight to one of her eyes which had been blind from birth.

Mrs. Staveley, of Liverpool, told how at one time she was always giving, consecrating herself to the Lord, never receiving. She had indeed received pardon, but had stopped in the middle of 1 John 1:9. Some time ago, however, she accepted that the latter half of that verse should be made true to her, and later on she accepted the indwelling of the Holy Ghost (John 20:22) as a Person, Teacher, Guide, Comforter; and from that time her life had been a letting Him do everything.

Miss Davies, of Liverpool, told how for many years she "struggled and wrestled to win" cleansing of soul and healing of the body. At last she was brought to accept both by faith, and was filled with abiding peace and joy.

Miss E. T. Cleaver, of Birmingham, gave a very practical testimony to the power of healing to the chairman—the crutch on which she had depended for twenty years. She was healed in the anointing meeting on Wednesday.

At Edinburgh *Miss Johnston*, from Belfast, related how, when she was suddenly healed by faith, she felt the heavenly healing power pass gently from the crown of her head, through her whole body to the soles of her feet, driving out

all weakness. She had since laid hands on sick persons and in some cases they had marvelously recovered.

At Glasgow *Mr. Weir*, suffering from *shortness and weakness of sight*, was led, in dependence upon Christ as the healer, to throw away his spectacles (which had cost a guinea) and to be anointed for recovery. His eyes became at once strong and able to see as well as formerly with spectacles.

Mrs. Baxter at one of the meetings quoted numerous passages from the Scriptures showing how completely Jesus Christ gave Himself up to the Holy Ghost, not striving to do anything for Himself, the Father doing the works and speaking the words through Him. That is what God wants us to do—to yield ourselves up to Him. She quoted numerous passages showing the marked connection between God's healing of the soul and healing of the body, especially Psalm 103:3; Isaiah 33:24; James 5:14, 15; Job 33:14-33. She also referred to Matthew 8:17: "He bore our sicknesses." Why? That He might heal all that were sick; it was His own word. She gave an account of her own cure from bodily infirmity. She had been suffering for years with intense pain in the head, because the blood was too weak to supply the brain. She heard of the Lord's healing, and was very prejudiced against it; she could not understand this redemption of the body. After a conversation with Pastor Stockmayer, who pointed out to her those words in the 8th chapter of Matthew, her captiousness gave way, and she was suddenly and completely cured.

ANECDOTES RELATED AT THE EVANGELISTIC MEETINGS IN SCOTLAND.

The Woman with a Basket.—At a recent meeting an evangelist said: "I noticed a woman who used to attend some of my meetings regularly, and saw that she always slipped out before the after-meeting. She always carried a small basket upon her arm, and I had a very good idea—at least I thought I had—for what purpose she carried the basket. One night she stayed until the after-meeting, and I went and spoke to her. She told me she was not a Christian, but that she wanted to be. I put the Gospel before her, when she most willingly accepted Christ. After she had done so, I said, 'Now you will not have to carry your basket.' No, she responded, 'I will not have to carry it any more, for,' she explained, 'I carried it to prevent the neighbors knowing that I attended a gospel meeting; but now, my own heart is so full of joy that I wish everybody had it as well as I.'"

A Very Common Mistake.—Professor Lindsay said: "When we were conducting meetings in a parish of Dumfriesshire there were two young women who used to attend them regularly, one of whom came to ask, as she called it, a very difficult question. She could not believe that there was anything more needed to ensure her eternal safety than to go to church on Sunday, teach in a Sunday-school, read her Bible regularly, and lead a respectable and quiet life; for she said, 'I thought all these things made a Christian.' I turned to Acts 10:43, and read: 'Whosoever believeth on Him shall receive remission of sins.' Ah, dear friends, this is only too often a very common mistake. People think that by their good deeds they will obtain salvation, but nothing short of having your sins washed away by the precious blood of Christ will do."

Miriam and Her Father.—*Mr. Larkin* observed: "God afflict people in many different ways for the purpose of bringing them to Himself. I knew a gentleman whom God brought to Himself in a strange way. One time when he was unwell he was lying on the sofa when his little girl of four years of age came running into the room, and going softly up to the sofa, she put her arms round his neck, and kissing him, said: 'I have been praying to the Lord to make you well, and I know He will do it; may I read something to you, papa?' 'Yes, my darling,' answered her father, 'if you wish to.' Opening

her Testament she read in Luke 18:17: 'Verily I say unto you, Whosoever shall not receive the kingdom of God as a little child shall in no wise enter therein.' Shutting the Testament, she said: 'Now I hope that will do you good, papa,' and left the room. But he resisted the strivings of God's Holy Spirit for four years, though spoken to him through his own little child. At that time he was standing by the death-bed of little Miriam. God was knocking in another way now at the door of his heart; his darling Miriam was being taken from him. Slowly the short life was ebbing away, when she opened her eyes and said, 'Papa, I am soon going to heaven, and I will tell Jesus that mamma and sisters are coming; and, papa, may I tell Jesus that you are coming?' With these words the little head dropped upon her father's hand. The child-spirit had winged its way to heaven, and as the father looked at the dear head lying on his outstretched hand he seemed to hear her reading the verse she had read four years before. Tears of sorrow rushed from his eyes, and laying the child gently back on the pillow, he knelt down by the bedside and poured out his heart to God, pleading for mercy, and finding forgiveness with the loving and all-sufficient Saviour."

Converted in a Bottle-House. *Mr. Newby* said: "One Sunday I went into a mission hall, when the preacher spoke from John 3:16, but I was not in the slightest degree impressed by his discourse. I remained to the second meeting, for what reason I do not know. But a hand was leading me, which I knew not, to the point where the arrow could reach my soul. A lad came and sat down by my side and began to talk to me about my soul. 'Have you a mother?' he asked. 'Yes,' I replied. 'If your mother was going to die to-night, would you die to save her?' 'No,' I replied, for I thought if my mother died she would be saved, but I would be lost. I rose and left the hall, and for the first time in my life I became truly afraid. I wandered about in a state of indescribable anxiety, and then went into a bottle-house. The one question burning in my soul was, 'What if you should die to-night.' Thus moved by fear—the lowest of all motives—I was being prepared to receive the salvation of God. 'O Jesus,' I cried in my despair, 'if Thou wilt take me as a sinner, I will serve Thee all the days of my life; and oh! the sense of relief which at that moment passed over my soul.'"

A Burden Lifted Off. *Mr. Newby* said: "I was one time addressing a meeting where there were over a hundred present, the greater part of whom had already got the blessing of salvation. Among the few who had not done so was a woman. From the platform I could observe that during the speaking she was weeping very bitterly. She was evidently in great distress. I made my way to where she sat, and said: 'What is the matter?' 'Oh, sir,' she said, 'I feel I have a burden here, laying her hand upon her heart. 'What do you think that is?' I asked. 'My sin.' 'Well, how are you to get rid of it?' Her only reply was a fresh burst of tears. I then took my Bible, and turning to Isaiah 53:6, I read: 'All we like sheep have gone astray; we have turned every one to his own way; and the Lord hath laid on Him the iniquity of us all.' I asked her to look on the Book and see it for herself. As she looked, I pointed out the two *alls*—the one referring to our state, the other to Christ's work for us. I asked her if she believed the first. 'Yes,' she said. 'I do.' Then, said I, pointing to the second *all*, 'do you believe that?' To this question she gave no reply. After a little while I said, 'You are just to do with this latter statement as you did with the first; the same faith that receives the one will receive the other.' I saw a change pass over her countenance, and I started the hymn, Oh, happy day, that fixed my choice On Thee, my Saviour and my God! Standing up, she joined me with all her heart, the tears meanwhile running down her cheeks, but they were no longer tears of sorrow."

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CURRENT EVENTS.

The Death of General Grant on Thursday last dwarfs every other event of the week into insignificance. It was not until Tuesday that the close of the long and painful illness seemed imminent. About noon on that day the General grew alarmingly weak. He had been out for a ride on the previous day, and had returned feeling weary and tired; but the night had been a good one, and on Tuesday morning he seemed as well as usual. Dr. Douglass was summoned when the weakness manifested itself, and tried to induce him to take brandy and a little food; but the General refused both. He wrote that he felt that he was sinking; that the limit of his strength had been reached. It was time for him to go, and there was no use battling longer. A little morphine was given him, and he fell asleep. He rallied a little during the evening, but passed a restless night. On Wednesday morning he seemed brighter, but his fluttering pulse and rapid breathing showed that weakness was increasing. His son Ulysses and Drs. Shady and Sands were sent for, and came on by special train to Mt. McGregor. Once the General roused himself, and that was for a characteristic purpose. Hearing the sound of weeping near his chair, he took his pad and wrote: "I don't want anybody to feel distressed on my account." That has been the tenor of his thought throughout his illness; the chief wish with him was to spare the feelings of his devoted wife and children. It appears now that both to his physicians and to General Badeau he stated that he knew he must soon die. About seven o'clock in the evening of Wednesday he became restless, and indicated a wish to lie down. He was assisted to his cot, from which he never rose again. He remained conscious, but his pulse had quickened, and by midnight his extremities were growing cold. After three o'clock on Thursday morning, when he whispered a request for water, he never spoke. He lay quite still, with his eyes closed, and seemed to be free from pain, and almost unconscious. His wife, his three sons, and his daughter, Mrs. Sartoris, were gathered around the bed, conscious that the last minutes of the General's life were passing. The breath grew fainter and the face more leaden as they watched him, until finally, at eight minutes past

eight, the breath ceased, and the illustrious sufferer was dead.

The Arrangements for the Funeral of the President have not been completed at the time of writing. It has, however, been intimated that the illustrious General will be interred in New York. Immediately after receiving intelligence of the death, the Mayor of New York telegraphed to Colonel Fred Grant, offering any of the city parks as a burial-place, and the offer has been accepted. It is expected that General Grant will be buried in Central Park, near the Mall, and that an imposing monument, worthy of his name and fame, will be erected there, at the expense of the city. Efforts have been made to have the remains taken to Washington for sepulture, but General Grant had himself expressed a preference for New York. So far back as June 24th he gave his son a slip of paper on which he had written suggestions of three places—West Point, Galena, Ill., and New York City. Of the last he wrote, with the fine, grateful touch that distinguished him: "New York, because the people of that city befriended me in my need." The one stipulation which he made, which was to decide in any case, was that no burial-place should be accepted in which Mrs. Grant could not be laid beside him. The Soldiers' Home had been suggested, but the General vetoed that on the ground that there might be difficulties in the way of Mrs. Grant being buried there. The President telegraphed his condolence to the family, and ordered the Federal buildings throughout the Union put in mourning. All the public offices, the newspaper offices, and the bulk of the stores are accordingly draped, and it is no unmeaning sign, for in every State, North and South, there is sincere sorrow among all classes, and a sense of national bereavement.

The Prohibitionists Propose to take a Vigorous part in the approaching election in New York. Mr. Alphonse A. Hopkins, who was the candidate of the party for the governorship three years ago, made a statement of the intentions of the party last week in the New York Times. He said that the State Convention would be held at Syracuse on September 8th. Fifty at least of the sixty counties of the State would be represented. About seven hundred delegates are expected. As to the prospects of the campaign, Mr. Hopkins said: "We are not only better organized this year, but we have an ampler financial basis, a far abler literature than formerly, and more platform ability at our command. We have a volunteer lecture bureau, which has agreed to contribute at least one thousand lectures, in which some of the ablest speakers in the cause will address our audiences. They will come from Maine and from the West. The National Prohibition Committee will not co-operate with us financially, though such other assistance as it can afford will be given to us. We ask no favors from either Democrats or Republicans." We notice that Dr. Talmage is spoken of as the candidate for the governorship, but the Convention will probably ascertain his views before making such a nomination. He has too much sense to accept it.

The Investigation of the London Scandals by the distinguished committee appointed by the Pall Mall Gazette continues. It is expected that the report will be ready at the close of this week. In a letter to the New York Sun, Mr. Henry Varley, who is at Niagara, says: "For two years past a goodly number of us who reside in London have been doing our best to drag into the light the facts which are now made public. I sincerely trust we have only begun. I regard this first attack as a preliminary skirmish to a terrific war. I speak that which I know. I have in my possession a list of the names of the royal princes, dukes, nobles, and leading men who have been the principal patrons and supporters of the gilded hells kept by such women as the notorious Mrs. Jeffery, whose name occupied so prominent a position in the recent trials. I have a list of the houses, the streets in which they are, their numbers,

and their situation. I am in a position to reveal a large number of the names, and will give them if necessity requires. Should any conspiracy of silence be attempted, and unless the guilt is brought home to its authors, and they are tried and punished, I, for one, promise to disclose the names and facts which are in my possession."

A Royal Marriage Produced a Ripple of Excitement in England last week. On Thursday last the Princess Beatrice, the youngest of the Queen's children, a lady in her twenty-ninth year, was married to Prince Henry of Battenberg. The union does not appear to please the popular taste. The more outspoken English journals complain of having "another German pauper" brought over for the nation to support. Prince Henry does not seem to be exactly a pauper, as he has a military appointment worth \$2000 a year, and his father allows him \$1250 in addition; but it is probable that an office or two in the British establishment will be expected for him, besides the pension of \$30,000 a year which Parliament has voted to his bride. The Prince does not speak English, a fact which does not say much for the intelligence or industry of a young man marrying an English bride. The Prince of Wales and the other members of the royal family disapprove of the marriage, and the Queen had to give the bride away herself. The ceremony was conducted with considerable pomp, and the bride, who is deservedly popular, received many presents besides those given as a matter of routine and duty.

The Administration of Irish Affairs by Earl Spencer, the ex-viceroy, though more unpopular with Irishmen than any of its predecessors, has been indorsed by several prominent statesmen. At a banquet given to Lord Spencer, on July 24th, the Marquis of Hartington, who presided, warmly eulogized him. Earl Spencer, replying, said he had tried to do his duty to his sovereign and his country fearlessly in the sight of the world. He said that the Crimes act was justified when passed, by the presence in Ireland of thirty thousand Fenians, who were aided by members of Parliament from England and Scotland and by funds from America in resisting the laws of the land. About two hundred Liberal members of Parliament were present. Mr. Chamberlain and other Radicals were conspicuous by their absence. The banquet accentuates the difference notoriously existing among Mr. Gladstone's followers.

The March of the Cholera in Spain Continues unchecked. The European correspondent of the New York Times cables that of all the provinces of Spain only fourteen are free from the cholera, which visited eight new provinces during the week. The total of deaths is now over twenty-five thousand. Refugees are swarming over the Pyrenees, dismaying the French, who are doing all that is possible to prevent the invasion by enforcing quarantines and confiscating baggage by the wholesale. The suffering in rural Spain is heart-rending. From Marseilles we have a report that it is the medical belief that numerous places are infected, but there is a grand conspiracy of suppression and silence. The physicians are counting the hours now before the outbreak in the South of France becomes too serious to be concealed.

Serious Labor Troubles in the German Capital are reported. The masons and bricklayers throughout the city struck against a reduction of wages; they have, in the majority of cases, forced the employers to yield. The committee of the workmen asserts that the masons have secured more concessions than were expected. It justifies the strike, but complains bitterly of the interference of the authorities in favor of the employers. Many instances are given of this interference. It is even declared that the Berlin Post Office Department attempted to defeat the strike by intercepting sums of money sent to the assistance of the strikers by sympathizers from different parts of the empire. Despite the virtual ending of the contest, building in Berlin remains practically suspended.

An Excellent Work is being Performed in connection with Holy Trinity Church, New York. A fund has been raised by members of the church, to which one lady has contributed a large proportion, to give a much-needed change of air to poor women and children. A house has been rented in a healthy location on Long Island Sound, at a cost of fifty dollars a month. A party of fourteen children and their mothers are taken there every Saturday for a week of pure sea air, good nourishing food, and the free run of an acre of grass land, and an orchard. The cost of the work for the summer will be only \$1800, owing to the excellent economical management of the ladies' committee. We cannot speak too highly of this noble work, which in its spirit is essentially Christ-like. The ladies of Holy Trinity have set an example which we hope will be extensively followed. No one can go through the foul streets of the city without being convinced that a week of pure air would save the lives of some who without it will perish.

The Tenth Congress of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States will be held at New Haven, Conn., commencing Tuesday, October 20th. The sessions will be held in the Opera House, and the devotional services, with the communion, probably at Trinity Church. Rev. John Williams, D.D., LL.D., of Connecticut, will preside. The several topics are as follows: Tuesday, Communion and address; Inaugural and memorial address; "The Christian Doctrine of the Atonement," Wednesday, "Grounds of Church Unity," "Ethics of the Tariff Question," Thursday, "Aestheticism in Worship," "Free Churches," Friday, "Deaconesses and Sisterhoods," "Place and Methods of Bible Study in the Christian Life." The list of writers and speakers embrace some of the most eminent men among the clergy and laity in the Protestant Episcopal Church.

An Accident to Miss Frances E. Willard, the President of the Women's National Christian Temperance Union, we regret to see, is announced by the *New York Witness*. It states that Miss Willard has broken her arm, and it will be necessary for her to remain in retirement for some time. Miss Willard was enjoying the tricycle exercise, when her tricycle struck a stone and upset. We trust that Miss Willard will soon recover, and be able to resume her valuable labors; and, if we may, venture the suggestion, that she will dispose of her tricycle to some one whose life and limbs are not so valuable as hers to the public interest.

A Banker's Opinion on the Effect of the Prohibition law in Iowa is given in a letter to the *Voice*. Mr. W. A. McHenry, of Denison, Iowa, believes that it has improved the condition of the poor. He says: "Prohibition has noticeably increased the bank savings of the poor of this place. The law has not caused more home-drinking, nor transferred the trade to drug-stores and street-peddlers. As to shipments from outside States, I have only to say that the extent to which the law is enforced depends upon the temperance people of the several localities. You may depend upon it, it will not enforce itself. The late court rulings declaring a saloon a nuisance has badly staggered the liquor interest, but effectual Prohibition can only be attained through Federal as well as State enactments. The threats of outside liquor men may have influenced the authorities in some localities, but they belong to the class of politicians who would never help temperance under any circumstances. It has always been my idea that temperance should be kept separate from politics. I am a Republican." Other bankers say that the law has had no good effect in their cities. It is evident that the law is enforced in some places more stringently than in others.

A Fortune in an Old Desk was Discovered recently in Raleigh, N. C. The *News* of that city says that twenty years ago a prominent citizen of Raleigh purchased an old desk. He after a while ceased to use it, and a few days ago broke it up. To his surprise he discovered

a secret drawer. Out of this fell piles of money. Some of the bills were moth-eaten and dingy, while others were fresh and clear. There were thousands of dollars of the currency. It was in many cases issued under the authority of Congress, in session at Halifax, N. C. The denominations of the bills were from \$2 to \$50. In some the value was expressed in pounds, shillings, and pence. It was all what was known as "Continental currency," and must have been placed in the secret repository during or just after the Revolutionary War. This man is not the first who has possessed a treasure without knowing it. It is easy to see that many Christians are in like case. The treasures they possess in Christ are inexhaustible, but they are often wholly undiscovered (Rev. 3: 18).

A Cure for Nervousness was Applied by a noted physician, at Hartford, Conn., with perfect success, as described in the *Hartford Times* last week. The physician was consulted by an elderly lady, who imagined that her heart, lungs, and liver were all disordered. Yet he found them sound. She had no organic disease, except nervousness, and that was enough. "I can cure you," said the physician; "I understand the case." He gave her six bread pills—not a particle of medicine in them. He said: "Take one to-night, one to-morrow night, half of one each night the next two nights. Then split the others in quarters, and take one fourth of a pill every morning till all are used up—but do not on any account take any more on any day than I have ordered; it will be dangerous. But by following my directions precisely you will be entirely well when all the pills are taken." The woman had faith in him, and she got well, as he had predicted. It was not the dough rolled into pills that cured her; it was her confidence in the skill and wisdom of her physician. So it is with spiritual disease, which is by no means imaginary. The nostrums of philosophy, and the pretended absolution of priests fail, but faith in the Great Physician is always followed by healing (Isa. 53: 5).

A Lady's Diary for Invitations only, is Said, by a fashionable stationer in New York, to be one of the articles now in demand, and he is sending them out to all the watering-places in compliance with orders received by every mail. The book is ruled with a blank space opposite each day, and the headline is "Invitations." Unlike the ordinary diary, it extends from July 1st, 1885, to June 30th, 1886. The book is to contain memoranda of invitations to attend dinners, parties, and other alluring things of the fashionable sphere received months in advance, and which it would be a gross breach of the proprieties to forget. The stationer predicts that the next winter season will be unparalleled in this line of entertainment by the extremely rich. Even now invitations are being sent out thick and fast, and engagements made for events seemingly far enough away in this hot weather. The book will doubtless have a large sale, as it will save people with weak memories from offending their hosts by forgetting to keep their engagements. That is a well-understood risk in society, but people seem not to realize that it exists in matters of the soul. They think it will be time enough to accept God's invitation when they get old or are sick (II Cor. 6: 2).

A General's Magnanimity Toward a Fallen foe touchingly illustrates the wise king's remark about "the coals of fire" (Prov. 25: 21, 22). A few days ago a gentleman who fought in the Union army in the war said to a reporter of the *Chicago Herald*, who asked a question about his military experience: "I was at the battle of Gettysburg. The last day of the fight I was badly wounded. A ball entered my left leg. I lay on the ground not far from the Cemetery Ridge, and as General Lee ordered his last retreat, he and his officers rode near me. As they came along I recognized him, and, though faint from exposure and loss of blood, I raised up on my hands, looked General Lee in the face, and

shouted as loud as I could, 'Hurrah for the Union!'" The General heard me, looked, stopped his horse, dismounted, and came toward me. I confess that I at first thought he meant to kill me. But as he came up he looked down at me with such a sad expression upon his face that all fear left me, and I wondered what he was about. He extended his hand to me, and grasping mine firmly, and looking right into my eyes, said: "My son, I hope you will soon be well." "If I live a thousand years I shall never forget the expression in General Lee's face. There he was, defeated, retiring from a field that had cost him and his cause almost their last hope, and yet he stopped to say words like those to a wounded soldier of the opposition who had taunted him as he passed by. As soon as the General had left me I cried myself to sleep there upon the bloody ground." Probably nothing but the unexpected kindness would have drawn those tears, so strangely constituted is the human heart. It has been seen again and again that the obdurate and reckless sinner, unmoved by the appalling prospect of eternal punishment, has been melted and subdued as he heard that Christ loves him still and yearns for his salvation (Rom. 5: 8).

The Trial of a Sea Captain for Barratry was commenced in Boston, Mass., on July 20th. It attracts much interest, as the offence is punishable, under the United States laws, by death. The charge against the captain, which, in legal language, is barratry, is the wilful wrecking of his ship. It is alleged that he entered into a conspiracy with the owners to lose the ship, which had on board a worthless cargo insured for \$24,000. It was set forth that the vessel was freighted with what was practically a dummy cargo of fish, rubber shoes, etc., and on a pleasant afternoon in January the vessel was run upon a reef near the port of Miragoane. The Government alleged that the vessel was deliberately run ashore by the captain's orders, the reef being plainly marked on the chart and clearly visible before the ship struck. Even the wheelman could not help seeing it, and changed the course, but was immediately ordered by the captain to set the vessel back upon the course which took her plump upon the centre of the reef. It is worthy of notice that the Government lays emphasis on the fact that the reef is marked on the charts, with which the captain ought to be acquainted. It is so with the moral and spiritual wrecks around us. Those who study the chart with which God has provided men in the Bible learn where the dangerous reefs are, but too often, as in this case, the vessel of life seems to be steered direct for them. But when men are wrecked the cargo is of priceless value, and there is no insurance (Prov. 2: 1-5).

A Bride Seventy-Nine Years Old was Led to the marriage altar a few days ago at East Greenwich, R. I., by a bridegroom exactly her own age. It was stated at the wedding that the engagement thus culminated was made more than half a century ago. The pair had quarrelled and parted when they were young, and they each married another partner, and resided in different sections of the country. Recently they became widow and widower about the same time, and returning to the State in which their youth was spent, they met, and concluded to renew their old relations. The wedding, which was to have taken place fifty years ago, when they were young, was solemnized when the locks of both were white as snow. It seems strange that a love which a trivial lovers' quarrel could thwart for so long a time should survive a separation of fifty years. If, as seems probable, the romantic marriage conduces to their joint happiness, they will regret that their married life must necessarily be so brief. That is the feeling when a sinner late in life gives his heart to the Saviour. The Church is glad to welcome him, even at the eleventh hour, but regrets that the life of service which he might have rendered if converted in his youth is lost to himself and Christ's cause (Ezek. 16: 59-63).

THE LOOKING-GLASS.

A New Sermon by Pastor C. H. Spurgeon.

"For if you be a hearer of the word, and not a doer, he is like unto a man beholding his natural face in a glass: for he beholdeth himself, and goeth his way, and straightway forgetteth what manner of man he was. But whoso looketh into the perfect law of liberty, and continueth therein, he being not a forgetful hearer, but a doer of the work, this man shall be blessed in his deed."—JAMES I : 23-25.

The Forgetful Hearer—Difference in Hearers—What they Look into—I. Looking into a Glass—A Trivial Business—The Bible a Mirror—An Unflattering Reflection—Very Like Life—Shows the Smuts and Stains—Should Prompt to Washing—A Ledger Like an Avalanche—II. Looking into the Law—The Prince of Hearers—Blessed in his Deed.

LAST Sabbath-day I tried to show the right way of hearing the Word of God. We spoke of how to behave before sermon, at sermon, and after sermon. May God grant that the word which I then spoke may continue in your minds, and bring forth good fruit! At this time I shall draw a distinction between the true and blessed hearer of the Word, and the person who misses the blessing because he hears to forget. You will forgive my coming back to this subject when I confess that I groan in my own heart with unutterable longings to be a channel of blessing to all who hear or read my discourses. To what purpose do I stand here so often, and pour out my soul before you, if you are not the better for it? I am an unhappy sower, if all the handfuls of seed which I scatter must needs fall upon unbroken soil, to be devoured of birds, and never take root.

Two things are very obvious in the text: the first is the hearer of the Word who does not profit by it, and is represented as *looking into a glass*; and then, secondly, we see the man who does profit by the Word, for he is represented as *looking into the perfect law*. May the Holy Spirit help us to see these clearly!

I. First, then, here is

LOOKING INTO A GLASS.

Looking into a glass is a trivial business. In all ages men, not to say women, have been fond of seeing themselves. In the earlier days they had no reflecting glasses as we now have, but they used mirrors made of brass and kindred metals, highly polished. These mirrors yielded a sufficiently clear image of the beholder. Albeit, the children of Israel came out of Egypt in a great hurry, yet we find that the women carried their looking-glasses with them into the wilderness. (See Ex. 38 : 8.) It was according to their womanly nature: whatever else they forgot they must have the indispensable looking-glass, for the purpose of their toilet. It is to their praise, however, that in the desert their devotion overcame their vanity; for when the brazen laver was to be made in which the priests should wash, it was made of the looking-glasses of the serving-women who were accustomed to meet at the door of the tabernacle.

Still, the use of the mirror must be ranked among the trifles of life: I see that you are half-smiling at the playfulness which glitters around a glass. Is not this a hint at the light in which many regard the hearing of the Gospel? They crowd to hear a preacher if he has some sort of name; not that they desire to get a blessing thereby, but merely that they may say that they have heard him, or that they may gratify their curiosity by seeing what he is like. Truly the burden of our lives is a pastime to some of you. Sirs, this reminds me of the fable of the frogs. When the boys stoned them, the poor creatures said, "It may be sport to you, but it is death to us." You may hear me this day with the idlest curiosity, and judge my message with the coldest criticism; but if you do not receive the blessings of the Gospel, it strikes a chill at my heart. Your unspiritual hearing is sport to you, but it is death to me. Oh, sir, to hear the Gospel will one day appear to be the most solemn of exercises! Indeed, it is not the trivial matter that many make of it; it is infinitely more than

gazing into a mirror. How long will it be ere ye know this?

THE BIBLE A MIRROR.

Upon my first head of looking into a glass let me say that to every hearer the true Word of God is as a mirror. The holy Book does not flatter human nature, neither does the true preacher attempt so base a work; but in plain and downright honesty of truth the witness is given, "They are all gone out of the way, they are together become unprofitable; there is none that doeth good, no, not one." When conscience is aroused, and the man sees himself as the revelation of God declares him to be, he can hardly think that this can be the same self with which he was upon such excellent terms. If God blesses the sight, he is led to abhor himself, and to seek for cleansing and renewal; but if not, the man has at least seen himself, and has had the opportunity of knowing his true state.

The reflection of self in the Word is VERY LIKE LIFE.

You have, perhaps, seen a dog so astonished at his image in the glass that he has barked fiercely at himself. A parrot will mistake its reflection for a rival. Well may the creature wonder, since every one of its movements is so accurately copied; it thinks itself to be mocked. Under a true preacher men are often so thoroughly unearched and laid bare that even the details of their lives are reported. Not only is the portrait drawn to the life, but it is an actually living portrait which is given in the mirror of the Word. There is little need to point with the finger, and say, "Thou art the man," for the hearer perceives of his own accord that he is spoken of. Many a time the hearer has said, "Somebody has told the preacher." Yes, somebody has told him: that which thou doest in thy bedchamber the Lord hath revealed unto His servant. The Holy Spirit guides our hands wittingly, so that we lay them upon the right heads. I have sometimes said to you that people frequently wish that the preacher knew their experience, in order that he could preach to it; but it is not necessary to tell God's sent servant anything about it, for he will speak to you with all the more power because he does *not* know.

You may go in to hear the sermon, and be wearing a disguise, but even a blind prophet will find you out, and say: "Come in, thou wife of Jeroboam, wherefore feignest thou thyself to be another woman? I have heavy tidings from the Lord for thee." The Chaldean soothsayers said to King Nebuchadnezzar, "Tell thy servants the dream, and we will shew thee the interpretation;" but Daniel knew the dream and the interpretation also, and that marked him out as being sent of God. When the preacher's description of the man's heart is true to the life, and yet no human mouth has whispered it into his ears, then the man cries, "This is the finger of God." A great part of the self-evidencing power of the Gospel lies in the way in which it discovers to our minds that which aforesaid lay within our bosoms, hidden even from ourselves.

A SPIRITUAL REVELATION.

The glass of the Word is not like our ordinary looking-glass, which merely shows us our external features; but, according to the Greek of our text, the man sees in it "the face of his birth"—that is, the face of his nature. He that reads and hears the Word may see not only his actions there, but his motives, his desires, his inward condition. Oftentimes he sees himself so plainly that he grows astonished at what he sees. He cries, like the woman of Samaria, "Come, see a man that told me all things that ever I did." Barbarous people, when they first of all see looking-glasses, are quite taken aback. "How can these things be?" is their first question. Now, have not you, dear hearers, who are unconverted, been often staggered at the home-thrusts of the Word? You have seen yourselves so unmistakably that you have been unable to escape from the truth, but have been filled with wonder at it. But what is the use of this, if it goes no further?

Such observers have been known to praise the excellence of the mirror, and speak well of its faithfulness. You may hear them say, "The man is a true servant of God, and preaches in all honesty and courage." So far, so good. Alas! there are many preachers who will win no such praise. As I have seen glasses which have elongated my face or broadened it, so that it was by no means my true image, so have I known ministers whose description of human nature is flattering and false. But after all, if the face is not to be washed, to what purpose is it that the mirror faithfully shows the *smuts and stains* which are upon it? Oh, my hearers, I desire to be always faithful to you, but how will my faithfulness benefit you if you are not faithful to yourselves? Why should I show you your blots if you do not seek to the Lord Jesus to have them removed?

Many of our hearers go somewhat further, for they are driven to make solemn resolves after looking at themselves. Yes, they will break off their sins by righteousness; they will repent; they will believe on the Lord Jesus; and yet their fine resolves are blown away like smoke, and come to nothing. The sight of their natural face leads to a natural resolve; but the strength of nature suffices not to carry the resolution into practice. Oh, sir, ye must be born again; and for lack of that new birth your goodness is as a morning cloud and as the early dew; both of these vanish soon, and so do your fine feelings and resolvings.

EFFACED IMPRESSIONS.

But what follows? Observe, "He beheldeth himself, and goeth his way." The sermon was over when it was over. Many a man, having seen himself in the glass of the Word, has no time for any further thought about himself. Tomorrow morning he will be over head and ears in business; the shutters will be down from his shop-windows, but they will be put up to the windows of his soul. His office needs him, and therefore his prayer-closet cannot have him; his ledger falls like an avalanche over his Bible. The man has no time to seek the true riches; passing trifles monopolize his mind. Sirs, ye call earthly things "business," but the salvation or the damnation of your souls is such a trifling matter that any stray hour will suffice for it. Is it not so? Do you not propose to put off the Lord till your last gasp? The Lord deliver you from this madness! Oh, that you would no more allow your earthly business to crush your souls!

Others have no particular business to engross them, but having seen themselves in the glass of the Word with some degree of interest, they go their way to their amusements. Their principal difficulty is how to kill time and spin the weary hours away. What will become of some of you who are going down to perdition with all your time to spare? You will not be able to say that you went your way to your farm, and to your merchandise, for you have neither farm nor merchandise, and do not know what to do with your time; and yet for all that you cannot spare an hour to think upon your souls and upon your God. Oh, that it were not so! May infinite mercy make men wiser than to go their way while their souls are going down to hell!

AN AWFUL THING.

Alas! there are some who go their way to sin. It is not mere pleasure, or business, but it is an overt act of transgression to which they go. It is an awful thing to my mind that men go from hearing the Word of God to speaking the word of the devil; they go from God's house to the house of sin; they go straight away from the holy to the profane, from the pure to the foul. They go from the mercy-seat to the seat of the scorner. I do not wonder that no good comes of such hearing as this.

This coming away is followed by forgetting all they have seen. This forgetfulness of the Word leads to self-satisfaction. Looking in the glass the man felt a little startled that he was such an ugly fellow, but he went his way and mingled with the crowd, and forgot what manner of man

he was, and therefore he felt quite easy again. The sweep thinks he is as clean as his neighbors, for he has forgotten the soot upon his face. By the force of sheer ignorance a man can climb to a desperately false assurance of his own excellence. He can cry "Peace, peace," when there is no peace, till at length a blast of trumpets will not alarm him. What can be more fatal than this? One may as well not know, as only learn and straightway forget.

Thus have I sketched the hearer of the Word who is not a doer of it. I do not wish personally to apply this to any one here, but I beg that every person who does not know the Lord will make a personal application of it to his own conscience.

II. May I have your further attention while I speak upon the true and blessed hearer? He does not look into the glass, but he is represented as

LOOKING INTO THE LAW:

"Whoso looketh into the perfect law of liberty, and continueth therein, he being not a forgetful hearer, but a doer of the work, this man shall be blessed in his deed." Note well that the law of God is worth looking into. I understand by the "law" here not merely the law of ten commandments, but the law as it is condensed, fulfilled, and exhibited in Christ Jesus. The Gospel law, the law of the spirit of life in Christ Jesus, that Gospel which we are called upon to obey, is worthy of deep meditation; I mean that holy law which the Lord has promised to put into our inward parts and write upon our hearts—the law of faith and not of self-righteousness, even the command of grace which bids us believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and obey His commands. A law is always worth considering, for we may break the law unwittingly, and involve ourselves in penalties which we might have avoided.

The true hearer looks into this perfect law of liberty with all his soul, heart, and understanding, till he knows it, and feels the force of it in his own character. He is

THE PRINCE OF HEARERS,

who delights to know what God's will is, and finds his joy in acting out the same. He sees the law in its height of purity, breadth of comprehensiveness, and depth of spirituality, and the more he sees the more he admires. He cannot have too much of it, but meditates in it both day and night, and hence he cries, "Oh, how I love thy law! it is my meditation all the day." His most frequent prayer is that he may be conformed unto that perfect law in all respects; and in proportion as his prayer is heard he enters into perfect rest. I pause and ask you whether you belong to the blessed company who look into the crystal glass of the law. If you can answer that you are such, then please follow me for a minute or two.

As I stand here I look into the mirror of the Word and see myself. But this is not enough for me: I will look till I see more. I continue looking into the mystic glass until, to my great surprise, I see another form appearing. Evidently some mysterious Personage is reflected in this mirror. How beautiful and majestic is the Stranger's visage! I look till the image of my countenance melts into the reflection of His countenance, and He alone is seen. I only appear in Him. Is He not lovely? Indeed He is the Chief among ten thousand. Now I see the meaning of that word, "We all, with open face beholding as in a glass the glory of the Lord, are changed into the same image from glory to glory, even as by the Spirit of the Lord."

"This is the thankful glass,
That mends the looker's eyes; this is the well
That washes what it shows."

Surely this is the mirror that Mercy, in "The Pilgrim's Progress," longed for. Does not Bunyan say of it, "Now the glass was one of a thousand." It would present a man one way, with his own features exactly; and turning it another way it would show one the very face

and similitude of the Prince of Pilgrims Himself. Yea, I have talked with them that can tell, and they have said that they have seen the very crown of thorns upon His head by looking in that glass. They have therein also seen the holes in His hands, in His feet, and His side."

OTHER REFLECTIONS SEEN.

Ay, and he that looks into that perfect law will, by-and-by, see God the Father; for the pure in heart shall see God. Those who love and live the law of God become like unto God; they are "imitators of God as dear children." They that are familiar with God's will, and love it, and study it, gradually receive the likeness of God their Father till they are called the children of God.

Note, carefully that our text says, "*he continues*,"—"whoso looketh into the perfect law of liberty and continueth." Our translators insert the word "therein;" but it is not in the Greek text. "And continueth"—that is, he continues to meditate in the law, and he continues to own his allegiance to it. The law of the Lord is always law to him. This is the hearer that shall win the blessing: not you who make a profession one day and then disgrace it the next; not you who are all hot for Christ to-day and lukewarm to-morrow. The man who obtains the blessing of the Lord is by God's grace made to continue in it. I have heard of

A FAMOUS KING

of Poland who did brave deeds in his day, and confessed that he owed his excellent character to a secret habit which he had formed. He was the son of a noble father, and he carried with him a miniature portrait of this father, and often looked upon it. Whenever he went to battle he would look upon the picture of his father and nerve himself to valor. When he sat in the council-chamber he would secretly look upon the image of his father, and behave himself right royally; for he said, "I will do nothing that can dishonor my father's name." Now, this is the grand thing for a Christian to do: to carry about with him the will of God in his heart, and then in every action to consult that will.

It is well to have Christ's portrait hung up in every chamber of your soul; I do not say of your house—that might lead to idolatry; but in every chamber of your mind and heart. I once saw a room so covered with mirrors that when I looked I saw myself some fifteen times, certainly to my taste fourteen times too often. But oh, I would have my whole being to be such that whenever Jesus comes into it He may see Himself everywhere—above, below, to the right, to the left, and on all sides! Oh, to have Him shining even into the innermost closet of our nature, so as to have no part dark! Oh, to become *new editions of the life of Christ!* We would not only look into the mirror, but we would be ourselves mirrors, reflecting the beauties of the holy Lord Jesus. But remember, this must not be occasional, but continual; for the true heart continues looking into the perfect law of liberty.

THE BLESSING.

To conclude: you notice how it says, "this man shall be blessed in His deed." "Oh," saith one, "I do not see the blessedness of true religion." No, my friend, you are not likely to see it, because you do not *do* it. This man is blessed "*in his deed*." In keeping His commandments there is great reward. Much of the blessedness of godliness lies in the practice of godliness. Not in consideration of doctrine, but in obedience to precept the blessing lies. This man shall be blessed in his deed." In the very fact of serving his Lord and Master he shall be blessed; not *for* it but *in* it. The doing of the obedient deed is the evidence that God has blessed the doer from before the foundation of the world.

You who do not get a blessing by hearing the Gospel may now see why it is so. You glance into a looking-glass, and that is all. Much good may it do you! If you had gone to the divine law, that heavenly mirror of the will and mind of the Most High, it had been better for you. Then

you would have been blessed in your deed. Behold, I set before you this morning, as they did of old upon Ebal and Gerizim, blessing and curse—the curse for those who peep into the looking-glass, but do no more; the blessing for those who attentively look into the perfect law of liberty, and continue so to do till they are transformed into the image of the Lord! Which shall it be? May God the Eternal Spirit decide that question by leading you now solemnly, seriously, earnestly, to close in with Christ and His perfect law of liberty, and to Him be glory for ever and ever! Amen and amen.

[The prayers of the readers of this Journal are requested for the blessing of God upon its Editors, and those whose sermons, articles, or labors for Christ are printed in it; and that its circulation may be used by the Holy Spirit for the conversion of many sinners and the quickening of God's people. Dr. Talmage and Mr. Spurgeon especially request prayer every Sunday morning on behalf of their labors.]

NEW BOOKS, ETC.

"ATHEISM AND ARITHMETIC,"

by H. L. Hastings, is the fifteenth volume of the Anti-Infidel Library, which Mr. Hastings is issuing. It contains chapters on Arithmetic in Plants and Planets; Mathematics in Musical Science; Number in Vital Action. There is considerable ingenuity displayed by the author in tracing out the rule of mathematical law in the universe, from which he draws the conclusion that it could not possibly have been the product of chance. It is possible that such books may do good. There is so wide a variety in the constitution of different minds that it would be rash to conclude that there are no minds that might derive benefit from such a book. It must be admitted, however, that the arguments which Mr. Hastings combats are not those used by the opponents of Christianity in our day; and if they were, we are not sure that this would be the best way of meeting them. Young people who may meet with this book must bear in mind that sometimes the best cause has self-appointed champions who make a poor fight. If they are defeated, the inference should not be drawn that the cause itself is weak. Pp. 63; price, in paper covers, 15 cents. Published by H. L. Hastings, Boston, Mass.

A PORTRAIT OF GENERAL GRANT,

sixteen inches by twenty-one inches, has been issued by Mr. E. B. Treat, 771 Broadway, New York. It is one of the most life-like portraits we have seen of the grand old hero. Mr. Treat informs us that the portrait was taken from a negative for which the General sat to Mr. C. D. Fredericks, the celebrated photographer of New York. It is the same portrait which Mr. Thomas Le Clear used as the basis for his oil-painting of General Grant, which now hangs in the White House. Mr. Treat is selling copies on extra quality steel plate paper, at \$1; and is offering a few artist proofs in Indian tint at \$3.

"WEIRD TALES,"

by E. T. W. Hoffmann. A new translation from the German, with a Biographical Memoir, by J. T. Bealby, B.A. A sense of profound sadness crosses the mind as we read these two volumes. There is so much to admire, so many evidences of brilliant genius that we lament that which is lacking. What Hoffmann would have been had he embraced Christianity, and had his heart and life been brought under the power of the God-man, we can but conjecture; but unhappily what he was by nature and education is only too evident here. That his magnificent mental gifts fitted him to achieve far more than he ever did achieve is a conclusion which every thoughtful reader will form after reading these wonderful stories. Like Byron, like our own countryman, Poe, Hoffmann missed that which his nature, more than that of common men, urgently needed. "Godliness is profitable for the life that now is," and in the case of men of genius, it is especially profitable, for it directs the mental powers into the course in which they render



Mr. W. L. Daniel, Chief of the Welsh Good Templars.



Mr. D. Y. Scott, Chief of the Cumberland Good Templars.

the greatest service to the world. We know what became of the man who hid his one talent in the earth; we cannot conceive how the servant who had ten talents would have fared had he, not hidden them, but wasted them. It is not for us to judge a man like Hoffmann. Not one harsh or unkind word would we speak of him, but we pity him most profoundly, mourning that so splendid a genius—a star fitted to shine so brilliantly in the world's firmament should have become a mere meteor flashing brightly in our sight, and passing uselessly away.

Mr. Dealy has selected eleven stories from his works, and has translated them directly from the German, instead of retranslating them from the French, as some of Hoffmann's admirers have done. He has done his work, both of selection and translation excellently, and American readers have now an opportunity of learning the style and character of a writer about whom so little at first hand is known. The variety of the stories is charming in itself, and it is especially valuable because it helps the reader to form a more perfect conception of Hoffmann's literary power. The stories are not all "weird" as the word is generally understood, but some of them are not of the character that would tend to give a child pleasant dreams, or make the minutes passed in the dark before falling asleep very agreeable. Pp. 760; price, \$3. Published by Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons.

MR. W. L. DANIEL,
Chief of the I.O.G.T. of Wales.

MR. DANIEL, whose portrait appears on this page, is a marvel of energy, activity, and industry. Besides attending to his own business—that of a manufacturing chemist—he finds time for a variety of public duties in connection with religion, temperance, and politics. The public offices he holds would alone find occupation for any ordinary man; but Mr. Daniel appears to have that methodical habit which Lord Brougham possessed, by which they are enabled to perform an almost incredible quantity of work.

When he accepted the office of Grand Worthy Chief Templar of Wales, he was already a member of the Local Board of Health, a member of the Board of Guardians of the Poor, a member of the School Board, and an Overseer of his parish.

Mr. Daniel is a Welshman, having been born near Carmarthen, December 2d, 1838. He is now engaged in business at Merthyr Tydvil. He is a prosperous man in spite of the old proverb about having many irons in the fire. His business is a good one, and is well conducted, while the duties of his public offices are efficiently discharged. It is worthy of note that he derives no pecuniary advantage from any of the offices; no one has any salary or patronage attached to it. Few men devote so large a share of their time to public duties with no other motive than a desire to promote the public good.

MR. D. Y. SCOTT, D.G.W.C.T.

MR. SCOTT, whose portrait appears on this page, has recently been chosen chief of the Grand Lodge of his district, which is that of the county of Cumberland, England. He is a Scotchman, and is forty-two years old. To Mr. Scott's activity is largely due the immense power in the north of England which the Good Templar Lodges now possess. The first lodge that was established there was formed in 1870, and of that Mr. Scott was a member. The order grew so rapidly that a Grand Lodge has been formed for the county, and Mr. Scott has been selected for its chief.

AN AMERICAN TRAVELLER'S SUNDAY IN ENGLAND.

(See Illustration on page 493.)

A CURIOUS picture of village life is given in a letter written by an American traveller during a visit to England. Visiting the birthplace of Shakespeare, as every American traveller feels to be his duty, he found that he had two hours to wait for a train to carry him back to London. It was a hot day in July, a Saturday, too, and

our countryman thought, as he wandered through the green fields on the banks of the Avon, how much sweeter the hedgerows were than the walls of the London houses, and quickly formed the resolution not to go back that day, but to stay in the country and see what village life was like in these days of steam and electricity.

Just below him, as if in a nest, lay the prettiest little village he had ever seen. Little white cottages in four rows, with little gardens to front and rear, formed the village, with two large, old-fashioned farm-houses, one on the right and the other on the extreme left of the village. Half way up the hill opposite to the one on which he was standing was a church completely covered with ivy, which had grown over the tower itself. Near to it was an old brick house, with trim gardens and an orchard, evidently the parsonage. And above, on the brow of the hill, on a level with his own eyes as he looked over the roofs of the village to the other side of the nest, was the mansion of some local magnate, probably the owner of all the land he could see, with the farms and cottages.

That was just the spot he wanted to see, and there he resolved to stay till Monday morning. Descending the hill, he looked around for the village ale-house, where alone he would be likely to find accommodation for the two nights of his stay. He found the place a respectable, quiet, clean, and comfortable house, and he engaged quarters there. Conversing with his landlord, the guest easily learned the history of the village.

It was called Darkholme, and with very little questioning the American inquirer acquired information about all its inhabitants, from Lord Willoughby at the Abbey, and the parson at the parsonage, who was the lord's younger brother, to the cottagers who toiled at the plough. Lord Willoughby was away in "furrin parts," and was seldom at his place on the hill. The clergyman was in "Lunnon," and the curate was doing duty, and the landlord said, with a grunt, that he didn't care how long the vicar stayed away, for the curate was the best of the two. "Folks

could understand him, and the vicar they couldn't make top nor tail on." As for the cottagers, they were "mostly the usual sort: some could read, and some couldn't; none of the old uns could. Reading hadn't come up much when they were young. The younger men could read generally, except the lazy ones, and all the children could, at least them as was big enough to go to school. The curate looked after them, and saw to 'em goin' regular."

Early on Sunday morning the American guest was up and walking through the village. He made his way to the church, from which came the sound of music. It was an ancient edifice, the cable moulding over the doorway showing that it must be nearly a thousand years old. From a loft that did duty as a gallery came the music. The choir was practising the anthem with the aid of a violoncello, a bassoon, and a key-bugle; and the transatlantic visitor, with his teeth on edge, retreated till it was over and the service proper commenced. He wandered out into the churchyard, reading the inscriptions on the old grave-stones. Looking down the hill as he passed the gate, he saw the first arrivals of the congregation. An old man dressed in the regulation clean "smock-frock," with a bright, eager face, his shoulders bent by a life of toil, came up to the gate, leaning on the arm of a stalwart man in his prime, evidently the old man's son. At a little distance below them a lady followed, leading two children. Once inside the churchyard gate the old man stopped, and loosing his son's arm stood as nearly upright as he could to greet them. "There, Jane," he said, as his daughter-in-law entered the inclosure, "what do you say to that for eighty-three? I can beat some of the young uns yet," and he laid his hand kindly on the head of one of the little children who entered with their mother.

"Oh, grandpa! you couldn't have beaten us if father hadn't helped you. We know about that," and the child kissed the old, brown, wrinkled hand of the octogenarian affectionately.

"I had some talk with this family," writes our friend, "after the simple service was over, and went with them to their cottage home. I found there the most peaceful family nest I ever saw. They all lived together—three generations under one roof. The old man had never been to school, had worked on the farm all his life, as his father and grandfather had done before him. They had lived in this same cottage, and had been born and died there. His son was doing a little better than he had ever done, was a gardener up at my lord's. Neither of the two had ever been twenty miles away from home in their lives. They scarcely ever saw a newspaper, though the son could read, and 'his wife,' the old man said with pride, 'was quite a scholar.' They were poor, but they had enough for their daily need, and were content. It was a sleepy, sluggish kind of life to go on from father to son, but it had probably more happiness in it than some lives more



The Octogenarian's Sunday Walk.

envied. On the table in the best room was a family Bible, which I found was read every evening, after which the grandfather prayed. Little as either father or son knew of the world around them, they knew much of the world beyond the grave. With the Bible and Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress" they were intimately acquainted, and they were hoping, through the atonement of Christ, for reunion in heaven. They were miserably ignorant, I know, but I thought then, and think now, that a time is coming when many of our philosophers and learned professors will realize that all their own knowledge would be well given for the simple faith of these ignorant people, who had no doubts, but believed God and trusted in His Son. I remembered Pollok's words as I looked at that simple octogenarian:

"The word philosophy he never heard,
Or science; never heard of liberty,
Necessity or laws of gravitation;
And never had an unbelieving doubt.
Beyond his vale he never looked. He lived—
Lived where his father lived, died where he died—
Lived happy, and died happy, and was saved.
Be not surprised. He loved and served his God."

UNDER FIRE.

A STORY OF THE FRANCO-GERMAN WAR.

(Continued from page 479.)

The Bombardment.

MY knees trembled as I mounted the stairs. The crash had been terrific, and the house had shaken under it to the very basement, as if there had been an earthquake. I was in an agony of apprehension, and the darkness added to the horror of the scene. In such moments one seems to live for days, and the suspense draws them out interminably. In a minute I felt that I should know what had happened; but as I ascended I was on this side of a knowledge that

you wonder at it?"

No, I could not wonder at it; yet it seemed a shocking thing for the old man's soul to pass away in such a manner. I felt grieved for him, stranger as he was; but it was not a time to grieve long.

"I thought our roof had come in," I said. "Just at first I thought so," she answered, "but it cannot be. Dare you go up, Max?"

Dare I? It was what I meant to do. If any fire had broken out, it was needful that some person should see after it; and there was no other man in the house, for Sergeant Klein and his comrades were on duty somewhere. I went on more swiftly, for it was light enough now up there. Lisbeth's attic was all right yet; and I ran eagerly to the window to look out.

It was not our roof, but it was one opposite. A shell had fallen and burst in an attic like the one I was in, carrying down into the street the outer walls of the three upper stories. At first sight it seemed as if they were empty; but still it was a melancholy thing to see all the useful, homely furniture of the poor people who had escaped, all broken and damaged. But as I looked more closely, I discovered the forms of two children crouching in a bed and quaking with fright, though they were yet unhurt. Above them hung a heavy beam, held only by some rotten rafters, which might fall upon them any instant. It is an awful thing to see one's fellow-creatures in danger of death, and have no power to save them. How near I was to them, and yet how far! Then the beam swayed, and would have fallen before I could descend our staircase, cross the street, and get up to them. I shouted with all my might, but the noise of the batteries drowned my voice.

It might have been three minutes, but it seemed like three hours, before I saw a door open at the back of the room, and a small, spare man,

might be horrible. I suppose every one can remember some experience like that, but to me then it was quite new. I shrank from going up, lest the mangled corpses of those I loved should meet my view, yet I was eager to know the worst; and between the two impulses I was bewildered and almost stupefied. But I went on mounting the stairs and looking eagerly for a light.

I was very full of fear for Lisbeth, for I thought nothing could shake our house like that except the destruction of the attics. I was afraid of fire into the bargain. At the foot of the first attic staircase I shouted as loudly as I could, and to my indescribable joy Lisbeth's voice replied. Then I went on step after step, and the light up there grew stronger. Lisbeth had thrown open Hans' door, and the dawn shone through it quite brightly. Her face was worn and haggard, but she smiled faintly as her eyes met mine.

"An awful night, Max!" she said; "pray God we may never pass such another!"

Neither of us knew then how many such nights had yet to come.

"How is Hans?" I asked.

"Dead!" she answered; "he died a few minutes ago, in great terror. Do

in a workman's blouse and cap, looked in. I held my breath; for I felt as if the least movement would break that beam fall. He saw it, too, and stole forward on tip-toe, calling, I suppose—for I could hear nothing—to the children, who sprang all at once toward him, while he caught them with outstretched arms, and drew them hurriedly back through the open door. Then the beam fell, and a cloud of dust hid them from me, so that I could not tell whether they quite escaped, or were buried under the other portion of the roof, which gave way with the falling of the timber.

By this time the fierceness of the firing had abated a little; and after awhile I offered to go to the baker's for our day's bread; for I did not suppose either that Gretchen would go, or that the baker would come round as usual. So I went slowly along the familiar street, now encumbered with piles of brick and timber. Scores of houses were in ruins. Here and there was one on fire, which had been abandoned by the panic-stricken inhabitants, and left to spread wider ruin, which it would have done if the firemen had not been on the lookout. In some places furniture, as good and costly as that on which my grandmother prided herself, was lying out on the causeway; and I felt thankful that Gretchen was not there to see it.

The baker had no bread in his shop; but he was just going to set about baking, having rolled a long towel round and round his body, to keep him sweating at his work, he said, for he was shaking like an aspen leaf. Several other men had ventured out on the same errand as myself; but no woman had had the courage to leave the shelter of the roofs. Every one had a story of terror, and loss, and pain to tell; and we stayed nearly an hour till the rolls were ready.

"If the Germans do so much mischief outside the walls, what would they do within them? There must be no surrender!" That was the general feeling.

With my rolls wrapped up in a cloth, I went round, on the way home, to the school where Louise had been staying all night. It lay a little nearer the Saverne Gate than our own house, and so far nearer to the point of danger. But the front was untouched, and looked exactly as it had done whenever I had seen it before, with some flowers trained up the attic windows, where the sun shone brightly upon them. Not a pane of glass was broken; and my heart beat fast with gladness, for I had been thinking a good deal of the poor, desolate girl during the night.

The entrance was like our own, at the back of the house, and you had to pass under a long, broad archway to reach it. I went on into the square court beyond, which was very dim and dull from the height of the buildings surrounding it. But there was light enough to show me in a moment that a shell had fallen right in the centre of this nest of houses, and burnt them, carrying destruction and death with it. A classroom in one corner of the court was only a heap of ruins, and the lower parts of the dwellings round had been blown in. How many people might have been hurt by this explosion!

I dared not go any farther. It was a desolate scene—all the windows shattered, doors burst in, chimneys fallen. The classroom had scarcely one brick left on another; it looked like a body torn limb from limb. For some time there was not a creature to be seen; and I concluded that the inhabitants had all fled to the churches. But just as I was turning away, an old woman, pale and panic-stricken, put her head through an inner door of one of the ruined houses, and called to me.

"Is that you, Max Kromer?" she cried.

"Yes," I answered.

"Oh!" she wailed, "Louise is dead—Louise and two other children. They were killed in the classroom last night before the others went away to the church."

She closed the door quickly, and I sat down on the doorstep, so sick at heart to stand for some minutes. Poor Louise! poor, forlorn,

lonely girl! I shuddered at the sight of the great heap of ruins in the corner of the court, and wished to go away, yet had not the strength to move. At last the recollection of the dread and anxiety at home aroused me. I found them all faint for want of food and rest; and I let them have their breakfast before I told them that Louise was killed.

In the afternoon of the same day I went again to the school, for I could not bear the idea of the strange, unknown, friendless girl lying unburied. But the relatives of the other children who lived in the city were already seeking for the bodies among the ruins; and three coffins were prepared to receive them. There was no burial-place within the fortifications except the Botanic Gardens, where, but a few weeks before, Sylvie and I had passed many a happy hour. It was the first week of the siege then, and regular graves were dug. Old Hans had one to himself, but the three school-girls, who had died together, were buried together, and a wooden cross, with their names upon it, was put at the head of the grave. Lisbeth went with me to follow the coffin of our poor Louise; and as we stood for a minute or two amidst the trees and flowers, looking down into the open grave, she said in a low voice, as if speaking only to herself,—

"Now, in the place where He was crucified there was a garden; and in the garden a new sepulchre, wherein was never man yet laid."

So in the bright August sunshine, with the trees throwing deep, pleasant shadows across the graves, and the scent of many flowers floating over them, and the hum of bees and the timid chirping of little birds not yet scared away murmuring about them, we left the dead and turned our steps back to the ruined houses, and crowded hospitals, and many sights of anguish which filled our city.

As I went past the dining-room to my own chamber Gretchen came out to speak to me, her eyes red with weeping, and scarcely able to speak.

"Max," she said, "do you think you can forgive me for grudging the little creature her share of the food? It was not so much for myself as for my poor old lady, who must have her natural meals; and who knows how long the siege may last! I wouldn't have done it if I'd known what was going to happen to her: I think my heart grows harder every day."

"It must grow either harder or softer, Gretchen," I said. "I feel sometimes as if I could ask God to let me bear all the misery, and let everybody else go free. But I forgive you with all my heart."

I gave her my hand, and she pressed it between both of hers, crying bitterly. Somehow we had all been sorely shaken by that first terrible night of the bombardment. It was a night never to be forgotten.

Everybody knows that that was only the beginning of the siege, which went fiercely on, day after day, and week after week. Of course the attics were the most exposed to danger; and, as these were crowded with poor people, they suffered most in all ways—by famine, by fire, and by shell. Every roof that was destroyed cast fresh families homeless into the streets. Our own house was soon filled with these fugitives, with the exception of one floor containing four rooms, which we reserved for our own use, and which were crowded with the furniture my grandmother and Gretchen had such pride in.

Rations were served out to these penniless starving people every three days, but they were so scanty that the whole was eaten in two or three meals; and night and day you could hear the plaintive wail of children for food. Lisbeth, whose love for children was wonderful, looked almost heart-broken; yet she had nothing to give. As for me, if I ever asked Gretchen for anything to eat, she insisted upon having it eaten in her presence. She gave to Elsie; but she said it was a good thing for us that her heart was growing hard,

One morning, when I was about to go off on my daily visit to the Cathedral, I was astonished to find that my grandmother had made up her mind to come with me and see for herself how it was standing. I did all I could to dissuade her, but she would go; and, taking her thick gold-headed cane in her hand, and leaning on my arm, we went out into the streets.

But before we had gone far, when she looked down the familiar streets, known to her for more than fifty years, and saw them in ruins; and when she came to houses where all the household goods lay on the pavements before them, broken and destroyed, she turned faint, and could go no farther; and as I led her home again she kept moaning to herself, "O God! O God!" and was not able to speak another word till she was sitting in her own chair, beside the china stove, which, even in summer, she needed to give warmth to her feeble body.

"I will stay here till I die, Max," she said; "we will go together—the old home and I. Only pray God the Cathedral may not be destroyed as well."

It was the same day that the bishop went out with a flag of truce to the German camp, to try to make some terms of peace, so as to save the poor people who were perishing within our walls. But you know he had no success, for they would not listen to our terms, nor we to theirs. General Uhrich had made up his mind to no surrender, and a good portion of the citizens supported him. But others, in those quarters where the havoc was greatest, said to one another, "Ah! *his* children are safe in Baden." We were all grieving about this thing that evening. My little Sylvie had been drooping ever since the shock that the death of Louise had been to her; she had not smiled since, and her eyes were dim with much crying. I had been hoping that the siege would end, and we could get away from the city; for it seemed to me that I should lose her, if she was not soon taken to some quiet and peaceful place.

At night Lisbeth and Elsie came downstairs; for Lisbeth was going to sit up with Sylvie, Gretchen being quite worn out, and my grandmother being too old to nurse. Elsie was put to sleep on a sofa; and Lisbeth sat by Sylvie's bed, holding her thin, wasted hand, which was hardly ever still. Her poor white, pinched face, with the great, frightened eyes, which would seldom close in sleep, made my heart ache to the core. I wondered how the Lord Jesus Christ Himself would have felt if He had seen a little sister ready to die from fear in such a place as Strasburg when it was besieged.

The cannon had begun their booming again, scarcely ceasing; and now the lurid light of fire filled the room, till I closed the shutters, and drew the thick curtains over the windows. Then it flashed across my mind—why! Sylvie is His sister; and He cares for her ten times more, a hundred times more than I do; and if she should die, He is here to take her hand out of mine, and lead her away to quietness and peace, such as she wants. So I laid my head down on the pillow beside her, and put my hand on her cheek; and Sylvie turned so that her face should be against mine, smiling ever so little a smile.

"You love your brother Max, Sylvie?" I whispered to her.

"Dear!" she said, very faintly.

"And Jesus Christ is your brother, just the same," I said, "just the same. If you went away from me you would go to Him. You love Him, don't you, Sylvie?"

"Would He be like you, Max?" she asked.

"Oh, I wish I had been more like Him!" I cried. "I have teased you sometimes, and been forgetful of you, and pleased myself instead of you. But He would never be like that. He loves you more than I can tell; and He will never forget you or leave you alone."

Just as I was speaking there came a crash and a shaking, as if the house was being blown to atoms. All down the stone staircase rolled a

volley of tiles and bricks, with a shock almost like an earthquake; and at the same moment some heavy pile fell into the street, mingling with the explosion of a shell, the fragments of which flew up against the shutters, tearing part of them away. From the stories overhead, which, as I told you, were thickly peopled, there rose shriek after shriek; and as soon as the bricks had ceased to rattle down the stairs there followed a rush of many footsteps, and cries, and groans, and lamentations.

(To be continued.)

THE PROPHETS OF BAAL.

S. S. Lesson for Aug. 9, 1 Kings 18:19-29. Golden Text, ver. 21. By Mrs. M. Baxter.

A Common Mistake—What Prayer is—God's Attitude toward His Children—The Prophet's Composure—An Order to a King—Why Elijah's Authority was Acknowledged—His Sermon—Brief but Effective—The Test—A Six Hours' Prayer—What the People Needed to Know—The Failure—What has God Done?

THERE are strange ideas abroad among Christians regarding prayer. Again and again we hear people say, "I have the greatest faith in prayer;" and again: "I believe in your prayers;" or again: "The prayers of such or such a man must prevail." There is in this more of idolatry, more of likeness to the heathen, who think they shall be heard for their much speaking, than many are aware of.

WHAT IS PRAYER?

Is it a kind of joint stock operation in which the earnestness of man, combined with the power of God, does a certain work? Or is prayer a certain force brought by man to bear upon God, and compelling Him to a line of action to which, of Himself, He would be disinclined? Is prayer, in fact, compulsion of God, and is it, therefore, necessary that all the human power possible in this direction should be brought to bear upon Him? This was the idea of the prophets of Baal regarding their God, this is the heathen idea—"heard for their much speaking." But to maintain such an idea, we must blot out all idea that God is a loving Father, and settle once and for ever that He is a harsh Tyrant, and that it requires hard pressure to make Him do an act of mercy.

But if, on the contrary, our loving God invites us to come to Him in prayer, urges us to trust Him, declares, "Ask and it shall be given you; seek and ye shall find; knock and it shall be opened unto you"—if He tells us "how much more" than any earthly parent will He give good gifts to them that ask Him, then where is the reason for the desperate urgency with which many repeat their requests—where is the reason for fixing the eye on some human being, with the idea that that person will be more likely to obtain the answer than another? The point to be arrived at is this,

HOW STANDS GOD

to the matter? Does prayer worry, and vex, and try Him? Or does He love to hear the cry of His children, and to answer them? If His own Word means anything, surely the latter is the case. His one great condition is faith—"What things soever ye desire, when ye pray, believe that ye receive them, and ye shall have them" (Mark 11:24). The contrast between Elijah and Baal's prophets in our history is beautifully illustrative of prayer, true and false.

THE PROPHET'S COMPOSURE.

It might seem a strange thing that Elijah should send Obadiah to call Ahab to come to him, as though Elijah were the king and Ahab the subject. There was a dignity in Elijah because he was at work with God. Elijah was simply God's instrument, and he saw it would be unbecoming to act as if he were a servant to a man like Ahab. Elijah was in no hurry; he did not rush away to do God's will; he waited until he met Obadiah, then sent Obadiah to King Ahab, and when he had sent him, stood still until the king came to him. He had a great work to do, such a work as no other prophet of

the Lord before or after him; and yet he was as quiet about it as though he had nothing to do at all.

When Elijah met him, Ahab said, "Art thou he that troubleth Israel?" From man's point of view it looked very much as if

AHAB'S CHARGE

was correct. Man would say, "This is a mighty man of prayer, it is his prayers that have shut up heaven." Such an opinion is a lie; it comes of unbelief. It was not Elijah's prayers but God's hand that shut up heaven. Elijah was led by the Holy Ghost to pray that prayer. When God put it in His heart, and He spoke it with His lips, then it was God Himself who answered, and it was God's answer, and God's answer only, that did the work. So when Ahab said, "Art thou he that troubleth Israel?" Elijah answered, "I have not troubled Israel; but thou, and thy father's house, in that ye have forsaken the commandments of the Lord, and thou hast followed Baalim."

How is it that Ahab did not instantly command his soldiers to slay Elijah? Because God restrained him, and Elijah proceeded as though he was perfectly master of the situation. Surely, if Obadiah was present, his eyes must almost have started from their sockets to see the boldness of Elijah in the presence of the king! Obadiah was not accustomed to see the great things of God as was Elijah.

A COMMAND TO A KING.

"Now therefore," said the prophet, "send, and gather to me all Israel unto mount Carmel, and the prophets of Baal four hundred and fifty, and the prophets of the groves four hundred, which eat at Jezebel's table. So Ahab sent unto all the children of Israel, and gathered the prophets together unto mount Carmel." What is this? The king doing the will of the man whose life he sought, the man who had been sought for as a criminal in the kingdoms and nations which surrounded Israel. Here is the King of Israel, under the power and presence of God, obeying Elijah as though he were his manservant. Oh, there is something so glorious in this! Still there was nothing in Elijah; he was just like we are, "a man of like passions." But God was with Elijah, that same God, dear brothers and sisters, who is with us. The difference is, that Elijah acknowledged God, and we do not. We acknowledge our own selves and our own weaknesses. We talk about our goodness or badness, and are busy about ourselves when we ought to be acknowledging God. You don't hear Elijah talking of himself, either as a good man or a bad man, as lost or saved—all that he has to talk about is his God. He does not talk about his experience, but about God. God fills Elijah's horizon, and He would fill yours and mine if we would make room for Him. He wants us to have one subject—that is, God; one desire—that is, God; one past, and that is God; one future, and that is God.

AN EFFECTIVE SERMON.

So Ahab, the king, does as the prophet directs. Then Elijah comes to all the people, and only now he begins to preach. He had lived all these three and a half years without once preaching a sermon. How would he be able to face all these eight hundred and fifty prophets? There is the king present, and all the nobles of Israel! He has a very large congregation, representatives from all the kingdom. Elijah came unto them all, still standing before the Lord and said: "How long halt ye between two opinions? if the Lord be God, follow Him: but if Baal, then follow him," and that was all of the sermon. Very short, but mightily effective. It cut between the dead and the living, the dead god Baal, and the living God.

THE TEST.

And then Elijah said unto the people: "I, even I only, remain a prophet of the Lord; but Baal's prophets are four hundred and fifty men. Let them therefore give us two bullocks; and let them choose one bullock for themselves, and cut it in pieces, and lay it on wood, and put no fire under; and I will dress the other bullock,

and lay it on wood, and put no fire under; and call ye on the name of your gods, and I will call on the name of the Lord; and the God that answereth by fire, let him be God." And all the people answered and said, "It is well spoken." This was bringing God and Baal into court, and letting the one or the other prove who could answer prayer. Elijah did not ask this question, "How long halt ye between two opinions?" and then begin to help his God by bringing forth strong and Scriptural arguments why they should serve the Lord. What he wanted was not to manifest His great eloquence, but that the living God should be understood by the people of Israel; he wanted the people to come as closely and quickly as possible into contact with God Himself. This accounts for how little Elijah does. It was one of the shortest sermons ever preached, "How long halt ye between two opinions? if the Lord be God follow Him: but if Baal, then follow him." It did not take much time to preach—the words were few; but they brought the king, the prophets, and the people face to face with God.

A SIX HOURS' PRAYER.

Elijah gave the prophets of Baal the first chance. They were six hours praying and working themselves up into a fury and frenzy. If prayer could in itself do anything, those prophets ought to have brought fire from heaven. Six hours' prayer ought to do something, if any power lies in prayer! Certainly they were in earnest, for they stabbed themselves until the blood came. If prayer were to do the work they would have succeeded; but they did not, because they trusted in their earnestness and in what they could do; they knew their God could do nothing for them. But what the people wanted was not to be persuaded of the earnestness of the prophets, they wanted to know

WHO WAS GOD,

who was Almighty, and who had the power to send down fire from heaven. The whole of the country was thirsting for rain; they knew that the God who could send down fire from heaven could send down rain also. You see how quiet Elijah was about it. He did not begin to argue with these prophets, and though at last he gave way to a little irony, by saying, "Cry aloud: for He is a God; either He is talking, or He is pursuing, or He is in a journey, or peradventure He sleepeth, and must be awaked," he let them continue their crying for three hours more. At last his turn came. They had signally failed—all eyes saw it, Ahab saw it, all those prophets saw they were utterly beaten, they could not drive their God to it by all their prayers. Some people think they are going to drive the living God by their earnestness; if they could only pray long enough, or long enough together with others, if they could only get joined with them some one who has great faith, then something will happen, because they are counting upon prayer, and not upon the God who answers prayer. If you could have asked the prophets of Baal what he had done for them in the past, I think their evidence would have needed witnesses. Beloved, what has your God done for you in answer to prayer? Praise His dear name, many of us could say He has done a good many things in answer to prayer. Has He done enough to make you believe that nothing is impossible to Him? When Elijah saw the young child come to life, and had the glorious joy of putting that boy into his mother's arms again, I think there must have welled up from his heart some such thought as this, "With God all things are possible!"

Volume VII. of the Christian Herald, Containing the Numbers for 1884, with complete index, bound in cloth, may be had from this office; price \$3, including postage. A few volumes of 1883 are also for sale. We have none prior to 1882.

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OUT AND INTO.

"He brought us OUT that He might bring us IN."
Deut. vi. 23.

Out of the distance and darkness so deep,
Out of the settled and perilous sleep,
Out of the region and shadow of death,
Out of its foul and pestilent breath;
Out of the bondage and wearying chains,
Out of companionship ever with stains—
Into the light and the glory of God,
Into the holiest, made clean by His blood;
Into His arms—the embrace and the kiss,
Into the scene of ineffable bliss;
Into the quiet, the infinite calm,
Into the place of the song and the psalm.
Wonderful love, that has wrought all for me!
Wonderful power, that has thus set me free!
Wonderful ground, upon which I have met
Wonderful tenderness, welcoming home!

Out of disaster and ruin complete,
Out of the struggle and dreary dead;
Out of my sorrow and burden and shame,
Out of the evils too fearful to name;
Out of my guilt, and the criminal a doom,
Out of the dreading, the terror, the gloom—
Into the sense of forgiveness and rest,
Into inheritance with all the best,
Into a righteous and permanent peace,
Into the grandest and fullest release;
Into the comfort without an alloy,
Into a perfect and confident joy.
Wonderful holiness, bringing to light!
Wonderful grace, putting all out of sight!
Wonderful wisdom, devising the way!
Wonderful power, that nothing could stay!

Out of the horror of being alone,
Out, and forever, of being my own;
Out of the hardness of being left to will,
Out of the longings which nothing could fill;
Out of the bitterness, madness, and strife,
Out of myself, and of all I called life;
Into communion with Father and Son,
Into the sharing of all that Christ won,
Into the ecstasies full to the brim,
Into the having with all things with Him;
Into Christ Jesus there ever to dwell,
Into more blessings than words can e'er tell.
Wonderful lowliness, draining my cup!
Wonderful purpose, that ne'er gave me up!
Wonderful patience, that waited so long!
Wonderful glory, to which I belong!

Out of my poverty, into His wealth;
Out of my sickness, into pure health;
Out of the false and into the true,
Out of the old man, into the new;
Out of what measures the full depth of "lost!"
Out of it all, and at infinite cost,
Into what must with that cost correspond,
Into that which there is nothing beyond,
Into the union which nothing can part,
Into what satisfies His, and my heart!
Into the deepest of joys ever to be,
Into the gladness of making God glad!
Wonderful Person, whose face I behold!
Wonderful love, that has brought me to God!
Wonderful all the dread way that He trod!
Wonderful end, He has brought me to God!

—Selected.

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Vol. VIII. No. 32.

THURSDAY, AUGUST 6, 1885.

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REFERENCE has been made from time to time in these columns during the past nine months to the important work in which Mr. Varley is being used by God, in the great cities of the United States. A large number of our readers have had the privilege of listening to his earnest, warm-hearted addresses, and will, we believe, be glad to have in the portrait we give this week (though taken some seven years ago), a memorial of him.

One branch of Mr. Varley's work which he has made very prominent during his tour on this side the Atlantic, as he had done on the other side, for some months previous, is of paramount importance in the present condition of the world, as recent events prove. From the first inception of the movement, Mr. Varley has taken a deep interest in

THE WHITE CROSS

Society, and has labored mightily with tongue and pen to enlarge its membership, and extend its influence. The work is a difficult and a delicate one, and we most earnestly hope that Mr. Varley's plain and earnest words to the young men of America may do something toward checking the vast tide of vicious indulgence which is overwhelming us. In our day we have become so refined, so modest, that even a distant allusion to the sins of sensuality arouses a storm of disapproval. A blush must not be brought to the cheek of our young people, and neither minister nor lecturer must refer, except in language carefully veiled, to the sin against which in direct and explicit words God launched the seventh commandment. Well, the fathers and mothers, and the sleek, self-satisfied members of our churches have had their way, and the pulpit and platform have been silent on these matters. In the mean time our young people, whose blushes we were so anxious to spare, have been secretly initiated by their schoolfellows, by designing men, and by fiends in human shape, who use the mails to disseminate their poison. The Church which has been, ostrich-like, thrusting her head in the sand, and refusing to see the pollution within and around her, may, perhaps, awake to do her duty, now that an English journal has electrified Christendom by exposing the vices of one city. Or possibly it may listen to the counsels of journals, like the *New York Herald and World*, and keep silence while those journals deprecate the exposure in one column, and in another publish advertisements which prove that the exposure ought to be made.

Mr. Varley has been a valiant soldier in this war, showing true Christian courage, and receiving a manifest blessing from God on his labors. His lectures "to men only" go to the root of the evil, and, as a testimony to their efficacy he has received

4500 LETTERS,

thanking him for their delivery.* During the past eighteen months one hundred and sixty thousand men in England and America have listened to these lectures, and more than one hundred thousand printed copies have been sold. It is not difficult to understand the success of these lectures. There is no form of vice, whether sensuality, drunkenness, gambling, the opium habit, or any other that once lays hold of a human being, that can be conquered without a fierce struggle, and suffering like the cutting off of a right hand. Alone and unaided the victim never conquers. Mr. Varley has the true secret of victory, and as he points the miserable

victims to Jesus who "saves His people from their sins (Matt. i: 21), they feel the chains of Satan fall from their limbs, and they are free. There is no deliverance like that, and this successful evangelist has abundantly proved that in preaching Christ he is taking the surest course to moral as well as spiritual renovation. We hail with gladness his work in our States, and trust that our ministers will see to it that it is not forgotten by their congregations, now that Mr. Varley is leaving our shores.

BIRTH AND EARLY LIFE.

Henry Varley is a native of Lincolnshire, England, having been born at Tattershall in 1835; and is therefore now fifty years old. His earliest religious impressions were the result of a pious mother's watchful care. His parents were both well educated, but his mother especially so, and for some years she was at the head of a ladies' large boarding-school in Lincoln. She died while he was a boy; but among the most precious memories of his life are the hours when he would sit by her bedside and read her favorite hymns to her, especially Toplady's "Rock of Ages." Her influence over her boy had been so sweet and holy, and his young life was so bound up in hers, that when death called her home, he felt for the time as if life in this world had lost all its attraction for him.

His school-days were spent in Lincoln, under the tuition of an able mathematical scholar, Mr. Boole. He made his mark in the school in two directions: he was sharp at figures, and was a capital elocutionist. Leaving school at about thirteen years of age, he went to London. One Sunday afternoon, when he was out for a walk, he happened to pass through Trafalgar Square, where Mr. Kirton was engaged in distributing tracts in connection with the Young Men's Christian Association. Mr. Kirton, placing a tract in the youth's hand, kindly asking him whether he would accompany him to Mr. Baptist Noel's chapel. He needed no pressing to comply with the invitation, and his acceptance of it was the beginning of his devoting himself to the service of his Redeemer.

CONVERSION.

At John Street Chapel he had the privilege of becoming a member of the class conducted by one John Roberts, to whose labors in the Sunday-school many who were afterward successful Christian workers were indebted. Over Henry Varley his influence can hardly be estimated at too high a value, it was so deep and thorough, so elevating and sanctifying.

It was to the instructions of this friend and teacher that Mr. Varley attributed his conversion, and in 1853 he was baptized by Mr. Baptist Noel, and admitted as a member of the church. His business soon afterward took him to Australia; but he retained his membership with the church where he had received such spiritual profit until he returned in 1857. It was, at his return, his fixed resolve to prepare for the work of the ministry, and to go back to settle in Australia; but the providence of God had ordered otherwise. He was now married, we may say in passing, to one who became his true helpmeet in all godly work, and but for whom, as his friends have often heard him say, he never could have accomplished what he has been enabled to do.

BUSINESS LIFE.

He relinquished all thoughts of leaving England, and set up in business in a western suburb of London. He had not been there more than twelve months before it became evident that, notwithstanding his business success, he had a higher calling, to which he was devoting himself heart and soul. He never regretted being engaged in business, because it gave him a position of *unquestionable disinterestedness* from which to speak to men of business of the importance of seeking, first of all, "the kingdom of God and His righteousness." Often as he has addressed large gatherings, he has never been more truly at home than when he has been speaking faithful and loving words to the journeymen butchers of London.

FIRST SERVICES.

His first regular preaching efforts began in 1860, when he became superintendent of a Sunday-school. Certain it was that these efforts eventually resulted in the erection of a large place of worship, known as the West London Tabernacle, near Notting Hill. The cost of this building, capable of holding two thousand persons, was met by Mr. Varley and his father-in-law. It should also be understood that he chooses to be known as a "*Lay Evangelist*," and while engaged in an extensive trade often neglected it to attend to the Lord's business in some neglected field.

His gift in preaching was remarkable from the first, especially in exposition. His own belief, which a long experience has confirmed, is that there is no better way of moving an audience in the right direction, than to get them to understand the Word of God. A passage clearly explained, has a better influence than the best "original" thought and the most brilliant eloquence of the preacher. Of course such methods do not suit ministers and evangelists, who are anxious to attain a great reputation; but those who have no concern about themselves, and are anxious only to save souls, may profit from Mr. Varley's experience, which is, that there is no surer means of obtaining the Holy Spirit's blessing than by an exposition of the Word. Mr. Varley is a fervent believer in

THE SPEEDY COMING OF THE LORD.

No one can be in his company long without feeling that this belief is one of the deepest convictions of his nature, and the effect of it upon him is that it gives a solemn, yet glad, glow of feeling to all his words upon any subject.

In 1875 Mr. Varley paid his

FIRST VISIT TO AMERICA.

Turning over the files of the daily newspapers of that year, we find glowing accounts of the results of God's blessing on his preaching. It was, it appears, not at all unusual to see twenty thousand people filling every seat in the Hippodrome on a Sunday evening. In the Association Hall in the same city, Mr. Varley's addresses attracted immense audiences, while drawing-room meetings gathered together, what is called "the upper class of society." The effect of his preaching was to kindle an enthusiasm in the breasts of the Christians of New York generally, which set hundreds of them seeking out their friends and relatives and urging them to come and hear the Gospel. About a hundred ministers met him at the close of the month which he had engaged to spend in the city, and begged him to remain at least another month, while, at the same time, from Boston and Philadelphia the cry came, "Come over and help us."

Immense audiences everywhere attended throughout America at his various addresses, which the Rev. Theodore Cuyler said were delivered "in familiar, John Bunyan-like English, and which held the large congregation as tight as in a vice." It is believed that immense good resulted from his unceasing efforts, especially in New York and in Boston. For seven weeks in New York he held continuous meetings six days of each week, always twice a day, and often three times. Hundreds of people were converted, and it has been to Mr. Varley a cause for deep thankfulness, that during the past few weeks he has received letters from so many, describing their spiritual progress since they were awakened under his ministry in New York ten years ago.

Before returning to England, Mr. Varley accepted an urgent invitation to pay a

VISIT TO CANADA.

He was personally a stranger to our friends in the Dominion when he crossed the border, but in a short time they learned to admire and love him with enthusiasm. A Canadian correspondent wrote at the time: "Our brother, Henry Varley, and his dear wife have come to us in the fulness of the Gospel of Jesus, having been greatly blessed at Montreal, Ottawa, Kingston, and Belleville to the salvation of many souls. Already this country has beheld what

* Mr. Varley informs us that these lectures may be purchased in pamphlet form from the Tract Depot of the 33d St. Tabernacle, New York. The price of the two lectures is 20 cents.

iod can do by a man 'wholly surrendered,' idermen, professors, merchants, drunkards, ount and old, educated, unlearned, are daily stifying of the wondrous love of Jesus. Chris- ans have been led to realize the riches of their heritance, and awake out of the death-like eep growing out of mere formalism and cere- onialism.

Mr. Varley returned to England with renewed onsecration, and with his energy stimulated by ntact with American Christians. The West ondon Tabernacle became more than ever a ntre of wide-reaching practical effort. It now nembraces in addition to the several institutions ually found in connection with a Christian hurch, an "Industrial Home for the Blind," pened in September, 1876, where a consider- ble number of this afflicted class are engaged, id which promises to be a great blessing to any of the poor blind and their children.

An organization for evangelistic work among e large number of butchers, who are to be und in the Smithfield Market was also estab- shed. Every year there is a kind of festival rvice of this mission, for which Mr. Spurgeon nds his tabernacle. Nearly two thousand uthers are to be seen there beside the workers id their friends. This shows that although market men" are not supposed to care very uch about social reunions of such a character, ey do care about Mr. Varley, and accept with easure the annual invitation which he kindly nt them.

MISSION IN AUSTRALIA.

The spiritual condition of the rapidly develop- g colony in Australia, had been a burden on r. Varley's heart ever since he visited that nd in 1856; he therefore eagerly embraced an opportunity for laboring there. He sailed in ay, 1877, and in due course arrived safely in elbourne. At once he commenced religious rvinces, which were so largely attended that it ecame necessary to hire the large Town Hall to commodate the people who gathered to hear e Word. Open-air services were also held, hich were attended by over ten thousand peo- e, while the Town Hall was densely crowded eek after week. The result was most blessed; ndreds came forward to confess Christ. On e occasion alone, one hundred and thirty- ven persons were baptized on a confession of eir faith, in the presence of a large and deeply terested congregation. At the conclusion e Melbourne mission, Mr. Varley visited dney, Adelaide, Launceston, Hobart, Well- ington, Christchurch, Dunedin, and other large laces with joyful results. He then crossed to ew Zealand where the same deep interest was oused.

The work in the Southern Hemisphere occu- ded two years, after which Mr. Varley returned his own country to resume his pastoral and angelistic work. The latter, however, was nually encroaching on the former. Invitations from churches of different denominations pt pouring in, and Mr. Varley, recognizing e fact that the divided state of the Church is heritance of the past, accepted all without in- idious discrimination, laboring ardently to ote the unity of the whole Church of rist. These engagements finally grew to such oportions that it became necessary to resign e pastorate of the Tabernacle, and attend ex- usively to evangelistic work. His resignation ok effect, to the deep sorrow of his church, in 82, and since that time Mr. Varley has devoted self to the arduous labors of evangelization, ying especial attention to the work of pro- ducing social purity, which he thought—and e recent revelations prove that he was right—is a work of paramount importance.

SECOND VISIT TO AMERICA.

In November of last year, Mr. Varley again ossed the Atlantic, and received a hearty wel- come from Christian friends in this country. By eial request, he commenced his labors at St. ouis, Mo., proceeding thence to Kansas City, o., Springfield, Ill., Louisville, Ky., Augusta, a., Baltimore, Md., Philadelphia, and New

York. Last winter the severity of the weather interfered materially with evangelistic work, and the political excitement was also an important factor, but neither of these causes operated to diminish the success of Mr. Varley's services. In every place the fame of the preacher had preceded him, and the buildings in which he spoke were crowded to their utmost capacity.

PHILADELPHIA—

which may serve as a specimen, though the work there was not more successful than in other cities—was deeply moved during the evangelist's stay. A correspondent in that city of a prominent journal, describing the visit, wrote: "Mr. Varley has been here three weeks, and has held two and three services daily. The meetings were from first to last attended by large numbers. Often the splendid hall of the Young Men's Christian Association and the large churches where the meetings were held were crowded to excess. This, at this season of the year, was most remarkable, especially when we consider the dreadful state of spiritual declen- sion prevailing, together with the unostentatious manner in which our brother's progress is made from place to place—the absence of committees, preparing for his coming beforehand—and that he is entirely alone in the work. To the ser- vices have been gathered ministers and people of all denominations.

"The bringing of such multitudes together, and meetings in work and worship of such num- bers of people holding different views in many respects, was very blessed. Best of all was the intense interest awakened in divine things by these services, which showed that the power was not of man, but of God. Listening, day after day, to the clear and simple unfoldings of divine truth, and experiencing the wonderful power of the presence of the Holy Spirit in the meetings, many Christian workers were constrained to go forth to 'rescue the perishing.'

"The afternoon Bible-readings were occasions of great interest. To see hundreds of people turning over the pages of their Bibles, and eagerly drinking in the expositions, was a most unusual sight for this city. Nor were these audiences composed of Christian people only. Many non-churchgoing people attended. At these meetings, the Christian's Standing, the Lord's Second Coming, and the Advocacy and High Priesthood of our Lord, were brought out with great clearness. The testimonies as to the power of the Word as delivered by our brother are neither few nor far between. The name of Henry Varley has become very dear to thou- sands of American Christians, and it is their earnest regret that he feels compelled to leave a land where his labors have been so signally blessed of God."

IN NEW YORK

the scene of his most successful labors ten years ago, Mr. Varley was warmly welcomed. Dr. Talmage invited him to preach in the Brooklyn Tabernacle which, though only a single advertisement was published of the forth- coming service, was packed with an immense congregation to hear him. At the Twenty-third Street Tabernacle, Mr. Varley held daily services for upward of three weeks, and Mr. A. B. Simp- son being absent in London, attending the In- ternational Faith-Healing Conference, Mr. Varley occupied his pulpit every Lord's Day. It was strange to turn into that building out of the busy thoroughfare, thronged with the votaries of fashion, pleasure, and frivolity, and see gathered there on the week-day, an earnest, attentive congregation, listening eagerly to Mr. Varley's Bible-reading, while on Sundays, in spite of the excessive heat, the building would not contain the crowds that patiently waited for admission. It has been a period of marvellous blessing, hundreds of souls having been brought to a knowledge of the truth, and Christians stimu- lated to fresh consecration and renewed energy in service. At the concluding service held on Sunday, July 12th, upward of fifty persons were converted.

Mr. Varley expresses himself deeply interested

in Mr. Simpson's work in connection with *faith- healing*, which he has during these services had an opportunity of closely observing. Though he does not commit himself to any pronounced advocacy of the views held by Mr. Simpson and other advocates of the Faith-healing doctrines, which are so largely arresting the attention of believers in these last days, Mr. Varley 'recognizes with joy and gratitude alike the veracity and the reality of the cures which have been effected.'

After a brief period of much-needed rest, which Mr. Varley enjoyed while the guest of Henry Naylor, Esq., at Lenox, Mass., he attended the meetings of the Conference held two weeks ago at Niagara, on the Lord's Second Coming, which brings his services on this side to a close. His American friends bid him good-by with deep regret; but recognizing, nevertheless, how urgently his special work, in view of the present excitement, is needed in England.

IMPRESSIONS OF AMERICA.

Speaking of the impressions his visit here has left on his mind, Mr. Varley says, that the oppor- tunities he has had for observing the state of society in the cities he has visited, have been carefully utilized, but he cannot speak hope- fully of the moral and spiritual condition of any of those cities. He distinctly believes that the world is increasing in wickedness, and that the drift, *both in the Old and the New World*, is to the condition of abounding iniquity which will prevail when "the Lord Jesus shall be revealed from heaven in flaming fire, taking vengeance upon them that know not God, and obey not the Gospel" (11 Thess. 1:7, 8). With great force Mr. Varley points out that the fact of Christ's Coming in flaming fire to take ven- geance, is conclusive proof that the world will not be increasing in spirituality as some expect, but will be, when the Lord comes, in the same condition as in the days of Noah, and the days of Lot—days of fearful and abominable wickedness.

The Class List of Successful Students in One of our universities teaches a silent lesson this year. A contemporary calls attention to the significant fact noticed there, that the men who have carried off the honors in the graduating class at Yale were not the athletes, but the young men who had been prominent in the Young Men's Christian Association of the col- lege.

Distinguished Laymen Occasionally Occupy English pulpits. Some three Sundays ago the Lord Mayor of London preached in the Baptist Chapel, Bow, on the occasion of the centenary celebration. At the same hour Mr. Samuel Smith, member of Parliament for Liverpool, was preaching in the Borough Road Congrega- tional Chapel. Mr. Caine, who was a member of Mr. Gladstone's administration, is a very ac- ceptable preacher, and frequently heard in metropolitan pulpits.

A Marked Increase in Temperance Progress in Georgia is reported. In all quarters of the State the cause is said to be growing in strength. At the recent Temperance Convention held at Atlanta, resolutions were adopted petitioning the Legislature to pass a general local option law, so that in every county in the State there can be an election on Prohibition. Of the one hundred and thirty-eight counties in Georgia, twenty have restricted the sale of liquor and eighty have absolutely prohibited it. It is thought that more than half of the thirty-eight counties where the sale of liquor is now unre- stricted will be carried for Prohibition if the Legislature passes the law asked for. The resolu- tions declare that temperance must not be mixed with politics, and in the election for mem- bers for the State at large of the Executive Com- mittee two Democrats and two Republicans were chosen. There were several negro delegates in the Convention, and resolutions were passed to thoroughly organize the temperance movement among the negroes throughout the State. The Convention was the largest and most representa- tive body of the kind ever held in Georgia.

THE INSIGNIFICANT.

A Sermon by Dr. Talmage.*

"And she went, and came, and gleaned in the field after the reapers: and her hap was to light on a part of the field belonging unto Boaz, who was of the kindred of Elimelech."—RUTH 2: 3.

Provision for Gleaners—Ruth in the Harvest Field—An Eventful Day for the World—I. The Uses of Trouble—It Develops Character—The Untroubled Man Unfortunate—The Change in a Preacher's Sermons—Trouble as an Educator—Hoofs that Strike out Fountains—II. The Beauty of Faithful Friendship—III. Dark Paths Lead to Sunlight—The Journey from Conviction to Assurance—IV. The Insignificant Become Momentous—A Remarkable Chain of Events—V. Beauty of Female Industry—Madame de Stael's Industry—VI. The Value of Gleaning—The Precious Fragments of Time.

The time that Ruth and Naomi arrive at Bethlehem is harvest time. It was the custom when a sheaf fell from a load in the harvest-field for the reapers to refuse to gather it up; that was to be left for the poor who might happen to come along that way. If there were handfuls of grain scattered across the field after the main harvest had been reaped, instead of raking it, as farmers do now, it was, by the custom of the land, left in its place, so that the poor, coming along that way, might glean it and get their bread. But, you say, "What is the use of all these harvest-fields to Ruth and Naomi? Naomi is too old and feeble to go out and toil in the sun; and can you expect that Ruth, the young and the beautiful, should tan her cheeks and blister her hands in the harvest-field?"

Boaz owns a large farm, and he goes out to see the reapers gather in the grain. Coming there, right behind the swarthy, sun-browned reapers, he beholds a beautiful woman glean— a woman more fit to bend to a harp or sit upon a throne than to stoop among the sheaves. Ah, that was

AN EVENTFUL DAY!

It was love at first sight. Boaz forms an attachment for the womanly gleaner—an attachment full of undying interest to the Church of God in all ages; while Ruth, with an ephah, or nearly a bushel of barley, goes home to Naomi to tell her the successes and adventures of the day. That Ruth, who left her native land of Moab in darkness, and travelled through an undying affection for her mother-in-law, is in the harvest-field of Boaz, is affianced to one of the best families in Judah, and becomes in after time the ancestress of Jesus Christ, the Lord of glory! Out of so dark a night, did there ever dawn so bright a morning?

THE USES OF TROUBLE.

I. I learn, in the first place, from this subject how trouble develops character. It was bereavement, poverty, and exile that developed, illustrated, and announced to all ages the sublimity of Ruth's character. That is a *very unfortunate man* who has no trouble. It was sorrow that made John Bunyan the better dreamer, and Dr. Young the better poet, and O'Connell the better orator, and Bishop Hall the better preacher, and Havelock the better soldier, and Kitto the better encyclopædist, and Ruth the better daughter-in-law.

I once asked an aged man in regard to his pastor, who was a very brilliant man, "Why is it that your pastor, so very brilliant, seems to have so little heart and tenderness in his sermons?" "Well," he replied, "the reason is, our pastor has never had any trouble. When misfortune comes upon him, his style will be different." After awhile the Lord took a child out of that pastor's house; and though the preacher was just as brilliant as he was before, oh, the warmth, the tenderness of his discourses! The fact is, that trouble is a great educator. You see sometimes a musician sit down at an instrument, and his execution is cold and formal and unfeeling. The reason is that all his life he has been prospered. But let misfortune

or bereavement come to that man, and he sits down at the instrument, and you discover the pathos in the first sweep of the keys.

AN EDUCATION.

Misfortune and trials are great educators. A young doctor comes into a sick-room where there is a dying child. Perhaps he is very rough in his prescription, and very rough in his manner, and rough in the feeling of the pulse, and rough in his answer to the mother's anxious question; but years roll on, and there has been one dead in his own house; and now he comes into the sick-room, and with tearful eye he looks at the dying child, and he says, "Oh, how this reminds me of my Charlie!" Trouble, the great educator. Sorrow—I see its touch in the grandest painting; I hear its tremor in the sweetest song; I feel its power in the mightiest argument.

Grecian mythology said that the fountain of Hippocrene was struck out by the foot of the winged horse Pegasus. I have often noticed in life that the brightest and most beautiful fountains of Christian comfort and spiritual life have been struck out by

THE IRON-SHOD HOOF

of disaster and calamity. I see Daniel's courage best by the flash of Nebuchadnezzar's furnace. I see Paul's prowess best when I find him on the foundering ship under the glare of the lightning in the breakers of Melita. God crowns His children amid the howling of wild beasts and the chopping of blood-splashed guillotine and the crackling fires of martyrdom. It took the persecutions of Marcus Aurelius to develop Polycarp and Justin Martyr. It took the Pope's bull and the cardinals' curse and the world's anathema to develop Martin Luther. It took all the hostilities against the Scotch Covenanters and the fury of Lord Claverhouse to develop James Renwick, and Andrew Melville, and Hugh McKail, the glorious martyrs of Scotch history. It took the stormy sea, and the December blast, and the desolate New England coast, and the war-whoop of savages to show forth the prowess of the Pilgrim Fathers—

"When amid the storms they sang,
And the stars heard, and the sea;
And the sounding aisles of the dim wood
Rang to the anthems of the free."

It took all our past national distresses, and it takes all our present national sorrows, to lift up our nation on that high career where it will march long after the foreign aristocracies that have mocked and the tyrannies that have jeered shall be swept down under the omnipotent wrath of God, who hates despotism, and who, by the strength of His own red right arm, will make all men free. And so it is individually, and in the family, and in the Church, and in the world, that through darkness and storm and trouble men, women, churches, nations, are developed.

FAITHFUL FRIENDSHIPS.

II. Again, I see in my text the beauty of unflinching friendship. I suppose there were plenty of friends for Naomi while she was in prosperity; but of all her acquaintances, how many were willing to trudge off with her toward Judah, when she had to make that lonely journey? One—the heroine of my text. One—absolutely one. I suppose when Naomi's husband was living, and they had plenty of money, and all things went well, they had a great many callers; but I suppose that after her husband died, and her property went, and she got old and poor, she was not troubled very much with callers. All the birds that sang in the bower while the sun shone have gone to their nests, now the night has fallen.

Oh, these beautiful sun-flowers that spread out their color in the morning hour; but they are always asleep when the sun is going down! Job had plenty of friends when he was the richest man in Uz; but when his property went and the trials came, then there were none so much that pestered as Eliphaz the Temanite, and Bildad the Shuhite, and Zophar the Naamathite.

Life often seems to be a mere game, where the successful player pulls down all the other men into his own lap. Let suspicions arise about a man's character, and he becomes like bank in a panic, and all the imputations run on him and break down in a day that character which in due time would have had strength to defend itself. There are reputations that have been half a century in building, which go down under some moral exposure, as a vast temple consumed by the touch of a sulphurous match. A hog can uproot a century plant.

In this world, so full of heartlessness and hypocrisy, how thrilling it is to find some friend faithful in days of adversity as in days of prosperity! David had such a friend in Hushai. The Jews had such a friend in Mordecai, who never forgot their cause. Paul had such a friend in Onesiphorus, who visited him in jail. Christ has such in the Marys, who adhered to Him on the cross. Naomi had such a one in Ruth, who cried out: "Entreat me not to leave thee, or to return from following after thee; for whither thou goest, I will go; and where thou lodgest, I will lodge; thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God: where thou diest, will I die, and there will I be buried: the Lord do so to me and more also, if aught but death part thee and me."

DARKNESS AND SUNLIGHT.

III. Again I learn from this subject that path which open in hardship and darkness often come out in places of joy. When Ruth started from Moab toward Jerusalem, to go along with her mother-in-law, I suppose the people said "Oh, what a foolish creature to go away from her father's house, to go off with a poor old woman toward the land of Judah! They won't live to get across the desert. They will be drowned in the sea, or the jackals of the wilderness will destroy them." It was a very dark morning when Ruth started off with Naomi, but behold her in my text in the harvest-field of Boaz, to be affianced to one of the lords of the land, and become one of the grandmothers of Jesus Christ, the Lord of glory. And so it often is that a path which often starts very darkly ends very brightly.

When you started out for heaven, oh, how dark was the hour of conviction—how Sin thundered, and devils tormented, and the darkness thickened! All the sins of your life pounced upon you, and it was the darkest hour you ever saw when you first found out your sin. After a while you went into the harvest-field of God's mercy; you began to glean in the field of divine promise, and you had more sheave than you could carry, as the voice of God addressed you, saying: "Blessed is the man whose transgressions are forgiven and whose sins are covered." A very dark starting in conviction, a very bright ending in the pardon and the hope and the triumph of the Gospel.

THE PILGRIMAGE.

So, very often in our worldly business or in our spiritual career, we start off on a very dark path. We must go. The flesh may shrink back, but there is a voice within or a voice from above, saying: "You must go," and we have to drink the gall, and we have to carry the cross, and we have to traverse the desert, and we are pounded and flailed of misrepresentation and abuse, and we have to urge our way through ten thousand obstacles that have been slain by our own right arm. We have to for the river, we have to climb the mountain, we have to storm the castle; but blessed be God the day of rest and reward will come. On the tip-top of the captured battlements we will shout the victory; if not in this world, then in that world where there is no gall to drink, no burdens to carry, no battles to fight. How do you know it? Know it! I know it because God says so. "They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more, neither shall the sun light on them, nor any heat, for the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall lead them to living fountains of water, and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes."

* We republish this remarkable sermon at the request of subscribers, who have written us.

It was very hard for Noah to endure the scolding of the people in his day, while he was trying to build the ark, and was every morning quizzed out of his old boat that would never be of any actual use; but when the deluge came, and the tops of the mountains disappeared like the backs of sea-monsters, and the elements, lashed in fury, clapped their hands over a drowned world, then Noah in the ark rejoiced in his own safety and in the safety of his family, and looked on the wreck of a ruined earth.

THE HOUR OF DARKNESS.

Christ, hounded of persecutors, denied a pillow, worse maltreated than the thieves on either side of the cross, human hate smacking its lips in satisfaction after it had been draining His last drop of blood, the sheeted dead bursting from the sepulchres at His crucifixion. Tell me, O thesane and Golgotha, were there ever rarer times than those? Like the booming of a midnight sea against the rock, the surges of Christ's anguish beat against the gates of eternity, to be echoed back by all the thrones of heaven and all the dungeons of hell. But the reward comes for Christ; all the pomp and dominion of this world are to be hung on its throne, uncrowned heads are to bow before Him on whose head are many crowns, and all celestial worship is to come up at His feet, the humming of the forest, like the rushing of the waters, like the thundering of the seas, fill all heaven, rising on their thrones, beat in glory by their sceptres. "Hallelujah, for the Lord God omnipotent reigneth! Hallelujah, ye kingdoms of this world have become the kingdoms of our Lord Jesus Christ!"

"That song of love, now low and far,
Erelong shall swell from star to star;
That light, the breaking day which tips
The golden-spined Apocalypse."

IV. Again, I learn from my subject that events which seem to be most insignificant may be most momentous. Can you imagine anything more important than the coming of a poor woman in Moab to Judah? Can you imagine anything more trivial than the fact that this Ruth happened to alight—as they say—just happened to alight on that field of Boaz? Yet all these, all generations, have an interest in the fact that she was to become an ancestor of the Lord Jesus Christ, and all nations and kingdoms must look at that one little incident with a thrill of awe and eternal satisfaction. So it is your history and in mine; events that you ought of no importance at all have been of great moment. That casual conversation, that accidental meeting—you did not think of it again for a long while; but how it changed all!

THE PHASE OF YOUR LIFE!

It seemed to be of no importance that Jubal invented rude instruments of music, calling them harp and organ; but they were the introduction of all the world's minstrelsy; and as you hear the vibration of a stringed instrument, even the fingers have been taken away from it, so music now of lute and drum and cornet are only the long-continued strains of Jubal's harp and Jubal's organ. It seemed to be a matter of very little importance that Tubal Cain learned the uses of copper and iron; but that rude undrilled of ancient days has its echo in the rattle of Birmingham machinery and the roar and clang of factories on the Merimac.

It seemed to be a matter of no importance at all that Luther found a Bible in a monastery; but he opened that Bible, and the brass-bound volume fell back, they jarred everything, from the altar to the furthest convent in Germany, and the rustling of the wormed leaves was the sound of the wings of the angel of the Reformation. It seemed to be a matter of no importance that a woman, whose name has been forgotten, dropped a tract in the way of a very bad man by the name of Richard Baxter. He picked up the tract and read it, and it was the means of his salvation. In after days that man wrote a book called "The Call to the Unconverted," that was the means of bringing

A MULTITUDE

to God, among others Philip Doddridge. Philip Doddridge wrote a book called "The Rise and Progress of Religion," which has brought thousands and tens of thousands into the kingdom of God, among others the great Wilberforce. Wilberforce wrote a book called "A Practical View of Christianity," which was the means of bringing a great multitude to Christ, among others Legh Richmond. Legh Richmond wrote a tract called "The Dairyman's Daughter," which has been the means of the salvation of unconverted multitudes. And that tide of influence started from the fact that one Christian woman dropped a Christian tract in the way of Richard Baxter—the tide of influence rolling on through Richard Baxter, through Philip Doddridge, through the great Wilberforce, through Legh Richmond, on, on, on, forever, forever. So the insignificant events of this world seem, after all, to be most momentous. The fact that you came up that street or this street seemed to be of no importance to you, and the fact that you went inside of some church may seem to be a matter of very great insignificance to you, but you will find it the turning-point in your history.

V. Again, I see in my subject an illustration of the beauty of

FEMALE INDUSTRY.

Behold Ruth toiling in the harvest-field under the hot sun, or at noon taking plain bread with the reapers, or eating the parched corn which Boaz handed to her. The customs of society, of course, have changed, and without the hardships and exposure to which Ruth was subjected, every intelligent woman will find something to do.

I know there is a *sickly sentimentality* on this subject. In some families there are persons of no practical service to the household or community; and though there are so many woes all around about them in the world, they spend their time languishing over a new pattern, or bursting into tears at midnight over the story of some lover who shot himself! They would not deign to look at Ruth carrying back the barley on her way home to her mother-in-law, Naomi. All this fastidiousness may seem to do very well while they are under the shelter of their father's house; but when the sharp winter of misfortune comes, what of these butterflies? Persons under indulgent parentage may get upon themselves habits of indolence; but when they come out into practical life, their soul will recoil with disgust and chagrin. They will feel in their hearts what the poet so severely satirized when he said:

"Folks are so awkward, things so impolite,
They're elegantly pained from morning until night."

Through that gate of indolence, how many men and women have marched, useless on earth, to a destroyed eternity! Spinola said to Sir Horace Vere: "Of what did your brother die?" "Of having nothing to do," was the answer. "Ah!" said Spinola, "that's enough to kill any general of us." Oh, can it be possible in this world, where there is so much suffering to be alleviated, so much darkness to be enlightened, and so many burdens to be carried that there is any person who cannot find anything to do?

Madame de Staël did a world of work in her time; and one day, while she was seated amid instruments of music, all of which she had mastered, and amid manuscript books, which she had written, some one said to her, "How do you find time to attend to all these things?" "Oh," she replied, "these are not the things I am proud of. My chief boast is in the fact that I have seventeen trades, by any one of which I could make a livelihood if necessary." And if in secular spheres there is so much to be done, in spiritual work how vast the field! How many dying all around about us without one word of comfort! We want more Abigails, more Hannahs, more Rebeccas, more Marys, more

Deborahs consecrated—body, mind, soul—to the Lord who bought them.

VI. Once more I learn from my subject

THE VALUE OF GLEANING.

Ruth going into that harvest-field might have said: "There is a straw, and there is a straw, but what is a straw? I can't get any barley for myself or my mother-in-law out of these separate straws." Not so said beautiful Ruth. She gathered two straws, and she put them together, and more straws, until she got enough to make a sheaf. Putting that down, she went and gathered more straws, until she had another sheaf, and another, and another, and another, and then she brought them all together, and she threshed them out, and she had an ephah of barley, nigh a bushel. Oh, that we might all be gleaners!

GOLDEN OPPORTUNITIES.

Elihu Burritt learned many things while toiling in a blacksmith's shop. Abercrombie, the world-renowned philosopher, was a philosopher in Scotland, and he got his philosophy, or the chief part of it, while, as a physician, he was waiting for the door of the sick-room to open. Yet how many there are in this day who say they are so busy they have no time for mental or spiritual improvement; the great duties of life cross the field like strong reapers, and carry off all the hours, and there is only here and there a fragment left, that is not worth gleanings. Ah, my friends, you could go into the busiest day and busiest week of your life and find golden opportunities, which gathered, might at last make a whole sheaf for the Lord's garner. It is the stray opportunities and the stray privileges which, taken up and bound together and beaten out, will at last fill you with much joy.

There are a few moments left worth the gleanings. Now, Ruth, to the field! May each one have a measure full and running over! Oh, you gleaners, to the field! And if there be in your household an aged one or a sick relative that is not strong enough to come forth and toil in the field, then let Ruth take home to feed Naomi this sheaf of gleanings: "He that goeth forth and weepeth, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him." May the Lord God of Ruth and Naomi be our portion forever!

MR. ANGUS HOLDEN.

(See Portrait on page 508.)

THE philanthropist whose portrait appears on page 508 is a manufacturer engaged in business at Bradford, Yorkshire, England. He was, at the outset of his commercial career, impressed with the appalling prevalence of intemperate habits among the workmen of the country, and he set himself to fight the evil in his own way. Saturday night is the great night for drinking in England, because the majority of the workmen are paid on Saturday, and they call at the saloon on their way home, and leave there a large portion of their week's earnings. Considering this fact, Mr. Holden determined to compete with the saloons by places where there should be more enjoyment and no temptation. He opened every Saturday evening St. George's Hall, an immense building, capable of holding 4000 people, where he provided high class entertainments at a nominal charge for admission. These have now become a permanent "institution" of the town.

Some time ago Mr. Holden established a number of dining-rooms, where the working classes could be supplied with cheap and wholesome food during the day, and in the evening find a place for rational amusement, where there was no intoxicating drink. He has also organized other original schemes for alluring the people from the places where liquor is sold, and providing them with recreation which does not involve temptation to drink intoxicating beverages. All these efforts have involved a heavy outlay, which Mr. Holden has cheerfully borne, besides contributing largely to temperance societies, especially to the Prohibition movement called the United Kingdom Alliance.

A REMARKABLE FAITH-CURE.

AMONG the interesting incidents published in the current number of *Triumphs of Faith*, by Miss Carrie Judd, of Buffalo, N. Y., is the following, which we condense:

LUNG TROUBLES.

Mrs. Belle D. Lewis, of San José, Cal., writes that, for many years she had been a sufferer from sickness consequent on the delicate state of her lungs. A slight cold would develop into pneumonia, and she was evidently on the road to consumption. She says:

"One day while studying a Bible lesson, in looking up references, I came to these verses (James 5: 14, 15), 'Is any sick among you? Let him call for the elders of the Church, and let them pray over him, anointing him with oil in the name of the Lord, and the prayer of faith shall save the sick and the Lord shall raise him up, and if he have committed sins, they shall be forgiven him.' These words impressed me very much. I could not get rid of the thought and feeling that they were a *command to me*. But I reasoned with myself on the subject. I thought there would be no use in thinking of following the instruction given there, for, I thought, no one believes that means *now*, and every one would think I had lost my mind. I thought of all the people I had known—of all the ministers I knew who had sickness in their families, and I did not know one who had ever followed those instructions. So, I thought the ministers ought to know better than I, and I kept on trying to get rid of the troublesome thought. But I could not. I had become very weak. Often not able to walk from one room to another. I had to be carried about, not able to walk or ride at all. One morning when I was feeling brighter and better than usual, my husband carried me and put me in the buggy at the kitchen-door, and drove round to the front, only a few yards, and helped me out there. I was exhausted and was very much worse after the exertion. Nearly all hope of ever being well again was gone. My life seemed very near the end.

"I felt that the time had come when I must decide one way or the other. I believed that the Lord had commanded me to do this thing, and I felt that if I decided not to do it, I was turning away from Him, and that I need never expect any favor from Him again. Oh, how tender and kind He was, begging and persuading me so gently to come. *I put Him off*. I did not decide.

"The next day I felt as though I was *lost*—like a lost soul. My Lord was gone and I had no power to call Him back. I had no power to believe. I had grieved the Holy Spirit away. I was miserable. I felt that if He should ever return I must not again put off my decision.

"That evening I was alone again. I was reading in the New Testament, but found nothing there for me. But I dared not put off my decision again; I kneeled down and called on the Lord for help, and at last I surrendered my will to the Lord's. I told the Lord that I was His, to do with me as He pleased; and I would do whatever He commanded if He would help me. Satan said: 'But what are you going to do about it? you don't believe that the Lord is going to make you well, you know you don't; what are you going to do about it?'

"There was no noise, no sound to my ears, but the conversation seemed as real as any I ever heard. I answered: 'But I *must* believe, and I *will* believe; I raised my heart to God for help to believe, and I said, 'I *will* believe.' When I had said that three or four times, I could say, 'I do believe. Then, immediately, just when I said, 'I do believe,' a strange thrill went all through me with great force, and I knew that the Lord Jesus was already working in me with His healing power. Nearly all night that working continued. In the morning I felt *well and strong*. I felt as if I could do anything; I hadn't felt that way for years. I felt like a new being. I told my husband of it when he came home at night, and I told him in the morning how well I was and how strong I was. To try

my new strength, I got into the buggy with him when he was ready to go, and he took me riding around several blocks. When we got home I got out of the buggy and walked to the house and wasn't tired at all. After that I could walk or ride wherever I wished, if I went in the strength of the Lord; if I tried to do anything in my own strength I found it a failure.

"I have not taken a dose of medicine from that time to this, and do not expect to as long as I live. The Lord is sufficient for me, as I have proved.

"It will perhaps not be out of place to say here that we have also given our children to Him in the same way, and they, as well as myself, trust Him for health and strength, and *He never fails us*."

DR. SOMERVILLE'S EASTERN TOUR.

THIS venerable evangelist, whose tour in Bible lands has been noticed from time to time in these columns, has now returned home. At a recent noonday prayer-meeting he thus spoke of his journeyings:

"One thing that has distinguished this tour from the others in which I have been engaged was the number of towns and localities visited that are hallowed in our memories by their connection with the Word of God. Somewhere about thirteen I have visited on this occasion are made mention of in the Bible—Athens, Corinth, Smyrna, Philadelphia, Laodicea, Colosse, Ephesus, Achaia, Bithynia, Thessalonica, etc. The visit was paid not in the way of a tourist's holiday, but with the Word of God on the lips, and for the purpose of casting some handfuls of the precious seeds on the hearts of the people.

"I have been four months in a region blighted by the deadening influences of Mohammedanism—in lands where, though the churches are professedly Christian, and hold the doctrines and traditions of early Christianity, yet darkness and superstition and the most degrading idolatries prevail. Woman especially is in a great measure kept in darkness.

"But what shall I say of the Lord's goodness in giving openings for the spread of the Gospel? Were it not that surprise has been almost taken away from me within the past few years, I would have deemed things that came under my own eye to be incredible. The multitudes who came to listen to the Gospel—Greeks, Armenians, and even Jews—filled me with astonishment. In Constantinople I had twenty meetings with the Armenians. Both Athens and Corinth gave me a cordial welcome, although I was interfered with at Corinth ere long by ecclesiastical authority. Still warm gratitude is due to both of these cities for the way in which they received me.

"I preached in a theatre in Constantinople, a thing never heard of before since the Turks took possession of that great city. All the while I spoke my own language. The power of the word even after interpretation is extraordinary. I had altogether, at various times, about twenty-four different interpreters, who spoke for me in different places. Some people think that interpretation must stand very seriously in the way; but I began to think that interpretation gave an added interest, and rather drew auditors instead of driving them away.

"At Constantinople and Smyrna I had delightful opportunities of addressing brethren who spoke our own language. Missionaries and eminent men came from great distances, even taking ship and crossing an arm of the sea to be present at a meeting to be held at half-past nine in the morning. At Larissa, the capital of Thessaly, a meeting was convened in the open air, at a notice of little over an hour and a half, when six hundred people, mostly men, came rushing to hear the Word. Among these were soldiers, doctors, business men, and three priests, one of whom was a professor. After concluding the tour we agreed to go back to Athens, with the idea of having two meetings there before returning home. I had feared that I could not have an interpreter for Greek, but

succeeded in getting an excellent young man from Constantinople, who acquitted himself admirably. At a meeting held at the fifteen pillars of Olympian Jupiter, twelve hundred people came and listened very attentively while I am my interpreter stood upon a table and spoke them."

THE EASTERN OR TURKISH QUESTION
By Rev. A. C. Tris, of Howard City, Kan.

Light from the East—The Enigma of the Eastern Question—Insignificant Size of Palestine—How the Question is Complicated—The Key to the Solution—A Twofold Subject in Prophecy—The Roman World—The Land of Emmanuel—The Boundaries of the Roman World—The Division of the two Legs—Fulfilled at the time of Constantine—Union and Diversity—1820—Fateful Year for Turkey.

IT is quite natural to look to the Eastern sky as the harbinger of a coming day; the bright tinge of light breaking forth in the clouds gives joy and new energy after a dark and weary night of sorrow and trial; yea, it seems interwove with our thoughts that the East is the place to which we are drawn as by magic power. There the Sun of Righteousness arose, and enlightens world lying in sin; and from there is expected the Coming and the appearance of the King of Israel (Acts 1: 11), the hope of glory.

Looking from that standpoint, "The Eastern Question" is an object full of interest and pathos, of observation and scrutiny. A question which occupied the deepest thoughts and consideration of a Bismarck, Disraeli, Gladstone and of every statesman of Europe, and is still the political enigma of the age.

BOUNDARIES.

The area of country connected with the Eastern Question is but small in comparison with other portions of the globe. "The population of Turkey in Europe is estimated at eight millions, and in Asiatic Turkey thirteen millions (Zoepffle's Lexikon, Leipsig, 1882). Its area in Europe is scarcely sixty-four thousand square miles, and combined with that of Asia Minor, is only a little larger than the Republic of Mexico. If Syria is taken as a whole, it is one seventh smaller than the State of Minnesota, and the Holy Land being in length only one hundred and forty-five miles by eighty miles in its greatest breadth, is less in area than the principality of Wales—not so large as the State of Massachusetts.

UNIQUE QUESTION.

The great obstacle in solving the Eastern Question is not the power of Turkey, neither the area of the Turkish dominion, or of the Holy Land; it lies in the natural location of that area—the religious prestige of its people and the supposed loss of the balance of the political power in Europe and in Asia. It is, indeed, a labyrinth of political entanglement and complication, and, therefore, to examine this subject and to study it in the light of prophecy, is the duty of every Christian at the present time.

THE KEY.

The true key to unravel the future is not to speculate or to advance our own ideas; it is to study the Word of the Ruler of nations, who has revealed to His prophets and servants of old "the hidden things which lie in the bosom of the ages to come." He changeth the times and the seasons; He removeth kings and setteth up kings; He giveth wisdom unto the wise, and knowledge to them that know understanding. He revealeth the deep and secret things; He knoweth what is in the darkness, and the high dwelleth with Him" (Dan. 2: 21, 22). It is to the law and to the prophets that even kings, rulers and statesmen are directed to get wisdom, and oh, how would the world have been benefited if it had followed the example of Alexander who inquired at Jerusalem what Daniel the prophet had spoken about the future of Greece and Persia; and, indeed, to that we ought to come, we ought to learn, that the times of the nations commenced with Nebuchadnezzar are now in duration, and that they will be in contin-

uance till "He shall come who has a right to reign, and whose kingdom is an everlasting kingdom, and all dominions shall serve and obey Him."

TWOFOLD DIVISION.

The Eastern or Turkish Question has a two-fold division, and we remark that the so-called "Roman earth or world" has a different character and territory from "the land of Immanuel" (Isa. 8:8). It is the former that is represented by the metallic image and ferocious beasts whose rule is oppression; the latter, by a disconsolate widow, being left, trodden down and suffering (Lam. 1:4). We learn that the first or Roman Empire should flourish exceedingly, but should be put down and perish. That the latter, should sink in oblivion during a period of ages, and bear the rod of the oppressor; but at last should be re-established and should be called "The first dominion" (Micah 4:8), a sure evidence that Israel shall return to their own land, and, being the *hub of the political wheel*, shall have the power over the nations. "The dominion shall come to them" (Micah 4:7).

THE ROMAN TERRITORY.

We take first, the so-called "Roman earth." To examine this matter, we have to study the map illustrating the geography of the ancient world, and to know the boundaries of the territories of the nation symbolized in the metallic image as the fourth power exercising world-dominion, as they were at the birth of our Lord Jesus Christ (Luke 2:1), and those which did belong to Rome in the first century of our Christian era. From Britannia to the confines of Mesopotamia, from the Baltic Sea to the great Libyan Desert were the limits of the Roman earth.

It cannot be denied that the province of Thrace, with Byzantium (Constantinople) for its capital, did belong to the dominion of Rome, and is with other parts included in the image of the metallic figure of a human being (Dan. 2:3-45).

That part of the image which is now under consideration is the fourth metal—namely, "iron, and also iron and clay mixed." When the dominion (iron) commenced, there was no division in rule, the reign of Julius Cæsar and Augustus had Rome for its centre. The image called for a division of the two legs of iron, and that prophecy had to be fulfilled. The division of the Roman Empire became an established fact at the time of Constantine, the empire was divided in the Eastern and Western, and Constantinople and Rome became the two capitals of one mighty empire. They had the same Roman character and rule, and although often in antagonism, yet always united in many respects, and at this very day the student of history and prophecy can see the connecting lines between all the nations belonging to the so-called prophetic earth. The more we study that prophecy of the metallic figure as a unit, and yet a diversity, the more we have to come to the conclusion that only Jehovah could produce and set before us such an exact figure, answering to every development in the political history of the nations of Europe, Asia, and Africa. It must be called "*Ve plus ultra*" of all that is found in the pictorial gallery of the Old Testament prophecies.

We must always keep before our mind that the metallic figure (Dan. 2) and also the four beasts (Dan. 7) cover the whole ground, and represent the whole time between Nebuchadnezzar and the ending of "the times of the Gentiles"; there is no interim or hiatus between the end of the ten toes and the beginning of the kingdom of the Son of Man.

The history of Mohammed and the Mohammedan power is not a real part of the image, it is only an additional occurrence, in which an interloper from Arabia becomes connected with it, whose prowess is that of iron and oppression, but whose end will be destruction and a return to Arabia.

It is a comparatively short period of time that

the Turks are possessors of Constantinople. It was in 1453, only forty years before America was discovered, that Constantinople was taken by conquest, and that the Eastern or Greek Empire came to its end.

THE MEMORABLE YEAR.

The year 1820 will always be known as a year of remembrance. The death-knell of the Turkish power was sounded in the naval battle of Navarino, and the deliverance of Greece and the establishment of a Grecian kingdom were the happy results. From that day and year the power of Islam has been waning; the Crescent has fallen in Europe and Algeria, Tunis, and the northern coast of Africa has been virtually lost to "the Sublime Porte," now called "the Sick Man."

The whole area of old Illyricum, Dacia, and Macedonia has been wrested from Turkey, and that Thrace and Masia will become free is only a matter of time. That Constantinople will be conquered is decreed by the Ruler of nations, the whole image of Daniel will be eventually restored. Already the tendency toward a reconstruction of the Roman world is witnessed in the changes resulting from the late Prussian war, and by the conference held in Berlin. Truly the study of geography in connection with prophecy is a field worthy the deepest researches of the greatest minds of the age.

(To be concluded.)

ANECDOTES RELATED AT THE EVANGELISTIC MEETINGS IN SCOTLAND.

"Father, Why Don't You Pray?"—At a recent meeting a Christian worker related: "A little boy who had just finished his nightly prayer, which he never allowed to miss, opened his eyes, and looking at his father, said, 'Father, father, why don't you pray?' The inquiry went right to the man's heart; he could not meet the eyes of his child that were so earnestly fixed upon him waiting for a reply. Kneeling by the child's bedside he prayed to the Lord for the first time for many years, and found pardon."

"Going to Heaven Together.—An Evangelist said: 'I was speaking to a man in a meeting who professed to accept Christ as his Saviour. But to prove if he were really in earnest I said, 'When you go home will you have family worship?' Rather unwillingly he promised he would. On the following day I called to see if he had kept true to his promise, and to my inquiry his wife said, 'Yes, he came home last night and told us that he was a changed man, and that from this time forward he was going to have family worship.' His little girl, who had never seen him read the Bible before, said, 'Father, you are going to heaven now, and we will all go together.'"

"An Awakened Culpit.—Mr. Rodgers Related that a young man was put into prison for breaking one of the laws of the country. While he lay in prison waiting his trial his conscience spoke loudly to him. 'I will plead guilty,' he said, 'so for I know I am in the wrong.' On the following day, when he was taken before the judge, and the usual question of guilty or not guilty was put to him, he replied, 'Guilty, my lord.' The judge, looking at him, said: 'Young man, as a man I pity you, as a friend I sympathize with you, but as a judge I condemn you.' Ah! friends, he was condemned because he had no one to take his part; but, thank God, Christ has atoned for all our sins when He was hanging on the cross and cried, 'It is finished.'"

"Disloyal Wife.—The Rev. Mr. Ross said: 'A man left this country and went abroad for the purpose of improving his circumstances. His family he left in this country, intending to take them out when he had a comfortable home ready for them. Many kind and affectionate letters did his wife send to him, as he thought, to encourage him in his work. He kept all these letters by him, so dearly did he prize the messages of love from home. At length he sent for his wife and family. He eagerly counted the weeks that would elapse ere he could welcome

them to their new home. At length the vessel arrived. The doctor went on board to examine the passengers, and this man stood anxiously waiting his return from the vessel, and when the doctor came ashore he asked him if Mrs. Price were ill. 'I cannot tell you here,' replied the doctor, 'but if you will come home with me I will let you know.' After the doctor had read over the list of passengers, he said, 'There is no such person on board.' 'There must be some mistake, I cannot believe it,' replied the man, and again returned to the vessel's side and watched the passengers as they came on shore. He saw three old friends come on shore, and asked them if they had heard or seen anything of his wife. They tried to evade the question by speaking of other things, but finding he would not be put off they said, 'Your wife has gone away with another man, and your children are all following their mother's example, and are fast going to the bad.' A crushed and broken-hearted man he went home and burned all the letters that he had treasured so highly, and thought no more of his unfaithful wife. Dear friends, in a spiritual sense there are many like this unhappy woman."

"Crying for Mother's Kiss.—Mr. McLaughlan observed: 'Miss McPherson, who has been so greatly blessed and owned of God, on one occasion noticed a ragged and homeless little child in the street. She took it home and washed and dressed it with her own hands. After she had done the little one began to weep. 'What is the matter?' asked Miss McPherson, brushing away the tears. 'Is it through gratitude you are weeping?' 'No,' sobbed the child, 'it is not that. When mother was alive and washed me, she always gave me a kiss, and you have given me none.' Miss McPherson, kindly folding the little one in her arms, said, 'I will give you two kisses.' The child was placed in the Homes, and has grown up to be a bright example of what Christian love can effect, and a striking proof of the transforming power of the grace of God."

"How the Chapel was Filled.—A Baptist minister once complained to Mr. Spurgeon that he had no conversions in his church, and that it was not well attended. 'When you enter the pulpit do you expect conversions?' asked Mr. Spurgeon. 'No,' was the reply. 'I never look for them.' 'Well,' said the great preacher, 'the next time you are going to preach, tell the Lord that your sermon is intended to be the means of converting the people, and look for the result at the close of the service.' On the following Sunday, the minister did as he was advised, and the result was that at the close of the service there were two persons anxious about their souls, waiting to be spoken with in the vestry. The next Sunday there were twelve. Quite a revival took place in his church; and now, not only has his church filled to the doors, but there are souls saved at every service."

"Saved from a Suicide's Doom.—Baillie Ross said: 'At a recent meeting I heard a man give the following testimony. He said: 'Some time ago I was one of the worst drunkards in Glasgow. My life was embittered by my own sinful ways. I thought there was no hope for me, and that I could never be reclaimed. One night I was on my way to the Clyde, with the full intention of drowning myself, and thus putting an end to this miserable life, when I heard a company of people singing a sweet Gospel hymn. I stood and listened until the hymn was ended, when one of the company opened his Bible and read Isaiah 1:18, 'Though your sins be as scarlet,' etc. Ah, I thought, there is something that will save me now. Neither the Good Templars' obligation, nor signing the pledge did me any good. That night I stayed until the end of the meeting, and gave myself to the Lord, and now, though I should see an ocean of drink I have not the least desire to touch it. God has not only saved me through faith in the atoning work of Christ, but He has kept me for seven years.'"

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CURRENT EVENTS.

The Funeral of General Grant Will Take place on Saturday next, which day will be observed throughout New York State as a legal holiday. At the request of Mrs. Grant, President Cleveland has named the pall-bearers. They are: General William T. Sherman, Lieutenant-General Philip H. Sheridan, Admiral David D. Porter, Rear-Admiral John L. Worden, General Joseph E. Johnston, of Virginia; General Simon B. Buckner, of Kentucky; Hamilton Fish, George S. Boutwell, George W. Childs, John A. Logan, George Jones, the proprietor of the New York Times, and Oliver Hoyt. The Confederate officers were appointed at the express request of Mrs. Grant and the family. The place of interment has been changed from Central Park to Riverside Park in New York, at the suggestion of the Mayor. Many considerations determined the change, the chief one being that such a monument as it is proposed to rear at his tomb would be out of place among the statues in Central Park, while Riverside Park, being a new park of rare beauty, would have its future dominated by the tomb and monument, and would be wholly dedicated to the memory of the illustrious general. A committee has been formed, with ex-President Arthur as chairman, to collect subscriptions for a national monument. It is intended to spend at least half a million dollars upon it, and arrangements are being made to have every State in the Union participate in the subscription. General Grant's body has been embalmed, and the work is pronounced perfect. The face looks younger by ten years than when he died, the strained look of long suffering having given place to an expression of rest and peace. Large numbers of personal friends have travelled to Mount McGregor to take a farewell look at the familiar features. New York City has the appearance of a city of mourning, the public buildings, offices, and stores being heavily draped more generally as well as more tastefully than when General Garfield died.

Secretary Whitney has Proposed to Mr. Roach's assignees that they shall have an amicable consultation with himself and the Attorney-General, with the view of arranging the difficulty of the contracts on a business basis. The pub-

lished statements that Mr. Roach's failure is due to the action of the government have no doubt prompted this proposal. So far as the Dolphin is concerned, Mr. Roach had already received \$184,000 more than was due him of the purchase-money when Mr. Chandler quitted office, and only \$26,270 remained to be paid to complete the account. One of Mr. Roach's friends states that it was the fear of being sued for the amount he had received which led him to make the assignment. It may be presumed that if the conference is held the Secretary will insist on cancelling the clause relieving the contractor from responsibility for steam power and speed. That is the clause which the Attorney-General regards as vitiating the contract for the Dolphin and the unfinished cruisers. The navy to-day is in so deplorable a condition that it is imperative that the ships be completed promptly, either by Mr. Roach or some other contractor.

A Disquieting Statement Comes from the Department of the Interior. The count recently ordered to be made of the Indians at the Fort Reno Agency in the Indian Territory reveals serious irregularities. The rations have been distributed during the past ten years on the basis of the census of 1874, which placed the number at 3995 Cheyennes and 2366 Arapahoes—6271 in all. The new count shows that there are only 3169 Cheyennes and 1390 Arapahoes, or 4469 in all. Whether the 1874 figures were correct, or there has been a rapid decrease since that date, does not appear; but it is evident that rations for 1802 people are being issued unnecessarily. The estimated loss of the government is \$92,000. The agent at Fort Reno has resigned, and a count at the other agencies is to be held.

Four American Steamship Companies Joined the Pacific Mail last week in refusing to carry the mails after August 1st. This was an attempt to compel the Postmaster-General to distribute the subsidy of \$400,000 authorized by Congress. It is not clear to the public why Mr. Vilas does not find some way of complying with the obvious intention of the act, but that he is acting on principle was proved by his offering the companies three times the amount they have been receiving during the past year. He offered them at the rate of \$1.60 per pound, which is a higher rate than that paid for the Atlantic mails, and is sixty-three per cent higher than Great Britain pays. He will in future arrange for the despatch of the mails by foreign steamers. This is a matter for regret, as the country reaps indirect advantage in commerce from the maintenance of the steamship lines. The higher rates paid for mail matter than for ordinary freight is an important consideration to companies engaged in this precarious business. It may be hoped that this unhappy dispute will be adjusted.

The Trial of Riel, the Leader of the Rebellion in Canada, was finished on Saturday last. The jury was absent an hour, and returned with a verdict of guilty, with a recommendation to mercy. The foreman cried like a child when he announced the verdict. Riel remained on his knees praying until the verdict was announced, then jumped up, looking pale but calm. After the verdict of guilty was rendered, Riel was asked if he had anything to say why the sentence should not be passed. He spoke two hours, reviewing the half-breed grievances since 1869. The judge said that none of the reasons he offered had any weight, and he advised the prisoner to prepare for the end, and sentenced him to be hanged on the 18th of September next, at Regina.

Sir Moses Montefiore, the Eminent Jewish philanthropist, who celebrated his hundredth birthday in October last, died on Tuesday, July 28th, at his residence in Ramsgate, England. He died calmly, surrounded by relatives and friends, and conscious to the last moment. The Hebrew services were repeated to him, he giving answers correctly. His great anxiety was lest he should die leaving some good work unfinished through inadvertence, and he several times asked his secretary and friend, Dr. Loewe, whether all the work was done, moving his

fingers at the same time to show he could still hold his pen to sign cheques. At his funeral on Friday an unprecedented scene was witnessed. The town was crowded with visitors from all quarters, who travelled there to pay respect to his memory. All stores were closed, and the inhabitants thronged the street in which he lived and the place of interment, so that it was difficult to make a passage for the funeral procession. Every one wore some sign of mourning. The procession was a mile in length, owing to the number of deputations which came from public bodies. The coffin was buried beside that of Lady Montefiore, and so placed that the head rested upon a stone brought from Jerusalem. In the coffin had been placed many relics of Lady Montefiore and the Holy Land, together with an account of the good works of the deceased. Over the coffin, as the relatives and friends passed, each scattered a handful of earth from Rachel's grave in the Holy Land.

The Cholera has made its Appearance in Marseilles. Among the deaths reported on Saturday was that of the Portuguese Consul, who was buried immediately. The municipal council of the city was thoroughly alarmed by the mortality of Saturday, and the fifty-seven deaths which occurred on Sunday, and voted the sum of \$20,000 for cleansing and disinfecting the worst parts of the city. The reports from the stricken districts of Spain are appalling. The European correspondent of the New York Times, telegraphing at the close of last week, said: "Refugees from Barcelona declare that the plague is spreading daily through the Catalan Provinces, with a high death rate, but no cases have been reported officially. Including those of Thursday, there have been fully 35,000 deaths in Spain. The official figures are 33,937, but it is obvious that these are below the mark. There seems to be a decrease in the ratio of mortality to the total of cases, but the wide spread of the pest more than makes up. The disease seems at last to have got a foothold in Madrid, and the next week is likely to see a great increase there."

A New Impetus to the Agitation Aroused by the disclosures of the *Pall Mall Gazette* was given last week by the discovery that the boys at Eton, the highest class school in England, are leading vicious lives. A number of depraved women are being supported by the boys in a neighboring city. A large number of the boys have been sent home, and advised not to return. The authorities of the school refrained from publicly expelling them, because boys expelled from Eton are forever ineligible for appointment in the army, the navy, or the church, and have their prospects in life hopelessly wrecked. Many of the boys are connected with the highest English families, and every one of them was supplied with an amount of pocket money equal to an ordinary man's entire income. On Sunday Dr. William Thomson, Archbishop of York, addressed an audience of men, and denounced the conspiracy of silence by which it had been sought to weaken the revelations. He said that this was not a party question, but that it was the duty of the whole nation to stamp out this rampant and horrible vice.

The Failure of the Munster Bank, which has caused widespread distress in Ireland, now appears to have been due to the misconduct of Robert Farquharson, the joint manager. He was present at the meeting of shareholders on July 28th, but on the following day he could not be found. A warrant has been issued for his apprehension, charging him with embezzling \$50,000. This sum he entered as having been remitted to the Union Bank of London. The entry was a lie. The first suspicion was when the official examiner on Tuesday found a half-erased pencil entry. While talking about this Farquharson left the room on a plausible pretext, and took a cab to his house in Leeson Park. He hurriedly took a pair of boots and overcoat and drove away. His books, examined since his departure, show defalcations amounting to \$350,000.

The First Denomination to Consider the Propriety of substituting the Revised for the Authorized Version is the Reformed Presbyterian. The General Synod of that Church has appointed a committee of leading ministers to examine the Revised Old and New Testaments and report whether it is wise and expedient for that body to recommend the same for use in public worship, or private, or both.

The Rev. E. W. Oakes Returned from a Successful evangelistic tour in Ireland on July 26th. The first services of his mission were held, at the earnest request of the committee, in the rooms of the Y. M. C. A. at Belfast. The crowds attending necessitated the use of the large hall, which was thronged every evening by young men from the business houses of the city. A large number of conversions took place. Lisburn was the next place visited, and there the blessing was continued in a very signal manner. Thence Mr. Oakes went to Portadown, having been invited to hold a week's services in the First Presbyterian Church, and there a large number of people came forward to make a profession of faith, among whom were several of the leaders of society in the city. A series of services in Londonderry and another in Coleraine were also much blessed; some of the conversions which took place at those meetings were a genuine surprise to the public. Mr. Oakes has gained in health by his trip, and is preparing for evangelistic work in this country with renewed energy after his much-needed rest.

A Young People's Christian Convention was held at Ocean Grove, July 17-19th. It was under the supervision of Messrs. Ytman and Geistweit, evangelists, who conducted the daily young people's meeting last year. Much interest was manifested in the proceedings. The convention closed with a powerful address on "Power for Service," by the Hon. Chauncey Shaffer, of New York. The daily meeting is the largest of its kind in the country. Every morning at nine o'clock, continuing for one hour, a young people's temple, with a capacity of seating a thousand persons, is filled, and during the month of August the crowds are so great that persons over forty years of age are requested to remain outside. Even then the audience fills chairs, seats, aisles, windows, and every available space. Last year over two hundred conversions were noted in this meeting.

Dr. Edward Judson is now well on his way to the Congo. In a private letter from him, under date of Queenstown, July 1st, he says: "I shall be off as soon as possible for the Congo Valley, the plan being to sail in the same ship with Mr. Stanley. The first one hundred and ten miles of the Congo are navigable; then comes a portage of one hundred and eighty-five miles around the Livingstone Falls, and then we have one thousand miles of the Congo navigable, and a nice little steamboat at our disposal."

The Rev. Newman Hall, who Recently Visited this country, referred to the remarkable faith cures now being witnessed, in the course of a recent sermon, in England. He said it was admitted, on the highest Christian authority, that miracles were a feature of the Apostolic Church, and that the power of working miracles remained in the Church long after apostolic times. It was claimed by the Waldensians and the Moravians, not to speak of the Catholic Church, that miracles were performed in answer to prayer. If it was the good pleasure of God, why should it not be so? What He had done He could do again. He produced a profound impression by instancing the case of his own mother, who, in answer to his father's prayer, was brought back miraculously from the jaws of death.

Cyclone Cellars are being Constructed in large numbers throughout the Mississippi Valley. The frequent recurrence of terrific wind storms in that locality has led to the necessity of devising some safe refuge for the people. The best yet planned are cellars or dug-outs, separate from the dwelling itself, but near enough to it to be

easily accessible upon the sudden alarm of the cyclone. The precaution is a wise one, and has already saved many lives. Not unfrequently a family taking refuge in one of these subterranean strongholds come forth half an hour later to find their home a heap of ruins, or, perhaps, swept away bodily from the face of the country. Every living thing in the track of the tornado, unless provided with a near place of refuge, must succumb to the awful force of nature. If the owner of a house, at great cost to himself, provided his tenants with such a cyclone cellar, and the tenant, being warned of the approach of a cyclone, declined to use the refuge, preferring to "take his chance," he would be regarded as foolish and wicked; yet that is precisely what sinners are doing in neglecting the refuge God has prepared for them in Christ against the storm that is surely coming (Isa. 4: 5, 6).

A Lady's Sight was Strangely Restored in San Francisco recently. The San Francisco *Alta* says that a lady residing in that city was attacked many years ago by neuralgia, and afterward with congestion of the brain. After her recovery she was unable to open her eyes, and became, as the physicians said, hopelessly blind. Expert surgical attendance failed to effect any relief. Recently the sudden and alarming cry of "fire" rang from the lips of one of her daughters. Realizing her imminent peril, she rose to her feet, and tried to look around. The long unused nerves responded to her will. The alarm proved to be without foundation, but the fright it caused restored her sight. In an interview with a physician, the reporter of the *Alta* learned that it was probable that during the long time the lady had suffered from neuralgia the optic nerves had become weakened, and a loss of nervous current had ensued which was partially restored by the sudden shock which the fright produced. The lady is now enjoying her recovered vision. Spiritual blindness also sometimes yields when spiritual peril is realized. It is not the highest kind of motive that impels a man to seek Christ to be saved from perdition, but there are some men not to be won by love. Only when they realize that they are in danger of being lost forever are they able to see Christ as their Saviour (Acts 2: 37).

A Remarkable Prediction not Credited when uttered is being fulfilled now. One year after the close of the war, when the sectional feeling was very bitter, the late Admiral Semmes delivered a lecture, in the course of which he astonished his audience by declaring that a time would come when the bitterness of sectional feeling would wear away, and that eventually each section would feel a common property in the men of the other section who had achieved renown. "A time would come," said he, "when we should consider their fame as a property of our common country; when we should cease to regard them as representatives of a section, and recognize them as Americans." A Southern journal recalls the prediction now, and adds that the death of President Garfield opened one spring of sympathy; time has healed some wounds, generous rivalries and mutual interests have drawn the poison from others. The outburst of universal sympathy to-day over the bier of the dead ex-President and General makes us feel that if the prediction—which seemed almost a mockery then—is not already realized, the realization is at hand. It is remarkable that death should be the chief agency that has led to this beneficent result. It is so in God's great work of redemption. The way of reconciliation between Him and the world was opened by the death of His Son (Rom. 5: 6-10).

A Stolen American Boy has been Discovered in Holland. In 1878 a boy, ten years old, named Thomas McCue, was stolen from his home in Cleveland, Ohio. For seven years his parents have sought him diligently, but unsuccessfully. Two weeks ago a cable-message was received from the Rotterdam police, stating that the boy was in that city, and would sail for America immediately. On Friday last he arrived in New

York, and was sent on to Cleveland. He said that when he was carried off, seven years ago, he was taken East, and put on board ship. He was taught acrobatic feats and sleight-of-hand tricks by his principal abductor, who proved to be a circus man. Thomas had some talent, and he soon became proficient. His captor joined a circus, and Thomas was obliged to perform in the ring. He did well at the first performance, and the applause of the spectators pleased him. The troupe began a tour of the Dutch Provinces. Thomas's master took good care of him at first, but afterward was cruel to him, starving and beating him. He began to long for his home, but knew not how to reach it, even if he could escape. At last, in Rotterdam, the man beat him publicly, and the spectators interfered. Thomas told his story to the police, who have now restored him to his family. That is the way Satan treats his captives, feeding them with public applause and prosperity at first, but afterward keeping them in misery. Happy are they who are directed how to escape to their Father's house (Luke 15: 13-18)!

How the Captain of a Steamtug Chased a Star is told by the Chicago *Inter-Ocean*. The captain, who recently returned to Chicago, related the incident himself, knowing well that it was too good a joke against himself to be kept secret. He said that his voyage had been fruitless. He left Chicago soon after midnight to go down the lake to find a tow. Shortly before daylight the captain espied a bright light, which bore due north from the boat. The light was, to his fancy, that of a vessel, and he started his boat in the direction of the light at a furious speed, seeing in it a chance to make an early tow. The tug's speed was not slackened for half an hour, yet the light seemed to be no nearer than when she started. The engineer was ordered to "fire up" so often that the boat was more like a hot furnace than a vessel, still the light was as far distant as ever. Presently daylight broke, and the captain began to look ahead in eager expectancy, for he believed that he would see a vessel. Instead, however, he saw nothing but a wide expanse of blue waters, radiant with the first glow of the morning sun. Then, and not until then, did he realize that he had been chasing a will-o'-the-wisp, and that the supposed vessel's light was the glorious morning star. In the affairs of life mistakes the reverse of this are often made. The eager young searcher after truth, guided by philosophy, steers for an object which he thinks is heavenly, but is disappointed by finding it only an earthly one, after all (Eccles. 8: 16, 17).

A Marriage was Averted by a Young Lady's credulity, according to a statement published last week by the New York *Times*. That journal says that a young lady was engaged to a wealthy young manufacturer. The day was set for the marriage; the guests were invited. But a few days before the day appointed for the wedding, the prospective bride learned that the firm to which her betrothed belonged was insolvent. She immediately wrote him a letter breaking the engagement and bidding him farewell. It was sent off in the greatest haste, as there was no more time to stop the preparations for the wedding. Two hours after it had been posted she learned that the rumor of the firm's insolvency was false. Accompanied by her parents, she hastened to the Post Office to demand the return of her letter. The postmaster politely declined to give it up. The young lady insisted, but the postmaster remained firm. Appeals, entreaties, tears, wringing of hands, and threats of fainting were all in vain; the polite postmaster had but one answer. The rule admitted of no exception, and the letter was already, in the eyes of the law, the property of the young man. It was sent, and saved him from the great misfortune of marrying a mercenary wife. Evidently the young lady's affection for her lover was not strong enough to bear the test of poverty and possible hardship for his sake. That was a test which Christ expected every one to bear who sought union with Him (Matt. 8: 19, 20).

COMING JUDGMENT OF THE SECRETS OF MEN.

A New Sermon by Pastor C. H. Spurgeon.

"The day when God shall judge the secrets of men by Jesus Christ according to my gospel."—ROMANS 2: 16.

Paul's Deliberate Exposure of Filthiness—His Comfort—"My Gospel"—I. A Certain Day of Judgment—Nations Judged—The Great Assize—No Immunity for Nobles—Why it is Delayed—II. God Will Judge the Secrets of Men—Secret Good and Secret Sin—Secrets a Key of Character—III. The Judge—Why Christ Will be Judge—In Vindication of Him—Cavils Prevented—IV. According to the Gospel—Duty of Preaching Christ's Second Coming.

It is impossible for any of us to tell what it cost the Apostle Paul to write the first chapter of the Epistle to the Romans. It is a shame even to speak of the things which are done of the vicious in secret places; but Paul felt that it was necessary to break through his shame, and to speak out concerning the hideous vices of the heathen. He has left on record an exposure of the sins of his day which crimson the cheek of the modest when they read it, and makes both the ears of him that heareth it to tingle. Paul knew that this chapter would be read, not in his age alone, but in all ages, and that it would go into the households of the most pure and godly as long as the world should stand; and yet he deliberately wrote it, and wrote it under the guidance of the Holy Spirit. He knew that it must be written to put to shame the abominations of an age which was almost past shame. Monsters that revel in darkness must be dragged into the open, that they may be withered up by the light.

MY GOSPEL.

After Paul had thus written in behalf of himself his chief comfort. While his pen was black with the words he had written in the first chapter, he was driven to write of his great delight. He clings to the Gospel with a greater tenacity than ever. As in the verse before us he needed to mention the Gospel, he did not speak of it as "the Gospel," but as "*my Gospel*." "God shall judge the secrets of men by Jesus Christ, according to *my Gospel*." He felt that he could not live in the midst of so depraved a people without holding the Gospel with both hands, and grasping it as his very own. "*My Gospel*," saith he. Not that Paul was the author of it, not that Paul had an exclusive monopoly of its blessings, but that he had so received it from Christ Himself, and regarded himself as so responsibly put in trust with it, that he could not disown it even for an instant. So fully had he taken it into himself that he could not do less than call it "*my Gospel*."

As for myself, looking at the matter afresh, amid all the filthiness which I see in the world at this day, I lay hold upon the pure and blessed Word of God, and call it all the more earnestly, *my Gospel*—mine in life and mine in death, mine against all comers, mine forever, God helping me; with emphasis—"my Gospel."

Now let us notice what it was that brought up this expression, "*My Gospel*." What was Paul preaching about? Certainly not upon any of the gentle and tender themes, which we are told nowadays ought to occupy all our time; but he is speaking of the terrors of the law, and in that connection he speaks of "*my Gospel*."

I. We begin with the solemn truth, that on a certain day

GOD WILL JUDGE

men. A judgment is going on daily. God is continually holding court, and considering the doings of the sons of men. Every evil deed that they do is recorded in the register of doom, and each good action is remembered and laid up in store by God. This session of the heavenly court continues from day to day, like that of our local magistrates; but this does not prevent but rather necessitates the holding of an ultimate great assize. As each man passes into another world, there is an immediate judgment

passed upon him; but this is only the foreshadowing of that which will take place in the end of the world.

There is a judgment also passing upon nations, for as nations will not exist as nations in another world, they have to be judged and punished in this present state. The thoughtful reader of history will not fail to observe how sternly this justice has dealt with empire after empire, when they have become corrupt. Colonial dominions have withered to the ground, when sentenced by the King of kings. Go ye and ask to-day, "Where is the empire of Assyria? Where are the mighty cities of Babylon? Where are the glories of the Medes and Persians? What has become of the Macedonian power? Where are the Caesars and their palaces?" These empires were forces established by cruelty, and used for oppression; they fostered luxury and licentiousness, and when they were no longer tolerable, the earth was purged from their polluting existence. Ah me! what horrors of war, bloodshed, and devastation have come upon men as the result of their iniquities!

A WARNING.

We have often laughed among ourselves at the ridiculous idea of the New Zealander sitting on the broken arch of London Bridge amid the ruins of this metropolis. But is it quite so ridiculous as it looks? It is more than possible it will be realized if our iniquities continue to abound. What is there about London that it should be more enduring than Rome? Why should the palaces of our monarchs be eternal if the palaces of Koyunjik have fallen? The almost boundless power of the Pharaohs has passed away, and Egypt has become the meanest of nations; why should not England come under like condemnation? What are we? What is there about our boastful race, whether on this side of the Atlantic or the other, that we should monopolize the favor of God? If we rebel, and sin against Him, He will not hold us guiltless, but will deal out impartial justice to an ungrateful race.

Still, though such judgments proceed every day, yet there is to be a day, a period of time, in which, in a more distinct, formal, public, and final manner, God will judge the sons of men. We might have guessed this by the light of nature and of reason. Even heathen peoples have had a dim notion of a day of doom; but we are not left to guess it, we are solemnly assured of it in Holy Scripture. Accepting this Book as the revelation of God, we know beyond all doubt that a day is appointed in which the Lord will judge the secrets of men.

WHAT AN ASSIZE

will that be! No partiality shall there be seen; there shall be no *private conferences to secure immunity for nobles*, no hushing up of matters, that great men may escape contempt for their crimes. All men shall stand before the one great judgment-bar; evidence shall be given concerning them all, and a righteous sentence shall go forth from His mouth who knows not how to flatter the great.

This will be so, and it ought to be so; God should judge the world, because He is the universal Ruler and Sovereign. There has been a day for sinning, there ought to be a day for punishing; a long age of rebellion has been endured, and there must be a time when justice shall assert her supremacy. We have seen an age in which reformation has been commanded, in which mercy has been presented, in which expostulation and entreaty have been used, and there ought at last to come a day in which God shall judge both the quick and the dead, and measure out to each the final result of life.

Why doth it not come at once? And when will it come? The precise date we cannot tell. Neither man nor angel knoweth that day, and it is idle to guess at it, since even the Son of Man, as such, knoweth not the time. It is sufficient for us that the Judgment Day will surely come; sufficient also to believe that it is postponed on purpose to give breathing time for mercy, and space for repentance. Moreover,

the Lord *keeps the scaffold standing* till He hath built up the fabric of His Church. Not yet are the elect all called out from among the guilty sons of men; not yet are all the redeemed with blood redeemed with power and brought forth out of the corruption of the age into the holiness in which they walk with God. Therefore the Lord waiteth for a while. But do not deceive yourselves. The great day of His wrath cometh on apace, and your days of reprieve are numbered.

II. Now I call your attention to the fact that "*God will judge*"

THE SECRETS OF MEN."

This will happen to all men, of every nation, of every age, of every rank, and of every character. The Judge will, of course, judge their outward acts, but these may be said to have gone before them to judgment; their secret acts are specially mentioned, because these will make judgment to be the more searching. By "the secrets of men," the Scripture means those secret crimes which hide themselves away by their own infamy, which are too vile to be spoken of, which cause a shudder to go through a nation if they be but dragged, as they ought to be, into the daylight. Secret offences shall be brought into judgment; the deeds of the night and of the closed room, the acts which require the finger to be laid upon the lip, and a conspiracy of silence to be sworn. Revolting and shameless sins which must never be mentioned lest the man who committed them should be excluded from his fellows as an outcast, abhorred even of other sinners—all these shall be revealed.

Specially our text refers to the hidden motives of every action; for a man may do that which is right from a wrong motive, and so the deed may be evil in the sight of God, though it seem right in the sight of men. Oh, think what it will be to have your motives all brought to light, to have it proven that you were godly for the sake of gain, that you were generous out of ostentation, or zealous for love of praise, that you were careful in public to maintain a religious reputation, but that all the while everything was done for self, and self only! What a strong light will that be which God shall turn upon our lives, when

THE DARKEST CHAMBERS

of human desire and motive shall be as manifest as public acts! What a day will it be, when the secrets of men shall be set in the full blaze of noon! We have managed for our own comfort's sake to blind our eyes somewhat, and we take care to avert our gaze from things which it is inconvenient to see; but we shall be compelled to see all these evils in that day, when the Lord shall judge the secrets of men. I do not wonder that when a certain Rabbi read in the book of Ecclesiastes that God shall bring every work into judgment, with every secret thing, whether it be good, or whether it be evil, he wept. It is enough to make the best man tremble. Were it not for Thee, O Jesus, whose precious blood hath cleansed us from all sin, where should we be!

The secrets of men will be judged because often the greatest of moral acts are done in secret. The brightest deeds that God delights in are those that are done by His servants when they have shut the door and are alone with Him; when they studiously avoid publicity, lest they should be turned aside by the praise of men; when the right hand knoweth not what the left hand doeth, and the loving, generous heart deviseth liberal things, and doeth it behind the screen, so that it should never be discovered how the deed was done. It were a pity that such deeds should be left out at the great audit. Thus, too, secret vices are also of the very blackest kind, and to exempt them were to let the worst of sinners go unpunished. Shall it be that these polluted beings shall escape because they have purchased silence with their wealth? I say solemnly, "God forbid." He does forbid it; what they have done in secret, shall be proclaimed upon the house-tops.

Is it not certainly true that the secret thing is the best evidence of the man's condition? Many a man will not do in public that which would bring him shame; not because he is not black-hearted enough for it, but because he is too much of a coward. That which a man does when he thinks that he is entirely by himself is the best revelation of the man. That which thou wilt not do because it would be told of thee if thou didst ill, is a poor index of

THY REAL CHARACTER.

That which thou wilt do because thou wilt be praised for doing well, is an equally faint test of thy heart. Such virtue is mere self-seeking, or mean-spirited subservience to thy fellow-man; but that which thou doest out of respect to no authority but thine own conscience and thy God; that which thou doest unobserved, without regard to what man will say concerning it—that it is which reveals thee, and discovers thy real soul. Hence God lays a special stress and emphasis here upon the fact that He will in that day judge "the secrets" of men by Jesus Christ. Oh, friends, if it does not make you tremble to think of these things, it ought to do so. I feel the deep responsibility of preaching upon such matters, and I pray God of His infinite mercy to apply these truths to our hearts, that they may be forceful upon our lives.

III. Another solemn revelation of our text lies in this fact, that "God will judge the secrets of men by Jesus Christ." He that will sit upon the throne as the Vice-gerent of God, and as a Judge, acting for God, will be Jesus Christ. What a name for a Judge! The Saviour-Anointed—Jesus Christ; He is to be

THE JUDGE

of all mankind. Our Redeemer will be the Umpire of our destiny.

This will be, I doubt not, first for the display of His glory. What a difference there will be then between the babe of Bethlehem's manger, hunted by Herod, carried down by night into Egypt for shelter, and the King of kings and Lord of lords, before whom every knee must bow! What a difference between the weary man and full of woes, and He that shall then be girt with glory, sitting on a throne encircled with a rainbow! Oh, how we ought to bow before Him now as He reveals Himself in His tender sympathy, and in His generous humiliation! Let us kiss the Son lest He be angry; let us yield to His grace, that we may not be crushed by His wrath.

But I have something to say unto you which ought to reach your hearts, even if other thoughts have not done so. I think that God hath chosen Christ, the Man Christ Jesus, to judge the world that there may never be a cavil raised concerning that judgment. Men shall not be able to say—We were judged by a superior being who did not know our weaknesses and temptations, and therefore He judged us harshly, and without a generous consideration of our condition. No; God shall judge the secrets of men by Jesus Christ, who was tempted in all points like as we are, yet without sin. It will be the loving Christ, whose tears, and bloody sweat, and gaping wounds, attest His brotherhood with mankind; and it will be clear to all intelligences that however dread His sentences, He could not be unmerciful. God shall judge us by Jesus Christ, that the judgment may be indisputable.

But hearken well—for I speak with a great weight upon my soul—this judgment by Christ Jesus, puts beyond possibility all hope of any after-interposition. If the Saviour condemns, and such a Saviour, who can plead for us? The owner of the vineyard was about to cut down the barren tree, when the dresser of the vineyard pleaded, "Let it alone this year also;" but what can come of that tree when the vine-dresser himself shall say to the master, "It must fall; I myself must cut it down!" If your Saviour shall become your Judge you will be judged indeed.

Does not this also show how certain the sentence will be? for this Christ of God is too

much in earnest to play with men. If He says, "Come, ye blessed," He will not fail to bring them to their inheritance. If He be driven to say, "Depart, ye cursed," He will see it done, and into the everlasting punishment they must go. Even when it cost Him His life He did not draw back from doing the will of His Father, nor will He shrink in that day when He shall pronounce the sentence of doom. Oh, how evil must sin be since it constrains the tender Saviour to pronounce sentence of eternal woe!

IV. I have done when you have borne with me a minute or two upon my next point, which is this; and all this is

ACCORDING TO THE GOSPEL.

That is to say, there is nothing in the Gospel contrary to this solemn teaching. Men gather to us, to hear us preach of infinite mercy, and tell of the love that blots out sin; and our task is joyful when we are called to deliver such a message; but oh, sirs, remember that nothing in our message makes light of sin. The Gospel offers you no opportunity of going on in sin, and escaping without punishment. Its own cry is, "Except ye repent, ye shall all likewise perish." Jesus has not come into the world to make sin less terrible.

Nothing in the Gospel excuses sin; nothing in it affords toleration for lust or anger, or dishonesty, or falsehood. The Gospel is as truly a two-edged sword against sin, as ever the law can be. There is grace for the man who quits his sin, but there is tribulation and wrath upon every man that doeth evil.

"IF YE TURN NOT,

He will whet His sword; He hath bent His bow, and made it ready." With deep love to the souls of men, I bear witness to the truth that he who turns not with repentance and faith to Christ, shall go away into punishment as everlasting as the life of the righteous. This is according to our Gospel; indeed, we had not needed such a Gospel, if there had not been such a judgment. The background of the cross is the judgment-seat of Christ.

The judgment is according to our Gospel, and in times of righteous indignation its terrible significance seemeth a very Gospel to the pure in heart. I mean this. I have read this and that concerning oppression, slavery, the treading down of the poor, and the shedding of blood, and I have rejoiced that there is a righteous Judge. I have read of secret wickednesses among the rich men of this city, and I have said within myself, "Thank God, there will be a judgment-day." Thousands of men have been hanged for much less crimes than those which now disgrace gentlemen whose names are on the lips of rank and beauty. Ah, me, how heavy is our heart as we think of it! It has come like a Gospel to us that the Lord will be revealed in flaming fire, taking vengeance on them that know not God, and that obey not the Gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ. (1 Thess. i. 8.) The

SECRET WICKEDNESS OF LONDON

cannot go on forever. Even they that love men best, and most desire salvation for them, cannot but cry to God, "How long! How long! Great God, wilt Thou forever endure this?" God hath appointed a day in which He will judge the world, and we sigh and cry until it shall end the reign of wickedness, and give rest to the oppressed. Brethren, we must preach the Coming of the Lord, and preach it somewhat more than we have done; because it is the driving power of the Gospel. Too many have kept back these truths, and thus the bone has been taken out of the arm of the Gospel. Its point has been broken; its edge has been blunted.

The doctrine of judgment to come is the power by which men are to be aroused. There is another life; the Lord will come a second time; judgment will arrive; the wrath of God will be revealed. Where this is not preached, I am bold to say the Gospel is not preached. It is absolutely necessary to the preaching of the Gospel of Christ that men be warned as to what

will happen if they continue in sin. Shall we keep men in a fool's paradise? Shall we lull them into soft slumbers from which they will awake in hell? Are we to become helpers of their damnation by our smooth speeches? In the name of God we will not. It becomes every true minister of Christ to cry aloud and spare not, for God hath set a day in which He will "judge the secrets of men by Jesus Christ according to my Gospel." As surely as Paul's Gospel was true the judgment will come. Wherefore flee to Jesus this day, oh sinners. Amen.

[The prayers of the readers of this Journal are requested for the blessing of God upon its Editors, and those whose sermons, articles, or labors for Christ are printed in it; and that its circulation may be used by the Holy Spirit for the conversion of many sinners and the quickening of God's people. Dr. Talmage and Mr. Spurgeon especially request prayer every Sunday morning on behalf of their labors.]

NEW BOOKS.

NEW LIGHT ON MORMONISM.

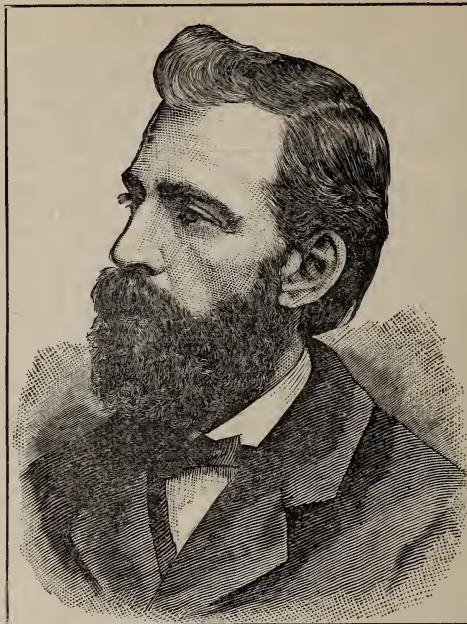
By Mrs. Ellen E. Dickinson. Many travellers who have visited Utah, especially those who happen to have friends among the Mormons, have returned with favorable views of the people and their so-called religion. They are impressed with the energy and industry which have changed a desert into a garden, and with the absence in Utah of the vice which, under the name of "The Social Evil," flourishes in all our cities. It is not long since a well-known temperance lecturer, recently returned from Utah, gave utterance in New York to some unstinted laudation of Mormons and Mormonism. Possibly some of our readers may have been astonished by hearing such sentiments, and are doubting whether or not Mormonism is as bad as it is represented. They will doubt no longer if they read Mrs. Dickinson's book. Mormonism is a curse to the country, and it is daily desecrating homes here and in Europe to increase the number of its victims. Beside this, it is a fraud. Mrs. Dickinson clearly proves that fact in this volume. Going back to the earliest origin of Mormonism, she shows how Jo Smith obtained the ideas which he afterward embodied in his Book of Mormon. She narrates the complete history of the romance, "The Manuscript Found," and explains how it was procured by Smith, and how he utilized it in his book. The romance was written by a relative of Mrs. Dickinson, and the original manuscript was for some time in the possession of her grandfather. Her assertion of the plagiarism is supported by evidence of the highest class, which leaves no doubt that the fraudulent religion had an origin worthy of its later developments. The author also traces the history of Mormonism from its rise to the present time, and describes in detail the people, their temple, and its form of worship, with their confession of faith and other interesting particulars. Mrs. Dickinson has devoted much time and labor to the elucidation of the subject, and has collected much information at first hand which has never been published before. Her work, though little more than a plain historical statement, is a vigorous indictment of Mormonism. Pp. 272; \$1.25. Published by Messrs. Funk & Wagnall.

BEN HUR:

A Tale of the Christ, by Lew Wallace. This story is an attempt to portray social life, Jewish and Roman, contemporary with the Saviour. It is deeply interesting, furnishing as it does on its fictitious stage a picture of simple family life, and suggesting to the reader the state of feeling which it may be supposed was aroused in the minds of the common people by that greatest of all lives. Here and there—almost incidentally it appears—we catch glimpses of Jesus as He went about preaching and teaching, and a vivid description of the crucifixion closes the volume. The characters are not all Jewish. People of almost all races and nationalities are introduced to the reader. Among them are a fair Egyptian,



Mr. Angus Holden, the Bradford Philanthropist. (See page 505.)



Mr. W. T. Stead, Editor of the Pall Mall Gazette.

an Arab chief, a Hindoo, a Greek, and a Roman. In this novel-reading age the author has met the popular taste with a story which directly tends to a realization of the circumstances in which the Redeemer lived His life on earth, and enables us to comprehend in some measure the obstacles which had to be overcome by those who left all and followed Him. The reader is unavoidably led to ask himself the question whether, had he been alive in that day, he would have been found among the disciples of the lowly Nazarene. There are many orthodox Christians in our own time whose vigorous denunciations of the Salvation Army and other agencies for good which are not running on the Church lines, and are not popular among the wealthy and influential classes, who would, we think, had they lived in the time of Christ, have asked whether any of the rulers had believed upon Him before committing themselves to a cause which found most of its adherents among the poorest and most ignorant classes. Pp. 552; price, \$1.50. Published by Messrs. Harper & Brothers.

MR. W. T. STEAD,

Editor of "The Pall Mall Gazette."

The fact that "sin is a reproach to any people" (Prov. 14:34), is just now painfully felt by Christian people in England. The great middle class of society, while suspecting that many nobles and millionaires were leading vicious lives, had, until a few weeks ago, no conception of the extent to which the cancer of iniquity had eaten into the vitals of the aristocracy. They knew that there was a great deal of unchastity, drunkenness, and gambling practised, but they did not know that young girls were being entrapped by regularly organized agencies, and handed over, for a definite money payment, to wealthy villains, for the avowed purposes of debauchery. They were not aware that the vice which brought down God's vengeance upon Sodom was being practised by the upper classes of the country, or that mere children were being subjected to torture, to gratify the morbid lust of probates, whom a life of vice had surfeited of common crimes. That their eyes have now been opened to the rotten condition of society, is

due to Mr. W. T. Stead, the editor of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, whose portrait appears on this page.

Mr. Stead is a man of remarkable courage; or he would have quailed before an undertaking such as that of exposing and denouncing the wealthy, the influential, and the men who, by a strange misapplication of words, are called "noblemen." It was not a campaign to enter upon lightly, especially when he reflected that the exposure would render him liable to prosecution, and that he might have to be tried by judges like the late Chief-Justice Cockburn and Justice Williams, men who were themselves guilty of the very crimes he was about to expose. Beside that, he would have to incur a kind of public obloquy. A large number of people, some of whom are Christians, like to shut their eyes to iniquity, and to cry, "Peace, peace, where there is no peace." The newspapers, too, as he must have known, would condemn him. It has been seen that the *New York Herald*, owned by Mr. James Gordon Bennett, is, as might have been expected, much horrified by the exposure, and ridiculed the investigation, and that paper has not been alone in the work of censure. But Mr. Stead was undaunted; he knew of the existence of these crimes, and he had no mind to keep silence. It was of no use appealing to the government. Two influential members of Mr. Gladstone's cabinet are notorious profligates, a third has just ruined the wife of a member of Parliament, and others are, with too good reason, suspected of odious crimes. Mr. Stead felt that the most effectual course was an appeal to the people, who at present are sound at the core. How long they could remain so in a country where the aristocracy are objects of silly reverence and imitation was a question, but for the present there was hope in them. That hope has not been disappointed; the exposure has aroused a storm of indignation which will not easily be allayed, and henceforth titled miscreants, though they have royal blood in their veins, will carry on their detestable crimes at their peril. The light of day has been let in on their lives; they are now watched by the people, and they are made to feel the dis-

grace of public scorn. It will go hard with the next "noble" scoundrel who is caught stealing, or paying some one else to steal, a poor man's daughter.

The man to whom the British public owes this enlightenment, and who has dared to sound in trumpet tones the note of warning, is the son of a Nonconformist minister. He is thirty-five years of age, having been born in 1850, at Howden-on-Tyne. He was educated by his father, who, owing to the straitness of circumstances common in the homes of Nonconformist ministers in England, found it difficult to spare money for schooling for his children. It was no misfortune to them, for they could not have had a better teacher. Speaking of that education, Mr. Stead recently said: "Pre-eminent among the means by which my father used to quicken our wits and familiarize us with dialectic was the Sunday morning breakfast. Each of us—and in those days they were six, besides father and mother, making eight in all—had to commit to memory one verse of Scripture. At breakfast the youngest began by repeating his verse. Every member of the family had to give his or her interpretation of the text. Since those old days I have had some little experience of discussions with all sorts and conditions of men. I have had to discuss face to face with the foremost men of our time the most pressing questions of our day. But never in my recent experience have I ever had such consciousness of intense mental activity.

But the most valuable training afforded to the future editor was that of his father's sermons. He says: "My father inculcated the most useful habit of remembering the leading points of what we heard. Many a painful moment have I had when I forgot the heads of a sermon. Afterward, when we grew older, we were set to take notes. My brother Herbert taught himself shorthand in this fashion. I, less fortunate, was confined to longhand; but the habit of taking a condensed report of a speech or sermon stood me in good stead in after life. To this hour, if I want a condensed report of a speech, I would rather have my longhand summary than the cut-down report of the most efficient re-

porter. I have frequently, without taking a single note, been able to dictate or write out three columns of close print report of an interview, to the accuracy of which the person interviewed has given his most emphatic testimony."

As a finish to his education, the future editor was sent for two years to a school at Silcoates. He was then, at the age of fourteen, able to earn his own livelihood. He obtained a situation as clerk in the Russian Consulate, at Newcastle-on-Tyne. Some years later he entered journalism, and his aptitude for the work was soon proved. In 1871, when only twenty-one years old, he became editor of the most influential daily journal in Newcastle. There he made the acquaintance of Mr. John Morley, one of the ablest members of the advanced Liberal party, who quickly recognized his splendid journalistic talents. Mr. Morley subsequently became the editor of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, when Mr. James Greenwood's erratic course in that paper had disgusted the Liberal party. Mr. Morley invited his young Newcastle friend to become his sub-editor, and Mr. Stead accepted. Practically, Mr. Stead was the editor from the time of his arrival in London, for Mr. Morley was busy in other literary work, and was too much in request in the councils of his political party to be often at the office, and sometimes for weeks together he did not know what would appear in its columns, until, with the rest of the public, he opened the paper in the evening. At length Mr. Morley entered Parliament, and then he resigned the editorial chair, and Mr. Stead succeeded him. Under Mr. Stead the paper has grown in power and influence, and will probably continue to grow, in spite of the fact that the Prince of Wales and a few other leaders of society are so much shocked by the recent disclosures that they have stopped their subscriptions. Mr. Stead's reliance is probably on the general public; if he had been writing for the Prince and his friends, he would probably have thought it unnecessary to make the revelation he has done, or, at any rate, to call it "a revelation."

MUTUAL INSTRUMENTALITY.

(See Illustration.)

A PROFLIGATE captain, who commanded a vessel trading between New York and Liverpool, just as he was leaving port took on board a man as a common sailor to serve during the voyage. The new-comer was found to be of a most quarrelsome disposition, and a furious blasphemer. He was wholly ignorant of nautical affairs, or at least counterfeited ignorance in order to escape duty. At length a violent storm arose; all hands were ordered on deck; but all it was feared, would prove too few to save the ship. When the men were busy on deck, the sturdy blasphemer was missing, and the captain went below to seek for him. Great was his surprise to find him on his knees, repeating the Lord's Prayer, with wonderful rapidity, over and over again, as if he had bound himself to countless repetitions. Vexed at what the captain deemed hypocrisy or cowardice, he shook him roughly by the collar, exclaiming, "Say your



"Say your Prayers in Fair Weather."

prayers in fair weather." The man rose, observing, in a low voice, "God grant that I may ever live to see fair weather in which to say them!"

In a few hours the storm heppily abated; a week more brought them to harbor, and an incident so trivial passed quickly away from the memory of the captain, the more easily as the man in question was paid off the day after landing, and went his way.

Four years more had elapsed, during which, though the captain had been often in peril, he continued to pursue a life of profligacy and contempt of God. At the end of this period he was one day walking from the dock, where he had just arrived, to his usual hotel. It was a Sunday morning, and the streets were filled with people on their way to church. As he walked leisurely along he met a friend who had often been his companion in revelry, but who, unknown to the captain, had recently been converted. The captain was bent on hospitality, and insisted that his friend should accompany him to his hotel.

"Well, I'll make a bargain with you," said the friend. "You come with me to church, and I'll go and dine with you."

The captain was ashamed to refuse, so the two friends entered the place of worship together. Already the seats were occupied, and a crowd filled the aisles; they succeeded, however, in reaching a position in front of the pulpit, at about five yards distance.

The preacher riveted the attention of the congregation, including the captain himself, to whom his features and voice seemed not wholly unknown, particularly when he spoke with animation. At length the preacher's eye fell on the spot where the two friends stood. He suddenly paused, still gazing upon the captain, as if to make sure that he labored under no optical delusion, and after a silence of a minute, said,

with a loud voice, "Say your prayers in fair weather!" The audience were lost in amazement; nor was it until some moments had elapsed that the preacher recovered self-possession to relate the incident here told.

With deep emotion he told them that the words which his captain uttered in the storm had clung to him by day and by night after his landing, as if an angel had been charged with the duty of repeating them in his ears; he had become convinced of the sin and folly of neglecting to seek God in the time of peace and safety, and throwing himself at the feet of Jesus, implored pardon for the past and grace for the future. Having felt a great desire to devote the remainder of his life to the service of his Divine Redeemer, he had entered the ministry, and was now, though grace, such as they saw and heard. At the conclusion of this address, he called on the audience to join with him in earnest supplication that the same words might be blessed to the conversion of some then present.

A gracious answer was given. The captain was deeply affected, and God's spirit wrought effectually upon him. After the congregation had retired, he was conducted by his friend

to the house of the preacher, where he was taught the way of salvation.

UNDER FIRE.

A STORY OF THE FRANCO-GERMAN WAR.

(Continued from page 495.)

A Separation.

SYLVIE clung convulsively to me when that dreadful noise alarmed us. What had happened we knew not, but the horrible crash and the succeeding shrieks suggested to us since our recent terrible experience what was probable. I held Sylvie tightly to my breast, not knowing but that in another minute we might both be hurried into eternity. We remained in that attitude, making no attempt to fly, for perhaps a minute or two. In our state of suspense it seemed much longer; and then as the noise decreased I gently disengaged myself from Sylvie's embrace, and said softly to her:

"Sylvie will spare Max for a little while?"

"Yes, go, Max," she murmured; "my other Brother will take care of me."

I kissed her with a strange feeling of delight at her words. Then I went out. It was barely possible to make my way upstairs, for the people were hurrying down in a panic.

"The roof is gone, and the chimneys are falling!" they cried; "it is all on fire; you must not go on."

But I was determined to go on; and Sergeant Klein's voice behind me crying, "Bravo, Max!" encouraged me. He and his men were on duty that night, which was a good thing; for when we reached the attics we found it all true. The top attic and Lisbeth's were quite gone, and the beams of old Hans' room were beginning to blaze. But the buckets were at hand, and in half an hour all danger was over, except of another shell falling in the same place.

"After one or two more of these visitors,"

said Sergeant Klein, "we must retreat to the cellars." It was sad news I had to take to Lisbeth. Everything she possessed in the world was gone, except the clothes she and Elsie wore, and the bag which held the little vest Elsie was knitting, and which the child would never part with. Lisbeth sat all the rest of the night wrapped up in thought; and early in the morning she took me aside to talk with me a little.

"Max," she said, "I'm afraid I thought too much of my poor things; but they were all I had, and I was afraid to leave them. Now I see I ought to have gone and given my services to nurse the sick and wounded. I am young and strong, and I know I can bear it, though it will be hard enough to see so much suffering."

"Lisbeth," I answered, "stay and nurse Sylvie."

"No, no," she said; "I see that Gretchen is growing more anxious every day, and is afraid to keep any extra mouths. I fancy she has a secret store somewhere; but still she is very careful, and she looks troubled. I would go at once, only there is my Elsie."

"You would trust her with us," I said; yet doubting whether Lisbeth could part with her little child in such a time as this.

"Yes," she answered, her voice trembling, and her eyes filling fast with tears; "yes, Max, I would trust her with you anywhere. Only promise me to let her sit by you at table, and sleep in your room at night, if it is not asking too much of you."

"All right, Lisbeth," I said; "I'll be like a brother to Elsie."

That word "brother" had a new meaning for me now.

"There is not much glory in losing my poor home, Max," she said, trying hard to smile.

"I've given that up," I answered; "it is not any glory. The angels were right when they sang, 'Glorio to God, and peace on earth.' But why does not God make peace on earth?"

"It would be only an outside peace," she said, sighing; "like a father making his children be still by threats and punishments. They must learn from Him that they are brothers before there is true peace."

So Lisbeth went away, taking leave of Elsie as if she was never to see her again. After she had gone the child sat in a little chair beside Sylvie's bed, knitting away slowly with her tiny hands at the white vest she was making to give to the Lord Jesus Christ.

The next day a great load was taken off my mind. I had gone out as usual to look around the Cathedral for my grandmother, so I went on my own account to see the ruins of the Protestant Lyceum, which I liked better than most boys like their school. I was looking at the crumbling walls sadly enough—for it is a strange thing to see familiar places knocked to pieces in such a manner—when I heard a voice calling, "Hallo, young Kromer!"

It was Kleber, one of our oldest students. He wore a uniform, and had an air about him as if he had worn it somewhere else than at home, for he looked years older and more thoughtful than when I had seen him last.

"I thought you had gone, Kromer," he said; "whatever keeps you in Strasburg?"

Then I told him pretty nearly all I have told you—especially about Sylvie, who was weighing the most heavily on my mind just then; and Kleber listened in the friendliest manner.

"You know she has no mother," I said, as I came to the end—and my voice grew thick as I thought of how my mother had left Sylvie to me—and our father is away in Central Africa. I do not know what to do."

Kleber stood silent for a minute or two, thinking; his face was certainly very much changed since he was a student in the Lyceum.

"Kromer," he said at last, "if you could make up your mind to part with your sister, I know a way of getting her out of the city. Our colonel's wife has got a pass from the Governor to leave with her children. She is a German,

and has a cousin, an officer in the enemy's camp, so she will be sure to get through. I will beg of her to take Sylvie with her."

"But will she be allowed?" I asked.

"A little girl of hers died last night," he said, "and is to be buried to-day, or they would have been off this morning. Sylvie could take the dead child's place."

It was like that everywhere. You heard of a death from every one who spoke to you. Late in the evening Kleber came to say that Sylvie must be ready at nine o'clock the next morning, when a carriage would stop at the door for her; and that she must take no luggage, beyond a small bundle, such as she could carry in her hand. Gretchen packed up a few things, and my grandmother gave me a purse containing fifty Napoleons, as much as she could spare from her own funds, to give to the lady who was going to take charge of Sylvie.

I could not sleep that night, but sat in Sylvie's room, watching her when she fell asleep a little, and talking to her when she lay awake. I did not know that I should ever see her again; and it was impossible that I should hear of her, after she had left me, until the siege was ended; and who could tell when that would be? She was going away from me, her brother, with a stranger, to a strange place, where she might die, as Louise had died, a lonely, desolate, heart-broken child. No boy that has not gone through it knows what it is to part with his sister like that.

I could hardly take her down-stairs and leave her with a stranger, when the last moment was come, and the carriage stood in the street waiting for her. Gretchen followed us, crying, and my grandmother watched us from the balcony. Two children who were in the carriage were looking out, curious to see their new companion; but the lady sat back in a corner, with a thick veil over her face, and her handkerchief to her eyes.

"Madame," I said, holding Sylvie close to me, "my sister is a little girl, whose mother is dead. She is ill, and full of trouble at leaving us. I beg of you to be very kind to her."

Then the stranger held out her arms, and took Sylvie into them, and gave her a place next to her in the carriage. And the time being up, the door was shut, and the driver set off as rapidly as he could along the encumbered streets.

I ran after the carriage, not expecting to see Sylvie again, but to watch as long as I could what would become of it. It took the road to the south-east gate, the Porte Blanche, through which the Germans entered Strasburg at the end of the siege; and after it had passed through, Sergeant Klein, who had run with me, took me up into a watch-tower on the walls, from which we could trace it for some distance. At last we could see it no longer, and I turned homeward, very downcast for some things, and very glad for others. However, when Sergeant Klein brought us word that the carriage had been allowed to pass through the German camp, and that Sylvie was out of all danger now, I grew so light-hearted and content that I made my grandmother, and even Gretchen, laugh heartily over our supper.

For you must not suppose that all this time we never laughed or had any pleasantness. Gretchen used to be as pleased and proud as possible when she could give us some surprise at dinner. It was very difficult, for there was neither milk, nor eggs, nor fresh meat, nor fresh vegetables to be bought. We were eating the horses and donkeys by this time; only Gretchen cooked them beautifully, and gave them fine names, which amused us.

She certainly had a secret store; for long after potatoes were worth their weight in silver, if not in gold, as she had prophesied, she still provided us with some, roasted so secretly that we knew nothing of them till the moment came for eating them. We never left a morsel, even of the peel; and you might have searched Strasburg with candles for fragments of food thrown away or wasted, and not found any—at least in

our part of the city, though they say there was waste still in some of the kitchens of the rich people; but I cannot tell how far that is true. It was a sin and a shame, when there were hundreds, almost, if not quite, dying of famine.

As for Elsie, Gretchen reckoned her in the place of Sylvie, or else she might have grumbled dreadfully about her little extra mouth to feed. She seemed to have forgotten Louise quite, or else her heart was growing very much harder every day. She grieved more over the house and the furniture than over the death and misery of her fellow-creatures. Yet she was a good, faithful servant to us.

I had one grand contest with her, and then I gave in. I was going out one day to our baker's—for poor Gretchen really dared not go—when a tribe of about half a dozen lads pushed past me, looking as hungry as starved rats, with sunken cheeks, and eyes gleaming with famine. That is a look I could never describe to you in any words. One of them, the foremost, had a half-rotten turnip in his hands, held fast between both of them; for the others were following and dodging him about, as birds will do in a hard frost, when one of them gets a good crumb of bread in his beak. He was a little fellow, almost breathless, and with no strength to speak of; and so were all the rest, except one, who was about as big as me, and who had known how to pilfer and pick up for himself better than the others.

Just as I came up he had pinned the little lad in a corner, and was hitting him on both sides of the head to make him drop the turnip. My blood rose at that, and I rushed upon him, giving him a blow which knocked him over like a ninepin; for he, too, was weak and feeble with hunger. Then I placed myself before the little fellow, with my face toward the rest, and said to him over my shoulder, "Eat away; I will take care of you."

But as I stood looking into the face of the lad I had knocked down—a savage, desperate face, made old, very old, before its time—a great rush of pity came over me all at once. What had I done? Would the Lord Jesus Christ have done such a thing as this? It was right for me to protect the helpless; but could it not have been in some other way? This one was my brother also. If I might stretch out my right hand to the Lord, and call Him my brother, He would expect me to stretch out my left hand to this poor, savage, desperate fellow, and call him my brother, too. That is how it seemed to me as I stood looking at him. That is the real, true, universal brotherhood. I think he knew I was growing sorry for him, for he was just going to sink away.

"Stop!" I cried; "are you very hungry?"

"Famished!" he muttered, looking less wolfish, but quite as miserable as before.

"You follow me," I said; and the lad kept close to me all the way to the baker's. It was a long time before I could get my turn; but he never took his expecting eyes off me. When I got my little loaves, I gave one of them to him, and he snatched it from me with a wild, half-mad shout, and darted away at a full run, partly dreading I should change my mind. But I would not have changed it, no, not for all Strasburg.

However, when I reached home with one loaf short, you should have heard Gretchen! I thought her head was turned. It was of no use telling her I meant to go without it myself; that did not pacify her a bit.

"A boy like you will satisfy himself with something," she said; "if it isn't bread, it will be soup, or rice, or potatoes, or something. Don't talk to me. If you mean to provide for all the famishing beggars in Strasburg, I will give up the keys to you at once; and then we shall see! It is as much as I can do now to keep life in you all; and who knows when the end is to come? No succor reaches us; and General Uhrich will see all perish rather than surrender. I've given in about Louise, and I've given in about Elsie; but I'm firm now.

No, no, Max. Make me your faithful promise, here and now, that you will not give away a bit or a drop, without I say 'Yes' to it."

It was a hard thing to do, but I was compelled to do it. Perhaps Gretchen was right; at any rate, she loved my grandmother and me.

Lisbeth was kept hard at work among the wounded; by whom I do not mean only those soldiers who fell under the fire of the besiegers, on the ramparts and in the trenches. There were a good number of those; but besides them there were hundreds of the citizens, who were maimed and mutilated by the bursting of shells and the fall of buildings. Many of them were children, who could not flee quickly enough from any sudden peril. There was a good deal of sickness as well, caused by the famine among the poor people, thousands of whom were homeless, or living in mere sheds built among the ruins. So Lisbeth had as much to do as she could possibly get through; and I thought I saw her face growing paler and sadder, in spite of its quiet smile, every time I saw her.

You remember that all the upper part of our house had fallen a little before Sylvie left us. Yet there was scarcely a house left, in our part of the city, in as good a condition as our own. Still, nothing and nobody could prevail upon my grandmother to quit it; though every day some portion of the roofless walls fell, either inside or outside the building. For though no second shell struck it, it was so shaken by the firing, that it seemed all breaking up, and near its end, like an old man full of troubles and ailments.

At length there was nothing for it but to take refuge in the cellars, and make them as habitable as possible. Sergeant Klein and I went down to look what we could do with them, and Gretchen followed us with evident anxiety. There were three of them, one within the other; the first having a window just below the level of the street. But not a ray of daylight could we have, for a heap of earth was needful over this opening, to protect us from the fragments of any shell which might explode in the street. It would be the safest place we could have; but what with the damp, and the darkness, and the chill, it was a dismal refuge for my old grandmother, who had been used all her life to handsome rooms, and brilliant light, and comfortable warmth.

(To be continued.)

THE PROPHET OF THE LORD.

S. S. Lesson for Aug. 16, 1 Kings 18: 30-46. Golden Text, ver. 36. By Mrs. M. Baxter.

The Prophet's Attitude—Standing before the Lord—Preaching Little—Doing Little—Counting upon God—The Secret of Elijah's Intrepidity—The Failure of the Test—Elijah's Precautions—His Grand Prayer—His Chief Desire—That the People might Know—At Rest in God—The Prayer for Rain.

How wonderfully at rest Elijah was in the great work accomplished through him! Who was the most powerful preacher in the times of the kings of Israel and Judah? Surely Elijah; and yet, of all the prophets in the times of the kings Elijah preached the least. He *did* the least, and yet through him God did the most. How did this happen? Because he was so given up to God, and so continually counted upon God. We do not hear much about the man. The first clue we have of him is given in 1 Kings 17: 1: "And Elijah . . . said unto Ahab, As the Lord God of Israel liveth, before whom I stand." This expression, "Before whom I stand," denotes the servant of some great personage.

The Queen of Sheba said to Solomon regarding his retainers, "Happy are these thy men, happy are these thy servants, which stand continually before thee" (1 Kings 10: 8). They were the men who were at the service of Solomon. He stood before the Lord, meant a man unreservedly at the service of God, and always in His presence.

If Elijah had taken the responsibility of his mission upon himself, he would have said,

"Now I have got Ahab's ear, I must follow this up, I must see that the impression is deepened, and that something more is done with him." But what did the Lord say? "Get thee hence, and turn thee eastward, and

HIDE THYSELF."

That was all he was to do. He had broken the ice. He had spoken to the king, who had been obliged to listen. He had been telling the king the result of his prayers without mentioning his prayers at all; he only said what God told him to say, and then had nothing to do but to hide away out of sight, and that for three and a half years. Was God doing anything all that time? Thank God, He was doing much. We see the result of God's work in the nineteenth chapter, when He told Elijah there were seven thousand in Israel who had not bowed the knee to, or worshipped Baal. Elijah was not the means of a great revival, and yet no doubt he and God had many a talk about it; God did the work; Elijah did nothing but count upon Him.

Elijah was quietly trusting in his God. While Obadiah imagined that God would play him a trick, and catch Elijah away by His Spirit, and that then he would lose his head.

Poor ridiculous man! fearing what might not, and did not happen, like numbers who fear the Lord and treat Him with the greatest suspicion. Oh, how many there are who can deny themselves, can give a large portion of their income to His cause, can work at evangelistic meetings two or three times a day; who can go round and speak to the anxious about their souls, whom God blesses very much—and who yet cannot reckon upon Him in a time of need! They don't think God is always to be counted upon; they think sometimes He may fail them.

Do you think that Elijah's heart beat quicker as the time approached when he was to see Ahab? I do not believe it. I believe he was perfectly at home, perfectly quiet, and at rest. He knew that the Lord God, before whom he stood, was standing exactly between him and Ahab. He knew that if Ahab came with a powerful bodyguard, and directed all his servants to spear Elijah's body, that the living God was equal to the emergency; he had seen God conquer death, how, then, could he be afraid for his life when he had been having such experiences of God in secret? One can understand the fearlessness of Elijah about his life, when one thinks of his stretching himself upon the dead child of that poor widow woman, and praying, "O Lord my God, let this child's soul come into him again," asking a thing that never was known to have been done in the whole history of the world up to that time! One sees Elijah's consciousness that it was possible to match God's strength against death, and that that which had never been reversed in all the ages of the world was possible to God, who was the world's Creator!

Elijah continued counting upon God, while the senseless, deluded prophets of Baal continued crying aloud and stabbing themselves. But all the assembled multitude were witness that "there was no voice, nor any to answer, nor any that regarded." Total failure was written on all their earnestness, all their efforts, all their prayers. Baal

HAD NOT ANSWERED BY FIRE.

"And Elijah called the people near to him;" there was no mystery, nothing to hide in his relations with the Lord. All he had to do was open and above-board. He repaired the altar of the Lord which was broken down, and by taking twelve stones to represent the twelve tribes of Israel, Elijah claimed them all for God, and made no allowance for Baal. All which he did, he did by faith, and "in the name of the Lord." Elijah knew that he was running no risk in depending upon God, and so, instead of looking out for the dryest wood he could obtain, and which would easily ignite from the smallest spark, he made a trench round the altar, and, after slaying the bullock and laying it upon the wood, he ordered barrel after barrel of water to be poured over, until the sacrifice and the wood

were saturated, and there could be no possible way, according to natural law, for fire to be produced under such circumstances.

Thus prepared, Elijah was ready to bring his God to the test. He was sure of his case. He knew God was at work, and that nothing depended upon him. Therefore he was not thinking, "Now, do I feel earnest enough? Have I faith enough for this tremendous venture? God was very good to me about that child, but I wonder whether my faith is up to the mark just now?" No; Elijah was not thinking about himself, his faith, or his prayers; he was thinking about his God. And so he said, "Lord God of Abraham, Isaac, and of Israel, let it be known this day that thou art God in Israel, and that I am thy servant, and that I have done *all these things* at Thy Word" (the prayer and all). When he prayed that it might not rain, it was in obedience to God; he wanted the people to see that he was acting in everything under orders of God. "Hear me, O Lord, hear me that this people may know." Know what? Know what a great prophet, *father*? No! "That this people may know that *Thou* art the Lord God." That is what Elijah lived for; that is what Elijah suffered for.

For the sake of praying that one prayer, preaching that one little sermon, and putting his God to the test, Elijah had not thought it lost time to keep off active service for three and a half years, when God chose it should be so. And a great deal more was accomplished than if he had been going up and down through all the villages and towns preaching against Baal. For while he was quiet by the brook, God was converting seven thousand people. And within an hour of the answer to his prayer the prophets of Baal were slain.

The little plain sermon had been preached, the short, pithy prayer had been made which led every thought and expectation away from Elijah to his God. What would happen? "In Elijah there was no manifestation of fervor such as Baal's prophets had evinced, but the fire of the Lord fell, and consumed the burnt sacrifice, and the wood, and the stones, and the dust, and licked up the water that was in the trench." There was no mistake about the answer of God. "When all the people saw it they fell on their faces and said, The Lord He is the God, the Lord He is the God." Who was convinced? Not one, nor two, but the whole mass of people—prophets, king, and all. Elijah was

AT REST IN GOD

while he was at work for Him; while he thus rest, God works. But if *we* take the initiative, we keep God still until we learn to fall back behind Him.

All was not ended. The people had evidence sufficient that God could send fire from heaven; if He now sent rain they would know from whose hand it came. Elijah had prayed in obedience that it might not rain; now he prayed in obedience that God *would* send rain upon the earth (James 5: 18). First he warned Ahab, "Get thee up, eat and drink; for there is a sound of abundance of rain." And yet he had not begun to pray; but he was so sure of his case with God, that he could provide for Ahab beforehand. Then he went to the top of Carmel, and hid his face between his knees, and sent his servant seven times to look out for the certain answer. It was not long delayed. The God who had sent fire from heaven soon covered the sky with "clouds and wind, and there was a great rain."

Bethshan Tracts.—The Following Tracts, by Mrs. M. Baxter and others, on the subject of Faith-Healing and Holiness, have been received from England, and can be obtained at the following prices: Bethshan: A House for Healing, 3 cts. ea.; Pastor Blumhardt, 1 cts. ea.; Paul's Thren. If it be Thy Will, Does Sickness Sanctify? Repeating Prayer, What about the Use of Means, The Apostolic Attitude, all at 15 cts. a dozen; The Law of Life, Simple Truths about Faith, God's Purpose in Sickness, The Great Physician, Job's Sickness, God's Side of Prayer, Pastor Rein, Redeemed from all Evil, Health by Grace, all at 20 cts. a dozen. Also the following books by Mrs. M. Baxter: S. S. Lessons, 1877-'78, in cloth, 30 cts. each; Lessons from the Gospel of Matthew, 30 cts. cloth, 30 cts. paper; Daily Life, 30 cts. cloth, 30 cts. paper; Life Lessons, 25 cts. paper, 35 cts. cloth; Practical Lessons, 25 cts. paper, 35 cts. cloth. Address, The Manager, CHRISTIAN HERALD OFFICE, 63 Bible House, New York.

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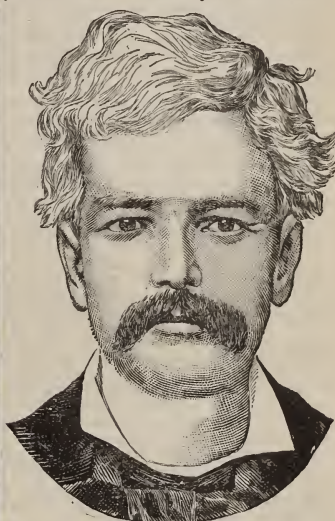
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A FULL account of Mr. H. M. Stanley's eventful life appeared in this journal on October 18th, 1883, narrating his history from the time when he was a reporter on the *New York Herald* to the time of his setting out on his important mission under the auspices of the King of the Belgians in 1879. It is therefore unnecessary to describe here the earlier events in his wonderful career. In concluding the notice referred to, brief mention was made of a work in which Mr. Stanley was then engaged, but of which no particulars were at that time known. It had been simply announced by the press that Mr. Stanley had accepted a commission from the King of the Belgians to found a free State in the country of which he had been the first explorer, but how the work was to be done, and in what form the State was to be founded, no information had been given to the public. The great explorer had plunged into the recesses of that unknown land, and was lost to sight. Recently he has returned, and a few weeks ago there appeared simultaneously on both sides the Atlantic a thrilling narrative of his experience, his work, his perils, his successes, and his plans for the future. This work was published on this side in two handsome volumes.*

It was in May, 1879, that Mr. Stanley set out again for the scene of his former marvellous exploits. The conditions under which this expedition has been performed are very different from those under which he and his men had to run the gauntlet down the river in little more than seven months. In the latter case Mr. Stanley was still the newspaper correspondent whose business it was to do the work he was sent to do and return as quickly as possible to tell his story. In the other case he has been the founder of a State, sent out to the scene of his former explorations to bring peacefully under civilizing influences some hundreds of thousands of square miles with their millions of inhabitants. A German journal, during the sitting of the Congo Congress, referred to him as

THE "NAPOLEON OF AFRICA,"

and with some justice, so far as determination to accomplish his object is concerned, and in the comparative magnitude of his ambition. This deliberate attempt to create a new State, seeing the end from the beginning, is probably unprecedented in the history of the world. No colony has any analogy with it, ancient or modern, and no State of which we have read has ever had such a beginning. It seems clear that the initiative of this great undertaking is due to the King of the Belgians, though its precise shape, and certainly its carrying out, are due entirely to the knowledge, clear-sightedness, tact, and invincible will of Mr. Stanley.

THE ENTERPRISE INAUGURATED.

When Mr. Stanley returned to Europe in January, 1878, he was met at Marseilles by two commissioners from the King of the Belgians, Leopold II., who informed him that King Leopold intended "to do something substantial" for Africa, and that Mr. Stanley was expected to assist him. In the month of November he was invited to the royal palace in Brussels, whither he went, and found there upon his arrival various persons of more or less note in the commercial and monetary world, from England, Germany, France, Belgium, and Holland. The object of the meeting was to learn from Mr. Stanley how much of the Congo River was

actually navigable by light-draught vessels, and, in general, the commercial possibilities of the entire region. The result of this and two or three subsequent meetings was the formation of an expedition of which Mr. Stanley was intrusted with the leadership.

The intrepid explorer proceeded immediately to Zanzibar, where he embarked with his party on board the steamship *Albion* for the Congo. On the morning of August 21st, 1879, the *Albion*, with Mr. Stanley on board, headed the flotilla of steamers, launches, and lighters in which the expedition was to ascend the Congo, and at starting the author thus writes of

THE "MIGHTY" CONGO:

"The Lower Congo has been ascended many a time since the date of its discovery, but it has never been described satisfactorily. For my previous omission in 1877 I could well be excused, for my fatigues had utterly prostrated me, and it was the blue Atlantic that I yearned for—I and my poor fellows.

"But now, strong with health, both they and I looked upon it with different eyes. The voluminous flood, which we had followed all the long way to its spacious bourne, and had seen under all aspects—now tranquil as a summer's dream, anon raging with horrible-creamed crests above deep brown hollows, engulfing our unwary mates, menacing our frail low barks—smiled on us to-day, as with calm but interested glance we gazed down secure from high decks on its placid surface. We have forgiven it long ago; we have buried the past, for time has softened our memories of its treachery. We feel still that it is a dangerous river to be trifled with. It has awful power when ruffled by impending rocks, or when its waves rise up, remonstrant to the breeze, and fall heavy and sullen. But we also have power now—power gained by knowledge and harsh experience. We will brave the giant stream with steel cutters driven by steam! Neither on the north bank nor on the south bank, nor yet on the river, is there ought to disturb this lifelessness of sleeping nature. The river-flood glides on serene in one unbroken, unruffled mass, but yet with an unmistakably resistless, though silent energy. On the wooded shores there is a solemn loneliness as of death; on the tranquil mass of ceaseless moving water we only see the peace of an undisturbed slumber."

ARRIVAL AT BOMA.

"Boma (Mboma) has a history, a cruel, blood-curdling history, fraught with horror, and woe, and suffering. Inhumanity of man to man has been exemplified here for over two centuries by the pitiless persecutions of black men, by sordid whites. The natives formerly were purchased by thousands, forcibly expatriated, enchained by dozens, packed closely in the holds of slave-ships, and shipped to the Brazils, West Indies, and North America, whence they never returned. Whole fleets have been maintained to carry on the slave traffic, and have anchored in this neighborhood. The miscellany of merchandise, and the stores of gin and rum in their holds, have induced the people of Boma to seek by all iniquitous means to gather the victims of superstition, folly, ignorance, and of violence from all parts inland. As this evil spreads abroad, other neighboring districts, Ponta da Lenha, Nokki, Mussoko, and all the river and coast towns, despatched their emissaries until there was not a village in all the wide space between the sea and the meridian of Stanley Pool which had not cause to curse the evil that had suddenly covered the land with mourning and woe."

Then follows a terrible story which luridly illustrates the past:

A TERRIBLE STORY.

"Modern Boma, however, in 1879, could only show one man who knew through personal experience what old Boma had been. He, and another living at some obscure factory lower down, had been guilty two years before of having committed a crime, which I doubt even the annals of old Boma could match. His stores

were burnt one night, much stealing of cloth had become common—the dissatis among the slaves he owned being shown method of retaliation on their unkind. The guilty parties were discovered. They caught them, encircled their necks with collars, rove a short chain through the loops, and riveted the end link, which was purposely, over another link of the chain the middle of the gang. The slaves being secured, their hands were bound behind them they were put into a boat and rowed mid-channel, where they were hustled aside one after another into the river, ar chained and fettered, were soon drowned.

Now, Mr. Stanley thinks, all this is done. There is no ill-will between whites and the latter are "secure against tyranny, sion, and persistent evil-doing of the wh the very interests which have compelled traders to make their homes here by the river-side."

To give full information of all the passed and visited by Stanley and his cions during their journey up the gre would be impossible; we can only cull h there an incident, referring our readers ther intelligence to Mr. Stanley's work "Congo."

PERIL OF TWO MISSIONARIES.

At Kilolo Point Mr. Stanley found t sionaries of the Baptist Missionary Messrs. Crudgington and Bentley, on tl down the river in a canoe. They h passed through perilous experience. been requested to visit Kinshassa, they On landing, however, they were met by multitude, who ordered them back. S at the excitement they slowly retired, natives pressed on them, some trying round them, others advancing with muskets, and others flourishing long knives, spears, and bludgeons, as tho would annihilate them on the spot. F it appeared to be in the balance whe would be massacred instantly, or whe death should receive the sanction of chief Nchuvila and his principal men. however, the chief decided to let them safely, and, relieved of the fright, they l off. Arriving at Mfwa they nearly met adventures there, but managed to p turbulent mob. They then lost no time ing their way back to more peaceful down river, where they met with Mr. who assisted them to Isangila.

ENCOUNTER WITH A BUFFALO HE

On March 6th, 1881, the chief of the tion despatched some of his trusty men Soudi, Khalfan, and Sa'adala—to Vi letter to the chief of the station, and to the European mail. They started on t sion without delay, but on arriving at t aza stream they met a small buffalo l Soudi, who had been half slaughtered i 1875, was swept over the Kalulu Falls and had been captured and enslaved te time by the natives, now rashly tho with his Snider rifle he was a match fo mal, and forthwith with extreme cau menced to stalk one of the herd. Wh what he supposed to be a safe dista shot, he fired and wounded the buffo courage by seeing him fall, Soudi rusl sever the animal's jugular vein, since this ceremony the meat would have b for a Moslem to eat; but the buffalo dead, on seeing its enemy, charged, a him into the air, made a mere playthin until he was so mangled that he died s his companions had come up to him. (tation on first page.)

Unpleasant inhabitants of the region passed through are

THE SNAKES OF THE CONGO.

"Snakes are frequently met with in making. In the neighborhood of the C slate-colored spitting snakes are most n VIVI platform was at first infested wi

* The Congo and the Founding of its Free State: A Story of Work and Exploration by Henry M. Stanley, with over one hundred full-page and smaller illustrations, two large maps and several smaller ones. In Two Volumes; Price, \$10. Published by Messrs. Harper and Brothers.

number of these. They robbed us of our laying hens, and devoured the chicks, and then coiled themselves under the lower shelves of the magazine, and menaced our store-men with their venom, which they ejected in a stream from a distance of six feet. The poison must be exceedingly powerful and especially painful to the eyes, judging from its ill-effects, which lasted eight or ten days. Whip-snakes infest the grass; short, bulky pythons are near the water-courses; green snakes are coiled on the trees in the stony region; two pythons were killed on the Lufwenkenya. But although we have turned a large number into view, no accident has yet occurred."

A footnote tells us that the present year has been marked by a fatal accident of this kind; a Swedish officer was lately bitten by a snake and died within two hours. At the end of twelve months the expedition had made the road through from Vivi to Isangila, and Mr. Stanley thus sums up

A YEAR OF TRIAL AND TOIL.

"That it was not a holiday affair, with its diet of beans and goat-meat and sodden bananas, in the muggy atmosphere of the Congo canon, with the fierce heat from the rocks, and the chill bleak winds blowing up the gorge and down from sere grassy plateaus, let the deaths of six Europeans and twenty-two natives, and the retirement of thirteen invalided whites, only one of whom saw the interior, speak for us. It has been a year dark with trial and unusual toil. Our little band of laborers are proud of the grand work their muscles have accomplished, but are more hopeful of the future, inasmuch as their labors, by means of the steamer, will be greatly lightened."

The steady advance made during the next fourteen months under difficulties of the most serious and deterring character, is chronicled in Mr. Stanley's pleasant, making-light-of-difficulties style. The physical obstacles of the road, the opposition of native "kings" and "pretenders," the loss of his European assistants from disease, even his own grievous sickness, which brought him to death's door—none of these things did more than temporarily delay his sure progress. Léopoldville was founded in April, 1882, and in October of that year Mr. Stanley was back in Europe to give an account of his proceedings to the Association. At the end of the first volume he gives a brief account of the work done by the missionaries, who followed quickly in the steps of the pioneers of trade.

MISSIONS AT LÉOPOLDVILLE.

"It should have been observed before that two English religious missions had established themselves at Léopoldville, one to the right, and one to the left of the station, on ground belonging to the Association. The one established on Léopold-hill is called the Arthington Mission of the Baptist Church; the other is undenominational, and is styled the Livingstone Inland Congo Mission. Mr. T. J. Comber presides over the Baptist Mission, and Dr. Sims (*whose portrait was published in this journal on May 25th, 1882*) is chief of the other. Both gentlemen take a warm interest in their respective missions, both have been remarkably energetic, and both have especially distinguished themselves for zeal in looking after the important interests intrusted to their charge."

A PALAVER.

The curious way in which Mr. Stanley's diplomatic business had to be carried on may be understood from the following palaver which took place between him and Chief Ngalyma, who wished to prevent Stanley establishing his station at Vidi. Ngalyma arrived at Stanley's quarters with his suite, intending to forbid his farther progress. Stanley met him frankly, and summoning Susi, his interpreter, he said:

"Come, my brethren, friends, sit down. Tell Ngalyma, Susi, through Enjeli there, who knows Kikongo so well, how glad I am at seeing them all. Though it is very sudden, I take this visit and to have come so far to see me as most kindly intended."

"The chiefs, who kept their eyes wandering over the boats, boilers, and machinery tents, and kept up in undertones a perpetual interchange of ideas, scarcely deigned to regard me, until, after being seated, Ngalyma abruptly spoke to Enjeli, his son, in Kiteke, who translated it into Kikongo to me:

"I am come from Kintame to see my brother. Let him tell me what he has come here for." In response to your old invitation," I said.

A MENACE.

"At this moment another body of natives, carrying guns, came up, and seated themselves apart from Ngalyma's already large force. These were Makoko's men. Their appearance caused the chief to launch forth into a history of his acquaintance with me, beginning from 1877, as they had been accusing him of an intention to overstep his proper status as a foreigner who was only permitted residence on their soil to trade in ivory. He ended it in a peremptory manner thus:

"Now, my brother has been misinformed, and has misunderstood me. We Bateke are strangers living on this side of the river for trade only. The Bazombo and the Bakongo are our customers. We have no objection to trade with white men if they come for trade, but we do not think you have come to trade; therefore

YOU CANNOT COME.

to Kintame. My brother must go back the way he came, unless he likes to stay here with Makoko. I have said it."

The interview was by no means a satisfactory one up to this point, and Ngalyma and the chiefs were invited to Stanley's tent. Here the subject was reopened by Ngalyma, who, having chosen a quantity of goods valued at \$600 for his own perquisites, expressed himself to Stanley as follows:

"I will take these goods, but on the condition only that you stay where you are. You must make up your mind that you cannot come to Kintame. The chiefs will not have it. If you do not promise, this must end in war, and I can no longer be your friend. Now, what do you say?"

"It is useless, Ngalyma, to talk more about this," Stanley replied; "make up your mind that I go to or near Kintame. All the Wambundu are willing. You admit that you have no right to the country. How can you stop the Wambundu from doing what they like with their own country?"

"But the village of Kintame is mine," he said; "I and my people built it."

"That is all well. I do not want your village; I only want to get near the village and build a village of my own, whither many white men will come to trade. White men will do you no harm; you do not care to whom you sell your ivory?"

"Enough, enough," he cried. "I say for the last time you shall not come to Kintame; we do not want any white men among us. Let us go, Enjeli." And as he said the last words he pushed aside the tent door and strode outside, with the emotions of suppressed passion visible on his face. While standing near the tent door, for a moment irresolute, he saw

A LARGE CHINESE GONG.

suspended to a cross-bar supported by two forked poles.

"What is this?" he asked, pointing to the gong.

"It is fetish," I answered, sententiously.

"His young son, Enjeli, who was more acute than his father, whispered to him his belief that it was a kind of bell, upon which Ngalyma said:

"Bula Matari (Stanley), strike this; let me hear it."

"With all my force I struck the gong; the loud, bell-like tone sounded in the silence caused by the hushed concentrated attention of all upon the scene, was startling in the extreme, but as the rapid strokes were applied vigorously, the continued sound seemed to them like thunder. (See picture on first page.)

THE EFFECT OF THE GONG.

They had not recovered from the first shock of astonishment when the forms of men were seen bounding over the gunwale of my steamer, En Avant, right over their heads, and warwhooping in their ears. From my tent, and from the gorge behind them, a stream of frantic infuriates emerged as though from the earth. The store-tent was violently agitated, and finally collapsed, and a yelling crowd of demoniac madmen sprang out one after another, every one apparently madder than his neighbor.

"Every native present, would-be friend and would-be foe, lost his senses completely; the seated warriors forgot their guns and fled before this strange deluge and awful scene. The ammunition-bearers threw their gourds away—some were broken, and the powder and slugs were scattered over the ground; and as Ngalyma was standing paralyzed with fear, and with his faculties benumbed, I seized him by the arm, and said softly to him, 'Be not afraid, Ngalyma. Remember Bula Matari is your brother. Stand behind me; I will protect you.' Before evening Ngalyma returned on his way to Kintame with his people, much wiser than when he came."

THE NATIVE WARRIOR.

was in the habit of appearing suddenly at the most inopportune times, and it was necessary to be constantly on the watch for his advent. So stealthy and treacherous is he that at any moment he and his companions might commence an attack. It is stated that even when in European drawing-rooms the sudden opening or closing of a door would bring Stanley to his feet with an involuntary motion of his hand to the place where his weapons usually hung when in Africa, and a look in his eyes not at all agreeable to some fair lady whose entrance had startled him.

A picture of a native warrior fully armed appears on the first page under Mr. Stanley's portrait. He says of them: "They act as if afflicted with a ferocious St. Vitus dance. They leap upward like so many acrobats suddenly seized with a terpsichorean mania, flankwise and rearward, then forward with a rush, bows in hand, drawn taut until the arrow-heads seem to touch the bow."

An account of Mr. Stanley's selection of a site for his new city of Vidi and his acquisition of it was published in these columns on June 18th of this year (page 389). Within the past few weeks a letter has been published by a disaffected member of the expedition, giving an unfavorable account of the climate and the general condition of affairs. Mr. Tisdal also reported unfavorably of the country, and Rear-Admiral English, who was deputed to investigate the facts for the Washington Government, quotes Mr. Tisdal's report with confidence. Nevertheless, independent observers confirm Stanley's account. Sir Frederick Goldsmid especially, who visited Vidi, speaks in glowing terms of its future. He says that the international stations founded by Stanley "merit the support and interest of the civilized world," that "these stations will in time become centres of traffic," and that "the work of the International Association will give a great impetus to commerce and civilization." This region has been visited also by H. H. Johnston, George Grenfell, Dr. Sims, Mr. Comber, and other men, who have travelled from five hundred and fifty to fourteen hundred miles up the Congo. In their writings they have much to say of the very large population of the middle and upper Congo, of the rich soil which grows all sorts of European produce, of the abundant food supplies, and of the eagerness of the natives to trade. No part of the Congo valley is healthful, but Mr. Comber, who has lived six years on the Congo, said that of thirty Europeans who had lived for three years on the river above Stanley Pool only one had died of sickness, and most of the men had enjoyed good health.

Two other pictures of Mr. Stanley's adventures appear on page 524.

THE THREE GROUPS.

A Sermon by Dr. Talmage.

"And they sat down in ranks by hundreds and by fifties."—MARK 6: 40.

How Washington Felt at Valley Forge—The Problem—Jesus to the Rescue—The Best Bread Ever Made—The Analogy—The Different Groups—I. The Pardoned—An Imperial Arrival—II. The Seekers—Too Late with the Life-boat—III. The Careless—A Death-bed Picture—Companions for Eternity—The Other Alternative.

The sun was far down in the west, night was coming on, and there were five thousand people tired, hungry, shelterless. You know how Washington felt at Valley Forge, when his army was starving and freezing. You may imagine how any great-hearted general would feel while his troops were suffering. Imagine, then, how Christ, with His great heart, must have felt as He saw these five thousand hunger-bitten people. Yes, I suppose there were ten thousand there, for the Bible says there were five thousand men, beside women and children. The case is put in that way, not because the women and the children were of less importance than the men, but because they would eat less; and the whole force of the miracle turns on the amount of food required.

THE PROBLEM.

How shall this great multitude be supplied? I see a selfish man in that crowd pulling a lunch-con out of his own pocket, and saying: "Let the people starve. They had no business to come out here in the desert without any provisions. They are improvident, and the improvident ought to suffer." There is another man not quite so heartless, who says: "Go up into the village and buy bread." What a foolish proposition! There is not enough food in all the village for this crowd; beside that, who has the money to pay for it? Xerxes' army, one million strong, was fed by a private individual of great wealth for only one day, but it broke him. Who, then, shall feed this multitude?

I see a man rising in that great crowd, and asking: "Is there any one here who has bread or meat?" A kind of moan goes through the whole throng. "No bread—no meat." But just at that time a lad steps up. You know when a great crowd goes off upon an excursion, there are always men and boys to go along for the purpose of merchandise and to strike a bargain; and so I suppose this boy had gone along for the purpose of merchandise; but he was nearly all sold out, having only five loaves and two fishes left. He is a generous boy, and he turns them over to Christ.

JESUS TO THE RESCUE.

But these loaves would not feed twenty people, how much less ten thousand! Though the action was so generous on the part of the boy, so far as satisfying the multitude, it was a dead failure. Then Jesus comes to the rescue. *He is apt to come when there is a dead lift.* He commands the people that they sit down "in ranks, by hundreds and by fifties," as much as to say: "Order! order! so that none be missed." It was fortunate that that arrangement was made; otherwise, at the very first appearance of bread, the strong ones would have clutched it, while the feeble and the modest would have gone unsupplied.

I suppose it was no easy work to get that crowd seated, for they all wanted to be in the front row, lest the bread give out before their turn came. No sooner are they seated than there comes a great hush over all the people. Jesus stands there, His light complexion and auburn locks illumined by the setting sun. Every eye is on Him. They wonder what He will do next. He takes one of the loaves that the boy furnished, and breaks off it a piece which immediately grows to as large a size as the original loaf, the original loaf staying as large as it was before the piece was broken off. And they leaned forward with intense scrutiny, saying: "Look! look!" When some one, anxious to see more minutely what is going on, rises in front, they

cry: "Sit down in front! Let us look for ourselves."

And then, when the bread is passed around, they taste of it sceptically and inquiringly, as much as to say: "Is it bread? Really, is it bread?" Yes, *the best bread that was ever made*, for Christ made it. Bread for the first fifty and second fifty. Bread for the first hundred and the second hundred. Bread for the first thousand and the second thousand. Pass it all around the circle; there, where that aged man sits leaning on his staff, and where that woman sits with the child in her arms. Pass it all around. Are you all fed? "Aye! aye!" respond the ten thousand voices, "all fed." One basket would have held the loaves before the miracle. It takes twelve baskets now. Sound it through all the ages of earth and heaven, that Christ the Lord comes to our suffering race with the bread of this life in one hand, and the bread of eternal life in the other hand.

THE ANALOGY.

You have all immediately run out the analogy between that scene and this. There were thousands there; there are thousands here. They were in the desert; many of you are in the desert of trouble and sin. No human power could feed them; no human power can feed you. Christ appeared to them; Christ appears to you. Bread enough for all in the desert; bread enough for all who are here. And, as on that occasion, so in this: we have the people "sit down in ranks by hundreds and by fifties," for the fact that many of you stand in no fault of ours, for we have tried to give you seats. As Christ divided that company into groups, so I divide this audience into three groups: the pardoned, the seeking, the careless.

I. And, first, I speak to

THE PARDONED.

It is with some of you half-past five in the morning, and some faint streaks of light. With others, it is seven o'clock, and thus full dawn. With others, it is twelve o'clock at noon, and you sit in full blaze of Gospel pardon. I bring you congratulation. Joseph delivered from Potiphar's dungeon, Daniel lifted from the lion's den, Saul arrested and unhorsed on the road to Damascus. Oh, you delivered captives, how your eyes should gleam, and your souls should bound, and your lips should sing in this pardon! From what land did you come? A land of darkness. What is to be your destiny? A land of light. Who got you out? Christ, the Lord. Can you sit so placidly and unmoved while all heaven comes to your soul with congratulation, and harps are strung, and crowns are lifted, and a great joy swings round the heavens at the news of your disenchantment? If you could realize out of what a pit you have been dug, to what height you are to be raised, and to what glory you are destined, you would spring to your feet with "Hosanna."

AN IMPERIAL ARRIVAL.

In 1808 there was a meeting of the emperors of France and Russia at Erfurt. There were distinguished men there also from other lands. It was so arranged that when any of the emperors arrived at the door of the reception-room, the drum should beat three times; but when a lesser dignitary should come, then the drum would sound but twice. After a while the people in the audience-chamber heard two taps of the drum. They said: "A prince is coming." But after a while there were three taps, and they cried, "The emperor!" Oh, there is a more glorious arrival at your soul to-night! The drum beats twice at the coming in of the lesser joys and congratulations of your soul; but it beats once, twice, thrice at the coming in of a glorious King—Jesus the Saviour, Jesus the God. I congratulate you. All are yours—things present and things to come.

THE SEEKERS.

II. I come now to speak of the second division—those who are seeking. Some of you with more earnestness, some of you with less earnestness; but I believe that, to night, if I should

ask all those who wish to find the way to heaven to rise, and the world did not scoff at you, and your own proud heart did not keep you down, there would be a thousand souls who would cry out as they rose up: "Show me the way to heaven." That young man who smiled to the one next to him, as though he cared for none of these things, would be on his knees crying for mercy. Why this anxious look? Why this deep disquietude in the soul? Why, at the beginning of this service, did you do what you have not done for years—bow your head in prayer? You are seeking.

MERCY FOR ALL.

"I am a gambler," says one man. There is mercy for you. "I am a libertine," says another. There is mercy for you. "I have plunged into every abomination." Mercy for you. The door of grace does not stand ajar to-night, nor half swung around on the hinges. It is wide, wide open; and there is nothing in the Bible, or in Christ, or God, or earth, or heaven, or hell, to keep you out of the door of safety, if you want to go in. Christ has borne your burdens, fought your battles, suffered for your sins. The debt is paid, and the receipt is handed to you, written in the blood of the Son of God—will you have it? Oh, decide the matter now! Decide it here! Fling your exhausted soul down at the feet of an all-compassionate, all-sympathizing, all-pitying, all-pardoning Jesus. The laceration on His brow, the gash in His side, the torn muscles and nerves of His feet beg you to come.

But I remember that one inch outside the door of pardon, and you are in as much peril as though you were a thousand miles away. Many a shipwrecked sailor has got almost to the beach, but did not get on it. There are thousands in the world of the lost who came very near being saved—perhaps as near as you are to-night—but were not saved.

A WRECK.

On the eastern coast of England, a few weeks ago, in a fishing village, there was a good deal of excitement. While people were in church, the sailors and fishermen hearing the Gospel on the Sabbath, there was a cry: "To the beach!" and the minister closed the Bible, and with his congregation went out to help, and they saw in the offing a ship in trouble; but there was some disorder amid the fishing-smacks, and amid all the boats, and it was almost impossible to get anything launched. But after a while they did, and they pulled away for the wreck, and came almost up, when suddenly the distressed bark in the offing capsized, and they all went down. Oh, if the life-boats had only been ten minutes quicker! And how many a life-boat has been launched from the Gospel shore. It has come almost up to the drowning, and yet, after all, they were not rescued. Somehow they did not get into it!

I suppose there are people who have asked for our prayers, and I suppose there were some in the side room, last Sabbath night, talking about their souls, who will miss heaven. They do not take the last step, and all the other steps go for nothing until you have taken the last step, for I have here, in the presence of God and this people, to announce the solemn truth, that to be almost saved is to be lost forever. That is all I have to say to the second division.

THE CARELESS.

III. I come now to speak to the careless. You look indifferent, and I suppose you are indifferent. You say: "I came in here because a friend invited me to see what is going on, but with no serious intentions about my soul. I have so much work, and so much pleasure on hand, don't bother me about religion." And yet you are gentlemanly, and you are ladylike, in your behavior, and, therefore, I know that you will listen respectfully if I talk courteously. Christian people are sometimes afraid to talk to men and women of the world lest they be insulted. If they talk courteously to people of the world, they will listen courteously. So now I try to come in that way, and in that

spirit, and talk to those of you who tell me that you are careless about your soul.

Then you *have* a soul, have you? Yes, precious, with infinite capacity for joy or suffering, winged for flight somewhere. Beckoned upward, beckoned downward. Fought after by angels and by fiends. Immortal!

"The sun is but a spark of fire,
A transient meteor in the sky;
The soul, immortal, as its sire,
Can never die."

Your body will soon be taken down, the castle will be destroyed, the tower will be in the dust, the windows will be broken out, and the place where your body sleeps will be forgotten; but your soul, after that, will be living, acting, feeling, thinking—where? where? Oh, there must be something of incomputable worth in that for which heaven gave up its best inhabitant, and Christ went into martyrdom, and at the coming of which angels chant an eternal litany and devils rush to the gate. When everything above you, and beneath you, and around you, is intent upon that soul, you cannot afford to be careless, especially when I think, this moment, while I speak, there are thousands of souls in heaven rejoicing that they attended to this matter in time, while at this very instant there are souls in the lost world mourning that they did not attend to it in time. Hark to

THE HOWLING OF THE DAMNED!

Oh, if this room could be vacated of this audience, and you were all gone, and the van spirits of the lost were come up and occupy this place, and I could stand before them with offers of pardon through Jesus Christ, and then ask them if they would accept it, there would come up an instantaneous, multitudinous, overwhelming cry: "Yes! yes! yes! yes!" No such fortune for them. They had their day of grace, and sacrificed it. You have yours; will you sacrifice it? I wish that I could have you see these things as you will one day see them!

Suppose, on your way home, a runaway horse should dash across the street, or between the dock and the boat you should accidentally slip, where would you be at twelve o'clock to-night or seven o'clock to-morrow morning? Or for all eternity where would you be? I do not answer the question. I would leave it to you to answer.

YOUR LAST HOUR.

But suppose you escape fatal accident. Suppose you go out by the ordinary process of sickness. I will just suppose now that your last hour has come. The doctor says, as he goes out of the room, "Can't get well." There is something in the faces of those who stand around you that prophesies that you cannot get well. You say within yourself: "I can't get well." Where are your comrades now? Oh, they are off to the gay party that very night! They dance as well as they ever did. They drink as much wine. They laugh as loud as though you were not dying. They destroyed your soul, but they do not come to help you die.

Well, there is father and mother in the room. They are very quiet, but occasionally they go out into the next room and weep bitterly. The bed is very much dishevelled. They have not been able to make it up for two or three days. There are four or five pillows lying around, because they have been trying to make you as easy as they could. On the one side of your bed are all the past years of your life—the Bibles, the sermons, the communion tables, the offers of mercy. You say: "Take them away." Your mother thinks you are delirious. She says: "There is nothing there, my dear, nothing there. *There is something there.* It is your wasted opportunities. It is your procrastinations. It is those years you gave to the world that you ought to have given to Christ. They are there, and some of them put their fingers on your aching temples, and some of them feel for the strings of your heart, and some put more thorns in your tumbled pillow, and you say: "Turn me over;" and they turn you over, but

alas! there is a more appalling vision. You say: "Take that away!" They say: "There is nothing there—nothing there." There is—an open grave there; the judgment is there; a lost eternity is there. Take it away! They cannot take it away.

"You say: 'How dark it is getting in the room!' Why, the burners are all lighted. Your family come up one by one, and tenderly kiss you good-by. Your feet are cold, and the hands are cold, and the lips are cold, and they take a small mirror and they put it over your mouth to see if there is any breathing, and that mirror is taken away without a single blur upon it; and they whisper through the room: 'She is gone.'" And then the door of the body opens and the soul flashes out. Make room for the destroyed spirit.

DOWN! DOWN! DOWN!

Push back that door! Lost! Let it come into its eternal residence. Woe! woe! No cup of merriment now, but cup of the wrath of Almighty God. The last chance for heaven gone. The door of mercy shut. The doom sealed. The blackness of darkness forever!

Voltaire is there. Herod is there. Robespierre is there. The debauchees are there. The murderers are there. All the rejectors of Jesus Christ are there. And you will be there unless you repent. You cannot say, my dear brother, that you were not warned. This sermon would be a witness against you. You cannot say that God's Holy Spirit never strove with your heart. He is striving now. You cannot say that you had no chance for heaven, for the Omnipotent Son of God offers you His rescue. You cannot say: "I had no warning about that world; I didn't know there was any such place," for the Bible distinctly rings in your ears to-day, saying: "At the end of the world the angels shall separate the wicked from among the just, and shall cast them into a furnace of fire." And again that book says: "The wicked shall be turned into hell, and all the nations that forget God." And again it says: "The smoke of their torment ascendeth forever and ever."

You cannot say that you did not hear about heaven,

THE OTHER ALTERNATIVE.

for you hear of it now: "The Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall lead them to living fountains of water, and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes." No sorrow; no suffering; no death. Oh, will you be careless any longer, when I tell you that Christ, the Conqueror of earth and hell, offers you now escape from all peril, and offers to introduce you this very hour into the peace and pardon of the Gospel, preparing you for that good land? The sides of Calvary run blood for you. Jesus, who had not where to lay His head, offers you His heart as a pillow of rest. Christ offers with His own body to bridge over the chasm of death, saying: "Walk over me; I am the way."

O suffering Jesus! the thief scoffed at Thee, and the malefactor spit on Thee, and the soldiers stabbed Thee; but these who sit before Thee to-day have no heart to do that. O Jesus! tell them of Thy love, tell them of Thy sympathy, tell them of the rewards Thou wilt give them in the better land. Groan again, O blessed Jesus! groan again, and perhaps when the rocks fall, their hard hearts may break.

"Nothing brought Him from above,
Nothing but redeeming love."

The promise is all free, the path all clear. Come, Mary, and sit to-night at the feet of Jesus. Come, Bartimeus, and have your eyes opened. Come, O prodigal! and sit at thy father's table. Come, O you suffering, sinning, dying soul, and find rest on the heart of Jesus. The Spirit and Bride say "Come," and churches militant and triumphant say "Come," and all the voices of the past, mingling with all the voices of the future, in one great thunder of emphasis, bid you "Come now!" Are not those of you who are in the third class ready to pass over into the second division, and become seekers after

Christ? Aye, are you not ready to pass over into the first division, and become the pardoned sons and daughters of the Lord Almighty? I can do no more than offer you, through Jesus Christ, peace on earth and everlasting residence in His presence.

"When God makes up His last account
Of natives in His holy mound,
'Twill be an honor to appear
As one new-born and nourished there."

Good-night! The Lord bless you! Go to your homes seeking after Christ. Sleep not until you have made your peace with God. Good-night—a deep, hearty, loving, Christian Good-night!

The Death of Another of Bishop Taylor's African missionaries is reported. The Rev. C. L. Miller has succumbed to the fatal African fever. Like Mr. Condit, whose death was recently announced, Mr. Miller refused to take any medicine, but looked to the Lord alone for healing. He was urged to use the means which had proved efficacious in other cases, trusting to the Lord to bless them to his recovery, but he would not yield.

The Nomination of the Rev. Stephen Merritt, the well-known philanthropist and preacher, as a candidate for the State Senate of New York, is a significant sign of the times. A meeting of influential citizens, without political affiliations, was held recently in the hall of the Grand Opera House, to take into consideration the disgraceful proceedings of the Legislature, and to initiate measures for reform. A resolution was passed declaring that "the interests of this city imperatively demand that the Senatorial and Assembly districts shall be represented by a class of men superior in character and ability to the men who have misrepresented them during the past few years;" that the emergencies of the hour require "men of spotless character, of sterling integrity, of honesty, of superior ability, of honorable independence—men whose interests are identified with the people they represent." As a corollary to that resolution, an invitation was sent to Mr. Merritt to become a candidate for the Eighth Senatorial District.

The Value of the Civil Service Reform Law has been doubted by many well-informed people, and those doubts have been industriously fostered by the politicians, whose power is curtailed by the law, they being no longer able to pay in offices for personal service. But it is well that the public should know that the law is really a national benefit. One office will serve as an illustration of the benefits it confers. Speaking last week at Cincinnati, Judge Thoman, one of the Civil Service Commissioners, said, in reference to the Patent Office, that persons seeking appointment in that office as examiners must be fully qualified to sit right down at a desk in the Patent Office the day they are appointed, and go right to work and do that work ably. If they are not fitted to do that by education and previous actual experience, they cannot be appointed. The complaint has gone over the country that the Patent Office is five years behind with its work. Do you know why it is so? Because it has been taking in inexperienced men to do their business, and it took fully five years for such a one to learn the details of the business. We now furnish the office with men who know the details of their business from A to Z, and who are qualified in every way to sit down and go right to work and do work as well as a man who has been in the office for years. In other words, we apply business principles to the Government, and make fitness and not political influence the sole consideration. We are teaching the people that the Government departments are not an immense alms-house into which all sorts of incapable persons who can do nothing else can be furnished with easy employment and good salaries. Patriotic citizens who have been long praying for the purification of American politics should be encouraged by this beginning.

THE EASTERN OR TURKISH QUESTION.

By Rev. A. C. Tris, of Howard City, Kan.

(Continued from page 503.)

The Great Problem of the Age—Who Shall have Constantinople—The Holy Land an Important Factor—Mohammed's Significant Command—The Scene of the First Victory on Record—A Coveted Prize—Jewish Restoration the Only Solution—Not a Dream.

The great problem of the age is, Who shall be the owner of Constantinople, and who shall be the ruler? Shall it be England, France, or Russia? We maintain that England or France have not the least claim to the possession of Constantinople, the key of the East, and the control of the inland seas. Russia seems to have a better claim, and is eager for conquest. Since the last will of Peter the Great, she has manifested an aggressive spirit, and hopes yet to plant the cross in the church which is now the Mosque of St. Sophia, and to rule as the head of the Russian or Eastern Church in old Byzantium. But, contemplating the origin of Russia, she being a Slavic nation, her claim to the title of heir to the Eastern Church cannot be sustained, and her territory does not belong to the territory and people called "the Roman earth." We rather humbly suggest that the most rational solution would be that the King of Greece shall become the owner of Constantinople. Thus, the boundaries of that little kingdom will be increased, and a new Grecian Empire established which would have the balance of power, and the present king being connected by marriage with the rulers of England and Russia ("the seed of man" Dan. 2: 43), both powers might accept the compromise, and so the image of the prophet shall be seen intact in all its proportions. No doubt Russia will always be the great factor in this vexed question.

THE HOLY LAND.

It is not only the territory in Europe which draws our attention, it is also the territory in Asia, which must be considered, and, indeed, is so closely connected with "the Eastern Question" that it has equal weight in the scales of the political complication, Palestine, or Canaan, "the land of Immanuel" (Isa. 8: 8) is not like other countries on the globe, the property of the nations; it is a reserved spot for more than four thousand years. The Magna Charta of Israel's property is recorded in Gen. 10: 5; Deut. 32: 8. When the Most High divided to the nations their inheritance, when He separated the sons of Adam, He set the bounds of the people according to the numbers of the children of Israel.

MOHAMMED'S SIGNIFICANT COMMAND.

That land is given to the seed of Abraham as a gift forever. It is a covenant gift, and "a gift cannot be sold" (Gen. 13: 15; 15: 18; 17: 7-12). Mohammed was aware of that fact, and acknowledged in his Koran: "That the products of Canaan, not the land of Canaan, should be their property."

That land is isolated from all other countries, protected by mountains, by deserts, and by the sea; its geography is unique, and yet it is the centre and focus of three continents. It is of such an importance that the Eastern or Turkish question never can be settled unless the ownership of Canaan first shall be settled and established.

A CALDRON.

Jerusalem has always been "the caldron or seething pot" of the nations (Ezek. 11: 3-11); the battle-ground during the ages past, it will be the battle-ground of the ages to come. The first battle, and also the first victory on record, did happen in that country (Gen. 14: 1-24), and so the last battle and the last victory will be fought in the land of Immanuel (Rev. 20: 9). No place on earth has such a record of carnage and bloodshed as Palestine. From the times of the judges, the kings of Israel, the kings of Syria, Egypt, and Assyria, Nebuchadnezzar, the Romans, the Caliphs, the Crusaders, Napoleon Bonaparte to Ibrahim Pasha, Mount Tabor and the plains of Judah have been the battle-grounds

of the Eastern wars; and as several "Eastern questions" have already been settled in ages past, so the great battle to come will be on the confines of the land where the angels sang: "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men" (Luke 2: 14). Then shall the language of Paul be understood—"Oh the depth of the riches both of the wisdom and knowledge of God! how unsearchable are His judgments, and His ways past finding out!" (Rom. 11: 33.)

A COVETED PRIZE.

No place on earth has produced such a vexation of spirit as Jerusalem has done. It was a thorn in the eyes of the Samaritans and an eyecore for the philosophical spirit of Greece and Rome. After Mecca, Jerusalem is the next holy city for an Islam believer. It was the goal of the Crusaders, and even at this very day it has an enchanting power. The Jews have there the *Via dolorum*, and the graves of their fathers. The Mohammedans their Mosque of Omar, from which their prophet made his night's journey to the seventh heaven. The devout Christians feel that Jerusalem is called the city of the great king, and so it is the same in regard to the nations abroad. England covets that country as the highway to Hindoostan; France, as the representative of the Roman or western church, is claiming the right as the eldest son of the Church, and is making great purchases in Jerusalem and in Palestine; and Russia, as the representative of the Eastern Church, asserts her claim for possession, and has already invested great sums of money to establish herself in the holy city. It is the coveted prize, and for that reason "the Eastern Question" is the great dilemma of the age, and is the gordian knot to be cut by the sword of a modern Alexander.

SOLUTION.

To try to solve "the Eastern or Turkish Question" without making the Jews the principal factors in the case is lost labor. No nation can ever possess Jerusalem and the land of Canaan but Israel. The land is waiting for their return (Ezek. 36: 28), and the heirs are at hand and are coming (Ezek. 36: 8), and when once established in their own country will hold the equilibrium of three continents—Europe, Asia, and Africa. They only can hold the balance of power between France and Russia, between England and Italy, the only nations which will fight for possession and claim pre-eminence. Ten or fifteen millions of Jews concentrated in their "fatherland," schooled by ages of persecution, holding the centres of railroads and also the canal of Suez, and others under their control, must exercise a mighty influence upon all the nations far and near, because they will possess the key to Arabia, Persia, and Hindoostan; they will open the highways to Egypt and Ethiopia.

When Israel shall return, they shall carry with them "the untold treasures," the wealth of the nations (Isa. 60: 11), and they will make Jerusalem "the great world-exchange," and enterprises will be begun and brought into execution of mining excavation, archaeological researches, and others no man can divine, and everything shall lead to a final solution of the so-called Eastern Question.

NO DREAM.

It might be said those ideas are a phantasm, they are dreams taken from the Sibylline oracles! Indeed, we say they are no dreams; we speak of realities; we live in a period in which a whole continent, from the Atlantic to the Pacific Ocean, has been settled, cities have been built, and as by magic a nation has been established, such as was never seen before, and this in little more than four score years. Is America—the great west of the United States of America, a dream, or is it indeed a reality? And why should we not grant to the Jews the same privileges? Yea, more. They have the promises of Him who is "the possessor of heaven and earth" (Gen. 14: 19), and they will have "the first dominion."

Already the death-knell of Islam is heard in

Jerusalem. Only eighty years ago no Jew could, as a Jew (except by the peril of his life), enter the gate of Jerusalem; now it can be called pre-eminently a city of Jews. Now a Christian church, called "Christ Church," is built upon Mount Zion. It is no dream, it is a reality; the sound of the wheels of the chariot is heard of the coming King of Israel in Jerusalem, "who shall reign upon the throne of David, his father, and whose dominion shall be without end" (Luke 1: 32, 33).

A LAUDANUM-DRINKER'S CAREER.

At a recent religious service a man who gave his name as J. Jones rose and said: "I have served the devil for a quarter of a century, although I had a praying mother and a God-fearing father, who attended to the interests of my soul while I was a boy. But as I grew older I broke through all home restraints and loving parental influences. I first gave up going to Sunday-school—not all at once, for this is not the devil's way of doing, but gradually.

"I had passed as a first-class teacher of mathematics, and had a splendid prospect, but since then I have come through Satan's hands, and he has made a terrible wreck of me. At a very early age I took to drinking. I went home intoxicated at the age of sixteen, entering into the devil's work with all my might. I knew I much provoked the Lord, and my conscience used to say, 'Well, John, when are you going to stop this sort of life?'

"You talk of drink! but I had a worse enemy with which to contend. I became an opium-eater, but by and by I found opium too expensive, and took to drinking laudanum. I soon became useless as a teacher, for my senses were dulled by the poison of which I was so freely partaking. Before entering on my usual duties one morning, the head-master of the school said to me, 'Mr. Jones, you must be taking drink or something of that kind.' I told him that I was in the habit of drinking laudanum, but promised to reform. Some time after this incident I was told that my Services would no longer be required.

"Many, many good resolutions I made, but I did not know then that the way to destruction is paved with good resolutions, so down I went in my sinful career. About this time a friend of my mother died, and left me a sum worth \$2500, with half of which I went to London to enjoy myself, and at the end of ten weeks I was standing at Charing Cross a perfect wreck, with an old battered hat upon my head, and a few pence in my pocket, all that remained of half my fortune. As I stood there I thought, I will conquer yet; I have still half the money left; everything is not gone. But I had no money to take me back to Glasgow. I had not even a shilling to pay for a telegram to send to my parents. I fell upon a plan. I went to the station-master and got him to telegraph home. Soon money was sent, and I was on my way back to Glasgow, but when I arrived there my father and my mother did not know me, so debauched and broken-down was my appearance.

"I went to engineering, and remained in a situation for six weeks, and at the end of that time I found myself in prison, and when there I again thought, I will turn over a new leaf; I will read a chapter of the Bible every night and morning; yes, and I would say my prayers and attend church regularly. Gradually the remaining portion of my money slipped away, and I was left absolutely penniless.

"Once, when I was about to leave my father's house, he put his hand kindly on my shoulder, and with much emotion said: 'John, will you not come over to the Lord's side now?' But my heart was proud and rebellious, and I left the house. One Friday morning I left my miserable lodgings because I could not stay longer for want of means. I wandered until I came to the river's side, and as I looked into the water I thought it was the best place for me. I said to myself 'I have no earthly friend—even my father and my mother have turned me away.'

better voice within me said, 'Why not just and up one earnest cry to God, and tell I about it?' and there I did send up one help to Him whose ear is ever open to cry. He heard me, and I went to a friend, who has helped and encouraged since; and now, as I entered into the service with all my might, I will, with help, do all I can as long as I live to the cause of Christ."

NOTES RELATED AT THE EVANGELISTIC MEETINGS IN SCOTLAND.

giving His Mind For the Better.—At A meeting Mr. Jack remarked: "A man to a meeting at Coatbridge, where I was, and, as he was going out I asked him if he was a Christian. He replied in the negative his mother, who was with him, said: 'No, I want you to stay and decide for yourself.' 'No, mother,' he answered, 'I come back another night.' He was, however, persuaded to remain, and he and his wife themselves to the Saviour."

Bacchus Takes Toll.—A Well-known of Gospel Temperance in the North said: "In spite of the progress made and the work accomplished by the temperance cause, Glasgow, there still remains much to be done. Only the other day I heard of a man and his wife who came into Glasgow, and when entering the station at night to return they were both intoxicated. In the morning they were found lying on the rails with their heads mangled. In their drunken state they had fallen over the platform, and in there quite unconscious, until the train overtook them. Another case was that of a man and his wife who went home very much over for strong drink, and the following morning they were found dead—the woman in the man sitting by the fireplace. I lay the blame anywhere but at the door of the Church of Christ, which still seems only to wake to the awful perils of the drink

people, and when I came out the children were all standing waiting for me. I again entered the cab, my little friends following close behind. I told the driver to drive fast so as to outrun the children. One by one they dropped off, until one little girl was left; I knew she was out of breath and ready to drop; I felt so sorry for her. Putting my head out of the window, I told the driver to stop, and said to the child: 'What do you want?' 'I want Jesus,' she replied; 'my mother takes drink, and swears, and my father also is very wicked, and oh, I want to love Jesus. I was in your meeting, but no one spoke to me.' I lifted her into the cab, and there I told her how Jesus had loved her, and how He had died for her, and there, I believe, in that cab, she was truly converted to the Saviour."

A Talk on a Dark Road.—Mr. Barr said: "I remember on one occasion I was preaching at Annan, and when returning from the church on a dark night I heard the sound of footsteps swiftly coming behind me. The person was soon by my side, and walked along by me in silence. Turning round I saw a young girl; she did not speak, and I said, 'Are you anxious about your soul?' 'Yes,' she replied, 'I wish I were saved.' As we walked along I told her of the Lamb of God crucified for her. With rapt attention she drank in every word, and before parting with her that night she had accepted the Lord as her Saviour. A strange incident is connected with her family. She was the last of the family who had entered the fold of the Good Shepherd. One member of their family was cruelly murdered on the Annan Road. The mother, a woman who feared God, went to the condemned cell and forgave the murderer of her child. Her body being weakened through grief, this last act was too much for her; on reaching home she went to bed and never to rise again until her spirit was called to be with God. 'I die willingly,' she said on her death-bed, 'knowing that the Lord will save all my family.'"

Leading Home a Dying Man.—Mr. Newby said: "A great revival living broken out in the town where I was living, another young man and myself took it into our heads to attend one of the meetings one evening. As our characters were well known, an old gentleman came up to us, and asked if we would go forward to be prayed with. This we refused to do. He asked if we would stand up while he prayed for us. The prayer made by the old gentleman impressed me very little. But the only part of that stick stuck to me was the following remarkable petition, which seemed the overflow of a presentiment that judgment impended: 'O Lord, if it is Thy will to take any of us to-night, I beseech Thee, let it be me.' When he had finished we went out. My companion laughed, and said: 'Old Cogdon means well.' 'Oh, yes,' I responded, 'he is a pretty good old fellow.' And as we went on joking in this strain, he began to lean heavily on my arm, so heavily that I said, 'Lean off; what's the matter with you?' He only leaned heavier, and said he was giddy. I then hailed a man who was passing, and asked him to help in getting my friend to his home. But ere we got him there he was quite unconscious, and the next day he was dead. Surely this was a striking illustration of Prov. 29:1, 'He that being often reproved hardeneth his neck, shall suddenly be destroyed and that without remedy.' A solemn warning indeed, but it passed away unheeded."

What Started the Tears.—The Rev. Dr. Bonar said: "When I was a minister in the country I had a Christian friend living with me for a time, and one night, while we were sitting talking over our work, he observed: 'One day when I was in Bristol, I went out determined to win a soul for Christ. As I was walking through one of the lanes of that city I met a woman to whom I said, 'Is there any one in this neighborhood very ill?' 'Yes,' she said, 'there are a number.' 'Yes,' I replied, 'but is there any one who is dying in their sins?' 'You will get what you want up that stair,' she replied, I

followed her directions, and entered a room where lay, stretched upon a bed, a very big, vicious-looking woman. I sat down by her side, but she never looked at me. I began to tell her how God hated sin and punished the sinner. With an angry movement she turned her back to me. 'Ah,' I thought, 'I am taking her the wrong way.' Then I spoke to her of Christ's great love for sinners in dying for them. I was repeating some passages of Scripture, and when I came to 'The blood of Jesus Christ, God's Son, cleanseth us from all sin,' she quickly turned round in bed and looked at me. Then sitting up she began to sing a verse of a beautiful hymn, while tears quickly ran down her face. She told me that I had brought back to her memory the time when she used to go to Sunday-school, and before leaving her she had received forgiveness from the great Friend of sinners."

THE CURSE OF ALCOHOL. A Dream of Christmas Evens.

CHRISTMAS EVANS was announced to speak on temperance at a certain meeting, and, as usual, people came from far and near to hear him. A certain minister in the neighborhood, Mr. W—, of A—, said at first he should not be present, for he anticipated a personal reference to himself, because he was not an abstainer; yet such was the fascination that he could not stay away. He came to the meeting late and crept into the gallery, where the preacher's eye, which had long been searching for him, at length discovered him.

Christmas Evans at once proceeded to say: "I had a strange dream last night. I dreamt that I was in Pandemonium, the council-chamber of Hades. How I got there I know not, but there I was. I had not been there long before I heard a thundering rap at the gates. 'Beelzebub! Beelzebub! you must come to earth directly.' 'Why, what's the matter now?' 'Oh! they are sending our missionaries to the heathen.' 'Are they? Bad news that. I'll be there presently.' Beelzebub rose and hastened to the place of embarkation. He saw the missionaries and their wives, and a few boxes of Bibles and tracts, but, on turning round; he saw rows of casks piled up, and labelled gin, rum, brandy, etc. 'That will do,' said he, 'there's no fear yet. The casks will do more harm than the boxes will do good.' So saying, he stretched his wings and returned to his own place."

After a time came another loud call, 'Beelzebub!' 'Yes.' 'They are forming Bible Societies now.' 'Are they? Then I must go.' He went, and found two ladies going from house to house distributing the Word of God. 'This will never do,' said he; 'but I will watch the result.' The ladies visited an aged lady, who received a Bible with much reverence and many thanks. Beelzebub loitered about, and when the ladies were gone, saw the old woman come to her door, and look around to assure herself that she was unobserved. She then put on her bonnet, and with a small parcel under her apron hastened to a public-house near, where she exchanged her Bible for a bottle of gin. 'That will do,' said Beelzebub; 'no fear yet,' and back he flew to his own place."

Again a loud rap came, and a more urgent call, 'Beelzebub, you must come now, or all is lost; they are forming Teetotal Societies. 'Teetotal! what is that?' 'To drink no intoxicating liquors.' 'Indeed! That is bad news. I must see to that.' He did; but soon went back again to satisfy the anxious inquiries of his legions, who were all on the *qui vive* about the matter. 'Don't be alarmed,' said he; 'it's an awkward affair, I know, but it won't spread much yet, for all the parsons are with us, and Mr. W—, of A— (here the speaker's eye glanced like lightning at him) is at the head of them.'"

"But I won't be at the head of them any longer," cried Mr. W—, and immediately walking down out of the gallery, he came and signed the pledge."

Wagon on a Frozen Lake.—Mr. Porter said: "A man wanted to cross a frozen lake in a boat, but as he was about to do so he became doubtful as to whether the ice would bear weight. He tried it here and there with his hands and it seemed perfectly sound, but doubt taken possession of his mind and he could trust himself to it. As he stood in this state of uncertainty a wagoner came over the ice with his wagon, drawn by two oxen. He evidently had no doubt of the security of the ice, but trusted himself and his team to it, and now he reached his destination in safety. What the difference between these two? The one I do not venture over because of imaginary fear, while the other, having no such doubts, over trusting to the strength of the ice, so is it with some people not venturing to themselves to the Lord Jesus Christ, because they have no faith in His keeping power, another will walk through life trusting to what he hath said, 'Fear thou not, for I am with thee; be not dismayed, for I am thy God.'"

Converted in A Cab.—Mr. Hammond said: "My former visit to Glasgow I was conducting a farewell meeting with the children in the town before going to another part, children crowded about me in great numbers to bid me good-by. I bade them good-by in the church, but when I got out to go into the town to be conducted to a meeting for grown people, it was surrounded with children. I told them what they wanted, and their answer was, 'We've come to bid you good-by.' I got into the cab, and these children followed it up the street and down another all through the town until we reached our destination. When the cab stopped they stopped—all out of breath, all things. I was sorry to tell them that there was no room for them in the church, but bravely said: 'We'll just wait out here.' And in and preached a short sermon to the

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CURRENT EVENTS.

The Funeral of General Grant on Saturday last was a great and memorable spectacle. Nothing that the nation or the city could do to testify to the honor in which the dead hero was held was left undone. The grand pageant commenced with the departure of the remains from Mount McGregor for Albany, on Tuesday, August 4th. General Hancock went to the cottage to conduct the body with military honors to its last resting-place. A funeral service was held on the piazza where the General, during the last days of his illness, used to sit. Dr. Agnew and Bishop Harris conducted the preliminary services, after which Dr. J. P. Newman inflicted a sermon more than an hour long on the weeping family and friends. The casket containing the honored remains was then carried by the military guard to the depot and placed on board a special train. It arrived at Albany at four o'clock. The State capital was in mourning garb. Until ten o'clock on the following morning a long line of people crowded the streets on the way to the capitol, where the body lay in state. It was then taken to the depot and brought to New York. All along the railroad track people had gathered to see it pass, and the church bells in all the cities were tolled as the train rolled through. It was received at the New York depot by a military guard. Two batteries of artillery and companies of the various regiments stationed here preceded and followed the catafalque on which the purple velvet casket lay containing all that was mortal of General Grant. The streets were densely crowded; the house-tops, and even the trees, were utilized, as well as the windows and sidewalks, by respectful spectators. All day Thursday and Friday the body lay in state in the City Hall, and from six o'clock in the morning until after midnight each day people passed by the coffin, with its glass lid, in a continuous stream, at the rate of 120 a minute, to look on the face of the dead hero. On Saturday the corpse was borne with such homage as this country has never paid before to any of her citizens to the temporary tomb in Riverside Park, where it will repose until the permanent tomb and the monument are erected. President Cleveland and his Cabinet attended, and joined the procession. Ex-Presidents Hayes and

Arthur were also there. Many States were represented by their governors, and even distant cities sent their mayors, and public bodies their chief officers. There were representatives of both Houses of Congress and of the Legislatures of the States. Foreign Ministers and Consuls and distinguished men from all quarters were in the mighty procession, making up a total of more than ten thousand civilians, besides thirty thousand officers and soldiers. The spectacle, however, of the most significance at the funeral of the great general was that of General Sherman and General Johnston in one carriage and General Sheridan and General Buckner in another, and the troops of Virginia in the same line with those of Massachusetts, bearing witness to the fulfilment of General Grant's desire, "Let us have peace." Business was suspended, all the banks and public offices and stores were closed, and there were few buildings without mourning drapery, while many were completely shrouded from roof to basement, except small apertures at the windows, with the sombre decoration. The route of the funeral procession was nearly ten miles in length, but there were no thin places in the crowd which lined the sidewalks on both sides of the way, while at every open space the throngs were so densely massed that the movement of any one in the mass was impossible. The funeral ceremony was the noble but simple ritual of the Grand Army of the Republic, followed by the burial service of the Methodist Episcopal Church. Then, after the benediction had been pronounced, the bugle sounding "military taps" resounded through the park, and the thunder of artillery and the rattle of musketry announced that the final tribute of homage to the nation's hero had been paid.

England's Tribute to General Grant is unparalleled in her history. Never before has a memorial service for any one but an Englishman been held in Westminster Abbey. On Tuesday, August 4th, the venerable edifice was crowded with a distinguished congregation, assembled to participate in an imposing ceremony. A portion of the burial service was sung, and the organ played Schubert's funeral march. Then the Ninetieth Psalm was read, and Canon Farrar delivered an eloquent address, eulogizing General Grant and the American nation. Among the audience were many illustrious personages. The Queen sent Colonel H. P. Ewart as her special representative. Lieutenant-General Sir Dighton Probyn was present on behalf of the Prince of Wales; Colonel William Colville for the Duke of Edinburgh; Major Alfred Egerton for the Duke of Connaught. The Duke of Cambridge, General Lord Wolseley, Adjutant General Sir Archibald Alison, Sir Gerald Graham, and numerous staff officers represented the British army. Of the government there were present in person the Premier and two Cabinet Ministers, the Earl of Idlesleigh, and the Earl of Harrowby; of the late Government, Mr. Gladstone, who came from the country against the doctor's orders, the Right Hon. Mr. Foster, and the Right Hon. Mr. Shaw-Lefevre. Other eminent personages were the Duke and Duchess of Teck, Mrs. Gladstone, the Marquis of Lorne, and many members of Parliament. The Americans present included the American Minister and Mrs. Phelps, Cyrus W. Field, Ex-Attorney-General Brewster, and other distinguished citizens now in England. We in this country do not fully realize the significance of this tribute, but it is evident, from the carping criticisms of a British Tory journal, that the honor is one of the highest that could be paid over there.

A Disastrous Tornado Visited Philadelphia on August 3d. It swept up the Delaware River about three o'clock in the afternoon, wrecking the ferry-boat which plies between the city and Salem, N. J. The upper and lower decks of the boat were torn away, with the pilot house; the pilot was drowned, and about fifty of the passengers were more or less hurt. The heavy machinery below deck was twisted and crushed up by the violence of the storm, as if it had been putty. Having swept through Cam-

den, N. J., tearing down buildings and wounding many people, it struck the Mond district of Philadelphia. The track storm was almost due north from the Port mond coal wharves; about one hundred fifty dwelling houses were wrecked, or so damaged as to be rendered unfit for habit and two hundred families were driven from homes to be cared for by their neighbors. Several persons were seriously and some injured. A girl of ten years old was killed her home in sight of her mother, who was self pinned to the floor by fallen rafters, feet from her dying child, and many other sons were fatally injured. The tornado described by those who witnessed its progress upon the river, where it could be seen to a targe, as an immense black, cone-shaped mass with its apex resting upon the water and its mingling with the rain clouds which huge masses from the sky. Reading, Pa., more, Md., Smyrna, Del., and Staunton, also suffered, being on the outskirts of the tornado's track.

The Secretary of the Navy has Notified the signees of John Roach that the Government tend to take charge of the three unfinished cruisers and complete them, using Mr. Roach and appliances. Mr. Whitney, in his communication, declared the contracts forfeited, has informed Mr. Roach that the Government will make inventory and appraisement of done, and finish the vessels at its own expense and under the direction of its officers. Evidently the Government's purpose to employ Mr. Roach's workmen, who are now idle. The vessels shall have been completed, it will be a settlement with the contractor, in accordance with the usual methods. The Secretary apparently felt that the Government could not afford to allow the unfinished cruisers to go for they already represent an investment of about \$1,750,000 of the people's money. Roach, two years ago, contracted to complete them in a year and a half, and it is his default to time that the Secretary uses as the justification of his action.

A Renewal of War Rumors is Reported from London. The European correspondent of the New York Times says that it is believed well-informed quarters that Russian troops in the western defiles of the Zulfikar Pass, is even more certain that the Ameer of Afghanistan is working with might and main to get forces together for Herat, and is in weekly communication with Lord Dufferin, the English Viceroy, while the new commander, General Roberts, is energetically preparing a camp beyond Quetta, which will be the base of a swift advance to Candahar the moment one is needed. A significant still is the tone of the Russian press which has suddenly become filled with hostile and sinister hints of necessary forward movements, and the elation with which military circles in St. Petersburg hail the prospect of speedy action. A significant confirmation of these disquieting rumors is the news from Petersburg. M. de Giers, the Russian Secretary of State, has gone away on a long holiday. That might be interpreted into a peaceful assurance that nothing of importance is expected to take place, were it not known that M. de Giers is the strongest advocate of the peace party, and his taking a holiday now indicates that his position is not dominant in the Russian Government.

A Slight Amelioration in the Ravages of cholera is reported. The Marseilles correspondent of the New York Herald says that Sunday there were only twenty deaths from pestilence registered in that city. The mayor, however, classifies persons of fifteen years among "infants," to diminish the roll. Most of the recent cases made a rapid progress. Among these was that of the leader of the orchestra of the Théâtre du Gymnase. Several cases occurred in the best portion of the city. Toulouse is afflicted with Asiatic cholera. There is a cloud of mistaken secrecy has led to a spread of the disease.

Mr. D. L. Moody will, it is Expected, Commence his fall campaign this year in the Southern States. New Orleans has already sent him an invitation, signed by eighteen of their city pastors, inviting him to come there and hold a series of union meetings.

Tent-Services have been Commenced in Boston, Mass., with prospects of success. They are being held in Boston under the auspices of the Massachusetts Home Missionary Society, the Boston Y. M. C. A., and some of the local churches. A tent has been pitched on a vacant lot on Union Park Street, and there meetings are to be held every night except Saturdays. The Rev. E. W. Bliss, the evangelist, has charge of the enterprise, and is assisted, by prominent clergymen of the different denominations.

A Jerry McAuley Memorial is Projected.—It is proposed to erect a drinking fountain, in some crowded part of this city, as a memorial of the late Jerry McAuley. Appropriate Gospel texts will be inscribed thereupon. The design has been prepared, and the cost is estimated at \$2000. The matter is in charge of Messrs. Morris K. Jesup, William E. Dodge, A. S. Hatch, and Bradford L. Gilbert. Contributions for the purpose indicated should be sent to the last-named gentleman, Mr. Bradford L. Gilbert, at his office, 257 Broadway, New York.

The Rev. E. Payson Hammond's Campaign in Scotland has been closed amid indications of great blessing. He is now in London resting for a time. He hopes to commence evangelistic work in London in September, at the Midway Conference Hall. On a recent Sunday evening, being present at the Metropolitan Tabernacle, Mr. Spurgeon requested him to assist in officiating at the observance of the Lord's Supper. At the close, various friends who had been associated with Mr. Hammond's work in London seventeen years ago came and thanked him for the blessing then received.

A Medical Opinion on Total Abstinence of some importance, is given by Dr. John A. Brady, of Louisville, Ky., who, writing to the *Voice*, says: "The public health would be improved very greatly if the manufacture of alcohol should be wholly stopped. I fully indorse the statements of the editor of the *Boston Journal of Chemistry* that, 'If the fermentative process should cease, and the art of distillation should become a lost art, not a life would be lost in consequence.' Fully one half of the cases of accident to life and limb, in my practice, can be traced to drink; and such diseases as phthisis, hypertrophy of the liver, and Bright's disease of the kidneys result most frequently from the use of alcoholic beverages. I can also fully indorse the opinion of Colonel Greene and other insurance officers, that beer-drinking is only less detrimental, if less on the whole, than whiskey-drinking.

Legal Technicalities as Impediments to the administration of justice are not apparently of much use in Michigan. A man was convicted in one of the lower courts of the State on the charge of larceny, the particular offense being that of cheating an unsophisticated countryman out of a sum of money at a game of cards. His counsel objected to the classification of the crime as larceny, and the case went up to the Supreme Court for decision. It was delivered in these words: "We do not think it profitable to draw over-nice metaphysical distinctions to save thieves from punishment. If rogues conspire to get away a man's money by such tricks as those which were played here, it is not going beyond the settled rules of law to hold that the fraud amounts to stealing."

The Misery of a Popular Idol is Described by a reporter, who visited last week a row of tenement houses in the rear of Greene Street, New York. There he saw a woman sitting in abject misery. The front door of the house had been used for firewood, and part of the staircase had been applied to the same purpose. There was no furniture in the room, and the woman sat on an old soap-box watching a child

peeling some raw potatoes with her finger-nails, while an old woman was scraping the bones of some stale meat rescued from an ash-barrel. All three were hungry and haggard-looking from long privation. The middle-aged woman, less than a dozen years ago, was the favorite of theatre-goers in New York, receiving a large salary, which during part of her career reached \$250 for each night's performance, besides which costly presents came to her from wealthy admirers. She was suddenly stricken down with illness while playing in a Philadelphia theatre, and has never been able to go on the stage since. She is thirty-four years of age, and her death, which seems imminent, will be due to starvation more than to disease. Young ladies with a passion for the stage should see how the world treats one that it fawned on once, but who is no longer able to amuse it (Prov. 28: 19).

A Druggist's Fatal Blunder is Reported from Baltimore, Md. The five-year-old daughter of a physician in that city was suffering from remittent fever, and was attended by her father, who prescribed quinine in doses of one and a half grains. The child had not improved, and another physician was called in, who advised the father to increase the dose of quinine from one and a half to three grains. The prescription was made up at a drug-store. After the first of the increased doses the child exhibited all the symptoms of morphia-taking, and the father returning to the drug-store, learned that the clerk had made a mistake, and had sent morphia instead of quinine. The two physicians did their utmost to counteract the action of the poison, but in the child's condition, suffering as she was from the fever, the morphia took fatal effect, and she died the same night. A similar mistake is sometimes made in the case of newly awakened sinners. In their condition nothing is so fatal as the soothing words of friends, who would lull them into a false security. It is seldom that they can be awakened again (Ezek 13: 10).

A Problem for the Supervisors was Submitted in an objectionable way recently by the officials of San Leandro, Cal. The *San Francisco Chronicle* says: "A bloated, hideous Chinese leper sat under a bush yesterday afternoon in the grounds of the Hall of Records, of Oakland. He was the centre of a group of wondering small boys and curious spectators. A reporter went up and asked: 'What is the matter, John?' He answered in a single word, 'Leprosy.' It seems that he had been brought in that morning from San Leandro and turned over to the Board of Supervisors, then in session. That body did not know what to do with him, and he had been deposited on the grass near the receiving hospital pending negotiations. Health Officer Buck refused to assume control of him for the city of Oakland, but offered to send him to San Francisco to ascertain on what terms the Health Officer there would take charge of him, if at all." It was a sad case. None could heal the poor, diseased creature, and no one wanted to be burdened with the charge of him. Sometimes we meet with moral outcasts whose case seems similarly hopeless. But then we can take to Him who healed the lepers with His word, and they recover (Mark 1: 40, 41).

How a Rattlesnake Captured a Locomotive was related recently by an engineer on the Nashville, Chattanooga, and St. Louis Railroad. A despatch, dated July 12th, to the *St. Louis Globe-Democrat* from Nashville, Tenn., says that Henry Andrews, the driver of locomotive No. 56, reports that he was beyond Stevenson, Ala., with a train full of passengers, when he saw a gigantic rattlesnake crawl out of the wood in the tender and glide toward the cab. "The fireman saw it, too," says the engineer, "and he jumped off and left me. I pulled back the throttle and leaped over the snake, and landed in the tender. Standing on a log, I watched that snake take possession of the cab, which he did without any ceremony. No. 6 was waiting for us at Stevenson, and I knew that if that snake ran the engine till we got there, the cor-

oner of the town would be kept busy for a week. I crawled over the tender and made my way to the postal car, and told the messenger and conductor. We carefully crept out to the tender with our pistols ready, and, looking into the cab, saw that rattler stretched out on the board by the window. Well, it didn't take more than three seconds for us to put three bullets into his carcass. They struck him so quickly and so thoroughly that, before he could get a chance to rattle, he was dead. Well, to make a long story short, I landed on time at Stevenson, and, strange to say, the first fellow I saw was the conductor, but, thank Heaven, there weren't any inquests for him to hold." None of the passengers knew how near they had been to a catastrophe while that snake held possession of the engine-cab. A time is near when the world will be in a position which that train typifies. Through Antichrist, Satan, "that old serpent" (Rev. 12: 9), will occupy the seat of power, and will hold it while the world speeds swiftly to destruction; but he will be overthrown at Christ's coming (11 Thess. 2: 8).

A Man Died in his Coffin Recently at Emmitzburg, Md. Forty years ago, though in good health, he had a coffin made and brought to his house, and he slept in it every night afterward. His novel bed was chosen, he said, as a constant reminder that death is always near. His desire to impress this fact upon himself was owing to the sudden death of his wife, at the age of thirty years, by heart disease. They had been to a ball, and after returning home retired to bed. Fifteen minutes later he found that his wife had died by his side. The shock was severe, and he never forgot it. He always kept his coffin thereafter in the corner of his dining-room. He would get into it every night and pull the lid up until only his face was exposed to view. The reporter who telegraphed the news says: "Last night he retired to his coffin at the usual hour, but when the servant called him this morning it was found that he was dead." The majority of men appear to forget that death is approaching, but this man seems to have dwelt upon it morbidly. It may be hoped that the constant reminder he thus gave himself led to practical results in prompting him to prepare for the life to which death admitted him (Ps. 90: 12).

A Wife's Devotion to her Unworthy Husband was manifested last week in a Canadian town. About six months ago a Brooklyn lady was married at her home, with the consent of her parents, to a handsome and apparently prosperous young man. He was the confidential employe of a company, and appeared to be thoroughly honest and trustworthy. Three weeks ago the young couple were missing, and no one knew where they were; but it was found that the husband was a defaulter to a considerable amount, which his bondsman had to pay. Last week the young wife's family heard that the runaways were at a town near Montreal, and immediately they proceeded thither to bring their daughter home. The interview, which took place on August 6th, was a distressing one. The young wife admitted that her husband had confessed his crime to her, but she said she had married him, and she loved him, and was resolved to cling to him no matter what happened. Finding her daughter so firm, the mother pleaded with her earnestly and pathetically to return to her old home, and appearing to make no impression, was so overcome by her feelings that she fainted. Then the father tried to persuade his daughter to leave her husband, but he also failed, and the father and mother were obliged to return home alone and heart-broken to Brooklyn. Few women in like circumstances would have rejected ease and affluence for a hard life with a disgraced husband. We can admire such fidelity, and can but regret that Christ, who with infinitely better reason asks for the supreme love of his followers, so seldom finds them as devoted as that wife. Not often are they ready to leave all to follow Him (Matt. 10: 37, 38).

RUTH'S REWARD.

A New Sermon by Pastor C. H. Spurgeon.

"The Lord recompenseth thy work, and a full reward be given thee of the Lord God of Israel, under whose wings thou art come to trust."—RUTH 2:12.

The Kindness of Boaz to the Young Stranger—New Converts to be Cheered and Encouraged—An Old Woman's Teaching at a Newmarket School—Why Converts should be Helped—I. What they have Done—Left their Associates—Have Excited their Scorn—Have Come among Strangers—Are Humble—Have Come to the Same Refuge—II. The Full Reward—Making the Best of Both Worlds—Peace of Conscience—Joy of Doing Good—III. The Figure of the Reward—What Ruth Gained.

THIS was the language of Boaz, a man of substance and of note in Bethlehem, to a poor stranger of whom he had heard that she had left her kindred and the idols of her nation, that she might become a worshipper of the living and true God. He acted a noble part when he cheered her and bade her be of good courage, now that she was casting in her lot with Naomi and the chosen nation. Observe that he saluted her with words of tender encouragement; for this is precisely what I want all the elder Christians among you to do to those who are the counterparts of Ruth. There is a text, a very short one, which I would like often to preach from in reference to those who are newly saved, and I would invite you continually to be practising it; that text is,

"ENCOURAGE HIM."

So many will throw cold water upon the aspirant after holiness that I would urge others of you heartily to cheer him. Where spiritual life is weak, it should be nurtured with affectionate care. If Ruth is to be happy in the land of Israel a Boaz must look after her and be her true friend. Let her nearest kinsmen be speedy in fulfilling this duty.

I have no doubt that much sorrow might be prevented if words of encouragement were more frequently spoken fitly and in season; and therefore to withhold them is sin. I am afraid that many poor souls have remained in darkness, shut in within themselves, when two or three minutes' brotherly cheer might have taken down the shutters, and let in the light of day. Many matters are real difficulties to young believers, which are no difficulties to us who have been longer in the way. You and I could clear up in ten minutes' conversation questions and doubts which cause our uninstructed friends months of misery. Why are we so reticent when a word would send our weaker brethren on their way rejoicing? Encouragement is due to young converts; every Ruth ought to be comforted when she casts in her lot with the people of God.

AN OLD WOMAN'S TEACHING.

We should, in all probability, see a much more rapid growth in grace among our young converts if they were better nursed and watched over. Some of us owed much to old-experienced Christians in our younger days. I know I did. I shall forever respect the memory of a humble servant in the school wherein I was usher at Newmarket—an old woman, who talked with me concerning the things of the kingdom, and taught me the way of the Lord more perfectly. She knew the doctrines of grace better than many a doctor of divinity; and she held them with the tenacious grasp of one who found her life in them. It was my great privilege to help her in her old age; and but a little while ago she passed away to heaven. Many things did I learn of her which to-day I delight to preach.

Having thus introduced the text, let us notice in this model word of encouragement *what the convert has done* that we should encourage him; *secondly, what full reward that is which he will receive*; and thirdly, following out the historical connection of the text, I should like to conclude by noticing *what figure sets forth this full reward*—a reward which we desire for every Ruth who has left those who were outside of the

covenant in Moab to come and join herself with the Israel of God, and the God of Israel.

I. First, then, what has

THE YOUNG CONVERT

done? We illustrate the subject by the instance of Ruth. Many young converts deserve encouragement because they have left all their old associates. Ruth, no doubt, had many friends in her native country, but she tore herself away to cling to Naomi and her God. The young convert is an emigrant from the world, and has become, for Christ's sake, an alien. Possibly he had many companions, friends who made him merry after their fashion, men of fascinating manners, who could easily provoke his laughter and make the hours dance by; but, because he found in them no savour of Christ, he has forsaken them, and for Christ's sake they have forsaken him. Among his old associates he has become as a *speckled bird*, and they are all against him. You may, perhaps, have seen a canary which has flown from its home, where it enjoyed the fondness of its mistress; you have seen it out among the sparrows. They pursue it as though they would tear it into pieces, and they give it no rest anywhere. Just so the young convert, being no longer of the same feather as his comrades, is the subject of their persecution. In their hearts they crown him with a fool's cap, and write him down as both idiot and knave. He will need to exhibit years of holy living before they will be forced into respect for him; and all this because he is

QUITTING THEIR MOAB

to join with Israel. Why should he leave them? Has he grown better than they? Does he pretend to be a saint? Can he not drink with them as he once did? He is a protest against their excesses, and men don't care for such protests. According to the grade in life, this opposition takes one form or another, but in no case does Moab admire the Ruth who deserts her idols to worship the God of Israel.

Is it not meet that you older Christian people, who have long been separated from the world, and are hardened against its jeers, should step in and defend the new-comers? Should you not say, "Come you with us, and we will do you good: we will be better friends to you than those you have left. We will accompany you on a better road than that from which you have turned; and we will find you better joys than worldlings can ever know?" O brothers, while such fugitives are wondering which way to go, and their evil companions are inviting them to return, step in, and show them the true place of shelter. Keep off their former tempters; form a body-guard around them; escort them till they are out of immediate danger; charm them with your loving conversation till they forget their false friends. When Ruth had quitted her former connections, it was wise and kind for Boaz to address her in the words of comfort which I will again quote to you: "The Lord recompenseth thy work, and a full reward be given thee of the Lord God of Israel, under whose wings thou art come to trust."

Next, Ruth, having left her old companions, had

COME AMONGST STRANGERS.

She was not yet at home in the land of Israel, but confessed herself "a stranger." She knew Naomi, but in the whole town of Bethlehem she knew no one else. When she came into the harvest-field the neighbors were there gleaning, but they were no neighbors of hers: no glance of sympathy fell upon her from them; perhaps they looked at her with cold curiosity. Boaz very properly felt that she should not think that courtesy and kindness had died out of Israel; and he made a point, though he was by far her superior in station, to go to her and speak a word of encouragement to her. Should not certain of you follow the same practice? May I not call you to do so at once?

There will come into our assemblies those that have been lately impressed with a sense of their guilt, or have newly sought and found the Saviour; should they be suffered to remain stran-

gers among us long? Should not recognition, companionship, and hospitality be extended to them to make them feel at home with us? Do let us try with all our hearts so to look every man upon the things of others that no single seeking soul shall feel itself deserted. Seekers should be spared the agony of crying, "No man careth for my soul." Are you a believer? Then you are my brother. We are no more strangers and foreigners, but fellow-citizens with the saints, and of the household of God. Come, let us pluck up courage, and encourage every Ruth when she is timid among strangers. Let us help her to feel at home in Immanuel's land.

The new convert is like Ruth in another respect: he is very lowly in his own eyes. Ruth said to Boaz, "Why have I found grace in thine eyes, that thou shouldst take knowledge of me, seeing I am a stranger?" She had little self-esteem, and therefore she won the esteem of others. She felt herself to be

A VERY INCONSIDERABLE PERSON,

to whom any kindness was a great favor; and so do young converts, if they are real and true. We meet with a certain class of them who are rather pert and forward, as the fashion of the day is in certain quarters; and then we do not think so much of *them* as they do of themselves; but the genuine ones, who are truly renewed, and who really hold out and continue to the end, are always humble, and frequently very trembling, timid, and diffident.

I remember, when I first went to the house of God as a Christian youth who had lately come to know the Lord, that I looked with veneration on every officer and member of the church. I thought them all, if not quite angels, yet very nearly as good; at any rate, I had no disposition to criticize *them*, for I felt myself to be so undeserving. I do not think that I have quite so high an idea of all professed Christians as I had then, for I am afraid that I could not truthfully entertain it; but, for all that, I think far better of them than many are apt to do. I believe that young people, when first brought to Christ, have so deep a sense of their own imperfection, and know so little of the infirmities of others, that they look up to the members of the church with a very high esteem, and this fixes upon such members, officers, and pastors a great responsibility. Since these converts are lowly in their own eyes, it is proper and safe to encourage them; moreover, it is kind and needful to do so.

Once more, the young convert is like Ruth because he has come to trust under the wings of Jehovah, the God of Israel. Herein is

A BEAUTIFUL METAPHOR.

You know that the wing of a strong bird especially, and of any bird relatively, is strong. It makes a kind of arch, and from the outer side you have the architectural idea of strength. Under the wings, even of so feeble a creature as a hen, there is a complete and perfect refuge for her little chicks, judging from without. When I have seen the little birds put their heads out from under the feathers of their mother's breast it has looked like the perfection of happiness; and when they have chirped their little notes, they have seemed to tell how warm and safe they were, though they may have been a rough wind blowing around the hen. They could not be happier than they are. This is what our young converts have done: they have come, not to trust themselves, but to trust in Jesus. Is not this what you are doing? You full-grown saints—is not this your condition? I know it is. Very well, then; encourage the younger sort to do what you delight to do.

II. But now I must come closer to the text. Having shown you what these converts have done to need encouragement, I want, in the second place, to answer the question, What is

THE FULL REWARD

of those who come to trust under the wings of God? We would answer that a full reward will come to us in that day when we lay down these bodies of flesh and blood, that they may sleep in Jesus, while our unclothed spirits are absent

from the body but present with the Lord. In the disembodied state we shall enjoy perfect happiness of spirit; but a fuller reward will be ours when the Lord shall come a second time, and our bodies shall rise from the grave to share in the glorious reign of the descended King. Then in our perfect manhood we shall behold the face of Him we love, and shall be like Him.

THE PRESENT REWARD.

But there is a present reward, and to that Boaz referred. There is in this world a present recompense for the godly, notwithstanding the fact that many are the afflictions of the righteous. This present world must be subordinate to the world to come, and is to be cheerfully sacrificed to it, if need be. Yet, be it never forgotten, if any man will live unto God he will make the best of both worlds, for godliness has the promise of the life that now is as well as of that which is to come. Even in losing the present life for Christ's sake we are saving it, and self-denial and taking up the cross are but forms of blessedness. If we seek first the kingdom of God and His righteousness, all other things shall be added to us.

Do you ask me, "How shall we be rewarded for trusting in the Lord?" I answer, first, by the deep peace of conscience which He will grant you. Can any reward be better than this? When a man can say, "I have sinned, but I am forgiven," is not that forgiveness an unspeakable boon? If you were to offer all that you have to buy this peace, you could not purchase it; but were it purchasable it were worth while to forgo the dross of a myriad worlds to win it. That, however, is only the beginning of the believer's reward. He that has come to trust in God shall be "quiet from fear of evil." What a blessing that must be! "He shall not be afraid of evil tidings; his heart is fixed, trusting in the Lord." When a man is at his very highest as to this world's joy, he hears the whisper of a dark spirit saying, "Will it last?" He peers into the noorw with apprehension, for he knows not what may be lurking in his path. But, when a man is no longer afraid, but is prepared to welcome whatever comes, because he sees in it the appointment of a loving Father, why, then he is in a happy state.

FREE FROM ANXIETY.

More than this: the man who trusts in God rests in Him with respect to all the supplies he now needs or shall ever need. We are never quite content; it always needs a little more to fill the cup to the brim; but only think of singing, "What can I want beside?" Is not this sweet content a full reward from the Lord in whom we trust? I cannot imagine a fuller present reward than complete rest from all anxiety, and a calm confidence in a providence which can never fail.

Another part of the believer's great gain lies in the consciousness that all things are working together for his good.

JOY IN SERVICE.

Then, let me tell you, they that trust in God and follow Him have another full reward, and that is, the bliss of good work. Can any happiness excel this? There has lately passed away from our midst a true side of the river, one who in his earlier days knew the curse of drunkenness, but was led by hearing the Gospel in the street to seek and find a Saviour, and to escape from the bondage of an evil habit. He became a Christian temperance man, devoting himself, I was about to say every day in the week, to the cause, for I think he did so; all his spare time was spent for that sacred purpose. He has lately passed away, but not without having enjoyed a reward from his God. When I used to look into the face of our friend Mr. Thorniloe I felt that he had received a full return for casting himself upon the Lord; for the joy of his heart shone in his countenance, and delight in his work caused it to be his recreation. Oh, idle professor, if you would be as diligent in serving your Lord as he was, life would be music to you!

Let me tell you another splendid part of this full reward, and that is, to have prevalence with

God in prayer. Somebody called me, in print, a hypocrite, because I said that God had heard my prayers. This was evidently malicious; a man might be called fanatical for such a statement, but I cannot see the justice of imputing hypocrisy on that account. If by hypocrisy be meant a sincere conviction that the great God answers prayer, I will be more and more hypocritical as long as I live. I will glory in the name of God—the God that heareth my prayer. If that writer had claimed that *he* prayed and had been heard, it is possible that he would have been guilty of hypocrisy: of that matter he is personally the best informed, and I leave the question with himself; but he has no right to measure my corn with his bushel. Certainly, I shall not use his bushel to measure my corn, but I shall speak what I know and am persuaded of. In deep sincerity I can bear testimony that the Lord hears prayer, and that it is His wont so to do.

THE FULL OF THE REWARD.

Many other items make up the full of the reward; but perhaps the chief of all is communion with God—to be permitted to speak with Him as a man speaketh with his friend—to be led by the divine Bridegroom to sit down in the banqueting-house, while His banner over us is love. Those who dwell outside the palace of love know nothing about our secret ecstasies and raptures. Come, then, and put your trust under the wings of God, and you shall be blessed in your body and in your soul, blessed in your house and in your family, blessed in your basket and in your store, blessed in your sickness and in your health, blessed in time and in eternity; for the righteous are blessed of the Lord, and their offspring with them. My prayer for every young convert is the benediction of Boaz, "The Lord recompense thy work, and a full reward be given thee of the Lord God of Israel, under whose wings thou art come to trust." May this benediction rest on each one of you for ever.

WHAT RUTH GAINED.

III. Finally, what that figure sets forth this full reward? What was the full reward that Ruth gained? I do not think that Boaz knew the full meaning of what he said. He could not foresee all that was appointed of the Lord. In the light of Ruth's history we will read the good man's blessing. She lost her Moabitish kindred, but she found a noble kinsman in Israel. She quitted their home of her fathers in the east, land to find a heritage among the chosen tribes, a heritage redeemed by one who loved her. Ah! when you come to trust in Christ, you find in the Lord Jesus Christ one who is next of kin to you, who redeems your heritage, and unites you to Himself. You thought that He was a stranger; you were afraid to approach Him; but He comes near to you, and you find yourself near to His heart, and one with Him for ever.

Yes, this is a fair picture of each convert's reward. Ruth found what she did not look for—she found a husband. It was exactly what was for her comfort and her joy, for she found rest in the house of her husband, and she became possessed of his large estate by virtue of her marriage union with him. When a poor sinner trusts in God he does not expect so great a boon, but, to his surprise, his heart finds a husband, and a home, and

AN INHERITANCE PRICELESS.

beyond all conception; and all this is found in Christ Jesus our Lord. Then is the soul brought into loving, living, lasting, indissoluble union with the well-beloved, the unrivalled Lord of love. We are one with Jesus. What a glorious mystery is this!

Ruth obtained an inheritance among the chosen people of Jehovah. She could not have obtained it except through Boaz, who redeemed it for her; but thus she came into indisputable possession of it. When a poor soul comes to God, he thinks that he is flying to Him only for a refuge, but, indeed, He is coming for much more; that He is coming for a heritage undefiled, and that fadeth not away. He becomes an heir of God, a joint-heir with Jesus Christ,

As I conclude I bear this my personal testimony to the benefit of godliness for this life. Apart from the glories of heaven I would wish to live trusting in my God, and resting in Him for this present life, since I need His present aid for every day as truly as I shall need it at the last day. Men speak of *secularism* as attending to the things which concern our present life, and I am bold to assert that the purest and best secularism is that which trusts itself with God for things immediately around us. We shall be wise to make secular things sacred by trusting them with God. Faith is not for eternity alone, but for this fleeting hour also; it is good for the shop and for the market-place, for the field and for the domestic hearth. For the cares of the moment, as well as for all else, we take refuge under the wings of God. There shall we be blessed for Christ's sake. Amen.

[The prayers of the readers of this Journal are requested for the blessing of God upon its Editors, and those whose sermons, articles, or labors for Christ are printed in it; and that its circulation may be used by the Holy Spirit for the conversion of many sinners and the quickening of God's people. Dr. Talmage and Mr. Spurgeon especially request prayer every Sunday morning on behalf of their labors.]

NEW BOOKS.

LAWN TENNIS

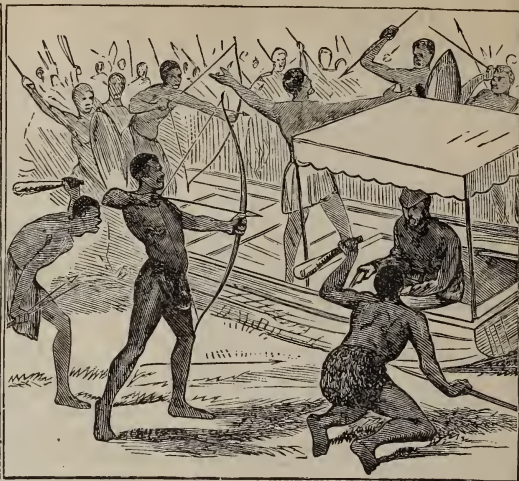
as a Game of Skill, by Lieutenant S. C. F. Peile. The remarkable popularity which in a few years the game of lawn tennis has achieved justifies the author in attempting to render the lovers of it proficient. What is worth doing at all is worth doing well, and the maxim applies to recreation as fully as to business. Some of the greatest men in all departments of life—statesmen, lawyers, clergymen, and physicians—have found it necessary to have some relaxation, some amusement in which to relieve the tension of the mind and recuperate the mental energy, which flags under unintermittent labor. To them lawn tennis has come as a boon. It is not so exhausting physically as baseball, and it is not a sedentary game, like chess, which does not give the kind of change necessary to men engaged in occupations that exercise the mind and not the body. Lawn tennis, therefore, has become very popular, and its popularity is easily understood. Recognizing this fact, Lieutenant Peile, who is the most skillful player in America, has prepared this little volume of hints and instructions, believing that Americans, whether they play or work, like to acquire themselves creditably. Pp. 90; price, 75 cents. Published by Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

LECTURE TO MEN.

by Henry Varley. This pamphlet, with its companion, *Private Address to Boys and Youths on an Important Subject*, may now be purchased in New York at a low price. Perhaps there is no subject on which boys and men need advice and warning so urgently as the one dealt with in these two little books. Yet there is no subject on which parents and teachers find greater difficulty in speaking. Many a man, weak and prematurely aged, laments that no one cautioned him in his young days on the wrong he was ignorantly doing to himself, the consequences of which are bearing bitter fruit in his later years. This difficult office Mr. Varley has undertaken and has performed with remarkable success. As was mentioned in the course of the sketch of his life which appeared last week, this is not a matter of opinion merely. Mr. Varley has testimony in the shape of hundreds of letters, that his attempt has been signally successful. The thanks of many victims have been sent to him with grateful acknowledgments from parents and teachers, who, lacking the courage or tact required for giving the needed warning with effect, have placed the pamphlets in the hands of those who they suspect need just such teaching. Mr. Varley rests his appeal on physiological as well as religious grounds, and knowing well the weakness of human nature, and aware that an evil habit once contracted is often continued long



Mr. H. M. Stanley's Meeting with Dr. Livingstone.



Mr. H. M. Stanley's Hairbreadth Escape at Bumbireh.

after the conscience has condemned it, he gives practical advice for the benefit of such who are anxious to reform. The books are exclusively for men and boys, but they do not contain any of the disgusting details which render the so-called medical books on the same subject pernicious. The two pamphlets may be had together for 20 cents, from *Mr. Whittaker, No. 2 Bible House, New York.*

A CANTERBURY PILGRIMAGE :

Ridden, Written, and Illustrated, by Joseph and Elizabeth Robins Pennell. An extremely bright and interesting little book is this description of a ride on a tricycle from London to Canterbury over the smooth, hard roads which once, in a state not so pleasant for travellers as they are now, were trodden by the Canterbury pilgrims. The three days occupied by the journey were spent among delightful scenes in the garden of England, by two observers who could appreciate the beauties of nature. The descriptions and bright, spirited sketches render the scenes very vivid to the reader, who seems to see with the travellers the rich and beautiful country through which they passed. Price, in paper covers, 50 cents. Published by Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

TWO MEMORABLE SCENES IN AFRICA.

MR. H. M. STANLEY, whose portrait appears on the first page, first became famous by his success in finding Dr. Livingstone. The great explorer was on the last of his many expeditions into the interior of Africa, and had not been heard of for many months. It was generally supposed that he must be dead, when the enterprising proprietor of the New York *Herald* conceived the idea of sending a man to search for him in the recesses of the dark Continent. Mr. Stanley, among all the employes on the *Herald*, was the man who had shown the greatest self-reliance and capacity for such a perilous mission. He was selected, liberally supplied with money, and sent out. It was a long and dangerous journey, with scarcely a clue to the right track. But Mr. Stanley was happily preserved and directed. He came upon traces of Livingstone after about six weeks' marching from the confines of civilization, and on November 10th, 1871, the fifty-first day of the journey, and ten months after he set foot in Africa, Stanley came upon the camp of the white traveller of whom he had heard, and who he felt sure was Livingstone. He thus describes his

MEETING WITH LIVINGSTONE :

"At last the sublime hour has arrived; our

dreams, our hopes, and anticipations are now about to be realized! Our hearts and our feelings are with our eyes, as we peer into the palms and try to make out in which hut or house lives the 'white man with the gray beard' we heard about when we were at the Malagarazi. 'Unfur your flags, and load your guns!' 'We will, master, we will, master!' respond the men, eagerly. 'One, two, three—fire!' A volley from nearly fifty guns roars like a salute from a battery of artillery; we shall note its effect presently on the peaceful-looking village below.

"Before we had gone a hundred yards our repeated volleys had the effect desired. The people of Uji rushed up in hundreds to meet us. We were surrounded by them, and almost deafened with their shouts of welcome—'Yambo, yambo, bana! Yambo, bana!' Suddenly I hear a voice on my right say, 'Good-morning, sir!' Startled at hearing this greeting in the midst of such a crowd of black people, I turn sharply round in search of the man, and see him at my side, with the blackest of faces, but animated and joyous—a man dressed in a long white shirt, with a white turban around his woolly head, and I ask: 'Who in the world are you?' 'I am Susi, the servant of Dr. Livingstone,' he said, smiling, and showing a gleaming row of teeth. 'What! Is Dr. Livingstone here?' 'Yes, sir.' 'In this village?' 'Yes, sir.' 'Now you, Susi, run and tell the doctor I am coming.' 'Yes, sir.' And off he darted at once with a speed that was remarkable.

LIVINGSTONE'S APPEARANCE.

"My heart beat fast, but I did that which I thought was most dignified under such extraordinary circumstances. I pushed back the crowds, and passing from the rear, walked down a living avenue of people, until I came in front of the semicircle of Arabs, before which stood 'the white man with the gray beard.' As I advanced slowly toward him I noticed that he was pale, that he looked wearied and wan, that he had gray whiskers and mustache, that he wore a bluish cloth cap with a faded gold band on a red ground round it, and that he had on a red-sleeved waistcoat, and a pair of gray tweed trousers. I would have run to him, only I was a coward in the presence of such a mob; so I walked deliberately to him, took off my hat, and said: 'Dr. Livingstone, I presume?' 'Yes,' he said, with a kind, cordial smile, lifting his cap slightly. I replaced my hat on my head, and he replaced his cap, and we both grasped hands. I then said aloud, 'I thank God, doctor, I have been permitted to see you.' He re-

verently answered, 'I feel thankful that I am here to welcome you.' (See illustration on this page.)

Mr. Stanley remained with Livingstone until March 14th, 1872, when, having supplied him with necessities, of which Livingstone was badly in need, owing to his having been robbed, he left the great missionary and returned to Europe, with Livingstone's journal and letters. Dr. Livingstone continued his journey, and no white man afterward saw him alive. He died alone, save for his faithful black followers, on May 4th, 1873, little more than a year after he parted from Stanley.

The second scene represented in the illustration above, occurred during Mr. Stanley's later journey in Africa, in 1877. He journeyed as far as Bumbireh Island, in Lake Victoria Nyanza, where he had

A HAIRBREADTH ESCAPE

from massacre. As the boat in which Stanley and his party were neared the shore, a number of natives waded out and laid hands upon the bow, and wading backward, dragged the boat ashore. The hostile intentions of the natives were soon manifested. Two hundred of them, armed with bows, gathered upon the beach. "Our lives," says Stanley, "were protracted until 3 P.M., when the big drum summoned all the natives to war. They were kind enough to notify us that they intended to cut our throats, and to tell us in a scornful manner to get ready. We had often given valuable presents, and would have given every cloth in the boat had they demanded it. The final preparations, however, were not be mistaken, and my instinct warned me that the time had arrived to act. 'Boys, be careful what you answer me. Do you think you could shove this boat in the water, to save your lives?'

THE CRISIS.

"They all replied in a positive manner in the affirmative. I sent Safeni forward to the mustering bands with a fine cloth that I had reserved for a last trial, and the men took their positions carefully along the sides of the boat. After allowing Safeni time to proceed about twenty paces from us, and seeing that their attention was taken up with the cloth, I shouted out 'Push!'

"As soon as I felt the boat begin to move I called out to Safeni, who turned round and came bounding toward us. But we were soon observed. The distance was nothing, and down the natives poured toward us. The boat was shot into the water, Safeni was just about

plunging into the lake when I observed a couple of tall savages on the point of attacking me. See illustration.) I hesitated no longer. The two were shot, and we were saved.

"Furious at being baffled, the savages swarmed into three canoes close by, and chased us as we were paddling with the bottom boards of the boat which we tore up. Perceiving that we could never hope to escape with such improvised paddles, I ordered them to cease, and waited for them. Two of the advancing canoes were mashed, and the third was obliged to hasten ashore in sinking condition. Days of famine, days of suffering, vexation, annoyance, and sickness followed the exposure we were put to after our flight from Bum-berah Island."

RELIGION IN THE MARKET.

(See Illustration.)

"What success, Tom?" asked a bright, cheery woman, as her husband entered the clean, orderly kitchen after his day's business in the market. Time was when Tom did not come home so early in the day, nor with so steady a step as that of to-night. A few weeks ago, however, he had "turned over a new leaf," as he said, had signed the ledger, and had been converted. He had been pretty low before that occurred, and his dollars were few and far between. He was doing his best now, but was not sanguine. "A man has a hard row to hoe," he said, "who is going to take religion into the market." But his wife, whose prayers for many long years had now been answered, was doing all she could to encourage him, and would not fear of his leaving the market for an humbler occupation. She would economize, and they could save the beer money, anyhow. It would all come right, she assured him, in the end. But things were not prosperous; and when she looked up from her cooking at Tom's face as he entered the room, she wished she had not asked about it. Success. Failure was written in large letters in the man's face.

"No success, Annie," he said. "I shall rarely come out even on to-day's transactions. We'll have a loss on those peaches. I'll sell 'em to-morrow for what I can get. I believe I'll have to leave the market, after all, if I'm to keep to religion, and I mean to keep that, anyhow. I could have sold my two largest baskets of peaches to-day if I'd been willing to tell a lie."

"How was that, Tom?" "Why, I made up two or three little baskets of the best of the peaches, and put a ticket on 'em. By and by up comes a Quaker looking round, and I saw he meant buying. He looked at the peaches, and seemed to like the looks of 'em. 'Hast thou many of those, friend?' he said. 'I'll have two baskets if they are equal to these.' Well, I looked at him, and I saw he'd like my word, and the devil seemed to tempt me hard. But I'd looked the baskets through, and they were a long way from being up to the mark. So I just told him the truth, that the little baskets were all the good ones I had. He turned to Peter's stall right off, and Peter sold



The Quaker in the Market.

him two baskets, and they were no better than mine, but he guaranteed 'em all right, and the Quaker was simple-like, and took 'em without looking. I've got mine now, for I never had so good a chance after, and I don't know what I'll get for 'em. Pete laughed when the old boy was gone, and said he guessed religion wasn't going to pay around there, and I don't think it is, Annie.

"Never mind, Tom; we'll manage somehow. You didn't take religion for pay, so you've no call to be disappointed. Two baskets of peaches won't ruin you. The devil must think mighty little of you to try to buy your soul with three dollars for peaches."

"Well, Annie, you give one good courage. I'd never keep religion without you. You've got more grit than any woman I know, and if you don't mind being poor, I'm sure I don't." They had their supper, and then in plain, earnest words, Tom having read a chapter, thanked God that he had been delivered from evil that day and had been kept in the hour of temptation. Before bed-time he had recovered his cheerfulness, under Annie's bright looks and words, and had almost forgotten his vexation about the Quaker.

A few days passed away, and Tom's prospects did not brighten; but just a week after his trouble about the peaches, Tom came home whistling, and entered the kitchen with a smiling face.

"You've got some good news, Tom, I can see," Annie said.

"Yes; it's most too good for a joke, but it's like one. You remember that Quaker I told you about, Annie?"

"That one who wouldn't have the peaches last week?"

"Yes, the same. Well, he was at the market again to-day. He went to Pete right off, and I

thought Pete's in luck again. But he wasn't. You oughter heard that Quaker talk to him. He just preached about the sin of lying till Pete was fit to drop, he looked so ashamed. Then he came over to me and asked me did I always tell the truth like I did the other day. I said 'Yes,' lately; I was trying to do the square thing now. Then he asked me a mart o' questions, and I told him just how it all came about. He seemed kinder interested, and spoke very kind. He said telling truth didn't always pay, nor religion neither, but just as you said, Annie, we never expected it would. However, he meant it to pay for once, and he just bought me out. I sent the things to his house, and I tell you, Annie, he's well fixed, and going to be a friend. I'm to send for orders regular, and he's coming to see you. I told him about you, and how you were a-helping me over the rough ground at the start. He said he'd like to know you, and he's coming some day soon."

Annie did not say, "I told you so." She knew Tom would think that without being reminded. So she just kissed him, and they sat down to supper with lighter and more thankful hearts than they had known for some time. They were finding out, though, as Tom said, "it

was not in the contract," that God was blessing them in this life as well as in the promise of the life to come.

UNDER FIRE.

A STORY OF THE FRANCO-GERMAN WAR.

(Continued from page 521.)

The Climax of Suffering.

THE cellars were a doleful place to live in, but they were as safe as any place we could find. Indeed, they seemed to be the safest, as nothing could hurt us there, unless the house fell and buried us. A few months before this we should have been amazed at the bare suggestion of living in such a dark and dreary place; but we had learned much in those weeks of alarm, and safety was now our chief concern. It seemed as if the Prussians meant to lay the city in ruins with those big shells flying over the walls night and day. So we went down—the Sergeant and I—to see what we could do to brighten things before my grandmother came down.

"Sergeant," I said, feeling very downcast, "how long is this to last?"

I could see by the light of our lantern how very grave he was.

"Max," he answered, "if it's true what we hear—only there is no depending upon rumors—the General must surrender sooner or later. They say Marshal Bazaine is shut up in Metz, and cannot get out. But that is not the worst."

"What is the worst?" I asked.

"It cannot be true," he said; "it's a Prussian boast. They say the Emperor and General MacMahon have been beaten at Sedan, and given themselves up—they and all the army, and gone prisoners, while the Prussians are marching on to Paris."

I could hardly speak or move, so great was my wonder and my dismay.

"But who is there to come to our succor," I asked.

"There is none but God," he said, raising his hat. I believe he was a good man, though very silent and reserved, even to Lisbeth, who had a way with her which drew people to talk of what was in their inmost minds.

"Then we may have to stay in this hole weeks and weeks!" cried Gretchen, whom we had forgotten, and who had been busy somewhere in the farthest of the cellars.

"Ah! let us make it as comfortable as we can," said the sergeant. "Come, Max, I am ready to help you down with the furniture."

So we moved the best of the things down into the cellars; but how changed the best furniture was from the time when I could see my own face in the polished wood and brass. Gretchen made many a lament over it, as she received it from us; for what with the dust and the smashing in of window-panes, and the flying of splinters, it had got many a scratch and stain upon it. Yet we arranged it as well as we could in the cellars; and when all was done, and the lamp lighted, and a cliauffrette with hot embers in it placed before my grandmother's chair for her feet, it looked better, far better, than I had expected. When it was all ready, Sergeant Klein went up to our salon, to help my grandmother to come down the dark and gloomy steps into our place of refuge.

I fancy I can see them now, coming slowly, step by step, down into the cellar, Sergeant Klein guiding her as tenderly as a woman could, with all the strength of a strong man added to the gentleness; and my grandmother leaning upon him so feebly, and peering with her dim eyes into the gloomy darkness before her. Elsie was on the steps above them, following quietly, with her knitting in her hand, holding it clasped to her as her greatest treasure, while a little of the light of day seemed to linger about the child. It is very plain to be seen, if I only close my eyes, and think of them for a moment.

"Sergeant," said my grandmother, when he was about to bid us good-evening, "stay, and take your supper with us."

I liked that; for she had maintained a kind of ancient dignity, which kept him at a distance. But I had to entreat him to stay; and when he complied, he was quite dull under the restraint of her presence, yet I saw that the honor pleased and gratified him. Even Gretchen was quite content. She said it was a very different thing to entertain one of our brave defenders than to give loaves of bread to any ragged urchin in the street.

It was a day or two after this—day and night were now nearly the same to us, and I cannot be sure how long it was—that I found Sergeant Klein one evening in full regimentals, both he and his men, and about to be absent all night. Their rooms were above us now: for they had taken possession of the ground floor, which had formerly been a shop, with a dwelling-room behind it; and we liked to feel that they were close at hand. Sergeant Klein's face was grave, as it always was; but I was struck by its unusual animation and the brisker tones of his voice, as he said cheerfully to me, "Good-by, Max, till to-morrow."

The next morning I carried Elsie, as I often did, to the hospital where Lisbeth was nursing. It was in one of the churches, and the floor was covered with low beds, touching almost upon one another, with scarcely room to stir between them. Lisbeth was stooping over one of them, the tears rolling down her face; a strange thing to see, for she was grown used to all kinds of suffering and death. I trod as softly as I could up the narrow aisle between the thick rows of beds, and looked down upon the face lying almost at my feet. It was bloodless and gray, and very still; but the eyes were open, looking at us, and recognizing us all with a sort of smile.

"Oh, Sergeant Klein!" I cried, "how is it? how has it happened?" But I could say no more; for it was a more horrible thing to me than I can tell, to see him lying there, when

only the evening before he had called out to me, "Good-by, Max, till to-morrow!" His lips moved, and Lisbeth bent over him to catch what he was saying.

"He wants Elsie to sit on the bed by him," she said. "Take care she does not hurt him, Max; and stay with him. There is so much to do to-day."

She went away, leaving him with me. I put Elsie on the bed, and knelt down beside it, taking care that she should not hurt him, by pressing too near to him. He lay looking fondly at her for a few minutes, thinking of his own little children, perhaps.

"How does Elsie's knitting go on?" he whispered with his white lips.

"Oh," she said, sorrowfully, "it is not so clean as it ought to be! Nobody could knit it clean now. But when it is finished mother is going to wash it quite white—as white as snow."

"As white as snow," he murmured, "as white as snow."

He looked at me eagerly, as if he wanted to ask me a question, and I guessed what it was.

"You want to know where those words are," I said; and his eyes answered "Yes," as plainly as if his lips had spoken it.

"Come, now, and let us reason together, saith the Lord: though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow."

Then I thought of another verse or two, which I believed would comfort him; and I said them, kneeling down with my mouth close to his ear, for the cannon were booming all the time, so that one could not hear easily. His face grew bright as he listened.

These are the words which came out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb. They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more; neither shall the sun light on them, nor any heat. For the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall feed them, and lead them unto living fountains of waters, and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes.

Washed! he said, with long pauses between the words, washed—as white as snow—in the blood of the Lamb.

I scarcely dared to look into his face, so white with the coming of death; but suddenly, with a great effort, he drew Elsie's face down to his, and kissed her. When I lifted her up a moment or two after he was dead.

Once more Lisbeth and I followed a funeral to the garden. When we had been there before, the flowers were still blooming, and each one had a quiet grave to himself; but now a great trench was dug, and the coffins were laid in it three or four deep; all buried together in haste, and almost without mourning. The flowers and the bees were gone; only the sunshine, and the blue sky, and the stars of night were the same. These would look down upon the graves unchanged, when all memory of those who had perished was forgotten.

But I could not help wondering what would become of Sergeant Klein's wife and children, and the little farm on the hills, that he had left only two months ago.

How many widows and fatherless children in France and Germany were in like case! The loving heart that cared for them, the strong arms that worked for them, were lying in a bloody grave, sacrificed to the quarrel of two royal despots. A kind, gentle, honest man was our friend Klein. No quarrel had he with the Germans, nor did the man who fired the shell that mangled his manly form bear him any ill-will. Napoleon and William had quarrelled, and each had seized the men under their sway, and set them fighting. Ah, well, the world will not always be so foolish as to let any one man have such power! I thought of these things much during those days of darkness and danger.

You must think of us now as living in the cellars, with no light except that of the lamp, and hearing every now and then the crumbling of the old walls above us, which were so precious to my poor grandmother. I think her mind be-

gan to fail her a little, and no wonder; for she talked incessantly of the days when she was a young wife and mother, and called me sometimes by my grandfather's name and sometimes by my father's. She grew restless and uneasy whenever I was out of her sight, and would cry bitterly. Gretchen said, all the time I was away; though she never forgot to tell me to go every morning and see how the Cathedral was standing. So I found it to be my duty—that is, I was sure it was what the Lord Jesus Christ would have done in my place—to stay with her in the chilly damp and darkness of the cellars, except when there was some necessary errand which sent me away.

It was very irksome—more irksome than I can tell. This was the worst and dreariest part of the siege to me. Sergeant Klein was dead, and there was no one to bring us any news, either of expected succor or surrender. Sylvie was gone, and I could hear nothing—not a word of her, where she was or how she was; she might now be lying in some lonely grave, lost to us, as Louise was forever lost to her brother.

If it had not been for Elsie, I do not think I could have borne the suspense and confinement. She was our only delight and comfort, whiling away the weary hours with her pleasant prattle. Her little vest was being quickly finished, under my grandmother's superintendence; for nothing took her thoughts away so much as to have Elsie on a footstool beside her, knitting the birthday present for the Lord Jesus Christ. It seemed to bring Him so very really and closely among us, as a living person, that whenever I felt inclined to murmur at the dreary hours, when I would so willingly have been out in the open streets, and amid all the stir, and even the horrors of them, the mere sight of Elsie and her work would recall Him to my mind, and make me think how gently He would stay beside any poor, aged, and desolate woman. Elsie was surely His gift to us, when everything else was being taken away. Gretchen herself used to stand still, watching her fondly, sometimes; and would make her a little cake to eat, when her appetite began to fail.

It was now that I discovered Gretchen's secret store, without which we should have suffered many a sharp pang of hunger. In the darkness of the furthest cellar there had been carefully constructed, so as to escape observation, a small door, not four feet high, opening into a small vault. It must have been built with the house, nearly three hundred years before, when sieges and wars were more common than they have been of late times. When the siege had been first proclaimed, Gretchen had stored in it a good pile of potatoes, and carrots, and apples, besides a strong, thick chest filled with flour, which was beginning to smell musty from the damp, in spite of the thickness of the chest. There were stores of sugar, and wine, and oil as well, so that there was enough to last us for a whole month yet, and surely the siege must be ended before then! I put my arm round Gretchen's neck, and kissed her brown cheek; for, thanks to her, we were safe from dying of starvation. She was so pleased that she gave Elsie and me a roasted apple for dinner beyond our usual allowance.

Still, our close confinement, and the want of nourishing food, began to tell upon us all. We could not keep up our strength on apples, and no flesh meat was to be had for love or money. Our baker's house had long since been destroyed, and scarcely any good bread was to be bought in the city. Our flour was musty, but we could get none better, and hundreds would have been thankful even for ours, if we could have spared it for them. Gretchen did all she could to make our meals palatable; but it was both difficult and dangerous to cook; for we had no stove in the cellars, and she had to venture up to the floor above, where a stove was still standing.

Every day saw the want, the famine, and the deaths grow greater. Lisbeth told us they were running short of everything that was needed in

the hospitals, while fresh patients were coming in every hour. As for the Botanic Gardens, they were piled up with graves. If the bombardment was to go on much longer, the city would be only a heap of ruins, peopled with skeletons.

One day, when I had gone out, much later than usual, to visit the Cathedral, and was moving slowly and languidly along the street facing the grand middle entrance, I saw a great rabble of the citizens pressing in at the door under the tower, while a few soldiers stationed there were doing their best to beat them back. Most of them looked wild and wolfish, like the lads I had seen fighting for a morsel of half-rotten turnip; and they fought desperately, bearing down the soldiers with their frantic energy. A man stood near to me, leaning against a wall, his wasted hand pressed against his heart, and watching the conflict with hungry eyes.

"What are they about?" I asked.

"They are the citizens," he gasped, speaking the words painfully, "with the white flag. General Ulrich has refused our petition to surrender, and they mean to hoist it themselves. I think I shall die as soon as I see it."

There we stood, looking with all our eyes, and a crowd of others, men and women, watching the struggle, and catching now and then a sight of it within, as the line of citizens passed the tower-windows, fighting their way upward. At last we saw them come out upon the gallery which runs along the western front of the Cathedral, and out floated the flag in the air, white as a small white cloud against the sky; and we set up a shout of triumph, but only very feeble shout, for the numbers that raised it.

I was hurrying home to carry the good news, when a yell of anger and despair, louder than our cry of triumph, made me run quickly back again. The flag had been torn down, and a troop of soldiers from the garrison had come to disperse the mob. Oh, the dull, dead misery of that disappointment! The crowd was being driven back, some of them uttering fierce oaths, and cursing General Ulrich; and others wringing their hands, and wailing like women.

(To be concluded.)

ELIJAH AT HOREB.

S. S. Lesson for Aug. 23, 1 Kings 19: 1-18. Golden Text, ver. 9. By Mrs. M. Baxter.

Elijah an Instrument Only—The Trial of his Faith—Elijah's Threat—Elijah's Disappointment—The Angel's Mission—In the Cave—Looking at the Dark Side—A Question for Elijah—A Commission—The Future Unfolded—The Consoling Assurance.

ALTHOUGH Elijah had been so signally used of God, he was still "a man of like passions [or nature] with us" (James 5: 17). God had spoken through him, acted through him, and used him as His instrument; but Elijah in himself was only an earthen vessel that the excellency of the power might be of God, and not of him (II Cor. 4: 7). He was no more lifted above the liability to be tempted than was his Lord, for even Jesus "suffered being tempted" (Heb. 2: 18).

The crowning moment of Elijah's life was come and gone. His own life and the faithfulness of his God were alike staked upon the challenge which had been made on Mount Carmel. A witness had been borne for God, which was almost unprecedented in history, and the king himself had been witness to it. But now comes a TRIAL OF ELIJAH'S FAITH.

Ahab, instead of communing with the God who had answered by fire before the very eyes, and who had sent rain and saved the land from the scourge of famine, goes to talk with the infamous Jezebel. Far from being convinced and humbling herself to the true and living God, this wicked woman is furious that the prophets of her God are slain. She sends a messenger to Elijah, "So let the gods do to me and more also, if I make not thy life as the life of one of them by to-morrow about this time." For once Elijah acts upon impulse, and so

YIELDS TO TEMPTATION.

He looks at the circumstances instead of at the Lord, and instantly gets discouraged. He was called to a life of faith which deals only with God, and which leaves Him to deal with men and things. But this time he misses it. The very man who could take his life in his hand and go fearlessly to meet Ahab now flees for his life from fear of Jezebel. And why? Simply because he does not put the matter into the hands of God. For once Elijah takes his cause into his own hands, but it is once too many. All his wondrous past experience does not save him from falling into this mistake. What we are and what we have been will never save us, but only what God is to us through faith in Him. Elijah's faith for the raising of the dead sufficed for that time; his faith for God's answer by fire sufficed for that time; but the present circumstances need present faith, and nothing in the past can make us independent of God for one moment in the present.

The manifestation of God on Carmel had been so glorious to him that he cannot conceive how Ahab and Jezebel are not crushed by it. The whole cause seems lost, and evil seems still to triumph. It may be he had formed a mental picture of Ahab and Jezebel both converted, and the whole court of Israel yielded up to the service of God, and his dream is rudely broken and dispelled. From looking at circumstances, he comes to look at himself, and is equally disappointed. He leaves his servant at Beersheba, and goes a day's journey into the wilderness, and in his deep despondency he cries, "If I am not better than my fathers." Up to this time we have no indication that Elijah expects anything from himself; he is always occupied with God. But no sooner does he leave the path of faith and look at himself, at circumstances and people, than he becomes just like any other man.

"I AM NOT BETTER

than my fathers." This is just the level of the worlding, or of the Christian who has not received the Holy Ghost in His fullness. The Holy Ghost does not speak of Himself, but witnesses of Jesus (John 16: 13; 15: 27). And most truly they in whom the Holy Ghost has full possession do not talk about themselves for good or bad. "I am not better than my fathers," betrays an expectation of something in himself, which should be better than others. There never can be anything good in us, except "Christ in you, the hope of glory" (Col. 1: 27).

But how should the Lord treat His discouraged, humbled servant? Should He reproach and rebuke him? He sends an angel to touch him, and to say unto him: "Arise and eat." And he who had been looking everywhere but into the face of God sees how tenderly God has been caring for him: "There was at his head a cake baked on the coals, and a cruse of water" (R. V.). "He did eat and drink, and laid him down again." A second time the angel of the Lord touches him and leads him to take the food prepared, saying: "Arise and eat, because the journey is too great for thee." He does so, and in the strength of that meat he goes forty days and forty nights. But although the despair has passed from him, yet Elijah is not walking in the light of God; he is still looking on the human side of things; he can fast, he can do anything, but just at this crisis he cannot understand God. At last he reaches Horeb, the mount of God, and takes up his abode in a cave.

How is he to get back into the sunlight? All seems to him so dark, almost as though God were indifferent to His own cause. Oh, if man had to disentangle himself from the snares of the enemy, he might well give up hope! But when God sees there is no willing clinging to sin or to self He comes down to us where we are. The Word of the Lord comes to Elijah where he is in the cave: "What doest thou here, Elijah?" Now it all comes out: Elijah has been

LOOKING AT THE DARK SIDE

of things—"I have been very jealous for the Lord God of hosts: for the children of Israel

have forsaken thy covenant, thrown down thine altars, and slain thy prophets with the sword; and I, even I only, am left; and they seek my life, to take it away." What a change from the old key of Elijah's words! His former subject-matter was always, "The Lord God of Israel," "The Lord God of hosts before whom I stand;" now it is I, I, I.

The first thing to be done is to get his eye off himself. Accordingly, God says to him, "Go forth and stand upon the mount before the Lord." It was but to say, "Return, Elijah, to thy old life of standing before God." "And, behold, the Lord passed by, and a great and strong wind rent the mountains, and broke in pieces the rocks before the Lord; but the Lord was not in the wind; and after the wind an earthquake; but the Lord was not in the earthquake; and after the earthquake a fire; but the Lord was not in the fire; and after the fire a still, small voice." Elijah knows that voice; it is the first thing which draws him from his lethargy; it is life and power to him. He hears it, and wraps his face in his mantle, and goes out and stands at the entering in of the cave. The same question is asked of him, he gives the same reply, the spell is not yet broken.

Then God treats him with His old confidence, and sends him on a message: "Go, return on thy way to the wilderness of Damascus; and when thou comest, anoint Hazael to be king over Syria; and Jehu the son of Nimshi shalt thou anoint to be king over Israel; and Elisha the son of Shaphat, of Abel-meholah shalt thou anoint to be prophet in thy room." Baal worship should be destroyed, but not in the way Elijah had thought; God was faithful, but He worked out His own plans, not Elijah's.

"It shall come to pass, that him that escapeth the sword of Hazael shall Jehu slay; and him that escapeth from the sword of Jehu shall Elisha slay." Here is God's plan, the unfolding, Elisha shall have a successor; the testimony of prophecy shall be continued. Ahab is not converted, but Jehu shall be raised up to destroy Baal out of the land. The thought might easily arise in Elijah's heart, "Is all this to take place only in the future, and are all the souls for which I have prayed to perish?" One moment the veil is dropped which hides the working of God, "Yet I have left me [will I leave me, R. V.] seven thousand in Israel, all the knees which have not bowed unto Baal, and every mouth which hath not kissed him." While Elijah was counting upon Him, God was at work; He did not need Elijah's supervision. A mighty work of revival was going on quietly throughout the land; Elijah's prayers had been abundantly answered. Now, the spell was broken, the prophet was at large. Again, he could carry messages for God, again he could ignore the self which was so prominent in his despondency. Now, with a glad heart, he can go in the name of his God to find and anoint Elisha as the future prophet of Israel.

Oh, how we learn of this history the utter nothingness of man! We cannot depend on ourselves, our knowledge, our experience, or any other thing, but only on our God. Everything else breaks down. And then we learn also that God is to be trusted; that when we have committed anything to Him, He does undertake it, and even when we see nothing, there, far out of our sight, He is at work, carrying out His purposes, fulfilling His promises, answering the prayers of His people. Let us count on Him absolutely, trusting where we can see nothing but His Word to rest upon, for surely they which trust in Him shall never be ashamed.

Volume VII of the Christian Herald, Containing the Numbers for 1884, with complete index, bound in cloth, may be had from this office; price \$3, including postage. A few volumes of 1882 and 1883 are also for sale. We have none prior to 1882.

Thy Healer: God's Dealings with Soul and Body, edited by Mrs. M. Baxter, a magazine devoted to holiness and healing, published in London on the first and fifteenth of every month. Copies are sent to subscribers in America direct from Bethshan as soon as printed. Annual subscription, including postage, seventy-five cents. Subscriptions for 1885 should be sent to Mrs. M. Baxter, to Drayton Park, Highbury, London, England, or to the office of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, 63 Bible House, New York, whence they will be forwarded to London.

"SOME TIME."

Some time, when all life's lessons have been learned,
And sun and stars forevermore have set,
He things which our weak judgment here has
spurned.
The things o'er which we grieved with lashes
wet
I'll flash before you out of life's dark night.
As stars shine most in deeper times of blue;
And we shall see how all God's plans were right,
And how what seemed reproof was love, most
true.

And we shall see, that, while we frown and sigh,
God's plans go on as best for you and me;
And when we called, he loved not our cry,
Because his wisdom to the end could see,
And on as prudent parents disallow
Too much of sweet to craving babyhood,
O God, perhaps, is keeping from us now
Life's sweetest things, because it seemeth good.

And if, some time, commingled with life's wine,
We find the wormwood, and rebel and shrink,
To sure a wiser hand than yours or mine
Pours out this potion for our lips to drink;
And if some friend we love is lying low,
Where human kisses cannot reach his face,
And I do not blame the loving Father so,
But bear your sorrow with obedient grace.

And you shall shortly know that lengthened breath
Is not the sweetest gift God sends his friend,
And that sometimes the sable pall of death
Conceals the fairest boon his love can send.
We could push away the gates of life,
And stand within, and all God's working see,
And could interpret all this doubt and strife,
And for each mystery find a key.

But not to-day. Then be content, poor heart:
God's plans, like hills pure and white, unfold;
We cannot see the close that lies apart;
Time will reveal the calyx of gold.
And if through patient toil we reach the land
Where tired feet with sandals loose, may rest,
Then we shall clearly know and understand
I think that we shall say that "God knew best."

"He loved us, and gave himself for us;" and we
now that all things work together for good to them
that love God, to them who are called according to
his purpose.

If God be for us, who can be against us?
He that spared not his own Son, but delivered
him up for us all, how shall he not with him also
rejoice in us all things?

For I am persuaded that neither death, nor life,
nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor
things present, nor things to come,
Nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature,
shall be able to separate us from the love of God,
which is in Christ Jesus our Lord.—Rom. viii. 35, and
orisons of last verse.

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which so many of you have sent, telling me of the
good results of books lent to you, and also to say to
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Vol. VIII. No. 34.

THURSDAY, AUGUST 20, 1885.

Price, Three Cents.

CONTENTS OF THIS NUMBER.

PORTRAIT OF THE LATE REV. S. IRENEUS PRIME, D.D., AND SKETCH OF HIS LIFE.

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The Late Rev. SAMUEL IRENÆUS PRIME, D.D. Born Nov. 4, 1812. Died July 18, 1885.

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A Beneficent Life Closed—A Champion of the Church—Birth and Early Life—A Disappointed Minister—Settlement at Ballston—Illness—Three Happy Years at Matteawan—Prostrated by Sickness—Editorial Work—Ten Years of Toil—Advent of Prosperity—European Tours—Work on Harper's Magazine—Authorship—Public Offices—Illness and Death.

"I HAVE fought a good fight," wrote the great apostle of the Gentiles when he was approaching death, and looked back over his years of toil and suffering. "I have finished my course, I have kept the faith." The master in Israel whose portrait appears on the first page and whose recent death we are now lamenting, might have used those words of his own career without vanity or self-glorification. For nearly half a century Dr. Prime has been known through the length and breadth of the land as a valiant soldier of Christ, an intrepid defender of the truth against assaults of all kinds. Infidels, Romanists, Agnostics, and members of "the advanced school" have crossed swords with him, and have learned to respect his Christian skill and valor. He has stood in the forefront of the battle.

A CHAMPION OF THE CHURCH

of Christ, a leader in many a hard struggle, a veteran whose very name was a tower of strength. To his ministerial brethren the loss is a heavy one. His death leaves a vacancy which will not be easily filled, and the Church will sorely miss the encouraging, hopeful words which, whether speaking or writing, seemed always at his command. There are few evangelical ministers, especially few who have been in any kind of trouble or conflict, who have not at some time been debtor to him for kindly sympathy, sometimes uttered in his cheery, genial tones, sometimes in a personal letter, delicately and gracefully expressed, sometimes in the columns of the press. His hand was quick to strike when correction was needed, but it was tender as that of a woman when there was a wound to be bound up, or a bleeding heart to be soothed. In the pulpit, on the platform, in the editorial chair, the presence of Dr. Prime was a beneficent influence operating for good, an influence we can ill spare.

His death, as Dr. J. R. Paxton sadly said at his funeral, is a personal loss. There are thousands of Christian men—all, we think, who ever came in personal contact with him—who will echo those words on their own account. He was a true gentleman. His courtesy was not limited to distinguished persons or personal acquaintances. Numbers of strangers visiting the city, who had no claim on his consideration, were indebted to him for counsel and kindness. A case in point which years ago came under our own observation may be mentioned. A Christian gentleman, who had but recently crossed the Atlantic, had business to transact at the office of the *Observer*. He called there, but came away lamenting that his business had gone awry, and that his feelings as a foreigner had been wounded by what he described as the gross rudeness of an employé. He was advised to appeal to Dr. Prime himself, but, having no introduction, shrank from intruding on the great man. At length he took courage to write, and, to his surprise, was answered courteously by return mail. Armed with Dr. Prime's letter, he again presented himself at the office. The pompous individual who had insulted him before again came forward with a repulse written on his face. The foreigner quietly presented his credentials, and was amused to see the celerity with which the official changed his demeanor to one as near that of a gentleman as he could assume, and at the ease with which his business was transacted. Such incidents appear trivial, but the trivialities of life have much to do with its happiness or discomfort, especially when the feelings of a stranger are involved.

It was the same spirit of friendliness and cordiality which made his public letters charming. Dr. Prime was on the best of terms with his

readers, and he ever wrote as one who loved his fellows. There is no surer way to the hearts of men than that of loving them, and the general outburst of regret which the announcement of Dr. Prime's death has called forth, is only an illustration of that fact.

BIRTH AND EARLY LIFE.

Very curiously, Dr. Prime found the niche in the Christian church which he so ably filled through a disappointment. The fact may be an encouragement to some who have tried to serve God in some particular way and have failed. There was no one so well qualified to fill the editorial chair of a religious newspaper as Dr. Prime, but he would never have filled it if he had been permitted to continue the pastor of a church. At the age of twenty-two he was the settled minister over the Presbyterian Church of Ballston Spa, N. Y., and was looking forward to a career of usefulness. His great-grandfather and his father were both clergymen of distinction, and he had himself received an excellent training for the work. At the age of eight he began the study of Latin; at nine, Greek; at ten, Hebrew; at eleven he was fitted to enter college, though by reason of his youth that step was deferred until he was thirteen; at seventeen he was graduated at Williams, and the very next morning at nine o'clock (having ridden part of the night to reach the place) he began to teach in an academy where most of his pupils were considerably older than himself. He went to Princeton afterward for theological study, and had preached his first sermon before he was twenty-one. That sermon was preached in 1833, at Bedford, Westchester County, N. Y., and two years ago he went there again to celebrate the fiftieth anniversary of the event. The following year he was invited to accept the pastorate of Ballston Spa, and he accepted with much pleasure. Ballston was the scene of his birth. He drew his first breath there, on November 4th, 1812, though he passed his boyhood at Cambridge, Washington County, N. Y., where his parents removed soon after he was born.

HIS FIRST CHARGE.

The climate of Ballston Spa tried him severely, and he was somewhat reckless in his energies. Writing of that first year of ministerial labor, he said: "Mine was a short pastorate. *One brief year of labor*, and I was laid aside. And this suggests a caution to young ministers and their people. In the zeal of their youth, the fresh pastor rushes upon his work as though he were not, in part, at least, made of flesh. Conscious of great vitality, and untaught by experience, he is ready to preach whenever he has a chance, as if there were no limit to his powers of endurance.

"How long could a young man of slender build and delicate lungs expect to hold out, who preached *three times every Sabbath*, and held two or three meetings in the week, and made pastoral visits in a congregation scattered four or five miles in every direction? It was miserable economy of life and health. And the pastor and people were equally at fault in the matter. They asked, and he did not refuse. Every Sabbath evening, after two full services, the men in the village would get up a team, sometimes two or three teams, and carry me off four or five miles into the country, where notice had been given of preaching in a school-house, and there we would have an earnest meeting, in which the laymen participated while I did the speaking. Sometimes I lodged among the farmers on Sunday night, but more frequently rode home in the cold after a steam bath in the crowded school-room."

AT MATTEAWAN.

A brief period for rest and recuperation succeeded, and then the pastorate of the church at Matteawan, N. Y., was offered to Dr. Prime and accepted. He went there in 1837, and remained three years, which he always regarded as the happiest years of his life. He had just been married, and the charm which is always associated with the first home of a happy married life clung about the parsonage of Matteawan. Writing two years ago to the present pastor of

that church, Dr. Prime thus referred to his experience there: "It was an ideal pastor charge, beautifully nestled at the foot of the mountains, near the great river, the people largely engaged in manufactures, liberal, hospitable, intelligent, and earnestly religious. entered upon my labors with enthusiasm, and pursued them with constantly increasing ardor and enjoyment. All the children were my friends. *I was said to know every child in the parish by name.* Those who grew up to manhood and womanhood continue to be my friends, and it is enough for me to be reminded that was the pastor in Matteawan of one who speak to me, to awaken my warmest interest. In foreign lands those young parishioners have hailed me as the friend of their childhood. How we do I remember the prayer-meetings, the revivals, the conversions, the communion season which we all enjoyed." To the end of his life Dr. Prime was accustomed to speak enthusiastically of his happiness there, and of the cordiality and kindness of his people.

THE END OF MINISTERIAL WORK.

More than one attack of illness prostrated him, but on his recovery he resumed his labor with renewed energy. At length, early in the year 1840, he was seized with an attack so severe that it was evident that persistence in preaching could only end in death. Then, with a reluctance shared by pastor and people, he resigned his charge. In the letter in which he announced the sad necessity to his people, he said:

"When I was first settled here 'I was sick and ye visited me.' From that time I have struggled daily in the midst of my manifold labors against a disease that has disabled many ministers of the Gospel, and laid not a few in the grave. Often when others may have thought that I was neglecting my duty I have been seeking temporary relief from the insidious effects of disease. Since my attack in October last it has manifested some symptoms that indicate clearly the necessity of a speedy cessation of public speaking. Such being the will of Providence 'What are we that we should reply against God?' Bowing to that will, I have now to ask the congregation to unite with me in a request that the Presbytery will dissolve the pastoral relation subsisting between us."

Dr. Prime was hoping that, though compelled to discontinue service as a preacher, some other field of usefulness might be opened to him. In a humorous speech delivered in April last, he remarked: "The opening of the year 1840 found me the pastor of a village church, for the second time broken down in health, and despairing of being able to continue in any labor that required public speaking. I said to my father, 'I must give up preaching.' Now, it is a good thing to have a father to say an encouraging word when you are down, and this is what he said: '*God help you, my son, you are fit for nothing else.*'" God did help him, and he was abundantly fit for something else.

THE OBSERVER.

He applied for work on the *Observer* in the spring of 1840, and having already contributed occasional articles to its columns, his journalistic abilities were known, and he was appointed associate editor. The paper was then published in the Morse Building, on the corner of Nassau and Beekman streets, and was under the charge of Messrs. Sidney E. and R. C. Morse and A. P. Cummings. He settled down to his work with an energy that astonished every one, and very soon the entire editorial charge was left in his hands. The arduous character of his duties may be inferred from his own account, which he gave at a meeting held last April to celebrate the forty-fifth anniversary of his connection with the *Observer*.

"I was [he said] cook, cabin-boy, and all hands in one. I wrote the editorials, revised the manuscripts, made the selections, got up the news, religious and secular, read all the proofs, and had no help in any department except that Mr. David M. Stone, now the distinguished editor of the *Journal of Commerce*,

contributed a financial article weekly. Yet even then I did not perform so much work as the editor before me. He managed the business office, edited the paper alone, got the papers ready for the mails, took them in a hand-cart and wheeled them to the post-office himself. I met a gentleman a short time ago who told me of his finding the editor with his hand-cart wheel stuck in a hole, and he helped him out."

This capacity for work remained with Dr. Prime to the last, though, happily, with increasing years there was less necessity for exertion. But when, on January 31st, 1882, the Potter Building was destroyed by fire, and with it were spoiled the forms of the next issue of the *Observer*, Dr. Prime rose to the emergency with an energy that reminded his old friends of his early achievements. He sent for two stenographers, and taking them to the parlor of an hotel, he dictated his entire editorial page in two hours, and the paper was in the hands of the subscribers on time. The first ten years of his editorial experience were, however, a trying time. His health was enfeebled, he had a wife and three children, and his salary was exceedingly small. At the end of that time, however, his most difficulties were over. His exertions were rewarded with a share in the proprietorship, and he knew no more the depressing effects of poverty which, in his profession more than in any other, cripple the mind and curtail its powers. By that time Dr. Prime's name had been identified everywhere with the *Observer*, and he had impressed his personality upon it. His hand was recognized in it in every department, and his bright, cheery words were welcome everywhere. A series of letters under the signature "Ireneus" was commenced and soon became famous. In those he chatted familiarly with his readers about any topic that happened to be prominent, and those letters were always read, whatever might happen to the other parts of the paper.

A VOYAGE TO EUROPE

became necessary at last. Thirteen years of incessant labor, broken only by vacations of the briefest extent, had told on a system always feeble. He broke down completely, and absolute rest became indispensable. His brother, Dr. E. G. Prime, consented to occupy his place during his absence, and immediately on his arrival the worn-out editor was lifted from his bed and taken on board ship. His brother says: "We carried him to the ship in a very feeble condition, and though we did not, like the elders at Ephesus in bidding Paul farewell, fall on his neck and kiss him, we did sorrow deeply lest we should see his face no more." The voyage and change of scene, and more than all, the absolute rest of mind which he enjoyed in Europe, produced the desired effect, and Dr. Prime returned to his post, after a year's absence, with renewed strength, mental and physical. It was, however, deemed prudent to reduce the strain under which he had collapsed, and Dr. E. G. Prime remained to continue his assistance.

The relief thus gained from the drudgery of the work had a valuable result. Dr. Prime had more time for his editorials and "Ireneus" letters, which grew brighter and sprightlier than ever. It also introduced him to a new circle of readers. Messrs. Harper & Brothers, the eminent publishers of this city, invited him to conduct one of the departments—that of the Editor's Drawer—in their magazine. The firm say of him: "He seized upon the opportunity with alacrity, and established a wide correspondence to collect the floating wit and humor of the day. From the most distant States and Territories came streams and reams of entertaining incidents, adventures, comicalities of all sorts, to amuse the public; but it was the editor's rule, which admitted no exception, never to allow a profane word to soil the Drawer, or a joke that would not be admissible in the most refined circles of society. The popularity of that department of Harper's Magazine became immense, while the secret of its source was carefully preserved. When the late Mr. James T. Fields as-

certain that the editor of the Drawer was Dr. Prime, he remarked that that was 'the greatest joke that ever appeared in the Drawer.' This engagement also served to help another cherished scheme. The hundred dollars a number which Dr. Prime received from the publishers for his work was carefully laid aside, and was used as opportunity occurred to increase his share in the proprietorship of the *Observer*.

AUTHORSHIP.

The re-establishment of his health and his reduced editorial labors afforded Dr. Prime an opportunity, of which he eagerly availed himself, to recommence preaching, and in other ways to extend his usefulness. He did not accept a pastorate, but his ministerial friends were delighted to obtain so excellent a supply for their pulpits, and his services in that capacity were in frequent request. Sometimes he would go to the aid of a sick brother for an extended period, while the afflicted minister went away for rest. But his chief field of activity was with his pen. Beside his regular weekly supply of matter to his journal, he produced nearly forty volumes, one of which, his "Life of S. B. Morse," was a work of over seven hundred pages. An extensive European tour in 1866-67, and another in 1876-77, furnished him with matter for two or three volumes. Among others that he wrote were: "The Alhambra and the Kremlin," "The Old White Meeting-House," "Annals of the English Bible," "Thoughts on the Death of Little Children," "The Power of Prayer" (a sketch of the Fulton Street Prayer-meeting), with several continuations, "Memoirs of Rev. Nicholas Murray" and "Under the Trees." "The Power of Prayer," which was first published in 1859, was translated into several languages, and was reprinted in Europe, Asia, and Africa, attaining, it is said, a circulation of more than one hundred and seventy-five thousand copies.

PUBLIC OFFICES.

Beside these occupations, Dr. Prime's superabundant energy enabled him to accept and fill efficiently many important offices in connection with religious and philanthropic institutions. He has frequently been a Commissioner to the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church, and in 1883 he went as a delegate from the Northern body to the Southern General Assembly. He has been Corresponding Secretary of the American Bible Society, of which he was one of the active directors; Vice-President and Director of the American Tract Society; Corresponding Secretary of the American Evangelical Alliance; Vice-President and Director of the American and Foreign Christian Union; President of the New York Association for the Advancement of Science and Art; ex-President and Trustee of Wells College for Women; Trustee of Williams College; Honorary Fellow of the Incorporated Society of (English) Authors, and a member of many other religious, benevolent, and literary organizations.

LAST ILLNESS AND DEATH.

After Dr. Prime passed the turning-point in life of threescore years and ten, his friends noticed with solicitude a decrease in his energy. His mind was vigorous as ever, and it seemed that his sympathies deepened and broadened. None of the asperities that sometimes accompany old age crept into his work, but if there was a change in it, it was in a gentler, more brotherly spirit than before. But while the spirit was vigorous and active, the body showed signs of wear and decay. He continued to communicate with his readers as fully as ever, but he went out less frequently, and during the severe weather, both of excessive cold and heat, he was confined to his house.

On June 4th he left the city with his wife to celebrate at Ballston the fiftieth anniversary of his ordination and installation as first pastor of the Presbyterian church in that place. Those services performed, he proceeded to Manchester, Vt., where he intended to pass the month of August with his family. On his way he was seized with congestion of the liver, and on his

arrival a physician was summoned. Before the end of a week he seemed to have completely recovered. He was, however, still conscious of weakness, and did not go out. On Sunday, July 12th, after sitting up for some time, he walked across the room to the bed, and lying down, closed his eyes as if for slumber. A little later a change in his appearance attracted notice, and it was found that he had had a paralytic seizure. He lay helpless for six days, unable to speak save in monosyllables, but he was able to satisfy his anxious family, who gathered around him, that he was not suffering pain, and that his mind was tranquil. On Saturday, July 18th, he passed away so calmly and peacefully that his sorrowing friends did not know the moment that his spirit fled.

It was a fit end to a life of activity, as of a tired warrior laying himself down to rest. He will be sorely missed, first and chiefly by the readers of his journal, who will no longer be cheered and encouraged by his irrepressible good humor and wise, pithy comments; the church and the benevolent societies which he so faithfully served will lament his removal, and a host of friends from distant cities will miss one of the charms of their visits to the metropolis. To the great Head of the Church, whom we thank for sending and qualifying our departed friend for his special sphere, we look to raise up others to continue the work he did so long and so well.

How to Deal with Socialism is one of the most difficult problems of our time. One of the best suggestions is that made in the *National Review* to men of wealth by Lord Brabazon, who advises them to "descend into the streets" and hold friendly intercourse with the dwellers in the slums. "I do not so much care," says Lord Brabazon, "that you should increase your subscriptions to charitable objects (though this might often be done with advantage), as that you should use the great influence you possess in the cause of the happiness of the greatest number. I want you to show the poor man that he is not forgotten by you; that you are alive to his sorrows; that you sympathize with him in his troubles; that you respect him for his honest struggles against penury and want; that you admire him for his patience; that you willingly acknowledge that moral worth is superior to all social distinction; that you recognize wealth as a talent which has been given you from above, and that your greatest pleasure in life is to use it for the good of your less favored brethren. If wealth descended oftener into the streets, there would be less animosity between capital and labor. Let the rich man take for his motto, 'Not alms, but a friend'—a friend who should use his wealth and his education to bridge the yawning chasms of society, for is it not true that separation begets ignorance, and ignorance hatred?"

Another Campaign in the Soudan is being earnestly advocated by General Wolseley, who has returned to England, and is anxious to retrieve his reputation. His demand receives little support either from the Government or the people. The few British troops at Suakim are reported to be suffering terribly from disease, a fact which discourages the public from any new enterprise in that direction. A cable despatch to the *Sun* says that thousands of corpses of men and animals are lying exposed to the sun, being only slightly covered with sand, in the vicinity of Suakim, have made the soil a vast breeder of typhoid fever, which has caused many deaths, and filled not only the regular hospitals but also the portable hospitals with sick soldiers. The latter hospitals are usually used only during active service, but so rapid was the increase of disease among the soldiers that they had to be brought into requisition to afford accommodation for the suffering men. The only water to be had is distilled by the ships in the harbor, and this is served to the troops warm. No vegetables are attainable, and the hardships of even those not sick are almost beyond endurance.

THE RANSOMLESS.

A Sermon by Dr. Talmage.

"Beware lest He take thee away with His stroke: then a great ransom cannot deliver thee."—JOB 36: 18.

Strokes that are Final—I. Removal of Intellect—Responsibility of the Demented—The Cornish Fool—Intellect an Uncertain Possession—Death-bed Repentance Precarious—II. Withdrawal of the Spirit—A Despairing Letter—The Dead Line—III. Death—Where the Gospel Call Stops—No Renewal of the Offer—An Unreasonable Doctrine—A Place not Favorable to Reform—The Ransom Made.

TROUBLE makes some men mad. It was so with Job. He had lost his property, he had lost his physical health, he had lost his dear children, and the losses had led to exasperation instead of any spiritual profit. I suppose that he was in the condition which many are now in who sit before me. There are those here whose fortunes have begun to flap their wings, as though to fly away. There is a hollow cough in some of your dwellings. There is a substruction of comfort and happiness, and you feel disgusted with the world, and impatient with many events that are transpiring in your history, and you are in the condition in which Job was when the words of my text accosted him: "Beware lest He take thee away with His stroke: and then a ransom cannot deliver thee."

I propose to show you that sometimes God suddenly removes from us our gospel opportunities, and that when he has done so our case is ransomless. "Beware lest He take thee away with His stroke: then a great ransom cannot deliver thee."

I. Sometimes the stroke comes in the

REMOVAL OF THE INTELLECT.

"Oh!" says some man, "as long as I keep my mind I can afford to adjourn religion." But suppose you do not keep it? A fever, the hurling of a missile, the falling of a brick from a scaffolding, the accidental discharge of a gun—and your mind is gone. If you have ever been in an anatomical room, and have examined the human brain, you know what a delicate organ it is. And can it be possible that our eternity is dependent upon the healthy action of that which can be so easily destroyed?

"Oh!" says some one, "you don't know how strong a mind I have." I reply: Losses, accident, bereavement, and sickness may shipwreck the best physical or mental condition. There are those who have been ten years in lunatic asylums who had as good a mind as you. While they had their minds they neglected God, and when their intellect went, with it went their last opportunity for heaven. Now they are not responsible for what they do, or for what they say; but in the last day they will be held responsible for what they did when they were mentally well; and if, on that day, a soul should say: "Oh! God, I was demented, and I had no responsibility," God will say: "Yes, you were demented; but there were long years when you were not demented. That was your chance for heaven, and you missed it." Oh, better be, as the Scotch say, a little "daft," nevertheless, having grace in the heart; better be like poor Richard Hampson,

THE CORNISH FOOL,

whose biography has just appeared in England—a silly man he was, yet bringing souls to Jesus Christ by scores and scores—giving an account of his own conversion, when he said: "The mob got after me, and I lost my hat, and I climbed up by a meat-stand, in order that I might not be trampled under foot; and while I was there, my heart got on fire with love toward those who were chasing me, and springing to my feet, I began to exhort and to pray." Oh! my God, let me be in the last, last day the Cornish fool, rather than have the best intellect God ever created unilluminated by the Gospel of Jesus Christ!

AN UNCERTAIN POSSESSION.

Consider what an uncertain possession you have in your intellect, when there are so many things around to destroy it; and beware, lest

before you use it in making the religious choice, God takes it away with a stroke. I know a good many of my friends who are putting off religion until the last hour. They say, when they get sick they will attend to it, but generally the intellect is beclouded; and oh, what a doleful thing it is to stand by a dying bed, and talk to a man about his soul, and feel, from what you see of the motion of his hand, and the glare of his eye, and from what you hear of the jargon of his lips, that he does not understand what you are saying to him. I have stood beside the death-bed of a man who had lived a sinful life, and was as unprepared for eternity as it is possible for a man to be, and I tried to make him understand my pastoral errand; but all in vain. He could not understand it, and so he died.

Oh! ye who are putting off until the sick hour preparation for eternity, let me tell you that, in all probability, you will not be able in your last hour to attend to it at all. There are a great many people who say they will repent on the death-bed. I have no doubt there are many who have repented on the death-bed, but I think it is the exception. Albert Barnes, who was one of the coolest of men, and gave no rash statistics, said thus: That in a ministry of nearly half a century—he was over seventy when he went up to glory—he had known a great many people who said they repented on the dying bed, but, unexpectedly to themselves, got well; and he says, How many of those, do you suppose, who thought it was their dying bed, and who, after they repented on that dying bed, having got well, lived consistently, showing that it was real repentance, and not mock repentance—how many? *not one, not one!*

II. Again: this stroke may come to you in the

WITHDRAWAL OF GOD'S SPIRIT.

I see people before me who were, twenty years ago, serious about their souls. They are not now. They have no interest in what I am saying. They will never have any anxiety in what any minister of the Gospel says about their souls. Their time seems to have passed. I know a man, seventy-five years of age, who, in early life, became almost a Christian, but grieved away the spirit of God, and he has never thought earnestly since, and he cannot be roused. I do not believe he will be roused until eternity flashes on his astonished vision.

It does seem as if sometimes, in quite early life, the Holy Spirit moves upon a heart, and being grieved away and rejected, never comes back. You say that is all imaginary? A letter, the address of which I will not give, dated last Monday morning, came to me on Tuesday, saying this: "Your sermon last night (that is, last Sabbath night) did not fit my case, although I believe it did all others in the Academy; but your sermon of a week ago did fit my case, for I am 'past feeling.' I am not ashamed to be a Christian. I would as soon be known to be a Christian as anything else. Indeed, I wish I was, but I have not the least power to become one. Don't you know that with some persons there is a tide in their spiritual natures which, if taken at the flood, leads on to salvation? Such a tide I felt two years ago. I want you to pray for me, not that I may be led to Christ—for that prayer would not be answered—but that I may be kept from the temptation to suicide!"

NO RETURN.

What I had to say to the author of that I said in a private letter; but what I have to say to this audience is: Beware lest you grieve the Holy Ghost, and He be gone, and never return. Next Wednesday, at two or three o'clock, a Cunard steamer will put out from Jersey City wharf for Liverpool. After it has gone one hour, and the vessel is down by the "Narrows," or beyond, go out on the Jersey City wharf, and wave your hand, and shout, and ask that steamer to come back to the wharf. Will it? Yes, sooner than the Holy Ghost will come back when once He has taken his final flight from thy soul. With that Holy Spirit some of you have been in treaty, my dear friends.

The Holy Spirit said: "Come, come to Christ." You said: "No, I won't." The Spirit said, more importunately: "Come to Christ." You said: "Well, I will after a while, when I get my business fixed up; when my friends consent to my coming; when they won't laugh at me—then I'll come." But the Holy Spirit more emphatically said: "Come now." You said: "No, I can't. I can't come now." And that Holy Spirit stands in your heart to-night, with His hand on the door of your soul, ready to come out. Will you let Him depart? If so, then, with a pen of light, dipped in ink of eternal blackness, the sentence may be now writing: "Ephraim is joined to his idols. Let him alone! Let him alone!" When that fatal record is made, you might as well brace yourselves up against the sorrows of the last day, against the anguish of an unforgiven death-bed, against the flame and the overthrow of an undone eternity; for though you might live thirty years after that in the world, your fate would be as certain as though you had already entered the gates of darkness. That is the *dead line*. Look out how you cross it!

"There is a line by us unseen,
That crosses every path;
The hidden boundary between
God's patience and His wrath."

And some of you, to-night, have come up to that line. Aye, you have lifted your foot, and when you put it down, it will be on the other side! Look out how you cross it! Oh, grieve not the Spirit of God, lest He never come back!

DEATH.

III. This fatal stroke spoken of in the text may be our exit from this world. I hear aged people sometimes saying: "I can't live much longer." But do you know the fact that there are a hundred young people and middle-aged people who go out of this life to one aged person, for the simple reason that there are not many aged people to leave life? The aged seem to stand around like stalks—separate stalks of wheat at the corner of the field; but when death goes a-mowing, he likes to go down amid the thick of the harvest. What is more to the point: a man's going out of this world is never in the way he expects—it is never at the time he expects. The moment of leaving this world is always a surprise. If you expect to go in the winter, it may be in the summer; if in summer, it may be in the winter; if in the night, it may be in the daytime; if you think to go in the daytime, it may be in the night. Suddenly the event will rush upon you, and you will be gone. Where? If a Christian—into joy. If not a Christian—into suffering.

THE GOSPEL CALL STOPS

outside of the door of the sepulchre. The sleeper within cannot hear it. If that call should be sounded out with clarion voice louder than ever rang through the air, that sleeper could not hear it. I suppose every hour of the day, and now, while I am speaking, there are souls rushing into eternity unprepared. They slide from the pillow, or they slip from the pavement, and in an eye-winkling they are gone. Elegant and eloquent funeral oration will not do them any good. Epitaph, cut on polished Scotch granite, will not do them any good. Wailing of beloved kindred cannot call them back.

But, says some one: "I'll keep out of peril; I will not go on the sea, I will not go into battle—I'll keep out of all danger." That is no defence. Thousands of people, last night, on their couches, with the front door locked, and no armed assassin anywhere around, surrounded by all defended circumstances, slipped out of this life into the next. If time had been on one side of the shuttle and eternity on the other side of the shuttle, they could not have shot so quick across it. A man was saying: "My father was lost at sea, and my grandfather, and my great-grandfather. Wasn't it strange?" A man talking to him, said: "You ought never to venture on the sea, lest you, yourself, be lost at sea." The man turned to the other, and said: "Where did your father die?" He replied: "In

is bed." "Where did your grandfather die?" "In his bed." "Then," he said, "be careful, lest some night, while you are sleep on your couch, your time may come!"

HORROR OF INSECURITY.

Death alone is sure. Suddenly, you and I will go out of life. I am not saying anything to our soul that I am not going to say to my own. We have got to go suddenly out of this life. If I am prepared for that change, I do not care where my body is taken from—at what point I am taken out of this life. If I am ready, it is well. If I am not ready, though I might be at home, and though my loved ones might be standing around me, and though there might be the best surgical and medical ability in the room, I tell you, if I were not prepared, I would be frightened more than tongue can tell. I may seem like cowardice, but I am not ashamed to say that I should have the most indescribable horror about going out of this world if I thought I was unprepared for the next—if I had no Christ in my soul; for it would be a plunge compared with which a leap from the top of Mont Blanc would be nothing.

FINALITY.

But this brings me to the most tremendous thought of my text. The text supposes that a man goes into ruin, and that an effort is made afterward for his rescue, and then says the thing cannot be done. Is that so? After death seizes upon that soul, is there no resurrection? If a man topples off the edge of life, is there nothing to break his fall? If an impenitent man goes overboard, are there no grappling hooks to hoist him into safety? The text says distinctly: "Then a great ransom cannot deliver thee." I know there are people who call themselves "Restorationists," and they say a sinful man may go down in the world of the lost; he stays there until he gets reformed, and then comes up into the world of light and blessedness. It seems to me to be a most unreasonable doctrine—as though the world of darkness were a place where a man could get reformed. Is there anything in the society of the lost world—the abandoned and the wretched of God's universe—to elevate a man's character and lift him at last to heaven? Can we go into the companionship of the Neroes, and the Herods, and the Jim Fisks, and spend a certain number of years in that lost world, and then by that society be purified and lifted up? Is that the kind of society that reforms a man and prepares him for heaven? Would you go to Shreveport or Memphis, with the yellow fever there, to get your physical health restored? Can it be that a man may go down into the diseased world—a world overwhelmed by

AN EPIDEMIC OF TRANSGRESSIONS—

and by that process, and in that atmosphere, be lifted up to health and glory? Your common sense says: "No! no!" In such society as that, instead of being restored, you would go down worse and worse, plunging every hour into deeper depths of suffering and darkness. What your common sense says the Bible reaffirms, when it says: "These shall go away into three months of punishment." I have quoted it wrong. "These shall go away into ten years of punishment." I have quoted it wrong. "These shall go away into a thousand years of punishment." I have quoted it wrong. "These shall go into everlasting punishment." And now I have quoted it right; or, if you prefer, in the words of my text: "Then a great ransom cannot deliver thee."

Now just suppose that a spirit should come down from heaven and knock at the gates of woe and say: "Let that man or ! Let me come in and suffer in his stead. I will be the sacrifice. Let him come out." The grim jailer would reply: "No, you don't know what a place this is, or you would not ask to come in; beside that, this man had full warning and full opportunity of escape. He did not take the warning, and now a great ransom shall not deliver him."

Sometimes men are sentenced to imprisonment for life. There comes another judge on the bench, there comes another governor in the chair, and in three or four years you find the man who was sentenced for life in the street. You say: "I thought you were sentenced for life." "Oh!" he says, "politics are changed, and I am now a free man." But it will not be so for a soul at the last. There will be no new judge or new governor. If at the end of a century a soul might come out, it would not be so bad. If at the end of a thousand years it might come out, it would not be so bad. If there were any time in all the future, in quadrillions and quadrillions of years, that the soul might come out, it would not be so bad; but if the Bible be true, it is a state of unending duration.

ETERNITY.

Far on in the ages one lost soul shall cry out to another lost soul: "How long have you been here?" and the soul will reply: "The years of my ruin are countless. I estimated the time for thousands of years; but what is the use of estimating when all these rolling cycles bring us no nearer the terminus." Ages! Ages! Ages! Eternity! Eternity! Eternity! The wrath to come! The wrath to come! The wrath to come! No medicine to cure that marasmus of the soul. No hammer to strike off the handcuff of that incarceration. No burglar's key to pick the locks which the Lord hath fastened. Sir Francis Newport, in his last moment, caught just one glimpse of that world. He had lived a sinful life. Before he went into the eternal world, he looked into it. The last words he ever uttered were, as he gathered himself up on his elbows in the bed: "Oh, the insufferable pangs of hell!" The lost soul will cry out: "I cannot stand this! I cannot stand this! Is there no way out?" and the echo will answer: "No way out." And the soul will cry: "Is this for ever?" and the echo will answer: "For ever!"

Is it all true? "These shall go away into everlasting punishment, while the righteous go into life eternal." Are there two destinies? and must all this audience share one or the other? Shall I give an account for what I have told you to-night? Have I held back any truth, though it were plain, though it were unpalatable? Must I meet you there, oh, you dying but immortal auditory? I wish that my text, with all its uplifted hands of warning, could come upon your souls. "Beware lest He take thee away with His stroke: then a great ransom cannot deliver thee."

RANSOM MADE.

Glory be to God, there is a ransom that can now deliver you, braver than Grace Darling putting out in a life-boat from Longstone light-house for the rescue of the crew of the Forfarshire steamer—Christ the Lord launched from heaven, amid the shouting of the angels. Thirty-three years afterward, Christ the Lord launched from earth for heaven, amid human and infernal execration; yet staying here long enough to save all who will believe in Him. Do you hear that? To save all who will believe in Him. Oh, that pierced side! Oh, that bleeding brow! Oh, that crushed foot! Oh, that broken heart! That is your hope, sinner. That is your ransom from sin, and death, and hell.

Why have I told you all these things to night, plainly and frankly? It is because I know there is redemption for you, and I would have you now come and get it. Oh, men and women long prayed for, and striven with, and coaxed of the mercy of God—have you concentrated all your physical, mental, and spiritual energies in one awful determination to be lost? Is there nothing in the value of your soul, in the graciousness of Christ, in the thunders of the last day, in the blazing glories of heaven, and the surging wrath of an undone eternity to start you out of your indifference, and make you pray? Oh, must God come upon you in some other way? Must He take another darling child from your household? Must He take another instalment from your worldly estate? Must He come upon you

with sorrow after sorrow, and smite you down with sickness before you will be moved, and before you will feel?

Oh, weep now, while Jesus will count the tears. Sigh now in repentance, while Jesus will hear the grief. Now clutch the cross of the Son of God before it be swept away. Beware, lest the Holy Spirit leave thy heart. Beware, lest this night thy soul be required of thee. "Beware, lest He take thee away with His stroke: then a great ransom cannot deliver thee." Oh, Lord God of Israel, see these impenitent souls on the verge of death ready to topple over! See them! Is there no help? Is this plea all in vain? I cannot believe it, blessed God. Oh, thou mighty One, whose garments are red with the winepress of thine own sufferings, in the greatness of thy strength ride through this audience, and may all this people fall into line, the willing captives of thy grace. Men and women immortal! I lay hold of you to-night with both hands of entreaty and of prayer, and I beg of you, prepare for death, judgment, and eternity.

MISS JOANNA HASTINGS.

(See Portrait on page 540.)

WHEN a person claims to be a hundred years old or more, the public naturally feels incredulous. It is not easy to convince men that life can be prolonged far beyond the limit mentioned by the Psalmist of threescore years and ten for ordinary people, and fourscore years for the strong. Sometimes, too, elderly people desiring notoriety lay claim falsely to advanced age. Others who are not designedly imposing on the public are themselves deceived as to their own age through imagining that they actually witnessed some important event, when, in fact, their impressions of it are due to hearing a vivid description of it from their parents or elder brothers. So it has come about that when some old man or woman tells us that he or she is above a hundred years old, we are apt to think they are adding wittingly or by mistake ten or fifteen years to the actual number. It is, however, clearly established, that it is not impossible to live a century. There is the clearest evidence, for example, that Sir Moses Montefiore, the eminent Jewish philanthropist who died a few weeks ago, was born in 1784, and died in 1885; and there are other well-established cases. A very interesting instance is that of the lady whose portrait appears on page 540.

The parish registers of Sutton Coldfield, England, show that in March, 1782, the curate of the church, the Rev. James Hastings, brought to the church his eldest daughter, who was born on March 14th of that year, and she was baptized there by the name of Joanna. The curate himself lived to a good old age, as did several of his children, some of whom attained distinction. The identity of Joanna could not have been changed, and as she is living now, she is in her hundred and fourth year. One of her nephews, George W. Hastings, is a member of Parliament, two of her brothers, who are dead, were admirals in the Royal Navy.

Joanna is now living at the salubrious town of Malvern, at the foot of the Malvern Hills. A bronchial trouble prevents her taking exercise in the open air, but otherwise she enjoys excellent health. She has never married, but, like many old maids, has been all her life a blessing to the families of her brothers and sisters, living a life of self-denial and helpfulness. From her early youth she has been a sincere Christian, and, like her Master, she has gone about doing good. The fact is significant that so many very old people have led lives of this kind. It may be commended to the notice of young people beginning life. Two inferences may be drawn from it, either of which is worth consideration. Either God sometimes rewards with length of days people who spend their lives in doing good, or a life of quiet confidence and trust in God, which relieves the mind of the worry that kills, conduces to longevity. One thing we are assured of in either case: "The years of the wicked are shortened" (Prov. 10: 27).

THE ORDER OF FUTURE EVENTS.

By Rev. T. C. Deshares, of Toronto.*

The Event Past—Those to Come—The Watchers—Preserved from the Tribulation—The Abomination of Daniel—Its Place—No Intervening Event to be Expected—Watching Directed—The Promised Blessing.

We notice, as we examine closely the remarkable sermon delivered by our Lord on the Mount of Olives recorded in the 24th and 25th chapters of the Gospel of Matthew, that the rapture of the believing watchful company is the sign of the presence of Christ. As Jesus sat on the Mount of Olives He presented before the disciples, in response to their desire, the order of events that would transpire to the end of the age. There was, first, the destruction of Jerusalem, which is *past*, the interval of the rejection of the Jewish nation, their return in unbelief as signalled by the presence of the Lord in the air, His return in blessing with manifested power, and the judgment of the Gentile nations. As He had said, "Ye shall not see me henceforth, till ye shall say, Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord" (Matt. 23 : 39). It is reasonable to suppose that to the Jewish nation He would first direct His attention in setting forth the wondrous events and circumstances that would be connected with their return. The prophecy furnishes a confirmation of this, and thus from the 6th to the 31st verse, inclusive, of the 24th chapter, we have naught but details of distress, suffering, and tribulation, which they would have to experience and pass through till the Lord was revealed from heaven as their Messiah King.

But while we see this, we also see, with our eyes wide open upon the prophetic page, the dignity and glory that is associated with a distinct order of people.

THEY WERE TO BE WATCHERS

for their coming Lord. They were not, if they were true to their privileges as sons of God, united by the Holy Ghost to the risen exalted Son, to pass through the tribulation, the great, the dreadful portion of a remnant of the rejectors of the glorified Messiah. The language is clear and decisive as to this blessed company: "As the days of Noe were, so shall also the coming of the Son of man be. For as in the days that were before the flood they were eating and drinking, marrying and giving in marriage, until the day that Noe entered into the ark, and knew not until the flood came, and took them all away; so shall also the coming of the Son of man be. Then shall two be in the field; the one shall be taken, and the other left. Two women shall be grinding at the mill; the one shall be taken, and the other left. Watch therefore; for ye know not what hour your Lord doth come" (Matt. 24 : 37-42). Such as were ready and watchful were to be raptured before the first pang of distress of that dread hour that was to come upon all the world.

THE PLACE OF THE ABOMINATION.

We learn from the 15th verse where the abomination spoken of by Daniel the prophet was to stand. It was to stand in the Holy place. The people were to be regathered, the Holy place was to be rebuilt, and the sacrifices restored. As our Lord referred to Daniel and said, "Whoso readeth will understand," we have but to refer to him and read in order to understand. In the 9th chapter of His prophetic vision we have the distinct statement that in the midst of the seventieth week, the unaccomplished period of time, the Prince that shall come, the great leader of the infidel nations, the mighty Head of evil that had been gathering, would cause the sacrifice and oblation to cease, and for the over-spreading of abominations that make desolate even until the consummation (Dan. 9 : 27).

The whole prophecy of our Lord is clear with regard to the closing period of this age. Three

years and a half counted backward from the 15th verse, and three years and a half (the period of the great tribulation) counted forward to the close, will make up the seventieth week or seven years. The point of commencement is uncertain. There is therefore

NO INTERVENING EVENT

between the present and the coming of presence of the Lord. I take it, then, that the presence of the Lord (I use the word presence, as it is a more suitable word to express the original, as it implies a lengthened period)—I say, I take it that the presence of the Lord in the air covers a lengthened period until the final consummation. When Jesus comforted His disciples by the assurance, "I will come again and receive you unto myself," the word "receive" in the original implied "companionship," the very word that is used in the passage just quoted. "The one shall be taken and the other left." As the taken and the left one were both exhorted to watch, we see at a flash that they were both believers, and that only one was obedient to the word of the Master, and for this was borne aloft to His presence. We conclude, then, that the words of Jesus, "I will come again and receive you unto myself," had special reference to the watchful company.

Again, in the transfiguration scene we have Moses and Elias in glorified bodies, and Peter, James, and John taken to the Mount to witness the glory. Why the selection of these three? Why were the remaining nine left to contend powerlessly with the demoniac in the plain below? Why was the word "*taketh*" used by our Lord here, the very same word that was used in the previous instances? Was this coincidence undesigned? While Moses and Elias typify the order of the resurrection of the dead and the rapture of the living, did not Peter, James, and John shadow forth the blessed company of believers who, in the deep darkness, would be watching for the appearance of the morning star that was to usher in the coming day?

When Peter alluded in his epistle to this scene of glorious majesty he spoke on this wise: "We have also a more sure word of prophecy; whereunto ye do well that ye take heed as unto a light that shineth in a dark place, until the day dawn, and the daystar arise in your hearts" (1 Pet. 1 : 19). If the first Book of Moses be consulted as to any utterance of the Holy Ghost bearing upon this subject, we have a striking type in the person of Enoch, "and Enoch walked with God and he was not, for God took him" (Gen. 5 : 24). And the Apostle Paul, referring to this transaction, has said, "And was not found, because God had translated him" (Heb. 11 : 5). Enoch comes before us as a type of those who were to be raptured before the flood of tribulation would sweep over our world. The "walking with God" implied a *readiness* as his not being found the *secrecy* of the rapture. Surely when our Lord said, "Watch ye therefore, and pray always, that ye may be accounted worthy to escape all these things that shall come to pass, and to stand before the Son of man" (Luke 21 : 36), He meant that the watchful saint would escape some fearful trial. Surely when He spoke from the glory to the Philadelphia Church, "Because thou hast kept the word of my patience, I also will keep thee from the hour of temptation, which shall come upon all the world, to try them that dwell upon the earth" (Rev. 3 : 10), He meant that those who did not keep that word would have to face a terrible hour.

I cannot conceive it possible that our Lord, in addressing His disciples, should so frequently exhort them to "watch" for His coming, without attaching some special blessing to the obedience of His word. If those who were moved by the Holy Ghost to impart instruction for the guidance and well-being of the Church of God not only seized upon that word "watch," but also introduced other words in their writings expressive of the intense yearning which possessed the hearts of all who believed in His sec-

ond coming, I do say, with all the tender affection that one Christian should have toward another, that we must either attach no meaning whatever to language, or believe the Word of the living God, that there was a special blessing, honor, and dignity in store for all such. If we allow any other event, such as the restoration of the Jews, or the millennium, to intervene between the moment we grasp the living Christ by faith and the coming of the Lord, all those words expressive of readiness for that coming might as well be expunged from the divine vocabulary.

ANECDOTES RELATED AT THE EVANGELISTIC MEETINGS IN SCOTLAND.

A Stern Mooring Not Cast Off.—A Christian worker related the following at a recent meeting: "Not long ago I was standing watching a steamer leaving a pier. It left as one would have thought all right, but it did not get more than a yard from the wharf, because one of her stern moorings was still fastened to the pier, therefore her progress was stayed until the fastening was unloosed. Just so with many Christians; they cannot grow in grace because there is something drawing them down to the world; it may seem trifling to them, but yet that one cord is keeping them back in Christian life. We must lay aside every weight, and the sins which do so easily beset us, and then our path will be ever upward and onward."

A Mother's Solemn Vow.—A Friend Related the following: "A mother whom I knew had a little boy that was the idol of her heart. Sickness came into her family, and one after another of her children was taken from her until she was left with only this little boy. He, too, was seized with the same disease, and the poor mother was almost distracted, and with pitiful tones she cried, 'Oh, I can never give him up.' But when she saw the little frame lying on a bed of great suffering, she cried, 'Oh, Lord, take my child away from this pain, and I will give my heart to Thee.' Her prayer was answered, and the little sufferer was taken to be with God. She kept her vow, and has given her life to the Saviour's service."

Sowing too Deep for Harvest.—Dr. Bonar remarked: "I heard of a farmer in America who got some seed of a new and very fine variety of Indian corn. With great pains he prepared the soil, and with much care sowed the corn deep into the ground, because he thought by so doing he would reap a plentiful harvest. A neighbor farmer also got a handful of this new corn, but he covered it very lightly with earth. When the reaping time came the farmer first mentioned was greatly disappointed to see, instead of a plentiful harvest, as he expected, a few scanty patches here and there. But his neighbor, out of the handful of grain, had a splendid field of corn. Dear friends, you who are called to speak of Christ to others, do not go too deep for your hearers, for if you do so your harvest must be scanty and spare, but rather with simple language deliver your message from your Master."

A Lamb Led to the Shepherd.—The Rev. Mr. McLachlan remarked: "I attended Mr. Hammond's meeting in the Queen's Rooms, Glasgow, the other day, where a number of young people were gathered. In the after-meeting I went down to a little boy and said, 'Are you trusting Jesus?' 'No; but I would like to,' was the reply. Opening my Bible, I directed him to Isaiah 53 : 5. 'He was wounded for our transgressions; He was bruised for our iniquities; the chastisement of our peace was upon Him; and with His stripes we are healed.' 'Who was wounded for our transgressions?' I asked. 'Jesus,' he answered. 'And who put Jesus to death for us?' I again asked. 'The Jews,' he said. But I told him to look at the next verse, where it said: 'The Lord hath laid upon Him the iniquity of us all.' 'Now,' I said, 'can you tell me who it was?' 'It was God,' he replied. Before leaving he professed to give himself to the Lord. After he had done

* From an address delivered at the recent Prophetic Conference at Niagara. A full report of this and other addresses at the Conference may be obtained in one volume from Mr. S. R. Briggs, Willard Tract Depository, Toronto, Canada.

I prayed, and then I told him to pray; and simple and sweet language he thanked the Lord for what He had done for him. Strange say, his mother had given herself to the Lord the occasion of Mr. Hammond's previous visit to Glasgow, seventeen years ago, and now it is rejoicing that under the same servant of God her son has surrendered himself to Christ."

Unhappy at a Fair.—Mr. A. Campbell Related: "Last summer I was going through a fair in Paris, when I noticed a little boy mingling along with both hands pushed into his eyes and weeping bitter tears. I wondered what his child could be crying for in such a place, for I thought it was the very place to make a child happy. Going to him, I said, 'What is the matter with you, my little fellow? What are you crying about?' Looking up at me through his tears, he said, 'Give me my father, give me my father.' With some difficulty I found his mother and restored the child to him. As I walked on my way I thought, 'The world is not like this fair; it has everything in it that one does not desire; nothing can I think of but what I may obtain. I have tried them all, but nothing satisfied me until, like the little boy, I cried, 'Give me my Father,' and until I found that God was indeed my Father, through accepting Christ as my Saviour I had no joy."

A Wicked Career Ended.—Mr. Graham Related: "When I was a little boy I was a great trouble to my parents. I was the worst boy in my neighborhood; nothing was too bad for me. As I grew older I had a great longing to be a sea. One day I went to the captain of a vessel that was just sailing for the East Indies, and I asked him leave to go with them. After much urging, he unwillingly consented to take me. I ran home and told my mother, who after some delay gave me leave to go. From that time my life became worse and worse, until I had plunged into the very depths of sin. As I neared the East Indies, a young fellow, who had been speaking of nothing else all the voyage out but of his home and his friends and the surprise he was going to give them, one day, while talking in this strain, turned very pale and fell at my feet. He was carried ashore, and in a very short time he died. 'Then,' I thought, 'if that had been Alexander Graham, his soul would have been in hell!' These were my first serious thoughts. From that time I was deeply impressed. I used to go apart by myself and read my Bible. It was on one of these occasions that I first became aware that the Lord was willing to pardon me. When reading John 3:16, I asked pardon and received forgiveness of all my sins. But I can trace my conversion to a praying mother, for she had ever ceased to pray for me, through all my wicked career."

Nightly Visits to the Village Cross.—Mr. Laughlan said: "An old lady sat in the same church as I did, and when the minister was speaking I used to notice how she drank in every word that was spoken. I took a great interest in her, for she was a soul-winner, and did many good deeds, and I thought if ever I spoke to that lady I would ask her how she came to Jesus. It was seventeen years before I got this longed-for opportunity, but at the end of that time I was preaching in the church myself, and at the close I went up to her, and said, 'I have been longing for many years to ask you a question. How were you brought to the Lord?' On our way home she told me the following: 'I formerly belonged to a district about a hundred miles from Glasgow, and in that town there was a great cross erected dividing four streets. When I was very young I used to steal quietly out of bed, when all the house and the town were still, and run swiftly along until I came to that cross, and kneeling at the foot of it poured out my childish thoughts to God, for I had a strange idea that this was the cross to which they had nailed my Lord and Master. All my childish joys and sorrows were poured out there. And it was there I first learned to love Jesus, and since then I have served Him.' How old were you

when you were conscious of having undergone this great change?' I asked. 'Between six and seven years of age,' she answered; and I thought, 'No wonder God used her for His work, when she had given a whole lifetime to Him.' She was then over sixty years old."

THE LONDON SCANDALS.

As many of our readers may have been misled on this subject by journals, like the New York Herald, which are horrified at the idea of the shameful crimes described by the Pall Mall Gazette being exposed, and profess to fear that the exposure may demoralize innocent persons, it may be well to quote some opinions of leading Christian transatlantic journals, with one or two facts. The evils described are flourishing here in awful luxuriance, and soon there will have to be a similar exposure in America, if nothing is done to purify the moral atmosphere.

The labyrinth of London, like that of Crete, has many chambers and underground passages; the clue that leads to the entrance is easily broken. Here, for instance, is one case given by the Pall Mall Gazette, in which a girl who is now in a respectable situation was imprisoned until her ruin was effected:

"K. S., a nursemaid, under fifteen, was once asked to take tea by a woman whose acquaintance she had made. She entered her house, but was not allowed to go out. She was forcibly detained in the house, but kindly treated. One night she was drugged, rendered unconscious, and when in that condition she was ruined by a nobleman. He kept her there for some months, when at last she succeeded in making her escape. The house is in a street near Hyde Park, kept by Miss , who pretended to keep a dyer's shop. The girl was sent to Cheshire from the hospital, and is now doing well."

A GIRL ESCAPES AFTER BEING SOLD.

"Being anxious to satisfy myself as to the reality of these transactions," says the Commissioner of the Pall Mall Gazette, "I instructed a thoroughly trustworthy woman to see if she could discover any of the children of whom I had heard, whose price was quoted like that of lambs at so much a head. The woman of the house to whom she went was somewhat suspicious, owing to the presence of a stranger, but after some conversation she said that she had one girl within reach, whom she would make over at once if they could come to terms. The girl was sent for, and duly appeared. She was told that she was to have a good situation in the country, within a few miles of London. She said that she had been brought up at home, had been in service, but had been out of a place for three weeks. She was a pleasant, bright-looking girl, who seemed somewhat nervous when she heard so many inquiries and the talk about taking her into the country. The bargain, however, was struck. The money was paid, the girl handed over, but something said had alarmed her, and she solved the difficulty of disposing of her by making her escape. 'Her escape,' said the ex-keeper, 'is one of the risks of the trade. If I had been really in for square business, I should never have agreed to take the girl from the house, partly in order to avoid such escape and partly for safety. It is almost invariably the rule that the seller must deliver the girl at some railway station. She is brought to you, placed in your cab or railway carriage, and it is then your business to see that she does not escape you.'"

THE REV. NEWMAN HALL STATES:

"One Sunday evening the parents of a young girl came in great distress, inquiring for her. She had been at the Sunday afternoon school, and had not returned home. They searched in vain for three weeks, and then found her in one of the lowest haunts of London, ruined and deserted. A pretended friend had enticed her into a house for refreshment, the drink had been drugged, and she knew nothing till she woke in terror and despair."

Miss Brewster relates a touching incident of

a beloved girl who went astray, and finally came home to die. "Promise me, dear father," she said, "that you will banish all drink from the table from this hour, for it was my first step toward ruin." Never again was wine seen upon that table. The use of wine and stimulants in houses is an auxiliary to the temptations which lead young women astray.

"AN ENGLISHWOMAN."

In a lengthy communication, breathing horror and indignation at the cruelties perpetrated by the priests and priestesses of this Moloch god, says: "These nameless horrors are not done as between man and woman alone, nor with our young girls only, awful as that is; but this that is now committed in our land is done upon our children. Fathers and mothers, think of it if you dare, realize it if you can!"

THE REV. MR. MOORE SAYS:

"When the first article of the Pall Mall Gazette's recent exposures was published, good people stood aghast almost stupefied, and were scarcely able to give even an opinion as to the probable results upon the morals of the public. Many remembered the lines of Pope:

'Vice is a monster of such frightful mien,
As to be hated needs only to be seen;
But seen too oft—familiar with its face,
We first endure, then pity, then embrace.'

and consequently they were fearful that the publication of such horrid revelations would make society worse instead of better. But even before the report was completed, there was a decided reaction in the public mind. And now that there has been sufficient time for reflection, it is generally conceded by those who are unprejudiced in the matter, that in the end much good will be effected. Undoubtedly, familiarity with vice is dangerous. But how can familiarity be avoided when vice is all around us? It is not needful to pursue the course of investigation adopted by our contemporary, and which has produced such a social earthquake, in order to come into contact with at least many features of the evil which has been exposed. The signs of this evil are all around us—in our streets, in our public gardens and parks. And here, unless we are greatly mistaken, are the seeds sown which bring the fruit to which public attention has been directed. As long as the unseemly conduct of the sexes, which is constantly on exhibition, especially during the summer evenings, in nearly all places of public resort, is allowed to go unrebuked and unpunished, it will be vain to seek for the suppression of the greater crimes which are hid away from the public view. But there is always danger attending any effort at reform. Interference with what exists is generally attended by some evil. If an old, decayed house is pulled down, it is not without some inconvenience and danger to the people in the neighborhood; but a temporary evil must be borne to reach a better state of things."

Another journal says: "Public opinion on the great moral question started by the Pall Mall Gazette is swelling to the flood. Never has so terrible a blow struck at flagrant immorality. The patrons of vice are smitten with amazement and anger, but the dread of exposure imposes restraint on their public manifestations. The shame lies not in the publication, but in the perpetration of these abominations. The disease known may perchance be cured, or abated, but unknown it works its fatal consequences. The great difficulty that has hitherto hindered social reformers in their crusade against the Acts of Parliament legalizing vice has been prudery and incredulity. The subject could not be publicly discussed, and for lack of discussion the magnitude of the evil was not realized. The Pall Mall Gazette has removed this difficulty with a vengeance, and now that the first shock is got over, we see the gathering volume of a healthy public feeling that will carry to success any legislative remedies that may be demanded. But, after all, it is not so much to the law as to the Gospel that we must look for the abatement of immorality."

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CURRENT EVENTS.

A Qualified Approval of President Cleveland's administration was given by the National Civil Service Reform League at its recent meeting at Newport, R. I. The resolution referring to it was: "That by the general course of his executive action in regard to appointments and removals, and notwithstanding certain actions of the administration which, measured by the principles of reform, we disapprove, President Cleveland has proved, amid immense perplexities and difficulties, his fidelity to the patriotic principles asserted in his letter of December 25th, 1884, to the Executive Committee of this League, and his firmness and courage in enforcing his convictions." The League also pledged itself to urge by all means in its power the extension of the Pendleton law to all the officers and employments under the Government to which it is applicable.

An Order Issued by the Secretary of War caused a sensation last week in Washington society. It directed that all officers of the line of the army now serving on the staff of general officers who have been absent from their companies and regiments more than four years shall join their proper commands. A leading administration journal thus explains the order and the excitement it has produced: "Social and political influence has served to procure comfortable positions in the East for many officers, and to keep other officers on the frontier. This favoritism has not only retained these fortunate officers in their comfortable places, but also procured for them, directly or indirectly, promotions not earned. Once admitted to the circle of favorites, they have enjoyed advantages of every kind that were withheld from officers on the frontier." These favorite officers, it appears, are known as "Coburgers," a name imported from England, where the pleasant places in the army were reserved for Prince Albert's friends who hailed from Coburg.

A Gratifying Characteristic of the Ceremonies at the funeral of General Grant, and of the comments of the press subsequently, is the disappearance of the old sectional hostility. The presence of the Confederate generals among the pall-bearers has been generally hailed, both in the North and South, with satisfaction.

Only two Northern papers appear to have protested, and one of those is published in Maine. In the South the protests are similarly few and unimportant, and in one case the manager of the paper promptly repudiated, on his own account, the sentiments of his editor, which, he said, had his unqualified disapproval, and which, in his opinion, did not reflect the sentiments of the Southern people. A notable event in confirmation is reported also. On the day before the funeral the house at Appomattox in which Lee surrendered to Grant was draped with mourning emblems, a large crowd of prominent Southerners participating in the work.

The New Post Office Improvement was formally explained to the postmasters and the public last week. New "special delivery" stamps will be put in use October 1st. By placing one of these stamps, costing ten cents, upon a letter, in addition to the regular postage, the sender secures its immediate delivery in all towns and cities where the system is established. All post-offices having carrier delivery will deliver the specially stamped letters, and the system will be introduced in all cities and towns in the country having four thousand or more inhabitants.

A Distressing Mining Disaster Occurred at Shickshinny, near Wilkesbarre, Penn., on August 11th. The mines of the West End Coal Company at that place are remarkably free from explosive gases, but they give out deadly sulphurous fumes which are dispersed by a steam fan. On the evening of August 10th the fan was not in operation, owing to an accident to the engine. In the morning, when the day-men went down they were uneasy about the fan, but the boss told them it would be at work in an hour. Sixty men went down the slope, but before all had reached the workings the foremen were seen to drop down insensible, and all were growing dizzy with the noxious gases which had accumulated during the night. A rush was made for the open air, but many sank down overcome before they could escape, and had to crawl out on their hands and knees. Just how many were left in the pit was unknown, but the names of eleven men who were certainly there were stated. Search parties were organized immediately, the men going down into the pit with their mouths and nostrils covered with handkerchiefs saturated with ammonia, but they were driven back by the sulphurous fumes. One of the rescuing party, whose brother was among the lost, persisted in going forward to try to save his brother, and he was added to the number of the victims. Twelve in all were killed.

The Fate of Riel, the Leader of the Canadian half-breed revolt, is being fiercely discussed in the Dominion, and the dispute is arousing intense excitement. The feeling among English-speaking people in favor of the hanging of Riel is general. Many Protestants, and especially Orangemen who have voted the Conservative ticket and for Sir John A. Macdonald, say if Riel is pardoned they will never vote for Sir John again. The Toronto *World*, in the course of an article on Riel, says: "If Riel is pardoned by Sir John A. Macdonald at the intercession of the French Canadians, he will discover that on making one friend he will alienate one hundred, and precipitate a war of races, which some people look upon as inevitable at no distant day."

The British Parliament was Prorogued on August 14th. The Queen's speech delivered on the occasion gave, as usual, a résumé of the events since the opening of the session. Respecting the disastrous Sudan campaign the speech said: "Although the objects of the expedition were unattained, I have great reason to be proud of the bravery and endurance displayed by my soldiers and sailors, and of the skill wherewith they have been commanded. I received with great pleasure the loyal offers of military assistance for this campaign from my colonies, from the native princes of India, and a contingent from the colony of New South Wales served with distinction in the actions on the coast of the Red Sea. The death of El Mahdi

will probably enable me to perform with less difficulty the duties toward the ruler and people of Egypt which events have imposed upon me. I shall not relax my efforts to place government and good order in that country upon a firm foundation." *A singular omission* in a speech which referred to many unimportant events was that no mention was made of the suppression of the half-breed rebellion in Canada, which, considering all the circumstances of the campaign, would, it was expected, have received royal acknowledgment.

The Anglo-Russian Difficulty is Not Yet adjusted. The latest authoritative intelligence is not sanguine. Before the prorogation of Parliament Lord Randolph Churchill, Secretary of State for India, said the duties of the Afghan Boundary Commission had not yet been completed, and that the Government did not intend to withdraw the commission. The dispute with Russia about Zulufkar Pass, the secretary continued, was not trivial, but the Government was not altogether without some hope to arrive ere long at a satisfactory settlement of all the points remaining in dispute between England and Russia.

The Agitation Aroused in England by the disclosures of the *Pall Mall Gazette* of the prevalence of vice in high places increases. In Liverpool, Manchester, and other large cities vigilance committees are being formed for the purpose of obtaining local legislation for the suppression of open vice. Mrs. Fawcett, the widow of Professor Fawcett, is strongly in favor of continuing the agitation. Replying to certain criticisms on her conduct in this respect, Mrs. Fawcett contends that the agitation begun in the revelations made by the *Pall Mall Gazette* has already resulted in many benefits to the people of England, among which she enumerates a great arousing of the public conscience, increased activity, both public and private, in the kind of moral work performed by the Rescue and Purity Associations, and increased severity in the sentences for crimes against children. "All this," Mrs. Fawcett says, "will tend to save young men and women from wallowing in vice." The Purity Society has encountered much opposition in its work of shadowing public men. Its numerous agents, who have been acting as detectives, have been warned to refrain from annoying members of Parliament, many of whom have complained of being "pestered."

An Imperial Meeting is Being Arranged between the Czar of Russia and the Emperors of Germany and Austria. The *National Gazette* of Berlin states that Prince Dolgorouki, aide-de-camp to the Czar, has gone to Gastein to arrange for a meeting between Emperor William and the Czar after the meeting of the latter and Emperor Francis Joseph of Austria at Kremsier. The Russian Minister of Communications is already at Warsaw, making preparations for the Czar's visits to the Emperor of Austria and the Emperor of Germany.

Dr. Talmage Preached in London on Sunday evening last to an enormous congregation. He had previous to setting out for Europe declined all invitations to preach or lecture, as he needed rest. Some friendly pressure must therefore have been exerted to induce him to change his determination. The London correspondent cables that his sermon was delivered in the celebrated Wesleyan Chapel, behind which is the grave of John Wesley, and in front of which is Bunhill Burial Ground, where lie the bones of John Bunyan, Isaac Watts, Daniel Defoe and Horne Tooke. The preacher referred in his sermon to this hallowed ground. The chapel was crowded to suffocation. During the indoor services several thousand people stood in the front graveyard and in the street, impeding travel and awaiting Dr. Talmage outside. After the regular service he came into the church porch and addressed the multitude in full voice, and then with a smiling face he gave out a stirring hymn, after singing which the populace made the policemen happy by again freeing the thoroughfare.

Contributions to the Fund for Supplying colored ministers and others with THE CHRISTIAN HERALD have been received to the amount of \$4.50 since our last notice. From a Friend, Seward, Me, \$2; a Friend in Montana, \$1.50; a Friend in Chicago, Ill., \$1.

A Christian Convention for Christian Life, divine healing, and evangelistic and missionary work will be held in the Gospel Tabernacle, West Twenty-third Street, New York, from Monday, October 5th, to Friday, October 9th. There will be three sessions each day. Various Christian workers and teachers from Europe and America are expected to take part in the services. Rev. A. B. Simpson, the pastor of the Tabernacle, writes: "All who desire simpler and fuller instruction in the Word of God, a more vivid manifestation of Jesus Himself, a deeper Christian life, a special baptism of the Holy Spirit for service and the quickening of their hearts in the truth, the life, and the work of the Lord, and in the hope of His Appearing, are cordially invited to attend this gathering, to wait upon the Lord for a deeper and richer blessing for ourselves than even last year, and a special outpouring of His Spirit upon the Church and world." Further particulars will appear next week.

The Northfield Christian Convention, held last week, attracted a large number of Christian workers from all parts of the country. The meetings were led by Mr. D. L. Moody and Rev. Drs. Gordon, of Boston; G. F. Pentecost, of Brooklyn; A. T. Pierson, of Philadelphia, and Brookes, of St. Louis, aided by prominent Christian workers of this country and Great Britain. The singing was under the charge of Messrs. Sankey, McGranahan, and Lowner. Fully three thousand persons attended the opening exercises, and the subsequent meetings were crowded, large numbers being unable to find admittance.

A Sunday Concert in Pittsburg was prevented by the energetic action of the Christian churches and pastors of the city last week. Several prominent people signed a called requesting the Mexican National Band to give a sacred Sunday evening concert at Exposition Park Theatre on August 16th. It was announced that the request would be granted, whereupon indignant protests were made by the Protestant clergymen of Pittsburg and Allegheny against any such desecration of the Sabbath. They even called a meeting for Saturday afternoon in the First Presbyterian Church, Allegheny, to take legal steps to stop the concert. Manager Starke, however, forestalled the ministers by publishing a card in an evening paper announcing that there would be no concert.

An Excellent Work is Being Done in Washington, D. C., at the "Central Union Mission," where Major George A. Hilton has been holding meetings. The mission was opened on January 25th last, and has been from the beginning a veritable "soul-saving station." Hundreds of young men who have gone to Washington seeking Government employment have been induced to attend the meetings, and a large number have been converted. In the national capital run-shops abound to an appalling extent, and such a mission as this is therefore a much-needed means of blessing. Its rooms are at 909 Pennsylvania Avenue, and services are held there twice each day. Since it was opened, no less than ten thousand persons have attended there. Major Hilton will, we understand, pay a short visit to New York in the fall to keep some long-standing engagements. He will receive a hearty welcome here, and we trust his visit will be much blessed. Miss Frances E. Willard, who has seen much of his work in Washington, D. C., Altoona, Penn., and other places, writes of him: "He has very exceptional gifts as a speaker, and the power of the Spirit rests upon him. Our white-ribbon women in Washington trust and prize this strong re-enforcement greatly. Major H. resembles Dwight L. Moody in physique, in zeal, and in methods. I do wish he might go to the West under the auspices of

the W. C. T. U. for Gospel temperance work. I am confident he would be a mighty power there as here."

A Train Plunged Down a Steep Embankment into a lake at Mebrition, Ont., on August 10th, owing to a failure of the air-brakes. The train was a heavily-laden Pacific express drawn by two engines. When entering the Grand Trunk Yards at Mebrition it was found that the brakes would not work. A tug had just passed through the swing bridge, at the crossing of the Welland Canal, beyond the depot. The bridge was being closed as the train approached, and was only two or three feet open when the cars reached it. The train passed over the floor of the bridge, and on reaching the opposite side of the canal plunged down the steep embankment into the lake. The foremost engine was buried in the water, and the second one was completely wrecked over it. The baggage and express cars went over the bank, and the foremost passenger coach went partially over. The engineers and firemen were killed, and several of the passengers badly injured. This is not the first catastrophe by many due to the failure of the brakes at a critical moment. Many moral and spiritual calamities occur from an analogous cause. Thousands of young men who are ruined, believed when they commenced a sinful career that they would be able to pull up in time (Prov. 28: 26).

The Portraits of General Grant Exhibited in New York since he died would form a curious collection if they were gathered together. A man who had never seen the General would be bewildered if he tried to form an idea of his features from the pictures. In the stores on Broadway and the chief thoroughfares excellent portraits look out from among the mourning drapery, and even the shoe-blacks have contrived to get good likenesses to hang on their street-chairs. But in the poorer streets there was a remarkable variety, indicating the activity of the artist's imagination and his nationality rather than his fidelity. The favorite portrait among the Bowery liquor-sellers is that of a genuine Irishman, the only clues to identity being the wart on the right cheek and the square-cut beard. In the German quarters General Grant's face is decidedly Teutonic. In Essex and Ludlow streets his visage has a clearly marked Hebrew cast of features, while around Mulberry Street the popular portrait represents the General with a waxed moustache and with his hair trimmed like an Italian officer. In each case the artist's conception of the hero is the thing depicted, not the man as he was. The same tendency is manifested in religion, especially of late years. Too many preachers present the Divine character not as it is revealed in the Bible, but as they conceive it to be by the light of human reason (Rom. 1: 20, 21).

A Fatal Disaster which Occurred at Wilmington, Del., recently, indicates that New York is not the only city in which builders evade the laws, and building inspectors are remiss in their duties. On July 29th a large brick building in course of erection in South Wilmington was blown down by a sudden gust of wind, killing two men outright and wounding nine seriously. The calamity is supposed to have been due to the weakness of the walls, which were only nine inches thick. The building inspector had several times notified the owners that the walls were not thick enough, but as the greater part of the structure had been erected, he could not muster courage to order them to take it down again. At the time of the accident the workmen about the building had fled to the interior to escape an approaching storm, when a gust of wind entered the open end of the structure and lifted the roof violently. The walls began to sway, and before the men had time to escape they were buried under a downfall of bricks and mortar. This catastrophe is as disastrous as that of the man who built his house on the sand, and, like that, is a type of mistakes in spiritual building. There are many members of our churches, especially such as were converted at revivals,

whose subsequent progress has been defective. Their Christian character is too weak to stand a storm, and their pastors sometimes lack courage to insist on their beginning again from the foundation (1 Cor. 3: 12-15).

The Destructive Work of Missiles Fired in the war has not ended after twenty years of peace. A contractor who has undertaken to saw up the timber from the battle-field of Antietam has had several men dangerously hurt by the fragments of shells imbedded in the wood. He says that all sorts of missiles, from cannon balls to buckshot, are almost daily met with in the timber, and that it is really dangerous to stand near the saws in his mill when such lumber is being cut, a number of saws having been snapped into fragments when running at a high rate of speed, by striking iron shot imbedded in the logs. A large, angular fragment of a shell was struck by a saw a few days ago, and a perfect shower of sparks rained about the mill from the contact of the metals, the saw being finally snapped in several pieces, which flew here and there, inflicting serious injuries. Thus, suffering results after many years, in a time of peace and to innocent people, from the deplorable conflict of the past. It is so in private quarrels—those who suffer most are often not the principals, nor those who witness the strife, but their descendants (Prov. 17: 14).

An Invention of Inestimable Value is one that would protect oil-tanks from lightning. Every year enormous sums are lost in the oil fires which are started by the electric fluid. A New York scientist believes that he has discovered a sure protection for the tanks. His idea is to utilize the immense conducting surface of wire gauze, which is a well-known dissipator of electricity as well as of heat. He proposes to surround oil tanks with three or four thicknesses of common wire mosquito netting, laid one upon another, which, he avers, will prove to be utterly impervious to lightning as well as to flame. The inventor proposes to put the gauze to another beneficial use. He claims that a strip of the netting composed of several thicknesses of gauze, if placed vertically across a river on which burning oil is floating, will prevent the fire spreading below that point, as the oil could pass freely through the gauze without carrying any flame with it, and would flow away cold and harmless. If the invention is all that is claimed for it, its usefulness will be enormous, and there will be a large demand for it. There are other lightnings coming upon the earth which men have more reason to dread than natural lightning (Rev. 16: 18), but against those the Christian has a sure protection provided for him. He need fear no evil when he is covered with Christ's righteousness (Isa. 61: 10).

A Tell-Tale Memorandum was Picked up at a dinner-party in New York recently. It was a large party, the hostess being a well-known leader of society. Among the guests was a titled Englishman, who paid marked attention to the ladies of the party, some of whom were heiresses of great wealth. After the dinner a servant picked up under the Englishman's chair a slip of paper which had evidently slipped from his pocket. The servant carried it to his employer, who, not knowing to whom it belonged, opened it and read the contents. It was a list in writing, which was afterward identified as the hand of the Englishman, of all the unmarried ladies present, and against the name of each was placed the estimated present and prospective value of her fortune. How the mercenary wooer fared in his enterprise has not yet been disclosed. Evidently his ideas of the sanctity of matrimony were so degraded that one may hope that he failed to persuade any American girl to accept his suit. Such unions, many of which have been made recently, present a startling contrast to the apostolic idea of marriage, which furnished a type of the union between Christ and His Church. That bride owes to the Bridegroom not only her possessions, but her purity and beauty (Eph. 5: 25-27).

THE MODERN DEAD SEA.

A New Sermon by Pastor C. H. Spurgeon.

"The waters shall be healed."—EZEKIEL 47: 8.

The Ancient Dead Sea—Associations of the Dead Sea—Without Fish—Hides Dark Mysteries—Modern Sodom—A Cauldron of Vice—The Means of Healing—I. The Promise of Healing—Will be Fulfilled Thoroughly—Instrumentality Employed—II. The Healing Waters—Whence they Came—How they Increased—What they Produced—Where they Flow—III. The Efficacy of the Waters—What the Gospel can do—IV. The Lesson of the Waters.

EZEKIEL is robbed in dreadful tempest, and his whole book is "as the terrible crystal" for brightness and for mystery; yet he often gives us visions of exceeding comfort. The remarkable vision which lies open before us is exceedingly reassuring to those who are troubled by reason of the dreadful condition of the times—and which of us is not? The prophet bids us think of those waters, drear and dreadful, known by the suggestive name of the Dead Sea! This was

THE CHAMBER OF HORRORS

of the land of Canaan. Travellers describe it as a place of utter desolation. Lying in a deep hollow, some thirteen hundred feet below any other sea, the Dead Sea may be described as deep sunken into the earth, like the mouth of the abyss. Masses of bitumen float upon its surface and line its shores. Sulphurous exhalations abound, and on its banks are hot sulphuric springs. Bathing in its thick brine is not pleasant, for it causes the skin to tingle with its acrid salts long afterward. It is not desirable to linger upon the brink of it, neither is there anything to attract you so to do.

Very scanty is the vegetation, few are the birds, and rare the living things. It is the domain of destruction. The sea is so salt that no fish can live in it; and though it has been asserted that smaller organisms exist in it, these have seldom been found; but, on the contrary, the fish that come down into it from the Jordan die at once, and dried tish-shell-fish are washed up dead upon the bank. Nothing of life loves the brine, the sulphur, and the bitumen of the Dead Sea. The slimy lake is, at seasons, dangerous to health, and even to life. Travellers have of late crossed it safely at the right season; but formerly those who made a voyage upon it scarce returned to tell the tale, and before long sickened and died.

HIDES DARK MYSTERIES.

The doomed lake bears dark mysteries in its bosom; down deep in its depths lie the drowned cities of the plain, whose infamies provoked the wrath of heaven, and brought upon them a fire-shower such as earth has never known before or since. The world is a veritable Dead Sea upon a gigantic scale. Such also is the city in which we live: must I call it "modern Sodom?" Every wave that breaks upon the shore of this human lake now seems to wash up remains of monstrous things, unearthly, inhuman, beastly, devilish. Fair islands, here and there, rise out of its dark depths, the bright creations of God's grace; but all around them the waters cast up mire and dirt. God is at work creating new heavens and a new earth, and in the process forms of beauty are developed; but to this day the old unrenewed city remains a reeking copy of the hell which burns below. Those who have dared to look into its depths return with horror upon their faces to say that it were not lawful for a man to utter what they have seen. London is a *simmering cauldron of vice and crime*. O God! how long shall it be?

In certain respects, such is every man's natural heart until he is renewed by grace. The heart is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked, and may be well typified by the Sea of Death. If we could but look into it with such eyes as God hath, what should we not see? No man knoweth what villainy he is capable of: he only needs to be placed under certain circumstances, and he will develop into a very fiend

Thus the world, the city, the heart, are each symbolized by the Dead Sea. Can they ever be purged? Can these waters be healed? According to our text, the Lord saith expressly, "*the waters shall be healed.*" Let us believe His promise, and take heart of hope from this good hour.

I. And, first, to encourage your faith, I bid you to consider

THE PROMISE.

The place wherein the promise is written, in plain black and white, upon the sacred page, is opened before your eyes. Put your finger on it, and let it rest there. Thus saith Jehovah: "*The waters shall be healed.*" We feel sure that this word of prophecy shall be accomplished to the letter in due time, because he that made the promise is able to fulfil it. Apart from us and all our weakness, apart from man and all his wickedness, God, who hath spoken the word, will perform it without fail.

The Lord will fulfil this word thoroughly. This promise shall not be kept to the ear only, but it shall be fulfilled in the largest conceivable sense. The prophet, in vision, saw the waters of the Dead Sea so completely healed that there were fish in it; yes, swarms of fish, and these fish so many that there was occupation for all those who cast the net, so that they stood from one shore to the other. Where there had been no life aforesaid, living things literally swarmed and teemed, as in the great main ocean itself. Brethren, when God speaks of what He is about to do in the world, by way of grace, interpret it very largely: get no narrow ideas into your minds concerning the grace of the Infinite. When our Lord Jesus sees of the travail of his soul and is satisfied, He will not have seen a handful of men here and there gathered to Him, but He will have seen a multitude that no man can number worshipping the Father, each one of whom shall eternally bless His name for deliverance from sin.

Observe that when God makes the promise on which my finger is still resting—for I love to press the very words, "*The waters shall be healed.*"—He gives us an idea of how He will do it. He will fulfil this word in connection with the present dispensation. We believe that He means to win His ultimate triumphs by the preaching of the Gospel. Whenever the coming of our Lord shall be—and oh, that it were today, for we never wanted Him more than now!—whenever His second advent shall take place, yet it shall not be a dishonor to the Church, but it will be her glory to triumph with the King at her head. It may be that by

HIS PERSONAL APPEARING

she shall win the victory. If our Lord delayeth His coming, He will send the wondrous influences of the Divine Spirit in much greater abundance than to-day, and then His church shall work marvels in the land, and salvation shall adorn her. Hold the fort, because your Lord is coming. Do not abandon it under some idea that He will work after a novel fashion and dispense with the Gospel and the testimony of His saints. Till Jesus comes, gird yourselves and fight His battles; your rest remaineth, and it will be a full reward to you, but ye have not yet come unto it. By the river of God, which flows this day, *the waters shall be healed.*

Note carefully that this divine promise, "*the waters shall be healed.*" will not put aside instrumentality, but when it is fulfilled it will call forth more abundant agencies. The waters run into the Dead Sea, and purify its waters; then fish begin to multiply, and then man's part comes in: "*The fishers shall stand upon it from En-gedi even unto En-gehim.*" Rest assured that there will be plenty of fishers when by His healing process the Lord makes plenty of fish: we shall be fishers of men in right earnest when the times of refreshing shall come from His presence. The Lord does not intend to put the fishers on one side, any more than He will dismiss the reapers in the time of harvest. Oh, for the day when every believer will be fishing for the souls of men! God send us that blessed

time right speedily! On the strength of the promise now before us, if there were nothing else, let us look for such a consummation. "*The waters shall be healed.*" Purity shall prevail; the kingdom of God shall come. Our daily prayer shall not go up to heaven in vain. Let us again cry—"Thy will be done in earth, as it is in heaven." For thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for ever and ever. Amen.

II. Having asked you to consider the promise, I invite you, next, to consider the wonder of

THE HEALING WATERS.

that we may be helped thereby to believe that healing will come even to the Dead Sea of this present evil world, this present sinful Babylon, this present deceitful heart. The wonders of the waters which Ezekiel saw lay in many things. First, consider whence they came? These waters sprang from the midst of Jerusalem, from the secret place of God's throne; and this was why they were so potent. The twelfth verse ascribes the fruit-producing power of the river-waters to this—"because they issued out of the sanctuary." In that sanctuary was the throne of Jehovah: eternal sovereignty is the fountain-head of those gracious decrees in which the Lord hath purposed to do good to the sons of men.

These waters flowed in the vision hard by the altar of burnt-offering. Learn, hence, that the one channel of mercy to the sons of men is by the sacrifice of Christ. By that altar, where our great High Priest offered up Himself once for all, there flows the river of life. Since Christ hath died, the world must yet be blessed. These waters, though they flowed unseen across the temple-area, presently bubbled up from under the threshold of the door of the house. You know who is the Door of the temple of God: by Him we enter in unto God, and by Him God cometh forth in blessing unto us. The waters flowed from below, welling up from "the deep that lieth under," in the person and work of our Lord.

Note next, as a wonder in connection with these waters, how they increased. They deepened so fast that, although there was but a little streamlet at the beginning, within less than a mile there were waters to swim in; yea, they had become so deep and broad that the prophet had to use an expression in the dual, signifying a double stream: the flood had become too deep and wide to be passed over. You and I have waded into these waters, have we not? If so, we know how they have increased upon us. Do you not remember when you rejoiced to have received a little grace, so that it washed your feet, and your life was cleansed? Very soon, perhaps within four-and-twenty hours, you were swimming in streams of heavenly love, as you found that Christ was yours, your God, your heaven, your all. Do you not see that the God who has done all this for you can do as much for others? Can He not heal the waters of the Dead Sea of our day? Let us hope on, work on, and believe in God to the end. Putting our finger again upon that promise, let us rest assured that "*the waters shall be healed.*"

THE PRODUCT.

Rapidly—for I have to be brief where there is so much to be said—notice what these waters produced. They began to flow, and very soon vegetation came into the wilderness. They flowed into the desert, and into the Acacia Vale, as Joel calls it; and soon, on both sides of the river, there were trees, and, on a sudden, the trees were bearing fruit. Wherever the Gospel goes it carries life, and growth, and fruit with it. The leaves of the trees of life contained medicine, full of mystic virtue; they were for the healing of the people. Whatever diseases afflict men, they have but to pluck these leaves, and apply them, and health follows. Oh, that blessed Gospel; it has had a double effect for our good, for it has fed our souls and healed our infirmities! Well might its waters be called a double stream!

As a further wonder, note *whither the stream*

flowed. One would have thought that such a clear crystal stream as this, proceeding from the throne of God and of the Lamb, would have sought a pure channel for itself among the gardens of the Lord; but instead thereof, we are told, "These waters issue out toward the east country, and go down into the desert, and go into the sea: which, being brought forth into the sea, the waters shall be healed." What a mercy it is that the Gospel does go into the desert! I do not know what may happen here yet, but I do know this: that when the Gospel comes, the images, the idols, the filthy things, the cruel things, the horrible things, must go. The Gospel is still sent to sinners, and it will save sinners.

THE COURSE.

The waters ran down into the horrible sea. You would have said, as you stood there: "No, do not waste these pure floods in that hell-lake! Do not let them disappear in pollution! Jordan for many years has been lavishing her silver streams upon this Dead Sea, and it has absorbed them all, but it has not been made a whiter purer; and every fish that has drifted down the Jordan has died as soon as it has touched this detestable lake. Do not pour the heavenly river into such a Pandemonium." Many speak thus nowadays: "Do not meddle with this vice and wickedness. Do not even hear about it, for it will pollute you. Forget its foul flow; it is sulphurous as Tophet: the smell of such iniquity will choke you!" This avoidance of evil is natural and safe; but what is to become of this Dead Sea if the precious crystal stream does not flow into it? Will God abandon our race to the devil? Would he have His church abandon her function of salting the earth? I do not believe it. I tell you there is to be a link made by Almighty grace between the temple at Jerusalem and the very site of Sodom and Gomorrah: a silver stream is yet to traverse the space between the throne of the Most High and the foul Dead Sea: mercy is to triumph over judgment, and righteousness is to conquer sin.

III. Thirdly, for a moment or two I want you to consider

THE EFFICACY OF THE WATERS.

I will quit the figure in some measure in order to explain how the Gospel is adapted to heal the wickedness of men. What does the Gospel do?" saith one. I answer—In the Gospel we set before men the horrible nature of sin, and thus we lead them to turn from it. The Gospel gives man a hope; and that is a grand thing for the degraded and self-condemned. To have a hope that you can be a better man is a great help in escaping from sin. To hope that you can be renewed, and become like the angels of God, though now you are like the devils in hell, is a great encouragement to turn to God. My gospel bids me go to the very vilest of the vile and bid him hope. I count no man so loathsome that God may not look upon him in love. What a Gospel this is, for hope is the beginning of amendment, the first letter of the alphabet of reform! Where there is no hope, the sinner gives the reins to his lusts, and thinks it wise to enjoy his sin while he may.

The Gospel purifies men because it gives them Christ Himself to be their Saviour. It brings them the Son of God to be their salvation. It says, "Poor souls, you cannot help yourselves! Here is One on whom help has been laid, even a mighty One! Here is One that took your sin and put it away. Here is One that will be a Friend to you in your worst times of need. Come, huckle on your harness to war against your sins, for He will give you power to overcome them."

Moreover, the Gospel does not merely tell men certain truths, but it gives life, and power, and grace to them. I heard it said the other day, "We do not want more preachers, for the supply is more than equal to the demand." But, then, the Gospel creates its own demand. Wherever the Gospel comes, it makes men thirsty for itself, it makes men hungry for itself, it does its own work without aid from any fore-

going human preparedness. It does not even ask to be let alone: it will effect its purpose even though it be tampered with. Its own essential omnipotence secures its own preservation, enlargement, and success. How I marvel at those who quit the heavenly stream for their own little brooks and freshets!

A certain divine has lately made a discovery by which he is going to pour a flood of light upon the Bible. The Bible, it seems, has been a dark, mysterious Book to our forefathers: though martyrs died for it, and saints were comforted by it, yet these poor beings were in the dark for want of nineteenth century discoveries! At length the hour has come, and the man with it; a great genius has arisen, who has found light with which to illuminate the Bible. We used to sing

"A glory gilds the sacred page,
Majestic like the sun;
It gives a light to every age,
It gives, but borrows none."

Are we to alter our tune, and cheerfully accept the contributions of this uncommon person? I trow not. This Book is clear enough of itself, and this Gospel is mighty enough of itself, without the aid of human wisdom. It will not be cleared, but clouded, by modern dotings upon evolution. The river of the Gospel will force its own way despite modern thought: it will win and conquer, whoever may oppose.

IV. I must close by noticing, fourthly, THE LESSON OF THE WATERS.

What is their voice to us to-day? I think the first lesson is that God works in very unexpected ways. There is that Dead Sea. We look down upon it with horror. Can it ever be healed? It never would have occurred to you or to me that yonder temple, so pure and sacred, would have a spring welling up from under its threshold, so little and tiny that you might cover it with your hand at first, and yet out of that spring should come a sufficient purgation even for Sodom's sea. The Lord knows how to do His own work, and He does it by apparently slender means. Who hath despised the day of small things?" Mark the little rill at Jerusalem, when the number of the men was about one hundred and twenty: that stream grew within a few days, till we read that "the same day there were added unto them about three thousands souls"—till another day or so after we read, "And the number of the men was about five thousand." That small beginning most rapidly increased, is increasing, and will increase. The Gospel has the same potency and force about it to-day that it has had in ages past.

What else ought we to learn? As the Dead Sea has to be cleansed by that stream of water, all that we can do is, first of all, to pray.

When we have done that, what next have we to do? Why, begin fishing. Wherever this stream rushes along, there will be fish: in this London there are fish now. Go and fish in the streets, fish in the street-corners, fish in any little room you can open, fish in the great crowds, if they will come to you. The stream is breeding swarms of life; be ye fishers of men. God says to His church to-day, "I have much people in this city." Do not despair: God has an elect company in every parish of London.

Above all, we must not come to be the marshes of which we read just now. Certain spots of land were overflowed by the river and the sea, but afterward they were left high and dry as the stream retired; so that they were neither sea nor dry ground, but marshes. Beware of this! The most abominable beings out of hell are Christians without Christianity; and there are plenty of them. They have a name to live, and are dead." Oh, that you and I may be true-born children of God! May we never be among those mongrels who are neither heathen nor Jews, neither Christians nor outsiders! May we be one thing or the other! Let us heed the voice of the prophet—"If the Lord be God, follow Him: but if Baal, then follow him." All the blessing that ever comes from heaven will

never save neutrals; for "the marshes thereof shall not be healed; they shall be given to salt." God deliver us from such a curse, for Jesus Christ's sake! Amen.

NEW BOOKS.

THE first number of the third volume of CHRISTIAN THOUGHT,

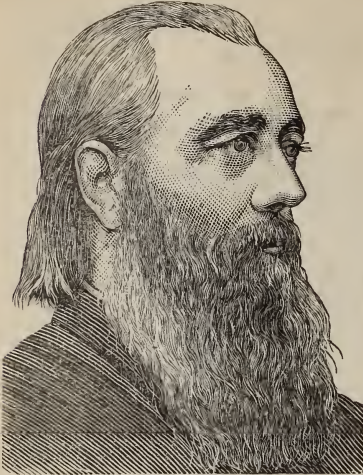
edited by Rev. Charles F. Deems, D.D., LL.D., has not been surpassed by any of the predecessors of a periodical which, as Joseph Cook says, has published "so many brilliant and powerful pages." It is the organ of the Institute of Christian Philosophy, and every thinking man will be interested in what it issues. The July-August number opens with a paper by Professor Davis, of the University of Virginia: it is full of clear thinking clearly expressed. It is followed by a paper from the Right Rev. Bishop Harris, of Michigan, on "Capital and Labor." It is generally supposed that bishops are conservative, but some parts of Bishop Harris's article will sound very radical to some people. "The Vicarious Principle in the Universe," by Rev. Dr. Bradford, does not discuss the atonement, but is a very interesting presentation of the truth that the basis of the atonement as a rule of grace may be found in nature. The miscellaneous articles are of varied and great interest. There is a list of members of the Institute showing a noble growth of a noble institution. Price, 40 cents; \$2 a volume of six numbers. Published at 4 Winthrop Place, New York.

CHRIST IN THE GOSPELS,

or the Life of our Lord in the words of the Evangelists. With self-interpreting Scripture, maps of Jesus' Travels, and a Dictionary of Proper Names. By James P. Cadman, A.M. This is another attempt to weave into one connected narrative the four separate lives of Christ given us in the Gospels. In many respects it is an improvement on all the "Harmonies" yet issued. Mr. Cadman has been careful not to interpolate words of his own, but rather to present simply the complete history as given individually by the evangelists, the fuller account in one supplying what is omitted in another, and all common language being given but once. This method has the advantage of bringing out the successive points of the record with graphic power. For example, in the agony in the garden, "He kneeled down—and fell on his face—on the ground," where two evangelists are shown as disclosing what we should not learn from either alone, that our Lord first knelt, but then, by the crushing anguish that burdened him, was forced down prostrate on the ground. And not only has this harmonizing been thus completed, but the way in which it has been done has, by an ingenious use of numerals representing the several Gospels, been clearly shown, and by this device the individuality of the several evangelists is preserved.

While the agreements between the sacred historians are shown, the differences also between them—both those of thought and of phraseology—are pointed out and reduced to the minimum, and are, as they occur, conveniently indicated by smaller type within brackets. Thus, for the purpose of instituting a close comparison between the Gospels, this volume is a unique help.

The text of the book has convenient topical divisions, with section headings, well adapted for use in family and private readings. A minor feature of this volume, and yet one which commends it to many, especially to Sunday-school teachers, is that, at the bottom of each page, the most important Scripture references, both from other portions of the Gospels and from other books of the Bible, are given in full, thus carrying out still further the underlying principle of the main work, and forming a commentary wholly Biblical. A map and four diagrams, illustrating with much clearness the Saviour's journeys, contribute to the value of the work. The Index of subjects, places, and persons mentioned in the Gospels is very copious, as are also the other reference tables and



Rev. Richard Roberts,
The new President of the Wesleyan Conference.



Miss Joanna Hastings,
The Christian Centenarian. (See page 533.)



The Late Dr. Moberly,
Protestant Episcopal Bishop of Salisbury.

summaries. We earnestly hope that this work, of which a second edition has already been called for, will lead to a deeper study of the life and words of Christ Himself. After all, that is the centre about which all Scripture turns, a fact that preachers and Sunday-school teachers seem sometimes to forget. The more Christ Himself is preached and taught, the more life there will be in the Church, and the more conversions we shall witness. Pp. 382; price, \$1.50. Published by *The American Publication Society of Hebrew*, Chicago.

REV. RICHARD ROBERTS.

THE President of the Conference of Wesleyan Methodists in England for the ensuing year is the Rev. Richard Roberts, whose portrait appears on this page. His chief rival for the honor was the Rev. Robert N. Young, of Birmingham. The competition was vigorous, and the chances were supposed to be even, but when the poll was taken Mr. Roberts was ahead by a considerable majority. Mr. Roberts is a Welchman. He is sixty-two years of age, having been born at Machynlleth, on May 30th, 1823. He began preaching at the age of sixteen, when engaged in commercial pursuits. Four years later he entered the ministry, and while still a young man became one of the most popular preachers of his denomination. His first charge was in Wales; thence he was removed to Gloucester, and after receiving appointments in various parts of England, he was located in London, where he now is. As a preacher, he is noted for his oratorical gifts rather than as a teacher. His services are much in request for celebrations, such as church dedications, anniversaries, and other services which are followed by collections. He was one of the leaders in the movement for holding religious services in theatres.

THE LATE BISHOP OF SALISBURY.

DR. GEORGE MOBERLY, whose portrait appears on this page, and who died on July 6th of this year, was the Protestant Episcopal Bishop of Salisbury. He was nearly eighty-two years of age when he died, having been born in 1803. He was the son of a merchant. Educated at Winchester school, and afterward at Oxford University, he became a college tutor, and was subsequently made headmaster of his old school at Winchester. In 1869, when Mr. Gladstone was looking around for a successor to the late Dr. Hamilton in the bishopric of Salisbury, he selected Dr. Moberly. It is remarkable how

many English bishops were schoolmasters. The statesmen whose duty it is to select the bishops appear to think that a man who has been occupied in keeping a lot of unruly boys in order is likely to succeed in governing the clergy of a diocese. Sometimes they are right, though even bishops who have had a long experience at the head of a large school have been heard to say, as they contemplated their new duties, "Who is sufficient for these things?" Dr. Moberly, however, succeeded admirably. He was a moderate high churchman, in whose wisdom and impartiality the clergy had confidence. The bishop was a voluminous author, and was one of the "five clergymen" who published revised versions of the Epistle to the Romans (1858), Epistle to the Galatians, Epistle of St. James (1870), the Gospel according to St. John (1857), the Epistle to the Corinthians, and other books of the New Testament. He was a member of the New Testament company of Revisers of the Bible.

AN EVENTFUL COACH-RIDE.

(See illustration on page 541.)

IN the year 1835 the Rev. Ernest Gifford, a clergyman from Virginia, was seeking rest and recuperation in England after many years of ministerial labor. He had never visited the country before, and found much to interest him. He was a well-read man, and the old streets and buildings of London were eloquent to him of a period long gone by, and were full of historical associations more familiar to him than to the busy crowds hurrying along careless of history, and intent only on the things of the present. He passed under Temple Bar and gazed up curiously at the place where the traitors' heads used to be stuck as a warning to evil-doers. He wandered slowly on down Fleet Street, thinking of the great Dr. Johnson, who loved that thoroughfare, and on up Ludgate Hill to the great Cathedral where so many of the famous dead lie buried, and whose smoke-begrimed walls have formed the background to many a strange spectacle. Then he turned out to his left to visit Smithfield, consecrated by the blood of the martyrs. A coach was to start from that place for the north that morning, and the good clergyman intended travelling by it to a village a few miles from Birmingham, where, a hundred years ago, his progenitors were born and lived and died. Some of the family were there yet, he believed, but many years before his time, all correspondence between them and the American branch of the house had ceased, and Mr. Gifford

did not know whom he would find as relatives in the cradle of the family.

Mounting the box of the heavy vehicle, which, before the introduction of railroads into that part of the country was the only means of travelling between the two places, he took his seat beside the rubicund driver. Mr. Gifford looked at him with wonder. An enormously fat fellow he was, with a face that exposure to the air in all weathers, and numerous fiery potations had dyed in tints of red and purple. His corpulence, which in any dress would have looked remarkable, was so swathed in overcoats that it seemed monstrous. The American gentleman, who had not an ounce of spare flesh about him, and whose face was pale and intellectual, presented a curious contrast to him as they sat side by side.

The coachman had nothing to say to his companions, being occupied, so long as he was driving through the London streets, in guiding his horses and exchanging greetings with other coachmen as obese and ruddy as himself. Two hours' travel, however, carried them out of London into a broad highway, where vehicles were less numerous, and where the road lay between fragrant hedges instead of high houses. Then the coachman volunteered the remark that the crops looked well. Mr. Gifford, to whom the remark was addressed, acquiesced, and the driver, having broken the ice, inquired, "Going far, sir?" The clergyman told him his destination.

"I know it, sir," he said. "We go within six miles of it. It's a dead-alive, God-forsaken place."

"What a dreadful place it must be," said Mr. Gifford. "Does no one live there?"

"Oh, yes, there are about ten thousand inhabitants. But they're all asleep, sir. No theatre, not a decent tavern in it, no races, nothing to make it lively; nothing going on but churches, and chapels, and prayer-meetings."

"And you say God has forsaken it. That is a horrible calamity. It makes one's blood run cold to think of any man or any town being so forsaken. No wonder they are having prayer-meetings."

"Oh, that's only a common saying, sir," said the driver, with a broad grin; "it ain't meant the way you take it. I fancy there's as much religion there as anywhere — perhaps a little more; but it's awful dull."

"I am glad you did not mean it literally," said the clergyman. "I have been in many places where men have forsaken God, but that is not so sad; for they may return, and God is

so loving that He is always ready to receive the penitent wanderers; but if He were to forsake them, their fate would be appalling."

Just then the conductor's quaint, three-cornered hat appeared at the other side of the coach, and the facetious driver said to him: "Look here, Tom; don't let me hear any o' your bad language on this trip; we've got a parson on board." The conductor looked reproachfully, for certainly his profanity had not been noticed, while the driver had let slip several oaths at his horses and the drivers of vehicles who in the crowded London streets had annoyed him by their clumsiness. The man, however, had a rough idea of courtesy, and during the remainder of the journey chatted pleasantly with his neighbor on the box, pointing out objects of interest and keeping a guard over his lips, to which several abrupt pauses in his flow of language proved that he was unaccustomed.

"This is your place, sir," he said at last, as the sun was nearing its setting. "You'll strike your turning a little farther on. Any one will show you. You'll have about six miles to walk, but it's a straight, good road. Wish you good-day, sir."

The clergyman descended, and he noticed that a man who had occupied the corresponding seat on the other side of the driver got down too. He had been very taciturn all the way, had sat with downcast face, paying no attention to anything, and seemingly lost in thoughts, evidently sad ones. Only once he had looked up, when the clergyman had spoken of God's love for the penitent, but he had said nothing. He did not speak now, but walked sharply away into the town, while the clergyman strolled along the bank of the river in the direction pointed out by the driver. The peaceful scene pleased him, and he would have willingly remained enjoying it had not the sun's place in the sky reminded him of his long walk.

He had nearly reached his destination when he heard footsteps behind him, and looking around he saw the taciturn passenger approaching. "Excuse my speaking to you, sir," he said, as he overtook Mr. Gifford. "I do not know whether it is my good angel urging me, but I have had a struggle whether I should speak or not since we left the coach together, and this is the way it has ended. I am in deep trouble, and I am inclined to think you would give me help."

"Don't apologize, my dear sir," said the clergyman. "I shall be thankful if I can be of service to you."

"You said on the coach that God was always ready to receive penitent wanderers. I should like to ask you whether that applies to a man who has wandered a long way in very miry places after having once started on the clean road?"

"Assuredly," said the clergyman.

"Then I will tell you my story. My father is vicar down there," he said, pointing to the little church nestling among the trees. "I was to have been a clergyman, too. That was ten years ago. I went to the University, and there I was



A Virginian Clergyman's Ride on an English Coach.

ruined. I was expelled for misconduct, and I have never seen my father or mother since. I never communicated with them, but just hid myself in London. I got work and was well paid, and I have led a dissolute life ever since. I became disgusted with it—never mind how—a few months ago, and to-day the longing to look once more on the old spot became irresistible. I thought I would come down and see the church and the parsonage, and one glimpse of my dear mother, if I could without her seeing me, and then go back and put an end to my wretched life. Somehow your words touched my heart. I have had no hope for a long time, but I have a feeling now that is like it, though I scarcely dare call it by that name. Tell me what you think of my case."

"You remember the parable of the Prodigal Son?"

"Yes, but I have lost faith in the Bible."

"Well, sit down on this bank by me, and I'll read it over." Mr. Gifford produced a pocket Bible and read the familiar story. "Don't you think," he asked, "apart from the truth of the Bible, that there are fathers who would act like that? It is conceivable, is it not?"

"I have known some who would."

"And the son took a wise course at last in going to his father and trusting his much-abused love; don't you think so?"

"Yes, as it turned out; but it might have ended differently. The father would have been justified in turning him away."

"But he did not, you see, and you admit that there are fathers who would have done the same thing. Now I know—I have seen it—that God does act so when His children come back to Him. I know they were received, by the way they lived afterward. Now I want you to try."

The two sat and talked until darkness fell and a full moon rose, shedding a serene light over the country. By that time a prayer had been offered by the roadside, and the prodigal had consented to go home, stipulating, however, that Mr. Gifford should go first to prepare his way. They descended the hill and walked through the village lying still in the moonlight. "This is the parsonage, sir. I will wait for you at the inn—there where you see the light."

"Stay," said the clergyman; "you have not told me your father's name."

"No, to be sure, Gifford, the Reverend Edward Gifford."

The clergyman was startled, but that was no time for explanations, so he passed on through the trim garden to the parsonage door.

Half an hour later the two clergymen, kindred in blood, but with a closer kinship in Christ, were on their way to the inn, arm-in-arm, to bring the prodigal to his home, while at the door of the parsonage a white-haired lady stood eager to fold her long-lost son in her arms. The family party that night was a scene never to be forgotten by any there. When, after a happy stay with his newly-found relatives, the American clergyman returned to his own land, he was accompanied by his repentant kinsman, who, at his own desire and that of his parents, was going in Christ's

strength to commence amid new scenes a life of service for his Master.

UNDER FIRE.

A STORY OF THE FRANCO-GERMAN WAR.

(Continued from page 537.)

The White Flag.

ON the following day, late in the evening, when it was almost too late to see it, save for a few minutes, the white flag floated once more from the Cathedral tower, and no one threw it down again. In a few minutes after the dreadful booming of the cannon ceased.

The Germans entered Strasburg the next morning, bringing with them wagon-loads of provisions, which had been prepared in readiness against the surrender of the city. You should have seen the crowds of all sorts of people thronging round the wagons, with glistening eyes, eager to snatch away the first thing put into their hands.

I staid for more than an hour watching the distribution of the food. To me it was a sight full of suggestiveness. Where, now, I thought, was the deadly animosity which had trained and fired the guns which had wrought all this havoc?

I noticed one man especially. He was a tall, swarthy soldier of some thirty years of age. He looked a splendid specimen of vigorous manhood. There was a look of triumph on his face which suggested the thought that he had done his part in the siege, and was enjoying the spectacle of the surrender. I almost hated him for that smile of conscious victory. He seemed to be some sort of inferior officer, for he was superintending the distribution, and did not take part in it. His eye, however, was quick to see all that happened. Glancing over the crowd, he saw an old woman sitting on the curb with her face bur-

ied in her hands. I suppose she was too weak to go in the crowd around the wagons, hungry as she was. I noticed the German sergeant, or whatever he was, looking at her. Then he strode across the street to her side. Laying his hand gently on her shoulder, he spoke to her kindly. I was not near enough to hear what he said, but he must have asked her if she wanted food, for directly she answered he went to the wagon and returned with a large loaf and some potatoes. He stooped and kissed her forehead as she looked up and thanked him. I thought, as I watched that token of respect, that the big sergeant must have a mother at home of whom he was thinking.

I watched until the wagons were emptied, and then turned homeward, thankful that the long struggle was ended, although it had ended in a way that was a grief to me and to thousands beside me. But who that had seen the suffering I had witnessed would not have been glad that in some way—in any way—it had ended, and all the death, and terror, and hunger, and misery were over at last.

But it was not all over for me. One more great terror awaited me. I had left Lisbeth with my grandmother, who was too agitated and shaken to stay alone, while Gretchen and I went to get some fresh food from the wagons. Gretchen had gone home a few minutes before me, and I was following with some bread in my hands, when I saw Lisbeth coming up the steps of our cellar, with Elsie in her arms. Just above them hung the heavy lintel of a doorway, which had been nearly shaken down during the last day of the bombardment. They had just reached the level of the street, and saw me running toward them. Elsie clapped her hands, and Lisbeth's face was bright with smiles, when, in a moment, before I could do anything to warn or save them, the timber fell, and struck down both their dear faces out of my sight.

How I reached the place I do not know; but there Lisbeth lay, with Elsie's little head pressed down upon her bosom, her arms clasped about the child, and the black lintel lying across them both. Lisbeth's face was white and still, with a half-smile upon it; but Elsie's face I could not see.

I sat down beside them, without power to move, in an agony of grief and terror, such as I had never felt before.

But before many minutes had passed by, Elsie's sweet, clear voice rang in my ears, sounding to me for a moment like a voice from the dead. She was trying to move, and lift her hands to Lisbeth's face; and then I saw that the lintel, though it had knocked them down, had not crushed them, for the end of it had caught upon a projecting stone on the other side of the arch. Lisbeth might be stunned, but she was not killed.

Still I had not strength enough to move the heavy timber, which was, besides, so entangled with other portions of the doorway that it would be dangerous to stir it yet. I laid my hand on Elsie's head to quiet her.

"Lie still, my Elsie," I said; "lie quite still, and do not wake your mother: I will wake her by and by. Be very quiet till I come back."

I had just turned away, wondering where I could get the help I needed—for everybody was so engrossed in their own wants—when I saw—but I could not believe it—I saw my father standing opposite the ruins of our house, and gazing at them as if they could tell him what had become of Sylvie, and his mother, and me.

Ah! you will never know, and you can never imagine, what it was to see him after all our peril and sorrow. I flung myself into his arms, and felt as if I was in heaven for a moment or two. But there were Lisbeth and Elsie to rescue; and not waiting to answer one of his questions, I dragged him across the street to the place where they lay. Lisbeth's eyes were open, and she quite smiled when I looked down upon her face.

It was almost an hour before we could get them safely out of the mass of fallen buildings;

but I never left them, and I fed them by morsels with the bread I had brought. When the steps were clear, we all went down into the cellar to my grandmother and Gretchen, who were almost dead with fright, thinking they were buried alive, and cut off from the succor which had come at last to the citizens of Strasburg. But all was right now; there was no more pain or terror; and my father was there to take care of us all.

It had happened that my father's health had given way in his exploring expedition, and he had been compelled to return to Egypt, where, of course, he had heard of the war between France and Germany, and had hastened back at once, to come to our help. He had been outside the city at Appenweir, a few miles across the Rhine, for the last three days, watching, with many other people, the awful bombardment of the city, but unable to do anything. Last night the news had reached him of General Uhrich's surrender; and he had come as quickly as he could, prepared to remove us at once to Appenweir.

When all that was done, and my grandmother and Gretchen were settled in some pleasant lodgings, my father and I set about to trace Sylvie. The only chance was to find out where Madame Berthon had found refuge, but as her husband was now gone, with the other officers, as prisoners into Germany, we met with many difficulties.

At last we discovered that Madame Berthon was in Basle, just within the Swiss frontier, and we went down all the valley of the Rhine on our way thither—all through wide-spread meadows, green with pasture, and past rich fields of corn, and under the vineyards grown wild with untrained tendrils; a lovely valley, sheltered by mountains and filled with trees, just tinged here and there with autumn colors. It was very peaceful—so full of peace that I could hardly bear to look at it, and remember what we had been passing through in Strasburg, while out here the sun had been shining, and the birds singing, and the flowers blooming—like the Garden of Eden before men spoiled it. This was the Garden of Eden; yonder was the place of which God was saying, "The voice of thy brother's blood crieth unto me from the earth."

We found our Sylvie at last, very pale and delicate, nervous, too, ready to start and cry at any sudden noise. But I think that when I saw her folded in my father's arms, after all the great trouble we had undergone, my gladness was almost unendurable. I fancy, only I scarcely dare say it, that I caught a little glimpse—only a glimpse—of the great joy of our Lord when He went back to His Father's presence. As I sat on the ground at their feet, seeing both their faces, there came into my mind again and again those words, "Looking unto Jesus the Author and Finisher of our faith; who for the joy that was set before him endured the cross, despising the shame, and is set down at the right hand of the throne of God."

Even after all she had suffered, we could not persuade my grandmother to come and live with us in London. From her new home in Appenweir she could still see the Cathedral, which was now the dearest place on earth to her. There was a talk, too, that all the buildings which had been destroyed were to be restored as quickly as possible. All was quietness and order again in Strasburg. The shops and the markets were re-opened; and, as far as possible, every trace of the havoc had been cleared away. But the graves were there, and the ruined houses, and the households, almost like those of Egypt—"There was not a house where there was not one dead."

My father did all that was possible to make the short remnant of her life comfortable. He spent many days in going around collecting articles of furniture and hangings resembling those she was used to see around her. The little home in Appenweir was filled to overflowing before we left. The articles were not put in place, for we knew well that she would not think of that home as a permanent residence. She

would never rest outside Strasburg. She would surely go back to the old city soon. To her every stone of the place seemed dear, and she would think little of the change in the flag that would wave over it. So the goods were stored so that she could remove them easily when the time came. My father, knowing her disposition, also provided her with means for indulging in what he knew would be her greatest luxury. She would assuredly want to help her old friends, some of whom the siege had ruined. She would see them trying to build again their old homes and gather around them their former comforts, and she would want to help them. So my father put some money in bank for her, which he called "the helping fund," and told her what it was for. The good old lady kissed him, and said he was ever her thoughtful boy.

I shall not easily forget my parting from her. To be together in a common danger will draw nearer the most discordant natures, and my grandmother and I were not discordant. She took me lovingly in her arms and wept over me. Then she held me at arms'-length while she told my father that I had been her greatest comfort during the time of trial. She said I had been good, and brave, and attentive to her, and that if I had not been there she believed she would have died of fright. That was very pleasing to me, the more so as my father was pleased. He laid his hand on my shoulder, and in a voice a little less steady than his usual firm tones, said that he was grateful to me. I had taken the place, he said, that should have been his, and he owed me thanks for filling it nobly. He was proud that his son should have been a comfort to his honored mother. Then my grandmother drew me again to her breast, and prayed that God would bless me. So we parted, the old lady tearfully watching us as we went our way.

My father, who knew many learned and influential men among the enemy, had no difficulty in obtaining a safe-conduct, which enabled us to go into the neighborhood of Pfulzburg, which was still suffering the horrors of a siege, as we had been. We went there in search of Sergeant Klein's little farm amongst the hills, where his children might be still hoping and watching for his return. But from all the country round, from lonely farm-houses, and little hamlets, and larger villages of the mountains, the inhabitants had fled before the army, perhaps with a faint hope of returning home some time, when peace came back, but oftener with breaking and despairing hearts. We could find no one who knew Sergeant Klein's farm or family; and as for the brother of poor Louise, he was still shut up in Pfulzburg, ignorant, no doubt, of his sister's death.

Lisbeth, whose home and property were altogether lost, promised gladly to come and live with us in London. Only a few days ago Elsie climbed on to my knee, as I was thinking over all these things, and drew my attention to her by patting my cheek. She held in her other hand a parcel wrapped in silver paper, which she opened gravely, and showed to me a little white vest, quite finished, and with every stain, either of her own work, or of the dust of falling walls, washed away. But the child's lips were quivering, and she was trying hard to keep back her tears.

"Max," she said, "there is no way for Elsie to give the Lord Christ His birthday present when Christmas comes."

"Why not, Elsie?" I asked.

"Because He is a long, long way off, up in heaven," she said.

"No, Elsie," I answered; "He is here with us. He said, 'I will not leave you comfortless: I will come to you.' So He comes often, every day; only we cannot see His face or hear His voice yet."

"I'm glad He comes," she said, her face brightening; "but if we cannot see Him, how am I to give Him His little white vest?"

Then I opened my Bible, which Elsie was beginning to learn to read in, and I let her spell out, word for word, this verse: "Inasmuch as

ye have done unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me."

Elsie sat, still and thoughtful, with her head resting on her little hands, and then, clasping them together with gladness, as the meaning came into her mind,—

"Max," she said, "we must go and look for one of the least of the Lord Christ's little brothers, and see if the vest will do for him."

But my father would not hear of Elsie's little vest being given away; and he bade Lisbeth set great store by it, and keep it in remembrance of the six weeks' siege of Strasburg, saying Elsie would understand why it was kept when she grew older. I scarcely understood myself, till my father read these words to me, about the woman who brought her alabaster box of ointment, very precious, and poured it on His head, and the disciples called it a waste, and said the money it cost should have been given to the poor. "Ye have the poor with you always," said the Lord, "and whosoever ye will ye may do them good; but me ye have not always. She hath done what she could."

THE END.

THE COVETOUS KING.

S. S. Lesson for Aug. 30, 1 Kings 21: 1-19. Golden Text, Luke. 12: 15. By Mrs. M. Baxter.

What Life Consists in—Not in Abundance of Goods—Nor Abundance of Esteem—How Satan Entangles Christians—Ahab's Misguided Magnanimity—His Irresponsible Attitude—The Inevitable Disappointment—Naboth's Hereditary Possession—Refuses to Part with It—The Plot Against Him—His Downfall—The Judgment.

"TAKE heed, and beware of covetousness: for a man's life consisteth not in the abundance of the things which he possesseth." And yet men cling with a desperate grasp to those things which they possess! Some men even lose their reason when a loss in business befalls them which makes them poorer than they were; they are under the delusion that their life consists in their possessions, their hearts are set on them,

THEIR TREASURE

is in them. There are some who live for their reputation—their ears are quick to hear all which is said about them, they seek most ingloriously to turn the conversation round to themselves, that they may gauge the impressions of others about them. When anything unfavorable is said about them they are sure to hear of it, and they are in anguish of heart by day, and sleepless by night, if they think they have lost ground with other people—people who, perhaps, hardly give them a thought. Their life, they think, consists in the abundance of men's esteem which they possess. And, strange to say, Christians are often entangled in this snare of Satan's, the desire to stand well with some noted or advanced Christian teachers! Some stand on position, some on family, and attempt to draw their life from these sources. But there are some whose life consists in the abundance of Christ which they possess—Christ for spirit, soul and body; for present, past, and future; for family and for business—Christ Himself. Christ is their life, and they are satisfied.

King Ahab had not been left alone; God had been manifesting His love in delivering him twice from Ben-hadad, King of Syria, who had marshalled his entire army and come up against him. God had treated Ahab as though he had been His child, and yet there was no response on Ahab's part to God. It could not go on thus forever. God had delivered Ben-hadad into Ahab's hand, and instead of asking counsel of the Lord, or taking for granted that He would not have delivered him up to him for nothing, Ahab, with senseless conceit, acted the benefactor to God's enemy, and sent him away, making a covenant with him. And then came this message from the Lord: "Because thou hast let go out of thy hand a man whom I appointed to utter destruction, therefore thy life shall go for his life, and thy people for his people." Love had not won Ahab; would severity succeed? Alas,

no! "The King of Israel went down to his house

HEAVY AND DISPLEASED."

All the time God had been seeking to win this man to intercourse with Himself, and all along Ahab had been completely irresponsible. He had listened to Elijah, had seen the fire fall from heaven, had heard and, perhaps, had joined in the shout, "The Lord, He is the God; The Lord, He is the God." He had received messages from God again and again through another prophet, whose name is not given us (1 Kings 20: 13, 14; 22, 28), and one of the sons of the prophets (vers. 35-41), yet we find no record whatever of his speaking one word to God all this time. His only relations with God were through a third party—he had no personal acquaintance with Him. When he was "heavy and displeased," it was with God rather than with himself; he kicked against the inevitable consequences of his own neglect of God.

A man who sets his heart on the things of earth is always disappointed. The curse of the broken law rests upon him: "It shall come to pass, if thou wilt not hearken unto the voice of the Lord thy God, to observe to do all His commandments and His statutes which I command thee this day . . . the Lord shall send upon thee

CURSING, VEXATION, AND REBUKE,

in all that thou settest thine hand unto for to do." The enemy of souls was at no loss to find some hobby on which Ahab should set his heart. Near by his palace, Naboth, the Jezreelite, possessed a vineyard; this the king coveted. It was most conveniently situated, it would have added much to the royal grounds as a vegetable garden, and Ahab offered Naboth to exchange it for a better, or to buy it of him. A very easy thing, some might think. But Naboth knew the mind of his God about this, and could not look upon it as a matter of convenience, whether to the king or to himself. "The land shall not be sold for ever: for the land is mine" (Lev. 25: 23). In faithfulness to God he must deny the king at any cost. He answered, "The Lord forbid it me, that I should give the inheritance of my fathers unto thee. And Ahab came into his house heavy and displeased because of the word which Naboth the Jezreelite had spoken to him: for he had said, I will not give thee the inheritance of my fathers."

Heavy and displeased! Those whose hearts are set on things which perish are liable to be always thus. God has created us to fit exactly into Him, that every need of our being shall be responded to by Him, and not by anything short of Him. All we get of earth, apart from God, proves

A MISFIT;

it wears, and frets, and strains, and produces a thirst after something more of the same kind, just as unsatisfying. Those who see God in everything, and recognize His overruling hand in all things, cannot be thus disappointed; instead of heavy and displeased, "they are joyfully submissive, whatever happens, knowing that God can make no mistake. Ahab had lost chance after chance of making acquaintance with God; he had always acted as though he believed things were between him and man, in spite of the direct messages which had been sent him by God. Now in his disappointment over the bit of ground on which he had set his heart, the unkingly king, the unmanly man, went into a sulk like an ill-tempered child; "he laid him down upon his bed, and turned away his face, and would eat no bread."

In this mood he was open to further attacks of Satan. His wife, the wicked, idolatrous Jezebel, came to him, and said: "Why is thy spirit so sad, that thou eatest no bread?" And the king answered like a pettish child, putting all the right on his own side, and leaving out of his story entirely the principle which had actuated Naboth, quoting as the terms of his refusal, "I will not give thee my vineyard." Ahab never thought of giving up his will about it; yet, perhaps, the very conscientiousness of Naboth

made him the more angry, because it put him in the position of fighting against God if he did not yield the point. No such feelings actuated Jezebel—she cared for neither God nor man. "Dost thou now govern the kingdom of Israel?" she asked, ironically. "Arise, and eat bread, and let thine heart be merry: I will give thee the vineyard of Naboth the Jezreelite." And the unprincipled woman wrote letters in Ahab's name, sealed with the royal seal, to command that Naboth should be arraigned for high treason, that witnesses should be procured to bear false witness against him, and then, to put a religious color on this infamous deed, a fast was to be proclaimed, the trial conducted with the utmost solemnity, and the righteous Naboth was to be stoned.

The awful deed was done: to all appearance the enemy triumphed against God. But Naboth found a rest in Abraham's bosom of which the wickedness of men or devil could not rob him. Jezebel, in triumph, returned to her husband, and said: "Arise, take possession of the vineyard of Naboth the Jezreelite, which he refused to give thee for money: for Naboth is not alive, but dead." Without inquiring how he came by his death, with, perhaps, a sense of relief that he personally had nothing to do with it, the covetous king "rose up to go down to the vineyard of Naboth, the Jezreelite, to take possession of it." But the

CURSE OF THE BROKEN LAW

followed him there—cursing, vexation, and rebuke. No sooner did he stand upon the coveted ground as its proprietor, than a voice which he well knew—the voice of all others upon earth which made him tremble—pronounced the words, "Thus saith the Lord, Hast thou killed, and also taken possession?" The convenient arrangement of leaving the responsibility with Jezebel could not answer with the holy God; for "the husband is the head of the wife." And then, the king was responsible for the welfare of his subjects. The guilt of the national idolatry, the sin of his wife, the murder of Naboth—all came back upon him; he must be responsible.

"Thus saith the Lord, In the place where dogs licked the blood of Naboth, shall dogs lick thy blood, even thine." The unhappy king answered, "Hast thou found me, O mine enemy?" He spoke to Elijah, but in his heart he said as much to God. "I have found thee," was the rejoinder, "because thou hast sold thyself to work evil in the sight of the Lord." And then he added the sad message from the Lord of the utter destruction of himself, his wife and family, which should follow.

What a mad thing it is for a man to have his treasure upon earth, where the moth and rust doth corrupt, and where thieves break through and steal! what a fruitless thing to set our heart on plans which may be altered any moment, on friends which may change places from which we may be rooted up, Christian work which God may put into other hands? Our privilege is to sit loose with a will utterly yielded to the Lord, out of reach of disappointment and vexation, because He has taught us that He Himself provides against the consequences of all which He permits, and that He Himself has a will which is good, acceptable, and perfect, while our own will only leads to cursing, vexation, and rebuke in all to which we put our hand.

The Prophetic News and Israel's Watchman. London may be had from the office of this journal, 63 Bible House, New York, price six cents, including postage. Annual subscription seventy cents. The following articles among others are contained in the number for August:

- The New Reformation: Anti-Christian and Heathen Missions, By James E. Matheson, Esq.
- Rewards of the First Resurrection Saints. By Rev. F. J. Hytche.
- Russia's Limits. By the Rev. J. Hawker.
- Russia's Place in Prophecy and the Impending War with England, as seen in Ezekiel, chapters 38 and 39. By Mr. G. N. Williams.
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THE LORD IS MY SHEPHERD.

PSALM XXXIII.

The Lord is my Shepherd, oh, words full of peace!
How sweetly they cause all desponding to cease;
For soul as it hears them, they lead into rest,
With kindness, and gladness, and glory possessed.

The Lord is my Shepherd, the God of all might,
Thou thought of my steps and my way;
He hears me, and carries me all the day long;
I love to be helpless, while life is my song.

The Lord is my Shepherd, my footsteps to guide,
From harm to protect me, for want to provide;
He is mine just as truly as though I alone
Were tended and cherished, and kept for His own.

He "goeth before," me to show me the way;
I have but to follow His steps and His way;
'Tis He who goes first, so it is not for me
To know what the way for to-morrow will be.

He "makes me lie down" with a tender constraint,
Which thoughts cannot picture, and words cannot paint;
He gently compels me to cease from all strife,
To rest on His love, and to live in His life.

He goes before who "restores my soul,"
Beside me, "the waters of quietness" roll;
Rich goodness and mercy are following nigh,
And all round about me the green pastures lie.

He "leadeth me" on where the calm waters flow,
He keeps me "beside" them wherever I go;
They stand and look on, but they cannot oppose,
He leads me alone, yet I'm lying at rest.

I fear not "the shadow of death" and the grave,
For He who is "with" me is mighty to save;
The terrible substance, O Lord, was for Thee,
Now only the "shadow" can fall upon me.

I have not within the dark vale to abide,
'Tis but a walk through to the opposite side;
And even the shadow, the darkness and gloom,
Since Thou, blessed Jesus, wilt shine on me there.

Thou spreadest my table in sight of my foes,
They stand and look on, but they cannot oppose;
My cup runneth over with joy and with praise,
Thy goodness and mercy shall crown all my days.

A king and a priest I am made unto Thee,
Thy house, O my Lord, shall my dwelling-place be;
There under Thy Shadow, my soul finds her rest;
And dwelling in Jesus, I know I am blest.

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VIII. No. 35.

THURSDAY, AUGUST 27, 1855.

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THE LIFE OF THE LATE SIR MOSES MONTEFIORE, THE JEWISH CENTENARIAN.

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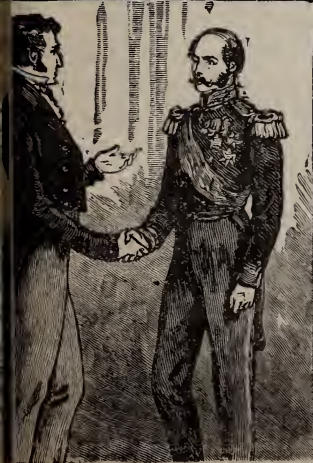
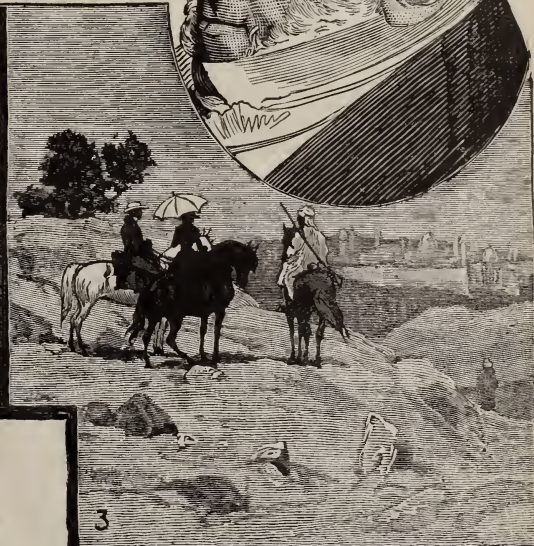
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The Late SIR MOSES MONTEFIORE, the Jewish Philanthropist—Scenes in his Life.

THE LATE SIR MOSES MONTEFIORE.

Celebration of his Hundredth Year—His Famous Philanthropies—His Family—Marriage and Successful Business Career—First Visit to Palestine—A Jewish Rabbi's Admission in New York—A Memorable Journey—Honored by his Queen—Mission to Russia—Hopes of Jewish Nationality—Interest in President Garfield.

ON July 28th last died Sir Moses Montefiore, Baronet, the eminent Jewish philanthropist whose one hundredth birthday was celebrated last year by the Jews all over the world. On that occasion a sermon was preached at a special service, in the chief synagogue of New York, by Dr. Kohler, the learned Jewish Rabbi, a few passages from which will show why the Jews throughout the world had other reasons than that of his great age for being delighted to do honor to their venerable co-religionist. Dr. Kohler styled him

THE JEWISH PEABODY,

the Peter Cooper of the Israelitic nation. This tribute is the more noteworthy because it came from a preacher of the Reformed school, against which Sir Moses Montefiore has waged relentless war. Sir Moses has no sympathy with the reformers, who have renounced the dietary and ceremonial laws of Moses, and who have neither the expectation nor the desire to return to Palestine. Yet, in spite of this divergence of theological views, Dr. Kohler was warm in his eulogy. He said: "What won him the esteem of all who knew him, Jew or Gentile, was, beside his utmost integrity, his genial courtesy and friendliness. Owning a beautiful estate at East Cliff Lodge, near Ramsgate, he frequently found the Duchess of Kent with her daughter, the present Queen of England, walking in his pleasant park grounds. So he at once begged her to accept of him

A GOLDEN KEY

to give her admittance at all times without ceremony. There was hardly any charitable object brought to the notice of the public to which he was not a large and regular contributor. Frequent shipwrecks having occurred on the cliff near his residence, which opens a wide view upon the wide ocean, he at once devoted large sums to the relief of the unfortunate deprived of their supporters. Like Abraham's house, the East Cliff mansion was, and still is, open to every suppliant. Denial of help is unknown."

Nor was it from Jews alone that the benevolent centenarian received tributes of esteem and congratulation. Messages poured in from all quarters of the world and from all classes. The Queen, who encourages all her subjects to contribute to benevolent purposes, telegraphed: "I wish to renew my sincere congratulations to you on this day, which marks the completion of a century of loyalty and philanthropy." The Prince of Wales and other distinguished personages also sent their congratulations. The day was celebrated as a public holiday in Ramsgate, a town of which Sir Moses often said, "Every boy and girl is dear to me." He was at that time in a very weak state, and it was feared that the excitement of the day might prove fatal. He rallied, however, and for a time was much stronger, but it was evident that his life could not be preserved much longer. He continued his beneficent labors without abatement. To Christians as well as Jews he gave freely, if only he was convinced that the object for which his gifts were asked was one tending to the amelioration of the condition of the poor, the sick, or the distressed.

Even at the very last, when the flame of life was flickering in its socket, his secretary records that he seemed to have but one anxiety. He was disturbed by a dread that some of his many benevolent enterprises might have been overlooked and might suffer by his death. Raising his hand, which for so many years had found its occupation in doling out gifts to those who were ready to perish, he moved his fingers easily, to convince his friend that he could still sign cheques if they were needed. It must have

been a touching spectacle, that venerable centenarian, about to quit the world, yet eager still to continue to the very edge of the dark river the work to which his life had been devoted. His passage to the grave was calm and peaceful. He gradually sank, like a weary child falling asleep, and on July 28th his last breath was drawn, and his beneficent life on earth finally closed.

BIRTH AND EARLY LIFE.

Moses Montefiore was born, the eldest son of a not very wealthy merchant, on the 24th of October, 1784. His ancestors had dwelt in Ancona and Leghorn, cities in which by special, and then exceptional legislation, Jews had been permitted to trade. His grandfather, Moses Haim Montefiore, had settled in England, where he had nine sons and eight daughters, and was a near neighbor and associate of Benjamin Disraeli, the grandfather of Lord Beaconsfield. He had seventeen children. Joseph Elias, his fourth son, was the father of the subject of this sketch. He married a daughter of the house of Mocatta, a family of Moorish or Spanish Jews, who had left their tombs in the Lido at Venice, and in the graveyard of Amsterdam. Joseph Montefiore's wife accompanied him to Leghorn, whither he went to buy for the English market, and there in the Via Reale she gave birth to Moses Haim, the first of her eight children, on October 24th (the eve of Heshvan 9th), 1784.

Returning to England, Moses Montefiore was educated privately, articulated to Mr. Robert Johnson, a wholesale tea-merchant in London, and afterward entered the Stock Exchange, where his uncle purchased for him for \$6,000, the right to practise as one of the twelve Jewish brokers. No greater number than that was permitted by the City of London, although it was a more enlightened body than most of the English communities of that day. Moses Montefiore joined a Surrey volunteer regiment, and rose to the rank of captain. (*A picture of him in his regimentals appears on the first page.*) He became very popular on the Stock Exchange, and much consideration was shown for him when, in consequence of the default of another person, he had to ask for a few days' time, which was cheerfully accorded him, to deliver some Exchequer bills. He was joined in business by his brother Abraham, and became connected in business and by marriage with Nathan Mayer Rothschild, whose name is still signed on the cheques of the great house.

MARRIAGE.

The two friends, Nathan Rothschild and Moses Montefiore, married sisters, daughters of Levy Barent Cohen, a merchant of Dutch descent, greatly respected for his wealth and benevolence. Montefiore's wife was Judith, a lady of a singularly sweet, lovable disposition, whom he tenderly loved, and whose death in 1862 was the great sorrow of his life. His marriage, besides being a singularly happy one, showed his independence of mind and superiority to the prejudices which then prevailed. His family had joined, as immigrants from Italy usually did join, the Sephardim, or Spanish congregation. He, however, wedded an Ashkenazi, or German Jewess. The line of demarcation between the two "nations," as they were called, was then strongly marked; they had but recently agreed to meet together to assert their common interests as Jews in the Board of Deputies, and marriages between them were still infrequent.

Judith Montefiore entertained for her husband the deepest admiration and affection, accompanying him on all his journeys, and aiding him with her counsel and active labor in all his benevolent enterprises. When she died he erected over her remains a monument, the fac-simile of that erected in memory of Rachel "in the way of Ephraim which is Bethlehem;" he endowed a scholarship in her name at the Jews' Free School, and gave other generous testimony of his regret in the way she would herself have chosen.

The Montefiores prospered in business, their alliance with the Rothschilds assisting them

materially in their enterprises. In 1840 Moses retired from the business, though his brother Abraham, continued and realized a much larger fortune. Henceforward he and his wife, having no children, devoted their lives exclusively to philanthropic labors. "Thank God, and b content," was Judith's answer, when Moses told her their financial position and his hesitation about retiring from business.

Prior to that, however—in the year 1827—they made their

FIRST TRIP TO THE HOLY LAND

together, not merely from impulses of piety and love for the spots sacred to mankind, but a generous sympathy with its unfortunate inhabitants, whom they desired to offer assistance. Without distinction of creed or blood they lavished their charity in large measure upon the people there. (Their approach to the holy city is depicted on the first page, panel No. 3.) In 1837, when Syria was ravaged by earthquakes, pestilence, and famine, the noble pair started second time to the sacred land of their fathers to minister to the relief of the poor sufferer and to distribute money among whomsoever applied in the various towns and districts, to enable them to live through the crisis. Nor was Sir Moses satisfied with mere momentary relief. He spared no labor in examining into the condition of every household of the poor, and in collecting accurate statistics, being desirous to elevate the general, social and material position of the Jews of the Holy Land. He wanted to lift them from a state of pauperism and wretchedness to independence.

A SIGNIFICANT ADMISSION.

Dr. Kohler, referring to this period, says, "Already he had conceived the plan of a Jewish colonization in Palestine. He went to the Viceroy of Egypt, generously offering him on behalf of the Jews a sum worth \$5,000,000 as fund to start a bank for the purpose of buying up the land and rendering the Jewish inhabitants a farming and industrial people. His offer was not accepted, but the hope that some such scheme might be realized was never given up by him or English Jews and their friends. You hear it re-echoed in 'Daniel Deronda.' Some say it formed the pet scheme of Lord Beaconsfield's 'Eastern politics.' It is again taken up and pursued by Lawrence Oliphant," and Dr. Kohler then made an admission, the force and significance of which, coming as it did from Jewish Rabbi of the Reformed school, cannot be overestimated. He said: "Surely, if the national hopes of the orthodox Jew for a restored Jewish kingdom will, under the pressure of constantly repeated persecutions and ostracisms, some shape or other be realized—and I am inclined to believe in its possibility—without infringing on the cosmopolitan Messianic mission of the Jewish people, Moses Montefiore was instrumental in laying the foundation."

On their way home the two travellers were able to render a service to the English Government. They touched at Malta, where they found Admiral Sir Edward Codrington, who had just fought the naval battle of Navarino, destroying the Turkish and Egyptian fleet. The Montefiores were proceeding homeward, with special facilities arranged beforehand with the advantage wealth gives, and would be in London long before the Admiral's messenger. There were no telegraphs in those days, and the Admiral was glad to avail himself of the opportunity to forward his despatches by them. Every hour was precious, and the Montefiores quickened their journey, and carried into London the first news of the great victory. (*See picture first page, panel 2.*)

THE BLOOD ACCUSATION.

Sir Moses undertook a journey to Damascus 1840. A Roman Catholic priest had suddenly disappeared from Damascus, and the Jews were accused of having murdered him to procure human blood for their Passover cakes. If Jews were arrested and were subjected to torture of the most revolting character, to force a confession of guilt from them. One or two of the

their indescribable agony made a confession, at an investigation of their statements showed they were innocent, and had only accused themselves in the hope that they might be killed outright instead of enduring further suffering. Then sixty-four Jewish infants were seized, carried away from their mothers and kept on scanty fare, with the expectation that maternal love might wring from the distressed parents a confession. But it was useless—the Jews were innocent, and the authorities were devising other ingenious methods of torture, when Sir Moses Montefiore arrived in company with the distinguished French Jew, M. Crémieux, and by personal intercession induced the Pasha of Egypt to put an end to the horrible persecution. (See picture on first page, panel 4.)

On his return to London he was elected baronet of London and Middlesex, and in this capacity was knighted by the Queen on the occasion of her first visit to the city. He was subsequently raised to the rank of baronet, and the Queen, the more strongly to mark her regard for him, granted him a privilege in connection with

HIS ESCUTCHEON,

which is regarded as exclusively the mark of the highest orders of the peerage. He chose as the motto of his coat-of-arms the words "Think and Thank," and on a banner borne by a lion is the word "Jerusalem."

Only two years afterward Montefiore was again in Palestine. A terrible epidemic had broken out and the death-rate was appalling. Sir Moses Montefiore found his brethren in abject misery without hospital or medical attendance. He immediately established a dispensary in Jerusalem with a supply of medicines, employed a physician and nurses to attend to the sick, and defrayed the entire cost out of his own pocket for three years, until the health of the community was restored.

The year 1836 found Sir Moses Montefiore and wife enduring the rigor of a Russian

WINTER IN ST. PETERSBURG.

usually, it was the sufferings of his people that caused the journey. The semi-barbarous Nicholas was engaged in persecuting the Jews, and had issued an edict, the effect of which would have been fatal to thousands of them, and would have consigned many thousands besides to abject poverty. Sir Moses intervened for them, and the charm of his manner, his disinterested sympathy, and his appeals to the Czar's clemency (see panel No. 3), procured a withdrawal of the edict. On his way back to England he visited the Jewish settlements in several countries and cheered them by sympathy and counsel. In 1858

THE MORTARA CASE.

which has become historic, agitated the Jewish community. The Mortaras were a Jewish family living at Bologna, then under the misgovernment of the Pope. They had a Roman Catholic se girl who, incited by the priests, surreptitiously baptized one of the children who was only one year old. When she gave the information to the priests they obtained a company of soldiers from the Pope and carried off the infant to a convent. The distress of the parents was imagined, and Montefiore went to Rome to plead with the Pope for the restoration of the child. Pio Nono refused to see him, and his minister, Cardinal Antonelli, gave a refusal to his petition. Though Sir Moses was impelled to leave the child in the custody of the powerful Roman Catholic abductors, he so roughly aroused public opinion in Europe as to render further efforts of the Pope in the same direction, if not impossible.

Shortly after this journey Lady Montefiore, and the grief-stricken widower, then at an octogenarian, devoted himself, with rebellious energy, to the work of beneficence, so that only he could find relief from sorrow. He had not laid the beloved remains in the grave many months before he was again in the East, this time on a mission for the protection of persecuted Christians, to whom he gave

lavishly of his money, and for whom he interceded successfully with the Sultan.

In October, 1863, at the age of seventy-nine, Sir Moses Montefiore undertook a

JOURNEY TO MOROCCO.

The Spanish collector of the Port of Saafi had died suddenly, and the authorities had made the fact of his servant being a Jew a pretext for persecuting the Jews on the charge of having murdered him. Four Jews were arrested, two of them were hanged up by the feet, head downward, and beaten almost to death; then they were placed naked in casks, through the staves of which sharp nails projected, and the casks were rolled along the roads. Then they were taken out and their sufferings ended with a thrust from a dagger. The other two Jews remained in prison, and it was for their release that the venerable man undertook to plead. He was so far successful as to obtain an order liberating them, but was unable to have the monsters who had committed the outrage punished.

Still later, in 1870, and again in 1875, when he was ninety-one years old, Sir Moses Montefiore visited the East on missions of mercy.

THE HOPE OF A JEWISH EMPIRE

in Palestine was all through his life ardently cherished by Sir Moses Montefiore. He firmly believed in the ultimate return of the Jews to their own land, and only a short time before he died he said, with much emphasis, "Jerusalem is destined to become the seat of a Jewish Empire. It is the dream of my life, which will be fulfilled when I am no more." He purchased extensive plots of ground in Jerusalem, and in 1882 it was announced that he had given orders to prepare for cultivation the land in the front of what are known as the Judah Touro houses in Jerusalem. In his little book, which records his seventh visit to Palestine, in 1875, he pleaded with his co-religionists to assist their brethren in Palestine, beginning, "in the first instance, with the building of houses in Jerusalem," and shows his impatient earnestness by adding, "Commence at once, begin the work this day if you can."

We trust, at a no very distant period, that the Jews will be restored to the land of their fathers (Isaiah 51:3). We believe, according to the prophecies of Daniel and Revelation, that the "Times of the Gentiles," during which the "treading down of Jerusalem" is to continue, are nearing their completion. They were to last for 2520 years, which, if they commenced, as is generally believed, in Nebuchadnezzar's era, will end about 1893; and that the political restoration of many Jews to Jerusalem and the rebuilding of their temple will commence about seven years before the end of those 2520 years—that is to say, about 1886.

OLD AGE.

Second only in Sir Moses Montefiore's mind to the reestablishment of the Jews at Jerusalem, and, indeed, forming part of that scheme, is the Jewish College, close to the baronet's residence, and attached to the synagogue. It provides for ten aged Hebrews proved and learned in Jewish laws and Talmudic literature. After 1875 Sir Moses travelled no more. The last years of his long life were passed in retirement, but not in seclusion. Every philanthropist seeking aid for any purpose connected with the welfare of mankind had ready access to him, and none were sent empty away. A stream of beneficence, widespread and deep, flowed from that apparently inexhaustible spring at Ramsgate; and though he was too feeble to engage personally in the work of distribution, his hands were busy aiding any who were engaged in the work. His heart was full of love for all the world and with sympathy for the suffering everywhere, and his interest in the affairs of the day was remarkable in one whose life had been so active in the past. It was noted as a significant trait of character that, four years ago, when President Garfield lay dying, Sir Moses sent off a request to the synagogues at Jerusalem and other places that the rabbis and congregations would offer prayers for the dying President.

Albeit the charity of Sir Moses was dispensed without regard to age, sex, religion, or country, he remained a Hebrew of the Hebrews. So powerful even over generous souls and highly cultivated intellects are the influences of association and early education that even this noble old man, whose life was spent in going about doing good, failed to see in Jesus of Nazareth Him of whom Moses and the prophets did write. It is also to be feared that the cruelty and injustice perpetrated by men calling themselves Christians may have had something to do with prejudicing him against the doctrines of Christianity, toward which, if he rightly understood them, his gentleness and charity would have been attracted.

It remains only to acknowledge that we are indebted for much of the material for this sketch to a communication which the venerable baronet himself sent to the editor of this journal not long before he died. His writing, though he was then in his hundredth year, was more firm and legible than that of many younger men.

Helen Fiske Hunt Jackson, the Famous

author, died in San Francisco on August 14th. She was the daughter of Professor Nathan W. Fiske, and was born in Amherst, Mass., on October 18th, 1831. Her first husband was Major Edward B. Hunt, of the United States Engineer Corps, who died in Newport in 1863. Mrs. Hunt made her first appearance in print in the *Atlantic* and other publications as the writer of some charming verses, to which the initials "H. H." were appended. Then articles and modest volumes on travel and "home talk" from her pen made their appearance, and afterward she wrote several popular stories, one of which, entitled "Ramona," had a wide circulation. The well-remembered "Saxe Holm" stories in the *Century* were also attributed to her, although their authorship was never publicly acknowledged. In 1876 Mrs. Hunt married William S. Jackson, of Colorado, and took up her residence in the West. This brought her face to face with the Indian question, in which she became greatly interested. After careful study of the subject she published "A Century of Dishonor," in which the National Government's treatment of its aboriginal wards was severely criticized. Her latest literary work was a series of articles for the *Century* on the old California missions, one fruit of her recent residence on the Pacific coast.

An Appropriate Memorial to the Lamented General Gordon is to be raised in England. Lord Tennyson, the poet-laureate, who is at the head of the movement, described its origin to a newspaper correspondent recently. Lord Tennyson said: "Just before General Gordon left for the Sudan he came to lunch with me. He spoke very earnestly about his plans for training young boys. Almost his first words were, 'Something must be done for these boys, and you are the man to do it.'" When committees were organized after General Gordon's death to erect a statue or some other memorial of him, Lord Tennyson suggested that a Gordon home for boys would be the most suitable memorial to a man who had taken so warm an interest in their welfare. The suggestion was adopted, and The Gordon Boys' Home, as it is now called, will commence operations this autumn at Fareham Fort, on Portsdown Hill, and will move to its permanent quarters at Bagshot, where the Government has generously presented it with a site of fifty acres, whenever the necessary buildings shall be ready for its reception. These buildings will give accommodation for fifty boys, and contain gymnasiums, kitchens and workshops. They will be so constructed as to be capable of enlargement in proportion to the amount of funds at the disposal of the committee. Plans on a large scale have already been drawn up. Well-known and experienced officers have accepted posts as commandant and quartermaster, and a competent secretary has been engaged. The committees have already a fund of \$110,000 in hand for the undertaking.

THE ROAD TO THE CITY.

A Sermon by Dr. Talmage.*

"And an highway shall be there, and a way, and it shall be called The way of holiness; and the unclean shall not pass over it; but it shall be for those: the wayfaring men, though fools, shall not err therein. No lion shall be there, nor any ravenous beast shall go up thereon, it shall not be found there; but the redeemed shall walk there; and the ransomed of the Lord shall return, and come to Zion with songs and everlasting joy upon their heads: they shall obtain joy and gladness, and sorrow and sighing shall flee away."—ISAIAH 35: 8-10.

The Parting of the Ways—Dangerous Paths—The Appian Way—An Older Way—I. The King's Highway—The Road over the Simplon—The King's Son the Builder—II. A Clean Road—III. A Plain Road—Philosophy a Hindrance—IV. A Safe Road—V. A Pleasant Road—Houses of Entertainment—Music for Tired Pilgrims—The Terminus.

THERE are hundreds of people in this house this morning who want to find the right road. You sometimes see a person halting at cross roads, and you can tell by his looks that he wishes to ask a question as to what direction he had better take. And I stand in your presence this morning conscious of the fact that there are many of you here who realize that there are a thousand wrong roads, but only one right one; and I take it for granted that you have come in to ask which one it is. Here is one road that opens widely, but I have not much faith in it. There are a great many expensive toll-gates scattered all along that way. Indeed at every road you must pay in tears, or pay in genuflections, or pay in flagellations. On that road, if you get through it at all, you have to pay your own way; and since this differs so much from what I have heard in regard to the right way, I believe it is

THE WRONG WAY.

Here is another road. On either side of it are houses of sinful entertainment, and invitations to come in, and dine and rest; but, from the looks of the people who stand on the piazza I am very certain it is the wrong house and the wrong way. Here is another road. It is very beautiful and macadamized. The horses' hoofs clatter and ring, and they who ride over it spin along the highway, until suddenly they find that the road breaks over an embankment, and they try to halt, and they saw the bit in the mouth of the fiery steed, and cry "Ho! ho!" But it is too late, and—crash!—they go over the embankment. We shall turn, this morning, and see if we cannot find a different kind of a road.

You have heard of

THE APPIAN WAY.

It was three hundred and fifty miles long. It was twenty-four feet wide, and on either side the road was a path for foot passengers. It was made out of rocks cut in hexagonal shape and fitted together. What a road it must have been! Made of smooth, hard rock, three hundred and fifty miles long. No wonder that in the construction of it the treasures of a whole empire were exhausted. Because of invaders, and the elements, and Time—the old conqueror who tears up a road as he goes over it—there is nothing left of that structure excepting a ruin. But I have this morning to tell you of a road built before the Appian Way, and yet it is as good as when first constructed. Millions of souls have gone over it. Millions more will come.

"The prophets and apostles, too,

Pursued this road while here below;

We therefore will, without dismay,

Still walk in Christ, the good old way."

"An highway shall be there, and a way, and it shall be called The way of holiness; the unclean shall not pass over it; but it shall be for those: the wayfaring men, though fools, shall not err therein. No lion shall be there, nor any raven-

ous beast shall go up thereon, it shall not be found there; but the redeemed shall walk there; and the ransomed of the Lord shall return, and come to Zion with songs and everlasting joy upon their heads: they shall obtain joy and gladness, and sorrow and sighing shall flee away."

I. First, this road of the text is
THE KING'S HIGHWAY.

In the diligence you dash on over the Bernard pass of the Alps, mile after mile, and there is not so much as a pebble to jar the wheels. You go over bridges which cross chasms that make you hold your breath; under projecting rock; along by dangerous precipices; through tunnels adrip with the meltings of the glaciers; and, perhaps, for the first time, learn the majesty of a road built and supported by governmental authority. Well, my Lord the King decided to build a highway from earth to heaven. It should span all the chasms of human wretchedness; it should tunnel all the mountains of earthly difficulty; it should be wide enough and strong enough to hold fifty thousand millions of the human race, if so many of them should ever be born. It should be blasted out of the "Rock of Ages," and cemented with the blood of the Cross, and be lifted amid the shouting of angels and the execration of devils.

BUILT BY HIS SON.

The King sent His Son to build that road. He put head, and hand, and heart to it, and, after the road was completed waved His blistered hand over the way, crying: "It is finished!" Napoleon paid fifteen millions francs for the building of the Simplon Road, that his cannon might go over for the devastation of Italy; but our King, at a greater expense, has built a road for a different purpose, that the banners of heavenly dominion might come down over it, and all the redeemed of earth travel up over it.

Being a King's highway, of course, it is well built. Bridges splendidly arched and buttressed have given way and crushed the passengers who attempted to cross them. But Christ, the King, would build no such thing as that. The work done, He mounts the chariot of His love, and multitudes mount with Him, and He drives on and up the steep of heaven amid the plaudits of gazing worlds! The work is done—well done—gloriously done—magnificently done.

II. Still further: this road spoken of is

A CLEAN ROAD.

Many a fine road has become miry and foul because it has not been properly cared for; but my text says the unclean shall not walk on this one. Rooms on either side to throw away your sins. Indeed, if you want to carry them along you are not on the right road. That bridge will break, those overhanging rocks will fall, the night will come down, leaving you at the mercy of the mountain bandits, and at the very next turn of the road you will perish. But if you are really on this clean road of which I have been speaking, then you will stop ever and anon to wash in the water that stands in the basin of the eternal rock. Aye, at almost every step of the journey you will be crying out: "Create within me a clean heart." If you have no such aspirations as that, it proves that you have mistaken your way; and if you will only look up and see the finger-board above your head, you may read upon it the words: "There is a way that seemeth right unto a man, but the end thereof is death." Without holiness no man shall see the Lord; and if you have any idea that you can carry along your sins, your lusts, your worldliness, and yet get to the end of the Christian race, you are so awfully mistaken that, in the name of God, this morning, I shatter the delusion.

III. Still further: the road spoken of is

A PLAIN ROAD.

"The wayfaring men, though fools, shall not err therein." That is, if a man is three fourths an idiot, he can find this road just as well as if he were a philosopher. The imbecile boy, the laughing-stock of the street, and followed by a mob hooting at him, has only just to knock once

at the gate of heaven, and it swings open; while there has been many a man who can lecture about pneumatics, and chemistry, and tell the story of Faraday's theory of electrical polarization, and yet has been shut out of heaven. There has been many a man who stood in an observatory and swept the heavens with his telescope, and yet has not been able to see the Morning Star. Many a man has been familiar with all the higher branches of mathematics, and yet could not do the simple sum: "What shall it profit a man, if he gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?" Many a man has been a fine reader of tragedies and poems, and yet could not "read his title clear to mansions in the skies." Many a man has botanized across the continent, and yet not known the "Rose of Sharon, and the Lily of the Valley." But if one shall come in the right spirit, trying the way to heaven, he will find it a plain way. The pardon is plain. The peace is plain. Everything is plain.

He who tries to get on the road to heaven through the New Testament teaching will get on beautifully. He who goes through philosophical discussion will not get on at all. Christ says: "Come to Me, and I will take all your sins away, and I will take all your troubles away." Now what is the use of my discussing it any more? Is not that plain? If you wanted to go to Albany, and I pointed you out a highway thoroughly laid out, would I be wise in detaining you by a geological discussion about the gravel you will pass over, or a physiological discussion about the muscles you will have to bring into play? No. After this Bible has pointed you the way to heaven, is it wise for me to detain you with any discussion about the nature of the human will, or whether the atonement is limited or unlimited? There is the road—go on it. It is a plain way.

"This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptance, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners." And that is you and that is me. Any little child here can understand this as well as I can. "Unless you become as a little child, you cannot see the kingdom of God." If you are saved, it will not be as a philosopher, it will be as a little child. "Of such is the kingdom of heaven." Unless you get the spirit of little children, you will never come out at their glorious destiny.

IV. Still further: this road to heaven is

A SAFE ROAD.

Sometimes the traveller in those ancient highways would think himself perfectly secure, not knowing there was a lion by the way, burying his head deep between his paws, and then, when the right moment came, under the fearful spring the man's life was gone, and there was a mangled carcass by the roadside. But, says my text, "No lion shall be there." I wish I could make you feel, this morning, your entire security. I tell you plainly that one minute after a man has become a child of God, he is as safe as though he had been ten thousand years in heaven. He may slip, he may slide, he may stumble; but he cannot be destroyed. Kept by the power of God, through faith, unto complete salvation. Everlastingly safe.

The severest trial to which you can subject a Christian man is to kill him, and that is glory. In other words, the worst thing that can happen a child of God is heaven. The body is only the old slippers that he throws aside just before putting on the sandals of light. His soul, you cannot hurt it. No fires can consume it. No floods can drown it. No devils can capture it.

"Firm and unmoved are they
Who rest their souls on God;
Fixed as the ground where David stood,
Or where the ark abode."

His soul is safe. His reputation is safe. Everything is safe. "But," you say: "suppose his store burns up?" Why, then, it will be only a change of investments from earthly to heavenly securities. "But," you say: "suppose his name goes down under the hoof of scorn and contempt?" The name will be so much brighter

* Subscribers have written us inquiring about the sermon Dr. Talmage preached in London a week ago last Sunday. They have seen the reports of it published in the American newspapers the following morning, and imagine they were cabled over. The sermon was published in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD of Oct. 26th, 1882.

in glory. "Suppose his physical health fails?" God will pour into him the floods of everlasting health, and it will not make any difference. Earthly subtraction is heavenly addition. The tears of earth are the crystals of heaven. As they take rags and tatters and put them through the paper-mill, and they come out beautiful white sheets of paper, so, often, the rags of earthly destitution, under the cylinders of death, come out a white scroll upon which shall be written eternal emancipation.

There was one passage of Scripture, the force of which I never understood until one day at Chamounix, with Mont Blanc on one side, and Montanvert on the other, I opened my Bible and read: "As the mountains are around about Jerusalem, so the Lord is around about them that fear Him." The surroundings were an omnipotent commentary.

"Though troubles assail, and dangers affright;
Though friends should all fail, and foes all unite;
Yet one thing secures us, whatever betide,
The Scriptures assure us the Lord will provide."

V. Still further: the road spoken of is

A PLEASANT ROAD.

God gives a bond of indemnity against all evil to every man that treads it. "All things work together for good to those who love God." No weapon formed against him can prosper. That is the bond, signed, sealed, and delivered by the President of the whole universe. What is the use of your fretting, O child of God, about food? "Behold the fowls of the air: for they sow not, neither do they reap, nor gather into barns; yet your heavenly Father feedeth them." And will He take care of the sparrow, will He take care of the raven, will He take care of the hawk, and let you die? What is the use of your fretting about clothes? "Consider the lilies of the field. Shall He not much more clothe you, O ye of little faith?" What is the use worrying for fear something will happen to your home? "He blesteth the habitation of the just." What is the use of your fretting lest you will be overcome of temptations? "God is faithful, who will not suffer you to be tempted above that ye are able; but with will the temptation also make a way to escape, that ye may be able to bear it."

O this King's highway! Trees of life on either side, bending over until their branches interlock and drop midway their fruit and shade.

HOUSES OF ENTERTAINMENT

on either side the road for poor pilgrims. Tables spread with a feast of good things, and walls adorned with apples of gold in pictures of silver. I start out on this King's highway, and I find a harper, and I say: "What is your name?" The harper makes no response, but leaves me to guess, as, with his eyes toward heaven and his hand upon the trembling strings this tune comes rippling on the air: "The Lord is my light and my salvation. Whom shall I fear? The Lord is the strength of my life; of whom shall I be afraid?" I go a little farther on the same road and meet a trumpeter of heaven, and I say: "Haven't you got some music for a tired pilgrim?" And wiping his lip and taking a long breath, he puts his mouth to the trumpet and pours forth this strain: "They shall hunger no more, neither shall they thirst any more, neither shall the sun light on them, nor any heat, for the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall lead them to living fountains of water, and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes." I go a little distance farther on the same road, and I meet a maiden of Israel. She has no harp, but she has cymbals. They look as if they had rusted from sea-spray; and I say to the maiden of Israel: "Have you no

SONG FOR A TIRED PILGRIM?"

And like the clang of victors' shields the cymbals clap as Miriam begins to discourse: "Sing ye to the Lord, for He hath triumphed gloriously; the horse and the rider hath He thrown into the sea." And then I see a white-robed group. They come bounding toward me, and I say: "Who are they? The happiest, and the brightest, and the fairest in all heaven—who

are they?" And the answer comes: "These are they who came out of great tribulations, and had their robes washed, and made white with the blood of the Lamb."

I pursue this subject only one step further.

WHAT IS THE TERMINUS?

I do not care how fine a road you may put me on, I want to know where it comes out. My text declares it: "The redeemed of the Lord come to Zion." You know what Zion was. That was the King's palace. It was a mountain fastness. It was impregnable. And so heaven is the fastness of the universe. No howitzer has long enough range to shell those towers. Let all the batteries of earth and hell blaze away; they cannot break in those gates. Gibraltar was taken, Sebastopol was taken, Babylon fell; but these walls of heaven shall never surrender either to human or Satanic besiegement. The Lord God Almighty is the defence of it. Great capital of the universe! Terminus of the King's highway!

Dr. Dick said that, among other things, he thought in heaven we would study chemistry, and geometry, and conic sections. Southey thought that in heaven he would have the pleasure of seeing Chaucer and Shakespeare. Now, Dr. Dick may have his mathematics for all eternity, and Southey his Shakespeare. Give me Christ and my old friends—that is

ALL THE HEAVEN I WANT,

that is heaven enough for me. O garden of light, whose leaves never wither, and whose fruits never fail! O banquet of God, whose sweetness never palls the taste and whose guests are kings forever! O city of light, whose walls are salvation, and whose gates are praise! O palace of rest, where God is the monarch and everlasting ages the length of His reign! O song louder than the surf-beat of many waters, yet soft as the whisper of cherubim!

O my heaven! When my last wound is healed, when the last heart-break is ended, when the last tear of earthly sorrow is wiped away, and when the redeemed of the Lord shall come to Zion, then let all the harpers take down their harps, and all the trumpeters take down their trumpets, and all across heaven there be chorus of morning stars, chorus of white-robed victors, chorus of martyrs from under the throne, chorus of ages, chorus of worlds, and there be but one song sung, and but one name spoken, and but one throne honored—that of Jesus only.

PRINCE HENRY OF BATTENBERG.

(See Portrait on page 556.)

THE young man who, on July 23d, married the Princess Beatrice, the youngest daughter of Queen Victoria, is twenty-six years of age, having been born October 5th, 1858. He is a year and a half younger than his bride, who was born April 14th, 1857. A curious fact about the match is that, while Prince Henry has married the Queen's daughter, his eldest brother has married her grand-daughter. Thus his wife is aunt to his sister-in-law, and, by marriage, he is uncle to his own brother.

It must not be supposed that his title of "prince" implies a large principality. Battenberg itself does not contain more than one thousand inhabitants all told, and his eldest brother, not Prince Henry, is heir to that. The match does not appear to be popular in England. The bride's eldest brother, the Prince of Wales, refused point blank to give the bride away, and irreverently spoke of the bridegroom as "a German beggar." The nobility do not like him because the queen gave him the Order of the Garter, a distinction coveted by the proudest nobles, and will probably give him other things which might, but for him, have fallen to them. The people do not like him because he does not speak English and because his income from all sources being only \$3250, there will be a large margin to be made up out of the taxes, directly and indirectly. It may be hoped that the Queen and the young couple are pleased, as every other party concerned seems dissatisfied. The young Prince, certainly, has cause to be thankful.

H. M. QUEEN VICTORIA.

(See Portrait on page 556.)

THE Queen of England is now in her sixty-seventh year, having been born May 24th, 1819. She is the grand-daughter of King George III., the sovereign whose name used to figure so prominently in our Fourth of July orations. Freely as that King's name was execrated, and his life and policy ridiculed, it is seldom that his grand-daughter's name is mentioned before an American audience otherwise than respectfully.

She was the only daughter of the Duke of Kent, who was the fourth son of George III. There seemed little probability, when the old king died in 1820, that the little girl-baby, one year old, would ever wear the crown. Her father's three elder brothers and the children, any one of them, might have stood before her in the succession. But her father died, and then his brothers, none of the three leaving any legitimate children. So, when on June 19th, 1837, William IV., the third son of George III., died, the Princess Victoria, then in her nineteenth year, succeeded to the splendid heritage of the crown of England. She has now reigned forty-eight years—a longer period than any of her predecessors except three. During the past twenty-four years she has lived in comparative seclusion, attending to the business of her position, which mainly consists in affixing her signature to the enactments of Parliament, but seldom mixing in Court society. After the death of her husband, Prince Albert, in December, 1861, the gaieties of the court became distasteful to her, and she has since lived chiefly at her country palaces in Scotland and the Isle of Wight. She loved her husband devotedly, and his death was a shock she has never been able to recover from. Two years ago, on March 27th, 1883, she was again called to suffer. John Brown, a Scotch man-servant, to whom she was warmly attached, died suddenly. In the book she published shortly after his death, and which she dedicated to his memory, she said her "loss was irreparable," and that to say he was "daily, nay, hourly, missed" by her, "was a feeble expression of the truth," for he possessed her "entire confidence."

THE PRINCESS BEATRICE.

(See Portrait on page 556.)

THE lady who was, on July 23d, married to Prince Henry of Battenberg, is over twenty-eight years of age, having been born April 14th, 1857. She was but little more than four years old when the dark shadow of bereavement fell on the royal household; her life, therefore, has been one of gloom. She has seen less gaiety than many ladies of her age. During all the twenty-four years of her mother's widowhood she has been with her, growing every year more of a companion, and, since 1871, when the Princess Louise was married, the Princess Beatrice has been the one upon whom the Queen has chiefly depended for affectionate attention. The Princess has gone hither and thither with the Queen, and seemed to have no care in life but to minister to her mother's comfort. It is probable that one reason why so poor a marriage has been arranged for her is that the husband's poverty would render him dependent on his mother-in-law, and more amenable to her control. Thus she would be able to keep the young couple constantly near her, and, instead of losing a daughter, would gain a son.

The Princess is a highly accomplished young lady. Her achievements in music and painting are well spoken of by competent judges, and in circumstances when the station of the lady did not bias the judgment. The Parliament voted her an annuity for life of \$30,000, and it is probable that, when the Queen divides her vast wealth by her will, the many years of devotion, which the Princess Beatrice has rendered, will be considered by Her Majesty. The grant to the Princess is probably the last for some years that Parliament will be asked to vote, as all the Queen's children are now married.

THE COMING KINGDOM.

By Pastor Joshua Denovan.

FROM AN ADDRESS DELIVERED AT THE RECENT
PROPHETIC CONFERENCE AT NIAGARA.*

The Kingdom Universal—Government Local and Central—I. Personal Government—Present Results of Gospel Preaching—Christianized Civilization—II. Jerusalem the Metropolis—The Failure of Political Schemes—The World's Needs—I. United Empire—2. Wise Legislation and Strong Executive—3. Permanent Rule—4. Universal Peace.

THE local and central government which Christ will establish when He comes with power, bringing with Him that great company of angels and raptured saints is distinctly predicted by Isaiah (9: 6, 7). "Of the increase of His government and peace there shall be no end, upon the throne of David and over His kingdom, to order it and establish it, with judgment and with justice, from henceforth even forever."

This prediction might be explained, expanded, and confirmed by numerous others that could be quoted from Moses and the Psalms, from the prophets Isaiah, Jeremiah, and Daniel, from the minor prophets and from the plain statements of Jesus Christ, but time forbids. This prediction tells us:

I. That the Lord Christ's government on this earth will be *personal*, and that His kingdom will be a real, actual, visible, physical fact as human experience and mundane history. As surely as Victoria is reigning in England, Jesus Christ will in Judea.

Without dwelling on the fact that when the Gospel of the kingdom has been preached in all the world to all nations for a *witness* that *then shall come the end*, what do we now actually see as the result of the Gospel? *Not* Christianity, but merely Christianized civilization—nations and cities brought from a condition of heathen barbarism as in the Pacific Islands, or heathen civilization, as in ancient Rome and Greece, into a Christianized civilization which is only nominal Christianity, having but a comparatively small number of its professors truly regenerate—a centre of light and salt surrounded by, and almost buried beneath a vast mass of formality and

REFINED VICE.

Paris, Marseilles, Florence, Naples, and Rome are *Christian*, but where can you find more rampant the world and the flesh, selfishness and frivolity, superstition and vice? Berlin is Protestant and Christian, but there you find flourishing scientific atheism, intense earthliness and godless militarism. Cincinnati, Chicago, and San Francisco, with all their Sabbath desecration and unutterable social abominations are Christian—that is, they are now in the state of Christianized civilization. Can we say—can we even imagine that these are specimens of the kingdom of Christ in progress?

In God's sight, was the old sensual worship of heathenism more abominable than that lust of the flesh, lust of the eyes, and pride of life which fester under London refinements, which go dressed and jewelled to our theatres on Saturday, and to our sanctuaries on Sunday, which rise from the Lord's table and go away to the ball-room and the race-course, which hesitate not to gamble in stocks and wade through bankruptcy in the laudable effort of keeping up appearances and maintaining the social position of the girls at home! This is Christian civilization; but who dares to call it the kingdom of Jesus Christ, either over the conscience or the outward life? It is vile sin—all the more exceeding sinful, because perpetrated under the guise of Christianity.

Something more, and something different is wanted than this proclamation of the Gospel, and the use of ordinances. Jesus Christ in person is needed in government.

II. The sphere of Christ's *personal* and *local* government shall be this earth, and

ITS METROPOLITAN SEAT

Jerusalem. "Of the increase (*i.e.*, the extension and spread of His government and peace), there shall be no end"—from Jerusalem over Africa, then northward and eastward and westward. In these days we have been hearing not a little about the "Federation of England with her colonies" so that there may be created (by including a close international treaty with the United States), a grand world-wide empire of the English-speaking races, and thus secure permanent and universal peace. This is a grand Anglo-Saxon mythical vision; but ambitious, selfish human nature would not long be contented with such splendid cosmopolitan imperialism.

This sentiment is only a confession of, and a longing for, something we want. *And here it is*—The kingdom of Jesus Christ shall be far more than English-speaking; it shall be polyglot—"All kindreds, and nations, and tongues, and peoples," and "of its increase there shall be no end"—no boundary lines, no international territorial posts or limits shall define it, but "increase" and increase it shall until the one margin shall run into, and overlap the other. This is the blessed solution of the political and governmental problem of the ages.

Certainly one of the most interesting subjects of study at the present juncture of our world's history is

RIGHT GOVERNMENT—

i.e., government by which may be secured to the greatest number all the world over the greatest amount of blessing. Since the days of Nimrod, perhaps, every possible state form has been fairly tried and has failed. With the accumulated historical experience of long centuries and all nationalities, we are now trying by legislation to improve upon every known form and method. Results: Russia tortured between her autocratic Czar and her Nihilists, and their doctrine of dynamite. Germany and her Parliament controlled by one great man. France recently revolutionized into a republic, and ready for something newer still—some *coup d'état* still more brilliant any day. England seething politically like the witch's caldron Macbeth saw; Conservatives vying with Liberals as to who shall pitch into the heaving, hissing mass the largest concessions to the mob. America in the grasp of millionaires and rings of monopoly, of Rome and rum. Canada struggling to soothe her recent sorrows by giving the franchise to heathen Red Indians, and taking it from persons who believe in God, and can read and write.

What need I say more? All human methods of human government seem to be hopelessly wrong. The very best are mere makeshifts—schemes to keep people from mobbing and devouring each other. Aristocracy is, perhaps, better than autocracy; but aristocracy is not *government*—it is only one favored class manipulating all other classes for self.

MODERN REPUBLICANISM

is, perhaps, sometimes better than aristocracy, and very often worse, but at best it is not *government*, but only the rule by the multitude, led and hoodwinked by rings, caucuses and demagogues, by secret societies and priests.

What, then, are we to do? There appears to be but one reply: One Supreme Ruler, perfect in wisdom and power, truth, and honesty is alone sound government. This at least is God's ideal of right government; and this is just the government this precious prediction promises, viz.:

1. Our world one great united empire, under One Infallible Emperor; and Jerusalem the metropolitan city.

2. A method of legislation which will be perfect, and administration irresistible. This Christ's will be; He is the "Wonderful, Counsellor, the Mighty God."

3. His dominion shall be *permanent*—lasting as long as our world; for "of the increase—the extension of His government and peace there shall be no end." . . . And there was given unto Him dominion and glory and a kingdom that all

peoples, nations, and languages should see Him; His dominion is an everlasting dominion which shall not pass away, and His kingdom that which shall not be destroyed.

4. *Universal peace.* This is promised. "the increase of His peace," etc. At His advent the angels sang, "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace." This has never yet been realized. *Peace of heart* in individual cases has, peace of *conscience*, peace *with God* but not "peace on earth." To-day the military and naval instrumentalities for destruction are more terribly effective than ever. The machinery of modern warfare is simply enormous, a palling, diabolic. But when it comes to pass the last days, that "the mountain of the Lord house" shall be established, and exalted, then men shall beat their swords into ploughshares and their spears into pruning hooks, and people shall learn war no more."

And not upon mankind only shall this marvelous, miraculous transformation be wrought, but upon the very brute creation the peace-reign Christ shall work like a charm, for "the wolf shall dwell with the lamb, and the leopard shall lie down with the kid, and the calf and the young lion and the fating together; and a little child shall lead them. And the cow and the bear shall feed; their young ones should lie down together, and the lion should eat straw like the ox."

I believe the 11th chapter of Isaiah literally and these 6th and 7th verses of this 9th chapter literally. Indeed if we believe that the Incarnation, the Crucifixion, and the Resurrection the Son of God were the *literal* fulfilment ancient prophecy, we must also believe that the prophecy of His reign on earth can and shall *literally* fulfilled.

DR. CUYLER IN MR. SPURGEON'S PULPIT.

MR. SPURGEON being absent in Scotland, on July 26th, his pulpit was occupied on that day by Rev. Dr. Cuyler, of Brooklyn, N. Y. Personally, Dr. Cuyler is not altogether a stranger to Mr. Spurgeon's people, he having on the occasion of a former visit addressed an audience in the Tabernacle. His name is, however, familiar to the religious community on the other side of the Atlantic from the frequency with which his writings are quoted in English journals. Dr. Cuyler, as our readers are aware, celebrated recently the fortieth year of his ministry and the twenty-fifth of his pastorate in Brooklyn, and his congregation, in honor of the event sent him to Europe at their expense. He set out with the intention of not preaching while abroad, but his resolve broke down on reaching England. Already he has preached more than once for the Rev. Newman Hall, whose guest he has been since his arrival. His voice has now been heard in the Metropolitan Tabernacle and while in Glasgow he will occupy Dr. Bonar's pulpit.

During his prayer on Sunday, July 26th, Dr. Cuyler invoked the Divine blessing on "the beloved pastor," thanked God for "his wise loving and his perpetual harvest," and pleaded that Mr. Spurgeon might long "be spared to his flock, to the Church of God, and the world. Then, turning his thoughts to America, he rendered thanks for the "unity of these twin peoples—the mother and child," and might the be one in Christ. "Remember America to-day," he went on, his voice tremulous with emotion "when her head droops in national bereavement. She mourns the removal of her illustrious son, who led her armies to battle in the great conflict for the life and liberty of the oppressed."

Before giving out his texts—for he selected three—Dr. Cuyler said he counted it a great pleasure to be able to render that small service to Mr. Spurgeon, so many years his personal friend and benefactor, as he was also the benefactor of the American people. He counted it a privilege to stand in that pulpit, which threw its electric light across the ocean until its rays

* A full report of the proceedings at this Conference is published by Mr. S. R. Briggs, Willard Tract Depository, Toronto.

penetrated even the lowly cabins of the prairies. "Your joys are our joys," added Dr. Cuyler. When you celebrated your pastor's fiftieth year, we in America also joined in that jubilee. Our sorrows are your sorrows, and I thank my British kinsfolk this morning for their sympathy with us in our great national bereavement." Dr. Cuyler's sermon was based on the triplet of texts: "Every man shall bear his own burden" (Gal. 6: 5); "Bear ye one another's burdens" (Gal. 6: 2); "Cast thy burden upon the Lord" (Psalm 55: 22). Mr. Spurgeon returned in time to occupy his pulpit on Sunday, August 2d.

ANECDOTES RELATED AT THE EVANGELISTIC MEETINGS IN SCOTLAND.

A Dying Confession in Writing.—At One of Mr. E. Payson Hammond's meetings he said: "A little girl lay on her deathbed, and as her friends stood around her they asked her if she was resting in Jesus. Her life was fast ebbing away, and with great difficulty with a pencil she wrote the word 'Unworthy,' but again she wrote 'Christ Jesus,' meaning by this that although she was unworthy, Christ Jesus was her Saviour. This is the unvarying experience of all who have been truly born again of the Holy Spirit. They see only deformity and demerit in themselves, but beauty and perfection and Heaven in Jesus."

A Thirty Years' Prayer Answered.—At a recent meeting an evangelist in the North said: "The other winter we were conducting meetings at Lossiemouth among the fishermen. At one of these meetings a young woman said, 'I never saw myself so great a sinner before; I see myself as the greatest sinner in Lossiemouth.' That night she saw such a sight of herself that with many repenting tears she gave herself to the Lord. She had a sister in London who had been praying for her for over thirty years, and now this young woman sent a letter telling her that her prayer was answered. Soon she got a letter rejoicing with her in having found the Saviour."

Mary Wilson's Mistake.—Mr. Porter Related that, "A little girl, not long ago, entered a large meeting in New York. Her father came in search of her, and, failing to find her, he went to the superintendent, and said: 'I have lost my little girl; will you kindly ask if there is a little girl named Mary Wilson in the meeting?' The superintendent readily complying with the request, called from the platform, 'There is a little girl of the name of Mary Wilson lost, and her father is searching for her; if there is such a little girl in the meeting will she stand?' The question was repeated, but without result. When the meeting was over, and the people had dispersed, a little girl sat still in one of the benches. The superintendent going up to the child, asked, 'Why are you not going home?' 'I am waiting till somebody comes to fetch me,' was the reply. 'What is your name?' asked the superintendent. 'Mary Wilson,' she promptly replied. 'Well, Mary,' said her questioner, 'why did you not answer to your name when it was called?' 'I did not think it could mean me, because I am not lost.' This story fitly applies to many persons. They will not take the preaching of the Gospel to themselves because, like the little girl, they think they are not lost."

Converted in a Well.—Professor Lindsay said: "There was a lady in Cambridgeshire who labored among the men in a brick-field, trying to lead them to Christ. Among them was a man of fifty-six years of age who had a very bad reputation. So notoriously wicked was that people who were trying to do well shrink in fear from him. He was a well-sinker by trade, and I am told that the last bit of work about the well is the most dangerous part of it, for the newly-finished walls are apt to fall down and kill the one who is working, therefore most men shrink from this part of it. But this old man, who said he did not fear anything, offered to go down and finish it, and down he went to complete the perilous task. The walls were

sixty feet high, and as he looked upwards he felt a strange fear steal over him for the first time in his life. There was danger all around him; he seemed to be facing a fearful death, and the whole of his past life came before his mind. Not one good deed could he remember doing. While he was standing there alone, trembling for fear that the next moment his soul should be in hell, all at once the truth flashed upon him that salvation by Jesus was freely offered him. A strange calmness came over him, and he went on quietly with his work. Ah, what a change had taken place in him; he went down an aged, hardened sinner, but was saved through believing in Christ, and trusting in the precious blood shed for him, and was drawn out of the well a new man in Christ Jesus."

A Cause of Joy on the Border-Land.—Mr. George Ross said: "A young lady lay dying in the west end of Glasgow, while her mother sat by her side. The dying girl broke the silence of the border-land of time and eternity by saying, 'Dear Mother, is it not a blessed thing to know that your sins are all forgiven? I have just been thinking how they make the beautiful white paper. It goes into the makers' hands dirty, filthy rags, and they bring it out beautiful and pure paper. I was like these rags, defiled and unclean, but I came to Jesus, and He has washed me in His blood, and clothed me with the pure robe of righteousness, and since I was taken through the blood of Jesus I have come out, like the paper, pure and white. "The blood of Jesus Christ, His Son, cleanseth from all sin."'"

Why the Prayer was Omitted.—The Rev. Mr. Gullan observed: "A father one day told his child to add the following petition at the end of her customary prayer: 'O Father, do not take me away until thou hast given me a new heart!' The little girl continued to add these words to her prayer until one night she omitted them. Thinking that she had forgotten them, her parents did not make any remark, but doing the same thing the following night, they asked her the reason of this, and the child said: 'I have got it.' A few months later she was lying upon a deathbed, and as her end drew near, not being able to speak, she signed to them to sing something. They took one hymn after another, but nothing seemed to please her. 'Perhaps it is the Doxology she wants,' suggested one. The little one now looked pleased, and while they were singing it she went into the presence of Him whom she loved."

A Scoffer Becomes a Missionary.—"In the year 1861, when speaking at a meeting in Aberdeen, the church was packed to the door, and word was sent me that there were more people standing outside than there were in the church, and that I must preach on the steps outside. I did so, and notwithstanding a thick drizzling rain that was falling, the people stood to listen to the Gospel. A company of young men not far from us, who were scoffing at the meeting, began to sing a song. I gave out my text, 'He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved; but he that believeth not shall be damned.' One of the young men who had come to mock, named John M'Gregor, was struck by the text; he turned away and went home, but still the words of the text rang in his ears. 'He that believeth not shall be damned.' He went to bed, but not to rest; he tossed about from one side to the other. Finally he got up, dressed himself, and went out. It was long past midnight, and the streets were all quiet. He went to the minister's house and rang the bell. Dr. Smith's son put his head out of a window, and called: 'Who is there?' 'It is I; I wish to see Dr. Smith.' 'You cannot see him to-night; he has already been in bed several hours.' I must see him; I will lie down on the doorstep in the rain until I can see him.' There was no help for it but to let him in. Soon the doctor was with him in the drawing-room. John M'Gregor told his story. Dr. Smith explained to him the way of life, and he found peace through believ-

ing in the Lord Jesus Christ before leaving the house. Some time ago I was telling this incident when some one said, 'Oh, that is John M'Gregor; he is now missionary in Canada, preaching Christ to others!'"

CONVENTION ON CHRISTIAN LIFE AND WORK.

As announced in these columns last week, a convention of unusual interest will be held in New York in October next. Many readers of this journal will be anxious to attend it, and as some of them reside at a long distance from this city, they will need early information respecting the arrangements. The following details, for which we are indebted to the kindness of the Rev. A. B. Simpson, will therefore be of service:

The Second Annual Convention for the Promotion of Deeper Spiritual Life, Divine Healing and Christian Evangelization, will be held in the Twenty-third Street Gospel Tabernacle, for five days, from October 5th to 9th. The time chosen this year is nearly a month later than last year, to secure cooler weather and the return to the city of the many who are absent for the summer. The objects of this convention are:

1. To gather together Christians of common faith and spirit for mutual fellowship and encouragement in life and testimony.
2. To study together the Word of God, and learn to know better His message and testimony to His people, and the testimony He expects from His people for this day and time.
3. To promote a deeper spiritual life among Christians, and help all who are seeking such a life to enter into complete union with Jesus as their life, sanctification and victory over the world, self and sin.
4. To seek to understand better the teaching of the Scriptures respecting our physical life in Christ, and confer regarding His Word and His mighty working respecting divine healing, and to enable those who will to receive Him as their Healer.
5. To hear reports of the progress of God's work, and promote the work of evangelization at home and missions abroad, and take measures to strengthen the hands of Christian brethren of common faith and spirit in this and other lands.

6. To wait upon the Lord for a special baptism of the Holy Ghost for life and service.

7. To look forward with fresh hope, and encourage each other's hearts in the prospect of the glorious appearing of the Lord.

Among those expected from abroad, one of the most prominent names is that of Mrs. Baxter, of Bethshan, England, whose writings in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD and elsewhere have made her already widely known in this country. Mrs. Baxter has been for nearly twenty years one of the most widely useful of female Christian teachers and workers in England. She is remarkably gifted as a teacher of the Word of God, and her manner and address are marked by a most winning modesty, unction and power.

Mrs. Stroud Smith, of Liverpool, who has already visited this country and spoken in various cities with much acceptance, will be present. Both of these workers will probably remain some months in America. Many other workers and public teachers of God's Word from this land, both men and women, are expected. Three sessions will be held each day, the morning for teaching, the afternoon for testimony, and the evening for addresses and inquiry meetings. The arrangements are under the direction of Rev. A. B. Simpson, pastor of the Tabernacle, and a committee of conference and correspondence from various parts of the country. Arrangements will be made as far as possible for reasonable board for all who apply in time to him.

Any persons desiring to secure the services of Mrs. Baxter or Mrs. Smith after the convention had better also communicate with Mr. Simpson. It is expected that the convention in New York will be followed by other conferences in other cities and centres of Christian life and work.



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Renewals.—To prevent the possibility of mistake it is best to cut the address label from the paper, and attach it to the letter containing the renewal. If there is a change of address always state past, as well as present, address.

CURRENT EVENTS.

An Effort is Being Made to Force Silver Dollars into circulation. Last week, United States Treasurer, Conrad N. Jordan, sent an order to the Treasury in New York, directing the Assistant-Treasurer to send to Washington all the one and two-dollar bills in his keeping. Accordingly, about \$100,000 in bills of those denominations were forwarded. It is understood to be Mr. Jordan's policy to force silver upon the country by withholding from circulation all of the small bills that come into the possession of the United States Treasury. The New York banks have repeatedly represented to the Treasury authorities that the people did not want the standard silver dollars, and would not take them if they could possibly avoid it. It is not likely that the scarcity of one and two dollar bills will be immediately felt in New York, as many of the banks have taken the precaution, during the past year, to accumulate as much of that kind of currency as they could. Nevertheless, there will be a scarcity before December when Congressional action may be expected. The man who tries to force the people to do what they do not wish to do will earn for himself and his superiors in office a rather dangerous unpopularity. Mr. Manning is doubtless aware of that fact, and of the insurmountable aversion the people have to the big, heavy coins.

The Ohio State Democratic Convention, on Thursday, nominated Governor Hoadly for a second term, by acclamation. The only dissentients appear to have been the delegates from Hamilton County. Thus the leaders in the approaching struggle will be the same men who have already contended for the prize. It is, however, by no means certain that the issue will be the same. Governor Hoadly has lost considerable popularity during his term as every Governor does through disappointing office-seekers, and he has, besides, made some serious blunders, of which he will doubtless be reminded during the campaign. On the other hand, Judge Foraker, the Republican candidate, has lost a large part of the colored vote, if not the whole of it, and will also be a more serious sufferer than Governor Hoadly by the growth of the Prohibition party. The indications are that Dr. Leonard, the Prohibition candidate for Gov-

ernor, will poll a larger vote than Schumacker did in 1883. In that year 8363 Prohibition votes were cast, while in the Presidential election last year, St. John received 11,069 votes in Ohio. Most of these votes, probably, came from the Republican party. The platform adopted by the Convention on Thursday indorses the President's policy, is silent or vague on other national issues, but is outspoken on the liquor question. It pledges the party to work for the submission of a Constitutional Amendment establishing a license system. Governor Hoadly also in his speech, accepting the nomination, denounced Prohibition in strong terms. The Prohibitionists of the State know precisely how he and his party stand on that question.

One Million Dollars is the Sum Fixed Upon as the cost of the memorial to be erected over the remains of General Grant. The Monument Committee at its meeting on Thursday last discussed various plans for raising that amount, and deputed members to wait on the various trades and solicit subscriptions. Up to that date only \$50,000 had been received. Ex-Governor Cornell in his explanation of the situation, said: "We have already accomplished a great deal. Every national bank in the country is an office for the collection of contributions to the fund. Every office of the Western Union Telegraph Company is also at our service. We are placing ourselves in communication with responsible persons in every State in the Union and the principal cities." He expressed his confidence in the certainty of the required amount being raised.

Another Evidence of the Disappearance of sectional feeling in the South is afforded by the platform of the Mississippi Democratic Convention. The planks declare "fidelity to the Constitution of the United States," and demand the "protection of equal rights for all classes," and "no discrimination on account of race, color, or previous condition of servitude or birthplace." There is scarcely anything in the platform suggestive, even, of party differences, and the co-operation of all citizens is invited, "without regard to past differences." The spirit of progress is indicated in the pledge for the maintenance of free schools, the encouragement of immigration, and the demand for a "prompt, vigorous, and impartial administration of the criminal laws."

A Public Demonstration Evoked by the Exposures of the *Pall Mall Gazette* caused intense excitement in London on Saturday. A procession marched through the streets to Hyde Park, where a mass-meeting was held. The procession was an hour and a half passing a given point. Twenty heavily draped four-horse wagons were filled with women dressed in the deepest mourning, and in one wagon were twenty-four girls, all under thirteen years of age, dressed in white and bearing a banner inscribed, "Shall the Innocents be Slain?" An enlarged facsimile of Queen Victoria's letter to Mrs. Booth approving the Salvation Army's work in rescuing young girls occupied a wagon by itself in the centre of the procession. All the wide routes occupied by the detachments of the procession, which started from ten points, were blocked for nearly an hour. The crowds which lined the streets showed an extraordinary sympathy with the participants in the demonstration, all of whom seemed to have both heart and soul in the business in hand. As the procession moved a "purity anthem" was distributed. In the park fully one hundred and fifty thousand people listened to speeches delivered from the twelve platforms which had been erected for the accommodation of the speakers. One of these platforms was for the exclusive use of ladies, whose declamations against man's immorality and appeals for aid in preventing the fall of their younger sisters were loudly applauded by the surrounding throng. The resolutions pledging the meeting to assist in executing the criminal law amendment were put simultaneously from all the platforms at the sound of the bugle, and were carried amid the wildest

enthusiasm. The *Pall Mall Gazette* had recently aroused public opinion to a point which would render any further operations of the v. scoundrels in high places a perilous business.

A Fatal Scourge is Ravaging More Early last week it was noticed that the reports showed an unusual number of deaths from small-pox, and before the end of the the number had increased with such rapidity to produce general alarm. In five days hundred and thirteen new cases and thirty deaths were reported. On August 20, Mayor issued an order forbidding Barnum to enter the city, as the small-pox outbreak with increased fury after every large gathering of people. The theatres have been closed to open until further notice. At a meeting of the Finance Committee it was decided to disinfectants in the watering-carts used on the streets. The Provincial Government was petitioned for the use of the Exhibition buildings for a small-pox hospital. The manufacturers have petitioned the City Council to prohibit public meetings and everything that tend to draw crowds together while the small-pox epidemic lasts. The merchants say that the orders are being cancelled, and that commercial travellers can do no business outside the city. Many poor people are in great distress bread-winner of the family being obliged to stay at home to nurse his children. To help the Mayor had devoted the balance of the unexpended reception fund to a relief fund, and the Council will be asked to vote a sum of money for the same purpose.

The Emancipation of the Slaves in Brazil a prospect which appears likely to be realized in the near future without ill-feeling or resentment on the part of the owners. The Chamber of Deputies is engaged in discussing the details of the scheme with a practical good sense and augurs success. The king has already emancipated all Government slaves, so the question now only concerns those held by private owners. The bill now under debate, proposes the immediate liberation of all slaves over sixty years of age. It is believed that this provision alone will free more than one hundred thousand slaves freedmen. But since to many worn out in old age self-support might be anything but a blessing it is provided that the masters must take care of the sick and infirm among them, and provide for the labor of those still able to work. A new registration is to be made of all slaves under sixty years, with an exact valuation of them, according to ages. It is provided that certain payments from the emancipation fund shall be made by preference for the liberation of the slaves of those planters who will free their slaves after five years' service, on receiving right half the valuation of them as compensation. Another clause which has done much to satisfy the planters, is the one that imports labor for plantations at the Government's expense. Thus it is probable that the plan will so far accept the plan for five years' service and half compensation that the years 1890 and 1891, should the present bill be passed, witness almost universal emancipation.

A Difficulty has Arisen Between Spain and Germany. The latter Power has seized the Caroline Islands, which are in the Pacific Ocean on the east of the Philippines, over which Spain claims sovereignty, but which have not been occupied by her. Public feeling in Spain is aroused to a dangerous pitch, and the press is demanding that diplomatic relations with Germany shall cease. Fears are entertained that the hostile demonstration will be made against the German Embassy, and, in consequence, a body of policemen has been detailed to guard that building. Count Von Solms-Sonnenwalde, the German Ambassador, now abstains from attending theatres, and avoids the public promenades and places of amusement. It is semi-officially stated that the Government intends to rupture commercial and diplomatic relations existing between Spain and Germany unless Germany abandons her claim to the Carolines.

The American Medical Foreign Missionary Society is a new association, organized to educate worthy young men in the profession of medicine who are willing to devote their time to mission work. It is the intention of the projectors of the society to establish sub-agencies in different parts of the United States. The society will depend altogether on voluntary contributions. Dr. H. M. Scudder, pastor of Plymouth Church, of Chicago, is the secretary.

The Year Book of the Young Men's Christian Associations for 1885, together with the official report of the Twenty-sixth International Convention of these Associations, held at Atlanta last May, making in all a pamphlet of three hundred pages, has just been published by the International Committee, at Twenty-third Street and Fourth Avenue, New York. The proceedings of the Convention, including the practical and valuable addresses and papers by experienced men upon topics of interest connected with the work of these societies, are given in full. The Year Book contains very complete reports from the nine hundred American Associations, and lists and reports of the two thousand Associations in Europe and other parts of the old world. The reports show that eighty-two American Associations own the buildings they occupy, which are valued at over three and a half millions of dollars. This, with the other real estate, building funds, furniture, etc., makes the total net property \$4,353,090. A comparison of the summaries for several years past shows a gratifying and steady increase in the work done in these Associations by young men for young men.

The Advice of a Prominent Clergyman on the Prohibition question was given at Chataqua, on August 14th, and is likely to have some influence with Methodists in the approaching elections. Dr. J. M. Buckley, speaking on the question, "Is a Christian man under obligation to identify himself with the Prohibition party?" said: "No man is under obligation to identify himself with either party, unless he thinks the cause is to be advanced by one of them, and then he is. A man is not obliged to support any particular party. Do not allow any man to use your church relation to tell you how to vote. Vote according to your judgment as honest men. The man who undertakes to use your church relations to compel you to vote according to his views has the spirit of Rome. You stand or fall to your own conscience. Vote to promote Prohibition according to your honest opinion of the best way to do it, regardless of the opinions of others."

Dr. Judson's Missionary Tour in Africa is abandoned. The *Examiner* states that "Messrs. Judson and Loughbridge, having learned from persons well acquainted with the Congo country that it would require from six months to a year to make the tour of inspection required by their appointment, have advised that the expedition be abandoned. Their stay in England has afforded very exceptional means of information, and they have industriously improved their opportunities. Besides the missionaries of the Livingstone Island Mission, they have seen Messrs. Comber and Bentley, two veteran members of the English Baptist Mission, and had long and very full interviews with them in reference to the country as a missionary field. Mr. Stanley is also in London, and they had arranged to see him. Dr. Judson was under a positive pledge to return to his people (the Berean Baptist Church) by Christmas, so that the most he would be able to do would be to make a fruitless voyage to the mouth of the Congo and return. It is expected, therefore, after they have seen Dr. Sims, who returns to England from the Upper Congo early this month, and obtained all the information they can from him, that they will return to this country."

A New System of Electric Lighting was Described to a Convention of the National Electric Light Association at its meeting in New York on August 19th. Mr. W. W. Leggett, of Detroit, Mich., said that his Electric Light Com-

pany having secured the contract for lighting that city, found that even if they put an arc at every street corner, the rear yards and alleys where light was most needed, would be left in darkness. The company, therefore, built ninety skeleton towers, some of which were nearly two hundred feet high, and placed them in triangles all over the city. In the central district, where the houses were high and there was more shade, the towers were placed comparatively near together, while in the outskirts they were farther apart. Each tower supports four lights of two-thousand candle power. The result is that the entire city was lighted as if by an artificial moon, and the rear yards and alleys were made as light as the street. That is a particularly gratifying feature of the system. The poorer classes of the people who live there, though needing the light as badly as the rich, are usually forgotten in such arrangements. Happily for them in the far more important matter of spiritual light, no such partiality is manifested. The true Light lightens every man that comes into the world (John 1:9).

A Bible is Wanted by the Claimants to a large fortune in Cleveland, Ohio. They inserted an advertisement in the Ohio journals last week offering a large reward for the recovery of a Bible on the fly-leaf of which is a family record. It originally belonged to George Seechman, who came to America from Switzerland during the latter part of the seventeenth century. He bought land about the Blue Mountain, fifteen miles from Cleveland. He died in 1806. A gap in the line of descent can be filled only from the record in his Bible, which is now necessary to establish the family claim to a fortune amounting to some \$20,000,000. After the death of George Seechman the Bible passed into the hands of Frederick Mayer, a near relative, who moved to Benz Valley, near Williamsport, many years ago. Mayer is also dead, and the Seechmans are now advertising with a view of tracing up the precious Book. It may be hoped that they will recover it, and that the fly-leaf will not be the only part they will read. Large as is the fortune which the record on that page may enable them to acquire, it is worth less than nothing in comparison with the possession which the Book itself tells them the way to secure (Ps. 19: 8-10).

A Perilous Playground was Chosen by a child in New York on August 21st. About six o'clock in the evening a little bare-headed girl about six years old was seen on the roof of the lofty building at the corner of Broadway and Chambers Street. She ran up and down the edges of the roof apparently unconscious of danger. Once she stumbled while on the edge of the Broadway side, but quickly recovering her balance ran to the extreme corner of the building and leaned so far over that the great crowd below, whose members had been yelling and motioning for her to go back, turned their heads or closed their eyes, so certain were they that she would lose her balance and fall into the street. Several gentlemen went into the building, but could find only an eight-year-old sister of the child on the roof. The sister ran upstairs, and, without showing herself on the roof, called from the trap-door for the other to come to her. The infant obeyed the call, and the trap-door was shut and locked. The little one whose antics produced such a sensation in the crowded streets said that she had run about and leaned over "because a big lot of people looked at me." The child is not the first by many thousands who has been led into a perilous position by the delight of being the subject of public interest (Prov. 29: 25).

Is a Physician Justified in Shortening the life of a patient? is a serious question which has arisen out of the published reports of General Grant's illness. It will be remembered that the General feared that he would die in terrible agony, and that the physicians promised him that he should not suffer. There was no need for them to do for their patient what their promise implied, but the question is being dis-

cussed in medical journals, whether, if there had been need, they would have been justified in administering the narcotics which would have ended the struggle painlessly. Dr. Amick, in his article in the current number of the *Cincinnati Medical Journal*, states the question clearly. He says: "Some approach death with a calm countenance and a serene mind, others are racked with pain and suffering. For hours, and even days, they writhe and groan between life and death. It is in this class of cases in which it is proposed to give the hopeless sufferer respite from his agony. An injection of morphia in such cases would result in general and lasting sleep, and as the irritation that existed in the body became lessened, the mind would gradually relax its hold upon the system, and its departure would be so easy and quiet that a spectator would scarcely recognize it was going until it was gone." Whatever the decision of the physicians may be as to their duty in the circumstances, their right to shorten life will not be conceded by the public without reluctance. The Christian sufferer especially will prefer to wait his heavenly Father's will, no matter how much agony the waiting may entail (Job 14: 14).

A Tax on Bachelors will be Imposed in Georgia, if a bill becomes law which has been introduced in the Legislature of that State by Mr. Connell, of Decatur County. The bill, which is entitled "An act to prohibit the evil of too many old bachelors in the State of Georgia, and for other purposes," provides that every unmarried man of thirty years old and upward, shall pay a tax of \$2.50 annually, so long as he remains single, the money to be appropriated to the school fund of the county in which he resides, toward paying for the tuition of children who have no fathers. It was at first supposed in this section that the proposal was intended as a joke, but the *Times* of Savannah, Ga., says that Mr. Connell is in dead earnest, and, if this bill fails, will press for legislation on the same line until he succeeds. It does not appear what is the principle on which the legislator bases his proposal, but it is probable that, loving his State and desiring its growth in population, wealth, and influence, he is impatient at seeing any of its citizens living lives of unproductive ease, avoiding the toil and trouble incident to marrying and rearing families. A similar feeling often disturbs the earnest Christian worker as he sees so many of his brethren inactive, who, if they were zealous in the cause of Christ, might become the spiritual fathers of many souls (1 Cor. 4: 15).

An Opportunity to Gain Nine Dollars was rejected by ten men consecutively at the Fifth Avenue Hotel, New York, recently. A contemporary states that during a conversation between the Secretary of the Navy and the Secretary of the Interior, while the Cabinet was in this city two weeks ago, Mr. Whitney advanced the theory that, though some men were easily deceived, the majority were over-cautious. As a test it was decided that a young friend of the Secretary should offer to give a ten-dollar bill for one dollar to any one in the corridor. Mr. Whitney produced a new bill and sent his friend on his commission. General Sickles was the first guest he met. "I beg your pardon, sir," he remarked politely to the general, "but will you please give me one dollar for this ten?" and he held the note so close to Sickles's eyes that its genuineness ought to have been visible. A half-sarcastic, half-angry grin came over the general's face, but he deigned no reply, and contemptuously turned away. The proffer was soberly made to nine other men, none being a witness of the others' refusal, and every time with the same result. Nobody would buy ten dollars with one dollar, and the endangered note returned safely to Mr. Whitney's pocket. Unhappily, in an infinitely more important matter there is, as every Christian worker knows, the same doubt manifested about an offer absolutely free. Almost every anxious sinner thinks salvation must be purchased by good works or merit of some kind (Eph. 2: 8, 9).

THE CONSCRIPT CROSS-BEARER.

A New Sermon by Pastor C. H. Spurgeon.

"And they compel one Simon a Cyrenian, who passed by, coming out of the country, the father of Alexander and Rufus, to bear his cross."—MARK 15: 21.

Jesus Carrying the Cross—The Fact Narrated by John alone—Its Importance—Partakers in the Burden—I. Unexpected Persons Called—Simon an Unknown Man—A Stranger from the Country—A Lady at an Evening Party—Simon a mere Passer-by—Enlisted for Life—II. How the Cross may be Carried—By Becoming a Christian—In Commencing Christian Work—In Denouncing Popular Sin—In Home Life—III. Noble Compulsion—IV. A Blessed Occupation—How to See Jesus most.

JOHN tells us that our Saviour went forth bearing His cross (John 19: 17). We are much indebted to John for inserting that fact. The other evangelists mention Simon the Cyrenian as bearing the cross of Christ; but John, who often fills up gaps which are left by the other three, tells us that Jesus set out to Calvary carrying His own cross. Our Lord Jesus came out from Pilate's palace laden with His cross, but he was so extremely emaciated and so greatly worn by the night of the bloody sweat, that the procession moved too slowly for the rough soldiers, and therefore they took the cross from their prisoner and laid it upon Simon; or possibly they laid the long end upon the shoulder of the strong countryman, while the Saviour still continued to bear in part His cross till He came to the place of doom.

PARTAKERS IN THE BURDEN.

But it was equally instructive that some one else should be made a partaker of the burden; for it has always been part of the divine counsel that for the salvation of men from sin the Lord should be associated with His Church. So far as atonement is concerned, the Lord hath trodden the winneps alone, and of the people there was none with Him; but as far as the conversion of the world is concerned, and its rescue from the power of error and wickedness, Christ is not alone. We are workers together with God. Hence it became important that in the bearing of the cross, though not in the death upon it, there should be yoked with the Christ one who should follow close behind Him. To bear the cross after Jesus is the office of the faithful. Simon the Cyrenian is the representative of the whole Church of God, and of each believer in particular. Often had Jesus said, "Except a man take up His cross daily, and follow Me, he cannot be My disciple;" and now at last He embodies that sermon in an actual person. The lesson to each one of us is to take up our Lord's cross without delay, and go with Him, without the camp, bearing His reproach. That many among this vast and mixed congregation may imitate Simon is the anxious desire of my heart.

I. I will begin with this first remark, that unexpected persons are often

CALLED TO CROSS-BEARING.

Like Simon, they are impressed into the service of Christ. Our text says: "They compel one Simon a Cyrenian, who passed by, coming out of the country, the father of Alexander and Rufus, to bear His cross." Simon did not volunteer, but was forced into this work of cross-bearing. It would seem from another evangelist that he speedily yielded to the impressment, and lifted the burden heartily; but at first he was compelled. A rude authority was exercised by the guard; who, being upon the Governor's business acted with high-handed rigor, and forced whomsoever they pleased to do their bidding. By the exercise of such irresponsible power they compelled a passing stranger to carry Christ's cross.

Notice, first, that he was an unknown man. He was spoken of "as one Simon." Simon was a very common name among the Jews, almost as common as John in our own country. This man was just "one Simon"—an individual who need not be further described. But the providence of

God had determined that this obscure individual, this certain man, or I might better say, this uncertain man, should be selected to the high office of cross-bearer to the Son of God. I have an impression upon my mind that there is "one Simon" here this morning, who has to bear Christ's cross from this time forward. Friend, nobody knows you save our Father who is in heaven, and He has appointed you to have fellowship with His Son. I shall roughly describe you as "one Simon," and leave the Holy Spirit to bring you into your place and service.

A STRANGER.

It did not seem likely that Simon should bear the cross of Christ, for he was a stranger who had newly come up from the country. He probably knew little or nothing of what had been taking place in Jerusalem, for he had come from another continent. He was "one Simon a Cyrenian;" and I suppose that Cyrene could not have been less than eight hundred miles from Jerusalem. It was situated in what is now called Tripoli, in Northern Africa, in which place a colony of Jews had been formed long before. Very likely he had come in a Roman galley from Alexandria to Joppa, and there had been rowed through the surf, and landed in time to reach Jerusalem for the Passover. He had travelled all those miles, he had hardly yet got the motion of the ship out of his brain, and it had never entered into his head that he should be impressed by the Roman guard, and made to assist at an execution. I cannot tell how many providences had worked together to bring him there at the nick of time, but so the Lord would have it, and so it came about. Ah, my dear friend, I do not know what providences have been at work to bring you here to-day; perhaps very strange ones! If a little something had occurred you had not taken this journey; it only needed a small dust to turn the scale, and you would have been hundreds of miles from this spot, in quite another scene from this. Why you are here you do not yet know, except that you have come to listen to the preacher, and join the throng. But God knoweth why He hath brought you here. I trust it will be read in the annals of the future:

"Thus the eternal mandate ran,
Almighty grace arrest that man."

God has brought you here, that on this spot, by the preaching of the Gospel, you may be compelled to bear the cross of Jesus. I pray it may be so.

Many and many a time with no desire for grace men have listened to the Gospel, and the Lord has been found of them that sought Him not. Men have stepped into places of worship even with evil designs, and yet the purpose of grace has been accomplished; they came to scoff, but they remained to pray. Some have been cast by the providence of God into positions where they have met with Christian men, and a word of admonition has been blessed to them. A lady was one day

AT AN EVENING PARTY.

and there met with Caesar Malan, the famous divine of Geneva, who, in his usual manner, inquired of her whether she was a Christian. She was startled, surprised, and vexed, and made a short reply to the effect that it was not a question she cared to discuss; whereupon, Mr. Malan replied with great sweetness, that he would not persist in *speaking* of it, but he would pray that she might be led to give her heart to Christ, and become a useful worker for Him. Within a fortnight she met the minister again, and asked him how she must come to Jesus. Mr. Malan's reply was, "Come to Him just as you are." That lady gave herself up to Jesus; it was Charlotte Elliott, to whom we owe that precious hymn—

"Just as I am—without one plea
But that Thy blood was shed for me,
And that Thou bid'st me come to Thee—
O Lamb of God, I come."

It was a blessed thing for her that she was at that party, and that the servant of God from

Geneva should have been there, and should have spoken to her so faithfully. Oh for many a repetition of the story "of one Simon a Cyrenian," coming, not with the intent to bear the cross, but with quite another mind, and yet being enlisted in

THE CROSS-BEARING 'ARMY.

I would have you notice, once more, that this man was at this particular time not thinking upon the subject at all, for he was at that time merely passing by. He had come up to Jerusalem, and whatever occupied his mind he does not appear to have taken any notice of the trial of Jesus, or of the sad end of it. It is expressly said that he "passed by." He was not even sufficiently interested in the matter to stand in the crowd and look at the mournful procession. Women were weeping there right bitterly—the daughters of Jerusalem to whom the Master said, "Weep not for Me, but weep for yourselves and for your children;" but this man passed by. He was quietly making his way through the crowd, eager to go about his business, and he must have been greatly surprised and distressed when a rough hand was laid upon him, and a stern voice said: "Shoulder that cross." There was no resisting a Roman centurion when he gave command, and so the countryman meekly submitted, wishing, no doubt, that he were back in Cyrene tilling the ground. He must needs stoop his shoulder and take up a new burden, and tread in the footsteps of the mysterious personage to whom the cross belonged.

A TRUE CROSS-BEARER.

He was only passing by, and yet he was enlisted and impressed by the Romans, and, as I take it, impressed by the grace of God for life; for whereas Mark says he was the father of Alexander and Rufus, it would seem that his sons were well known to the Christian people to whom Mark was writing. If his son was the same Rufus that Paul mentions, then he calls her "his mother and mine;" and it would seem that Simon's wife and his sons became believers and partakers of the sufferings of Christ. His contact with the Lord in that strange compulsory way probably wrought out for him another and more spiritual contact which made him a true cross-bearer. O ye that pass by this day, draw nigh to Jesus! Though you only intended to slip into this tabernacle and slip out again, I pray that you may be arrested by a call from my Lord. I speak as my Lord's servant, and I would constrain you to come to Him. I would compel you, by my Lord's authority, to take up His cross and bear it after Him. It would be strange, say you. Ay, so it might be, but it would be a glorious event. May that divine impressment which is imaged in the text by the compulsion of the Roman soldier take place in your case at this very moment; and may it be seen in your instance that unexpected persons are often called to be cross-bearers!

II. My second observation is—cross-bearing can still be practised. Very briefly let me tell you in what ways

THE CROSS CAN STILL BE CARRIED.

First, and chiefly, by your becoming a Christian. If the cross shall take you up, you will take up the cross. Christ will be your hope. His death your trust, Himself the object of your love. You never become a cross-bearer truly till you lay your burdens down at His feet who bore the cross and curse for you. Next, you become a cross-bearer when you make an open avowal of the Lord Jesus Christ. Do not deceive yourselves—this is expected of each one of you if you are to be saved. Many people would like to go to heaven by an underground railway; secrecy suits them. They do not want to cross the channel; the sea is too rough; but when there is a tunnel made they will go to the fair country. My good people, you are cowardly, and I must quote to you a text which ought to sting your cowardice out of you: "But the fearful and unbelieving shall have their part in the lake which burneth with fire and brimstone." I say no more, and make no personal applications; but, I beseech you, run no risks.

Be afraid to be afraid. Be ashamed of being ashamed of Christ. Do you not even now cry out, "Set down my name, sir?"

Further, some have to take up their cross by commencing Christian work. You live in a village where there is no Gospel preaching; preach yourself. You are in a backwoods town where the preaching is very far from being such as God approves of; begin to preach the truth yourself. "Alas!" say you, "I should make a fool of myself." Are you ashamed to be a fool for Christ? "Oh, but I should break down." Break down; it will do you good, and perhaps you may break somebody else down. There is no better preaching in the world than that of a man who breaks down under a sense of unworthiness; if that breakdown communicates itself to other people, it may begin a revival. Come, Simon, I see you shrink; but the cross has to be carried; therefore bow your back. It is only a wooden cross, after all, and not an iron one. You can bear it; you must bear it. God help you.

SOILED KID GLOVES.

Perhaps, too, some brother may have to take up his cross by bearing witness against the rampant sin which surrounds him. "Leave all those dirty matters alone; do not say a word about them. Let the people go to the devil, or else you will soil your white kid gloves." Sirs, we will spoil our hands as well as our gloves, and we will risk our characters, if need be; but we will put down the devil which now defiles London. Truly the flesh does shrink, and the purest part of our manhood shrinks with it, when we are compelled to bear open protest against sins which are done of men in secret. But, Simon, the Master may yet compel you to bear His cross in this respect, and if so, He will give you both courage and wisdom, and your labor shall not be in vain in the Lord.

Sometimes, however, the cross-bearing is of another and more quiet kind, and may be described as submission to providence. A young friend is saying, "For me to live at home I know to be my duty; but father is unkind, and the family generally impose upon me. I wish I could get away." Ah, dear sister, you must bear Christ's cross, and it may be the Lord would have you remain at home! Therefore bear the cross. A servant is saying, "I should like to be in a Christian family. I do not think I can stop where I am." Perhaps, good sister, the Lord has put you where you are to be a light in a dark place. *All the lamps should not be in one street*, or what will become of the courts and alleys? It is often the duty of a Christian man to say, "I shall stop where I am and fight this matter through. I mean by character and example, with kindness and courtesy and love, to win this place for Jesus."

EVADING THE CROSS.

Of course the easy way is to turn monk and live quietly in a cloister, and serve God by doing nothing; or to turn nun and dwell in a convent, and expect to win the battle of life by running out of it. Is not this absurd? If you shut yourself away from this poor world, what is to become of it? You men and women that are Christians must stand up and stand out for Jesus where the providence of God has cast you; if your calling is not a sinful one, and if the temptations around you are not too great for you, you must "hold the fort" and never dream of surrender. If your lot is hard, look upon it as Christ's cross, and bow your back to the load. Your shoulder may be raw at first, but you will grow stronger before long, for as your day your strength shall be. Now, Simon, where are you? Should the cross, man, in the name of God!

III. Thirdly, to cross-bearing there are

NOBLE COMPULSIONS.

Simon's compulsion was the rough hand of the Roman legionary, and the gruff voice in the Latin tongue, "Shoulder that cross;" but we hear gentler voices which compel us this day to take up Christ's cross. The first compulsion is this—the love of Christ constraineth us." He has done all this for you; therefore by sweet but

irresistible compulsion you are made to render Him some return of love.

Some of you should bear the cross of Christ because the cause of Christ is at a discount where you dwell. I delight in a man in whom the lordly chivalry has found a congenial home. He loves to espouse the cause of truth in the cloudy and dark day. He never counts heads, but weighs arguments. When he settles down in a town he never inquires, "Where is the most respectable congregation? Where shall I meet with those who will advantage me in business?" No, he studies his conscience rather than his convenience. He will go where the Gospel is preached, and nowhere else. Fine architecture has scant charms for him, and grand music is no part of his religion; if these are substitutes for the Gospel, he abhors them. It is meanness itself for a man to forsake the truth for the sake of respectability. Multitudes who ought to be found maintaining the good old cause are recreant to their convictions, if, indeed, they ever had any. For this cause the true man resolves to stick to truth through thick and thin, and not to forsake her because her adherents are poor and despised.

CROSS-BEARERS NEEDED.

If ever we might temporize, that time is past and gone. I arrest yonder man this morning, who has long been a Christian, but has concealed half his Christianity in order to be thought respectable, or to escape the penalties of faithfulness. Come out from those with whom you are numbered, but with whom you are not united in heart. Be brave enough to defend a good cause against all comers; for the day shall come when he shall have honor for his guerdon who accepted dishonor that he might be true to his God, his Bible, and his conscience. Blessed be he that can be loyal to his Lord, cost him what it may—loyal even in those matters which traitors call little things. We would compel that Simon the Cyrenian this day to bear the cross, because there are so few to bear it in these degenerate days. There are many ways, then, of bearing the cross for Christ, and there are many reasons why some here present should begin at once to carry the load.

IV. To close: bear with me a minute or two while I say that cross-bearing is

A BLESSED OCCUPATION.

I feel sure that Simon found it so. Let me mention certain blessings which must have attended the special service of Simon. First, it brought him into Christ's company. When they compelled him to bear His cross, he was brought close to Jesus. If it had not been for that compulsion he might have gone his way, or might have been lost in the crowd; but now he is in the inner circle, near to Jesus. He had never seen that countenance so well, nor marked the whole form of the Son of man so clearly if he had not been called to bear that cross. It is wonderful how much we see of Jesus when we suffer or labor for Him. Believing souls, I pray that this day you may be so impressed into my Lord's service, that you may have nearer and dearer fellowship with Him than in the past. If any man will do His will He shall know of the doctrine. They see Jesus best who carry His cross most.

Then Simon had this honor, that he was linked with Christ's work. He could not put away sin, but he could assist weakness. Simon did not die on the cross to make expiation, but he did live under the cross to aid in the accomplishment of the divine purpose. You and I cannot interfere with Jesus in His passion, but we can share with Him in His compassion; we cannot purchase liberty for the enslaved, but we can tell them of their emancipation. To have a finger in Christ's work is glory. I invite the man that seeks honor and immortality, to seek it thus.

While Simon was carrying the cross through the crowd, I doubt not that the rough soldiery would deal him many a kick or buffet; but I feel equally sure that the dear Master sometimes stole a glance at him. Rufus and Alexander

had a patent of nobility in being the sons of such a man. Mark recorded the fact that Simon carried the cross, and that such and such persons were his sons. Methinks when the old man came to lie upon his death-bed, he said: "My hope is in Him whose cross I carried. Blessed burden! Lay me down in my grave. This body of mine cannot perish, for it bore the cross which Jesus carried, and which carried Him. I shall rise again to see Him in His glory, for His cross has pressed me, and His love will surely raise me." Happy are we if we can while yet we live be co-workers together with Him, that when He cometh in His kingdom we may be partakers of His glory. "Blessed is the man that endureth temptation: for when he is tried, he shall receive the crown of life, which the Lord hath promised to them that love Him." God bless you, and especially you who have come out of the country. God bless you. Amen and amen.

[The prayers of the readers of this Journal are requested for the blessing of God upon its Editors, and those whose sermons, articles, or labors for Christ are printed in it; and that its circulation may be used by the Holy Spirit for the conversion of many sinners and the quickening of God's people. Dr. Talmage and Mr. Spurgeon especially request prayer every Sunday morning on behalf of their labors.]

NEW BOOKS.

An elegantly-bound book containing two hundred and twenty-seven illustrations has been prepared by the chief of temperance orators, John B. Gough, entitled

PLATFORM ECHOES;

or, Leaves from my Note-book of Forty Years." It is appropriately opened by a sketch of Mr. Gough's life and work, by the Rev. Lyman Abbott, D.D., who at the request of the publishers, and without Mr. Gough's supervision, prepared the sketch from his own knowledge, and a collection of newspaper cuttings and other records. Mr. Gough's own account of his reasons for publishing, after so many years, is in part as follows: "On several occasions, to oblige English friends I authorized the publication, and corrected the proofs of notes taken during some of my public utterances. With these exceptions, for more than thirty years my words have been reported, printed and sold with no regard to my wishes, without proper revision, and often with annoying and absurd mistakes. I have come to the conclusion that I have some personal right to their oversight, and also to the time and manner of their appearance. In addition, every year for a long time past requests from various quarters have been made for authorized copies of this or that public utterance."

Thus encouraged, for reasons before stated I offer this quiver of unpolished arrows in the hope that they may accomplish more in right and desirable directions than they could in any previous fragmentary appearance; only adding that though there must of necessity be repetition in the arguments, there is no repetition in the facts or incidents."

Though Mr. Gough calls his collection unpolished arrows, there is a good deal of point to them. This was to be expected from the man. Every one who has listened to him knows that anecdotes pour from his lips in a stream apparently inexhaustible. They are no idle tales told to amuse the audience, but every one has its moral and is intended to teach its lesson. Mr. Gough has been an industrious collector of anecdotes, and his long experience and extensive travels have been an original quarry which he has worked with remarkable skill and care. The result is this bulky volume, full of personal incidents and stories which have been related to him, and stored up for purposes of illustration. Mr. Gough tells a story with inimitable dramatic power, so that the incidents which his readers may have heard before, or seen badly reported in some newspaper, become fresh and original by the master's touch. His book is brimful of them, and every one is bright, humorous, or pathetic. One or two of these



Prince Henry of Battenberg,
Queen Victoria's new son-in-law.



Queen Victoria.



Princess Beatrice.
Married July 23, 1885.

will serve as specimens of hundreds, and will probably produce an appetite for the whole generous bill of fare.

A STRUGGLE IN THE DARK.
[p. 431]. "Two students who occupied separate beds in one room came home very drunk one night, and groped their way to bed the best they could; but it so happened they both tumbled into one bed. 'How d'ye get on, Bill?' cried one, after a time. 'Why, there's another fellow in my bed. How are you getting along?' 'I've got a fellow in my bed, too.' 'Oh, then we'd better kick 'em both out!' And at it they went, when by-and-by one of them was launched into the middle of the floor. 'Well, Bill, how have you managed?' 'Why, I've kicked my man out. What have you done with yours?' 'Oh!' said he, 'my man has kicked me out!'"

A LOVER IN THE PIG-STY.
"I heard of one of those young men who would not sign away his liberty, who was paying particular attentions to a young lady. Occasionally he would call to see her when he was partially intoxicated; but when so far gone that he dared not ask for the young lady, he would content himself with the company of his prospective father-in-law, who was a moderate drinker, and was therefore a little short-sighted in reference to the habit. On one of these occasions the old gentleman told him there were a lot of sheep, some horses and some fine pigs that would be given to him, adding: 'I should like you to look at the pigs.' Arrived at the pen, the young man stooped to look into it, lost his balance, and over he went. The hogs resented the intrusion of a drunkard by loud grunts of dissatisfaction. The young man didn't like that, and raising himself as well as he could, he said: 'I'm as good as any of you.'"

HOW TO PASS A SALOON.
"A gentleman was so far enslaved that he was known to take a quart of brandy in a day. How he stood it no one knew. He was a fine business man, and yet, in the estimation of those who knew him well, he was ruining himself. One day, when in the house, he said: 'Wife, come and sit on my knee.' She sat there, and then she said: 'If my husband did not drink I should be the happiest woman in the world.' 'Well, my dear,' he replied, 'I married you to make you happy, and I ought to do so; and if

that will make you happy I will never drink another drop as long as I live.' Now, that man cut it off 'as square as a piece of cheese,' no splinters, no splinters, and kept his word for years without any practical belief in Christianity. Walking down the street with him a little while ago, he said: 'Do you see that red-fronted drinking-saloon? Well, I have been for many years afraid to pass the door of that house, so I used to turn down another street and go around it; but, Mr. Gough, since I have had the grace of God in my heart, I go right by that saloon; and if I have the slightest desire for drink I breathe a prayer, "God keep me for Christ's sake," and I go by it safely.' Now, when a man abstains from drink, and endeavors to control an appetite in his own strength, he does it at daily risk; but when he puts forth all the energy God has given him, and trusts God for the result, he is safe, absolutely safe."

There must be five hundred such anecdotes as these in the book, and they are set in the pungent comments and forcible arguments Mr. Gough knows so well how to use. It is the best repertory of anecdote and illustration a temperance worker can have, and preachers will find in it many things that will be useful to them. Pp. 639; sold by subscription only. *A. D. Worthington & Company*: Hartford, Conn.

TWO REJECTED INVITATIONS.

(See Illustration on page 557.)

"I HOPE you will come to our Mission Services this week, Mrs. Brown"—the voice was the pleading voice of Miss Start, a lady who had often made the same request without avail.

"Thank you, miss," was the abrupt reply. "I make no promises, then I shan't break any." "But, Mrs. Brown, do just for once promise," and was it Mrs. Brown's fancy? but that good woman thought Miss Start's eyes suddenly filled with tears.

"Well, miss," she said, speaking a little confidentially, "it's all very well for hypocrites and deceivers to pretend to make much of religion—they only do it for what they can get by it. I'm not one of that sort myself."

Mrs. Brown paused, and getting no reply from the lady, went on again: "My brother died last week. He had led a hard life; always unruly from a boy; always drinking, swearing, fight-

ing, ah! he had a life of it. Well, he was taken ill about a fortnight ago; and says he to his wife, 'Polly, lass, fetch the parson; I feel ve queer, and if it means death, I should not lil to die without a bit of religion.' The clergyman of the parish church came round that night, as read by Joe, and said a prayer; and next day Joe was worse, and he came again. That night Joe died. He went off as quiet as a lamb; I religion the parson gave him comforted him and put him all right. Now, that's what I say, if man like our Joe can live as he liked, and whe he's taken ill can send for the parson and mak things right, why shouldn't other people? don't mean to trouble myself about serio things until the right time comes!"

She was turning to go into her house as anxious to dismiss her visitor—this conversatio had taken place on the doorstep—when Miss Start said pleadingly, "Do listen a momen please, Mrs. Brown. If only you went to churc sometimes, instead of always staying away, yo would hear that religion is not a hard thing, t be put off as long as possible, but a good thin that is a comfort in life, and makes one happi all the time, as well as to die happily. Oh! yo cannot think—" Mrs. Brown was roused. Sh forgot her usually respectful manner when talk ing with a visitor, and spoke out as she migh have done to a neighbor.

"I tell you I'm very well just as I am; m life's happy enough, and it is honest and out spoken, and that's what a great many religio folks couldn't say for theirs!" and with an indignant toss of her head Mrs. Brown entere her house and closed the door.

The mission was very successful. Many weary heart—and there were many such in the locality—found rest in accepting the invitation of the Gospel, and among them was a neighb of Mrs. Brown. This woman one evening had some talk with her procrastinating neighbor Mrs. Brown herself had led the way to it by remarking that the other seemed to be "a good deal cheerfuller lately," and humorously in quired if she had found a three-cent piece. He neighbor told Mrs. Brown what she had found and speaking out of a full heart was so eloque about the happiness that had come to her since she "got religion" that Mrs. Brown guesse she'd go to meeting for once, and agreed to be

dy that night if her friend could call for her. The friend sired nothing better, and it is so arranged.

As it turned out, that was the chance Mrs. Brown would ever have of hearing the Gospel. It was very near to her, but that she had no premonition. She had known, nothing would have prevented her going to the meeting, but as it was, several little annoyances "put her out," and she did not feel like going. Any time would do, so she put off for some other night, and when her friend called for her she found her at work as usual, with her mind fully made up not to go, and in no mood to be persuaded. Resolving to call for her every night until she did go, the friend went on to meeting, and, while there, silently offered a prayer for her neighbor.

But she never called again. Early the next morning she noticed a crowd collecting around Mrs. Brown's door, and, going to ascertain the cause, learned that Mrs. Brown was dead—had been found dead in her bedroom about an hour before. Her niece, who lived with her, and it was her habit, as she worked in a factory, to rise before her aunt and awake her just as she was going to work. She went to her bedroom as usual, but Mrs. Brown could never be awakened in this world; she was lying there undressed across the bed. She must have died the night before while she was undressing, and so suddenly that she had no time to arouse her niece to call for help. The doctor who gave evidence in the inquest said she had heart disease, and she must have had it for a long time, though without being aware of the fact.

Who among us can tell, when we say "another time will do," whether we may not be neglecting the last opportunity we shall ever have of becoming reconciled with God? To every one the last opportunity does come, but it is seldom that there is anything about it to indicate its indescribable importance. Happy are they who seize the first opportunity and let no moment pass until they have attended to the most vital of all concerns.

THE SILVER LINING.

A SERIAL STORY.

The Doctor's Home.

It is a common idea that the element of romance cannot be found in the lives of ordinary people. Soldiers and sailors, and explorers, and wealthy lords and ladies may lead romantic lives, but the physician, the lawyer, the clergyman, and the ordinary business man live humdrum lives, dull and uninteresting to the last degree. Yet keen observers and observers who are not particularly acute, yet have a gentle, affectionate nature which invites confidence, are aware that some of those dull people are heroes possessing courage and endurance of the finest order. It is surprising the difference there is in this respect in men. I have seen people enter a yard in which a big, powerful dog was kept securely chained. Perhaps in a whole day thirty strangers would pass through that yard, each of whom the dog would salute with a growl. By and by another person, equally unknown would enter, sometimes a man, sometimes a woman, but more likely to be a man than a woman, and that same Nero would look at with a friendly gleam in his eye, and sometimes would even leave his kennel to salute with a wag of his tail. There are some people whom men and women, and



Mrs. Brown Protests that there is no Need of Hurry.

even beasts instinctively recognize as friends; the kindness and love in their hearts seem to pervade their presence, and they make friends everywhere. Utter strangers tell them their secrets, and lay bare their hearts before them. They are few in number, but God seems to have sent them into the world to bear other people's burdens, and to shed light into dark souls. It is those few who know that heroism is more common than the world thinks.

This introduction is necessary to my story, because it has to do with ordinary people, and with lives that some readers may consider commonplace. I have no murders, no wild hair-breadth escapes to describe, no misanthropic hero or heroine for readers to sympathize with. Tragedies enough there are in the world, and your neighbor's heart may be breaking under one, and yet he may go about his business with a genial manner and an unclouded brow, and you may never suspect it. The dark-haired, black-eyed hero of romance who calls heaven and earth to witness the gloom of his lot, and airs his sufferings through pages of type, is not to my mind half so grand a hero as he who suffers silently and fills his place in the world gallantly as if no fox were gnawing under his cloak.

Your physician listens attentively as you detail with minuteness your little aches and pains; he takes your wrist in his firm, gentle grasp, and counts the beats of your pulse with accuracy. He sits down and writes a prescription, as if the world held for him not another object in life so important as your restoration to health. He comes again in a day or two, and you find that he remembers all your symptoms and the medicine he prescribed. That man's mind, you think, must be lightly burdened or he could not so enter into your case and make it his study. Yet see that man at home. Watch him when the labors of the day are over. See him sit at his lonely hearth and open a miniature, and look at it lovingly, with tear-dimmed eyes. Or see him in the morning scan his mail, and eagerly select one letter from the rest, and read it with his breath held, so intense is his anxiety. Some

loved one dearer to him than life may be at a distance in the crisis of disease, and he knows not any minute when a life dearer to him than his own may go out in death. Yet an hour later he may be in a patient's room, listening with unclouded brow to a recital of sufferings, half of which he knows to be imaginary. That man is a hero, bearing his part bravely in the battle of life, though to the outer world his life seems dull and commonplace. Let me introduce you to some such noble characters—men and women. It may be a valuable experience for you. You may learn that it is possible to sustain crushing sorrows, and yet never quit your place in the ranks of workers, and that with a heart bleeding from wounds that can never heal, you may minister to other sufferers—nay, may minister all the more effectively, because you are yourself groaning under a heavier burden. Better still, you may learn that there is no lot so dark, no agony so poignant as to be beyond the reach of God's grace, no pain so deep that He cannot soothe who is "touched by the feeling of our infirmities," having been "made perfect through suffering."

Our first visit shall be to a Christian home. It has been said that adversity is the promise of the New Testament, as prosperity was of the Old; but this home, at least outwardly, seems to be protected against trouble. Peace and love and the fear of God reign there, and in the hearts of young and old there is that faith and joy which the world cannot give or take away. We find it on the eve of a separation. One of the loved ones, a beautiful girl of seventeen, is to set out on the morrow for a holiday-trip, long expected and enjoyed in anticipation.

"Come, Grace, my child, it is time you were in bed; you have a long journey before you to-morrow." These were the mother's words as she fondly stroked the fair hair of her youngest daughter. Then two loving arms were thrown round the mother's neck and a bright face was raised to hers.

But soon big tears were coursing down the young girl's face. She hardly knew why they came, for was she not to-morrow to set off on her long-looked-for visit—would she not soon breathe the air of Scotland's hills and enjoy their wild rugged beauty?

Was she not leaving home for the first time, on a long visit to a distant place? But where is the English girl that has no sore heart, even in the midst of expected pleasure, as she goes away from the loved ones, so tried and true, at home?

And Grace had such a home to leave! Let us enter this home to-night and see what we find there.

It is an old-fashioned, rather squarely-built house, in the market-place of a town in one of the eastern counties of England. I think as you walked up the street you would say at once, "Surely that is the doctor's house." And so it is, for Dr. Arnold is the master. The house is built of stone, with the door in the centre and two windows on either side. Above are five windows, and above again another story with sloping roof. It is close upon the road, and you would at first say, What a dull-looking house it is! But the inmates would tell you a very different tale.

To this house Dr. and Mrs. Arnold had removed when their children were quite young; indeed, Grace, the darling of the family, had been born there shortly after they came. The

furniture was not new nor the carpets bright, and perhaps strangers thought the doctor's house looked shabby; but the occupants were content, and troubled very little what outsiders thought about it.

As we go this evening into the study, which is at the back of the house, we find it lighted up, and a small fire burning in the grate. The doctor is there alone, and we see him as we look in seated in his easy-chair, apparently reading. But as we watch him a little more we see that his eyes are fixed on the fire, and his beautiful face (beautiful not so much from well-formed features as from expression) looks a little sad; he murmurs to himself, "My little Grace, my dear little Grace." Then he glances to something framed over his mantel-piece, and he reads: "Rest in the Lord." In a minute his face loses the sad look, and one of calm trustfulness comes over the many features, and soon he is once more absorbed in the medical work he was studying.

It is dark now, so that you cannot see the back of the house, but there is a garden stretching behind; and though at first it looks very short and narrow, I can tell you there is a door at the bottom which leads to a charming spot on the side of a hill which the doctor has had planted to his own fancy—for his garden is his hobby. It is laid out with great taste, and as the doctor throws his practical good sense into the matter it is also very productive. Down at the end is a viney, truly not a very large one, but the doctor always seems to have the first and richest grapes, and many a poor patient has been refreshed by a bunch sent by the kind, generous doctor.

There are five children belonging to this house, two sons and three daughters.

Frank, the eldest, is in London studying, that he may follow his father's profession.

Ralph, the next, sailed a few months since for Melbourne, where an excellent opening has been found for him.

Kate, the eldest daughter, is rather stately-looking and dignified, taller and darker than Grace, but with a kind, loving heart, ever ready and well able to assist her mother.

Helen, the second, is altogether more like the father, with an earnest, true face, which to look upon is to trust.

And what shall I say of the mother? Perhaps what she is would be best summed up in this: True woman and true Christian. She has had trials, and many of them, but they have been the fire purifying the gold, bringing out in her, each year with greater clearness, more of the Master's likeness. And is it to be wondered at, when we know that to become like Christ had been Marion Arnold's prayer from the day when she knelt as Ralph Arnold's bride? They had set forth on their journey together with this determination: "This *one* thing I do. I press toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus." Could it be otherwise, then, that with this desire the atmosphere of this house was felt to be more heavenly than most, and from the servants upward it was known that the master and mistress desired above all things to glorify God?

But we left Grace with her mother in the little room where her trunk stands ready packed, for she is to be off early the next morning.

The mother's tears too are almost welling up as she says, "My darling, our Father will watch between us, and you know no height nor depth can separate us from His love."

"No, mother, it is precious to know He will go with me, and will keep us both safely in His loving arms."

Then "good-nights" were said, and Grace was left alone. She knelt down by her little bed with a tender feeling toward it, as her resting-place from childhood, and committing herself and her loved ones in a few words to her Father in heaven, she rose, undressed, and was soon peacefully asleep.

Yes, though Grace Arnold was only seven-

teen, and in the full tide of youth and health, she had given her young heart to Christ. Her love to Him had seemed to grow up with her and become part of her very self. Her mother was a bright, happy Christian, getting her strength daily afresh from God, and her children had early seen that their father and mother could not do without their God. He was to them first a Saviour, then a Counsellor, a Friend, a Guide.

From their birth these children had been committed to God, and when their parents had dedicated them to Him they had done it believing, feeling sure that the promise was to them and to their children. Would that there were more such parents in our country, so living before their children as to show them that their love to God was something real and true, something to be carried into every transaction of life. But, alas! too many are seeking first the good things of this world for their children, and forgetting their Saviour's words, "Seek ye first the Kingdom of God and His righteousness." Should they not rather follow His commands, feeling sure of the promise that follows, "And all these things shall be added unto you?"

The next morning all were astir early. It was a bright, fresh September morning, and at eight o'clock Dr. Arnold stood in the hall waiting for his daughter.

"Come, Grace," he called from the bottom of the stairs; "we must be off." And then downstairs she came, looking so bright and pretty, while a shower of loving kisses were given her with the hasty good-byes.

They were going to drive eight miles to a seaport town, where they were to meet Mrs. Campbell and her little daughter. Mrs. Campbell was the daughter of an old friend of Dr. Arnold's, who had married a clergyman in the far north of Scotland, and was now returning home after a visit to her southern relatives. Grace was to go under her care by sea as far as Aberdeen. At the hotel they found Mrs. Campbell waiting for them; and as time was short and Dr. Arnold's very precious, he quickly bade them farewell, and with a long kiss to his daughter took his departure.

We must here leave our travellers for a little time while we follow Dr. Arnold homeward. As he rode up to his own door he saw his wife anxiously looking out for him.

"Oh, Ralph! I am so glad you have come, for there is a message from Thornleigh begging you will go at once. Little Dora is ill, and I am afraid, from Mrs. Stevenson's hurried note, it must be something serious; but, Ralph dear, how did you leave our Grace?"

"I left her safely in Mrs. Campbell's keeping. Now tell me, where is the note? And as he spoke the doctor rang the bell.

"Jane, say I want my horse brought round at once," he said, as the servant obeyed the summons, "and tell John to be very quick."

"When did this note come?" he asked, turning to his wife.

"Almost directly after you had left," was the answer.

The doctor's face looked anxious. "Poor little Dora; I wish I could have gone at once. She must have needed me sadly, as her mother says she is delirious. Strange the attack should have come on so quickly."

"Dear Ralph, you must take something before you go; you have had such a long drive, and now have eight miles to go another way."

With some persuasion the doctor stayed a minute to swallow some soup his thoughtful wife had prepared for him, and then set off at a sharp trot.

It was a beautiful ride to Thornleigh, through a thickly wooded and undulating country; and had not the doctor been preoccupied he would have intensely enjoyed the scene this clear September day. But he felt depressed, and his thoughts were divided between his absent child and the little one he had been called so hastily to visit.

Mrs. Stevenson was one of the Arnolds'

choicest friends. They had many, but perhaps none quite took the place that she did. She was a tried, true friend in joy or sorrow, and now the doctor's heart was quite ready to sympathize with her.

Mr. Stevenson was a most genial man and kind neighbor. His easy life was a very comfortable one, spent in farming his small estate of Thornleigh; but his own happy life—and certainly James Stevenson seemed to have had fewer trials than most—did not keep him from having warm sympathy and a tender heart toward others.

They had two sons. The eldest had just come of age; the youngest was fourteen when, to the great joy of the whole family, a little sister was added to the number. This was little Dora; and now, at four years of age, she was the darling and plaything of the household. She seemed born to love and be loved, though at times she was sadly perverse and wilful, so that her mother feared sometimes that her two big brothers would spoil her altogether. It was, then, to the idol of Thornleigh that Dr. Arnold had been summoned; and his kind heart sank at the bare thought that perhaps his friends might be called upon to part with their treasure.

As Dr. Arnold passed through the lodge gates, he thought the place had never looked more beautiful. A long drive through an avenue of stately trees led up to the house, which was built of stone, with gable roof and casement windows. A terrace ran round two sides of the house, from which an extensive view was seen, and the mossy lawn which sloped away from it was still gay with flowers.

To-day there was a peculiar quiet about the place which was most unusual, for generally it was surrounded by those indescribable marks of life which one sees about a cheerful family home. No one was to be seen, but as the doctor rode up to the door William (who had been on the look-out all the morning) ran up quickly to take his horse, and touching his hat said:

"I am right glad you've come, sir; we have wanted you sadly; the little lady's very ill, I fear, sir."

William was a faithful groom, who had been in Mr. Stevenson's service long before the little lady was born, and now was as anxious about Dora as he would have been for his own child.

At this moment Mr. Stevenson himself appeared on the doorstep, and ushered Dr. Arnold at once up the broad staircase, hung with pictures, till they came to a landing from which two long corridors branched off. Taking the one to the left, the two walked to the end and entered the usually bright nursery of Dora Stevenson. Here they found the mother anxiously watching her sick child. Then came inquiries about the illness, which seemed to have come so suddenly. Dora, it was true, had not been quite the thing for the last week, but the doctor had seen her only two days before and thought little was the matter.

Mrs. Stevenson said she feared the child was hurt by a fall she had the day before, though at the time, as she scarcely cried, the nurse had thought little of it.

Dr. Arnold laid his cool hand upon the little child's forehead, and she opened her eyes and gave a sweet smile of recognition to her old friend, then in a few minutes more was again wandering.

"You must keep up heart, my friends, though I cannot disguise that your child is very ill; but I trust the symptoms will soon yield to the remedies I shall give. I should like to have William go at once to the drug-store, and also to my house with a message to Mrs. Arnold. Nay, stop, I will go and speak to him myself."

After giving him the prescription for the drug-store he said: "William, go to my house and tell Mrs. Arnold I am sorry I shall not be home this evening until quite late, and that possibly I may not be able to get home at all before morning."

Going back to the sick child's room he watched by her side for some time, suggesting many

little changes which might give her ease and comfort; then, promising to return later in the day, he set out once again to see other patients who needed him.

(To be continued.)

ELIJAH TRANSLATED.

S. S. Lesson for Sept. 6, II Kings 2: 1-15. Golden Text, Heb. 11: 5. By Mrs. M. Baxter. Elijah's Three Commissions—His Visit to Elisha—Elisha's Prompt Obedience to the Call—Resists Elijah's Attempt to Separate them—Their Journey through the Country—Significance of the Names—The Crossing of the Jordan—Elisha's Request—Elijah Taken.

OUT of the three commissions which God had given Elijah when he was in Horeb, the mount of God, the prophet fulfilled only one in his own person. In spite of his fall into discouragement through getting his eye on circumstances, the Lord had never changed one moment toward him, and so soon as Elijah's eyes were open to see what God was doing in the land he knew of the hidden seven thousand believers, he began again to see all things in God's light. God had told him to anoint Hazael to be King of Syria, Jehu, King of Israel; and Elisha, the son of Shaphat, to be prophet in his room. Which of these men was to affect most powerfully the interests of the cause of God in the land? Elijah had no hesitation about this matter; the power of a king was very limited in the eyes of this man of faith. Hazael or Jehu could neither do good unless God should use them, nor evil unless He permitted it. But how about the prophet? Was there, then, any intrinsic virtue in him? None whatever. But a man thoroughly yielded up to God, a man who sees God in everything, can be used of Him as other men are not.

So Elijah made for the farmstead of Elisha (doubtless one of the seven thousand who had not bowed the knee to Baal). Elisha was quietly pursuing his ordinary course of labor, ploughing with twelve yoke of oxen—

A WELL-TO-DO FARMER

of those days. He was with the last, and so would see the progress of his servants with the other eleven. Without any previous intimation the rough prophet of the desert cast his mantle upon him. Elisha understood the sign, and recognized the call to be from God. He left the oxen and ran after Elijah, who did not stay to explain, and said: "Let me, I pray thee, kiss my father and mother, and then I will follow thee." He spoke no word about winding up his business. We may well believe he was not owing money, and as to the disposal of his property, if the Lord wanted him, he could well leave that to His care. He returned, slew a yoke of oxen (part of his farm stock), boiled their flesh with the instruments of the oxen—so clearly showing that he was cut loose from his life as a business man from that day forward—and then "he arose, and went after Elijah, and ministered unto him" (I Kings 19: 21).

The ministry of Elijah continued (I Kings 21: 1; II Kings 1) after the call of Elisha. But the time was approaching when the Lord would take up Elijah into heaven by a whirlwind. No other but Enoch ever left the world except through the gate of death, and these two were men who walked singularly close to God. They are like finger-posts to point on to the time when Jesus shall come again, and the dead in Christ shall rise first, "then we which are alive and remain shall be caught up together with them in the clouds, to meet the Lord in the air; and so shall we ever be with the Lord" (I Thes. 4: 17). As faith increases, and as we are brought to see things in the light of God, the coming of Jesus to take away His saints is hastened. "Elijah went with Elisha from Gilgal. And Elijah said unto Elisha, Tarry here, I pray thee; for the Lord hath sent me to Beth-el." Tarry! what could Elijah mean? Elisha's commission was to follow, not to tarry! God and man, even the best of men, were at variance. Elisha saw but one course, to follow the prophet at any cost,

at any risk of his displeasure. And thus he said, "As the Lord liveth, and as thy soul liveth, I will not leave thee." God will not let us put man in His place. "Ye are bought with a price; be not ye the servants of men" (I Cor. 7: 23). God would have our walk

AN INDIVIDUAL WALK WITH HIM.

Very often it will involve condemnation from our dearest friends and God's dearest children, but if His Word and His Spirit make our way clear, we must not be stayed, even by an Elijah. The Lord may and does speak through His children, not only when our ear is turned to Him, not to them. They may be perfectly honest in the advice they give us, as, no doubt, Elijah was; but God never gives to a third party to see His mind absolutely about any one of His children. His object is always to draw each one separately to have more immediately to do with Himself, and if the whole world misunderstand, we must go on with God whenever His will is clearly revealed to us by His Word and His Spirit. But we must not think that when we have passed one such test there will necessarily be no other. The very conquest of Christ over our own natural tendencies, in any trial of faith or patience, of our submission to God or of the renunciation of our will, only makes way for a further trial. Elisha had stood the test, but it was applied a second time, and a third. "Elisha, tarry here, I pray thee, for the Lord hath sent me to Jericho." "Tarry, I pray thee here, for the Lord hath sent me to Jordan."

In addition to his difficulty that such a man as Elijah should not comprehend the Lord's distinct direction to him, which had come to him through Elijah, a whole company of believers, the sons of the prophets, attempted to withstand him. They came, and said to him, just as though they knew more of God than he did, "Knowest thou that the Lord will take away thy master from thy head to-day?" Elisha betrayed no personal feeling that those who were comparatively such unripe believers should attempt to come in between him and his God. He only answered them, "Yea, I know it; hold ye your peace." They could not understand the necessity for this apparently mad march through the country; they would have preached prudence, regard for bodily strength, etc., and they had Elijah on their side. Elisha's trial was a desperately real one, but between him and God—above Elijah, and above the sons of the prophets—there was a complete and clear understanding. The prophet knew the perfect peace of those whose minds are stayed on God.

The course of their journey is very significant. The starting-place was Gilgal (turning), suggestive of conversion to God, the next stage Bethel (the house of God), fellowship with believers who are of the household of God. Jericho (the city of the moon) is a type of the Church of Christ, and Jordan, the last stage, means the river of judgment. Before we can know the real resurrection life of Christ, we must pass through Jordan. We must see ourselves judged, crucified with Christ, not simply in theory or doctrine, but by the hard test of actual experience. All must pass through death, that we may not trust to anything but God. "We had

THE SENTENCE OF DEATH IN OURSELVES,

that we should not trust in ourselves, but in God which raiseth the dead" (II Cor. 1: 9). God, in His deep love, lets us find only death in all which is good in us, as well as all which is bad in us. He shows up our talents, our knowledge, our love, our judgment, our prudence, our energy, our plans, our zeal, our everything, as utterly incapable when applied to things divine. In all this we have to yield, to give up, to see our lovely flowers wither, that His power, His knowledge, love, judgment, wisdom, zeal, etc., may come into our utter emptiness, and then the excellency of the power is of God, and not of us. Then we may be "troubled on every side, yet not distressed," because we have ceased to take matters into our own hands; "perplexed, yet not in despair," because God sees where we

see nothing; "persecuted" by man, "but not forsaken" by God; "cast down, but not destroyed" (II Cor. 4: 9), because the "everlasting arms" are ever holding us up.

Fifty men of the sons of the prophets stood near Jordan and looked on—just what thousands of believers are doing this day who are afraid to let self go, and to let God have all the place in their whole being. Once decided in the will of God, the passage of Jordan is no such great matter. To Elijah it was like a common pathway. He was living already in the divine, no longer in the human: he took his mantle, wrapped it together, and smote the waters, and they were divided higher and thither, so that they went through on dry land. Death had become life to them, the river of judgment was the way to heaven. It was there that Elijah said to Elisha, "Ask what I shall do for thee, before I be taken away from thee." The answer was ready: it was

THE RIGHT OF THE FIRST BORN.

But Elijah had no earthly goods to leave to Elisha; his riches were of another order: "A double portion of thy spirit." Elijah had put him into the position of son—he would claim all its privileges. "Thou hast asked a hard thing; nevertheless, if thou see me when I am taken from thee, it shall be so unto thee; but if not, it shall not be so." Oh, how many of us are longing for more of Jesus! How can we get more of Him? By looking at ourselves to see how we are getting on? Never. By looking at others, and comparing ourselves? Oh no; but by looking at Him. Beholding as in a glass the glory of the Lord, [we] are changed into the same image from glory to glory, even by the Spirit of the Lord (II Cor. 3: 18). They still went on and talked. "What was this? How could Elisha talk at such a moment? It showed how perfectly at rest he was about the matter. There was no strain, nothing unnatural; the Lord Himself had in hand to grant his request, and he had nothing to do but to look up. The conversation was interrupted by the chariot and horses of God, which were come to escort Elijah. It was but a moment, and he was gone. But Elisha saw it, and he cried, My father, my father, the chariot of Israel, and the horsemen thereof." Then he rent his own clothes; he saw by faith that he was to live his own life no more—he was to tread in the steps of another. But the mantle of Elijah, which had once before been cast upon him, was his by right; and without waiting to feel any great change had passed upon him, he went forward and acted as a man who had what he had asked. He stood by the bank of Jordan, took the mantle, and smote the waters, saying, "Where is

THE LORD GOD OF ELIJAH?"

He did not say, "Where is the power which was in Elijah?" His eyes were on his God. The waters parted. Elisha went over again on dry ground, and the sons of the prophets who had stood outside as simple spectators, not daring to put God to the test, like these men of faith, were impelled to say, "The spirit of Elijah doth rest on Elisha." They knew nothing of all which had taken place, but the result was undeniable. And it was a double portion which Elisha had; the same fearless reckoning upon God which Elijah had before him, but also the very spirit of Christ Himself, the going about and doing good. And we are not shut out from the double portion; God yearns to fill us with Himself, to live His life in us, to repeat the life of Jesus in each one who wills, and to fill us with all the fullness of God. Where are we looking? Oh, let it be off "unto Jesus, who is the Author and Finisher of our faith!"

The Prophetic News and Israel's Watchman (London) may be had from the office of this journal, 63 Bible House, New York, price six cents, including postage. Annual subscription seventy cents. The following articles among others are contained in the number for August:

The New Reformation: Anti-Christian and Heathen Missions. By James E. Mathison, Esq.

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Teach me to live! 'Tis easier far to die—
Gently and silently to pass away—
On earth's long night to close the heavy eye,
And waken in the realms of glorious day.

Teach me that harder lesson—how to live,
To serve Thee in the darkest paths of life;
Arm me for conflict now—fresh vigor give,
And make me wiser than conqueror in the strife.

Teach me to live!—Thy purpose to fulfill:
Bright for Thy glory let my taper shine!
Each day renew, re-mould this stubborn will:
Closer round Thee my heart's affections twine.

Teach me to live for self and sin no more;
But use of time remaining to me yet,
Not mine own pleasure seeking, as before—
Wasting no precious hours in vain regret.

Teach me to live! No idler let me be,
But in Thy service hand and heart employ;
Prepared to do Thy bidding cheerfully—
Be this my highest and my holiest joy.

Teach me to live!—my daily cross to bear;
Nor murmur though I bend beneath its load.
Only be with me. Let me feel Thee near:
Thy smile sheds gladness on the darkest road.

Teach me to live! And find my life in Thee—
Looking from earth and earthly things away;
Let me not falter, but untiringly
Press on; and gain new strength and power
each day.

Teach me to live!—with kindly words for all—
Waiting no calm, repulsive hour of gloom;
Waiting, with cheerful patience, till Thy call
Summons my spirit to her heavenly home.

—Selected.

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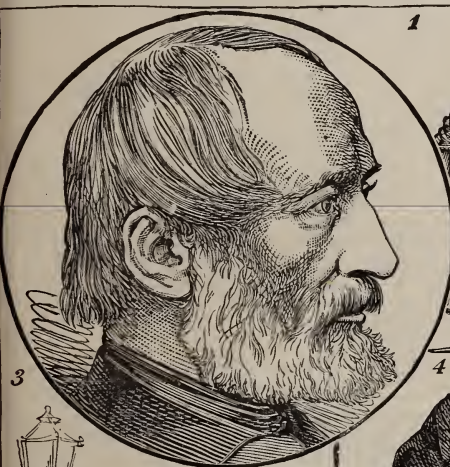
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JOSEPH MAZZINI, The Italian Patriot.

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A MORE deplorable condition of affairs than that existing in Italy in the year 1817 it would be difficult to imagine. It was described in a report which Prince Metternich, the chief statesman of Austria, submitted in November of that year to his master, the Emperor Francis. The Prince had sent agents through the country to investigate, and it was on the statements of these eye-witnesses that the Prince based his report. When we remember that Austria was mainly responsible for good government in Italy, and that every one of the rulers who misgoverned his subjects relied on the power of Austria to keep him from the vengeance of his people, we cannot suppose that the Austrian Chancellor would paint the picture in its darkest colors. Indeed, we have fair ground for believing that the Prince would represent the country in a better condition than it was, if he departed from the accurate truth at all. Yet the picture, as he drew it, was sufficiently dark.

POPULAR DISCONTENT.

There was discontent everywhere, and abundant cause for it. The part of Italy which the Pope governed was the most miserable. The people there had to support not only the Government, but 2436 convents, in which slothful, vicious people lived in iniquity. Neither did the Papal Government, expensive as it was, perform the functions incumbent upon it. Burglars, highwaymen, and murderers went unpunished, and there was security for neither person nor property. In a less degree every state in Italy was suffering, and everywhere, the Prince said, the people were misgoverned and ripe for rebellion.

A consolatory reflection, however, supported Prince Metternich, and he imparted it to his master. The people were helpless, he believed. Being without concerted action, having no foreign government to assist them, and, above all, having no leaders, the Prince said they could not rebel. He was right; but God was even then preparing instruments who would remove those obstacles. Three boys, who, at the time the astute statesman was encouraging himself and the Emperor, were all under thirteen years of age, were being raised up by the Friend of all oppressed peoples to deliver the down-trodden people of Italy. One of these, a boy of ten, was being educated for the army; his name was *Camillo Cavour*. A second, a boy of the same age, was running about on the sea-shore and begging his mother to let him go to sea; his name was *Giuseppe Garibaldi*. The third was the son of a Genoese physician, a boy just turned twelve years, and hoping to become a distinguished lawyer; he was *Giuseppe Mazzini*, "the dreamer, the fanatic, the impracticable theorist," but destined to see his dreams become hard facts, and some of his impracticable theories adopted as the principles of government. Three poor, insignificant lads, beneath the notice of the Emperor and the Prince, but bearing names that in a few years every despot in Europe learned to hate and fear, and every lover of freedom the world over held in reverence. It is with the third—Giuseppe Mazzini—that we are now concerned.

MAZZINI'S BOYHOOD.

He was born in Genoa, in 1805. His father, a physician of some eminence in the city, had at first little reason to be proud of him. A feeble, delicate child, his limbs so weak that he was unable to stand alone at an age when other children are running around sturdily. But the physician was kind to the afflicted little one, and con-

trived for his use a little invalid chair in which his frail frame could receive the support it needed. Necessarily, however, the boy was left much to his mother's care, and, happily for him, for Italy, and the world, she was one of nature's queens. She was singularly beautiful, but it was her mental and moral characteristics made her a fit mother for the great patriot. She united with acute perceptions and clear and vigorous thought all a woman's tenderness and ardent affection. Kind and sympathetic, yet firm and wise, the mother acquired an influence over the boy that grew with his growth, and lasted as long as he lived. In an exceedingly tender letter, written when he was nearly fifty years old, to a friend in deep distress, Mazzini spoke of this influence as of a power which had kept him in the right way amid sore discomfiture, and had prevented his sinking in despair.

A SYMPATHETIC HEART.

One incident of his early boyhood is so characteristic of his disposition throughout his life that it deserves mention. He was about six years old, and had just gained sufficient strength to walk out with his mother. The two ventured out into the city, and had gone but a short distance when the child suddenly stood still, gazing intently upon an old beggar seated upon the steps of a church. "So transfixed stood the boy that his mother, fearing he was frightened at the venerable white beard and picturesque rags and staff of the old man, stooped down to carry the child away, but he broke from her, and running impetuously forward, threw his arms around the poor man's neck (see picture on first page, panel No. 1), kissing him again and again, and crying out to her, "Give him something, mother; give him something." The aged mendicant was affected even to tears; he tenderly returned the child's caresses, and, addressing Signora Mazzini, said, "Love him well, lady; he is one who will love the people."

Mazzini's first tutor was a priest, who taught him Latin. At the age of thirteen he was sent to the University of Genoa. There he made considerable progress with his studies, thanks to his own industry and love of learning. It is not probable that his tutors helped him much. The Emperor of Austria desired professors in colleges to impart only one kind of learning, and that Mazzini's after-life showed that he had neglected. Speaking to the faculty of the University of Pavia, the Emperor explained

THE IMPERIAL CONCEPTION

of a good education. He said, "Know, gentlemen, that I do not desire cultured men, nor studious ones, but I wish you to form for me faithful subjects, devoted to me and to my house." That is the kind of education kings and emperors like young men to acquire, and as between the emperors and the people, it is certainly advantageous to one of the parties concerned, however it may suit the other. Francis knew exactly what he wanted, and he expressed it with more frankness than royal personages often use. But somehow Mazzini never became proficient in that department, which was an unfortunate thing—for the Emperor. However, Mazzini acquitted himself creditably in other branches, took his degree, and to the delight of his parents was admitted to the bar as a lawyer.

Mazzini's career at the bar was cut short in 1830 by incarceration. He was only twenty-five years of age, but the Government thought that its interests would be safer if the young lawyer were behind iron bars, and accordingly Mazzini made his first acquaintance with the interior of a prison. His offence was that he had joined

THE CARBONARI

(charcoal burners). That was a political association composed of elements almost as mixed as those that gathered around David in the cave of Adullam (1 Sam. 22: 2)—men of generous hearts, high principles, pure motives, were members of the order, and, with them, turbulent and licentious men, thieves, and cut-throats, delighting in disorder which would give them opportunity for crime and plunder. They were not agreed among themselves about what they wanted nor

the means of attaining it. Some wanted a Republic, some wanted constitutional monarchy, some urged self-dependence, others would make no movement until France or England assisted. The only bond that united them, the only feeling absolutely common to all, was discontent with the despotism of the Princes and the Pope and hatred of Austria, which protected the despots.

Of the power of the Carbonari there was no doubt. In 1820 there were, in Southern Italy alone, 800,000 men enrolled in its ranks, and when, in that year, the King of Spain granted his subjects a constitution, the Carbonari were sufficiently powerful to compel the King of Naples to do the same for his subjects. This made him take the oath publicly, and held him to his pledge until Austria came to his rescue and crushed them with its overwhelming force. Mazzini joined the order, as did nearly all the patriotic young men of Italy. When once initiated he found he had made a mistake, and that with many of his associates, he had no affinity. But the order had him, and held him by his oath, and at that time it was the only force in which there was any hope. Ten years after the Neapolitan outbreak, the Carbonari were again in insurrection. The French Revolution of July 1830, gave them hope, and they rose in Modena and in Rome itself. They were unsuccessful, and Mazzini was arrested, as a member of the order, and imprisoned in the fortress of Savona.

YOUNG ITALY.

It was during his solitary confinement there that he conceived the idea of founding a new order, purer and better than the Carbonari. This order he resolved to call "Young Italy." He had plenty of time for thought, and he thoroughly elaborated the plan of the order. At the end of six months a sentence of banishment was pronounced upon him, and Mazzini quitted Italy for France. He took up his residence at Marseille and commenced the issue of a journal which he named *Young Italy*. In this he explained his plans for the order and the objects to which he consecrated his life, calling upon all who sympathized with him to band themselves together for united action. The watchword of the party was to be "God and the people," and self-sacrifice was its vital principle. The grand object was the riddance from the whole of Italy of the petty despots and the deliverance of the country from the power and tyranny of Austria. The grandeur of the conception dazzled the youth of Italy, when, by a few trusty agents, Mazzini's new journal was distributed in the universities and the haunts of young men. Enrollment was at once commenced, and in little more than a year the order of Young Italy comprised more members than any order in Italy.

TREMBLING DESPOTISM.

The Italian Governments were stricken with terror, and Austria shared their alarm. Mazzini's avowed object was to unite all the Italian States in one great Republic, with Rome as its capital. As the order of Young Italy grew, Austria saw the necessity for action, lest not only might she lose her grip on Italy, but might have on her own borders a nation that would menace her own government. She appealed to France to stifle the voice of the exile, and Louis Philippe endeavored to comply with their request. Tracked from one place of concealment to another by the French police, Mazzini for two years eluded the search, and when his asylum was at last discovered, a friend who bore some personal resemblance to him substituted himself for him and was escorted to Switzerland in his stead, while he himself walked calmly through the whole row of police officers sent specially to arrest him (see panel No. 2 on first page). He then took refuge in Switzerland, where he organized the first armed attack made by the party of unity upon the party of princely sub-division in Italy. The attack failed through the treachery of the military leader, General Ramorino.

In 1836 the Swiss Diet realized the danger of harboring the exile whose name was becoming

terror to tyrants. The independence of the nation could not be jeopardized for the sake of the foreigner, great and admirable as they knew him to be. He was therefore advised to seek a more powerful protector. As a matter of form, and as a cheap concession to Austria, the Diet decreed the exile of Mazzini. He fled to England, arriving there in January, 1837.

HIS PHILOSOPHY

As re-examined as he passed through a crisis of intense moral suffering, by which he was nearly overwhelmed. He set about the re-examination of himself and surrounding things. His route afterward of this time: "I rebuilt my entire edifice of moral philosophy. I came to rely better self alone, without aid from others, through the help of a *religious conception*, from the idea of God I descended to the conception of progress; from the conception of progress, to a true conception of life, to faith in a mission and its logical consequence—*duty, the supreme rule of life*; and, having reached that faith, I vowed to myself that nothing in this world should again make me doubt or forsake it. It was, as Dante says, passing through martyrdom to peace—a forced and desperate pace. I bade a long, sad farewell to all individual hopes for me on earth. Never since that time have I for an instant selfishly allowed myself to think of my own happiness or misery as a consideration which was to influence my actions." During the first year of Mazzini's life in England the loving tenderness toward the poor which had distinguished him from early childhood was called into exercise by successful attempts to mitigate the sufferings and improve the minds of his poorer fellow-countrymen. Until then, I had few opportunities of studying that precious element of our nation—the working-class. An opportunity was unexpectedly presented to me, and I eagerly embraced it, by conversing occasionally with some of the boys who wander the streets of the vast city, laying upon the organ (see panel No. 3 on first page) I learned with profound grief and astonishment the history and method of a traffic carried on by a few speculators only to be qualified a species of white slave-trade; a disgrace to Italy, to its Government, and to its clergy, who might—had they chosen to do so—have prevented it.

THE ORGAN-GRINDERS.

"I sought a method of alleviating the sufferings of those poor boys, and founded an association for their protection, and a *gratuitous school* wherein they might learn something of their duties and their rights, and be able to give good counsel to their fellow-countrymen on their return. They used to come between nine and ten o'clock at night, bringing their organs with them. We taught them reading, writing, arithmetic, simple geography, and the elements of drawing. As they progressed they were taught the principles of civil and religious liberty (see panel No. 4). On several occasions I brought those of the masters who had been guilty of violence to justice in the English courts; and when they found they were watched they gradually became less cruel and arbitrary in their conduct."

This school was kept open—Mazzini personally supplying the greater part of the funds, and haring in the labor of teaching the scholars—from 1841 till 1848, when he left England. Thus, as frequently happens, cruelty and wrong work their own retribution. The boys who were sent in ignorance to London to slave for the tyrants, returned to Italy educated young men, ardent disciples of their benefactor, Mazzini, and enthusiastic teachers and workers in the cause of Italian unity.

During *

THE REVOLUTIONARY YEAR,

1848, the continent of Europe palpitated like a volcano, and all thrones whose basis was despotism were shaken. The conflagration was not likely to pass by Italy, but, much to his grief, Mazzini discovered that the King of Piedmont, to whom he looked for help for the cause of the

people, was a broken reed. But Garibaldi, who was a member of Young Italy almost from its foundation, was at the head of a brave little force, and Mazzini, quitting his safe asylum, proceeded with all speed to Italy, and joined Garibaldi's column at Bergamo.

Colonel Medici thus relates Mazzini's coming among the volunteers, rifle on shoulder (see panel No. 5), asking to join the ranks as a simple soldier of the legion he commanded. "A general acclamation saluted the great Italian, and the legion immediately confided its banner, which bore the device—*God and the people*—to his charge. The march was very fatiguing—rain fell in torrents—we were drenched to the skin. It happened that Mazzini, seeing one of our youngest volunteers clothed only in linen, and consequently with no protection against the rain and sudden cold, forced him to accept and wear his own cloak. That was a true Mazzinian act, characteristic of his whole life. Arrived at Monza, we heard the fatal news of the capitulation of Milan, and learned that a numerous body of Austrian cavalry had been sent against us. Garibaldi, not wishing to expose his small band to utter and useless destruction, gave orders to fall back. In this march, full of danger and difficulty, the strength of soul, intrepidity, and decision which Mazzini possessed in such a high degree never failed. His conduct was a proof that to the greatest qualities of the civilian he joined the courage and the intrepidity of the soldier."

ROME BESIEGED.

The Pope, meanwhile, terrified at the national feeling excited, fled from Rome in the disguise of a footman, and left the city free to govern herself. It appeared as if Venice might long hold out; a bloodless revolution had taken place in Tuscany—the Grand Duke had fled—the King of Piedmont's cowardice had cast discredit upon the monarchy, and Mazzini believed that the utterance of the word Republic by the Roman Assembly might in that moment of universal fermentation have morally united Italy. The Roman Assembly, however, like prisoners newly released from their fetters, appeared unable to advance. They hesitated, temporized, despatched messengers to the Pope asking instructions, and presented in those first moments of liberty, as Mazzini frankly wrote to them, "a sight half sorrowful, half ridiculous."

Every school-boy knows the history of the subsequent siege of Rome by Louis Napoleon's troops. He was at that time President of the French Republic—he had himself been a member of the Carbonari—but, "already meditating the enthronement of tyranny at home, he saw an opportunity of effecting two objects—accustoming the soldiery to fight against the Republican flag, and gaining over the Catholic clergy and that portion of the French people which derived its inspiration from them." After two months' siege, during which the Italians performed prodigies of valor, the French made themselves masters of the heights round Rome, and had the city at their mercy. On July 3d, 1849, the French entered Rome in triumph (see panel No. 6).

Mazzini at last left Rome without passport or papers of any kind, on a little steamer, commanded by a Corsican, who consented to run the risk of conveying him to Marseilles. He contrived to enter and to quit the city without detection, and took shelter in Switzerland, and from that asylum he directed the business of a vast secret association for the freedom and prosperity of his beloved land. It was a long and weary struggle, in which Mazzini contended against despots and against false and fickle friends. We have no space to follow it in detail, but proceed at once to the narrative of the last act in the drama of Mazzini's life.

The Sicilians had made frequent propositions to Mazzini to give the support of his approval to an insurrection having as its purpose the separation of the island from the rest of Italy, and the establishment of a Sicilian Republic; but this he had invariably opposed in the name of

Italian unity. For a time his influence prevailed, but in 1870 the revolutionary party informed him that the date of the rising was fixed, and, while urging him to head the movement, declared that, with or without him, the attempt would be made. He replied, bidding them not to rise in the name of Sicily, but of Italy, and decided to go among them in order to throw the whole weight of his authority and influence in the scale of unity, at any cost. He had no belief in the success of the proposed insurrection, and some of those who were near him at the time believed that in yielding he cherished the hope that he would fall in the struggle, and that his death would give new life to the cause he loved better than life. He was

ARRESTED AT SEA

by the order of General Medici, Governor of Palermo, and conveyed in a ship of war to Gaeta, to be once more imprisoned.

The insurrection of Palermo was prevented, and that danger being removed, the Government became greatly embarrassed with their prisoner, dreading any injury to his health, from the consciousness that should mischief happen to him it would assuredly be attributed to design. The opportunity of the birth of a prince—two months later—was therefore gladly seized to open the gates of Gaeta, and again "offer him pardon and oblivion, for having loved his country above all things."

Mazzini, weary and sick at heart, started from Gaeta at early dawn, crossed the Campagna of Rome, and made his way to his native city, where he remained for a few days secluded in the house of a friend in Genoa, and having visited

HIS MOTHER'S GRAVE BY NIGHT,

he returned to England to spend a few months with early friends, whose "affection was the best consolation for the loss of a home denied to him in his native Italy. But he shortly after renounced the consolations of age, as he had formerly renounced the joys of youth, in the service of his country, and left England for Lugano, in order to conduct the publication of a journal to be called *La Roma del Popolo* (the Rome of the People).

DEATH.

After a year of unwearied literary labor in this capacity, in defiance of incessant illness and ever-recurring attacks of intense physical pain, Mazzini, in an unwonted interval of ease, wrote to his friends in England announcing his intention of spending with them a cherished anniversary, which it had been his custom to pass among them whenever the dangers and difficulties of his troubled life allowed. His desire to accomplish this induced him to cross the Alps (see panel No. 7) at a season extremely dangerous to a delicate person. He was seized with *acute pleurisy*, of which he died, at Pisa, on March 10th, 1872.

His last words were of God's goodness to him, and of his country, as he yielded up a life that had been governed by what he himself called "the sacred, inexorable, dominant idea of duty." His body was carried across the Apennines to Genoa in triumphal procession, and eighty thousand of his countrymen followed the beloved remains to the grave, where "the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest." Let the world deal as it may with Mazzini's life and work; those who know most of it are convinced that but for his untiring, self-sacrificing devotion; but for the ability and industry with which he labored to propagate his noble principles of self-forgetfulness in the cause of patriotism; but for his skill in organizing the order of Young Italy, Garibaldi could not have gathered followers to his flag, Cavour could not have won his diplomatic victories, and Victor Emmanuel could not have reigned over free and united Italy. The end for which Mazzini labored is achieved, and he would be the first to say, as he looked on his beloved Italy strong and free, that he did well to

"Work and wait and watch out all his years."

THE LACHRYMAL.

A Sermon by Dr. Talmage.*

"Put thou my tears into thy bottle."—Psa. 56: 8.

A Long-vanished Custom—The World Full of Pang—Catherine Rheinfeldt's Lifeboat—The Tears God Saves—I. Tears of Repentance—Revised Story of Paradise and the Peri—II. Tears of Sickness—The Sufferings of the Only Nervous—III. Tears of Poverty—A City Missionary Reproved—IV. Parents' Tears—The Secret of Illogical Conversions—V. Tears of the Bereaved—Home Troubles—Their Victim Ruthlessly Followed—The Lachrymatory Emptied—Transmuted Tears—Gems Sparkling on the Coronets—The Treasured Empty Vase.

WITHIN the past century travellers and antiquarians have explored the ruins of ancient cities, and from the very heart of the buried splendor they have brought up evidence of customs long ago vanished from the earth. From some of these tombs they have brought up lachrymatories or lachrymals which are vials made of earthenware. The tears wept over the dead were caught and kept in this vial or lachrymatory, or lachrymal, or bottle, and then the bottle was placed in the tomb of the dead. There are in our museums to-day, if you will search for them, many specimens of these.

TEAR BOTTLES OF OLDEN TIMES.

Now, my text intimates that God has an intimate acquaintance with and a tender remembrance of all our griefs—a vial, a lachrymatory, a lachrymal, a bottle in which He keeps all our tears.

"But," say you, "why talk about grief on a bright Sabbath day like this? Why preach about grief? Ah!

THE WORLD IS FULL OF PANG.

There are great darkenesses of soul that need this morning to be lifted. I stand before some who are about to break under temptation or trouble, and unless some encouraging word this day be uttered they perish forever. I come on no fool's errand. I do not put upon your wounds any salve compounded by human quackery, but I press straight to the mark, and as one vessel on the sea hails another vessel, so I cry to you to-day, "Ship ahoy!" and I invite you on board a craft which has Faith for a rudder, and Prayer for sails, and Christ for Captain, and Heaven for harbor.

CATHERINE RHEINFELDT,

the Prussian, has saved a great many from drowning. When the storm comes down on the sea and on the beach, and others retire to their couches at night to rest, Catherine Rheinfeldt puts out in a lifeboat, going up and down the beach to see if there are any sailors in distress; and it is said that literally she has brought hundreds and hundreds out of shipwreck to the shore of safety. So to-day I put out in this Gospel lifeboat, and ask that God may help me while I try to bring some of you who may be sinking in the waves of trouble, or sin, or darkness, to the Rock of Ages and the shore of safety.

THE TEARS GOD SAVES.

The tears that were brought up in the lachrymals of Herculaneum and Pompeii have all gone, and those bottles are as dry as the scorched of the volcano that submerged them; but not so with the bottle in which God gathers all our tears. So it is not a mere soft sentiment, it is not only a poetic idea, but it is a deep and an earnest expression of hundreds of people here who have had misfortune, or trial, or loss, or bereavement, when they cry out, saying: "Put thou my tears into thy bottle."

I. First, I remark that God has an intimate acquaintance with and a tender remembrance of all

TEARS OF REPENTANCE.

This morning many a man awaked wretched from the night's debauch, and he wept, and he sobbed—pains in the head, aching in the eye, sick at heart, unfit to step out into the sunlight; but all that weeping gets no record in heaven.

He does not weep because of his misdoing, but because of the consequences of his misdoing. Of all the millions of tears that have rushed forth under such circumstances, not one ever got into God's bottle; but when a man is sorry for his evil way and tries to do better, and out of the lacerations of an aroused conscience cries to God for mercy, then God listens, then Heaven bows down, then sceptres of pardon are extended from the throne, then the bitter cry rends the heart of heavenly compassion, then the tears are gathered into God's bottle.

You have all heard the story of

PARADISE AND THE PERI.

I think it might come to a better adaptation. An angel went forth from heaven and searched all the earth to find some beautiful thing worthy of celestial transportation. The angel went down to the gold and silver mines of the earth, yet found nothing worthy of carrying back to God and to heaven. And then the angel went down to the depths of the sea and examined all the pearls that lay there, but not one of them was fit to take to heaven; and the angel, utterly discouraged and despairing, stood at the foot of a mountain and folded its wing, when, looking a little way off, it saw a wanderer weeping over his evil ways; and as the tears were falling down the cheek of that wanderer the angel thrust its wing under the falling tear and captured it, and then sped away toward the sky; and as God saw the angel flying heavenward with that tear upon the wing, God cried out, "Behold the brightest jewel of heaven, the tear of a sinner's repentance."

Oh, when I see the shepherd bringing a lost sheep back from the wilderness, when I hear the quick tread of a ragged prodigal coming to his father's house, when I see the sin burned and the passion blasted and the wretched and the vile appealing for God's compassion, then I break forth into ecstasy and triumph, and I cry: "More tears for God's bottle!" I remember only one or two lines of the old hymn which says:

"Or sins like mountains for their size,
The seas of sovereign grace expand;
The seas of sovereign grace arise."

O wanderer, come back to thy God. That falling tear will not drop on the cheek, it will not drop on your hand; it will drop into the bottle where God keeps all our tears. Blessed be His glorious name forever.

TEARS OF SICKNESS.

II. Again, God has an intimate acquaintance with and a tender remembrance of all sicknesses. How many of you are perfectly well? Not one out of ten. The whole race is smitten with ailments—troubles to which you are particularly subjected, distress of head, or aching of the side, or trepidation of the heart. There is a weariness and a weakness sometimes to which all are subjected. There is not more than one person out of ten that is perfectly well. Perhaps you get no sympathy for your sufferings. Perhaps you look stout and well, and they say you are a hypochondriac, or they try to explain it by saying you are nervous.

God help the man or woman who is nervous. You have not very great physical strength perhaps. You have been borne down by sufferings of other days, and you feel that one stout blow would shatter the golden bowl of life and break the pitcher at the fountain. Well, sometimes you sit sick and lonely and think no one cares for you. Ah! God does. God knows all the sleepless nights, God has measured all the pangs, God is fully aware of all your distresses, and God sympathizes, and God cares, and God comforts, and God compassionates. Though when you take up the vial of medicine and try to pour it out and to count the drops in your weakness, your hand may be so tremulous you cannot get just the right number of drops, God counts all your falling tears. There is not one tear too many; not one tear too few. And looking up on the shelves of nauseous draughts and distasteful tonics, I want you to remember that there is a larger vial, a larger bottle—not

filled with mixture of earthly apothecary, but the bottle in which God gathers all our tears. Ah! blessed is that sick pillow over which Jesus hovers.

TEARS OF POVERTY.

III. Again, I remark, that God has an intimate acquaintance with and a tender remembrance of all poverty. Much of the world's woe does not come to inspection. Deacons of the church do not see it, controllers of alms-houses never report it. People who prefer to suffer ar to die in silence rather than to display their poverty and their bitterness. Parents who fail to get a livelihood, so that they, with their children, dwell in perpetual privation. Sewing women who cannot ply the needle fast enough to earn shelter and bread.

Sorrow and privation and woe huger than camel going through the eye of their needle. Be whether reported or uncomplaining, whether it seemeth comfortable parlor or in damp cellar or in hot garret, the angels of God watch. A those griefs are being collected. Down on the back street, away off amid shanties and log huts angels of God are watching. Tears of want seething in summer's heat, tears of want freezing in winter's cold, fall not unheeded. They are jewels in heaven's casket. They are pledges of divine sympathy. They are tears for God's bottle.

When some years ago a city missionary was crossing one of the parks in New York on the Sabbath day, he said to a lad, "What are you doing here, breaking the Lord's day? You ought to be at church and worshipping God in stead of breaking the Sabbath in this way." Then the poor lad in his rags looked up at the city missionary, and said: "Oh, sir, it's very easy for you to talk that way, but God knows that we poor chaps ain't got no chance!" Oh that the tears of all the poor might drop into God's bottle!

PARENTS' TEARS.

IV. My subject also leads me to say that God has an intimate acquaintance with and a tender remembrance of all our parental anxiety. You sometimes see a man step right out from the most infamous surroundings into the kingdom of God. You say: "That is not logical; that man has not heard a sermon in twenty years; that man has not had any alarming providence; why is it he steps right out from the most debased surroundings into the kingdom of God?" *This is the secret:* God one day looks at the bottle in which He keeps the tears of His dear children, and He finds there a parental tear which for forty years has been unanswered, and He says, "Go to now, and I will answer that tear." Quick as lightning to the heart of that debased and wandering man comes the influence of the Holy Ghost, and he steps out of his sin into the light of the Gospel.

Oh, this work of training children for God and for heaven is a tremendous work! I know there are a great many people who have not been called to parental responsibility who have a very complete idea about domestic discipline. They know how children ought to be trained! But to every intelligent parent it is a tremendous question.

Now, there is a little child, and it is a beautiful plaything. It lies in the mother's arms. She looks down into its bright eyes, and she examines the dimples on its feet, and she says, "What an exquisite organism!" Beautiful plaything that child is. But one night while that mother is rocking that child to sleep, a voice drops straight from the throne of God, saying: "Do you know what you are rocking? That is an immortal." Stars shall die, but that is an immortal. The sun will die of old age, but that is immortal.

With some of you this is the chief anxiety. You try to train your children aright. You correct this folly, you chide that worldliness, and your midnight pillow is wet with weeping in parental anxiety; and you ask me to day, you ask me in silence, but I hear the question coming from hundreds of souls, "Is all this wasted?

* Republished by special request.

re my prayers going to be heard? is all this multitude for nothing?" I answer, No. God has counted all the sleepless nights, God has heard all the counsels you ever gave to that boy—that girl in your household; God knows it all, and He has kept a record, and in lachrymal not such as is taken up from ancient sepulchre, but in a lachrymal that stands on His eternal throne, He has gathered all those exhausting tears.

The grass may be rank on your grave, and the waters may have faded from the tombstone under the dash of the elements, but He who has said, "I will be a God to thee and to thy seed after thee" will not forget, and some day in heaven, while you are ranging the fields of light, the gates of pearl will open, and garlanded with glory that wanderer will rush into your outstretched arms of welcome and triumph. The hills may depart, and the stars may fall, and the world may burn, and time may perish, but God will break His oath—never, never!

TEARS OF THE BEREAVED.

V. Once more I remark that God has an intimate acquaintance with and a tender remembrance of all bereavements. Now, that is a double which takes the red hearts and throws them like clusters into the winneps. Trouble at the store you can leave at the store; misrepresentation and abuse you can leave in the street where you find them; the lawsuit that damages your estate you can leave in the court-room; but bereavements are home trouble—you cannot get away from them. Your eye will see the vacant chair, will see the suggestive picture. You try to fly away from the ills, from the remembrance of bereavements. You go to Switzerland, but are sure-footed than the mule that carries you to the Alps, they climb to the tip-top and sit diving on the glaciers. You plunge into the amoth Cave, and you find them like stalactes hanging from the top of the great cavern. They come up behind you with skeleton fingers if they push you forward. They charge on you with glittering spear. They seem to come at a phazard, scattering shots from the gun of a reckless sportsman. Ah! no, no. It is good in that sends them in the right way, for God the archer.

ALL OBSERVED.

You have your grief fresh stirred by going into places where your loved ones once were with you; but they are gone now. Your grief will come quick as lightning express train as you go to the seashore or to the mountains. And I want to tell you once for all, that God knows your weeping. You come along by some hill and say: "This is the hill up which our boy used to run with great glee, waving his cap at the top." "Ah! you will say, this is the place where our girl gathered flowers out of the meadow and wove them into her sunny locks. Ah, who was it that broke that chalice? Who was it that froze the fountain of my heart?"

Perhaps during the past few months some of you have lost your aged parents. They will never pray for you again. Oh, how you would like to have that kindness again which used to look out from their old wrinkled faces, and speak to you in tremulous tones! You take up picture of them, and say it is a good picture; it, after all, it does not satisfy. You would like to hear once again the tones of the parental voice which always talked to you as though you were child, though for a long time you yourself had been a parent. God knows it all.

There is not a tear dropping in all these cities is moment but God knows it—God knows it. He sees the empty cradle. He sees the desolated earth, and I hear Him saying, "This is the way thresh the wheat, this is the way I scour my wells. Cast thy burden on my arm, and I will sustain thee. All those tears I am gathering to my bottle."

TEARS TURNED INTO PEARLS.

But you say, "Why keep in heaven the tears of earth? why that great lachrymatory on the throne of God? Well, my friends, I do not know that the tears will always stay there. I do not

know but that after awhile some angel passing along will look at that great lachrymatory of heaven and find it empty. What sprite of hell hath broken into the gates and robbed that place of its jewels? This is the secret: those were sanctified sorrows, and those tears have been changed into pearls, and now they adorn the coronets and the robes of the ransomed.

I take up some coronet of light and I see gems sparkling in it, and say, "From what river depth of heaven did these jewels come?" And a thousand voices answer: "These are the transmuted tears from God's bottle." Then I see a sceptre stretched down from the throne of men who were trodden on by earth, and I see on every sceptre point, and I see inlaid in the ivory stair of the golden throne some very bright jewels, and I say, "Whence came they? whence came they?" and the elders from before the throne, and the martyrs under the altar coming up and standing on the sea of glass, cry in ecstasy, "These are the transmuted tears from God's bottle."

Let the ages of heaven roll on. All the pomp and pride of earth forgotten; the Koh-i-noor diamonds that were the pride of kings forgotten; precious stones that adorned Persian tiara or flamed in the robes of Babylonian processions forgotten; the Golconda mines charred in the last conflagration; but firm as the everlasting hills, and pure as the light that streams from the throne, and bright as the river that flows from under the eternal rocks are the transmuted tears of God's bottle. Let

THAT EMPTY LACHRYMATORY

stand forever on the steps of heaven, on the steps of the throne. Let no hand touch it. Let no wing strike it. Let no collision crack it. Purer than beryl or chrysopterus, let it stand on the step of Jehovah's throne, and under the arch of the unfading rainbow. Passing down the corridors of the palace, the redeemed of earth will look at it, and think of their earthly sorrows sanctified, and say, "Why, that is what we heard of on earth; that is what the Psalmist spoke of; there is where our tears were kept; that is God's bottle." And while the redeemed of heaven are gazing on this richest inlaid vase in glory, all the towers of heaven will strike this silvery chime: "God hath wiped away all tears from all faces. God hath wiped away all tears from all faces!"

THE CRUSADE AGAINST VICE.

(From the Pall Mall Gazette, August 17.)

DR. TALMAGE, the great American Boanerges, the eloquent and popular pulpiteer, whose thunder is heard throughout the States, whose fiery anathemas and fearless denunciations rouse the good citizens of Brooklyn twice every Sunday, week in and week out, arrived in London a few days ago. When it became generally known that he was again on a visit to this country, he was, of course, soon deluged with invitations to occupy the London pulpits; but unfortunately for his admirers, perhaps, Dr. Talmage soon made it known that he was not open for any engagements, and his visit being solely for the purpose of obtaining rest and quiet, he decided only to preach on one occasion. Being asked which was to be the favored pulpit, he replied that he preferred to stand once more in the memorable Wesleyan chapel at City Road, famous for its associations with John Wesley, the founder of Methodism. Thither went thousands of people last night to hear the doctor, and the Cathedral of Methodism was the scene of

A REMARKABLE GATHERING.

Long before the time for opening the doors the quadrangle leading to the chapel entrance was crowded with an excited throng of people from all parts of London, determined at all cost to hear the opponent of Ingersoll and American infidelity. When the doors were opened, so great was the rush for admission that something like a panic ensued. Women and children were screaming and battling to get back again, while the surging crowd behind pressed closer and ever closer to the front. Those who did gain

admission were literally carried *en masse* up the staircase, and reached the top in a state of frenzy, with hats and umbrellas left behind, never to be recovered. But worse was to follow. Instead of closing the doors the crowds outside were still allowed to fight their way inside, and it was not until an announcement was made that Dr. Talmage would preach to an overflow congregation in the open air that the almost indescribable excitement was allayed and the service commenced.

Speaking of the recent disclosures in this journal of the vicious traffic in innocent girls, in the course of an interview with the representative of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, Dr. Talmage said:

"In my opinion you have done enormous good. Your revelations have been read in every corner of the universe, and have set men thinking. In the States they are, I am told, the common subject of conversation (for I was away when they appeared), but I have read them carefully, and have discussed them from every point of view with many people, fellow-travellers by land and sea, who generally approve of the course that has been taken. Do I believe in their truth? Why, I have only been in London for a few days, and since my last visit, some years ago, I am absolutely appalled at the increase of

VICE IN THE STRAND

alone. You say that obloquy has been heaped upon you. Notice it not. Agitate! agitate! agitate! Shall you stay your hand now that you have done this thing? No! no! no! Send forth your preachers into the public places, and tell your people the truth. You want six John Knoxes and six John Wesleys to sow the good seed in the barren places of the world. Agitate, and go on agitating. Good seed bears fruit slowly. You have shaken the world—sown the seed of a moral revolution. Agitate! agitate! agitate! Heed not the cries, the oburgations, and the anathemas. Let the clubmen and the aristocrats talk." "It has been said, Dr. Talmage, that we have pandered to pruriency by the plain language that has been used in setting forth these horrors, that much might have been suppressed." "There are only two methods, I take it, of dealing with such matters—the Byronic and the Biblical. Had you employed the first, the accusations levelled against the paper would have been just; but you employed the right, the only straightforward and proper method of stating your facts in the most telling manner, and the only manner to drive the horrible truths home to the community. That, at any rate, is my opinion, which you asked for."

"Another good," continued Dr. Talmage. "You have sounded

THE TOSIN OF ALARM.

in every family—sounded alarm in the bosom of every good mother, and brought the blood to the face of every right-thinking man. You say that some declined to allow your paper to lie in their parlors and their drawing-rooms for fear of contaminating their young sons and daughters. But how else are you to warn them? You cannot say to your children, 'There's a great evil of which you must beware, but I cannot tell you what the evil is.' If you warn them against gambling, you point out to them the evils of gambling and the ruin which follows. So I take it you must deal with this horrible sin. This is no time for shamefaced delicacy.

"You ask for a parallel. Take the case of Boss Tweed. He stole millions from the public exchequer, to common knowledge. For a time no one spoke. It was not until the scandal became too notorious that action was taken. There were many Boss Tweeds. Tweedism grew by force of example, until the evil had to be grappled with, not in one town alone, but many. Vigilance committees were formed, and it became known that Tweedism was not to be condoned. So it is with the question of vice. It flourishes for a time, and grows by flourishing. But a time comes at last when some man, bolder than his fellows, takes the matter in hand, and Publicity and agitation are two mighty swords."

ANECDOTES RELATED AT THE EVANGELISTIC MEETINGS IN SCOTLAND.

A Gospel Arrow Through the Window.—At a recent meeting Mr. Jack said: "When we were holding meetings in Finnieston a man lived close to the Church who was a great sinner, and do what we could we could not get him out to the meetings. But although he would not go to hear the Gospel the Gospel went to him. One evening he was sitting by the fireplace with the window open when some one was speaking at our open-air meeting. The words reached his ear, and the arrow of Gospel truth reached his heart, for while sitting there he saw himself as a lost sinner and gave himself to Jesus as his Saviour. He came over to the meeting shortly afterward and told us, with a beaming face, how the Lord had almost compelled him to be a Christian."

Nearly Drowned by Whiskey.—Mr. Morrison related the following: "One beautiful afternoon on the Atlantic Ocean on our way from Glasgow to New York, and while I was down in my cabin, suddenly the steamer stopped. I sprang on deck and found all the passengers looking in one direction. A man had fallen overboard, and now all eyes were eagerly watching the efforts of those who had gone to the rescue. Then the signal came that he was safe. How all those pale anxious faces brightened! But how had the man come by his accident? He had several bottles of whiskey, which he said had been given to him by friends, and of which he had partaken all too freely. His reason was affected, and when in this state he deliberately jumped overboard. For three days he remained unconscious, but when he recovered I spoke seriously of his soul's salvation, and now his feet are upon the Rock of Ages."

An American Belle's Conversion.—Mr. E. Payson Hammond said: "A young lady from a Southern State came to the North to visit her relations; and we have seldom seen one more thoughtless and gay. She had been trained in a home where religion held no place, and was a beautiful worldling—a worldling only. She seemed almost as regardless of religion as if she had never heard the sound of the Gospel. Among other friends, Miss Lena visited an aged lady who showed forth in her daily life the beauty of holiness. While in this Christian home, thoughtless and pleasure-loving as before, the aged friend did not directly address her upon the all-important subject, but she lived and talked Christ daily—yes, and hourly—and no doubt implored help from on high for the beautiful girl. After the lapse of several months Miss Lena went back to her Southern home, and by-and-by a letter came from her to one of her friends, in which she told of her conversion to Jesus. She said it was no sermon or religious conversation that had brought her to the Saviour, but the influence of the lovely Christian life led by her aged friend. It was to her so attractive and beautiful that she longed to imitate it, and, studying it, found that its beauty lay in the fact that it was like the life of Jesus Christ."

Willing to Face Six Deaths for Father.—"Some years ago a minister was called to see a little girl, seven years old, who was dying. She lived in a back street. When the minister got there a woman showed him where the child was, and he sat down to talk with her. 'What do you want, darling?' 'Well, sir, I wanted to see you before I died.' 'Are you dying?' 'Yes, sir.' 'Would you not like to get well again?' 'I hope not, sir.' 'Why not?' 'Oh, sir, ever since I became a Christian I have been trying to bring father to church, and he won't come; and I think if I die you will bury me, won't you?' 'Yes, darling.' 'Well, I have been thinking if I die father must come to the funeral; then you will be able to preach the Gospel to him, and I should be willing to die six times over for him to hear the Gospel once.' She died, as she had expected, and just before the time she was to be buried the minister was

himself taken ill, and could not attend the funeral. But some time afterward a rough-looking man called upon him and held out his hand. 'You don't know me?' 'No, I don't.' 'I am the father of Mary—the father she died for. I heard as how she said she would die for me six times if I could only hear the Gospel once. It nearly broke my heart. Now I want to join the Church. He did join, and showed himself to be a true follower of Christ. That little girl was truly walking in the footsteps of Jesus, because she was willing even to die, in order that her father might be saved from his sins. If we do not need to die for others we should at least try to be like Jesus in living for them, and in doing all that we possibly can to lead them to be Christians.'

JEWISH NATIONALITY.

THE INDICATIONS OF ITS APPROACH.

By the Rev. Theodore F. Meyer, a Jewish Convert.

The Ancient Expectation—Never Abandoned—Revival in these Days—The Nests Stirred Up—In the Wilderness—Present Number of Converts—The Mission of the Jews.

THE one hope and expectation of the Jews from the very commencement of their national existence has been the coming of Messiah. Moses prophesied that He would come: "The Lord thy God will raise up unto thee a Prophet from the midst of thee, of thy brethren, like unto me: unto him ye shall hearken" (Deut. 18:15). Succeeding prophets described yet more fully the person and work of the expected Messiah. The Jews knew this, and

A SPIRIT OF EXPECTANCY

was awakened in the latter centuries of the Jewish era. There was a spirit of expectancy, and when Jesus came they gave Him a hearing—at least, the common people—while a few faithful ones gave their avowed allegiance, and gave themselves to Him. After His resurrection and ascension, when He had been declared with power to be the Son of God, and while there was still a spirit of expectancy, we find three thousand on the day of Pentecost willingly receiving Him, and on the succeeding day about five thousand. We are told a great multitude, both of men and women, believed on Him, and then went forth and preached Him boldly. And Paul himself went forth preaching Jesus, the Son of God, to the scattered Jews, who were in expectancy of the Messiah, and there were some everywhere who believed.

The Judæo-Christian element was the most important element in the history of the Primitive Church, although we are apt now to forget that. Still, after all, He was rejected by the nation to whom He was sent, but the election obtained mercy. But we find this spirit of expectancy continued, notwithstanding the building up of the Talmudical system, which arose to take the place of the Messiah, who had not come, and to account for His absence.

This expectancy has continued. In the second century

A FALSE MESSIAH

arose, and drew many into rebellion against the Romans, who with great difficulty subdued him. Others followed at various times, and even in the seventeenth century one found adherents in all parts of Europe, Africa, and Asia.

Consider for a moment how much this spirit of expectancy had to do with the basis of the Christian Church. It was prevalent when Christ came, and His disciples were drawn from the people who were looking for Messiah. After His death and resurrection the Apostle Paul, who was a Pharisee, went everywhere preaching the same message that Jesus was the expected One, and in all places some were convinced. In the miserable condition in which Jews now are—in many countries, scattered, scorned, hated, persecuted, and tormented, you will find burning in their hearts the hope of the Messiah affording them consolation and comfort. There are numbers of Jewish men and women who,

forgetting everything else, are rejoicing in it, hope, and finding in it a balm for all their wounds.

In these times there are expectant ones in lands; and even in the darkest times of the Talmudical system, when it pressed heavily on the Jews, squeezing out their faith, and in the rationalistic days, there were and there are Jews who have been led to acknowledge Christ, not by the labors of the Church, but by the Spirit of God. The Church of the Middle Ages did all could to make Christianity hateful to the Jew even then many, from the study of Scripture, were led to accept Christ as their Messiah. And this

EXPECTANCY HAS BEEN GROWING.

Since the beginning of this century, since the French Revolution, things have changed more or less concerning their outward condition; Jews, even in the East, are no more shut up Ghettos, but take part in the social and political life, and in the arts of civilization and culture among the nations among whom they dwell. And a change has also come over the Rabbinic system. That system was the product of the isolation of the early ages, but the moment that isolation ceased Rabbinism lost its vitality although the form still exists. Being gradually emancipated from the Rabbinical system mar went to Atheism, some to Pantheism, and others adopted certain forms of the Christian Church in the synagogue, so that very much which distinguished our ancestors from the Gentiles began to disappear.

And here we come to see that, while modern Judaism and Rabbinism are diametrically opposed in many things, they have this in common—no Christ, no Christianity; while all the time there is still, as there has been in the past, a spirit of expectancy. Always in prosperity it dwindled away; in adversity it revived. So we see the strange fulfilment of the old words: "I will allure her, and bring her into the wilderness and speak comfortably to her." The alluring to proceed by leading her into the wilderness we have seen this wilderness in these days Israel has been prosperous, and she forgot her hope. But there is

A TURNING OF THE TIDE.

We were startled some years ago by the rise of anti-Semitism in Europe—the bloody persecutions in Russia. Blood lies at the door of those who enacted these persecutions, and there are many things which may well make the Christian Church ashamed. I would speak more strongly if it were not I were myself a Jew—but for a that these things mark the turn of the tide Israel is being *allured into the wilderness* by the anti-Semitic movement, and notwithstanding the unbelieving spirit beginning to prevail thousands of hearts have been turned to the hope of Israel, and more Jews have been brought into the Christian Church than in the preceding fifteen hundred years. And not merely individuals, but numbers, for we have now, it is estimated, in the Christian Church somewhere between sixty and seventy thousand Jews, and among these many distinguished for learning, Christian zeal, Christian love, and Christian works, which give us a little sample and foretaste of what will be the case when "all Israel shall be saved" and be recognized as the people of the Messiah, and be known everywhere as His messengers and missionaries.

ISOLATION ENFORCED.

Now here the anti-Semitic movement has occurred, marking the turning of the tide *nationally*. There were many who were striving to throw off their nationality—they would be Jew no longer; or, at all events, only Jewish Germans or Jewish Russians, not German Jews and Russian Jews. They wanted to throw off their Jewish nationality, and especially was this the case in Russia. But they have been made again to feel there is a deep chasm between them and the Gentiles, and that they cannot throw off their peculiarities, for, as it is written: "Lo! Thy people shall dwell alone, and shall not be reckoned among the nations." They shall

dwelt alone; they were not doing so when the persecution broke out, but they saw their error, many of them, and now the special hope of Israel has revived, and many are talking of

GOING BACK TO PALESTINE.

Ever since the persecutions in Russia and the social ostracism in Germany, the longing of the nation to return to Palestine has been growing, and it is still gaining in intensity and extent, notwithstanding all the difficulties that meet them. Their eyes are being directed anew toward Jerusalem. I wish you believers would take that view. There is much spoken against Jewish missions, but they are accomplishing the grand purpose of God; and, besides, you are bound by the noblest motives of gratitude to give back to the Jew what you received of him. You received mercy through their unbelief, that through your mercy they may obtain mercy.

DR. TALMAGE AT BETHSHAN.

At the usual afternoon meeting at Bethshan, on Drayton Park, Holloway Road, London, on Wednesday, August 12th, 1885, the Rev. Dr. Talmage, of Brooklyn, said:

"I did not expect to be called upon to say anything in these meetings. I did not come here in the spirit of idle curiosity, but as an earnest learner. On the other side of the Atlantic Ocean we have heard of Bethshan. Before leaving my home in Brooklyn I said: 'If I live to get across the ocean I will go and learn about the faith-cure,' and I am here to-day listening.

"Now, I have said for years that if the day of miracles is past it is because the faith of miracles is past. We hear the cry in America, The day of miracles is past; you must not look for extraordinary things. Well, if we do not look for extraordinary things we shall certainly not have them. When we cease to withhold the faith of miracles we shall have miracles. Divine healing is becoming the great question of all the earth. I am listening and watching. I do not know but the chief hope of the church's advancement is intimately bound up in this question. In my own church I have had this subject powerfully brought before me. And every minister of the Gospel will either have to accept this or point blank reject it. It has got to pass out of the region of surmise or conjecture into one of positive belief or denial. Now, it seems to me, in the face of all the testimony given here and in other parts of the earth, that if a man takes the responsibility of saying anything against it he takes a responsibility that I will not assume. Now, in my church I have had this thing presented with a power that is irresistible, the story of which has not been told because the man who has been wrought upon by the power of the Holy Ghost has not seemed to have quite the courage to speak out and tell it. He is modest and unpretending, and is somewhat afraid his account would not be fully accepted.

A SEA-CAPTAIN

came and sat down one night in the gallery of my church. He hated God and religious things. He had no faith in churches, ministers, or religion, or in anything that is good. He came because his wife asked him to come. During the progress of the service he saw there was a reality in religion, and gave his heart to the Lord Jesus Christ, was baptized, and received as a member of the church, and from that day to this he has given almost his entire time to the cause of God; for although he is employed by the shipping interest, his duties permit of the greater portion of his time being appropriated as he may see fit. This is the testimony he gave to me: 'I was telling you the other day of a lady who for twelve years had not walked. She was perfectly incapacitated for work, and had given up all idea of returning health. I told you she was restored to health, and is moving about in the duties of life, and has been to this church.' I said, 'Yes.' He replied, 'Here she is!' I said to her, 'Is this true?' She said, 'It is all

true!' I said, 'Were you so thoroughly sick, and so thoroughly invalided as Captain Pennington has told me?' She said, 'Yes.' 'Are you well now?' 'Yes, thoroughly.'

"Another case came under my observation through the same process. A woman who for twelve years

HAD BEEN TOTALLY BLIND

at the close of Captain Pennington's prayer saw, and took up a Bible and read. I said, 'Captain Pennington, why don't you go and tell the story—tell it abroad?' 'Well,' he said, 'I don't want to seem to be boasting, but it is marvellous how the Lord is with me.' Captain Pennington is a man who has the entire confidence of everybody who knows him. He has the entire confidence of the membership of my church; every word he says on any subject would be believed by the people of the church and by people of the world.

He went on to say, 'I was called to a house in such a street,' giving the number, 'to pray for a woman who was in paroxysms of suffering perfectly unendurable, and these paroxysms had been going on until there were very few persons who had the nerve to look upon them. As I entered the house I heard her cry from the bedroom. The physicians were there. I was invited to pray. Although I have seen many exciting things, having been a sea-captain for many years, I could not stand it. I returned to the hall to wait until the physicians came out. Then I went in. That particular paroxysm was over. I said to her, 'Do you believe that the Lord Jesus Christ can cure you?' She said, 'I do.' He knelt down and prayed with her. He came into the front room: the family were gathered there seated talking over the matter, and during the conversation the sufferer appeared, not having been able to walk for many, many months. And I have been told she has since been entirely restored.

What am I to believe? Is this a conspiracy? Why, if God can heal a soul cannot He heal a body? If He can do the greater work cannot He do the lesser? If He can cure a palsied soul cannot He cure a palsied body, which is not half so bad? If He can awaken the deaf ear of the soul cannot He awaken the deaf ear of the body? If He can do the larger work cannot He do the smaller work?

"I hardly know where I stand on this matter, but I simply declare before God that I believe the doors are opening in this direction.

WHAT DO THE PROPHECIES MEAN?

I cannot explain them in any other way, although I desire to put an interpretation upon them, just as any minister of the Gospel would, to his people. That prophecy which says, 'The eyes of the blind shall be opened and the tongue of the dumb shall sing'—what does that mean? Merely spiritual and physical recoveries! Have I obtained this faith? No! There is the point. A great many Christians believe, but they have not enough of that faith by which the lame man would leap, and the sick one get up. There are a thousand things you cannot do, and I cannot do, but they are done, nevertheless. It is an absurd thing to say, I don't believe in that because I cannot effect it. I have the idea that perhaps God gives a special grace to some. I believe He has given it to these brethren and sisters. He has not given it to me, that is my misfortune; but the fact that I have it not is no ground for infidelity. Now, the time is come when the ears of the Christian Church are to be opened to these testimonies.

"I believe in prayer. I could give instances of God's positive answer to prayer that would make your ears tingle—things just as remarkable as anything stated here this afternoon in regard to physical recoveries. I will tell you of what took place when

MY WIFE

was at the point of death. We carried her on board a steamer at New York bound for Savannah. Everybody who saw her go out of the house said she would never return. She was so feeble that in the berth on board the steamer

she fainted, and it was impossible to remove her hat or shawl; there she lay all that night. Every time we touched her she would go into insensibility. Next morning at eleven o'clock she took my arm, and with very little help walked on deck. Why? At eleven o'clock, the very moment, the people in my church were praying for her recovery. I stated that occurrence in a meeting some ten years ago, and there were secular newspapers that derided it. They said, It is absurd to think there was any relation between the prayer offered in that church and that she walked up-stairs. I put the two together—they are evidently connected—and the time has yet to come when the church is willing to be laughed at and caricatured. I tell you that a religion that will not help the body as well as the soul is no religion at all.

"I tell you that I believe in prayer because there is

SOMETHING IN THE ANCESTRAL LINE

that makes me believe. My grandfather and grandmother went to a great revival meeting in Baskingridge, New Jersey, and they were so impressed with the religious service that they went home and said, If we could only have our children converted, if we could only have this great influence in our family! That night all the young folks were to go off to a very gay party. Grandmother said, 'Now, when you are all ready for the party come into my room, as I have a word to say to you.' She was somewhat of an invalid, not able to get about much. The children came into the room where she sat, and she said, 'Now, you are going to the party, going to have a very gay time. I want you to know that all the time you are there your mother is praying for you, and that we will kneel and pray for you until you come back.' They all went to the gay party, and, as may be well supposed, did not have a very good time. They knew their

MOTHER WAS PRAYING

for them. Grandmother went to bed, and the next morning very early she heard crying and sobbing in the room below. It was one of her little party crying to God for mercy, seeking a new heart, wanting to act on the Christian life. My Aunt Phoebe said to grandfather, 'Go down and find what is the matter; go and hunt up Samuel—he is gone to the barn; he feels worse than I do.' Grandfather went to the barn and found Samuel there kneeling and crying to God for mercy. He told him the way of salvation, so that he became a minister of Jesus Christ, and there was no man more useful in America during the century than he. Then Samuel said, 'Go to the wagon-house; David is there.' Grandfather went to the wagon-house. There was David, afterward my own father. He told David the way to the cross. David became a Christian. David, then a young man, had some one to whom he was affianced at the foot of the lane, not far off—Catherine Van Nest, afterward my mother. He told the story of the cross to her, and she became a Christian. A great awakening resulted as this story went round the neighborhood, and people heard what things were going on in Mr. Talmage's family. Why, they were all getting converted, and

THE WHOLE FAMILY

was converted to God. And finally as many as two hundred and eighty from that neighborhood stood up in one church to profess Christ. That story lingered in my mother's mind until she made a covenant, after her children were born, with five of her neighbors, to meet and pray one afternoon of each week for the salvation of her household. These five mothers met. I did not hear this story till after my mother's death. Nobody knew why these five persons met, there was a sort of mystery about it. Sometimes the question was put, 'Mother, where are you going?' She used to answer, 'I am just going off a little while. They met to pray for their children; they prayed until they were all converted, myself the last. Oh! I believe in prayer. I believe you can get just what you ask of God if it is good for you. This story has no end.'

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CURRENT EVENTS.

A Decision which May Lead to Important results was arrived at, on August 25th, by the Republican State Committee of New York. An inclination has been manifested since the last Presidential election to exclude from the primaries all who bolted the party ticket in November. Many local organizations have already done so, and the result has been to widen the breach in the party and decrease the chances of Republican success in the future. The State Committee, however, has resolved on conciliation. It has adopted a resolution inviting all voters to take part in the primaries "who adhere to the principles of the Republican party and whose general intention is to act with the party and promote its success by their votes and influence at the next general election, without regard to any so-called fundamental test." That concession opens the way of return and reconciliation, if the "Independents" choose to avail themselves of it. There are indications, however, that they will be guided as to their course in November by the character of the ticket. The day is evidently past when any nomination regularly made can command the support of the whole party. The Committee has done all in its power to heal the breach by inviting the bolters to assist in making up the ticket. The Republican Convention will meet on September 22d at Saratoga, and the Democratic Convention at the same place two days afterward. Senator Evarts is spoken of as the Republican candidate for the Governorship, and Mr. Edward Cooper, the son of the late Peter Cooper, as the Democratic candidate. There are, however, several other candidates whose claims for the respective nominations are being urged. The campaign will be a severe though a short one.

Why the Central and South American States do not trade with this country is explained in the report of the commission appointed to visit the River Plate country submitted to the President, which was published last week. The commissioners say, "The share of the United States in the enormous commerce of the River Plate country, which includes Paraguay, Uruguay, and the Argentine Republic, is lamentably insignificant, and less than it was half a century

ago. The reason is very apparent. Twenty-one lines of steamships connect these ports with those of Europe, while there is no regular steamship communication whatever with our country. From forty to sixty steamers arrive at Buenos Ayres every month from Europe and not one from the United States. The flag of our country is never seen in these waters except upon men-of-war, and semi-occasionally upon some sailing vessel which happened to be chartered for some special voyage. An English company sends a steamer to New York when necessary where it discharges a cargo of hides and wool, and reloads with a cargo of merchandise for Europe. The few products of our fields and factories found there are brought sometimes in these chartered vessels, but more frequently *come by way of Europe*, the merchants with one voice saying that because of the absence of steam communication they can afford to buy in the United States only such articles as cannot be obtained elsewhere. Another reason which applies to Uruguay specially, is that the country is poor and cannot afford to purchase for cash, but is compelled to exchange her products for the goods she imports. Her main product is wool, which it does not pay our merchants to buy, while the present rate of duty is maintained.

The Prohibitionists of Pennsylvania Held a convention at Harrisburg on August 25th, and nominated Barr Spangler, a merchant of Marietta, as his candidate for the office of State Treasurer, which is the highest office to be filled this year. The Convention was enthusiastic over the progress of the party in the State. One of the delegates reminded the Convention that he had been a candidate of the party seven years ago, when the Prohibition vote for him was 12. Last year St. John's vote in Pennsylvania was 15,306. Mr. St. John, who was in the city during the session, was invited to attend the Convention. He was received with enthusiasm. A significant feature of the platform, indicating the character of the Convention, was the plank "that the Sabbath-day should be protected from profanation by secular pursuits and pleasures."

A Destructive Cyclone Struck the City of Charleston, S. C., on August 25th, inflicting damages estimated at more than a million dollars. No storm of equal intensity has ever been reported from that section. It commenced shortly before daybreak, and by six o'clock the streets were strewn with business-signs, limbs of trees, and overturned fences. The storm continued to increase in violence as the day advanced. The streets were gradually filled up with slates, bricks, signs, window shutters, and sashes, and above the howl of the wind and the soughing of the trees as they rustled and bent under the influence of the breeze could be heard the sharp rattle of falling bricks and slates. The dome of St. Michael's Church, which has weathered the gales of a century and escaped injury in the bombardment, was torn off, and the steeple fell into the street below. No less than eight other churches were unroofed, and one of the colored churches completely demolished. The shipping suffered severely, and the destruction of property on the wharves and piers was very serious. Over a mile of railroad track was torn up, and there was much damage of freight and rolling stock. The loss of life appears to have been confined to the shipping, but there were many escapes from falling buildings that seem almost like miracles.

Mr. Parnell Openly Declared for a Repeal of the union between Great Britain and Ireland at a banquet given in his honor in Dublin on August 25th. He said that there was only one thing on their programme—to *restore the Irish Parliament*. When that Parliament assembled in Dublin it would make tenants owners of their holdings and secure to laborers a share in the land. "If we use judgment and moderation," he continued, "we shall see the two English parties competing to settle the Irish question. There is something solemn and dazzling in the thought that we belong to a generation about to

witness the finish of a struggle lasting several hundred years, opposed by such tremendous obstacles and odds." This announcement that he and his followers were working for that object has produced much excitement among politicians of both parties. It had been supposed up to the time of the Dublin meeting that nothing more radical than local self-government was aimed at by the Parnellites. There were indications that both the great parties were considering the propriety of conceding a limited measure of Home Rule, as a bid for the support of the Irish members of Parliament. Mr. Parnell's declaration has consequently produced general consternation, and its effect at present appears to be to unite both parties in opposition to him, and to maintain the integrity of the empire.

The Deaths from Small-Pox in Montreal Last week number two hundred and nineteen. Only one half of these were in the city proper, the others being in the suburbs. Precautions are being taken to prevent the spread of the infection, but in spite of them the disease is being carried to other cities. A case has occurred at Lachine, the result of the arrival there of a workman from Montreal. Other cases are reported from Caledonia Flats, Plantagenet, and Little Rideau, in which the infection was clearly traced to people from Montreal.

The Meeting of the Czar of Russia and the Emperor of Austria at Kremsier, on August 25th, was accompanied by a display of magnificence rarely equalled. As to the objects of the meeting, the *Herald* correspondent, who asserts that his information was obtained from an influential statesman, says: "In Gastein the Emperors of Germany and of Austria came to an understanding about the necessity of peace for and in Europe, and the Czar in Kremsier gave his assent to a lasting alliance, having for its object the maintenance of this peace. Austria has no interest in Central Asia. She has no other object but to 'cultivate' Bosnia. Germany considers her mission to be the maintenance of that which she has already won and to defend herself in case of a French war of revenge." It is, however, notorious that when emperors have met to insure peace, a war has too often followed.

The Cholera Record is now far in Excess of that of last year. The European correspondent of the *New York Times*, who made a personal investigation of the districts ravaged by the pestilence last summer, cables that the total number of deaths in Spain alone from this year's outbreak have been 81,489, and the death-rate is still much over 1000 each day. The plague has diminished in Granada and in most provinces that were attacked before the middle of July, save in Cuenca, but it increases steadily in Almeida and Barcelona. From France, outside of Marseilles and Toulon, no news is to be had, though it is known that the pest is spreading daily. Cases of persons who die in two or three hours are very common. The victim is stricken down before even diarrhoea or vomiting has begun, and dies in an extremity of cold on which violent friction has no effect.

The Difficulty between Germany and Spain in respect to the seizure by Germany of the two Caroline Islands is in a fair way for amicable adjustment. It is stated by the Spanish ambassador to Berlin, that Germany in occupying the Caroline Islands had no intention to prejudice any anterior rights which Spain might possess therein, and that if an examination into the question of Spanish rights to the Carolines should produce no mutual understanding, Germany would be still perfectly disposed to appeal the dispute to the good offices of some power friendly to both disputants. Germany claims that the agitation in Spain on the subject has been fomented by French agitators, desiring to produce a rupture between the two powers. The Spaniards, however, deny the assertion, and state that their animosity is only natural resentment at detecting a professedly friendly nation in the act of stealing their property.

Contributions to the Fund for Supplying colored ministers and others with THE CHRISTIAN HERALD have been received since our last acknowledgment to the amount of \$11. The amounts were: From Blackinton, Mass., \$5; from Philadelphia, Pa., \$5; from Gordonsville, Ala., \$1.

Reports of a Disastrous Inundation in Canton, China, were received in Washington, D. C., last week. The writer says that the flood was the most serious which has visited Canton in thirty years. More than ten thousand persons lost their lives, and a far greater number are left in a starving condition. Entire villages were ingulfed, and the rice and silk crops in the vicinity were almost ruined. Thus, those who escaped drowning are in peril by famine. The price of rice has been raised eighteen per cent in consequence of the loss of the crop. The rain fell the latter part of June, filling and overflowing all the rivers. Many of the streets of Canton were flooded for over a week. At Sz Ni City the water broke through the city wall. It is reported that several thousand people were drowned in that place. The embankments of the rivers were broken in numerous places, and the water swept across the surrounding country, carrying everything before it. A pitiful picture is drawn by the correspondent of the misery and helplessness of the people. They beat gongs, burn incense, prohibit the killing of pigs, and beseech one idol to go to another and make him stop his raining. Of practical helplessness for themselves or others they seem to have no conception.

Better Discipline Appears to be Needed on board transatlantic steamers. Passengers who arrived by the Gallia, of the Cunard line, last week, complain that they were subjected to much annoyance by the proceedings of a number of men who were frequently intoxicated, and when in this state conducted themselves in a scandalous manner. It is said, among other things, that they amused themselves by throwing steamer chairs overboard. Complaints were made to Captain Murphy, but the nuisance continued unabated. The captain is said to have confessed himself powerless to act in the case.

Song Services in the Parks of New York on Sunday afternoons are attracting a large number of non-Church-goers, and promise to be a valuable and efficient agency for reaching the masses. They were commenced in Tompkins Park, at Avenue A and Eighth Street, through the persistent efforts of Mrs. Elizabeth Thompson, who, noticing the large number of working people who spend their Sunday afternoons there in the summer, was anxious that in some way they might hear the Gospel. Last Sunday a service of song was held in Battery Park also, and was largely attended.

A Summer Mission has been Conducted with much success at the Chicago Avenue Church (Moody's), in Chicago, Ill., during the past two months. Grave doubts were expressed by many as to the success of such a mission in the hot season, but Mr. Moody having urged that the effort might be made, the meetings were commenced. From the first a revival spirit was manifested, large congregations assembled, and many remarkable conversions have taken place. Such has been the interest, that at the end of eight weeks no diminution is manifested, and nothing is said about bringing the mission to a close. Major D. W. Whittle has preached, and Charles Herald has sung the Gospel with great acceptance. An open-air service has been held every evening on a vacant lot near the church, which has not only been the means of advertising the meetings, but in three cases, if not more, has been instrumental in leading souls directly to the Lord Jesus.

The Northfield Wagon is an Institution to which the recent convention gave birth. In the course of one of Mr. Moody's addresses he referred to the large rural population who were unable to attend church because they live too far away to walk, and had no means of conveyance. He said: "I asked Brother Bolton the

other day why he didn't bring down some of his neighbors to church, and he replied, 'I should, but my wagon isn't big enough.' Now I propose that *this church buy a wagon that will be big enough to bring all the neighbors that are less favored than those of you who have teams, and have it running up and down here every Sunday morning to bring people to the house of God.* Now I propose to take up a collection right here this morning for it." The boxes went round, and the result was all that could be expected, for \$125 was raised to purchase the first church wagon.

The Siege of a House is Reported from Boston, Mass. "A despatch from that city states that a legal warfare with force of arms is being waged for the possession of a house at Beverly. The trouble arose out of a questioned lease. A firm of lawyers in 1875 presented a bill for a thousand dollars to the owner of the house, and not receiving the money, attached his property in his absence, and purchased it at a sheriff's sale. The owner refused to vacate the premises or to pay rent. Several suits for ejectment have been brought, but owing to technical legal quibbles, no final decision has been obtained. Finally the lawyers leased the house, and on August 26th the lessee appeared on the scene with a posse of six men and took possession, turning the effects of the original owner out of doors. The men were kept on guard all day, but about ten o'clock at night the owner appeared with a hundred men, who laid regular siege to the house, and finally captured it, ejecting the ejectors. The furniture was restored, and a celebration held. The house has since been barricaded and garrisoned as for a siege, but it is thought the lawyers will prefer legal measures to siege operations in future. This incident will remind readers of Bunyan's "Holy War" of the siege of Mansoul. The anxious sinner, lamenting that Satan holds possession of his heart, may rest assured that if he once gives it to Jesus, Satan will never be able to recapture it (Luke 11: 20-22).

The Best Antidote to a Poison is Generally another poison, but the same rule does not often apply in morals. One case of the kind, however, is reported by the Atlanta Constitution. It is the case of a man whose vanity cured his appetite for liquor. He thus described his emancipation to the reporter: "I used to drink like a fish. People began to say that I couldn't quit, that I was ruined. That made me mad. I had a good deal of vanity, and I cultivated it—gave it a regular hot-house forcing. I worked myself up to a point where I imagined myself the greatest man in Atlanta, struggling with a crowd of malignant rivals who were hoping and praying for my downfall through the whiskey habit. I began to feel an exquisite pleasure in disappointing my imaginary enemies. This delusion of mine grew into an apparent reality. It dominates me yet. It has made me an offensive egotist, but it saved me from whiskey." It is safe to conclude that the reformed drinker was not a Christian, or he would have gone about his work in a different way. We may hope that, being sober, he will seek the higher blessing of salvation. In that endeavor he will have to abandon his delusion and learn that he is poor and helpless, and in need of strength not his own (Isa. 64: 6).

How a Lady's Extravagance was Cured by an object lesson is told by the Boston Transcript, which states that the incident is literally true. An elderly wealthy gentleman, who had married a beautiful lady much younger than himself, delighted to purchase for her everything for which she expressed a wish. The aggregate amount expended, however, mounted up, after a time, to a sum that astonished the husband; and thinking that his wife was not deficient in common-sense, he determined to teach her a lesson that would impress her. The next request was for "a lovely camel's hair shawl, which would cost only fifteen hundred dollars." The wife pleaded for a cheque on the spot, but the husband said he would bring the

money from the office, and the next evening, with the assistance of his porter, he did bring home, and placed on the parlor table, *fifteen hundred silver dollars.* At the sight of this pile of metal, weighing nearly a hundred pounds, the wife exclaimed, "What are you going to do with all that money?" "Why, love," it's the money you wanted for the new shawl." "Does it take all that to make fifteen hundred dollars?" "Why, I had no idea it meant so much. I will do without the shawl, and will put it all in the savings bank, if you will let me." She did so, and has since added several sums to the deposit. The husband affirms that since that time his wife's purchases have been far less numerous and costly. Another kind of object-lesson, which might be beneficial to Christian people, would be to see some poor afflicted family saved from destitution by a sum smaller than they spend with the cigar merchant and the jeweller in a month (Isa. 58: 7).

A Man Imprisoned in a Bear Trap had a narrow escape from death two weeks ago in Vermont. A gentleman from Boston, Mass., who was spending his vacation in Vermont, became interested in bear-trapping. He was extremely anxious to catch a bear himself, and constructed an ingenious trap for the purpose. The trap was set in the woods at some distance from his hotel, and on August 18th he went alone to visit it. Finding it empty, he went in to arrange the bait. The trap was a big box arranged to catch the animals alive, and the amateur trapper accidentally sprung it, and found himself imprisoned. For thirty-six hours he remained in his prison with no water and but little air, and his only food was the repulsive raw meat with which the trap was baited, and which hunger finally compelled him to eat. The amateur trapper had no one to blame for his misfortune but himself, though that fact would only add to his misery. The important consideration for him was that, thanks to his own ingenuity, he was helpless, and unless outside help arrived he would die. He therefore shouted as loud and as often as he could. At last, to his intense joy, a passing party heard his cries and liberated him. The man's plight was pitiable, but there are thousands of men in worse case. Caught in one of Satan's traps through their own heedlessness, they are held securely by the power of evil habit, and are lost unless they cry to Christ, who alone has power for deliverance (Job 33: 27, 28).

Cattle Pounded by their Owner Involved him in some expense in Connecticut on August 22d. A despatch to the New York Sun from Bridgeport, Conn., says that Mr. P. T. Barnum visited his estate at that place two weeks ago. He was driving around his property, seeing that everything was in order, when his attention was attracted by a large number of cattle grazing in a fine field of grass which he owns at the corner of Park Place and Park Avenue. He was indignant, and ordered his attendant, who goes around with him and his show, to turn about and have the intruding cattle driven to the public pound. The orders were obeyed. At night the dairyman went to find the cows, and they were not to be found. This fact was communicated to the famous showman, who asked where the pasture ground had been changed, and that the cattle he had sent to the pound were his own property. He went to the pound, and found them locked in, and several dollars had to be transferred to the pound-keeper's pocket before that official would liberate the animals. Mr. Barnum, notwithstanding his extensive acquaintance with animals, evidently has not so good a memory of their appearance as the Scotch shepherds. It is said that they know the features of every sheep in their charge, though their flocks sometimes contain over a thousand animals. When Christ spoke of Himself as the Good Shepherd He referred explicitly to this intimate and individual knowledge which the Shepherd possesses. He said: "I know my sheep, and am known of mine" (John 10: 14).

THE TIMES.

A New Sermon by Pastor C. H. Spurgeon.

"Nevertheless the foundation of God standeth sure, having t. is seal, The Lord knoweth them that are his. And, Let every one that nameth the name of Christ depart from iniquity."—11 TIM. 2: 19.

Paul's Many Difficulties—Anxiety about the Church—I. A Lamentable Overthrow—Signs which made Him Uneasy—A General Coldness—Teachers Erring—Professors Apostatizing—Ungodliness Increasing—II. The Abiding Foundation—III. The Inscription it Bears—The Royal Cartouche—The Transport Mark—A Sweeping Precept—German Silver not Wanted.

PAUL had met with many difficulties in his earnest career, but his most painful trials came from false brethren. A compact army of brave spirits, every man in health, and every man a hero, can march across a continent and strike at the foe time after time, and every stroke shall fall as from the hammer of Thor. But if you have the leadership of a great and motley host, and there are many sick folk to be carried in the ambulances, while others are faint-hearted, cowardly, and cold in the cause, and yet another company are half suspected of a design to go over to the adversary; then the captain's hair may well turn gray in a night at the thought of what may be the result of a battle. Paul was full of somewhat similar anxieties when about to leave the field of conflict to receive his crown. He was handing over his commission of watchman of the churches to Timothy; and as he did so, it was with a trembling hand, as he thought of the evil influences which were at work within the Church itself. Outside persecution seemed light enough to him, but internal dissension, heresy, and ungodliness weighed upon his spirit.

MISCHIEF-MAKERS.

When I read this Second Epistle to Timothy it reminds me somewhat—only it is a great improvement upon it—of David's addressing Solomon, and reminding him of those who had given him trouble in his lifetime, and exhorting him how to deal wisely with them lest his kingdom should be disturbed by them. You notice that throughout the Epistle the apostle makes more mention of troublesome individuals than in any other letter. In the first chapter there is Phygellus and Hermogenes; and now we come upon Hymenæus and Philetus. *These dogs generally hunt in couples.* A little further on you get Demas, and Alexander the coppersmith, who had done much evil to the apostle. The departing saint, harboring no resentment, yet has great anxiety of spirit as to what these mischief-makers might do with a young man like Timothy, since they had been such thorns in his own side.

CONFIDENCE.

It is a cheering thing to note that, while Paul mentions these things with a gracious anxiety, they do not disturb the serenity of his faith, nor make him question for a moment the success of the cause, nor doubt the success of the work which the Lord had wrought by his own hands. Courage, then, servant of God, whatever may be thy trials because of an apostatizing church; for thy faith will give thee victory. Be faithful to the word of the holy testimony, and the truth shall yet prevail. The campaign is not lost. Despite all that has happened or ever shall happen, not one jot the less "the foundation of God standeth sure;" the work of God goes on, and the reward which God gives to the workers is not diminished, nor even placed in danger. Wherefore in patience possess thy soul.

This morning with deep solemnity of soul I approach this text, and pray that the Spirit of God may bless it to us all. I see in it three things: the first, perhaps, is rather in the context; it is the lamentable overthrow of which the apostle has been speaking. He says that these two men, Hymenæus and Philetus, overthrow the faith of some. Secondly, we shall survey the abiding foundation—"the foundation of God standeth sure;" and then, thirdly, the instructive inscription upon the foundation-stone,

"The Lord knoweth them that are His. And, Let every one that nameth the name of Christ depart from iniquity."

I. First, let us think for a little of the lamentable overthrow which the apostle so much deplored. The apostle observed with sorrow

A GENERAL COLDNESS.

It was in some respect coldness toward himself, but in reality it was a turning away from the simplicity of the doctrine of salvation by grace through faith. He says in the 15th verse of the previous chapter: "This thou knowest, that all they which are in Asia be turned away from me; of whom are Phygellus and Hermogenes," two men, I suppose, of whom he had hoped better things; perhaps persons who had professed a warm attachment to his person. Their departure was the unkindest cut of all. A great want of spiritual life and zeal for the truth is our trial to-day. Laodicea is not the only church that is neither cold nor hot. I am at this moment unwillingly compelled to believe that a very serious blight is upon many of our churches. From a wide correspondence I gather that a wintry chill is just now upon the church; possibly it is not to such an extent as in certain terrible periods, but still to a very saddening degree. There is not that firmness in the faith, that holiness of life, and that enthusiasm for the cross of Christ that one would wish to see. I view the immediate prospect with serious anxiety.

Furthermore, the apostle saw with much alarm that teachers were erring. He names two especially, Hymenæus and Philetus, and he mentions the doctrine that they taught—not needlessly explaining it, but merely giving a hint at it. They taught, among other things, that the resurrection was past already. I suppose they had fallen into the manner of certain in our day, who spiritualize or rationalize everything. They say, "This is mythical. This death of Christ is to be understood as the triumph of self-sacrifice. This resurrection of Christ means the revival of forgotten principles." Thus they hold an atonement which is no atonement, and a resurrection which is no resurrection. They appear to accept the great historical fact, and yet they reduce it to fiction. This is the subtlety of the old serpent.

TRAITOROUS PREACHERS.

Somehow or other these men manage to extract from the Gospel an attractive philosophy; but it is not the Gospel which God intended to be preached. They seek rather the wisdom of man's thought than the revelation of God's thoughts. You need not that I go into particulars, for all around us men are dealing craftily with the truth of God, adulterating it, and in heart denying it. These are by no means persons to be trifled with; many of them are keen, acute, and thoughtful; and it is the great peril of the church at this moment that she numbers such among her teachers. These can stab under the shield. We care not for the besiegers without, but we are distressed because of the traitors within. God grant that this thing may go no further, but may His people become alarmed by the growing decline of the church, and resolve to be rid of this destructive influence, which eats as doth a canker.

In Paul's day many professors were apostatizing from the faith because of the evil leaders. Sheep are such creatures to follow something that, when they do not follow the shepherd, they display great readiness to follow one another. When Hymenæus and Philetus taught a highly intellectual doctrine, ever so many people, who fancied themselves to be cultured, must needs be of their mind. Hymenæus had discovered a method of being abreast of the times, so that the Christian teacher could figure in the heathen academy and be complimented for his liberal views. These "cultured" teachers looked down with contempt upon those uncouth fishermen who were so unlearned and ignorant as to believe that the teaching of Jesus meant what it said; for they themselves gave the Gospel a more rational meaning. They thought

themselves profound and eclectic, men who could see the soul of things, and therefore they rejected the simplicity of the cross, and put in its place the theories of the philosophers. They took away the foundation facts under the pretence of building higher, and thus the faith of many was overthrown.

Paul also deplored that

UNGODLINESS INCREASING.

He says that the profane and vain babblings of his time increased unto more ungodliness. Oh, brethren and sisters, it is godliness that we want—the living of the soul with God, and in God, and to God. We need a holy fear of God, a sacred sense of God, a true delight in God. We want less of man and more of God. Less of mere creed-repeating, and more of vital faith in God; less following of men, and more following of God in Christ Jesus. More of union with God, living in God, and likeness to God. Oh, that He would work this in us! The world grows dark with accursed lust, and the Christian Church grows more conformed to the ungodly world. Persecutions unto death have ceased; it is easy and respectable to bear the Christian name, and hence the separation from the world, which is the glory of Christians, becomes less and less apparent. My heart is sore wounded with the sight of some who will come into God's house and undertake God's service during the Sabbath day, and yet during the week they are unjust, oppressive, graceless, and greedy—not servants of God, but servants of self and sin. By unholiness the cross is dishonored, the Holy Spirit is grieved, and Christ is put to an open shame. All this vexes the heart of the apostle in his day, and it is our cross and burden at this hour. "Lord have mercy upon us! Christ have mercy upon us!"

II. Now let us turn to the subject which supplied Paul with consolation. He speaks of

THE ABIDING FOUNDATION:

"Nevertheless the foundation of God standeth sure." It is a joy to quit the ever moving flood for the firm, substantial rock. It is bliss to feel that there is something under your foot, something substantial, abiding, sure. Nevertheless the foundation of God standeth sure.

What is this foundation which standeth sure? Those who have interpreted the passage have given many meanings to it, but I believe that all those meanings are really one. For the sake of clearness I would give three answers to the inquiry: the foundation is, secretly, the purpose of God; doctrinally, the truth of God; effectively, the Church of God; in all, the system of God whereby He glorifies His grace. The foundation is the divine purpose. Though men prove fickle, false, and wicked, and the church is thereby sorely grieved, "nevertheless" God's purpose is carried out; the covenant of grace is fulfilled, and the glory of God is revealed.

The apostle also meant the divine truth, which is the foundation of the Gospel. He had been speaking about certain truths which were spirited away by those two unworthies, Hymenæus and Philetus, and he says, "Nevertheless the foundation of God standeth sure." Interpreters have thought that Paul points at the doctrine of the resurrection. No doubt he does; but he includes every other doctrine which is a foundation truth of the Gospel of Jesus Christ. Yonder is a man who has proved that Jesus is not truly God. Let him prove what he likes, since Jesus is God for all that. Another man has disproved the substitutionary atonement of Christ; let him disprove it if he pleases, for it is just as true. Rhetoric and logic can do wonders in appearance, but they do nothing in reality. Brethren, the Gospel is none the worse for all the opposition which has surrounded it, though it has been as fierce as devouring flame. Only the additions of men have been burnt out of it. Everything that can be consumed ought to be consumed, and only that which cannot be burned is really God's eternal truth.

But, further, I think Paul meant here not only the purpose of God, and the truth of God, but God's divine work in the world in the salvation

of His own. You look upon the church and lament that so many have turned aside; that so many others are very poor specimens of Christians; that so many more are sadly questionable; and that a certain company are evidently false. Well, it is very sad; but yet there is a remnant according to the election of grace: "The foundation of God standeth sure."

III. Now we are, in the third place, as we may be helped of the Holy Spirit, to look at this foundation and observe

THE INSTRUCTIVE INSCRIPTION.

The custom of putting inscriptions upon foundation-stones is ancient and general. In the days of the Pharaohs, the *royal cartouche* was impressed upon each brick that was placed in buildings raised by royal authority. The structure was thus known to have been erected by a certain Pharaoh. Here we have the royal cartouche, or seal, of the King of kings set upon the foundation of the great palace of the church. The House of Wisdom bears on its forefront and foundation the seal of the Lord. The Jews were wont to write texts of Scripture upon the door-posts of their houses; in this also we have an illustration of our text.

The Lord has set upon His purpose, His Gospel, His truth, the double mark described in the text—the divine election and the divine sanctification. This seal is placed to declare that it belongs to the Lord alone, and to set it apart for His personal habitation.

If I might use another illustration, I can suppose that when the stones for the temple were quarried in the mountains, each one received a special mark from Solomon's seal, marking it as a temple stone, and perhaps denoting its place in the sacred edifice. This would be like the first inscription, "The Lord knoweth them that are His." But the stone would not long lie in the quarry, it would be taken away from its fellows, after being marked for removal. Here is

THE TRANSPORT MARK

in the second inscription: "Let every one that nameth the name of Christ depart from iniquity." The first seal marked it for the Lord, the second secured its removal from the common stones around it. First comes election, and sanctification follows. I want every professing Christian to have that double mark, and so to be Christ's man, known of all to be such by coming out from the unclean, and being separated unto the Lord.

The text teaches us that the Lord discriminates: "The Lord knoweth them that are His." Some who bear His name are not His, and He knows them not. He will say of them at the last, "I never knew you." They are supposed to be His, they suppose themselves to be His, they are taken into His Church as His, they continue throughout a long life nominally His; but they are discovered at the last. There is another and severer test than that of ministers, and elders, and church votes; the Lord discovers the secret things of the heart. Be not deceived, God is not mocked.

"The Lord knoweth them that are His" signifies that He is familiar with them, and communes with them. They that are really the Lord's property are also the Lord's company; He has intercourse with them. They know Him, and He knows them. He makes Himself known to them, and they make themselves known to Him. Oh, brothers, do you know God Himself? Does God know you? Will He ever say, "I never knew you"? When I have been cast down I have said unto the Lord, "Lord, Thou canst not say Thou dost not know me, for I have knocked at Thy door by the hour together; I have burdened Thee with my needs, and haunted Thee with my groanings. I have been Thy daily beggar, receiving large alms at Thy hands." It is a blessed thing to be sure that we are not unknown in heaven. At least we have the fellowship of asking and receiving, if no more.

The second seal is, "Let every one that nameth the name of Christ depart from iniquity." Observe how the practical always goes

with the doctrinal in Holy Scripture. Those whom free grace chooses free grace cleanses. We are not chosen because we are holy, but chosen to be holy; and being chosen, the purpose is no dead letter, but we are made to seek after holiness. Note that the word is universal as to the persons of believers: "Let every one that nameth the name of Christ depart from iniquity." This is

A SWEEPING PRECEPT

as to the thing to be avoided; let him "depart from iniquity"—not from this or that crime or folly, but from iniquity itself, from everything that is evil, from everything that is unrighteous or unholy. Oh, ye Christian people, be holy, for Christ is holy. Do not pollute that holy name wherewith ye are named. Oh, ye people of God, if you are indeed the Lord's, let no sin dwell with you. Do not say, "It is a constitutional sin." You are born again, what have you to do with the old constitution but to mortify it? Do not say, "Oh, but others do it." What have you to do with others?—to their own masters they stand or fall. Depart from iniquity on your own account, even as Israel departed out of Egypt. Let your family life, your personal life, your business life be as holy as Christ, your Lord, would have it to be.

Brethren, I conclude with a brief but earnest appeal. Let us seek after the highest degree of holiness. Let us not be satisfied with being nominal Christians; let us aim at the greatest measure of godliness. Let us plunge into the stream of grace, immersing ourselves wholly into the life of God. How many professors appear to know nothing of the real force and energy of the Spirit of God in subduing sin and creating holiness! There is a shallow life. Alas, how much they lose! They come under the obligations of the house of God, but they do not know the infinite privileges of that house. It is for the truly spiritual that God reserves the choicest of His dainties. Be

HALF A CHRISTIAN.

and you shall have enough religion to make you miserable; be wholly a Christian, and your joy shall be full. Walk with God in the light as He is in the light, and you shall have fellowship with Him, such as shall make earth akin to heaven. Take a little light and a little darkness, and attempt to make a mixture of them; seek to join the church and the world, and you shall have neither the pleasures of the world nor the comforts of the Spirit. It is a pity for a man to miss joys which an angel might covet!

What an injury such professors are to the church! Each one pulls his fellow up or drags them down. Every man in the church is either a help or a hindrance. No Christian man can live to himself. He may attempt to confine himself within his own ribs, and button up his coat, and fancy that what he does is to himself alone, and that his tongue and his heart are his own; but it is not so. An aroma steals forth from every man's life, and it is either like the spikenard of the alabaster box, or like the reeking of a dung-hill. God help us to remember our influence upon others.

SOLID METAL.

Think also how much the world is injured by Christians who are not Christians! Oh, friends, we want nowadays a sterling Christianity. We cannot do with German silver now; we must have the real metal. I was about to say I would sooner you had no religion, and made no pretence to having any, than to have the imitation of it. Sin is real to-day. We have heard enough of how far sinners will go. Oh, for a Church of God that shall shake itself loose from the world! If we had but once such a church, there were hope for our age. God send it!

Last of all, how is Christ shamed and dishonored when we are not holy, but worldly, covetous, proud, and unloving! Oh, sirs, it seems to me that since the foundation of God was laid in agony and bloody sweat, and since God Himself became incarnate that He might lay the foundation of holiness in the world, we ought to take heed how and what we build thereon. We

must come to it, for "other foundation can no man lay"; but it behoves us to come very solemnly to it, and to know what we mean by building thereon. True godliness is not to say, "I believe," but to believe; not to talk of repentance, but to repent; it is not to speak of regeneration, but to be born again; it is not to talk about consecration, but really to live to God; it is not to speak about the Holy Ghost, but to have Him dwelling in you. Be it ours to have truth in the inward parts and grace in the core of the heart. Oh, may God bring us to this! We ask it for our Lord Jesus Christ's sake. Amen!

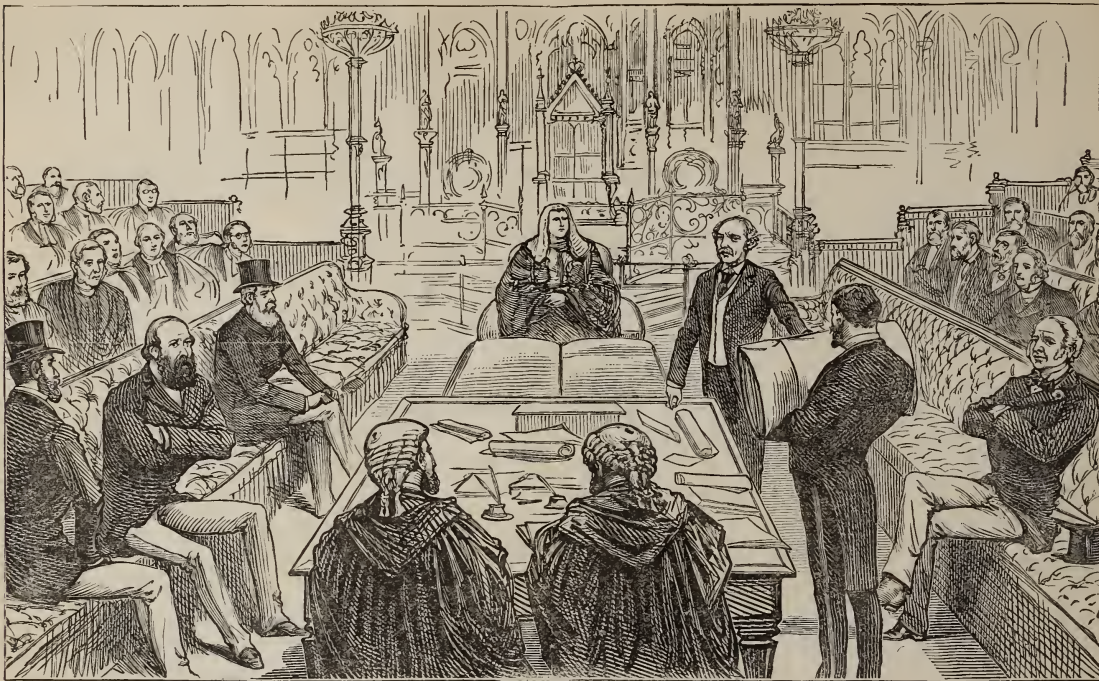
THE CONGO MISSIONARY STEAMER.

MR. T. G. COMBER, to whom Mr. H. M. Stanley refers in his work on "the Congo" as the missionary in charge of the station at Leopold Hill, has sent the following account of the arrival in sections at Stanley Pool of the much-needed missionary steamer "The Peace."

"Away up there at Stanley Pool, floating on the as yet unbroken and smooth water, is our little steamer, Peace, to carry the glad message which the angels sang over Bethlehem, of peace and goodwill to all mankind, to the troubled, restless, cruel, and degraded tribes beyond. This steamer had to be carried up on men's heads the whole of the distance we ourselves travelled. There were wanted eight hundred strong men to carry her from Underhill to Bayneston, again another eight hundred to take her on to Wathen, and once more, a third set of eight hundred to take her to Stanley Pool. Five years ago, and no stranger, whether white man or Congo of San Salvador, could take that long journey without great and frequent peril from violence—onset with stones and sticks, jungle around alive with armed and threatening warriors, highway robbers ready to plunder, bullets, spears, and knives displayed, and sometimes used. Now, not only can we pass unmolested, unaccompanied by caravan or escort, if need be, but we are able to dispatch caravan after caravan with the plates, machinery, fittings of our steamer—in all eight hundred loads—carried in turn by twenty-four hundred carriers, unaccompanied by any European, and every part of the steamer arrived safely and undamaged at Stanley Pool; and this in four months."

"Then came the work of putting the Peace together. It is such a unique and remarkable tale that I think that wherever the story of the founding of the Congo Mission is told it should be told how Grenfell put together the steamer Peace. Grenfell was to have had an efficient staff to help him reconstruct the Peace, the first building of which he had superintended. His specially fitted companion, our dear brother Duke, died just on the threshold of his work. The two young mechanics, engineer and riveter, fell on the journey up to Stanley Pool, which place they never saw. Thus, as far as skilled human assistance was concerned, Grenfell was alone. But with dauntless spirit and energetic effort, Grenfell set to work to rebuild the steamer himself, although only an amateur. He knew her well, however, every plate and rib, every tube and tap, and pipe and board, of hull, machinery, and fittings; and, calling around him the black men—natives of Sierra Leone, Victoria, Loang, and Congo—he laid the keel; plate after plate was fitted and carefully riveted—many thousands of rivets; the complicated boiler, the engines, propellers, were all carefully adjusted and fastened into position, cabin, deck, awning, windows, door, fittings—everything was carefully fastened in its place, and the day came for launching. God's blessing upon her!

"She slid down the launch-ways, and floated complete upon the waters of Stanley Pool; fires were lighted, and away went the messenger of peace and goodwill upon her Congo trial trip, making as good speed as she had done upon the Thames. When I think of the success of that part of our work, I feel that you must have been earnestly and fervently praying for us. The Peace has already made one journey of over



The Blue Ribbon Gospel Army Petition Presented in the British House of Lords.

one thousand miles in going and returning, and is now away on a long voyage of four months to choose the stations on the upper river for which there are as yet no men ready.

"Where are our missionaries for the upper river? The work has gone on too quickly for you all! You are not ready. The Lord has flung wide open the door into Central Africa. The tribes and peoples of the far interior of the Congo do not come out in pursuit of us, launching spear and drawing bow, and desiring to feed upon us as a new kind of meat, but actually ask us to come and live among them. The day Livingstone longed and prayed for, the day earnestly desired by Saker and Thomson, has come, and we can get into Central Africa with comparative ease. Does any one wish to make an easy trip to Central Africa? Take steamer to Banana and up to Underhill; a hammock and ten men shall carry you up by easy stages in twenty days to Stanley Pool; our little steamer, the Peace, is there in splendid order and condition, and off you can go to the centre of the Continent. All the great difficulties seem to be over; no one will want to shoot you or eat you; and if you say you are a friend of Bentele or Vianga-Vianga, or any one of us, you may be sure of a warm welcome everywhere. So much for the greatness and accessibility of the field to which you have sent us. The Lord, as to this, has exceeded all our thoughts and desires. Of course, we owe much to the work of Mr. Stanley."

A MONSTER PETITION.

(See illustration.)

A MEMORABLE scene was witnessed in the British House of Lords on Monday, August 10th. The Lord High Chancellor, who is *ex-officio* President of the House, as our Vice-President is of the Senate, was in his place, popularly known as "the woolsack;" the two barristers, who are clerks of the House of Lords, were seated at the table; while on their left, on the front ministe-

rial bench, was the Premier, the Marquis of Salisbury, with his arms folded. Beside him was another member of the Cabinet, and behind him the bishops in their robes. On the opposite side of the House was seated the ex-Secretary of the State Department, Lord Granville. The business of the House had just commenced, when they approached the table one of the Parliamentary officials, carrying a huge petition. Lord Mount-Temple promptly rose, and standing at the table, announced to their lordships that the huge roll of paper they saw was a petition from fifty-five thousand citizens, who in one week had affixed their signatures to it, praying that a certain bill might be passed by the House. The petition was drawn up by the Blue Ribbon Gospel Army, of which the Rev. M. Baxter is President, and copies of it placed in the hands of the officers, who in a few days had collected that enormous number of signatures. The bill which the petitioners desired Parliament to pass was one for the better protection of young girls from the wiles of vicious men. Heretofore a man who seduced a girl over thirteen years of age escaped punishment, unless he was guilty of violence. The bill under consideration proposed to raise the age to eighteen, as many girls above thirteen and under eighteen are in need of legal protection.

In presenting the petition Lord Mount-Temple took occasion to refer to the means which had been used to arouse public opinion on the subject. It had been urged that there was no need for the *Pall Mall Gazette* to take the matter up, because Parliament was already in possession of the facts from the report of one of its committees; but Lord Mount-Temple reminded the House that when the bill, which was founded on the recommendations of the Lords' Committee, was brought in, it had no public feeling behind it. In effect, though his lordship was too courteous to state the fact in plain words, Parliament would not pass the bill until the people rose in their might and forced them to do so.

No better justification of the course pursued by the *Pall Mall Gazette* could be afforded. We understand that a compromise on the bill was effected, and the protected age was fixed at sixteen.

THE BRIDGE TOLL PAID.

(See illustration on page 573.)

AN evangelist who had been holding a series of services in a manufacturing town was standing one afternoon at the entrance to a bridge at which a toll was demanded of foot-passengers. Three laboring men came up as he stood there, whose faces he thought he recognized as some he had seen at his meetings. They accosted him respectfully, and asked if he would pay their fare over the bridge. They were on their way home from work in a distant part of the city, and when they came to the bridge every one of the three was found to be without money in his pocket. The evangelist thought he saw an opportunity for a practical illustration of the lessons he had been trying to impress on his auditors, and this conversation ensued, as narrated by the preacher: "Turning to one of the men, I asked him if he knew the way to heaven? With a very broad stare in his face, he nervously replied, 'Jesus Christ is the way.'"

"That is right; you know the way. But it seems to me that knowing the way is not enough, for you all know that your way home is along that bridge; and, after all, you can't get home. How is that?"

"For the want of money, sir, to pay the bridge." "Exactly so. Then if I pay for you as you have asked, will you get over?" "Yes, sir." "Just the same as if you had paid yourselves?" "Oh, yes," they answered, with a smile. "And if you knew that your way to heaven had been paid, the fact that you had not paid it yourselves would not make you doubt about getting there?"

"No," said the men, though not quite so promptly as in the question of the bridge. "Your way is paid; do you know what the

price was?" "I suppose you mean Christ had to die for us."

"Exactly; now you know that the way is open you will enter it, will you not?" A dead silence.

"Ah, my dear fellows, you know the way, but you are not yet walking in it; come on, and I will show you how you may get across the bridge, by which I trust the Lord may open all your eyes."

"After paying the toll for the bridge for them, I said, pointing to the keeper, 'That toll-collector will not keep you back any longer now?' 'No, sir, not now; the toll is paid.'"

"Do you believe that I have paid for you?" I asked them. "We do believe it," was the reply.

"Well, my friends, you have my word for it, and you are going to act upon it. I want you to act on Christ's word in the same way. He said, 'God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever BELIEVETH in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life.' I then left them, and they wended their way over the bridge in silence, impressed, I sincerely trust, by the practical illustration which, defective as it was, struck at the heart of a difficulty which I have found is one of the most stubborn that inquiring souls encounter."

THE SILVER LINING.

A SERIAL STORY.

(Continued from page 559.)

The Wreck.

WHILE Dr. Arnold is visiting his patients and hastening to return before night to the bedside of his interesting little friend, let us glance at a home in a seaboard village on the coast farther north. It is that of the Vicar of Lingford.

The wind was moaning around it this September evening, making the little family inside draw their chairs closer to the fire. The morning and early afternoon had been clear and fine, but at sunset a change had come and the wind rose, reminding every one that the long dreary winter would soon be at hand. Lingford was a straggling village composed mostly of fishermen's cottages, many of them little more than huts, and two or three small farm-houses a little distance inland. The cottages were scattered here and there along the cliff, and half way up stood the vicarage; while nearly at the top was the old church, gray with age, and much covered with ivy.

The vicar, old Mr. Lindsay, looked, like his church, both gray and aged, and each winter his parishioners thought would be his last; but still he kept on, his regular habits of life from youth having insured to him a long life and a healthy one.

On this particular evening the usual party, Mr. Lindsay, with his two daughters, Jean and Margaret, were in the vicarage dining-room. The ladies would scarcely have been taken for sisters, so unlike were they, and evidently there was a great difference between their ages.

Margaret, the elder, was verging on forty, and looked as if she had never seen any side of life but the prose side. She was a handsome woman, with clear-cut, regular features. An imposing, grand air was around her, as if she were a queen or some grand lady accustomed to receive defer-



The Difficulty Solved at the Bridge.

ence and have her commands promptly obeyed. But there was something lacking in Margaret Lindsay. She was not a woman to be loved. Every one instinctively felt that. Respect, admiration might be given her, but love seemed repelled by her stern, austere manner. Her features seemed to be cut out of rock or ice. They never melted in sympathy, never relaxed in merriment. She did her duty conscientiously, and she expected all around her to do theirs. Words of praise or endearment never fell from her lips, but neither did angry, passionate words. Cold, imperturbable, dignified, she held on her way, and her heart was closed even against those of her own flesh and blood. That had been her way from childhood, and though all felt that she was a good woman, no one had ever spoken to her of love.

Jean was about nineteen, with such a bright, fresh face that it did one good to look at it. She was certainly a sunbeam in the room, though her brightness met with little or no response from her companions.

Punctually at nine o'clock Mr. Lindsay rang the bell, and Jean stood up to reach down the large family Bible.

"How the sea roars to-night, father! the wind gets higher and higher every minute."

"God help our poor sailors!" was Mr. Lindsay's reply.

By this time old Sarah had come into the room. She was the only servant at the vicarage except Gillings, who was chiefly an out-door servant and did not sleep in the house.

Slowly Mr. Lindsay opened the Bible, and then gave out the 107th Psalm.

Jean, it is to be feared, thought prayer-time rather wearisome, and seldom listened very much, but let her mind wander far away to other things. She was almost startled to-night as her father, in his deep tones, read the 23th verse: "For He commandeth and raiseth the stormy wind, which lifteth up the waves thereof." And then, again, the 29th verse: "He maketh the storm a calm, so that the waves thereof are still." Often had storms burst over Lingford Vicarage, but Jean thought she had never heard the wind rage as it did to-night,

and it seemed to lend a new meaning to the familiar words of the Psalm.

When the prayer was finished the simple supper was taken, after which the little family parted for the night.

Jean, from her own choice, had lately taken possession of a little room on a story above that on which her father and sister slept; she liked being away from the others, for only Sarah's little room was near it, and she was little likely to intrude on her solitude.

To-night Jean had no desire for sleep, and when at last she felt satisfied that her father and sister were safe for the night, she blew out her candle and with a jump mounted her favorite window-seat. No seat in the house was comparable to this in Jean's eyes. Often had she sat there watching the glittering ocean spread out before her in its grandeur, eagerly following with her eye the passing vessels till they were lost to sight.

Poor Jean had never known a mother's love, and her ardent nature longed for sympathy which she could not get in her own home.

When quite young she had loved to wander away on the rocks by herself, and enjoy

seeking for shells and seaweed and other treasures of the shore.

These rambles, however, one day came to an end, greatly to her sorrow. She had walked on, not thinking of time or tide, absorbed in picking up the seaweed which had been thrown up by the storm of the previous night. All at once, on looking round she found herself on rocks surrounded by water. The tide had been coming in fast, and there seemed no way of escape.

Meanwhile, at home, the dinner-hour had come, but no Jean; half an hour had passed, then three quarters, and Mr. Lindsay went out to seek his little daughter.

Old Jack Smith, hearing the child was missing, and knowing her love for rambling along the shore, seemed to guess the state of the case, and without waiting hardly to answer Mr. Lindsay's inquiries, ran down to the shore, and in a minute was in his boat, rowing fast toward the rocks. There he soon spied Jean's white, frightened face, the water just covering her feet. Jean little thought then of the Heavenly Father's care of His child, that Father's care of all His creatures, that even a sparrow falls not to the ground without His knowledge.

Many of her sailor friends were anxiously looking for her, for the child was beloved by all the village, and it was a welcome sight to many eager eyes when they saw Jack bringing her back to her father. Jean had grown up among them from her babyhood, and many remembered the sweet young mother who was with them for such a short time, and then was called away, leaving her fair child behind her. How she loved to hear all they could tell about her mother, till she longed and yearned for that mother's love.

There was not much to tell. Mr. Lindsay had lost his first wife when Margaret was about twelve years old, and when after some years he brought home a second sweet young wife, the people wondered how it was their grave, cold perky man had won for himself a bride so fairy-like, so bright and lovely. Her health soon failed, however, and when the little Jean was born she had to leave her motherless, almost as

bad as alone in the cold, weary world—and yet not alone, for she knew the mother's God would never forsake her child.

On this night Jean sat dreaming much longer than she thought. Sometimes the moon would peep out from behind the clouds and light up the cliffs and the sea. Then the fast-flying clouds would almost cover it again, and ever and anon far out on the horizon she could see vivid flashes of lightning. She almost jumped as she heard the old clock on the staircase strike, it sounded so loud in the stillness of the house, and she counted, and to her astonishment found it was twelve o'clock.

"I must go to bed," she thought to herself, but, waiting a second, she unfastened the casement window very softly and leaned out, intending just to listen for a moment to the roaring of the waves.

As she did so she was startled by a booming sound. "It cannot be," she thought to herself; "it is only the waves beating against the cliff"—and again she listened. One or two waves rolled in, breaking, with majestic grandeur, on the shore, and then again came the booming sound. There was no mistake this time; Jean knew it only too well—the minute-guns of a ship in dire peril. Again and again it came, till Jean, thrilled all over, could stay no longer. Slipping a warm shawl round her, she very quietly unfastened her door, as quietly slipped down-stairs, and went out at the front door. Once out she was soon fleetly running down the garden, and as she went out of the gate nearly ran up against old Jack. He could not believe it was really Jean, and with difficulty satisfied himself that it was not her ghost.

"Oh, Jack! it must be a vessel in sore distress; do let us make haste."

With quickened steps, two or three minutes more brought them to a projecting knoll, where a group of men and women were already gathered eagerly watching. A flash of lightning at the moment revealed a fine vessel not far from the shore, rolling fearfully, and strained at every joint.

"Jack! can nothing be done?" Jean cried, in her eagerness forgetting what poor chance a small boat had of living in such a sea.

No braver men could have been found on all that coast than those that were gathered on that cliff, but they knew it was worse than useless to attempt anything at present. When the tide turned, which would be in about an hour, perhaps the wind might go down a little.

So there they stood, this band of men and women, enduring the agony only sailors and their wives can know to its fullest, of watching a vessel containing fellow-sailors for whom they see but little hope of rescue. The group was very silent; their hearts were too full for utterance, and every eye was endeavoring to pierce the darkness, to see if the good ship were still holding out.

Every now and then a prayer was heard, and Jean, perhaps for the first time, there in the midst of the excitement, thought of what prayer was, even the longing cry to an all-loving, all-powerful God.

The guns still boomed at intervals, but it seemed as if those who fired them were fast losing hope. At last the hour was passed, the tide turned, and with it the wind slightly abated.

Some of the brave fellows prepared at once to set off on their hazardous errand of mercy. Soon all was ready, and, with a ringing cheer, those on the shore sent them on their way. They thought they heard floating on the wind an echoing cheer—perhaps it was fancy; perhaps the poor shipwrecked ones had caught the sound, and it had given them a gleam of hope, and they were answering back again. Brave men, that could thus go forth to save their fellow-men, eh! and brave women, too, that could thus see their dearest go forth to danger for the sake of others.

It has been said, "Men must work and women must weep." I would rather say, and women must wait. Only a woman's heart knows how

hard the waiting is. Work is exciting—work helps to bear; but just to wait—I was going to say, and do nothing. But stop! who would say that the woman waiting and praying is doing nothing? Oh! fathers and husbands, lovers and brothers, you little know how much you owe to women's prayers. Some danger passed, some temptation overcome—because somewhere a woman is praying for you. Has the Master said, think you, only to one woman, "Oh, woman, great is thy faith: be it unto thee even as thou wilt"?

Jean was a girl of intense feeling, and this hour had roused her and made her, no longer the thoughtless girl, but the woman ready to work and act.

As she heard the boats retreat, she thought to herself, "There will soon be some cold and wet that will need all we can do for them." And with a hasty word to Jack's wife she set off swiftly toward the Vicarage. When she reached it she saw lights in the windows, and soon found that her father and Margaret were up, the storm having completely prevented any thought of rest for that night. In days gone by Mr. Lindsay would have been foremost on the shore helping and directing, but now he was unable to risk the exposure, and Margaret staid with him.

Jean ran in, breathless with her exertion.

"Father, there is a wreck—two boats are gone out to the rescue—the men think there is some hope of saving life still. We must have fires and hot blankets ready—some will be needing them soon."

At this Margaret bestirred herself; she was just the person for such an emergency, for she seemed to know what to do and how to do it. She and old Sarah at once set to work making up fires and getting ready hot blankets. Jean quickly saw her help was not needed there, so slipping away, she ran to the shore again.

The anxious group were standing there still, and made way for her as she came.

Just then they thought they heard a cheer come across the sea, but the wind and sea still roared so much that it was difficult to be quite sure. Soon came another cheer, which seemed much nearer; and before long they could distinctly hear their comrades calling to them. It was evident one boat at least was at hand; but as it came in, wave after wave breaking over it, those on shore felt instinctively that all was not well.

By the light of the lanterns several carried, Jean saw that the brave men had at least been able to rescue some, but from the grave faces she felt sure that in the midst of joy there was much sorrow.

The sailors were now, Jean saw, lifting some one very carefully out of the boat; and as the light flashed it fell upon the sweet face of a girl about her own age, looking pale as marble, her long golden hair hanging wet and dank about her.

Jean shuddered at the sight, then in a moment she was wrapping a blanket round the fair form, and telling Jack, who was bearing it, to carry her at once to the Vicarage. She only stopped a minute to give some directions for the other sufferers, and then followed Jack with his precious burden.

Jean could not speak as they slowly mounted the steep hill, but her thoughts were working with lightning speed.

"Who was the young girl? How old was she? Where had she come from? Had she those that loved her at home? Then, would she live? Could it be that she was dead even then?" Poor Jean held her breath at the very thought.

"Dead," she said to herself; "dead, and so young!" and even then came to her the thought, "What if it had been me?"

Poor Jean! it was only the stern side of religion that had been presented to her. No mother had been there to tell her that, solemn as death was, it was a glorious entering into a Father's home to those who had washed their sins in Christ's precious blood, from whom His love so

full, so free, had taken the sting of death away. And so to her death was a dread thing indeed.

Very tenderly Jack carried his burden and laid it down on the bed Margaret had prepared. With her usual forethought, she had sent Gilling for the doctor, feeling sure his aid would be needed. He was quickly on the spot, and all the restoratives that could be thought of were applied.

Some others from the wreck were also brought to the kindly shelter of the Vicarage, but Jean felt she could have no thought but for the unknown girl, and she longed for her to make some signs of life.

Margaret came in from time to time to see if the doctor needed anything, and saw that the fires were replenished, and that all the means used in such cases were at hand, and then went away to see to the other rescued people. They did not need the doctor and were doing well; but this girl, it seemed, had fallen into the water as she was being lowered into the boat as it rose and fell with the waves, and the shock had affected the heart's action. The doctor listened intently, but could detect no beat of the organ, and as he rose from his stooping posture his face wore a gloomy look.

"She is not dead?" asked Jean, tearfully.

The girl was a complete stranger to her, but Jean thought that such a face as that lying on the pillow must be very dear to some one. She could not account for the feeling, but she was conscious that in some way she herself was very near in heart to that unknown girl, as if somehow their lives were linked together. She had never seen her before; Jean was sure of it, for the strange sense of kinship made her look closely at her for some familiar mark that she could recognize. But no; the face was utterly unknown; yet she loved that girl, and felt sure that, if she lived, they would be friends dearer than any others, more to each other than all the world. Oh! if she could but get well. She longed passionately for that with the longing of a lonely girl.

Again the doctor stooped and listened, and then, rising quickly, redoubled his exertions.

"Is she alive, Doctor?" Jean asked, eagerly.

"Yes," said the doctor. "She is not dead yet, but very near it. I am afraid she cannot live. Her constitution seems good, but it was not equal to such a strain as she has undergone. But while there's life there's hope."

At last, about seven in the morning, suddenly the eyelids unclosed and a pair of soft, gentle eyes looked wonderingly around, and in a faint whisper came the words, "Father—mother." Then she sank again into unconsciousness. The faintly fluttering life was hovering on the verge of extinction, and the watchers knew it. Patiently they continued their efforts, and anxiously looked for some responsive sign; but there was none.

It was nearly an hour later when again the eyes opened, but this time there was no inquiring gaze around. The eyes were directed upward with a look of glad surprise. There seemed to be almost a heavenly light in them, and the lips moved slowly. Jean bent eagerly forward to catch the whispered words. "It is Jesus—the angels—I am coming," said the voice. A slight shiver passed through the body, and she was gone.

When Jean saw that all was over she burst into an hysterical fit of weeping; the excitement and fatigue of the night had been too much for her, and they carried her away to her own little bed. The next thing she knew was the strong noonday sun pouring into her room, and a feeling of bewilderment as to where she was, and what had happened.

She rose hurriedly as the events of the past night came to her recollection, and dressed herself. Her eyes were swollen with weeping, and she felt faint and weak, but she was able to go down-stairs, and she descended slowly to the room where that long and unavailing struggle with death had taken place. There lay the unconscious form, still and beautiful in death.

There was no sign of pain on the lovely features, and to Jean it seemed that there was a smile on the lips as of one whose eyes had looked on some delightful scene. On a table near the bed, carefully folded by Sarah's neat hands, lay the clothes they had taken off the dead girl when they brought her in the night before. Jean looked at them sorrowfully, and turning over the handkerchief which lay among them, she saw on it a name. She looked at it eagerly and read, "*Grace Arnold.*"

(To be continued.)

THE SHUNAMITE'S SON.

S. S. Lesson for Sept. 13, 11 Kings 4 : 18-37. Golden Text, ver. 26. By Mrs. M. Baxter.

Evidence of Elijah's Spirit in Elisha—The Christian Worker in the House—The Thoughtfulness of Elisha's Hostess—The Woman's Contentment—A Child Promised—The Trial of Faith—Gehazi's Failure—The Conflict between Life and Death—The Child Raised—Elisha a Type of Christ.

ELISHA's reputation as a prophet was now fairly established. Not only as a stern rebuker of sin was he known, as in the case of the mocking children at Bethel (11 Kings 2 : 23, 24), but also as an instrument of blessing and deliverance in the healing of the bitter waters (verses 19-22), and in the deliverance of Jehoram's army from death by drought (11 Kings 3 : 9-17). Thus we see the evidence that a double portion of the Spirit was granted to him. Elijah was truly the precursor of John the Baptist, while the life of Elisha points very strikingly to Jesus.

In the course of his journeyings, as he, like the Lord, went about doing good and healing them that were oppressed (Acts 10 : 38), Elisha came to Shunem. There a person of distinction pressed upon him her hospitality. The prophet saw that he was welcome, and he made her house his home whenever he passed that way.

A CHRISTIAN WORKER

is not always as much admired in the house as in his or her meetings. There are some who adorn the doctrine of God their Saviour in all things (1 Tim. 2 : 10). There are others whose contrary spirits give a sense of discord and pain in every house they enter. There are often trials on both sides. The necessities of the work, the unexpected delays caused by anxious souls, make it difficult sometimes for an evangelist to keep regular hours. Again, some hosts and hostesses seem to imagine that a Christian worker has no right ever to be weary a moment; they will invite friends to every meal, and arrange conversations in between, so that he or she gets no time alone with the Lord, and no breathing space for soul or body in between the meetings. But if a Christian worker stands on his own defence, pities himself, and throws out unpleasant hints about this, it is very clear that he does not take all things which happen as coming directly from the hands of God. Oh, how safe our interests are in His hands! If we trust Him to provide quiet, He will do so. He put it into the heart of this lady of Shunem to say to her husband: "Behold, now, I perceive that this is a holy man of God, which passeth by us continually. Let us make a little chamber, I pray thee, on the wall; and let us set for him there a bed, and a table, and a stool, and a candlestick"—just in accordance with the prophet's simple tastes. God saw how His dear child needed a quiet little room alone. Elisha's hostess saw God in all he said and did—no self-care; he had left his interests with God, and thus lovingly, thus tenderly the Lord cared for him.

But our loving God is free-handed; most richly does He repay all which is done for Him, and He says of all who care for His own: "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me" (Matt. 25 : 40). On one of his visits Elisha's heart was filled with gratitude to God for His care, and he directed his servant Gehazi to call the Shunamite. He said: "Say now unto her, Behold, thou hast been careful for us with all this

care; what is to be done for thee? Wouldst thou be spoken for to the king, or to the captain of the host?" With all the greatness and nobility of true simplicity, she replied: "I dwell among mine own people." So fully had she imbibed the spirit of Elisha that it was difficult to awaken any desire for earthly things. Honor and distinction had lost their charms for her—the ministry to her own work-people was the joy of life to her. Had she, then, no one desire? Gehazi hit it well when he said: "Verily

SHE HATH NO CHILD,

and her husband is old." Elisha knew it was not too much to ask of God, and receive of him by faith, and so he told her that she should have a son. Long-abandoned hopes began to spring up anew; no doubt she had most earnestly prayed for this blessing, but it was the prayer of wish, or the prayer of hope, and not the prayer of faith. Now the warrant came from God through His prophet, and she could hardly take it in. "Nay, my lord, thou man of God, do not lie unto thine handmaid."

It was no lie; a year passed by and saw this woman of God a happy mother. Years passed, and he grew old enough to take a boyish interest in all the farm work, when one hot harvest-day he had a sunstroke, and was carried home from the field to his mother; he sat on her knees till noon, and then died. Why was this? Had she sinned? We are not told so. But God had more to teach her than she yet knew of Him. All His chastenings are parts of our education, that we may know more of Him in His wondrous unveilings of Himself in the time of trial. Without telling her husband the sad news, she laid the little corpse on the bed of the man of God and closed the door, then sent for one of the asses and one of the servants, that she might go and see Elisha. Her husband wondered, but was satisfied when she said: "It is well," or "Peace." With all possible speed she went to Mount Carmel, where Elisha was to be found. He saw her at a distance, and sent Gehazi to meet her with the questions: "Is it well with thee?" "Is it well with thy husband?" "Is it well with the child?" This was

A TEST OF FAITH.

God was teaching her the lesson: "Our light affliction, which is but for a moment, worketh for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory, while we look not at the things which are seen, but at the things which are not seen; for the things which are seen are temporal, but the things which are not seen are eternal" (11 Cor. 4 : 17, 18). Looking at God's side, understanding nothing, but fixed in her faith that He could make no mistake, she boldly said:

"IT IS WELL."

This was all she could say to Gehazi. But once in the presence of Elisha, her heart wept itself out, as she caught him by the feet. Gehazi was ready to interfere, but the prophet said: "Let her alone, for her soul is vexed within her, and the Lord hath hid it from me, and hath not told me." This was a strange thing to Elisha; he was in the habit of knowing what the Lord did (Amos 3 : 7). "Did I desire a son of my lord? Did I not say, Do not deceive me?" It was all out now; the God-given child was dead; what next? The Lord God of Elisha, who had raised the son of the widow of Sarepta, was still Elisha's God; but the prophet was not in the habit of putting himself forward, as though he were necessary to the works which God did by him. He sent Gehazi, and said to him: "Gird up thy loins, and take my staff in thine hand, and go thy way; if thou meet any man, salute him not; and if any salute thee, answer him not again; and lay my staff upon the face of the child."

Gehazi went his way, but the agonized mother was not satisfied. She knew that God was with Elisha; she had had solid proof of it, but she had no faith that Gehazi was equally counting upon God, and so she said: "As the Lord liveth, and as thy soul liveth, I will not leave thee." Gehazi went on, silent and solemn, but no power of God with him; he laid his staff

upon the face of the child, but nothing happened, and he was obliged to return with the humbling confession:

"THE CHILD IS NOT AWAKED."

Dear reader, how is it with your class in the Sunday-school? Have you brought the Gospel to bear upon them Sunday after Sunday, and yet have you nothing more to say than this: "They are not awakened yet"? Look to it whether you are really counting on the living God for them all, or whether, as in Gehazi's case, there is uncleanness lurking in your heart. Want of power means really want of God. All the logic, all the eloquence in the world brought to bear upon them will not quicken souls into spiritual life; only the Holy Ghost can do this; and as we count on the Holy Ghost, He does His work by us or without us.

Elisha came on to the house with the mother, but he left her outside while he went in alone with God and with the dead. The mother's anxiety and prayers could do nothing here; it must be the finger of God. The prophet shut the door; there was going to be a mighty battle between him who lieth the power of death, even the devil, and He who is the Prince of life. Elisha must be the only spectator, and he would see but a glimpse of what passed. He prayed unto the Lord. No doubt this was the prayer of faith—no hesitation about it, no fear; it was a bold claim upon God to be true to Himself, and to justify Himself to the worthy woman who was in such perplexity. And he went up, and lay upon the child, and put his mouth upon his mouth, and his eyes upon his eyes, and his hands upon his hands; and he stretched himself upon the child; and the flesh of the child waxed warm. Then he returned, and walked in the house to and fro; and went up, and stretched himself upon him; and the child sneezed seven times, and the child opened his eyes."

LIFE HAD CONQUERED DEATH.

It was but a moment, and the mother, who had counted on the power of God to raise her son (or she would never have gone to fetch Elisha), was rewarded. "Take up thy son," was the prophet's word, but before she gave him one kiss she fell at the prophet's feet, and bowed herself to the ground, her whole being going out in worship to the Lord; then she "took up her son, and went out." Thus life conquers death. Elisha is but a type of Jesus. It is Jesus coming in who vivifies us in soul or in body. Jesus our Holiness conquering our sin. Jesus our Wisdom conquering our foolishness, and just so Jesus our Life and Strength of body. His eyes for our eyes, His hands for our hands, His brain for our exhausted brain. The body is . . . for the Lord; and the Lord for the body (1 Cor. 6 : 13). There is no need in spirit, soul, or body for which we may not take Jesus.

The persistency of the Shunamite may well teach us a lesson. She saw one thing: that if only the God of Elisha could come in contact with her child he would live, and she knew no other way than to constrain Elisha to come with her. We know that Jesus is with us now, and that being so, nothing is impossible to us; the very Creator and Upholder of the universe is with us, yes, dwelling in us. "Know ye not your own selves, how that Jesus Christ is in you, except ye be reprobates" (11 Cor. 13 : 5)? But in so many lives Jesus is indeed dwelling, but unrecognized. He is not known, is not given place within as the Life of spirit soul and body, the Source of all strength, power, wisdom. Where He really reigns faith can say, in all circumstances, with Him to fall back upon: "It is well."

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AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES.

Published at 63 Bible House, New York City.

This Journal contains every week a Portrait and Biography of some eminent person; a new Sermon by the Rev. C. H. SPURGEON, of London, and the Rev. Dr. TALMAGE'S latest Sunday morning Sermon; also always a Prophetic Article, and a Summary of Current Events, as well as Stories, Anecdotes, etc.

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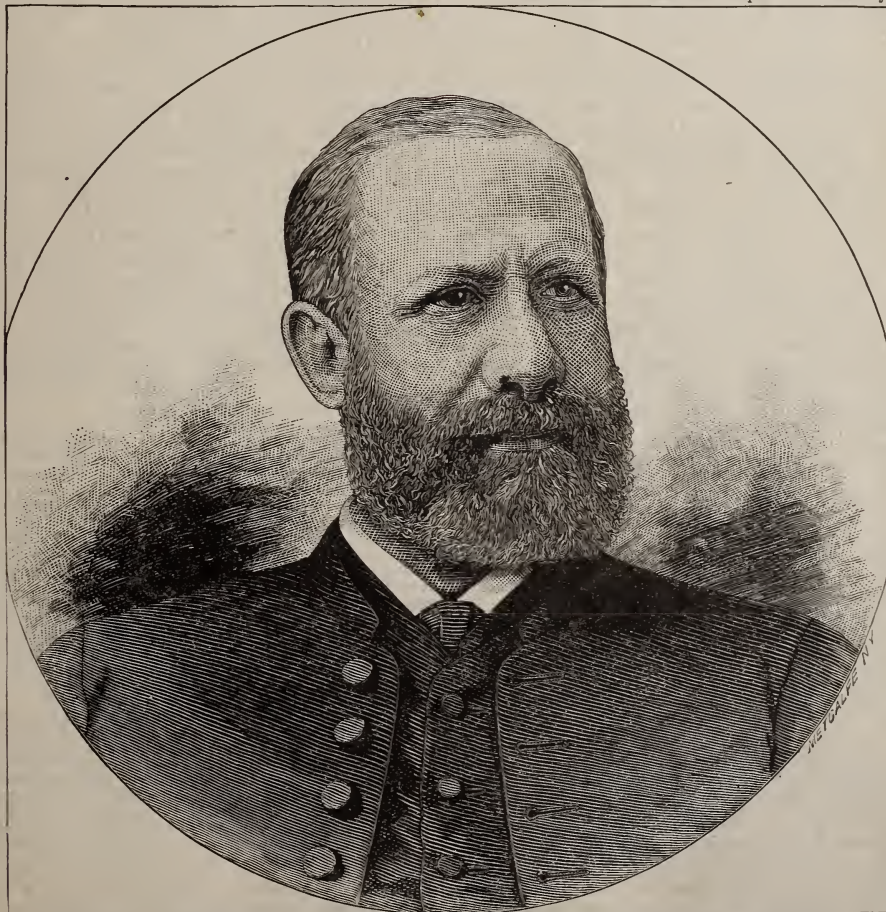
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STEPHEN MERRITT,

New York's Preacher-Philanthropist.

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"You are paid to preach," is a reproach often flung in the teeth of hard-working Christian ministers by men of coarse fibre who are not ashamed to insinuate that the earnest endeavor to win souls for Christ is undertaken as a means of genteel livelihood. The reproach is in nearly all cases unjust, for the abilities essential to a successful preacher would be far more liberally compensated in other professions, and the labor involved would be much less. The Church and the world would be heavy losers if the Christian ministry were unpaid, if only those could engage in it who had independent fortunes, or if the preacher, instead of studying the Word, and visiting the sick and the poor, had to labor in secular employments for a living.

UNPAID SERVICE.

But there are some against whom the reproach, unjust as it is, cannot be levelled. Preaching Christ because they desire to serve Him, preaching to the people because they know that Christ is the power of God to salvation, they refuse to accept remuneration, preferring to labor with their hands for their own necessities. All honor to that noble band of workers in the Christian army, some of whom are to be found in every city, giving to God, and to their fellow-men the time other men give to recreation and pleasure. Of this grand, self-denying body of men, the celebrated preacher whose portrait appears on the first page of the CHRISTIAN HERALD this week is a conspicuous example. Like the great Apostle of the Gentiles, Mr. Merritt is able to say: "Ye remember, brethren, our labor and travail; for laboring night and day that we might not burden any of you, we preached unto you the Gospel of God" (1 Thess. 2:9), and as he pleads with the sinner in Christ's stead, he may say with the same apostle: "I seek not yours, but you" (11 Cor. 12:14). To men who impute interested motives to Christian preachers, such an instance as that of Stephen Merritt, is a conclusive answer; for his Christian labor has no reward, but the reward he covets—that of seeing souls brought out of darkness into the marvellous light of the Gospel.

BIRTH AND EARLY LIFE.

Stephen Merritt was born in New York City, on March 6th, 1833. His father was an undertaker, but he wished his son to acquire an independent handicraft, and when he had completed his education he sent him to the Brooklyn Navy-yard to learn the art of sail-making. It is a curious coincidence that the man who in after life was to follow the Apostle Paul's example in preaching the Gospel gratuitously to the poor, should have been taught the handicraft by which the great apostle supported himself (Acts 18:3). Four years the boy worked in the Navy-yard, and at the end of that time his apprenticeship was completed, and he was free to follow his own inclinations. He was able to earn his own livelihood, and he left the Navy-yard to enter upon his career in the world.

A CRITICAL TIME.

That is always a critical time for a young man. He is then at the parting of the ways. Parental control is necessarily relaxed, and the youth must decide for himself what his future course shall be. In a great city like New York the crisis is intensified by the circumstances which surround him. Devices of all kinds are employed to draw such young men into evil courses. They are tempted by allurements which appeal to the strongest tendencies of a young man's nature. It is heart-breaking to any Christian man to see as he passes along the streets in the even-

ing young men who are just commencing the road to ruin. On the Bowery, and in the up-town streets the announcement "Concert this Evening: Admission Free," appears at the doors of liquor-saloons; and in those places every night may be seen, listening to the music, young men who evidently have spent the day in business houses or the workshops. At the first visit, perhaps, the table is empty; but after a time the waiters make it clear to the young visitor that he is expected to buy liquor or cigars if he comes there. The lights, the mirrors, the gorgeous decorations, the luxurious seats, the enchanting music, the gay company—all unite to draw and hold the young victim. Everything seems full of life, and it is not until he is himself bound by the chains of iniquity that the young man learns that "the dead are there." Parents who are dazzled by the advantages their sons may derive from commencing life in a great city ought to know that it is the worst place in the world for a lad to be who is just entering upon man's estate.

Young Merritt was in the midst of these seductive temptations at the crisis of his life. But, happily for him, he had at that time secured the armor which alone is strong enough to withstand the assaults of the enemy of mankind. Possessing a bright, lively, sanguine temperament, being what is called "a good fellow," cheerful, humorous, vivacious, he was just the young man to be drawn into the vortex from which so few ever return, but at that time young Merritt's evenings were being spent in Christian society, and he was enjoying the delights which God provides for those who seek Him, and which fill the life with joy indescribable. A short time before, while sitting in Bedford Street Methodist Episcopal Church, the Holy Spirit had spoken to his soul, and he had yielded himself to Christ. His was not the nature to do anything half-heartedly, and as he commenced the Christian life he consecrated himself wholly to the service of the Saviour. With his heart full of the love of Christ, he walked the dangerous path safely, and his superabundant energy found a congenial outlet in Christian activity. He very wisely resolved to gain a little more intellectual culture, that he might become a more effective laborer in Christ's service. He accordingly spent one year in the seminary at Amenia, N. Y., and at the end of that time returned to New York, eager for employment in the harvest-field of souls.

BEGINS TO PREACH.

In 1858, Mr. Merritt being then twenty-five years of age, received a lay-preacher's license in the Methodist Episcopal Church, and his work of publishing the Gospel commenced. Six years later he received from Bishop Clark ordination as deacon, and there could be no better justification of the call than that Mr. Merritt could produce in souls saved by the blessing of God on his preaching. It was not until 1871, however, that Mr. Merritt entered fully on the special work in which he has won the praise of all the churches. That work was commenced in Bank Street, New York.

AN UPHILL STRUGGLE.

A dingy room in that thoroughfare was fourteen years ago dignified by the name of a chapel, and in it a few poor people were gathered every Sunday to listen to the Gospel. It was a poor congregation, but among them were one or two who were rich in faith, though almost destitute of this world's goods. Mr. Merritt preached there, and was struck by the opportunities for earnest, self-denying work in that locality. Energetic, unselfish, faithful labor, he believed, would be a blessing there, and much good might be done. He became the pastor of the church, knowing well that every cent the people could raise would be needed in church work, and that if his plans were carried out he would be a loser financially by his undertaking. But Mr. Merritt has never entered on any religious work with any other expectation. He went to Bank Street, and his irrepresable energy gave new life to the struggling church. It amazed all who

knew it, before his arrival, to see what a months produced. Somehow, the past genial manner, his warm heart and ready sympathy with the poor and the struggling, seen to be felt through the streets and in the hon of that neighborhood. People came to the li Bank Street chapel, and were cheered and encouraged. Religion there was "a living thing people who had gone to grander churches, had been thrust into a seat in some obscure corner, where their shabby clothes would be an offence to the wealthy members, and w came and went away without a friendly w being spoken to them individually, found the selves welcomed at Bank Street, and the fire t burned in the pulpit warmed all the chur The congregation grew; souls were saved, a the little church was crowded. Before t years had passed, a new church had to be bu and the commodious edifice in Perry Stre erected at a cost of \$35,000. To the surpris the people themselves the money was paid t and no one ever knew, though many shrew suspected, how much of that large sum h come from the pastor's pocket.

SUNDAY-SCHOOL WORK.

In this church was first seen a characteristic Mr. Merritt's Christian genius, which has been noticeable wherever he has been. That was t prosperity of the Sunday-school. He has ways believed in children. The very look of t man attracts them. There is no chilliness all his personality. A child instinctively fe that the good-humored face is an index to a l heart, and places his hand confidently that of the pastor. Almost as soon as Merritt settled in Bank Street he began to t special attention to the Sunday-school. gathered around him a band of teachers af own heart, and the few children who came the school, began to tell their companions ab the place where they were happy. The sch grew until, when the Perry Street church v built, accommodation had to be provided fo school containing six hundred children.

The rules of the Methodist Episcopal Chur do not allow of any pastor remaining more t three years over any one charge. In 1874, the fore, Mr. Merritt to the intense regret of t church had to leave and seek a new field. T he found at Piermont, on the Hudson, and established himself at Nyack. The Pierm church did not find him a sufficient scop his energy, and in less than six months, th additional churches were added to the we under his charge.

BUSINESS.

The close of the year 1875 found Mr. Merr again resident in New York. His father's advancing years and infirmities, and his rapid growing business required the presence of t son. It was with reluctance that Mr. Merr separated himself from his people at Nyac where his energetic, devoted work was beginni to produce hopeful results; but parental clai were not to be ignored. His duty evidently l at home, and he believed, and rightly, th opportunities for usefulness would not be lacki to one who earnestly sought them. He the fore appeared in his father's undertaking, t establishment, and was assiduous in his attenti to business, and in his devotion to his ag parent, engaging all the time, in the intervals business, in Christian labor.

He had not been at home much over a year when his old church in Perry Street began m ing with a view to his resumption of his past charge over them. He was ordained an elder Bishop Merritt, and was placed in Perry Stre for another term of three years. His term w drawing toward its close, when a new fi opened of a kind especially congenial to the

LEADER OF FORLORN HOPE.

In the down-town district of Franklin Stre among the very poor, a handful of Christian m were holding services, and striving to form little church for the neglected and indige dwellers in the tenement houses. It was ha work. No money, even for the most sim

necessaries of worship could be expected from men whose most strenuous exertions could barely earn enough to provide them and their families with bread. The ragged clothes and the emaciated faces of the people who came to listen to the Gospel, told a sad tale of hardship and privation. Yet those were the very people to whom by the Saviour's injunction the Gospel was to be preached. The need was great, but there was nothing to attract any but workers who were self-denying and consecrated. It seemed as if the effort must be abandoned when some one who had seen the growth of the Bank Street church, suggested that perhaps Mr. Merritt would come. The application was made. Mr. Merritt went and looked at the little room, and the miserable congregation. That was the work for him; the work he loved best. "What do you think of it, Mr. Merritt?" timidly inquired one of the originators of the mission. "Yes; I'll come," was the laconic answer. And Mr. Merritt went.

THE FRANKLIN STREET CHURCH.

That was in the fall of 1879. It was worth a journey to go to that place in this month of September, 1885. A building has been purchased near the site of the old mission for \$16,000. Improvements were made which cost \$8,000 more, and this year an additional \$4,800 have been expended on the structure. In the Sunday-school, which is in many respects, the model Sunday-school of the city, there are six hundred and eighty children, bright, intelligent, well-behaved, and ardently attached to the school. Two missions—the Third Ward chapel in Greenwich Street, and the De Witt chapel and Sunday-school in the First Ward have been founded, and are supported by the church, making an aggregate membership of church and Sunday-school of more than twelve hundred persons. To be sure, the people are still poor. You see no carriages waiting at the doors, and, if the clothes of every occupant of the pews were sold at a fair price, the sum realized would not pay for the diamonds that glisten in a single pew of an up-town church. But listen to the singing; watch the eager faces turned to the preacher, see the joy and peace that rests on the poor hungry countenances, and you will thank God that to the poor the Gospel is preached. How was the big church built? Who pays expenses? Who supports the pastor? Only a few could give an idea of the financial arrangements. But go into Mr. Merritt's undertaking establishment in Eighth Avenue. There you see that a splendid business is being done. You notice that commissions are continually coming in from which a handsome profit must be cleared. The proprietor must be well on the way to the circle of the millionaires. But he is not. He is a comparatively poor man. There is little prospect of a lawsuit over his will after he is dead, and though the business has been growing and extending year after year, the proprietor does not seem to become any richer. The curious in such matters will not be able to solve the riddle until the accounts of the Franklin Street church are compared with the accounts of the business house in Eighth Avenue.

TEMPERANCE WORK.

Besides distinctly religious work, Mr. Merritt is a prominent and active laborer in the cause of temperance. On one occasion he started out on a temperance campaign which occupied seventeen months, and during all that time there were but thirteen nights in which he was not speaking somewhere for the cause of total abstinence. Poughkeepsie was one of the places visited, and there in one night one hundred and three persons signed the pledge at the close of Mr. Merritt's lecture. That was not by any means an unusual result of his effective appeals. In the temperance campaigns, as in his preaching, Mr. Merritt strictly adheres to his independent action. He receives no remuneration for his services, and pays his expenses out of his own pocket.

Probably Mr. Merritt himself does not know how much he gives away directly to individuals

in the course of a year. Physicians who visit the poor could give some clue to his expenses in one direction. The clothiers of the city know him as a good customer for garments that never appear on his person. Provision dealers make up parcels of nourishing goods which go to various houses in the poor districts, and they send the bills to Mr. Merritt. There are thriving businesses in this and other cities the proprietors of which were, not many years ago, struggling along in situations for precarious salaries, but who, after making Mr. Merritt's acquaintance, set up for themselves with a little capital of ready cash, which industry and frugality is developing into a respectable competence. And beside these avenues of dispersion, there are the direct alms to the starving and, it is to be feared, not always deserving applicants. The roll of bills which Mr. Merritt's pocket contains in the morning present a very shrunken appearance at night, for, like the late Peter Cooper, he is the well-known prey of any one who is in distress, and, like him, he enjoys the luxury of giving relief.

IN POLITICS.

To the surprise of many people Mr. Merritt not long ago appeared in the political arena. He was a candidate for the State comptroller-ship. He was not elected, for his known prohibitionist principles aroused an opposition to him which spared neither money nor labor to defeat him. Again, last year, he received the nomination of the Prohibition party for Assemblyman. It was, of course, a forlorn hope; but to the surprise of every one in the district Mr. Merritt, though defeated, received twenty-four hundred votes. A few weeks ago he was nominated for the State Senatorship of his district by a meeting of citizens, who were aroused from their apathy by the state of affairs at Albany, and conceived the idea that it would be for the interest of the State if an honest, upright man were sent to take his seat in the Senate Chamber of the Capitol. There is good reason for hoping that the better feeling of his fellow-citizens and the desire for honest government, which at present has manifested itself in many unexpected quarters will insure his success in November.

Unobtrusive as Mr. Merritt's career has been, there are few men in the city who do not know of him, and he is widely honored. His enemies are the men whose enmity it is an honor to enjoy. The poor love him, and thousands of families now living decent lives, in the enjoyment of home comforts, look back to days when drunkenness desolated their homes, and hunger and misery made their lives a burden, and death only a fearful expectation of judgment; and as they contrast those times with the better days on which their lives have fallen, thank God that they ever came in contact with Stephen Merritt.

"MODERN BABYLON."

PASTOR HIRSCH writes to *Le Matin*, a Parisian publication, eloquently and truthfully, as follows: "I quite understand the satisfaction that many Parisians feel at the disclosures of the *Pall Mall Gazette*. The subject of 'Modern Babylon,' about which our neighbors on the other side of the Channel have long been ashamed, has at length been disclosed. But I wish that this terrible lesson may not profit the English alone. That they will profit by it you may rest assured. Those among them who, overcoming their national pride, have dared to lay bare the wound, and that in a measure before the eyes of all the world, will know how to cauterize it till it is perfectly healed. I desire that a similar work should take place among ourselves. Let us not recriminate nor cover ourselves with the garment of hypocrisy. The evil is among ourselves, as it is in London; it is practised here, perhaps, under different phases, and not on so great a scale, but, such as it is, it must be combated without mercy.

"Our customs, do you know them? Do you know that in the midst of Paris, in houses set

apart for the purpose, which pay a tax to the Government, and in exchange enjoy its protection, there are perpetrated, day after day, monstrosities and crimes exactly like those which have spread a cry of horror throughout the civilized world? We must reform man by man, and cause him to respect his mother, his wife, and his sister, whom he degrades when he degrades the mother, the wife, or the sister of others. We must pursue into its most secret recesses this theory that it is necessary, and at the risk of being called dreamers."

MR. HENRY VARLEY WRITES:

"A subtle form of evil has been working in calculable mischief in the State. It is not new, for evils of similar character have long been in the chequered history of humanity. I refer to the practical divorce which has existed in England between moral character and fitness for political, social, and professional eminence. Men of the highest social position have again and again been proved to be of the lowest moral character.

"Not only so, but there are living among us men who have so disgraced themselves by moral deformity that their names are an offence among those who know their true character. Conversing recently with a gentleman who has spent many years in India, concerning the character of a certain nobleman whose evil living was a public scandal, he quietly added, 'Oh, yes, respectable men would not allow their daughters to go where

THIS NOTORIOUSLY IMMORAL MAN

resides!' Imagine such a man to be the representative of England's authority in India.

"Twice recently, in company with friends, have I visited one of the most popular of West End places of amusement, in order that we might verify the facts. On the first evening I counted in one house nearly one hundred and thirty harlots, dressed in every style of fashion. On a second occasion seventy were plying their avocation in this 'house of assignation.' The police who were present chatted freely with the 'loose women,' and in the knowledge and providence of the late Home Secretary kept vice from breaking out into crime. In this same haunt of wickedness there was presented a spectacle grossly suggestive of indecency. I need hardly say that here also the police were present to yield the protection of the law. About two years since the eldest son of a prominent Christian man, well known to me, was tempted to go to this 'carnival of lust.' Leaving it in company with one of the sisterhood of shame, he shot himself dead the following morning in her apartments.

"It occurs to me that at such a time the press and platform and the pulpit should lift up their united voice against this dangerous divorce between a clear moral character and fitness for prominent social and political positions.

THE REV. W. ARTHUR, M.A.,

the distinguished Wesleyan Methodist minister, and author of "The Tongue of Fire," has published a timely and most trenchant brochure, entitled, "Hush, or Speak Out?" in which he remarks: "The improvements now accepted in our law, if really worked, may effect much toward diminishing the particular variety of crime which consists in the ruin of unborn girls. But both past experience and recent debates show that there are men in plenty who will defeat the operation of such laws, if by any artifice they can do so. The men who fire up at any distant danger to the gentleman libertine, at every possible wounding of his feeling or shadow upon his reputation, at every possible loss to him of money, and who revile, wherever they dared to do it, those who plead for the equal right of poor women to have their feelings, their reputation, their whole store of goods actual and possible—that is, their character—screened by the majesty of the State from the paws of brutal men in rich clothes, are not the persons who will as magistrates, lawyers, or legislators do otherwise than connive at the Jefferies of either sex."

THE GREAT ASSIZE.

Dr. Talmage's Sermon, Preached at Cork, Ireland, Last Sunday Morning, Sept. 6, 1885.

"When the Son of Man shall come in His glory, and all the holy angels with Him, then shall He sit upon the throne of His glory: and before Him shall be gathered all nations: and He shall separate them one from another, as a shepherd divideth his sheep from the goats."—MATTHEW 25: 31, 32.

The Final Judgment Inevitable—Necessary—Christ in His Glory—Never yet Seen—Who is on the Judgment Seat?—Betrayed by His Scars—The Angelic Constabulary—The Multitude Assembled—The Blue Canopy of the Sky—A Suspended Auditorium—The Separation—Division According to Character—Conventionalities Shattered—Division by Two—The Leaves of the Book—Memory's Automatic Register—The Bugle Signal—Cancelled Leaves—Two Tremendous Words.

HALF way between Chamouni, Switzerland, and Martigny I reined in the horse on which I was riding, and looked off upon the most wonderful natural amphitheatre of valley and mountain and rock, and I said to my companion, "What an appropriate place this would be for the last judgment. Yonder overhanging rock the place for the judgment-seat. These galleries of surrounding hills occupied by attendant angels. This vast valley, sweeping miles this way and miles that, the audience-room for all nations." But sacred geography does not point out the place. Yet we know that somewhere, sometime, somehow, an audience will be gathered together stupendous beyond all statistics, and just as certainly as you and I make up a part of this audience to-day, we will make up a part of that audience on that day.

A common sense of justice in every man's heart demands that there shall be some great winding-up day, in which that which is now

INEXPLICABLE SHALL BE EXPLAINED.

Why did that good man suffer, and that bad man prosper? You say, "I don't know, but I must know." Why is that good Christian woman dying of what is called a spider cancer, while that daughter of folly sits wrapped in luxuriance, ease, and health? You say, "I don't know, but I must know." There are so many wrongs to be righted that if there were not some great righting-up day in the presence of all ages, there would be an outcry against God from which His glory would never recover. If God did not at last try the nations, the nations would try Him. We are, therefore, ready for the announcement of the text.

The world never saw Christ except in disguise. If once when He was on earth He had let out His glory, instead of the blind eyes being healed, all visions would have been extinguished. No human eye could have endured it. And instead of bringing the dead to life, all around about him would have been the slain under that overpowering effulgence. Disguise of human flesh. Disguise of seamless robe. Disguise of sandal. Disguise of voice. From Bethlehem caravansary to mausoleum in the rock,

A COMPLETE DISGUISE.

But on the day of which I speak the Son of Man will come in His glory. No hiding of lustre. No sheathing of strength. No suppression of grandeur. No wrapping out of sight of the Godhead. Any fifty of the most brilliant sunsets that you ever saw on land or sea would be dim as compared with the cerulean appearance on that day when Christ rolls through, and rolls on, and rolls down in His glory. The air will be all abloom with His presence, and everything from horizon to horizon aflame with His splendor.

Elijah rode up the sky-step in a chariot, the wheels of whirling fire and the horses of galloping fire, and the charioteer drawing reins of fire on bits of fire; but Christ will need no such equipage, for the law of gravitation will be laid aside, and the natural elements will be laid aside, and Christ will descend swiftly enough to make speedy arrival, but slowly enough to allow the gaze of millions of spectators. In his glory! Glory of form, glory of omnipotence, glory of

holiness, glory of justice, glory of love. In His glory! An unveiled,

AN UNCOVERED GOD

descending to meet the human race in an interview which will be prolonged only for a few hours, and yet which shall settle all the past and all the present and all the future, and be closed before the end of that day, which will close, not with setting sun, but with the destruction of the planet as a snuffers takes off the top of a burned wick.

It is a solemn time in a court-room when there is an important case on hand, and the judge of the Supreme Court enters, and he sits down, and with gavel strikes on the desk commanding bar and jury and witnesses and audience into silence. All voices are hushed, all heads are uncovered. But how much more impressive when Christ shall take the judgment seat on the last day of the last week of the last month of the last year of the world's existence, and with gavel of thunderbolt shall smite the mountains, commanding all the land and all the sea into silence.

Can you have any doubt about

WHO IT IS ON THE SEAT

on the judgment day? Better make investigation, to see whether there are any scars about Him that reveal His person. Apparel may change. You cannot always tell by apparel. But scars will tell the story after all else fails. I find under His left arm a scar, and on His right hand a scar, and on His left hand a scar, and on His right foot a scar, and on His left foot a scar. Oh, yes, He is the Son of Man in His glory. Every mark of wound now a badge of victory, every ridge showing the fearful gash now telling the story of pain and sacrifice which He suffered in behalf of the human race.

But what is all that commotion and flutter, and surging to and fro above Him and on either side of Him? It is a detailed regiment of heaven,

A CONSTABULARY ANGELIC,

sent forth to take part in that scene, and to execute the mandates that shall be issued. Ten regiments, a hundred regiments, a thousand regiments of angels; for on that day all heaven will be emptied out of its inhabitants to let them attend the scene. All the holy angels. From what a centre to what a circumference. Widening out and widening out, and higher up and higher up. Wings interlocking wings. Galleries of cloud above galleries of cloud, all filled with the faces of angels come to listen and come to watch, and come to help on that day for which all other days were made. Who are those two taller and more conspicuous angels? The one is Michael, who is the commander of all those who come out to destroy sin. The other is Gabriel, who is announced as commander of all those who come forth to help the righteous. Who is that mighty angel near the throne? That is the resurrection angel, his lips still aquiver and his cheek aflame with the blast that shattered the cemeteries and woke the dead. Who is that other great angel, with dark and overshadowing brow? That is the one who in one night, by one flap of his wing, turned 185,000 of Sennacherib's host into corpses.

Who are those bright immortals near the throne, their faces partly turned toward each other as though about to sing? Oh, they are

THE BETHLEHEM CHANTERS

of the first Christmas night! Who are this other group standing so near the throne? They are the Saviour's especial body guard, which hovered over Him in the wilderness and administered to Him in the hour of martyrdom, and heaved away the rock of his sarcophagus, and escorted Him upward on Ascension Day, now appropriately escorting Him down. Divine glory flanked on both sides by angelic radiance.

But now lower your eye from the divine and angelic to the human. The entire human race is present. All nations, says my text. Before that time the American Republic, the English Government, the French Republic, all modern modes of government may be obliterated for something better; but all nations, whether dead

or alive, will be brought up into that assembly. Thebes and Tyre and Babylon and Greece and Rome as wide awake in that assembly as though they had never slumbered amid the dead nations. Europe, Asia, Africa, North and South America, all the nineteenth century, the eighteenth century, the twelfth century, the tenth century, the fourth century—all centuries present. Not one being that ever drew the breath of life but will be in that assembly.

VAST MULTITUDE!

No other audience a thousandth part as large. No other audience a millionth part as large. No human eye could look across it. Wing of albatross and falcon and eagle not strong enough to fly over it. A congregation, I verily believe, not assembled on any continent, because no continent would be large enough to hold it. But, as the Bible intimates, in the air. The law of gravitation unanchored, the world moved out of its place. As now sometimes on earth a great tent is spread for some great convention, so over that great audience of the judgment shall be lifted the blue canopy of the sky, and underneath it for floor the air made buoyant by the hand of Almighty God. An architecture of atmospheric galleries strong enough to hold up worlds. Surely the two arms of God's almightiness are two pillars strong enough to hold up any auditorium.

But that audience is not to remain in session long. Most audiences on earth after an hour or two adjourn. Sometimes in court-rooms an audience will tarry four or five hours, but then it adjourns. So this audience spoken of in the text will adjourn. My text says, "He will separate them one from another as a shepherd divideth the sheep from the goats."

THE SEPARATION.

"No," says my Universalist friend, "let them all stay together." But the text says, "He shall separate them." "No," say the kings of this world, "let men have their choice, and if they prefer monarchical institutions, let them go together, and if they prefer republican institutions, let them go together." "No," say the conventionalities of this world, "let all those who moved in what is called high circles go together, and all those who on earth moved in low circles go together. The rich together, the poor together, the wise together, the ignorant together." Ah! no. Do you not notice in that assembly the king is without his sceptre, and the soldier without his uniform, and the bishop without his pontifical ring, and the millionaire without his certificates of stock, and the convict without his chain, and the beggar without his rags, and the illiterate without his bad orthography, and all of us without any distinction of earthly inequality? So I take it from that as well as from my text that the mere accident of position in this world will do nothing toward deciding the questions of that very great day.

DIVISION ACCORDING TO CHARACTER.

"He will separate them as a shepherd divideth the sheep from the goats." The sheep, the cleanliest of creatures, here made a symbol of those who have all their sins washed away in the fountain of redeeming mercy. The goat, one of the filthiest of creatures here, a type of those who in the last judgment will be found never to have had any divine ablation. Division according to character. Not only character outside, but character inside. Character of heart, character of choice, character of allegiance, character of affection, character inside as well as character outside.

In many a case it will be a complete and immediate reversal of all earthly conditions. Some who in this world wore patched apparel will take on raiment lustrous as a summer noon. Some who occupied a palace will take a dungeon. Division regardless of all earthly caste, and some who were down will be up, and some who were up will be down. Oh, what a shattering of conventionalities! What an upheaval of all social rigidities, what a turning of the wheel of earthly condition, a thousand revolutions in a second. Division of all nations, of all ages, not by the

figure 9, nor the figure 8, nor the figure 7, nor the figure 6, nor the figure 5, nor the figure 4; ut by

THE FIGURE 2.

Two! Two characters, two destinies, two states, two dominions, two eternities, a tremendous, an all-comprehensive, an all-decisive, and everlasting two!

I sometimes think that the figure of the book that shall be opened allows us to forget the thing signified by the symbol. Where is the book-inder that could make a volume large enough to contain the names of all the people who have ever lived? Besides that the calling of such a roll would take more than fifty years, more than a hundred years, and the judgment is to be consummated in less time than passes between sunrise and sunset. Ah! my friends, the leaves of that book of judgment are not made out of paper, but of memory. *One leaf in every human heart.* You have known persons who were near rowning, but they were afterward resuscitated, and they have told you that in the two or three minutes between the accident and the resuscitation, all their past life flashed before them—all they had ever thought, all they had ever done. Oh, they had ever seen in an instant came to them, the memory never loses anything. It is only a folded leaf. It is only

A CLOSED BOOK.

Though you are an octogenarian, though you are a nonagenarian, all the thoughts and acts of our life are in your mind whether you recall them now or not, just as Macaulay's history is in two volumes, although the volumes may be closed, and you cannot see a word of them, and will not until they are opened. As in the case of the drowning man, the volume of memory was partly open, or the leaf partly unrolled; in the case of the judgment the entire book will be opened, so that everything will be displayed from preface to appendix.

You have seen self-registering instruments which recorded how many revolutions they had made and what work they had done, so the manufacturer could come days after and look at the instrument and find just how many revolutions had been made, or how much work had been accomplished. So the human mind is a self-registering instrument, and it records all its past movements. Now that leaf, that all-comprehensive leaf in your mind and mine this moment, the leaf of judgment, brought out under the flash of the judgment throne, you can easily see how all the past of our lives in an instant will be seen. And so great and so resplendent will be the light of that throne that not only this leaf in my heart and that leaf in your heart will be revealed at a flash, but all the leaves will be opened, and you will read not only your own character and your own history, but the character and history of others.

In a military encampment

THE BUGLE SOUNDED

in one way means one thing, and sounded in another way it means another thing. Bugle sounded in one way means, "Prepare for sudden attack." Bugle sounded in another way means, "To your tents, and let all the lights be put out."

I have to tell you, my brother, that the trumpet of the Old Testament, the trumpet that was carried in the armies of olden times, and the trumpet on the walls in olden times, in the last great day will give significant reverberation. Old and worn-out and exhausted Time, having marched across decades and centuries and ages, will halt, and the sun and the moon and the stars will halt with it. The trumpet, the trumpet!

Peal the first: Under its power the sea will stretch itself out dead, the white foam on the lip, in its crystal sarcophagus, and the mountains will stagger and reel and stumble and fall into the valleys never to rise. Under one puff of that last cyclone all the candles of the sky will be blown out. The trumpet, the trumpet!

Peal the second: The alabaster halls of the air will be filled with those who will throng up from all the cemeteries of all the ages—from Grey-

friar's Churchyard, and Roman Catacomb, from Westminster Abbey, and from the coral crypts of oceanic cave, and some will rend off the bandage of Egyptian mummy, and others will remove from their brow the garland of green seaweed. From the north and the south and the east and the west they come. The dead! The trumpet, the trumpet!

Peal the third: Amid surging clouds and the roar of attendant armies of heaven the Lord comes through, and there are lightnings and thunderbolts, and an earthquake, and a hallelujah, and a wailing. The trumpet, the trumpet!

Peal the fourth: All the records of human life will be revealed. The leaf containing the pardoned sin, the leaf containing the unpardoned sin. Some clapping hands with joy, some grinding their teeth with rage, and all the forgotten past becomes a vivid present. The trumpet, the trumpet!

Peal the last: The audience breaks up. The great trial is ended. The high court of heaven adjourns. The audience he themselves to their two termini. They rise, they rise! They sink, they sink! Then the blue tent of the sky will be lifted and folded up and put away. Then the auditorium of atmospheric galleries will be melted. Then the folded wings of attendant angels will be spread for upward flight. The fiery throne of judgment will become a dim and a vanishing cloud. The conflagration of divine and angelic magnificence will roll back and off. The day for which all other days are made has closed, and the world has burned down, and the last cinder has gone out, and an angel flying on errand from world to world will poise long enough over the dead earth to chant the funeral litany as he cries, "Ashes to ashes!"

That judgment leaf in your heart I seize hold of this moment for cancellation. In your city hangs the great book of mortgages has a large margin, so that when the mortgagor has paid the full amount to the mortgagee, the officer of the law comes, and he puts down on that margin the payment and the cancellation, and though that mortgage demanded vast thousands before, now it is null and void. So I have to tell you that that leaf in my heart and in your heart, that leaf of judgment, that all-comprehensive leaf, has a wide

MARGIN FOR CANCELLATION.

There is only one hand in all the universe that can touch that margin. That hand this moment lifted to make the record null and void forever. It may be a trembling hand, for it is a wounded hand, the nerves were cut and the muscles were lacerated. That record on that leaf was made in the black ink of condemnation; but if cancellation takes place, it will be made in the red ink of sacrifice. O judgment-bound brother and sister, let Christ this moment bring to that record complete and glorious cancellation. This moment, in an outburst of impassioned prayer, ask for it. You think it is the fluttering of your heart. Oh, no! It is the fluttering of that leaf, that judgment leaf.

I ask you not to take from your iron safe your last will and testament, but I ask for something of more importance than that. I ask you not to take from your private papers that letter so sacred that you have put it away from all human eyesight, but I ask you for something of more meaning than that. That leaf, that judgment leaf in my heart, that judgment leaf in your heart, which will decide our condition after this world shall have five thousand million years been swept out the heavens, an extinct planet, and time itself will be so long past that on the ocean of eternity it will seem only as now seems a ripple on the Atlantic.

When the goats in vile herd start for the barren mountains of death, and the sheep in fleeces of snowy whiteness and bleating with joy move up the terraced hills to join the lambs already playing in the high pastures of celestial altitude, oh may you and I be close by the Shepherd's crook! "When the Son of Man shall come in His glory, and all the holy angels with Him, then shall He sit upon the throne of His glory;

and before Him shall be gathered all nations; and He shall separate them one from another, as a shepherd divideth the sheep from the goats."

Oh, that leaf, that one leaf in my heart, that one leaf in your heart! That leaf of judgment. Oh, those

TWO TREMENDOUS WORDS

at the last, "Come!" "Go!" As though the overhanging heavens were the cup of a great bell, and all the stars were welded into a silvery tongue and swung from side to side until it struck, "Come!" "Go!" As though all the great guns of eternal disaster were discharged at once, and they boomed forth in one resounding cannonade of "Go!" Arithmetical sum in simple division. Eternity the dividend. The figure two the divisor. Your unalterable destiny the quotient.

THE REV. DR. TALMAGE IN EDINBURGH.

(From the Edinburgh Scotsman, August 24.)

The Rev. Dr. Talmage, of Brooklyn, U. S., preached in the United Presbyterian Synod Hall, Edinburgh, yesterday afternoon, the services beginning at half past two o'clock. Long before midday people desirous of being present began to assemble at the main entrance, and on account of the number who had arrived by twelve o'clock it was resolved to open the doors. In less than an hour the spacious building was filled in every part, all the passages and some of the windows even being occupied. The doors were closed shortly after one o'clock, those outside in Castle Terrace, now numbering several thousands, being informed by means of bills which were exhibited that the hall was full. The crowd continued to increase as time wore on, very much disappointment evidently being felt at being unable to gain admission. About two o'clock, however, an intimation that Dr. Talmage would in the course of the afternoon address the gathering in Castle Terrace seemed to afford relief. Meanwhile several of Sankey's hymns were being sung inside by a choir, and shortly before the appointed time for the commencement of the services, Dr. Talmage made his appearance on the platform, accompanied by Mrs. Talmage, and their son and two daughters. After devotional exercises—Professor Calderwood having engaged in prayer—Dr. Talmage gave out as his text, "I will show wonders in the heavens and in the earth" (Joel 2: 30).

(From the Edinburgh Courier, Monday, August 24.)

At the close of the proceedings Dr. Talmage shook hands with as many of the people as could get near him, but the crowd pressed forward in such a way that those in the front ranks were crushed to an uncomfortable degree, and this put a temporary check upon the leave-taking. Dr. Talmage then re-entered the building, and made his way to the rear of the hall, where a cab was in waiting for himself and family. Upon his appearance a crowd rapidly assembled eager to shake hands with him, and crowded around the cab in such a way that it could not move until the police cleared a passage. A few gentlemen jumped upon the cab steps, ladies got their dresses soiled with mud by rubbing against the wheels, and some more adventurous than the others got their toes crushed by the wheels. Dr. Talmage then stood and shook hands over the back of the cab as hard as he was able, and it was not until Lothian Road was reached that the efforts of the police in keeping back the crowd were no longer needed.

The Fisk Jubilee Singers Announce the commencement of another campaign. They are to unite under the direction of Professor George L. White, who was their manager in the original tour. Their first appearance will be at Red Bank, N. J., on September 15th, and they will hold their first service in New York about October 1st. The company will include many of the original members. It may be hoped that this enterprise will be as successful as the earlier one, which resulted in the erection of one of the finest edifices in the Nashville group.

MISSION WORK IN FRANCE.

RECENTLY an article appeared in these columns describing the valuable results of individual Christian labor in the country districts of France. The following narrative by a Christian traveller in that country confirms the facts previously stated:

"Lately we have had the opportunity of seeing the work of two Christians in circumstances and in fields so different that we had thought other Christians would be interested in hearing something of each. A few weeks ago we received a letter from a pastor's daughter at Ancelon, saying, 'The work here is difficult, and we have great need of encouragement. Can you come to us?' Some months ago we heard the appeal from St. Etienne: 'The field here is wide, and the laborers few; can you help?' Now we have seen the two, and I want to tell you something of what we have seen.

"To reach Ancelon is the first difficulty: no road but a mule-track. The pastor's son, a lad of twelve, came to guide us—along the river bed, across a swift, though shallow mountain stream, down one deep ravine, up a mountainside, with a range of precipices, and through a natural door in the rocky wall. More ravines, more torrent beds, and then from the mountainside you look down on Ancelon. Already we had been walking five hours, and he told us we had two more to reach the village. Between it and us there are yet two ravines, and from the depths of the last the climb is a zig-zag path up the face of the rocks. The fertile slopes of pasture are dangerous for the mowers. Once slip, and there is certain death in the abyss below.

"This is not the place for descriptions of scenery, but it is impossible to understand the pastor's work unless one knows something of his field; and these ravines lie between the pastor and his 'annexes.' We saw him start on Sabbath morning for his service at Peine, on foot in the heat, his daughter with him, and come back at sunset uncomplaining, but with a look of exhaustion that told how the work was telling on his strength. Right in front of his window, across the ravine again, rises a high mountain; across this is his way to another annex. Will the city laborers who have train, horse-car, or cab within reach think of this pastor's work, where the path is in summer a goat-track covered with loose stones, in winter the untrodden snow? Will they think, too, of the privilege of many fellow-laborers at hand of being prayed for by thousands of Christian intercessors, of having stores of Christian literature at hand—will they pray for lonely country workers?

"At Ancelon for months the pastor and his wife are alone in their work. Rarely, indeed, does a visitor come to these lonely mountain retreats. It was a great joy for us to find M. Saintron there; he had climbed the hill to the north as we had come from the south. Just an hour or two of precious Christian intercourse, and then he was away again among the vacant parishes and neglected hamlets of the Drôme. In winter the isolation must be extreme.

"What a change, to come almost directly from Ancelon to St. Etienne! River, canal, railway, every facility for locomotion at least. Here are wooded hills and long chimneys, coal-pits and iron-works; the silence of the hills and the sound of waterfalls exchanged for the rattle of machinery and the continual detonations from the gun-barrel manufactory. As the fields differ, the work differs and the workers. Here we find the McAll Mission in full activity, also chapel, and others at work; workmen's meetings, under their French name *ouvriers*, held four times a week in different salles; *réunions populaires* every night in one or other of the quarters of the town, and the Medical Mission attracting the sick to come to the great Healer.

"It is so different from reading a report to see all this for one's self. Never had I so fully appreciated the work of the McAll Mission, as when I heard a young and zealous pastor, who is engaged here in the *réunions populaires*, say heartily, 'I am the child of the McAll Mission,

and my wife also. Both of us were brought up in the Roman Catholic Church.' There is much to interest in the Medical Mission of St. Etienne. Those who come are nearly all Catholics, or have been such, till, at the Medical Mission, or *réunion populaire*, they have learned the truths of the Gospel.

"Mrs. Robertson recently sent here a supply of Testaments for gratuitous distribution. Yesterday I had the privilege of giving one of these to an intelligent young *ouvrier* who had never even heard of such a book. He listened as I read the story of the prodigal with eager curiosity, evidently having no idea of how the story would end. While I spoke with him, Miss Mudie found a young mother equally ignorant and equally delighted to have the Book. I do hope that when the present stock of Testaments is distributed another supply may be sent. In fact, one feels as if Dr. Burroughs should, at all events, be free from all pecuniary anxieties as to the Medical Mission. He is solely responsible for it, finds the funds, prescribes for the patients, prepares the medicines, gives the opening Gospel address, and all this in addition to his work as Director of the McAll Mission, which means providing for fourteen meetings weekly, with occasional Sunday work in the nearer Catholic villages.

"Those who bear the burden and heat of the day have a claim to our sympathy, our prayers, our help. Miss Mudie and I go back to our own corner of the vineyard, humbled and stimulated by the zeal of others, and thankful that for us, too, there is something to do for the Master.

ANECDOTES RELATED AT THE EVANGELISTIC MEETINGS IN SCOTLAND.

Jeannie's Beautiful Confidence.—At a recent meeting a Christian friend remarked: "I heard of a little girl, both of whose parents had died, who was asked by a lady, for the purpose of testing the child's faith, 'Now that your mother is gone, to whom will you tell your troubles, Jeannie?' 'To Jesus,' she replied, 'for when mother was living she taught me to tell Jesus everything.' 'But Jesus is very far away, and He has a great many things to do; do you think He will mind a little thing like you?' Looking up, she simply answered, 'Yes; for He says so.'"

A Lesson from a Muff.—An Evangelist Said: "A little girl got a present of a muff, of which she was very proud. When she walked out with the evangelist she was always in the habit of taking his hand; but when next she walked out she took her muff with her and placed both her hands therein. 'Won't you give me your hand, dear?' But she thought she could manage to keep her feet, although the roads were very slippery, it being winter. She had not gone far until she missed her footing, and fell. After this she gave him her hand, when she was led along in perfect safety. Thus we, if we place the hand of our faith in that of our heavenly Father, how safely we shall walk through the slippery paths of life."

Drawn Out of the Rapids.—A Minister Said: "A lumberman in America went to the edge of a river for the purpose of securing some logs to the bank, when he fell into the stream and was speedily drawn down with the current toward the rapids. A friend at this moment rode up to the edge of the bank, and seeing the danger in which the man was, rode to a bridge further down the stream; quickly he seized a rope and lowered it over the bridge, and as the drowning man was about to be swept into the whirling water he saw the rope, and with a desperate effort he seized it, and was quickly drawn up to the bridge. Jesus, the Friend of sinners, holds out to us the only means of safety, even Himself, for has He not said, 'I came to seek and to save that which was lost?'"

A Farmer's Work for Christ.—The Rev. Mr. Inglis, of Dundee, said: "When Mr. Hammond first visited Annan, in Dumfriesshire, I went round to see the fruits of his labor at the end of

the meetings there. My two sisters, who are now called to be with Jesus, were brought to the Lord under Mr. Hammond's preaching. I remember the case of a well-to-do farmer, but a rougher or a less likely man you never saw, but he came into one of Mr. Hammond's meetings, was convicted of sin, and afterward was converted, and what a burning and shining light he became in Annan! He gave up his farm to preach the Gospel. Three times a week that man went up and down on the railway, from Annan to Glasgow, to preach Christ to the people in the train. At length the authorities of the railway gave him a free pass, and in this way many were led by him to Christ. Another was an exceedingly rough man, who was brought to a knowledge of the truth at that time. After his conversion he became very anxious for the souls of others, and won many to Christ!"

A Violinist's Grief.—Mr. George Ross remarked: "An aged Christian used to play on the violin. His fame went abroad throughout all the district, so sweetly did he play upon this instrument. Some musicians came to the town, and hearing of the old man and his playing went to see him. On a beautiful warm morning they found him sitting outside his cottage door and singing and playing on his violin. As the sweet strains fell upon their ears they hushed their voices to listen, and they heard him sing:

'He took me from a fearful pit,
And from the miry clay;
And on a rock He set my feet
Establishing my way.'

When the old man ceased a murmur of most beautiful 'wound round the musicians. The old man requested them to play something upon their instruments. While they played his eyes filled with tears, and they asked him why he was weeping. 'I am weeping,' said the old man, 'to hear such grand music given to the service of the devil.'

Visiting the Gambling Saloons.—Mr. Hammond said: "Years ago in Syracuse, N. Y., we were holding meetings which were well attended. It was proposed that we should visit all the saloons in the surrounding district. It was agreed upon, and a number of ministers and myself, with a band of singers, went through these saloons, where there was a great deal of gambling carried on. When we asked permission of the keepers of these saloons to go in they would say, 'If you choose you can have a meeting here,' and such answers. The result was that many joined us. Finally we came to a German saloon, when some of these young converts became too enthusiastic in the work, and getting ahead of us they ran in there without asking permission. The German saloon keeper became very angry, and said: 'Ve don't vant any of dis Jesus here; dis vill spile mine trade; nor any of your shinging.' Nor any swearing, either,' I added. 'No,' he rejoined, 've don't vant any swearing either.' I began quickly to speak to the crowd, and said: 'There is a saloon-keeper who says he will not have any swearing here.' I spoke on the sin of profanity for about fifteen minutes. The saloon-keeper and all present were solemnized, and we heard afterward that numbers who came in to this meeting were converted."

Robbery and Murder Prevented by Prayer.—Mr. Hammond said: "A minister in Canada, with whom I was well acquainted, one night was led to go to a certain house, four miles away, and pray. He tried to put the thought from his mind, but he could not banish it. Finally he went out and saddled his horse and rode to the house, where he found it all dark. He turned his horse homeward, smiling at his own fancy. But again a voice seemed to say, 'Did I not tell you to go into that house and pray?' He turned back and said, 'Well, Lord, I will do as you bid me.' He alighted from his horse and found the door unbolted. Entering, he found the house quite dark; not a movement was heard. Kneeling at a chair he prayed aloud, and rising, he left the house, feeling rather ashamed to tell his wife of this. Eighteen

months afterward he was preaching in a prison, and at the close a man came to him and said: Did you not pray in such a house on such a night, eighteen months ago? The minister all remembered the occasion, and said he did. Well, said the man, 'I was in that house waiting for the owner, who was expected home with large sum of money, intending to rob him and kill him, if need be; but when you came in and prayed I could not do it. When you left the use I slunk away.'"

Clothes and a Railway Ticket Wanted.—Mr. Payson Hammond related the following personal narrative at one of his meetings in Glasgow, from which it appeared that even in his young days the narrator was remarkable for his zeal and kindness: "When I was a student in Williams' College I spent all my spare time in working for my divine Master. The whole of my vacation I spent in preaching to people who knew not God; and Sunday after Sunday I walked seven miles to a place that I might carry the glad tidings of the Gospel to them. I also conducted Sunday-school, and one afternoon a little boy, named Joseph Barclay, came to the College, and said: 'Dear Mr. Hammond, my other lives up in Maine, and I am going to talk home to her. A man took me from my other's home and brought me down here and made me work for him all through the summer, and when the winter came on he turned me out of doors.' 'My boy, I said, 'you can never talk there; it is hundreds of miles away; you could die on the way in this cold weather.' (Well, he replied, 'will you give me a letter to the conductors of the railway?' 'What good could that do? I am only a student; they now nothing of me!' The little boy began to peep bitter tears. I then wrote a letter to my associates, telling them the boy's story, and asking them to give him a little money to help him on his way. Giving him a small sum of money and the letter, I sent him off to my classmates. He soon returned with his face shining, and his hands full of money. I took him into a clothing-store, and got him a new outfit; then I bought him his ticket, and saw him safely on his way to his mother." This, Mr. Hammond thought, was an illustration of "the manner in which Jesus has provided a garment of salvation for all who believe in Him, and He has paid our way to heaven, when He came down from His father's home, and bled and died for us."

RUSSIA: HER CONQUESTS AND DOWNFALL.

By Rev. A. C. Tris, of Howard City, Kan.

Israel the Golden Thread of Prophecy—Other Nations in Connection—Ezekiel's Reference to Russia—Evidently Unfulfilled—Identification of the Northern Peoples.

PROPHECY deals only in a few instances with the nations now in existence, living in this dispensation, called "The Dispensation of the Gentiles;" and if those nations are mentioned, it is always in their connection with the Jews or their relation to the land of Canaan. Israel stands in prophecy as "the nation" pre-eminently; the nations, "Gentiles," are mentioned secondarily. Israel is the golden thread woven in the history of nations and people, the centre of all; and in that connection we find the future of other nations outlined, among them that of the Russian Empire, as it were, as an adjunct to the Hebrews. The 37th chapter of Ezekiel speaks of Israel's return to Canaan, and the 40th chapter gives a description of the glorious temple to be built in Jerusalem, and between those chapters we find in the 38th and 39th the conquests and also the downfall of the Russian Empire.

UNFULFILLED.

The great questions concerning those two chapters are these: Do they belong to the present and future time, or are they already fulfilled? The answer must be, They are yet unfulfilled, because the history of former ages has no record of a war causing such a destruc-

tion of nations. At no time in the past did "the Jews dwell in Canaan safely and at rest, dwelling in cities without walls," without fortifications or strongholds, "having neither bars nor gates" (Ezek. 38: 11). The picture drawn by the prophet is marvellous, and is so in contrast with the spirit of the present age of war, rapine, theft, and burglary, that it rather seems to relate to an ideal age of fiction than of reality; and yet so the future time shall be. It is recorded in Is. 2: 4, "Nation shall not lift up sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more."

We know with certainty that this prophecy of Ezekiel belongs to the future time verses 8 and 16 speak of—"after many days," "in the latter days" (literal Hebrew, *in the latter years, in the last days*). The prophetic formula used here is found also in Is. 2: 2; Gen. 49: 1; Micah 4: 1; and if any one should have yet a doubt about it, the question seems decisively settled by verses 8 and 12, where it is said of Israel, the Jews: "That they were brought back from the sword and were gathered out of many peoples," and that their land, "the mountains of Israel," have been "a perpetual waste." Here is plainly spoken of the restoration of the house of Jacob to their own land.

RUSSIA.

The Hebrew words of chapter 38: 2, 3, and of 39: 1 read: "Son of man, set thy face unto Gog of the land of Magog—Prince of Rosh—Meshech and Tubal," and not, as we have them in our authorized translation, "The chief prince." (See Geikie, "Hours with the Bible," p. 183; Gesenius Lexicon, p. 955; Dr. Young, *in loco*; Baxter, Bochart, Michaelis, D'Herbelot, and others.) These and other authorities agree on the following explanation of the names mentioned by the prophet: *Magog*.—A region and also a great and powerful people dwelling in the extreme recesses of the north, the former territory of the Sarmatians and Scythians, the very location of Russia and Siberia. *Gog*.—The king of the land of Magog, a name given as Cesars, Pharaohs, Czars of Russia, and others. *Rosh*.—A northern nation—the Russian. The Byzantine writers of the tenth century described that nation under the name of *Röös*, inhabiting the northern part of Taurus; and also Ibn Tosslian, an Arabian writer, called them *Ros*, dwelling upon the river Volga (Trahn, Petersburg, 1823, p. 28, and Von Hammer, "Origin of the Russians," Petersburg, 1827), and in the Koran (Sale, pp. 196, 280) they are mentioned as "Al Rass."

Meshech.—Probably the Moschi, a barbarous people inhabiting the Moschian Mountains, between Iberia, Armenia, and Colchis (Ps. 120: 5; Strabo, XI., 344, 378), usually coupled with the Tibareni. Tubal and Meshech appear not only as barbarian warriors, riding on steppe horses, but as a trading people, who brought vessels of iron and copper to Tyre (Ezek. 27: 13), and also slaves (Circassians) to that market. *Tubal*.—A people of Asia Minor dwelling on the south-eastern shore of the Euxine, on the west of Moshi (Gen. 10: 2; Is. 66: 19; Ezek. 32: 26). It is quite remarkable that the ancient names have been perpetuated in *Tobolsk, Moscow*, and in *Rus-land*, and the word *Muscovite* is generally in use in Europe to express the name of a Russian.

It must be borne in mind that the territories of the Scythians, Sarmatians, Rosh, Meshech, and Tubal were never in the bounds and limits of the so-called Roman earth; neither were they comprehended in the dimensions of the metallic image of *Nebuchadnezzar*. All these nations were but slightly known to the Jews, Romans, and Greeks, under the general title of "the Barbarians of the North."

HISTORY AND CONQUESTS.

That there are turning points in the history of nations is a well-known fact, and some of them are cosmic. It is worthy of remark that in the same century that Constantinople fell and the Ottoman power was established, the continent of America was discovered, the printing-press was invented, the light of the Reformation

dawned in the West, and that the Russian Empire commenced to grow.

That empire symbolized as the Northern Bear was founded by Rurik in 862; its millennium of existence was celebrated only a few years ago. In 955 the patriarch of Constantinople baptized the Queen Olga, and Christianity was introduced in the ninth century, and at the end of the tenth century the foundation of the Russian Church was laid. Russia being the mission-field of the Byzantine Church cannot be called the original Greek Church; neither can it claim the title of the Byzantine Church. After more than six centuries of war from the incursions of the Mongols, Tartars, and Poles, and after long intestine struggles between provinces and principalities, Peter the Great consolidated, in 1589, his dominions in Europe and Asia as the great Russian Empire. To-day that territory is the largest territory of any nation on the globe—much more than twice the area of the United States of America, one twenty-fourth part of the globe. One fourth of her domains lies in Europe and the rest in Asia, with a population of one hundred millions.

This territory is double what it was at the accession of Peter the Great. Recalling to our memory some of the aggressions and conquests, the last of which was confirmed by the Treaty of Berlin, 1878, we must be impressed with the idea that it means some wonderful manifestation of Providence in the growth of such an empire. The battle of Pultowa, 1721, and the Treaty of Nystadt in September of that year, the province in which St. Petersburg now stands, was conceded to Russia. A half century later, 1774, the Muscovite standard was advanced to the Crimea and the sea of Asof, and an annexation was made from Tartary larger than the whole German Empire. In 1783 Russian power reached the vast plains which lie between the Black and Caspian seas. In the eleven years following Russia had a southern frontier line of seven hundred miles.

The subsequent extensions of the Russian Empire have been in the direction of Northern China and the Pacific, "the illimitable Siberia," the valley of the Amoor to its mouth and to the sea of Japan being twenty-two hundred miles long. In the south, through Turkestan, Khiva, and Merv to the Hindoo-Coosh Mountain and Afghan passes, they are approaching to Herat. Indeed, it is the Colossus of the north, east, and south.

RUSSIA IN PROPHECY.

The word of Jehovah corroborates fully the truth of the above statement, and gives a farther intimation of yet greater acquisitions to be made. Ezek. 38: 4 called "Gog" a "numerous assembly." Verse 6, "Many peoples are with thee. Thou, and all thine assemblies who are assembled unto thee, and thou hast been to them for a guard." Verse 9, "Thou, and all thy bands, and many peoples with thee." Verse 15 gives a description of the Russian army as a newspaper correspondent might write it, with its hordes of Cossack cavalry prominent and preponderating over the infantry—"And thou hast come in out of thy place, from the sides of the north, thou and many peoples with thee, riding on horses all of them, a great assembly and a numerous force" (Young). Verse 4 also refers to this particular feature of the army of that empire. The Lord says: "I will bring thee forth, and all thine army, horses and horsemen, all of them clothed with all sorts of armor, even a great company with bucklers and shields, all of them handling swords;" and how true is this description applicable to the Russian army. The Cossacks alone have already given to Europe the impression of the prowess of Russia; that empire has at the present time three hundred and thirteen squadrons of cavalry, besides three hundred thousand irregular troops of Cossacks, Kirghez, Circassians, and other contingents. There is no nation on the globe that answers better to the description of that word of prophecy.

(To be concluded.)

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CURRENT EVENTS.

The Immigration Statistics for the Past Year were published last week by the National Bureau. It reports that the number of immigrants arrived in the United States during the fiscal year ended June 30th, 1885, was 387,821, being 122,013 less than the immigration during the preceding fiscal year and 401,171 less than during the year ended June 30th, 1882, the year of the greatest immigration. During the month of June, 1885, there arrived in the customs districts of Baltimore, Boston, Detroit, Huron, Minnesota, New Orleans, New York, Passamaquoddy, Philadelphia, and San Francisco, 55,778 passengers, of whom 45,382 were immigrants, 6952 citizens of the United States returned from abroad, and 3444 aliens not intending to remain in the United States.

Preparations for the Great Tariff Debate, which it is expected will take place when Congress meets, are already in progress. Two hundred communications from business men and manufacturers in reply to Secretary Manning's letter of invitation for suggestions in relation to the subject have been received at the Treasury. There has not been so general a response as was anticipated, but what has been received gives much valuable material to the Treasury Department for use in the annual report of the Secretary. These have been classified and collated by competent officials. The iron manufacturers have not replied individually, but it is understood they are preparing a comprehensive statement representing their views and giving interesting statistical information that will be of service whenever the subject is considered by Congress. The general impression in the country is that although the subject will be debated, there will be no important changes made in the tariff at the approaching session.

The Grounds for Encouragement which Temperance men think they have discovered in the recently issued report of the Commissioner of Internal Revenue are diminished by careful analysis. The money received in taxes on distilled liquor during the financial year is less than that received during the previous year by \$9,512,545. That amount represents a decrease of consumption of 10,800,000 gallons. It is, however, stated by well-informed authorities that the

decrease is largely due to a difference in the export to foreign countries, and to the fact that stocks in the hands of dealers were unusually large at the beginning of the year, and are now low. Another cause is that business has been depressed, and cheaper liquor has been drunk. The quantity of beer drunk in the fiscal year was 10.3 gallons for every inhabitant, while in the year before it was 9.81 gallons, an increase of about half a gallon a head. The inference that the hard times rather than temperance progress has affected the traffic is confirmed by another item in the report, which shows a decrease in the number of cigars smoked, and an increase in the quantity of tobacco.

A Remarkable Crime was Committed in New York on August 31st. A man in Texas named Holland received some time ago a circular from New York, stating that some counterfeit bills might be bought at a low price in this city. The Texas came on, and met the New Yorker, whose name was Davis. Arrangements were made for the delivery of the forged paper, and Holland went to the office of the counterfeiters to receive it. Davis had no counterfeit bills, but he handed over to his customer a lot of good money, which Holland put in his satchel. Davis then called off the Texan's attention while his brother removed the money from the satchel, and put packets of blank paper in the place. Holland discovered the substitution, and drawing his revolver, he shot Davis, and tried to shoot Davis's brother. When arrested, he said: "This man was trying to rob me; that is why I shot him." He appeared to ignore the fact that his own intention was to rob the public, by passing counterfeit money. As citizens of Texas are displaying sympathy with the murderer, and his trial is likely to be attended by considerable excitement, it should be understood that, according to his own queer code of morals, the man's life is forfeited.

Dr. Talmage Explicitly Declines the Nomination of the Prohibition party for the Governorship of New York. In a letter recently received from him, Dr. Talmage says: "I cannot see that it would be my duty to accept the nomination. It seems to me that I can serve the cause better from my present place. . . . That the cause will march on to complete success is as certain as that God did not make this world to be like it destroyed by a deluge of strong drink."

Dr. Stephen H. Tyng, Sr., Died on Thursday last at his home, at Irvington-on-the-Hudson. He was eighty-five years old, and during the past three years he had been suffering from decay of his mental faculties. He retired from active ministerial labor in 1878, after a pastorate of fifty-seven years, of which thirty-two years were spent at St. George's Church, New York. Dr. Tyng was an earnest evangelical clergyman, rigidly opposed to High Church doctrines and practices. He worked hard in preaching, pastoral, and Sunday-school work, and was eminently successful. His portrait and a sketch of his life will appear in an early number of this journal.

Vigorous Measures are Being Taken to Stamp out the small-pox epidemic in Montreal. At a public meeting of citizens held on September 5th, at which the Mayor presided, resolutions were passed ordering house to house vaccination by competent surgeons, the providing of suitable hospital accommodation for the isolation of patients, and the thorough cleansing of the city. The Finance Committee was authorized to place all the funds necessary to carry out their objects, and a Citizens' Committee was formed to act in conjunction with the Provincial Board of Health. This Board will have arbitrary power to deal with the disease, and to use all measures for its eradication. A meeting of medical men was held on September 4th, at which complaints were made against the municipal authorities. Montreal was declared by one speaker to be in a chronic state of filth, and the worst drained city on the Continent. An order in council has been passed by the Government of the province providing that any special locality or the whole

province may be proclaimed in case of an epidemic, and appointing a Board of Health with arbitrary powers, and the work of cleaning up and enforcing vaccination in municipalities adjoining Montreal may be executed by the board at the cost of such municipalities. There were seventy-five deaths from the disease registered in the city last week, of which nineteen occurred on Saturday. On the same day there were thirty-one new cases reported.

An Insult to the German Flag in Spain has produced consternation in Europe. The Spanish populace has been in a state of agitation since Germany seized the two Caroline Islands, and it has been necessary to place a special guard at the German Embassy in Madrid. On Friday last, however, there was a riot in the Spanish capital, and the guard was overpowered. An excited crowd surged through the streets of Madrid all night long, frantically gesticulating and calling the Emperor William, the Crown Prince, and Bismarck the vilest names. Several thousand people, shouting "Death to Bismarck!" "Viva Espana!" mobbed the German Embassy, smashing the windows, breaking into a thousand pieces the German arms on the Embassy building, and trampling the fragments under their feet. The Embassy was completely wrecked. The furniture and mirrors were dashed to pieces, the people almost foaming at their mouths with frenzy. The news was promptly telegraphed to Prince Bismarck, who at once consulted the Emperor, and will, it is expected, demand reparation from Spain. The prospects of Spain recovering the Caroline Islands peaceably are now much diminished.

British Political Affairs are in a Disorganized condition. The probabilities of a success for the Liberals, which would have carried Mr. Gladstone back into power, are clouded by an open rupture between the two men who, next to the ex-Premier, are the most influential members of the Liberal party. The Marquis of Hartington has publicly repudiated the programme Mr. Chamberlain laid down for the Liberal party, and speaks of his ex-colleague in the Cabinet as a socialist. Thereupon Lord Randolph Churchill invited Lord Hartington to join the Conservatives, and mercilessly exposed the divisions in the Liberal ranks. It is remarkable that in his speech Lord Randolph carefully refrained from criticising Mr. Parnell's recent manifesto, which is the most important question of the hour. Mr. Parnell's power in Ireland is steadily growing, and it is evident that he is likely to command in the new Parliament a compact and disciplined force of eighty members. In that case, unless one of the great parties has an overwhelming majority, Mr. Parnell can dictate his own terms or render legislation for the whole empire impossible.

The Approaching Elections in France are anticipated with considerable anxiety. The Republican camp is split into two sections, which appear to hate each other more violently than either section hates the reactionaries. The reactionaries, too, are hopelessly divided, and are jealous of each other. They comprise the Bonapartists and the Monarchists. An attempt has been made to combine them against the Republic, but in arranging the lists of candidates for the constituencies, the Monarchists have taken advantage of the Bonapartists, and a quarrel has ensued which will prejudice both sections at the polls. The two sections of the Republicans are led respectively by M. Clemenceau and M. Jules Ferry. Clemenceau's wing contains the socialists and red Republicans. It is thought that if he succeeds at the polls a revolution will be precipitated, as the middle classes dread, with good reason, the supremacy of the party responsible for the Commune. M. Ferry, who aspires to the position of Gambetta, as the leader of the moderate Republicans, would have the best prospects for success were he not discredited by the miserable wars in Tonquin and Madagascar, and by his foreign policy generally, which has offended every friend France had in Europe.

A Cowardly Conspiracy to Punish the Editor of the *Pall Mall Gazette* has been devised by certain influential persons. In the course of his investigations he was anxious to test the truth of statements made to him, which revealed a depth of infamy which tried his credulity. He therefore requested a procuress, who had bought and sold many children for immoral purposes, to procure a child as she had been accustomed to do for vicious men. She did so, and Mr. Stead, in the course of his disclosures, stated that the bargain had been made. He is now to be prosecuted for that act, with the woman who acted as his agent. He will not be allowed to open up the whole question in court, as the judge has the power to exclude irrelevant evidence. It is evident that he is to be prosecuted for making the revelations, not for abducting the child, though that is to be made the ostensible ground for the prosecution. The serving of the warrants has aroused popular indignation.

Mr. William Noble, the Celebrated Gospel temperance evangelist, whose work in this country in 1877 will be fresh in the recollection of our readers, is again here on his way to Australia, New Zealand, and South Africa. He is at present on a visit to his intimate friend, Mr. J. B. Gough. Numerous invitations from all the States have been sent to him, soliciting a visit, so that it is probable he will remain in the United States through the fall and winter. His work at Hoxton Hall, London, has been the wonder of the whole country. Many of the drunkards reformed under his effort are now lecturing and working in the cause of temperance. Mr. C. H. Spurgeon, writing of him, says: "He has done grand service in England, and is fitted for abounding usefulness anywhere and everywhere. He needs no introduction, for he is his own best commendation through the exceeding usefulness of his life. I hope his visit to other lands will be fraught with untold blessings to thousands, both as to temperance and the Gospel. I rejoice in all that Mr. Noble has done, and I desire for him every blessing that I could wish for myself." Letters for Mr. Noble may be sent to the care of Mr. J. B. Gough, Worcester, Mass., or to the office of this journal.

A New Mormon Settlement is to be Formed in Mexico. It will be commenced by the new immigrants from Europe, and a few of the more prominent leaders, whose polygamous practices render desirable for them a change of location from territory under the operation of the Edmunds law. The land selected is situated in the northern part of the State of Chihuahua, within fifty miles of the Arizona and New Mexican boundary line. A portion of the lands lie in Sonora. The new "Canaan" is a magnificent grazing country, well watered and susceptible of a high state of cultivation. The soil is virgin. It is said the Mormon section comprises about one million acres, which they have contracted to purchase at very low figures. No money has passed yet, as the titles are being perfected. Arrangements are going forward, however, for the immediate settlement of the lands, and the vanguard of the Mormon army will arrive the first week in December from Utah. The Mormons assert that the Mexican Government guarantee them freedom from molestation on the subject of polygamy. If they will go voluntarily from United States Territory a difficult problem will be solved, and they will save themselves from penalties which otherwise would be enforced.

Messrs. Mateer and Parker, the Two English evangelists who have been doing excellent work in connection with Mr. C. H. Spurgeon's church, have arrived in New York on an extended visit to this country. They purpose visiting all our chief cities, and are desirous of holding union meetings wherever that is practicable. Their permanent address is the Young Men's Christian Association, Brooklyn, N. Y. They bring a letter of commendation from Mr. C. H. Spurgeon, which will be a strong passport to Christian ministers and laymen in America. The following is an extract from that letter: "Messrs.

Mateer and Parker were two students in my college, and they have been for some considerable time evangelists at large, in connection with us. They have done eminent service. Mr. Mateer has received high commendation as an earnest speaker, of remarkable gifts and grace. Mr. Parker has a specially fine voice for singing. I believe that those who will provide for them spheres of Christian service will do good service to our Master's cause. I send this, with hearty salutations, to all the followers of our Lord Jesus."

A Nursery in the Church is a New Feature inaugurated in Iowa. The new Presbyterian Church at Carroll, Iowa, which has been dedicated free of debt, has a novel arrangement called the "Nursery." In the corners, on each side of the vestibule, curtains are drawn across, behind which are little rooms, and in each is a small comfortable rocker and a crib, all furnished for the babies. The pastor, Dr. Robinson, adopts this method to encourage mothers to attend the services.

A Murderer was Hanged in Effigy in Chicago, on August 29th, by an excited crowd. A large number of people, principally women, gathered in Clybourne Avenue, hoping to get a sight of a man charged with the murder of a woman. It was expected that the inquest would be held there, but it was held instead at the East Chicago Avenue Police Station. The assemblage on Clybourne Avenue attracted people from all the surrounding neighborhood, until its numbers were swelled to about one thousand. There were many calls for the execution of summary vengeance on the murderer, and had the inquest been held at that place there is no doubt but that the people would have seized and hanged him. Some of the leaders in the crowd hastily constructed an effigy resembling the murderer as he appeared in that neighborhood, with false face, spectacles, and an umbrella under the sleeves of the coat, and, amid deafening shouts, it was swung aloft on a rope stretched between two buildings. The crowd then vented its energy in howling at the effigy. This sham execution would probably discourage the accused man. It could do him no good, and it was an indication of the opinion the public have of his crime; but if he were told that public vengeance had been wreaked on an innocent man who had voluntarily assumed his guilt, and not on a mere inanimate representation of himself, he would naturally rejoice in hope of discharge. It is strange that sinners under God's condemnation so seldom manifest a like joy when they hear that Christ has suffered for them (Rom. 5: 7, 8).

A Thrilling Experience in a Shaft was described by the rescued man a few days ago. Nine of the workmen engaged on the new aqueduct at High Bridge, N. Y., were in the cage ascending the shaft at the dinner hour, when the huge bucket tipped, and a man who was standing on the edge fell off. Throwing out his arms, he caught a swinging rope, to which he clung with all the energy of despair. He said afterward: "When I first grasped the rope and found it held me I was much rejoiced. But to my horror I soon found the greasy cord was slowly but surely slipping through my grasp. I watched the bucket go away from me, and calculated how long it would take to send it back to me, and wondered if the rope was long enough to keep me up till the car could get back. I tell you I thought of most everything I ever did in those two or three minutes. I could feel the rope slowly but certainly slipping, and I put all my strength into my hands, but 'twas no use. I was sliding down, and must soon reach the end. I saw the car stop and heard the voices of my fellow-workmen. It seemed as if they never would lower the bucket again. I could feel my strength going, and knew that I must soon drop one hundred feet upon the rocks and be dashed to pieces." Happily for him, the cage was let down in time to take him on board before he came to the end of the rope, and he was saved. The man cried from thankfulness as he put his

feet on the cage. In a position infinitely more perilous are sinners, to whom safety is offered through the Gospel (Job 33: 22-24).

How to Magnetize a Piece of Metal is Explained by a scientific journal. It states that any bar of steel may be made into a magnet by a very simple process. An old file, for example, is placed in a coil of moderate-sized wires, with one end resting against a block of iron. One of the wires from a dynamo-electric machine is connected to one end of the wire coil, while to the other end of the coil is attached a small block of iron, which rests against the free end of the file. The other wire from the dynamo-electric machine is attached to a good-sized hammer, the face of which is past injury by the spark. When the block to which the wire coil is attached is struck by the hammer against the end of the file, a mechanical shock is imparted, while at the same instant the electric current passes through the coil. The shock and the current together render the file magnetic, and it is stated that the magnetization thus obtained is permanent. The process may serve as a type of spiritual work. It would be well for the Church and the world if, when the hammer of conviction strikes the sinner and the current of God's love passes through his soul, he, too, became a spiritual magnet, drawing others into the kingdom (1 Cor. 9: 22).

A Romantic Wedding was Solemnized Recently in St. Louis. A pretty Belgian girl, who said her name was Eugenie, arrived there, and was promptly presented at the recorder's office by a young citizen of St. Louis, who is a native of Belgium. The bride-elect blushing acknowledged in French that she had known her lover since he was a little boy. He had been in this country for some years, and when he left Liege it was understood that he would return some day to claim Eugenie for his bride. A few weeks ago he took passage for Europe to redeem his promise, and when the young lovers met in their native town the fair Eugenie expressed a decided objection to residing in the United States. Her lover remained firm in his resolution to return here, and she begged to be released from her engagement. The lover reluctantly consented, and returned to America. It appears, however, that Eugenie found that he was more to her than she had supposed, for she left her home and friends, and followed him. The decision had evidently cost her a struggle, but she seemed glad to have come. Those whom Christ calls to follow Him are often reluctant at first to quit their old associates and their old ways; but there is no other way of becoming united to Him. So long as a woman is able to manifest such devotion to her lover, the demand of Christ on those for whom He died is not unreasonable (Matt. 10: 37, 38).

Sixteen Million Ancestors Can, it Appears, be claimed by any one who traces his pedigree back for eight hundred years. This curious and suggestive fact, of which few people are aware, is the subject of an interesting letter published in *Nature* from one of its correspondents. He calculates the duration of a generation according to the accepted rule of a little over thirty years. Thus, reckoning for one century, a man had two parents, four grandparents, and eight great-grandparents. In the second century the number rises to sixteen, thirty-two, and sixty-four. A century earlier the numbers double again at each generation until, in the year 1085, or twenty-four generations back, the people who could claim any particular man as their descendant must have numbered fully sixteen million persons. This number would be reduced by intermarriages; but, even those would leave a prodigious number of ancestors to every man's progeny. Evidently, as the correspondent says, the brotherhood of mankind is more of a literal truth than is generally supposed. That fact alone, however, would not, even if it were realized, insure brotherly feeling among men. A more effective bond is a realization of the brotherhood which exists in a common relationship to Christ (Matt. 23: 8).

WHAT IS THE VERDICT?

A New Sermon by Pastor C. H. Spurgeon.

"Beloved, if our heart condemn us not, then have we confidence toward God."—1 JOHN 3: 21.

The Confidence of the Saved—Proceeds from a Trial—I. The Trial in the Court of the Heart—Not the Great Assize—Condemnation a Bad Omen—The Trial Avoided—Not to be Continuous—The Question at Issue—Plenty of Evidence—II. The Acquittal—Caution Necessary—The Best Christians the Most Afflicted—Sickness Purifying—III. The Consequence of the Acquittal—Kinds of Confidence Produced—The Perfect Peace.

CAREFULLY observe that this text is spoken to the people of God. It speaks to those who are called "beloved." These are the people who are specially loved of God and of His people. It is a very sweet and endearing title, but it evidently in this case belongs only to those who are of the family of grace; these alone can remain uncondemned of their hearts, and live in confidence toward God. I want you to observe this, because there are different ways of addressing different people, and these ways are instructive. To those who are not yet numbered among the beloved, we preach the Gospel of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. But when we come to speak to those who are saved, to those who are the beloved of God, we deal not with the pardon of criminals, but with the conduct of children. As soon as we become children we are freed from the condemning power of the law; we are not under the principle and motive of the law of works, but yet we are not without law unto Christ. We come under those sacred regulations which rule the household of God. We are dealt with not as mere subjects are ruled by a king, but as children are governed by a father. If we so live that our hearts condemn us not, then have we confidence toward God.

It appears from the text that this child-like confidence toward God originally arises out of a certain solemn trial of our case. There is to be a trial within the heart, or conscience, a trial in which every power of the inner nature is to take its part as prosecutor, witness, jury, or judge. Out of this trial comes the non-condemnation which gives birth to "confidence toward God."

I. I want you to think of

THE TRIAL HELD

in the inner court of man's nature, within his heart. It is a sort of petty sessions, not the Great Assize. Conscience sits within us, as judges sometimes sit in chambers, hearing cases, as they say, *in camera*. If we be righteously acquitted in this first court, then the matter is ended, and we have confidence toward God; but if our heart condemn us, if in this preliminary trial we are condemned, it is an evil omen; for the probability is that the great all-knowing Judge will more than confirm the sentence. Condemnation by our own conscience is an ill sign, though even yet there is a court of appeal. If our heart condemn us, God is greater than our heart, and knoweth all things. I will now speak upon this trial under the heads of certain observations.

This trial is studiously avoided by very many. Many professors shun anything like a testing of their profession, any trying of their religion by examination. Multitudes of persons seldom think; they live the life of butterflies, flitting from flower to flower with careless wing; there is no real purpose in their lives. Many others think, and think deeply, but not about their souls or their God. They consider the matter of their relationship to their Creator to be a very secondary matter, which can be taken up in the last few minutes of their lives, when the death sweat is on their brow and they are quite incapable of proper judgment. They leave, I say, the best things to the worst moments, and think that they are wise in so doing. This is a grave folly, and ought not to rule a man in his senses.

Certain Christian professors, too, who should know better, seldom examine themselves as to whether they are in the faith. They take it for granted that all is well with them. They made

a profession a great many years ago; they have been decent sort of people ever since; in fact, they have been respected among their fellow-Christians, possibly they have even taken office in the church. Are they to question their foundation? Is it necessary that they should put themselves into the scales and be weighed again? It is a very ominous sign for a man when he is afraid of discussing his spiritual state in the chamber of his own heart. I am persuaded that many Christians are the subjects of doubts and fears about their own condition, simply because they have never had the matter out. It is a great deal better to sift an affair to the bottom than it is to be always tormented by suspicion.

I do not think it is a healthy state of things for man to be always singing:

"'Tis a point I long to know."

Brother, you ought to know whether you love the Lord or no. Your love must be very cold and feeble if it be a matter of question. Warmth of love proves its own existence in many ways. Friend, you should be anxious to the last degree to take stock of your spiritual estate. Your desire should be to know the very worst of your case. If your condition should turn out to be horribly bad, you had better know it; certainly your knowing it will not make it any worse. If your case should turn out to be all right, then you will have the confidence that comes of this knowledge—the confidence of which our text speaks. But, I repeat it sadly, many avoid the inward trial of the heart; they will not bring their case into the spiritual court, even though the judgment-seat be set up in the privacy of their own inward nature. Thus they walk on blindfold to the brink of the precipice. God grant the bandage may be taken off before they have taken the final and fatal step.

But, secondly, let us note that genuine Christians very much frequent this

COURT OF CONSCIENCE.

They long to have their condition put to a thorough test, lest they be deceived. I have known some Christians even keep too much in this court; they so often test themselves that it looks as if they would spend their lives in making trials of their state. Looking within can be easily overdone; we ought to have higher work than that of continually laying the foundation of repentance from dead works. When a ship first leaves the stocks it is well for it to go a trial trip, but to have a ship always being tried would be very absurd; it is time that it took voyages in real earnest, and was registered in the merchant service; there will then be trial enough in the actual execution of service. Some Christians, by a continual introspection, are always raising the point, "Am I a Christian?" Brother, be a Christian. "Am I a child of God?" Brother, be a child of God, and enjoy it; and do not spend a lifetime in searching for the family register. However, it is certain that the genuine Christian is not averse to self-examination, nor to any form of test through which he can be put. The spirit of the true man answers to this; he is always willing to set in order the court of conscience, and make solemn trial of his heart and life.

In this court, dear friends,

THE QUESTION TO BE DECIDED

is a very weighty one. What is that question, do you think? I do not think it is the question, "Am I perfect?" because we can solve that without holding a formal court. The question is not, "Am I absolutely free from sin?" for, "if we say that we have no sin, we deceive ourselves, and the truth is not in us." The question is this, "Am I sincere in the truth?" Is my religion true, and am I true in my profession of it? Next, "Does love rule in my nature?" Then the next question is, "Do I believe in the Lord Jesus Christ?" In the verse which succeeds my text this is put as a great test, that we believe in Jesus Christ. Faith is the main question for conscience to decide, together with the following one, "Do I also keep His command-

ments? Do I obey God? Do I seek to be holy as Jesus is holy? Or am I living in known sin, and tolerating that in myself which does not and cannot please God?" These are the questions to be tried in the court of conscience, and never was there a weightier issue.

This court is guided by

A MASS OF EVIDENCE.

That evidence has not to be sought for, it is there already. If the case were to be, "Do my fellow-men think me a child of God; do they regard me as being a believer in whom faith works by love?" that would be a difficult question, because we should have to subpoena so many to give their opinion of our private and public life. But in this case we have nothing to do with outsiders; the conscience is the witness as well as the judge and jury. The whole case is carried on within. Memory rises up and says, "I remember all thou hast done since thy profession of conversion—thy shortcomings and breaches of covenant." The will confesses to offences which never ripened into acts for want of opportunity. The passions own to outbreaks which were concealed from human observation. The imagination is made to bear testimony, and what a sinful power that imagination is, and how difficult it is to govern it; its tale is sad to hear. Our tempers confess to evil anger, our lusts to evil longings, our hearts to evil covetousness, pride, and rebellion. Hopeful witness there is also of sin conquered, habits broken, and desires repressed; all this is honestly taken in evidence and duly weighed. Everything within us will have to tell whether it has been renewed or not, whether it has been changed from darkness to light, and come from under the power of sin and Satan into the power of Christ. Each power can give evidence of grace or token of unregeneracy, and according to the weight of evidence the verdict must go.

WAITING FOR THE VERDICT.

While the trial is going on, the deliberation causes great suspense. As long as I have to ask my heart, "Heart, dost thou condemn me, or dost thou acquit me?" I stand trembling. You may have seen a picture entitled, "Waiting for the Verdict." The artist has put into the countenances of the waiters every form of unrest, for the suspense is terrible. Blessed be God, we are not called upon to wait long for the verdict of conscience. We ought never to let the question remain in suspense at all; we should settle it, and settle it in the light of God, and then walk in the light as God is in the light.

One thing I will observe, however, before I leave this matter: it is not the supreme court. I pray you all to recollect this, that the trial by your conscience is not, after all, the ultimate and the decisive one; because your conscience may go to sleep, or make a mistake in your favor; or your conscience may become morbid, and may not take under its consideration all the facts of the case, and so may go against you. Since there may be an error of judgment you should make your appeal to the Most High, saying, "Search me, O God." Above all, if your conscience should now condemn you, still remember that there remaineth the free, full Gospel even for the chief of sinners. If you stand before God condemned in heart this morning, throw yourself upon your face with that sense of condemnation upon you, and cry, "God be merciful to me a sinner." Whichever verdict comes from an enlightened conscience, it will be exceedingly serviceable to you if you have regard to it.

II. Allow me, secondly, to speak to you upon a pleasing theme—namely,

THE ACQUITTAL ISSUED

from this court: "If our heart condemn us not." Observe, that a man may get an acquittal from the court of conscience; for the question laid before the heart can be settled. It can be ascertained whether I sincerely believe in Jesus Christ; it can be ascertained whether I sincerely love God and love His people; it can be ascertained whether my heart is obedient to the commands of the Lord Jesus Christ. These

are not hazy, mysterious problems, which can never be solved. The case may be made clear one way or the other. The court has no difficulty before it beyond its faculty; it is quite competent to decide the question in the light of Scripture by the help of God.

BLESSED SICKNESS.

These questions, however, must be debated with great discernment. Suppose a person to be greatly tempted, to be tempted morning, noon, and night with foul temptations, yet conscience must not say, "This person is no child of God, because he is tempted." There is no sin in being tempted, since our Lord Jesus was tempted of the devil, and yet in him was no sin. It will never do to say, "I am greatly afflicted in estate, in family, or in depression of spirits, and therefore I cannot be a child of God." What, are not God's children chastened? What son is there whom the Father chasteneth not? Some of the best children of God have been the most afflicted; aye, and let me say it pointedly, some of the purest Christians that have ever lived have had the most sickness to bear, and by that means they have been made more meet for heaven, even as the sycamore fig by being bruised becomes ripe.

UNTRUSTWORTHY EVIDENCE.

Permit me to say here that this question in the court of the heart must never be settled by our feelings. If the heart be at all right in its judgments it will never say, "I am a child of God because I am so happy;" nor will it exclaim, on the other hand, "I cannot be a child of God because I am so sad." Holy feelings may be brought in as evidence, but they are hard to estimate. Feelings are variable as the wind; feelings depend so much upon the body and outward surroundings, so much even upon the condition of the atmosphere. I protest that as to feelings I go up and down very much according to the weather-glass. Therefore I make small account of my feelings.

The question of our state ought to be settled speedily. As I have already said to you, it must not be allowed to hang about. We know "the law's delays," but we must not allow any delay in this court. No, we must press for summary justice. Does my heart condemn me, or does not my heart condemn me? Get a clear and plain answer at once to this issue. If your heart condemns any of you here this morning, if you say, "Yes, I am a member of the church but I ought not to be, I do not live as I should;" if you are not believers in Christ; if you feel that you have no love to the brethren, then take the verdict, and go humbly to God and ask Him to renew your hearts. The door of free grace is still open to you. But, on the other hand, if your conscience says, "Yes, with all my imperfections, with all my infirmities, I do love God with all my heart; I do trust in Christ; I know that the things I once loved I now hate, and the things I once hated I now love; I desire to perfect holiness in the fear of God;" then you are in the condition of which the apostle says, "If our heart condemn us not, then have we confidence toward God."

III. Let us consider

THE CONSEQUENCE

of this acquittal. Here is the man who has had his acquittal in the court of conscience. Your conscience has said, "He is a sincere man; he is a believing man; he is quickened with the life of God; he is an obedient and God-fearing man;" and now you have confidence toward God; or at least you have a right to such confidence. What does that confidence or boldness mean? There is the confidence of truthfulness. When you kneel down to pray, you know that you are praying, and not mocking God; when you sing, you are making melody in your heart; when you preach, you are preaching that which your soul believes. This deep sincerity breeds in a man a blessed indifference to the judgments of men. Having a conscience void of offence, he feels a holy freedom as to the formalities of pretence.

This leads to great confidence in prayer.

Look at the context. "We have confidence toward God. And whatsoever we ask, we receive of Him, because we keep His commandments, and do those things that are pleasing in His sight." If you want power in prayer you must have purity in life. There is no promise in the Bible made to every one of you that whatsoever you ask God will give you; it is made to persons of a certain character; the unlimited promise is to the man of God who is so sanctified that he will not ask, and does not think of asking, anything that is not in accordance with God's will. Unsanctified desires will be graciously refused; but the will of the sincerely obedient man is conformed to the will of God, and therefore it shall be fulfilled. "This is the confidence that we have in Him, that, if we ask anything according to His will, He heareth us." CONFIDENCE IN SERVICE.

Our text means also that such a man shall have confidence toward God, in all service for God. Look at the man of God who has confidence toward God, as to the perils encountered in faithfully following his Lord. Take Daniel, for instance, Daniel does not question about what he has to do when the decree is signed that whosoever shall pray shall be cast into the den of lions; he throws up his window as he was accustomed to do; he looks toward Jerusalem, and he bows his knee as he had done aforetime, and he prays to God as if there were no edict. His confidence toward God is that he is safe in the path of duty. He does not count the cost. Alas, what foolish tricks men play with what they call their consciences nowadays! This wonderful nineteenth century is altogether incomprehensible to a simple, honest man. Consciences used to work up and down, yes or no; but now they have an eccentric action, altogether indescribable. A man serves the devil nowadays, and gets the devil's pay, and all the while talks of serving God. May you have a conscience void of offence, straight and clear in everything, and so have confidence toward God.

THE PERFECT PEACE.

I wish I had time to tell you all that confidence toward God means. It means rest, *perfect rest*. Look at your Lord when the tempest was on. Loud roaring, the billows come near to overwhelming the ship; but He is asleep. Nobody but He could dare to slumber, because nobody else had such confidence toward God. He knew the vessel was safe; why should He worry? He cast Himself on God, and fell asleep. It was the best thing to do. You and I may do the same; we need not be frightened, nor worried, nor troubled; but just trust in the Lord and do good, so shall we dwell in the land, and verily we shall be fed. This is confidence toward God.

Blessed man, that hath confidence in God. Such a man goes up to his last bed when the message comes that the spirit must return to God who gave it; he goes *to die* without alarm; his conscience does not condemn him, and therefore he lays himself down in patience, and waits the signal to be with God. Meanwhile the light of heaven steals over his face, and they that come to cheer and comfort him hear strange words, like notes of the birds of Paradise, dropping from his lips. They see that he is in pain, but they also mark that he is baptized in enjoyment. They think that he is dying, but he testifies that he is entering into life. The pearly gate is open before him, the glitter of the golden street is meeting his failing eye. Hear him sing, as best his failing breath permits:

"And when ye see my eye-strings break,
How sweet my minutes roll;
A mortal paleness on my cheek,
But glory in my soul."

Now he is gone, gone into the land of spirits. He stands before his God, and he does not tremble. He has that eagle-eye which can bear the light of the eternal sun. His heart condemns him not, and he has confidence toward God. Amid the supernal splendors he cries, "My Father." Angels are crying, "Lord and God," but *he* saith, "My Father," and those loyal ser-

vants make room for a royal child. The shining ones escort the happy spirit to the blessed Father's feet. There we leave him. "Beloved, if our heart condemn us not, then have we confidence toward God." God bless you. Amen.

[The prayers of the readers of this Journal are requested for the blessing of God upon its Editors, and those whose sermons, articles, or labors for Christ are printed in it; and that its circulation may be used by the Holy Spirit for the conversion of many sinners and the quickening of God's people. Dr. Talmage and Mr. Spurgeon especially request prayer every Sunday morning on behalf of their labors.]

MARIA FRY, THE SOLDIERS' FRIEND.

(See Portrait on next page.)

MANY a sunburnt soldier in India, many a stalwart cavalry-man in Canada, many a drummer-boy in the various English barracks, exclaims, as his eye lights on the picture of this lamented lady, "Why, there's our friend, Miss Fry!" and many an eye fills with tears as memory recalls the loving counsels of the voice never again to be heard on earth, and of the hand that has forever laid down the pen.

As sacred to many a soldier's heart will be the memory of Maria Fry as to many a prisoner's heart was that of Elizabeth Fry fifty years ago. Very unlike the dignified and venerable Quakeress in some respects was this simple, earnest young evangelist, yet very like in others. The love of Christ constrained both to care for the souls of their fellow-men; both succeeded in influencing, by holy gentleness and loving presentation of the truth as it is in Jesus, those too often deemed inaccessible by such means; and each will have multitudes of souls for her crown of rejoicing in the day of Christ. Though the one lived beyond the term allotted to man, and the other was still in the early summer of her days when she passed away from the ranks of the Church on earth, yet each devoted her life to God.

From the time of her conversion, at twelve years of age, to the day of her death, twelve years later, the one great object and interest of Maria Fry's life was the salvation of souls, and especially of the souls of soldiers. With perseverance and steadfastness she kept her life-work continually before her; in the hours of happy childhood her greatest gladness was in talking to others about the Saviour she loved; throughout her girlhood she had this as her one engrossing interest—an interest which preserved her from feebleness and folly, and brought her more into sympathy with earnest servants of God than with young people of her own age.

As she grew on, her expanding heart only embraced the spiritual interests of others more warmly and more deeply, and when she became a suffering invalid the salvation of soldiers was still constantly before her. She would dictate when she could no longer write letters of spiritual counsel and encouragement to such, and would read or hear with loving eagerness their replies. She wrote thousands of such letters during her brief life, and very many soldiers, and others in different parts of the world, were led to Christ through this instrumentality. She now rests from her labors, and her works do follow her.

Drawn, as the English army has been, from the very lowest stratum of the population, hard cases are always numerous in the ranks. Sometimes they are characterized by sullenness and coarse vice; in other cases a wild, reckless daring is the prominent feature; but always it is difficult to reach them by ordinary influences. They need personal and individual effort, and this has not often been made. Miss Fry, however, had rare tact in approaching the rough men and winning their confidence. They would listen to her appeals respectfully, and after a few interviews would treat her as an old friend. Many strange secrets have been revealed to her in her conversations with soldiers. Men enlist from a wide variety of motives, but it is gen-



Miss Maria Fry. (See page 587.)



Alice Hears a Confession.

erally some sudden trouble that drives them into the army. A disappointment in love is a very common cause, and many have joined through harshness at home. In both those cases Miss Fry has been known to effect a reconciliation after taking vast trouble with both parties to the quarrel. Her interest in the soldier was always unwearied, and her name is an honored one in many a regiment.

NEW BOOKS.

CITY BALLADS,

by Will Carleton, is a companion volume to *Farm Ballads, Farm Legends, and Farm Festivals*, by the same author. It is elegantly bound and profusely illustrated. Many copies of it will doubtless go as presents from young men settled in the city to their old friends in the farm-houses of the country. They will be very acceptable, for it is rare that city life is portrayed so graphically and vividly as in this collection of poems. They prove that even in the busy scenes of city life, in the unromantic struggle in the prosaic streets and slums of the metropolis, the true poet can recognize an element romantic and poetic. The scene is shifted from the fields and orchards and farmyards of the country to the pavement, the high buildings, the stores and offices, and the dens and traps of the city; but Mr. Carleton appears to be as much at home there as he was in the pure air of the country. The peculiar charm of Mr. Carleton's poetry is preserved here by the form in which the new subject-matter is presented. Mr. Carleton's effort is to "reproduce some of the effects of city scenes and character upon the intellect and imagination of two people from the country." First, a young student fresh from a rural college, and second, an old farmer of warm heart who, after a life of hard toil, has suddenly become rich by the discovery of oil on his land. The latter forms the resolution to

"look about and see what I can see;
Appoint myself a visiting committee,
With power to act in all parts of the city;
Growl when I must, commend where'er I can,
And lose no chance to help my fellow-man.
For he who joy on others' paths has thrown,
Will find there's some left over for his own;
And he who leads his brother toward the sky,
Will in the journey bring himself more nigh."

The farmer comes to the city, and, true to his plan, takes in all the sights, among them many that visitors do not usually see. He rides on the elevated railroad, has a dip at Ocean Grove, and even goes into the vile dens of the Bowery, where his adventures with "a confidence man" are amusingly told. The farmer falls into the artful snare, and loses his money. Altogether he learns a great deal in the city.

The poems are grouped under eight heads: Wealth, Want, Fire, Water, Vice, Virtue, Travel, Home. Under the head of Fire is the famous "Fireman's Story," one of the most pathetic and thrilling narratives of the book. But the most touching and beautiful of the poems is found in the group under the head of "Want." It is the story of a sewing girl, who is earning her livelihood by sewing at twenty cents a day, and as she toils, her thoughts go back to the time when she stood on a stage, courted and applauded by the crowds who are gone now to worship some other popular idol, and have left her to starve. *The illustration on the next page*, for which we are indebted to the publishers of "City Ballads," represents the scene that flitted through the poor girl's memory. The following extract from the affecting poem must close the notice of a book full of exquisite poetic sketches:

A SEWING-GIRL'S DIARY.

Here—am I here?
Or is it fancy, born of fear? . . .
Is't the same girl that stood, one night,
There in the wide hall's thrilling light,
With all the costly robes astr
That love and pride had bought for her?
How the great crowd, 'mid their kind din,
Gazed with gaunt eyes and drank me in!
And then they hushed at each low word,
So Death himself might have been heard,
To hear me mournfully rehearse
The tender Hood's sad, plaintive verse
About the woman, who, half dead,
Stitched her frail life in every thread.
How little then I knew the need!
Yet for my own sex I did plead,
And my heart crept on each word's track
Till soft sobs from the crowd came back.
I saw my sister, streaming-eyed,
Yet bearing still a face of pride:
Oh, sister! when you looked at me
With that quick yearning glance of love,
Did you peer on, to what might be—

What is?—and is it known above?

When that great throng a shout did raise,
And gave me words of heartfelt praise,
And loving eyes their incense burned
Till my young girlish head was turned—
Did your clear eye see farther then
A moment past all mortal ken,
And in the dreary scene I drew
Did my own form appear to you?
It might have been; grief was o'er-nigh,
And—God, have pity!—this is I,
Treading a steep and dang'rous way,
And—earning twenty cents a day!

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ALICE'S LOST FORTUNE.

(See Illustration.)

In a bachelor's luxuriant quarters in one of our best flat-houses a man lay in bed, tossing wearily. The medicine-bottle and glass on the table confirmed the impression the spectator gathered from his appearance. The man was ill. He had inquired from the paid nurse who sat by his bedside several times that morning what the hour was. He seemed to be nervously expecting some arrival, and when, soon after noon, the bell rang he looked quickly and anxiously toward the door, at which a pretty girl of eighteen entered. She came rapidly to his bedside, and greeted him affectionately. Then divesting herself of her wraps, she bent over him tenderly, and asked him what she could do. The invalid sent his attendant out of the room, and when the two were alone he said:

"Alice, my dear, I have sent for you to tell you bad news. It is better that you should hear it from my lips than from any one else. You know I have loved you dearly—loved you as a father, have I not?"

"Indeed you have, uncle; no girl ever had a wiser, more devoted guardian."

"No, not that, Alice. A loving guardian, but not a wise one. My child, I have sent for you to confess my folly, and to ask you if you can forgive me. My poor girl, I have lost all your fortune. I hoped that I could get you a better interest for it, and I invested it foolishly. It is all gone, every cent, and all I have is gone with it. Oh, what a fool I have been!" and the voice was broken with tears.

It certainly was a crushing blow to the young girl standing there. It changed all her future, and she could tell no more than her miserable uncle how she would live. But her faith triumphed. Laying her hand on the hot, feverish one in which her other hand was clasped, she said: "Do not grieve, uncle; God will surely care for me. He was the God of my father and my mother, and He will not desert me. Depend upon it, the money has been taken from me for a wise purpose. I am not afraid."

"Oh, Alice, can you forgive me, then? It is such a dreadful thing for you, but, believe me, I had a good motive in putting your money there."

"Certainly, uncle, I forgive you fully. Do not grieve any more."

The sick man threw himself back on his pillow exhausted, and closed his eyes as if in prayer. A little later he seemed to have fallen asleep, and Alice watched him silently. It was more than an hour afterward when she noticed a change in his face, and she sent the attendant for the physician. It was too late, however; the messenger had come, and the stricken man never recovered consciousness. Before the next morning Alice was left alone in the world, and the kind guardian who had in some respects rendered her orphan life less lonely was taken from her.

Hers was a situation in which faith had need be strong, and happily Alice's was well-grounded. She confronted the world boldly, relying on her Heavenly Father's care. In the midst of trial and hardship her faith never wavered. Accepting her privations as a discipline, she sought to learn from them the lessons they could teach, and she grew stronger and more devoted as time passed. Years afterward, when the cherished wife of a noble Christian man, she was called upon to stand by his side during a great crisis in life, and through her undaunted faith and constant encouragement he fought and won his battle, Alice knew that she could never have given to her husband the support he needed had she not herself passed through the furnace of trial. It had been good for her and for him she loved that "she had borne the yoke in her youth" (Lam. 3: 27).

THE SILVER LINING.

A SERIAL STORY.
(Continued from page 575.)
The Dark Cloud.

ALL unconscious of the impending blow that was to desolate his home, Dr. Arnold sallied forth on his errands of mercy. At Thornleigh his presence was of no use for the present. The soothing potion he had administered to the little Dora must have time to produce its effect. Mrs. Stevenson would have been glad to keep him under her roof, with an instinctive feeling that her idolized little daughter was safer while the skilful physician was in the house; but the Doctor knew that he was powerless for the present, and insisted on going to see other patients to whom he might be of use.

"My dear friend," he said to the anxious mother, "we must wait a few hours, and I must employ the interval in necessary duty. Dora is in higher hands than ours. I cannot cure her;



A Sewing-Girl's Reminiscence.

(Copyright, 1885, by Harper & Brothers.)

(From "City Ballads.")

path which led him up and down many a grassy glade. The path he took brought him out at last to a lake, and standing back from it some distance on a slight eminence was a cottage to which he guided his horse's steps.

A trim little garden surrounded the cottage, and roses climbed up the front, mixing with sweet-scented clematis, which now perfumed the air. As the doctor rode up a large retriever came out from a kennel, wagging his tail—for evidently the visitor was no stranger.

The cottage door was quickly opened, and the doctor entered a comfortable little sitting-room to the right. There his patient, James Harding, was sitting. He found him suffering from so severe an attack of bronchitis, brought on by the few early autumnal evenings, that he could only speak with difficulty.

"I've just been thinking, sir, the Master maybe has nearly got my mansion ready," he said, after the doctor had made a few inquiries.

"A mansion, Harding; but how do you know there will be one for you?" said the doctor, wishing to hear what the old man would say.

It was almost with a reproachful look he said, "Know, sir! Why, hasn't He said, 'In my Father's house are many mansions; I go to prepare a place for you?' and, I take it, as long as we've got the wedding-garment on that He has given us He'll ask no more."

A fit of coughing prevented the old man saying any more for a few minutes; then he tried to speak again.

"It's hard to leave the old woman, sir, very hard; but I tell her it won't be for long—only a little while, you know, sir."

"Yes, Harding, only a little while; and now good-by. I hope you will have an easier night through the medicine I am giving you."

"Good-by, sir, and thank you kindly for all you've ever been to me."

And the doctor rode off again, this time taking his way across a piece of moorland, over which a few cottages lay scattered, then on to a large-sized village, which would no doubt before long assume the dignity of a town. He was going to the far-end of the village to visit the clergyman's wife, when as he rode along some one coming out of a shop made him look round. He saw that it was a face he knew and immediately pulled up.

"Well, May, and how are you to-day? and how is your mother?"

"Thank you, Dr. Arnold, she had a bad night; and though we hardly thought you would be through to-day, yet I came down this way hoping I might get sight of you. She would be very glad if you would go round and see her."

The doctor did not say so, but inwardly he was very sorry to have to lengthen his ride. Still he was the last ever to shirk duty, and quickly promised May he would soon be with her mother. Accordingly, after seeing Mrs. Morris at the vicarage, he rode on to Sunny-croft, the pretty residence of May's father, Mr. Richardson, who was a lawyer of some repute in the neighborhood.

On this particular afternoon the doctor had no

all I can do is to help her to get rest and quiet, while the disease is running its course. She will fall asleep soon, and that will, I hope, give her strength, so that when she wakes she will not suffer so much from restlessness, and will be better able to bear her pain. She has to fight her battle with the disease herself; we cannot strike the enemy, but we can strengthen her to resist his assaults, and we can do no more than that. I am speaking, of course, of the physical side of the case, I need not remind you that there is a spiritual side. There is no limit to God's power. I have seen patients recover when by every rule known to physicians they ought to have died, and the secret of their recovery was in the prevailing prayer of some one who pleaded for the sufferer's life. Medicine and medical skill have failed over and over again, and yet recovery has come—come, I verily believe, from the Giver of life directly. As to Dora, I tell you the limit of my power as a physician; what God may do for you in answer to prayer you do for a few hours. Good-by. Now I must go for a few hours. Good-by."

Dr. Arnold's next visit was to a very different home. After leaving Thornleigh behind him for some distance, he turned off into a bridge-

time to spare; he did not shorten his necessary inquiries and directions for his patient, but when that was accomplished he hastily said good-by, and at last once more turned his horse's head in the direction of Thornleigh. When he left the Vicarage he noticed that with the setting sun dark clouds were coming up, the wind was rising, and there was every prospect of a stormy night. Now, coming out from Mr. Richardson's, he buttoned up his coat more closely, for the wind was very cutting, and urged on his good horse to quicker speed.

The heavy clouds made the evening an unusually dark one; so, instead of taking the short cut back through the wood, Dr. Arnold was obliged instead to go by the road which skirted it for a considerable distance. The wind moaned and howled dismally as he rode along; once or twice the moon peeped out, but it was only for a minute, and the driving clouds soon covered it again. He had not gone far before heavy rain set in—no slight shower, but such rain as usually accompanies a thunder-storm. The season had been a very wet one, and in many parts fields had been under water. The bright morning had made every one hope that drier days were in store, but now it seemed as if the rain were coming down with renewed energy.

The wind increased in fury every minute. The doctor bent his head before it that he might get his breath, but horse and rider both suffered by the opposing element. Progress was slow, and there seemed to be a force in that gale almost strong enough to stop it altogether. What a night! Here screened by the trees and high hedges, if it was so fierce, what must it be at sea, with nothing to impede the course of that mighty wind! Dr. Arnold thought pitifully of the sailors who were out in the storm, and then, like a flash, there entered his brain the thought that Grace, his beloved child, must be at this very moment on board the vessel which was to carry her and Mrs. Campbell to their destination in the north. "God protect my darling in her peril!" was the cry that rose from the trusting heart of the Christian man, as he rode on in the darkness, with wind and rain beating on his face.

Very glad was Dr. Arnold to catch sight of the lights at Thornleigh as, weary and wet, he once more rode up to the door.

He found his little patient had just dropped off to sleep after a restless day. So, after changing his wet garments by Mr. Stevenson's dressing-room fire, he was soon down-stairs ready for dinner.

The little child's sleep did not last long, and she woke up unrefreshed. Again the doctor took his place by her bedside and did all in his power to soothe her, comforting the poor mother's heart by assuring her he would not leave the house that night.

Rejoining Mr. Stevenson shortly after in the drawing-room, the two gentlemen tried to keep up a cheerful conversation, but it was evident neither of them were in the mood for it, and the sound of the pouring rain outside was very depressing.

At last Mr. Stevenson said:

"I tell you what, Arnold, you and I are not very bright to-night; let us see if we should find the library more cheering; you know it is always the best room in the house to me."

They were soon in the well-lighted, pleasant, cosy library, and for a time both seemed to forget their depression. All at once they were startled by a gurgling sound they could not understand, and listening, they heard, unmistakably, the rushing of water.

At the moment some of the servants came running in, saying the water was pouring into the house. There was no doubt what it was; the unusual rains had weakened the bank of the ornamental lake in the grounds, and the heavy down-pour of the evening proving too much for its strength, it had given way.

Higher came the water, every minute finding its way further into the house. Soon there was nothing but hurry and confusion; some pulled

up carpets, others piled chairs one on the top of the other, and in half an hour no one would have recognized the well-ordered house and quiet household of Thornleigh.

What a strange night it was—every one busy, doing all they could to remove the valuable furniture out of danger, and the little sick child upstairs unconscious of all that was going on. How little the good doctor, as he busily worked with the others through that strange night, every now and then going up to see after his young patient, dreamt of what that storm was working in another place.

At last the rain ceased, and the water began to decrease, but the mud and the damp would take days to remedy.

In the morning Dr. Arnold, to the intense joy of the parents, was able to pronounce the little sufferer better, though complete quiet and freedom from excitement were still necessary, and would be for some time to come.

After a very early breakfast the doctor set off homeward, for he was not a little anxious to know how his own family had fared during the terrible night; he thought also lovingly of his Grace far away, and longed for tidings of her. Mrs. Arnold was never more glad to welcome her husband than she was that morning. Beyond a sleepless night and some damage to the garden, no harm had been done at home. Many inquiries were made about Dora Stevenson and the effect of the storm at Thornleigh, and then the doctor, after half an hour's rest at home, began afresh his day's duties. No one thought of his being tired or weary, so bright and cheery was he that day going from place to place, with a kind word for each fresh patient.

Surely no profession is more noble or self-sacrificing than a doctor's, for there is no time, day or night, that he can call his own. What strange scenes he is called to witness, how many a secret is unfolded to him of which the outside world never dreams, how many a cupboard door he is obliged unwillingly to open, revealing the hidden skeleton of many a family! And what power, what opportunities are committed to him, not only of restoring bodily health, but also of speaking a word in season which may bring life to the sin-sick soul.

To Dr. Arnold, his profession was a solemn trust. He was accounted one of the most skillful practitioners in the neighborhood. He was conscientious in his endeavor to learn all that was to be learned of the mysteries of his calling. Disease is ever taking new forms, something before unknown is being continually disclosed about the organs of the human body, discoveries are constantly being made of new medicines which are efficacious in special cases. All this the busy physician was eager to learn, and few realized how intense was the study to which he applied himself at the close of his day's exhausting labor.

On the day following that stormy night, his visits were unusually numerous. He was wanted in many places by patients newly fallen sick, and by sick patients who were worse after the storm. Somehow it seems as if the human frame sympathized with the disturbances of the outer world. What the connection is between the atmosphere and the mind and body we do not know, but it is evidently a very close one, and it seems closer in delicate organisms than in stronger ones. The debilitated sufferer in a comfortable room, carefully shielded from the outer air, and protected from changes of temperature by artificial heat, nevertheless is unaccountably responsive to disturbances of the weather, of which the watcher by his bedside is unconscious. Thus it happened that on that day Dr. Arnold had fewer leisure moments than usual, and was called upon more frequently than he generally was to minister to that more subtle form of suffering which strong people describe contemptuously as nothing but nervousness. He came home at night thoroughly weary in mind and body, and was glad to retire to rest at an early hour, earnestly hoping that for once he might pass the night in undisturbed repose.

Happily, the night-bell was silent all through the night, and the Doctor rose refreshed and thankful. He entered his study and sat down for half an hour's reading before breakfast. He could hear his two elder daughters chatting merrily in their own room on the same floor, and speculating on the probabilities of their getting a letter out of the bag the postman was carrying along his route, as they watched him from their window. The sisters thought it just possible he might bring a letter from Grace, so they were specially eager.

How unconcerned he looked, how unconscious of the tidings of joy or sorrow that he was bearing to each house! At last he was coming to the Arnolds, and Helen rushed to the door in time to meet him.

"Oh, Kate, there is none from Grace, only one letter, and that is for papa! It is quite a strange handwriting. How uninteresting!"

As she walked slowly toward her father's study she was trying to make out the post-mark; but it was so rubbed she could not succeed.

She opened the study door, as her father's voice said, "Come in," and gave him the letter.

"Is this all, Helen?"

"Yes, papa; I thought there might have been one from Grace."

"That was hardly likely, Helen."

She would have left the room at once, but her eye caught sight of a new book, and she stopped to look at it.

A groan from her father made her turn quickly toward him. She saw the letter had dropped from his hand, and he was deathly pale.

"Father, dear father, what is it?"

He could not speak for a moment; then he said, "Call your mother."

She and Kate came quickly at Helen's tasty summons.

"My darling," he said, "can you bear it?" and then as if to himself, "How can I tell her?" but the mother seemed to know instinctively what had happened. The color went from her lips as she said:

"Ralph, it is our Grace."

Each read the sad letter, which told them the crushing news of bereavement; and then the two girls crept away and left their father and mother alone—alone with their sorrow and their God.

No human sympathy could soothe them; well for them they knew to whom to go—even to Him who said, "I am the resurrection and the life."

Two hours went by; no one ever knew what passed within those study walls; then Mrs. Arnold came out and went up to her daughters' room, where she felt sure she would find them. She opened the door, and sat down by the two girls. They were there together, trying to bear their first great sorrow. She put her hands in theirs. How icy cold they were! But her face was calm, though there were traces of the agony of the past two hours upon it.

"My poor girls!" She tried to speak, but no more words would come, and their sobs came afresh.

There they sat for some time, the poor mother speechless and tearless. None of them could trust themselves to speak on the subject of which their hearts were so full.

At last Mrs. Arnold said: "Your father and I are going to-morrow; it is too late for us to go to-day, so we shall write to say we are coming," and then, very quietly, she added: "We must try and think of our darling safe home and happy. We shall go to her, for she is gone before, and will not heaven seem more home-like with one of our precious ones there?"

But the effort was too great, and a violent shivering fit came on, which made the sisters forget their grief for a time, as they anxiously tended their poor mother. They led her away to her own room, and there, with the sweet, gentle sympathy that true women alone can give to each other, they soothed her and comforted

her, and in that work, as it always is, they themselves were strengthened.

(To be continued.)

NAAMAN THE LEPER.

S. S. Lesson for Sept. 20, 11 Kings 5: 1-16 Golden Text, Ps. 51: 7. By Mrs. M. Baxter.

Not Accidentally Afflicted—God Permitted It—The Little Practiser in the Household—Her Declaration—How She Knew of Elisha—Her Words Repeated at Court—The King's Action—A Common Blunder—An Unspiritual Man's Embarrassment—Elisha Interposes—Wounded Dignity—His Typical Reasoning—A Common-Sense Argument—Healing and Gratitude.

ELISHA'S usefulness was not confined to the land of Israel. "A city that is set on an hill cannot be hid" (Matt. 5: 14). God had called the prophet to be a beacon light in a time of gross darkness, a chosen witness even in other lands to His power and love. It was no accident that Naaman, captain of the host of Syria, was a leper. The hand of God had been in his exaltation—"by him the Lord had given deliverance unto Syria." Because God permitted it, he was a great man with his master and honorable; and also because God permitted it, he was a leper. Does God love, then, to tantalize His creatures, to raise their hopes high, and then blight them? Oh, no; but He had higher ends in view for Naaman than merely earthly honor and glory, and thus He suffered him to be driven to an extremity in which his only resource would be the yet unknown God. And He brought it about so simply. A little maid was made the instrument. She was not so much a little preacher as

A LITTLE PRACTISER

of what she knew about God. We do not hear of her taking to task her fellow-servants in the house of Naaman, where she was a slave, taken captive in the war; we do not hear of her saying that her master's sore affliction was a judgment upon him for his having torn her away from her home and from her parents. No doubt in her loneliness, among heathen strangers, the Lord was with her, as He had been with Joseph in the house of Potiphar, and her heart, far from dwelling on her own wrongs, welled up with love to all around her. She said to her mistress, Naaman's wife, "Would God my lord were with the prophet that is in Samaria! for he would recover him of his leprosy." How did she know this? In all the days of Elisha's ministry not one leper had been healed (Luke 4: 27). How, then, could she be sure that Naaman, a Gentile stranger, should be the first? It is more than probable that God had revealed it to her; and were it not so, she knew that every one in need who had gone to God through Elisha had been delivered from his burden.

There must have been something unusual about this young child of God. It is clear that, like Joseph, her master saw that the Lord was with her; like Samuel, God let none of her words fall to the ground (Gen. 39: 3; 1 Sam. 3: 19). The words of the little maid were repeated at court, and caused such an impression that the very king himself took the matter in hand; and, no doubt to the great disgust of all the medical men in Syria, he sent the general of his army in the greatest state into Israel, with a letter to the king that he should recover him of his leprosy.

The King of Syria knew no more about

DIVINE HEALING

than do most people in the present day. He looked on the power of healing as resident in Elisha, and as being exercised at will in obedience to the king's command. Of course the King of Syria did not see God in the matter at all; his own gods were myths; superstition said they did this or that; tradition told of wonders accomplished; but the king had no experience of them, and he only dealt with his gods through the priests. The King of Israel was little better. More instructed, of course, for he knew there was a God, and he knew that Elisha had power with God; but he himself had never

once come into personal contact with Him. The letter of the King of Israel enraged him; he was brought by it to define his true position and take it as a spiritual or an unspiritual man. Nothing goads an unconverted man like the simple appeal to do some spiritual thing. Let him be asked to pray for a definite thing, he will back out of it by saying he does not know the will of God; let him be asked to show somebody the way of salvation, he will say that he has no gift that way, or that he does not believe in forcing things; and he will designate dependence upon God as blasphemy, because it is beyond his depth. The King of Israel was no exception. "Am I God to kill and to make alive that this man doth send unto me to recover a man of his leprosy? Wherefore consider, I pray you, and see how he seeketh a quarrel against me." Personal considerations were all that moved him; whether Naaman was healed or not was no concern of his. What a reproach it must have been to the king when Elisha sent to him and said, "Wherefore hast thou rent thy clothes? let him come now to me, and he shall know that there is a prophet in Israel!"

WOUNDED DIGNITY.

Naaman was unused to be sent from pillar to post. The king had paid no court to him; he had been treated as the loathsome leper he was, and very likely he was sore about it. But when he came, with all his pomp, and stood at the door of the humble house of Elisha, and even there he was a nobody, it was too much to bear. The prophet did not even come to look at him, did not ask after a single symptom, did not so much as know how many retainers he had with him, and treated him just like an ordinary man! Naaman looked upon himself as a most important person, and upon his case as a very special one. But God, who had guided his way from Syria to the land of Israel, was directing all which happened to the great end of making Himself known to Naaman, and so delivering him from his self-occupation and his self-conceit. Elisha was in God's plan. "Surely the Lord will do nothing but He revealeth His secret unto His servants the prophets" (Amos 3: 7). He knew that Naaman's sickness and healing were only means to an end, and that the main end of God was his conversion to Himself. Thus Elisha simply sent a message to Naaman, saying: "Go and wash in Jordan seven times, and thy flesh shall come again to thee, and thou shalt be clean." Naaman had built a castle in the air; he had let loose the reins of his imagination, and had drawn a beautiful picture, in which, of course, himself was the chief figure; and to his dismay it vanished from his sight. "He was wroth, and went away and said,

BEHOLD I THOUGHT,

He will surely come out to me, and stand and call on the name of the Lord his God, and strike his hand over the place and recover the leper." In his idea there should have been an imposing ceremonial in which Elisha should prove his power, and in which himself should be conspicuous—a something which could be told and retold to his own and Elisha's glory. But to go down and take a bath in a little, insignificant river like Jordan, to do what any other man could do, and then to make such a fool of himself as to take a bath seven times, when, if the waters had any virtue, the first time would surely be enough—no, this was too humbling, too absurd. So thinks the haughty sinner when he is told to do nothing but accept a crucified Redeemer and a work already done. So thinks a struggling believer who longs for purity of heart, when he is told to cease his struggles and efforts, and to believe that the blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth him from all sin. So thinks a poor distracted sufferer when he is told to do nothing but only accept the healing already wrought out by Him who took his infirmities and bore his sicknesses! Naaman, in his anger, began to reason the point. "Are not Abana and Pharpar, rivers of Damascus, better than all the waters of Israel?" If water is going to do it, "may I not wash in them and be clean?" If

the oil is going to do it, may I not use a little oil at home without coming to an anointing service?" say some invalids. It is not the water that does it, it is not the oil that does it—it is "the Lord that healeth thee" (Ex. 15: 26), who does His own work.

Naaman was already on his homeward way, nursing his mortified pride and his leprosy together, when a little common-sense was brought to bear on him. His servants had had a great deal more trouble than he had in this journey, and very naturally they did not like that it should be all for nothing. So they put the matter to him in a new light. "My father, if the prophet had bid thee do some great thing, wouldest thou not have done it? How much rather, then, when he saith to thee, Wash and be clean?" It was an irresistible argument, and it hit right home. Naaman was manly enough to acknowledge it, and mortification gave way to real humility. Oh, how easy is it for poor fallen human nature to do

"SOME GREAT THING,"

to be some great one! Paul was "nothing" (11 Cor. 12: 11). John the Baptist said, "I must decrease" (John 3: 30), and our Lord Himself said, "I can of Mine own self do nothing" (John 5: 30). All this is the reverse of our human nature, which vaunteth itself and is puffed up. Naaman was brought to the right point at last, of being nothing and of doing the simple thing he was told to do. And then change beyond all which he had pictured to himself took place. First, there was a revelation of God in His power and in His love. With the quickened life of his body, when "his flesh came again like unto the flesh of a little child, and he was clean," came also an apprehension of God and of things spiritual as never before. So is it always in divine healing. The soul is brought into the position with God through which He can work, and He acts through upon the body. Naaman's heart was full of praise, but it was not of the healing or of the prophet that he spoke; his theme was the God who had done this thing. He returned to the man of God, he and all his company (after having audience with God he could obtain audience with the prophet), and he said: "Behold now I know that there is no God in all the earth but in Israel." Sweet words to Elisha's ear, very different from the flattery with which Naaman would have loaded him had things been as he thought.

But what should he do with the rich provision which the King of Syria had given him where-with to fee the prophet who should heal him? He offered it to Elisha, but was instantly refused. "As the Lord liveth, before whom I stand, I will receive none." God's purpose was accomplished, Naaman was converted, and God had a witness who should tell in Syria that He was a real, true, mighty God, who could change a heart and heal an incurable disease in the same hour. When Naaman foresaw a possible difficulty in his official duties when accompanying his master to the home of Rimmon, and he wanted to know how the Lord would regard it, the prophet only said, "Go in peace," for the God he had found in Israel would be with him in Syria to guide him, and he had already declared that he would "henceforth offer neither burnt offering nor sacrifice unto other gods, but unto the Lord." Who shall say that God may not in our day convert and heal the heathen at one and the same time? Who will say that divine healing is unnecessary?

Bethshan Tracts.—The Following Tracts, by Mrs. M. Baxter and others, on the subject of Faith-Healing and Holiness, have been received from England, and can be obtained at the following prices: Bethshan: A House for Healing, 3 cts. each; Pastor Blumhardt, 3 cts. each; Paul's Thorn, If it be Thy Will, Does Sickness Sanctify? Repeating Prayer, What about the Use of Means, The Apostolic Attitude, all at 15 cts. a dozen; The Law of Liberty, Simple Truths about Faith, God's Purpose in Sickness, The Great Physician, Job's Sickness, God's Side of Prayer, Pastor Rein, Redeemed from all Evil, Health by Grace, all at 20 cts. a dozen. Also the following books by Mrs. M. Baxter: S. S. Lessons, 1877-'78, in cloth, 50 cts. each; Lessons from the Gospel of Matthew, 50 cts. cloth, 30 cts. paper; Daily Life, 30 cts. cloth, 20 cts. paper; Life Lessons, 25 cts. paper, 35 cts. cloth; Practical Lessons, 25 cts. paper, 35 cts. cloth. Address The Manager, CHRISTIAN HERALD Office, 63 Bible House, New York.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES.

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This Journal contains every week a Portrait and Biography of some eminent person; a new Sermon by the Rev. C. H. SPURGEON, of London, and the Rev. Dr. LAMAGE'S latest Sunday morning Sermon; also always a Prophetic Article, and a Summary of Current Events, as well as Stories, Anecdotes, etc.

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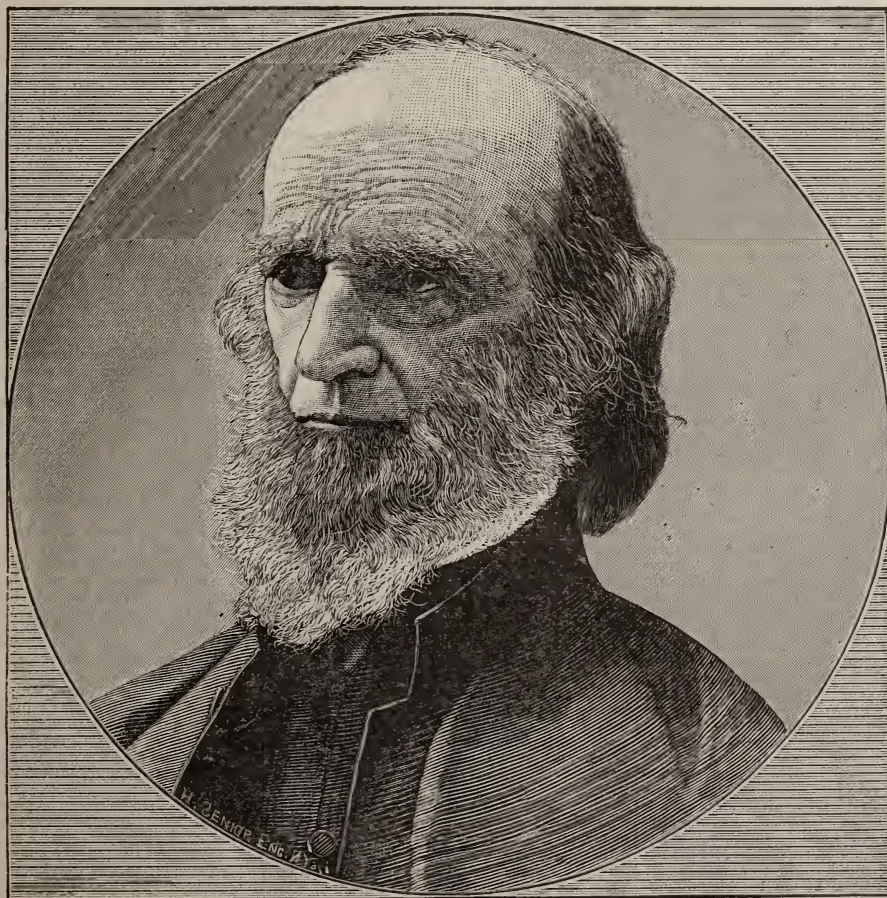
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The Late Rev. STEPHEN H. TYNG, D.D. Born March 1, 1800. Died Sept. 3, 1885.

THE LATE REV. STEPHEN H. TYNG, D.D.
 Dr. Tyng's Eminence—Early Education—Mercantile Pursuits—Enters the Ministry—His Work at Philadelphia and Removal to New York—His Belief in the Premillennial Doctrine—Retirement from the Ministry—Extracts from Dr. Tyng's Works.

The death, on Thursday, September 3d, of the venerable servant of Christ, whose name was honored and revered in all the churches, does not come upon the Christian community of America as a surprise. He was in his eighty-sixth year, and the reports that have come from his quiet retreat at Irvington-on-the-Hudson, during the past few months, proved that both he and those who loved him best could have no desire that his life should be prolonged. His work was done, and well done, and the haven of blissful rest in the bosom of the Father, with all the feebleness and infirmities of advanced age, cast off, would be, as he and all around him felt, a most welcome change. He died so calmly and peacefully that his son, who watched him as he slept, could not tell the moment when his spirit passed away. Like a tired child he fell asleep, and without a struggle or a pang, the spirit quitted its worn-out tenement to receive its reward in heaven.

"No earthly clinging—
 No lingering gaze—
 No strife at parting—
 No sore amaze;
 But sweetly, gently,
 He passed away,
 From the world's dim twilight
 To endless day!"

Stephen Higginson Tyng was born at Newburyport, Mass., on March 1st, 1800. His father was prominent in political circles and in the legal profession, and was for some time Collector of the Port at that place. His mother was the daughter of the Hon. Stephen Higginson, whose name he bore. He studied at Harvard, where he graduated in 1817, in the same class with Caleb Cushing, George Bancroft, and Stephen Lounsberry.

BUSINESS TRAINING.

For some years after the completion of his secular education he was occupied in commercial affairs; but God had other work for him to do, and after much thought and prayerful consideration the young man felt it was his duty to devote himself to the work of the ministry.

To his experience in business, doubtless, was owing much of the strong and practical vigor which characterized his sermons, and gave a living energy to his work as a preacher and a pastor. The close relation with busy men into which trade brings those who engage in it is a far better training for the preacher than cloister meditation. It teaches him what his hearers are, and what they need to be told. In the ranks of business men he learns what are the strong temptations that beset them; he can sympathize with them, and is able to give them appropriate warnings. While he who "draws a bow at a venture" may, perchance, hit the joint of the armor, the man who has himself worn the armor is far more likely to know its vulnerable points and direct his arrows to the spot where they will take effect. So it was with Dr. Tyng; and those who listened to his eloquent and earnest discourses went away carrying practical lessons useful to them in their battles with the world.

THEOLOGICAL STUDIES.

Having decided to obey the call he believed he had received from God, Dr. Tyng relinquished his commercial pursuits, and resigning his prospects of gain he devoted all his energies to the acquisition of theological lore. While profoundly conscious that his success as a minister of the Gospel was mainly dependent on the teaching of the Holy Spirit of God, he did not despise learning, nor hold in contempt the advantages to be gained by the teaching of men whose lives were devoted to that work to which he purposed consecrating his life. Accordingly he applied to the learned Bishop Griswold,

under whose guidance he gave two years to the study of the Scriptures, and the works of eminent divines. At the close of that period, Dr. Tyng was ordained a deacon of the Episcopal Church, and commenced his labors at Georgetown, D. C.

EARLY MINISTRY.

His next pastorate was at Queen Anne parish, Prince George's County, Maryland; and there, during six years, in a quiet, unobtrusive manner, he labored in the cause of Christ. In the pulpit, in the Sunday-school, and in the homes of his parishioners he was untiring in his efforts, and his heart was gladdened by seeing the blessing of God on his labors. May, 1829, was a season of sorrow to the Maryland church, for at that time the young pastor, who had won for himself the respect and affection of all hearts, was removed from the scene of his labors to Philadelphia, where he became rector of St. Paul's Church.

While at St. Paul's his fame spread to other localities, and a recognition of his worth was made by Jefferson College, which conferred on him the degree of D.D. In 1851 his own college of Harvard, never quick to move in such matters, noticed the growing fame of one of her own students and honored herself in honoring him. While mere titles are to such men as Dr. Tyng only like "the guinea's stamp," it must have been a source of pleasure to him to receive from the college where he had studied as a raw lad the degree of D.D. The title was conferred, and thus two popular universities united in doing honor to this eminent preacher.

After four years' work Dr. Tyng removed to the Church of the Epiphany, in Philadelphia, where he labored till 1845, when the death of the venerable Dr. Milnor left without a pastor the church of St. George, in New York. Hither Dr. Tyng was called, and with this church his name, more than any other, is associated.

NEW YORK PASTORATE.

St. George's Church has an interesting and notable history. It was originally a mission of the great mother church, Trinity. Its first building, erected between 1748 and 1752, was placed at Chapel and Van Cliff streets, upon a spot called Chapel Hill. This is now at Beekman and Cliff streets. The building was destroyed by fire in 1814, but no time was lost in its reconstruction. In 1811 it severed its association with Trinity and became an independent parish. One year after Dr. Tyng became its rector, the growth of this city forced a change of situation, and Peter G. Stuyvesant offered the society a plot of ground in the square which has taken the name of his family. Dr. Tyng himself was greatly in favor of choosing a site in Union Square, where the Everett House now stands, which could then have been bought for \$25,000. But the church preferred to accept Mr. Stuyvesant's offer, and what was then a magnificent edifice was erected on the ground furnished by him. At that time the land about was quite country-like, farms being all around, and from the very square, upon which the church was built, a little creek wandered down to the East River.

The new church prospered greatly under Dr. Tyng's rectorship. He was not only a remarkable preacher, convincing and earnest, a keen logician and an interesting pulpit orator, but his personality, and an influence peculiar to himself, entered into all he said, and into his intercourse with his parishioners. He built up many charitable enterprises, going into them himself, and drawing others by the force of his own generous example. His Sunday-school work was particularly great. At one time twenty-five hundred children attended his school, \$64,000 for foreign missions was raised in his parish, while he was rector, and the church itself was placed upon a substantial basis. On November 14th, 1865, St. George's was burned to the ground, and Dr. Tyng was at work making arrangements for the building of a new edifice before the charred timbers of the old one had ceased to smoke. The present comfortable and commodious church

was the result of his efforts. To this day the church is affectionately mentioned by old New Yorkers more frequently as Dr. Tyng's church than by its own name.

Its influence grew rapidly, and was altogether beneficent. Practical Christianity was manifest there. Religion, as a power, in daily life, was the keynote of Dr. Tyng's preaching, and he had little respect for the forms which, at the present day, some of his brethren make the most prominent feature of their ministry. Stong, vigorous evangelical teaching was heard from the pulpit, and Christ the Saviour of men was the one topic of discourse. Happily for the church and the city, the character of St. George has not changed with time. Under Rev. W. Rainsford, Dr. Wilson, and the Rev. Parke the same saving message which is "the power of God unto salvation," may still be heard within the hallowed walls, and men are still turned to that place from darkness to the living God.

Dr. Tyng was one of the most energetic pastors. During the thirty-three years of his ministry at St. George's, and mainly through his efforts, not only were vast sums of money raised by the church for home and foreign missions, but two churches were actually built in Africa, one being of stone, and the other of brick, the cost of both being entirely defrayed by the congregation of St. George's. In addition to the missionary cause, Dr. Tyng was an earnest temperance advocate at a time when the cause was not so popular among the clergy as it is now, and he was foremost in advocating the claims of institutions of an educational and philanthropic character. He succeeded in infusing much of his zeal into his church, for large and frequent contributions came from St. George's to the aid of those who were laboring in those fields in New York and other cities.

RETIREMENT.

In 1870 Dr. Tyng found it necessary to withdraw in a measure from active pulpit work on account of his extreme age, but his people provided him with an assistant, and he continued his supervision of St. George's parish. But he was becoming increasingly feeble; his intense mental activity, and his unremitting exertions had undermined his physical strength, and entire rest was necessary. On April 28th, 1878, he preached his farewell sermon to his congregation. He was then seventy-eight years old, although his church were reluctant to lose him as its pastor, that course was evidently the kindest thing possible. The loyalty, and devotion, and gratitude of the people were manifest in the arrangements made. His assistant, the Rev. Walter W. Williams, was made his successor, and Dr. Tyng was appointed pastor emeritus with a salary of \$5000 a year, which he enjoyed until his death. With a zeal resisting the encroachments of old age, he still lingered in the field reluctant to leave while he could wield a weapon for the Master, whom he had served so long. At his own request, a congregation of children was gathered every Sunday afternoon for several months, in the church of Holy Trinity, of which his son was then rector, and to them the veteran preached with an unctio and a spirit of love, such as breathes in the epistles of the aged Apostle John, and God blessed those simple efforts of the old man to "feed the lambs."

AS A PREACHER;

Dr. Tyng had but few equals in the city or the country, and those who remember his earlier sermons at St. George's speak in strong terms of the fire and eloquence with which he pleaded, exhorted, and denounced, swaying his hearers with true oratorical power. The obvious earnestness and sincerity of the preacher gave him an authority and an influence beyond any possible to the mere pulpit essayist; and as the gaze of his hearers was riveted on his face they felt they were listening to one who knew and felt in his inmost heart the value of the truths he preached and who, like the great apostle of the Gentiles felt as he pleaded with men that he pleaded "for Christ's stead that they would be reconciled

into God." One who heard him thirty-five years ago, when he was in the zenith of his power and popularity, writes: "It has been our good fortune to hear him on a variety of occasions—in his pulpit, on the platform, and as a participant in discussions of public interest. But everywhere he retained his perfect individuality without the chance of a mistake. We have heard him eulogize Whitefield and Wesley and Gurney, in his own pulpit; repudiate all sympathy with papacy on the platform, and discuss matters of religious policy with leaders proud of the title of independents. But throughout the whole, we could not escape the conviction that Dr. Tyng was the speaker, and when we considered his arguments as distinctly impressed upon the memory, we saw them stamped with the individuality of their source."

Dr. Tyng was one of the first ministers in America to receive light on the doctrine of

THE PREMILLENNIAL ADVENT,

and he announced, with his usual bold and outspoken manner, his acceptance and belief in this blessed doctrine. At the Conference on the Second Coming of our Lord, held in Holy Trinity Church in October, 1878, he narrated his experience in relation to this belief, and expressed the satisfaction with which he saw so many of his ministerial brethren enrolling themselves in the ranks of its advocates. He said:

"I hope I may be excused for saying a few simple words in reference to myself. Next month will finish the fifty-ninth year of my poor laboring in the preaching of the Lord's Gospel. Well do I remember, more than fifty years ago, when the great truth of a Saviour's 'Premillennial Coming' burst upon my mind. As a young man in the South, travelling long distances to preach His Word, I was met with such—I will not say ridicule, but with kind and affectionate remonstrance. The world was unprepared around me for any such enunciation, and yet it seemed to me to be the clearest sunlight of the page of Scripture, involved in every real promise of the Gospel, and making the one great foundation upon which all the truth and all the hope of that Gospel rested. I looked at it then *entirely alone*. I scarcely knew a minister of any class around me that would believe it at all. It seemed to them to be an undervaluing of all the efforts of that which they called the Christian Church."

"I was ready, and I have always been ready, to love those whom my Master loves, and wherever I find the temple in which He dwells, I find the Church which I acknowledge, older in its establishment than Apostolic authority, and grander and wider in its extent than any denominational organization."

"There is, nothing to be sacrificed when we come together as the servants of one God—I will not say under the shadow, but the sunlight of our glorious hope. I believe as fully in the personal Advent of my blessed Saviour in His run time as in the sunrise of to-morrow morning, and look for it as confidently. It may come in my time. Many things have come within its period. It certainly will come within somebody's time; but anybody's generation in which it does come will find multitudes still doubting, Pharisees still questioning, Sadducees still opposing, and I trust many children of Israel looking for deliverance, and rejoicing in the fulness of the salvation which is presented."

AS AN AUTHOR

Dr. Tyng also achieved a wide reputation. His books made him known throughout the land, and won for him the esteem of men who never listened to his voice. We may notice among the volumes he has written, "A Family Commentary on the Four Gospels," "The History of Ruth, the Moabitess," "Esther, the Queen of Persia," "Lectures on the Law and the Gospel," "Forty Years' Experience in Sunday-schools," "Recollections of England," "Fellowship with Christ," "The Child of Prayer," and many other works.

A peculiarly chaste and polished style characterizes all the productions of his pen, and while

they are by no means lacking in vigor and power, they evince great care in their preparation, and show how refined and scholarly was the mind from which they proceeded.

Of the treatise on "The Law and the Gospel," published in 1833, while Dr. Tyng was in Philadelphia, he says: "Above five thousand copies have been sent upon their humble but blessed errand of mercy. God has been graciously pleased to make the book useful and effectual to the awakening and instruction of His people, to an extent which has both astonished and humbled its writer. Many precious instances of conversion, by the divine blessing on its instructions, through the power of the Holy Ghost, have been brought to his knowledge; for all of which he desires from his inmost soul to give the praise and glory to the God of all grace. Some of these have been of persons *who are now preaching the blessed truths* which God was pleased thus to reveal to them from His Holy Word. Some faithful Christian friends have so prized the work that they have habitually kept a number of copies on hand to lend to others, to whom they trusted they might be made useful."

THE SECRET OF A HAPPY HOME

will, perhaps, better than any other of the shorter gems to be found scattered through his works, serve as a specimen of Dr. Tyng's literary style. He says: "It is not the world or the pursuit of the world, but the power of true religion, the fear and the love of God, the consciousness of a heart that really tries to do His will, and confides in the assurance that He will protect and guide others in the same blessed path. Take this great principle of life and truth from the household, let the world rule there in its pride and covetousness, or in its lust of indulgence, and how soon and how thoroughly are domestic happiness, dignity, and peace sacrificed and cast away. . . . Mutual suspicion, recrimination, alienation, separation, divorce, hatred, persecution, murder, all follow in the legitimate train of succession as natural and too often habitual results. A member of a *rich household* composed of parents and adult children once said to me, 'Sir, our house is a perfect hell.' The lust of wealth and the scramble for its partition had left no filial or fraternal love and confidence behind. How often have I seen the same sad scene repeated!"

The fearful end of a life without God was illustrated with much force in another passage by Dr. Tyng in his lectures on "Esther, the Queen of Persia":

"AN EMINENT STATESMAN OF AMERICA

came to his dying hour in a hotel in Philadelphia. As he lay upon his bed of anguish, lamenting in his secret mind over the folly and sin of the past, and long life of guilt, transcendent power of mind and loftiness of station completely thrown away, he bade his servant bring him one of his cards. There he wrote beneath his own name in capital letters the word *remorse*. He turned it over and wrote on the other side *remorse*, and laid it down. Soon his physician came in, a good and serious man. The dying man handed him the card, and asked him to read it. He read *remorse*. He bade him turn it over and read the other side. He did so, and read again *remorse*. 'Yes,' said the prostrate man of genius and station, 'that is the whole. It is all remorse.' He said no more, and soon after died. For him the fashion of this world had passed away, its pleasures all departed forever, and left him nothing but the bitter anguish of remorse."

A ROBBER OVERCOME.

The following anecdote was narrated with great dramatic power by Dr. Tyng in one of his lectures: "A very lovely young Christian whom I well knew was laid on a sick bed for many years. She was often unprotected and alone. On one occasion, late at night, as she was lying awake on her bed, her family all asleep in their rooms around, a man was seen by her entering her door. He stopped a moment after he had gained an entrance, her little night-lamp shining

on them both from the stand by her bedside. He looked at this calm and lovely girl, surveying him with perfect tranquillity. She raised her finger, pointing upward, and said: 'Do you know that God seeth you?' The man waited a moment but made no reply, and then turned, and walked immediately out, having opened no other doors than the street door and the door of her chamber. Thus God interposed and defended by the weakest instrument, but with the mightiest power."

He being dead yet speaketh.

MR. G. MÜLLER'S ORPHANAGES.

In his forty-sixth annual report, just published, Mr. Müller says: "Through God's especial kindness, the Scriptural Knowledge Institution for Home and Abroad, has been upheld to enter upon its fifty-second year. As time passed on we have had, year after year, abundant cause for praise and thanksgiving, but rarely has this been the case more than during the past year. In this report the reader will find instance upon instance as to how our prayers have been answered."

Commencing the year with a balance of £500 (\$2500, no less than £41,558 (\$207,790) has been sent, during the past twelvemonth, to Mr. Müller, who, in giving an account of his stewardship, intersperses practical remarks, "intended for the spiritual benefit of the reader." The goodness of God, in removing the typhoid fever from their midst, is gratefully recorded. Also the preservation of the buildings from fire, and the evident working of the Spirit of God in the schools, and among the orphans. "And lastly," says Mr. Müller, "I would publicly express my gratitude to my heavenly Father for continuing to me such a good state of health as that I am, scarcely at all hindered in service for the Lord, and am able to work with my head and pen with as much ease as I could sixty years ago, besides having far less difficulty with regard to my voice and chest in preaching, although, on September 27th, I shall complete my eightieth year, if life be continued to me."

The benefit received through reading these annual reports is described by one of the subscribers, who says: "A few days ago I received your annual report, which is more faith-strengthening and soul-refreshing than many a sermon." The following letter is also remarkable, as written by a subscriber living in Vienna: "There is a child in this city, who recently got one of your biographies of reports, and, after reading a portion, he was heard to pray, 'God teach me to pray like George Müller, and hear me as Thou dost hear George Müller.' He desired to become a preacher, but his mother objected. He is, however, now undergoing preparatory training."

Since 1830, Mr. Müller has had no stipend or salary as pastor or director, but has obtained everything he needed for himself and family from the Lord, simply in answer to prayer and faith. "I speak of my temporal necessities only, and He puts it into the hearts of His children, in various parts of the world, to supply my need. Thus I have been going on for about fifty-five years, and to the praise of God I may say that in His faithful love He has ever been mindful of me."

During the year more than one hundred thousand copies of Bibles, Testaments, and portions, have been sold, or given away among the poor. The Sunday and day schools, numbering eighty-five, entirely supported by the funds of the institution, are not only well sustained, but are enjoying much of the divine blessing. More than ever has been done of late toward aiding missionary work, more than \$30,000 having been devoted to this object during the year. That the general education of the orphans is not a whit behind other similar institutions is seen by the inspector's report. "As regards the boys, hundreds of them have now a business of their own, some are partners in large houses of business, a considerable number have become teachers, and many are preachers of the Gospel."

A MOMENTOUS QUEST.

A Sermon by Dr. Talmage.*

"Seek ye the Lord while he may be found."—ISA. 55: 6.

The Hallelujah Chorus of Prophecy—Waiting Souls—A Search Involving Ten Thousand Dollars—Not Lightly Abandoned—How to Seek the Lord—By Earnest and Believing Prayer—The Cup at the Fountain—A Scotch Covenanter's Prayer—Through Bible Study—The Doors of the Madeleine in Paris—A Dying Soldier's Request—Through Church Ordinances—Misplaced Criticism—When to Speak—A Crisis in Disease—Missing a Fortune—An Open Diamond District—The Soliloquy of a Lost Soul—A Despairing Octogenarian.

ISAIAH stands head and shoulders above the other Old Testament authors in vivid descriptiveness of Christ. Other prophets give an outline of our Saviour's features. Some of them present, as it were, the side face of Christ; others a bust of Christ; but Isaiah gives us the full-length portrait of Christ. Other Scripture writers excel in some things. Ezekiel more weird, David more pathetic, Solomon more epigrammatic, Habakkuk more sublime; but when you want to see Christ coming out from the gates of prophecy in all His grandeur and glory, you involuntarily turn to Isaiah. So that if the prophecies in regard to Christ might be called the "Oratorio of the Messiah," the writing of Isaiah is the "Hallelujah Chorus," where all the batons wave and all the trumpets come in. Isaiah was not a man picked up out of insignificance by inspiration. He was known and honored. Josephus, and Philo, and Sirach extolled him in their writings. What Paul was among the apostles, Isaiah was among the prophets.

A CIRCULAR LETTER.

My text finds him standing on a mountain of inspiration, looking out into the future, beholding Christ advancing and anxious that all men might know Him; his voice rings down the ages: "Seek ye the Lord while He may be found." "Oh," says some one: "that was for olden times." No my hearer. If you have travelled in other lands you have taken a circular letter of credit from some banking-house in New York, and in St. Petersburg, or Venice, or Rome, or Antwerp, or Brussels, or Paris; you presented that letter and got financial help immediately. And I want you to understand that the text, instead of being appropriate for one age, or for one land, is a circular letter for all ages and for all lands, and wherever it is presented for help, the help comes: "Seek ye the Lord while He may be found."

I come, to-day, with no hair-spun theories of religion, with no nice distinctions, with no elaborate disquisition; but with a plain talk on the matters of personal religion. I feel that the sermon I preach this morning will be the savor of life unto life, or of death unto death. In other words, the Gospel of Christ is a powerful medicine; it either kills or cures. There are those who say: "I would like to become a Christian. I have been waiting a good while for the right kind of influences to come," and still

YOU ARE WAITING.

You are wiser in worldly things than you are in religious things. If you want to get to Albany, you go to the Grand Central Depot, or to the steamboat wharf, and, having got your ticket, you do not sit down on the wharf or sit in the depot; you get aboard the boat or train. And yet there are men who say they are waiting to get to heaven—waiting, waiting, but not with intelligent waiting, or they would get on board the line of Christian influences that would bear them into the kingdom of God.

Now you know very well that to seek a thing is to search for it with earnest endeavor. If you want to see a certain man in New York, and there is a matter of \$10,000 connected with your seeing him, and you cannot at first find him,

you do not give up the search. You look in the directory, but cannot find the name, you go in circles where you think, perhaps, he may mingle, and, having found the part of the city where he lives, but perhaps not knowing the street, you go through street after street, and from block to block, and you keep on searching for weeks and for months.

You say: "It is a matter of \$10,000 whether I see him or not." O that men were as persistent in seeking for Christ! Had you one half that persistence you would long ago have found Him who is the joy of the forgiven spirit. We may pay our debts, we may attend church, we may relieve the poor, we may be public benefactors, and yet all our life disobey the text, never seek God, never gain heaven. O that the spirit of God would help this morning while I try to show you, in carrying out the idea of my text, first, *how* to seek the Lord, and in the next place, *when* to seek Him. "Seek ye the Lord while He may be found."

THE CUP AT THE FOUNTAIN.

I remark, in the first place, you are to seek the Lord through earnest and believing prayer. God is not an autocrat or a despot seated on a throne with His arms resting on brazen lions, and a sentinel pacing up and down at the foot of the throne. God is a father seated in a bower, waiting for His children to come and climb on His knee, and get His kiss and His benediction. Prayer is the cup with which we go to the "fountain of living water," and dip up refreshment for our thirsty soul. Grace does not come to the heart as we set a cask at the corner of the house to catch the rain in the shower. It is a pulley fastened to the throne of God, which we pull, bringing the blessing.

I do not care so much *what posture* you take in prayer, nor how large an amount of voice you use. You might get down on your face before God, if you did not pray right inwardly, and there would be no response. You might cry at the top of your voice, and unless you had a believing spirit within, your cry would not go farther up than the shout of a ploughboy to his oxen. Prayer must be believing, earnest, loving. You are in your house some summer day, and a shower comes up, and a bird, affrighted darts into the window, and wheels around the room. You seize it. You smooth its ruffled plumage. You feel its fluttering heart. You say, "Poor thing, poor thing!" Now a prayer goes out of the storm of this world into the window of God's mercy, and He catches it, and He feels its fluttering pulse, and He puts it in His own bosom of affection and safety.

A SCOTCH COVENANTER.

Prayer is a warm, ardent, pulsating exercise. It is the electric battery which, touched, thrills to the throne of God! It is the diving-bell in which we go down into the depths of God's mercy and bring up "pearls of great price." There was an instance where prayer made the waves of Gennesaret solid as Russ pavement. O how many wonderful things prayer has accomplished! Have you ever tried it? In the days when the Scotch Covenanters were persecuted, and the enemies were after them, one of the head men among the Covenanters prayed: "O Lord, we be as dead men unless Thou shalt help us. O Lord throw the lap of Thy cloak over these poor things." And instantly a Scotch mist enveloped and hid the persecuted from their persecutors—the promise literally fulfilled: "While they are yet speaking I will hear."

O impenitent soul, have you ever tried the power of prayer? God says: "He is loving, and faithful, and patient. Do you believe that? You are told that Christ came to save sinners. Do you believe that? You are told that all you have to do to get the pardon of the Gospel is to ask for it. Do you believe that? Then come to Him and say: 'O Lord, I know Thou canst not lie. Thou hast told me to come for pardon, and I could get it. I come, Lord. Keep Thy promise, and liberate my captive soul.'"

O that you might have an altar in the parlor, in the kitchen, in the store, in the barn, for

Christ will be willing to come again to the manger to hear prayer. He would come in your place of business, as He confronted Matthew, the Tax Commissioner. If a measure should come before Congress that you thought would ruin the nation, how you would send in petitions and remonstrances. And yet there has been enough sin in your heart to ruin it forever, and you have never remonstrated or petitioned against it. If your physical health failed, and you had the means, you would go and spend the summer in Germany, and the winter in Italy, and you would think it a very cheap outlay if you had to go all round the earth to get back your physical health. Have you made any effort, any expenditure, any exertion for your immortal and spiritual health? No, you have not taken one step.

O that you might now begin to seek after God with earnest prayer. Some of you have been working for years and years for the support of your families. Have you given one half day to the working out of your salvation with fear and trembling? You came here this morning with an earnest purpose, I take it, as I have come hither with an earnest purpose, and we meet face to face, and I tell you, first of all, if you want to find the Lord, you must pray, and pray, and pray.

I remark, again, you must seek the Lord through Bible study. The Bible is

THE NEWEST BOOK IN THE WORLD.

"Oh," you say, "it was made hundreds of years ago, and the learned men of King James translated it hundreds of years ago." I confute that idea by telling you it is not five minutes old, when God, by His blessed Spirit retranslates it into the heart. If you will, in the seeking of the way of life through Scripture study, implore God's light to fall upon the page, you will find that these promises are not one second old, and that they drop straight from the throne of God into your heart.

There are many people to whom the Bible does not amount to much. If they merely look at the outside beauty, why it will no more lead them to Christ than Washington's farewell address or the Koran of Mahomet or the Shaster of the Hindoos. It is the inward light of God's Word you must get or die. I went up to the church of the Madeleine, in Paris, and looked at the doors which were the most wonderfully constructed I ever saw, and I could have stayed there for a whole week; but I had only a little time, so, having glanced at the wonderful carving on the doors, I passed in and looked at the radiant altars, and the sculptured dome. Alas, that so many stop at the outside door of God's Holy Word, looking at the rhetorical beauties, instead of going in and looking at the altars of sacrifice and the dome of God's mercy and salvation that hovers over every penitent and believing soul!

O my friends, if you merely want to study the laws of language, do not go to the Bible. It was not made for that. Take "Howe's Elements of Criticism"—it will be better than the Bible for that. If you want to study metaphysics, better than the Bible will be the writings of William Hamilton. But if you want to know how to have sin pardoned, and at last to gain the blessedness of Heaven, search the Scriptures, "for in them ye have eternal life."

THE BOOK FOR SEEKERS.

When people are anxious about their souls—and there are some such here to-day—there are those who recommend good books. That is all right. But I want to tell you that the Bible is the best book under such circumstances. Baxter wrote, "A Call to the Unconverted," but the Bible is the best call to the unconverted. Philip Doddridge wrote, "The Rise and Progress of Religion in the Soul," but the Bible is the best rise and progress. John Angell James wrote advice to the Anxious Inquirer, but the Bible is the best advice to the anxious inquirer.

O the Bible is the very book you need anxious and inquiring soul! A dying soldier said to his mate: "Comrade, give me a drop!"

* Dr. Talmage arrived from Europe by the steamer Auraria of the Cunard line. A large number of his congregation chartered a steamer and went down the Bay to meet him. He expects to preach at the Brooklyn Tabernacle next Sunday.

"he comrade shook up the canteen, and said: There isn't a drop of water in the canteen." Oh," said the *dying soldier*, "that's not what want; feel in my knapsack for my Bible" and is comrade found the Bible, and read him a few of the gracious promises, and the dying soldier said: "Ah, that's what I want. There isn't anything like the Bible for a dying soldier, s there, my comrade?" O blessed book while ye live. Blessed book when we die!

THE VALUE OF CHURCHES.

I remark, again, we must seek God through church ordinances. "What," say you, "can't man be saved without going to church?" I reply, there are men, I suppose, in glory, who have never seen a church; but the church is the ordained means by which we are to be brought to God; and if truth affects us when we are alone, it affects us more mightily when we are in the assembly—the feelings of others emphasizing our own feelings. The great law of sympathy comes into play and a truth that would take hold only with the grasp of a sick man, beats mightily against the soul with a thousand heart-throbs.

When you come into the religious circle, come only with one notion, and only for one purpose—to find the way to Christ. When I see people critical about sermons, and critical about tones of voice, and critical about sermonic delivery, they make me think of a man in prison. He is condemned to death, but an officer of the government brings a pardon and puts it through the wicket of the prison, and says:

"HERE IS YOUR PARDON.

Come and get it." "What! Do you expect me to take that pardon offered with such a voice as you have, with such an awkward manner as you have? I would rather die than so compromise my rhetorical notions!" Ah, the man does not say that; he takes it! It is his life. He does not care how it is handed to him. And if, this morning, that pardon from the throne of God is offered to our souls, should we not seize it, regardless of all criticism, feeling that it is a matter of heaven or hell?

But I come now to the last part of my text. It tells us *when* we are to seek the Lord. "While He may be found." When is that? Old age? You may not see old age. To-morrow? You may not see to-morrow. To-night? You may not see to-night. Now! O if I could only write on every heart in three capital letters, that word N-O-W—Now!

AN AWFUL DISEASE.

Sin is an awful disease. I hear people say with a toss of the head and with a trivial manner: "Oh, yes, I'm a sinner." Sin is an awful disease. It is leprosy. It is dropsy. It is consumption. It is all moral disorders in one. Now you know there is a crisis in a disease. Perhaps you have had some illustration of it in your family. Sometimes the physician has called, and he has looked at the patient and said: "That case was simple enough; but the crisis has passed. If you had called me yesterday, or this morning, I could have cured the patient. It is too late now; the crisis has passed." Just so it is in the spiritual treatment of the soul—there is a crisis. Before that, life! After that, death! O my dear brother, as you love your soul do not let the crisis pass unattended to!

There are some here who can remember instances in life when, if they had bought a certain property, they would have become very rich. A few acres that would have cost them almost nothing were offered them. They refused them. Afterward a large village or city sprang up on those acres of ground and they see what a mistake they made in not buying the property. There was an opportunity of getting it. It never came back again. And so it is in regard to a man's spiritual and eternal fortune. There is a chance; if you let that go, perhaps it never comes back. Certainly, that one never comes back.

A SPECTATOR AT GETTYSBURG.

A gentleman told me that at the battle of Gettysburg he stood upon a height looking off

upon the conflicting armies. He said it was the most exciting moment of his life; now one army seeming to triumph, and now the other. After a while the host wheeled in such a way that he knew in five minutes the whole question would be decided. He said the emotion was almost unbearable. There is just such a time to-day with you, O impenitent soul—the forces of light on the one side, and the siege-guns of hell on the other side, and in a few moments the matter will be settled for eternity.

There is a time which mercy has set for leaving port. If you are on board before that you will get a passage for heaven. If you are not on board, you miss your passage for heaven. As in law courts a case is sometimes adjourned from term to term, and from year to year till the bill of costs eats up the entire estate, so there are men who are adjourning the matter of religion from time to time, and from year to year until heavenly bliss is the bill of costs the man will have to pay for it.

POSTPONEMENT USELESS.

Why defer this matter, oh my dear hearer? Have you any idea that sin will wear out? That it will evaporate? that it will relax its grasp, that you may find religion as a man accidentally finds a lost pocket-book? Ah, no! No man ever became a Christian by accident, or by the relaxing of sin. The embarrassments are all the time increasing. The hosts of darkness are recruiting, and the longer you postpone this matter the steeper the path will become. I ask those men who are before me this morning, whether, in the ten or fifteen years they have passed in the postponement of these matters, they have come any nearer God or heaven?

I would not be afraid to challenge this whole audience, so far as they may not have found the peace of the Gospel, in regard to that matter. Your hearts, you are willing frankly to tell me, are becoming harder and harder, and that if you come to Christ it will be more of an undertaking now than it ever would have been before. O fly for refuge! The avenger of blood is on the track! The throne of judgment will soon be set; and, if you have anything to do toward your eternal salvation, you had better do it now, for the redemption of the soul is precious, and it ceaseth forever!

Oh if men could only catch just one glimpse of Christ, I know they would love Him. Your heart leaps at the sight of a glorious sunrise or sunset. Can you be without emotion as the Sun of Righteousness rises behind Calvary, and sets behind Joseph's sepulchre? He is a blessed Saviour! Every nation has its type of beauty. There is German beauty, and Swiss beauty, and Italian beauty, and English beauty; but I care not in what land a man first looks at Christ, he pronounces Him "chief among ten thousand, and the One altogether lovely." O my blessed Jesus! Light in darkness! The Rock on which I build! The Captain of Salvation! My joy! My strength! How strange it is that men cannot love Thee!

The diamond districts of Brazil are carefully guarded, and a man does not get in there except by a pass from the Government; but the love of Christ is

A DIAMOND DISTRICT

we may all enter, and pick up treasures for eternity. O cry for mercy! "To-day, if ye will hear His voice, harden not your hearts." There is a way of opposing the mercy of God too long, and then there remaineth no more sacrifice for sin, but a fearful looking for judgment and fiery indignation, which shall devour the adversary. My friends, my neighbors, what can I say to induce you to attend to this matter—to attend to it now? Time is flying, flying—the city clock joining my voice this moment, seeming to say to you, "Now is the time! Now is the time!" O put it not off!

Why should I stand here and plead, and you sit there? It is your immortal soul. It is a soul that shall never die. It is a soul that must soon appear before God for review. Why throw away your chance for heaven? Why

plunge off into darkness when all the gates of glory are open? Why become a castaway from God when you can sit upon the throne? Why will ye die miserably when eternal life is offered you, and it will cost you nothing but just willingness to accept it? "Come, for all things are now ready." "Come, Christ is ready, pardon is ready! The Church is ready. Heaven is ready. You will never find a more convenient season, if you should live fifty years more, than this very one. Reject this, and you may die in your sins.

Why do I say this? Is it to frighten your soul? Oh, no. It is to persuade you. I show you the peril. I show you the escape. Would I not be a coward beyond all excuse, if, believing that this great audience must soon be launched into the eternal world, and that all who believe in Christ shall be saved, and that all who reject Christ will be lost—would I not be the veriest coward on earth to hide that truth or to stand before you with a cold, or even a placid manner? My dear brethren, now is the day of your redemption.

It is very certain that you and I must soon appear before God in judgment. We cannot escape it. The Bible says: "Every eye shall see Him, and they also which pierced Him, and all the kindreds of the earth shall wail because of Him." On that day all our advantages will come up for our glory or for our discomfiture—every prayer, every sermon, every exhortatory remark, every reproof, every call of grace; and while the heavens are rolling away like a scroll, and the world is being destroyed, your destiny and my destiny will be announced. Alas! alas! if on that day it is found that we have neglected these matters. We may throw them off now. We cannot then. We will all be in earnest then. But no pardon then. No offer of salvation then. No rescue then. Driven away in our wickedness—banished, exiled, forever!

Have you ever imagined what will be

THE SOLILOQUY OF THE SOUL

on that day unpardoned, as it looks back upon its past life? "Oh," says the soul, "I had glorious Sabbaths. There was one Sabbath in autumn when I was invited to Christ. There was a Sabbath morning when Jesus stood and spread out His arms and invited me to His holy heart. I refused Him. I have destroyed myself. I have no one else to blame. Ruin complete! Darkness unpyting, deep, eternal! I am lost! Notwithstanding all the opportunities I have had of being saved, I am lost! O Thou long-suffering Lord God Almighty, I am lost! O day of judgment, I am lost! O father, mother, brother, sister, child in glory, I am lost." And then as the tide goes out, your soul goes out with it—farther from God, farther from happiness, and I hear your voice fainter, and fainter, and fainter: "Lost! Lost! Lost! Lost! Lost!" O ye dying, yet immortal men, "Seek the Lord while He may be found."

A DESPAIRING OCTOGENARIAN.

But I want you to take the hint of the text that I have no time to dwell on—the hint that there is a time when He cannot be found. There is a man in New York, eighty years of age, who said to a clergyman who came in: "Do you think that a man at eighty years of age can get pardoned?" "Oh, yes," said the clergyman. The old man said: "I can't; when I was twenty years of age—I am now eighty years—the Spirit of God came to my soul, and I felt the importance of attending to these things, but I put it off. I rejected God, and since then I have had no feeling." "Well," said the minister, "wouldn't you like to have me pray with you?" "Yes," replied the old man, "but it will do no good. You can pray with me if you like to." The minister knelt down and prayed, and commended the man's soul to God. It seemed to have no effect upon him. After a while the last hour of the man's life came, and through his delirium a spark of intelligence seemed to flash, and with his last breath he said: "I shall never be forgiven!" "O seek the Lord while He may be found."

RUSSIA: HER CONQUESTS AND DOWNFALL.

By Rev. A. C. Tris, of Howard City, Kan.

(Continued from page 583.)

Identification of Names—Russia's Growth and Development—Her Future Extension—Destruction from God—The Means Employed—The Spoil.

EZEKIEL 38: 5, 6 gives us an insight into the future. It speaks of Persia, Ethiopia, and Libya (Cush and Phut). The last are the dark tribes who dwelt on both sides of the Arabian Gulf. The reference of Herodotus to an Asiatic branch of the race dwelling in Southern Asia as well as in Africa, leads us to a similar conclusion. Genesis 10: 7-10 speaks of "Gomer, and all his bands, the house of Togarmah of the north quarters, and all his bands." Of the first-called nations in Asia conquests shall be made; with the last-named nations in Europe alliances shall be consolidated. The former are known as the neighbors of the Afghans; the latter as Germany and Scandinavia.

THE SECRET SPIRIT OF RUSSIA.

It is a well-known fact that the Russian politicians and statesmen have the most astute, unscrupulous, and aggressive spirit of the age; that they have conquered as much by statesmanship as by their arms, and that the same spirit and the same intrigues shall remain the character of the Russian diplomacy. In verses 9-12 it is said that conquest, world dominion, greed after spoil, possession of silver and gold, cattle and substance, shall be the motive of their actions. And yet that mighty empire and those crafty rulers should be under the control of Jehovah. In verse 4 is said: "I will put hooks into thy jaws;" and in 39: 2 is spoken, as the Hebrew word signifies, "A hook of six teeth" (margin). "They shall know that the heavens do rule" (Dan. 4: 26).

THE EXPECTATION.

What a great army (verse 15), all riding on horses, all of them "clothed in perfection"! (verse 4.) Never was such an army assembled before. Xerxes and Napoleon had large armies, but here is one which can bear the title of Excelsior. Full of expectation is that multitude, gathered from all the nations of eastern Europe and Asia! It is a band of robbers bent upon spoil. They are like a cloud of grasshoppers to alight upon the rich fields of Judah, and to devour the accumulation of ages, and to lay hold on the riches of the world. They are filled with hatred against that Semitic race, and are eager to have their possessions. Napoleon could say: "Soldiers, look down; Italy is yours!" But here the great army has not to cross the mountain-tops, or to fight an enemy having fortified cities; they have come, they have seen, and in their expectation they have already conquered.

THE WRATH OF JEHOVAH.

The second psalm has drawn the full picture of this prophecy, there is seen the nations tumultuously assembled, and meditating vanity. The kings of the earth unite themselves against Jehovah and His Christ, but He who sits in heaven shall laugh, and scorn them all. He shall speak in His anger and in His wrath. Here we have the same manifestation: "My fury shall come up in my face. For in my jealousy and in the fire of my wrath have I spoken," saith the Lord God (Ezek. 38: 18, 19), and then the heathen may know Me, when I shall be sanctified in thee. "O Gog, before their eyes" (verse 16). It is a fact worthy our deepest consideration that, in the destruction of this great army, human agency is not mentioned. It is Jehovah who will do His own work by His own power.

THE MANNER.

In Ezekiel 39: 3-5, is said: "I will smite thee bow out of thy left hand, and will cause thine arrows to fall out of thy right hand. Thou shalt fall upon the mountains of Israel, thou, and all thy bands, and the people that is with thee; I will give thee unto the ravenous birds of every sort, and to the beasts of the field, to be de-

voured. Thou shalt fall upon the open field: for I have spoken it, saith the Lord God." The entire army of that world-power shall be annihilated, and that destruction shall be accomplished by plagues and catastrophes.

Ezekiel 38: 19, 20 gives us a fearful description of an earthquake. "Surely in that day there shall be a great shaking (rushing) in the land of Israel; So that the fishes of the sea, and the fowls of the heaven, and the beasts of the field, and all creeping things that creep upon the earth, and all the men that are upon the face of the earth, shall shake at My presence, and the mountains shall be thrown down," compare the same expressions, Zech. 14: 3, 4, 5. The second means of destruction mentioned in verse 21, is by *mutual combat*, "and I will call for a sword against him. . . . The sword of each is against his brother" (Young). The third is (verse 22) *pestilence and blood*. "And I will plead against him with pestilence and with blood." And the last plague seems to be the climax; the elements shall be in commotion; the heavens shall fight in behalf of Israel. Verse 22 says: "And I will rain upon him, and upon his bands, and upon the many people that are with him, an overflowing rain, and great hailstones, fire and brimstone;" calling to our minds the dire destruction of Sodom and Gomorrah, and the overthrow of all the inhabitants of the cities" (Gen. 19: 24, 25). Napoleon never forgot Smolensk or the Beresina, and the routing of his army; yet that event will have no comparison with the defeat of Gog and his armies. Never, never was an army destroyed like this army! They all fell, and the fields of Galilee, Judea, and Bethlehem will be covered with the carcasses of that, once so fearful host of the combined power of Russia.

DESTRUCTION AT HOME.

Far away, the flower, the prowess, and the boast of the nations of Europe and Asia come to an untimely end. The widows, the orphans, the bereaved ones at home, had lost their husbands, their fathers, and their loved ones, so dear to their hearts. Will they acknowledge their sin and their folly, their rapacity and their rebellion? The answer is, *No*. We read that the fearful breath of Jehovah's wrath is also sent to them (Ezek. 39: 6): "And I will send a fire (pestilence) on Magog, and among them that dwell carelessly in the isles, and they shall know that I am the Lord, . . . and the heathen (nations) shall know that I am the Lord, the Holy One of Israel."

GATHERING OF THE SPOIL.

In verses 9, 10, it is mentioned that Russia and the allies must have planned this war on a most ample scale. That it was not intended for an invasion, but for a conquest. The immense baggage-tents, weapons, and other war material must have been sent by the common means of transportation; because the inhabitants of the cities of Israel will have gathered so much wood as will serve them for burning "for a period of seven years" (see Baxter's Annotations *in loco*), and "they spoiled their spoilers, and plundered their plunderers." What a righteous judgment, if we keep before our mind the persecution of Russia against the Jews in banishing them from her border, and spoiling them of their property.

The people of Israel will also have a *general gathering* of the corpses of men, and of the carcasses of the animals, during a period of seven months, carrying the bones to an appointed place, a valley called "The Multitude of Gog," in which will be a city called "Hamonah," the multitude; probably it will be a great city of the dead—a memorial through the ages for following generations. In verses 17-21 is given a picture how the winged scavengers (birds) from many lands shall be invited to come, and have a feast of the remains of those fallen ones, upon the mountains of Israel.

Let us adore and bow with reverence before the God of justice and judgment; let us believe that the reckoning day for nations surely will come. That the Lamb, sitting upon the throne, is also the Lion of Judah, and that "He shall

roar out of Zion, and utter His voice from Jerusalem, and the heavens and the earth shall shake; but that the Lord will be the hope of His people, and the strength of the children of Israel." Oh, that we may be found in peace with Him!

INCIDENTS AT MEETINGS CONDUCTED BY MATEER AND PARKER.

(Mr. Spurgeon's Evangelists.)

A Suicide Prevented.—One Tuesday Evening at Portsmouth as the mission was progressing some workers were standing outside the church inviting the passersby to the meeting. A shabbily-dressed youth passed along, when one of the workers asked him in. Half-reluctant the young man came in, and took his seat in one of the back pews. As he listened to the preaching the Spirit of God touched his heart. He came again the next night, and the next. Each night the inquirers were asked to enter the vestry. Many came; but thinking himself too great a sinner, he held back until on Friday night, he could bear it no longer, and rising he stepped into the vestry, where the minister of the church led him to the Saviour. A letter of thanksgiving was received from him afterward which Mr. Mateer read at the daily prayer-meeting, in which he said: "I have been living eight years in open sin and shame in London; I lost my situation through drink, and so, friendless and fallen, I fled to Portsmouth. I became so miserable that I was on my way last night to the water to end it, when, praise the Lord, I came into your meeting, and was saved, and now I feel so grateful to God."

The Schoolmaster's Lie.—A Year or Two back a schoolmaster attended the special meetings we were holding in Yorkshire. When the after-meeting was announced to be held in the adjoining school-room, he made his way from the chapel into the crowded school-house. One of the workers accosted him with the simple question, "Are you a Christian?" "Yes," was his reply, and taking it for granted that the man spoke the truth, the worker passed on. But the school-master was ill at ease, and sat turning the question over and over again in his mind, until at last he said to himself: "Alas! it's a lie. I'm not a Christian!" He came the next night, and was deeply convicted of sin, but was too proud to come to the inquiry-meeting, and so he went home and to bed, but not to rest. The question still haunted him. "Are you a Christian?" By 11 P.M. he grew so anxious that he had to send for a Christian man whom he knew, to speak to him about his soul. And that night the worker and school-master had a blessed prayer and praise meeting over a new-found Saviour in the little bedroom.

The Christ Rejector Saved.—On Another Occasion a godless man came to the services, and was awakened. He stayed at home the next night to let his wife go. Looking round him to see how he could interest the children, he saw an old copy of the *Graphic*, and showed the pictures there to the young folks. He hadn't turned over many leaves before he came to a picture of a young lady rejecting a suitor. At once it seemed to flash upon him. "That's just how I'm treating it." He couldn't get rid of the thought, and he knew he ought to pray, so he dropped down on one knee, for he was too proud and ashamed to kneel on both, and asked God to save him, but his prayer was in vain, for there was pride in his heart. The following day he came himself to the meeting, and went straight into the vestry, and dropping down on both his knees this time, he asked God to have mercy upon him. The answer was immediate, and he left the room a changed man.

A Wife-Beater Blessed.—In a Town in Wales, says Mr. Mateer, "a Christian woman asked prayer for her husband. We prayed in faith that God would save him. At last she got him to come to the meetings, and one night when I came into the inquiry-room I was surprised, and rejoiced to see this poor drunkard seated there, 'clothed and in his right mind.' I asked him

ow it was with him, and he replied: "Thank
od, sir, He has saved me." "And when did
at take place, I asked?" "To-night while
you were preaching." After that night there
ere no two who attended the meetings so regu-
larly, and I used to watch with delight the
y of the wife, as she sat right up in front with
er husband by her side, changed from a human
on to a gentle lamb."

DR. TALMAGE IN EUROPE.

A Characteristic Letter from the Brooklyn
Divine.

pendings—Wars—The Hemorrhage of a Con-
tinent—Characteristics of Watering-Places—
Frederick W. Robertson's Church—Two Sig-
nificant Medallions—Robert Hall's Chapel—An
Epitaph on a Schoolmaster—Beauties of the
Isle of Wight—Character of the Scotch People
—Americanized Through the Stomach—The
Coming World-Feast.

WAR must come. We have hoped against it,
ut a visit to Great Britain and the Continent
his summer will convince any one that unless
here be speedy providential interference, France
ill not much longer keep her hand off Ger-
many, while England and Russia cannot much
onger be at peace. Nine out of ten Englishmen
whom I have met want immediate arraignment
of Russia. They say war must come, and the
ooner it comes the better. They are glad that
Mr. Gladstone is out, and Mr. Gladstone as I
aw him the other day, looks as if he felt relieved
it being out. Meanwhile, Frenchmen want to
et back Strasbourg and Metz, and will be in ir-
itation until Alsace and Lorraine return. When
these wars break out the nations of Europe
have so many grudges to settle that there will
be the hemorrhage of a continent. Blessed are
the United States, in being three thousand miles
away from the field of inevitable strife.

This approaching collision has nearly ruined
the cities dependent on the patronage of foreign
tourists. This apprehension and the expecta-
tion of cholera make plenty of room for travel-
ers, and give them the choice of places at hotels.
Besides this, the cities of Northern Europe are
unusually clean, and all the laws of sanitation
have been better observed. While in Spain and
Southern France the pestilence has been ter-
rific, the death-rate in the most of Europe has
been very moderate. Baden-Baden, Carlsbad,
and many of the German health resorts are as
full as ever, the lack of American and English
patronage more than made up by the coming of
the more affluent classes of Spaniards, who have
fled from home to escape sickness.

There is no better place in which to study
character than at

THE WATERING-PLACES.

The English watering-places are to us a great
fascination. Brighton is like Long Branch,
Weymouth is like Cape May, Scarborough is
like Saratoga, Isle of Wight is like heaven.
Brighton being within an hour and a half of
London, the great masses pour out to its beach,
and take a dip in the sea. But Scarborough
combines more of natural and artificial beauty
than any place I ever saw. It is built on ter-
races. Its gardens rise in galleries. Two great
arms of land reach out into the sea, and hun-
dreds of gay sailing crafts float in. A castle
seven hundred years old straggles its ruins out
to the very precipice. The air is tonic, and the
spectacle bewitching. Of all the summer water-
ing-places I have ever seen, in some respects
Scarborough is the most brilliant, and is appro-
priately called "the Queen of English resorts."
But the prices are enormous, and not many
could meet them.

AT ROBERTSON'S TOMB.

Brighton is best known to American theologi-
ans as the scene of the late Frederick W. Rob-
ertson's ministry. We attended his little
church, which holds perhaps six or eight hun-
dred people, but from whose pulpit he preached
after death to thousands of clergymen in Europe
and America, those strange, powerful, original,
and melancholy sermons. In this evening of the

Sabbath we worshipped in Robertson's church.
We went into "the extramural cemetery" to see
his grave. Though dead thirty-two years, his
tomb bears all the marks of fresh affection, on
all sides vines and flowers in the highest culture.
Two bronze medallions, one by his congrega-
tion, the other by the working-people, who al-
most idolized him. On the one medallion his
church have inscribed: "Honored as a minis-
ter, beloved as a man, he awakened the holiest
feelings in poor and rich, in ignorant and
learned; therefore is lamented as their guide
and comforter, by many who in the bond of
brotherhood and in grateful remembrance, have
erected this monument." On the other medallion
the working-people, whose practical friend
he proved himself to be, preferred the inscription:
"To the Rev. F. W. Robertson, M.A.,
in grateful remembrance of his sympathy, and in
deep sorrow for their loss, the members of the
Mechanics' Institution and the workmen of
Brighton have placed this medallion on their
benefactor's tomb." How independent of time
and death an earnest man lives on! That is a
poor life which breaks down at the cemetery.

Many of these illustrious English preachers
had insignificant looking churches. We went at
Bristol to see Robert Hall's chapel. The present
sexton remembered the great Baptist orator
and preacher. The chapel in Robert Hall's day
would not hold more than six hundred auditors,
but there he preached discourses that have rung
round the world, and will ring through the ages.
The size of a man's shop is not of so much im-
portance as the style of work he turns out. Ole
Bull could fiddle "the Hallelujah Chorus" on a
corn-stalk fiddle. Blessed are all they who do
their best, whether in sphere resounding or in-
significant! But

THE ISLE OF WIGHT.

as already hinted, has a supernal beauty. If a
poet you will go there and see Tennyson's sum-
mer residence, and find him sauntering among
the cypresses with his inevitable pipe. If you are
an invalid you will go there to bless your lungs
with the soft atmosphere of its valleys. If you
are fond of royalty you will either get into the
Queen's Castle at Osborne, or see her equipage
on its daily outing. If you are a Christian you
will go to the village which Leigh Richmond has
made immortal, stop at the inn called "The
Hare and Hounds," and visit the grave at the
northeast of the church, reading on the tomb-
stone: "Sacred to the memory of Elizabeth
Walbridge, the Dairyman's Daughter, who died
May 30th, 1801, aged 31 years. She being dead
yet speaketh." Or the tomb of the school-
master or church clerk, whose epitaph, I should
think had been written by some lad who had
felt the switch of the pedagogue and took post-
mortem vengeance.

"In yonder sacred pile
His voice was wont to sound,
And now his body rests
Beneath the hallowed ground.
He taught the peasant boy
To read and use the pen,
His earthly toils are o'er,
He's cried his last Amen."

Or, if you are fond of antiquities, you will go to
Carisbrooke and see the room where Princess
Elizabeth, heart-broken at the imprisonment
and death of her father, Charles I., was found
dead with her head on the open Bible, at the
text: "Come unto me all ye that are weary and
heavy laden, and I will give you rest." Oh,
how wonderful for all styles of interest is this
Isle of Wight! The isle, twenty-three miles
long by thirteen wide, is one great dream of
beauty. What trees arch it! What streams
silver it! What flowers emboss it! What
memories haunt it!

"The sparkling streamlet, joyous, bright and free,
Leaps through the rocky chine to kiss the sea."

Memorable among my wanderings of the sum-
mer of 1885 will be the day spent on the Isle of
Wight. The long storm of weeks lifted that

morning, and there were gardens above as well
as gardens beneath, groined roof of cloud over
tessellated pavements and fields. Fleets sailing
the sky. Boats racing in the bay, and regattas
of cloud on the sky. The scene seemed let down
out of heaven on two crimson pulleys of sunrise
and sunset. If you want to mingle with the jolly
masses of England let loose for a holiday go
to Brighton. If you want to see the highest
fashion of the realm and relieve the plethora of
an apoplectic pocket-book go to Scarborough.
But if you want to dream of eternal woods,
and eternal waters, and eternal sunshine, make your
pillow somewhere on the blissful and enchanting
Isle of Wight.

From this scene we take express train for Scot-
land, and alight in the evening at a hotel half-
way between Edinburgh Castle and Holyrood
Palace.

There is something about

THE SCOTCH CHARACTER.

whether I meet it in New York, or London, or
Edinburgh, that thrills me through and through.
Perhaps it is because I have such a strong tide
of Scotch blood in my own arteries. Next to
my own beloved country give me Scotland for
residence and grave. The people are in such
downright earnest. No half and half about the
Scotch character. What he hates he hates.
What he likes he likes. And he lets you know
it right away. He is altogether Liberal, or alto-
gether Tory. His politics decided, his religion
decided. Get him right, and he is magnifi-
cently right. Get him wrong, and he is awfully
wrong. A Scotchman seldom changes. By the
time he has landed fairly on his feet in this
world, he has made up his mind and he keeps it
made up. If he dislikes a fiddle in church, you
cannot smuggle it in under the name of a bass
viol. We like persistence. Life is so short that
a man cannot afford very often to change his
mind.

AMERICAN FOOD.

But national characteristics are gradually giv-
ing way. The Tweed is drying up. The At-
lantic Ocean under steam pressure is becoming
a Fulton Ferry. When I asked John Bright if
he was ever coming to America, he said: "No;
America comes to me." Besides that, "Ameri-
can breadstuffs and American meat must have
their effect on European character. All careful
observers know that what men eat, mightily
affects their character. The missionary among
the Indians compelled to live on animal food,
gets some of the nature of the Aborigines,
whether he will or not. The Anchor Line of
steamers going to Glasgow, takes great cargoes
of American meats to Scotland. The meat of
animals butchered in America is kept on steam-
ers in a cool draught, especially arranged for
that purpose. The meat market of Scotland is
being revolutionized. The Scotchman eating
American beef, and American mutton, and
American venison, becomes partly American.
English farmers deplore the coming in of so
much American breadstuffs. The Englishman
eating American wheat, and American rye, and
American corn, must become in part American-
ized. And here is an element of safety which
political economists would do well to recognize.
The cereals and the meats of one nation becom-
ing the food of the other nation, it prophesies
assimilation and brotherhood. It will be very
difficult for American beef to fight American
beef, and American mutton to fight American
mutton, and American corn to fight American
corn, though it may be found on the opposite
side of the Atlantic. The world is gradually sit-
ting down at one table, and the bread will be
made of Michigan wheat, and it will be cut with
Sheffield knives. The rice will be brought from
Carolina swamps, and cooked with Newcastle
coal, and set on the table in Burslem pottery,
while the air comes in through the window,
upholstered with Nottingham lace. And Italy
will provide the raisins, and Brazil the nuts, and
all nations add their part to the universal festi-
vity. What a time of accord when all the
world breakfasts and dines and sups together!

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CURRENT EVENTS.

The Silver Compromise Continues the Prominent subject of discussion in political and financial circles. Precisely what form it will assume before Congress meets in December cannot be predicted, but the feature of it that is most likely to be retained is that of the certificates. It is proposed to receive silver in bullion form at the Treasury, and issue to the depositor a treasury note for its value. In order to protect the Treasury from loss by the fluctuation of value, the note will be redeemable at the market rate only. The certificates would be negotiable, but they would have no specified face value. They would entitle the holder to receive so many ounces of silver of standard fineness, and to ascertain precisely what the certificate was worth at any time, it would be merely necessary to find out the market price of silver. It is thought that if such a scheme could be arranged, Western and Southern Congressmen would consent to suspend the coinage of the silver dollar. The proposal will need to be carefully studied before its adoption, as it contains some dangerous features. Among them is one permitting the national banks to deposit the certificates as security for their circulating notes. As the Government has to redeem the notes of a bankrupt bank, it is obvious that the certificates might not in all cases prove adequate security.

New York State Prohibition Convention Assembled at Syracuse, N. Y., on Tuesday, September 8th. Fully three thousand persons took part in the proceedings. Some discord was produced at the opening session by the strictures of some of the speakers on the attitude of the clergy and the churches toward the movement. The sweeping condemnation, however, was nullified when the chairman invited all delegates of the Convention who were also church members to hold up their hands. It was then seen that although all church members are not Prohibitionists, a large proportion of Prohibitionists are church members. The platform adopted is thus summarized by the *Voice*: "It declares that license, high and low, is vicious in principle, and inexpedient in practice; that Prohibition must be national in scope to be effective, and must be sustained by a party; that both the old parties court the liquor interest, and should not be supported by temperance people; that Prohibition is constitutional; that the temperance hygiene law is a wise measure, and that the temperance people insist that it be enforced; that the abuse of Prohibitionists last fall was an outrage calling for the condemnation of all good citizens; that the Woman's Christian Temperance Union is recognized as a valuable ally; that the ballot for women is demanded, but not made a test of party fealty; and that the Civil Service and labor problems, and all other governmental questions are safer in the hands of a party drawing its support from the moral and not the liquor elements." The Convention was unanimous in its nomination for the Governorship. Its candidate is Henry Clay Bascom, of Troy, the proprietor of the Vedder Stove-pattern Works; he is forty-one years old.

He is a leading member of the Methodist Episcopal Church, a Sunday-school superintendent, and local preacher. W. J. Demorest, of New York City, received the nomination for Lieutenant-Governor; ex-Governor John P. St. John attended, and made an eloquent and forcible speech.

Washington Court-House, a Prosperous Town in Ohio, the county seat of Fayette County, was completely demolished by a tornado on the night of September 8th. It is the centre of a rich agricultural district, and during the past fifteen years it has grown to be a place of considerable business importance. Shortly after eight o'clock on Tuesday night a heavy rainfall commenced, which drove every one under shelter. A few minutes afterward a tornado unparalleled in violence in that section passed over the town, extinguishing the street-lamps and leaving the place in total darkness, save for the vivid flashes of lightning which shot out of a sky densely black. The crash of falling buildings was heard in every direction, mingled with the shrieks of the wounded and the dying. The whole town was a wreck; all the public buildings except the new Court House were destroyed, including the Presbyterians, Baptist, and Catholic churches. Fifteen persons were killed, and more than three hundred wounded. The Salvation Army were holding a meeting in the Music Hall, and there was much difficulty in preventing a stampede when the roof fell in. A lodge of Odd Fellows also had a narrow escape. The money loss is enormous, as there was no insurance against such a disaster.

The Mystery of the Grant & Ward Affairs ever since the failure is to explain how the enormous sums of money were expended. A clue to the mystery was furnished by Ferdinand Ward, the junior partner in the firm, who was a witness in a suit brought by the official assignee against a Mr. Warner, one of the firm's clients. From his statement it appeared that Mr. Warner commenced with an investment with Grant & Ward of \$6400. He received that back with a large profit, and invested again in the firm, and again was a gainer. Eventually he was induced to make larger ventures, and borrowed money from outsiders at two per cent per month, which he lent to Grant & Ward, receiving for it twenty per cent a month. Mr. Warner, according to Ward's statement, invested altogether fourteen millions, on which he made a profit of five millions. He received three millions, and would have received the other two if the firm had not failed at the time it did. It may be hoped that Mr. Ward will go on with these disclosures. Probably the firm had many clients of the Warner type, and the public would like to know who they were.

The Memorial to General Grant Has Been the subject of much discussion, there being considerable difference of opinion as to the form it should take. Ex-Governor Cornell, who is Chairman of the Executive Committee, has given utterance to his individual ideas on the subject. He proposes that a memorial column of commanding proportions shall be erected, containing a memorial chapel, in which the remains shall be placed. In connection with it a building to be used as a library for works relating to the Civil War and the wars with England; and thirdly a museum of war relics. He also proposes that on the walls of the buildings tablets should be placed on which should be emblazoned the names and record of services of our military and naval heroes.

The Trial of the Editor of the Pall Mall Gazette and his five fellow-defendants, on the charge of abducting a child, was continued on three days last week. The mother of the child gave her evidence glibly, but the cross-examination elicited the damaging fact that she let her child go off with a stranger, without even taking the trouble to ascertain to what locality she was going. One of the lawyers for the defence declared that when the time came he would prove that both Mrs. Armstrong, Eliza's mother, and Mrs. Broughton, one of the agents employed in

buying the child, were aware that the girl was being sold for an immoral purpose, and had no reason to suppose the purchaser was not the villain creature he professed to be. The lawyer said he could also prove that the two women share the money received for her delivery into the hands of Mrs. Jarrett. It is a significant fact that the religious journals support Mr. Stead strongly, or, if disagreeing with some of his methods, they point out bitterly the anomaly that the government prosecutes the exposer of this vice, but shows no desire to attack the perpetrators of it. Mr. Stead says that if it be comes necessary he shall summon as witnesses the Archbishop of Canterbury, Cardinal Manning, John Bright, Lord Shaftesbury, and with them some titled men who have been guilty of the crimes he has exposed. As he is technically guilty of the crime of abduction, he expects to be sent to prison. The other defendants are Bramwell Booth, the son of the chief of the Salvation Army, Mr. Jacques, the sub-editor of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, and three women who assisted in the purchase of the girl.

The Deaths from Small-Pox in Montreal last week numbered one hundred and seventeen. The physicians reported at the end of the week six hundred cases on their books, but they admit that those figures do not represent the extent of the epidemic, as a large number of cases are concealed. One authority expresses his belief that there are not less than two thousand cases in the city. The quarter where the disease is most prevalent is the poorest and filthiest, and the houses are miserable hovels crowded with children. The rooms are close and unventilated, and large families are huddled together. They are chiefly French Canadians. It is among these people that the small-pox is raging, and a case was accidentally discovered on September 11th, where eight small rooms in a single tenement house were occupied by thirty-eight people, thirteen of whom were suffering from the disease. The French are decidedly averse to vaccination, which they stigmatize as "the mark of the beast." It is believed that compulsory vaccination would produce a riot.

The Spanish-German Difficulty is Complicated by the attitude of the Spanish people, which embarrasses the government in its efforts to achieve a pacific settlement. A newspaper correspondent in Berlin reports that the Emperor William has received a note from the King of Spain expressing the hope that Germany will recognize the prior rights of Spain to the Carolines, even to the islands which German cruisers have already occupied, and says that Spain will insert in the *Gazette* an ample apology in the name of King Alfonso, the government, and the country for the insults to the German embassy. The Emperor William telegraphed to King Alfonso direct that he never had the slightest intention to trench upon Spanish rights, and that he would do nothing that could in any way prejudice his friend and brother sovereign. The secret of Germany's magnanimity appears to be that it is realized in Berlin that any pressure on Spain would involve a revolution in that country and the establishment of a Republic, an event which would be unwelcome to the German Emperor and his Chancellor.

The Ravages of the Cholera in Spain are materially abating. The European correspondent of the New York *Herald* cables to that journal that, "without undue optimism, it is now permissible to hope that the cholera is in a fair way of disappearing, not only from Spain, but also from the two infected French seaports. After having attained in the former country a daily death rate of about two thousand, the mortality has now fallen to between five and six hundred a day. A large total truly, but a more satisfactory one than has existed any time these past ten weeks." The total number of cases reported in Madrid since September 1st was 10,666, and for the whole of Spain for the same period, 23,644. The total number of deaths from the disease throughout Spain since September 1st was 6379.

An Italian Correspondent in Philadelphia, who writes to express his thanks for the sketch of Mazzini which appeared in this journal on September 3d, and which he indorses from personal knowledge, desires us to make an addition to the facts there mentioned. He states that after Louis Napoleon made his attack on Rome in 1849, Mazzini wrote him an open letter reminding him of his crimes against France, as well as against Italy, and closing with the prediction which was remarkably fulfilled: "When France shall have wiped away the blot from her forehead which you have set there, those who are now catering to your low tastes and showering upon you their lying praises will arise and heap crimes upon you; and as an atonement for your crimes you will die in exile."

The Visit of Mr. William Noble, the Famous temperance evangelist from London, has been made the occasion of a grand temperance demonstration by the Massachusetts total abstinence societies. As the notice of the meeting did not reach the office of this journal until Friday last, we were unable to publish it last week. It was announced to take place on September 16th at Washacum Grove, and was to include the temperance men of the eight cities and one hundred and four towns of Worcester and Middlesex counties. Beside Mr. Noble, the guest of the day, several orators were expected to speak. Among them the Revs. A. A. Miner, D.D., of Boston; W. H. Boole, of New York, and E. S. Potter, of Malden. As Mr. Noble is now arranging the programme of his temperance tour, societies desiring his services should communicate with him at once to the care of Mr. J. B. Gough, Hillside, Worcester, Mass.

A Grand Centennial Temperance Celebration will be held in Philadelphia next week. Mr. J. N. Stearns, the indefatigable secretary of the National Temperance Society, informs us that the various temperance organizations and several religious denominations of the country have decided to celebrate the one hundredth anniversary of the temperance reform during the week commencing September 20th, 1835. It has issued a call for a "Centennial Temperance Conference," to be held in the city of Philadelphia, on Wednesday and Thursday, September 23d and 24th, and requests every temperance organization and church in the land to send delegates. Addresses are expected at these meetings from John B. Gough, Rev. Dr. T. L. Cuyler, George W. Bain, Miss F. E. Willard, John B. Finch, Mrs. J. E. Foster, General C. B. Fisk, Rev. Dr. A. G. Lawson, and many other popular speakers. Further information furnished by J. N. Stearns, 58 Reade Street, New York.

The World-Renowned Fulton Street Daily prayer-meeting will celebrate the twenty-eighth anniversary of its inauguration on Wednesday next, September 23d, by a public meeting. It will be held in the Middle Church, corner of Lafayette Place and Fourth Street, New York, at noon on that day. The venerable pastor who has conducted the meetings for so many years is to be congratulated on this anniversary. Few if any men are so well prepared as he by personal observation to testify that we have a prayer-hearing and prayer-answering God.

General Grant's Urbanity was One of his Most conspicuous characteristics, and many instances of it have been described since his death. A singularly beautiful illustration of it, which has never before appeared in print, was related to the editor of this journal the other day by a gentleman who witnessed it. Soon after President Lincoln's death, President Johnson and his Cabinet paid a visit to New York, General Grant being of the party. There were crowds of people everywhere eager to see the distinguished visitors, but all were especially anxious to see the illustrious hero whose name was on every tongue, and whose features were not so familiar in this city then as they were afterward. Near the conclusion of the visit it was learned that the Presidential party would embark at a certain pier at Manhattanville, and there a crowd collected. Among them were a few poor servant

girls, who took their stand in the shadow of a pile of lumber. The President and his Cabinet went on board in state, but Grant was not with them, and the crowd waited on. Presently he was seen walking unconcernedly down to the pier, apparently unconscious that he was the object of every gaze. When opposite the pile of lumber he saw the girls, halted, walked across to the group, and raising his hat, shook hands affably with each, and without saying a word, walked on to the boat. It was a simple, kindly act, but the great man evidently knew that it would gratify the poor girls, and in doing it he showed his greatness. A mean man would have passed them by with disdain. It is a source of comfort to us to know that that element of true greatness was a prominent characteristic of the Son of God during His life on earth. When the mothers brought their children to Him, the disciples rebuked them, but "He was much displeased," and took the little ones in His arms (Mark 10: 13, 14).

The Birth of a Star Caused some Excitement among astronomers last week. It is in the nebula of Andromeda, and is now visible to the naked eye on the eastern horizon. On August 10th there was no sign of the star. Several astronomers say that they examined the nebula about that date, and it presented its usual cloudlike appearance. A little later a small bright point was observed in it which gradually grew brighter and more distinct, until it has now the appearance of a fully developed star. One astronomer calculates that it is thirty million times larger than the sun. Its sudden appearance is unaccounted for, and upsets all astronomical theories about the origin of stellar worlds. An American astronomer identifies it with a star which appeared suddenly three hundred and eighty years ago, and subsequently faded from vision. Reckoning backward, he calculates that if that interval regularly elapsed between its appearances it would be visible about the time of the birth of Christ, and may have been the Star of Bethlehem which the wise men saw. That, however, would not explain the Gospel narrative of its travels and halting-place. Matt. 2: 2, 9.

A Soldier's Bullet-Proof Shield is a Novel invention described in the current number of a scientific journal. For a long time generals have wished that some better means could be devised of protecting a soldier advancing against an enemy's lines than the earthen barrette, which he had to extemporize with his bayonet wherever he might be halted. The storm of well-directed rifle bullets rendered the earthwork practically worthless, and a more readily available and more efficient shelter for the common soldier was called for. Some one has come forward with a new arm of defence in the shape of a steel shield, which can be attached by a sort of sleeve at the extremity of a rifle. Each soldier, instead of having to throw up a "cover" at every place he may be halted under the fire of the enemy, carries his cover along with him, ready for use at any moment. Whether the new addition to the soldier's equipment will be of any real service remains to be practically tested, but some military men regard it with favor. Precisely such a protection is needed in spiritual warfare, and it is provided. The Christian soldier's shield has passed the test thousands of times. It is proved by innumerable testimonies to be "a readily available and efficient shelter" (Eph. 6: 16).

A Lover Threatened with a Shotgun had to postpone his courtship at Red Bend, Washington Territory, recently. It seems they have been having considerable trouble out there with their lady settlers. Every grown lady in the town was married or engaged, and there were over two hundred bachelors desiring to enter the married state. They were not able to keep a school-teacher or a servant. Before they had been in the town a month they were married. One farmer especially had experienced annoyance from this cause. Every servant he engaged left him to be married as soon as he learned the ways of the household and was be-

coming useful. It was necessary, however, to have a servant, and he persevered. At last he became exasperated, and having secured a new servant, he resolved to keep off all lovers. She had not been there long before he noticed a young man slinking around his place, and seizing his shotgun, he went out. "What do you want here?" he asked. "Nothing," said the fellow, coloring up a little; "nothing much. I was just calling on the girl in there. She's an old friend of my family." "Well, I'm a friend of your family, too," said the farmer, "to the extent that I don't want to kill you; but if you don't keep away from here I'll murder you." The farmer's manner was so menacing that the young man went away. But a few days later the girl was missing, and the farmer learned that she and the young man had been married by the justice that morning. His opposition to the marriage, as the bride and her predecessors doubtless knew, was due to regard for his own convenience, into which the question of their welfare did not enter; and as they preferred marriage to a life of servitude, they did not consider him. It is a pity that sinners do not show the same resolution when they are urged to quit Satan's shameful service, with its dreadful wages, and defying his opposition, begin a life of union with Christ (Rom. 6: 22, 23).

A Buried Treasure has been exhumed near Ballwin, Mo. Three weeks ago a stranger appeared at Manchester, Mo., and after remaining a few hours left in company with a laboring man belonging to the town. They went to Pond Post-Office, a village near Ballwin, taking with them a miner's outfit. All the next week they spent in digging, and at the end had excavated to a depth of fourteen feet. At that point their picks struck a stone crock or jar, and a little further digging discovered another crock of exactly the same size. They did not have the patience to open the jars in the ordinary way, but broke them with their spades and picks, when out rolled a golden treasure of coins worth not less than \$35,000. A good many theories have been advanced as to how the money came there. If any suspicion had been entertained that such a treasure was hidden there it would not have been left undiscovered for a quarter of a century. A very slight clue to the spot would have been sufficient to set a crowd digging. It is not so with that "treasure hid in a field" of which the Saviour spoke. That is neglected, though the reward is priceless, and diligent search is always successful (Matt. 13: 44).

Five Days and Nights in a Mine-Hole were passed by a young man at Narrow Valley, near Lebanon, Pa., recently. On Wednesday, August 29th, a man and his son, who was seventeen years old, set out for Third Mountain in search of mountain tea. They became separated in the afternoon, and when evening came the father called for his boy, but could not find him. Next day his friends helped him to search, but found no traces of the boy. Friday, Saturday, and Sunday they explored, but in vain. All gave up except the devoted father, who again went out on Monday. He searched till evening, and was about giving up in despair when he saw a disused mine-hole near the edge of a hill, and he resolved to make a last effort. He knelt and hallowed down the hole. To his inexpressible delight he heard the voice of his son saying, "Father, I am down here." The old man aroused the neighbors, who lowered a rope one hundred and fifty feet long to the bottom of the hole. The boy was just strong enough to tie the rope to his body, and the men drew him up. He was nearly dead, having been there five days and nights. He said that in the dark he had tumbled down the air-vent, which, being zig-zagged, broke his fall and saved his life. Although he was horribly bruised, he thought he would have to starve to death. Doubtless he would have done so had his father's love been less strong and patient than it was. It was to such a search that the Saviour compared His own mission in the world (Luke 15: 4-7).

THE HISTORY OF LITTLE-FAITH.

A New Sermon by Pastor C. H. Spurgeon.

"And immediately Jesus stretched forth His hand, and caught him, and said unto him, O thou of little faith, wherefore didst thou doubt?" — MATTHEW 14:31.

Why Peter was Called Little-Faith—His Faith and Doubt—I. Little-Faith's History—A True Disciple though a Faulty one—Has Great Longings—Is Daring—Apt to Look Away from Christ—Began to Sink—Knew How to Pray—II. Little-Faith Acknowledged—Is Helped to Walk—III. Little-Faith Delivered—IV. Little-Faith Rebuked—The Bona Fides of Jehovah.

THERE is only one word in the original for the phrase, "O thou of little faith!" The Lord Jesus virtually addresses Peter by the name of "Little-faith," in one word. I do not suppose that Peter had ever before dreamed of that name as applicable to himself. Possibly he had thought in his heart that his faith was strong even to assurance. Peter is strong in faith on board the ship, strong in faith even as he walks the waters; but that unexpected gust of wind, which came howling down from the mountains, took him aback, staggered him, and caused his faith to reel. Then the waters yielded under his feet, and as he began to sink he discovered his own weakness, and had his discovery confirmed by the verdict of his Lord, who surnamed him *Little-faith*. Let no man think of himself beyond his own experience. Experience is the true gauge; and he who boasts of an untried faith is puffed up with vain glory.

OVERESTIMATES.

When a man begins to be secure in himself he will court temptation, he will rashly venture upon needless experiments, and in the end will need to cry in plaintive accents, "Lord, save me." Learn, then, on the threshold of the text, that we are not as strong as we think we are, and that, when we are most brave and daring, we may not be quite so far removed from fear and trembling as we imagine. Alas! that unbelief should mar even Peter's faith. Let him who thinks that he can walk the waves take heed lest he sink beneath them.

Peter's mixture of unbelief was not to be justified, nor may it be used as an excuse for ourselves. We shall speak of it as a matter of fact, but not as an example; for it was an improper and unreasonable thing. The truth is that the Christian has no cause for doubting his Lord. The whole course of the Lord's dealing is calculated to inspire confidence. He has done nothing to create a suspicion of his love, or truth, or power. If we never doubt till we have cause for doubting, our life will be rich with faith. It is concerning little faith, and its faults and its unreasonableness, that I have to speak at this time; may God grant that all the *Little-faith family* may be helped to stronger confidence. May the Holy Ghost bless the Word, and enable many a Ruth to pick up those handfuls that are let fall on purpose for the feeble folk who glean in these fields.

I. Our first topic will be

LITTLE-FAITH'S HISTORY.

It is sketched in the story of Peter. We are each one apt to act over again the part which Peter played in this narrative. Little-faith is a true disciple, though a faulty one. Not the littleness of the faith, but the faith itself is the gift of God. None but God could make a grain of mustard-seed; none but God can give even the least particle of living faith. Faith in the Lord Jesus Christ, however feeble it may be, is a fruit of the Spirit of God, and a token of the new birth. Even the faith which can get no further than to touch the hem of Christ's garment is the work of the Spirit of God; even that faith which cries, "Lord, I believe; help Thou mine unbelief" is, as to its existence, though not as to its infirmity, the creation of the most High.

Very early in its life Little-faith has great longings. See it in Peter's case. He is on board ship with his brethren while Jesus is yonder upon the waters; and Peter is so earnest to

come at his Lord, and be with Him, that he is ready to plunge into the sea to reach Him. Why could he not wait as the others did? His immediate duty was in the ship with his brethren; but his vehement desires carried him above commonplace toiling and rowing. Strong faith exhibits patience where

LITTLE-FAITH IS IN A HURRY.

It was well to have longings for Jesus; but it would have been wiser to have waited while the Lord came walking over the sea to the ship. The quiet, self-possessed Christian has deep longings for his Lord; but he has the assured conviction that his Lord will come to him if he continues faithful to His present duty, and therefore he waits upon the Lord. I rejoice in the blossom of the apple-tree; it is not so valuable as the fruit, but it is exceedingly beautiful; and, even so, the eager longings of a trembling heart after the Lord Jesus are full of loveliness and fragrance, and are by no means to be despised. It is the nature of little-faith that it should be of a thirsty and eager temperament, and hasty to make a dash for present fellowship with Christ.

LITTLE-FAITH WAS DARING.

Early in her life she had intense longings, and they grew so that Little-faith was willing to venture everything to have her longings fulfilled. "If it be Thou, bid me come unto thee on these waters"—thus doth Little-faith cry to her Lord. These are big words, but they come out of a trembling heart. Men often venture all the more because their capital is so small. Souls who are little in faith are often put upon desperate measures to gain hope. O beloved, are there not some of you who would give your eyes and ears, and your very lives, to see Christ, and to taste of His love? You have come up to the Tabernacle this morning feeling that if Christ bade you plunge into the sea to find Him, you would think nothing of it. Little-faith can yet be a true hero when the Lord saith to her, "Come." It is not the sea she fears; her concern is lest the Lord should frown upon her.

At times Little-faith accomplishes great wonders. Peter, when his Master said, "Come," went down upon the waters and walked the waves with ease. The Lord puts forth His strength even when we reveal our own weakness of faith. Peter took one step, and then another upon the rolling wave, wondering all the while how ever it could be. Has not your little-faith done this? I remember the first step of faith I took, how I wondered at it, and wondered at myself. Have not you also been amazed at yourselves? Do you remember when you believed that God had saved you, seeing you had faith in Christ? Was it not a piece of daring to you? Walking on the water could not have been more venturesome. You stood upright when tempted; you held on, though sore beset by the enemy; you walked toward Jesus, though the way seemed to be on the sea; a high exhilaration upraised your spirit, you rose out of yourself; but yet down deep within there was a latent fear, a half-developed apprehension that your confidence was too good to last, that your joy was presumptuous. In your very heart you were afraid of sinking; and it was no wonder that by-and-by your fear became matter of fact.

But now comes in another bit of our history: Little-faith is too

APT TO LOOK AWAY

from the Lord. Peter, as he walked those billows, took his eye off from his Master, and just then a tremendous hurricane rushed boisterously in his face, and poor Peter was alarmed. This is the danger of Little-faith. Little-faith, at the outset, is scarcely comprehensive enough; it does not take a full view of all the possible dangers and difficulties; and so when that which it has omitted comes to the front, it is very apt to be sorely troubled. Little-faith, thy hope lies in keeping thy little self wholly dependent upon thy great Lord. If thou beginnest to measure circumstances, it will go ill with thee, poor trembling creature that thou art! What have you and I to do with measuring?

Now, the moment he took his eye off his Master and thought of the wind,

LITTLE-FAITH BEGAN TO SINK.

You see him going down; he is ready to perish; the proud waters prevail against him; he has no power whatever to help himself. I should suppose that Peter being a fisherman, could swim. Why did he not strike out? Mark this, when a man begins to live by faith, if his faith fails him, even his *natural ability fails* with his faith. He that could swim with no faith originally, will not swim when once by faith he has begun to walk the waters. Should he fail in his walking he cannot fall back on his swimming. "Beginning to sink" is a terrible condition. Poor Little-faith, it never reckoned on this! Is that the condition of any child of God here this morning? I must confess it has sometimes been mine. There was a step, and scarce a step, between me and death. That which bore me up appeared to give way, and the waters came in even unto my soul.

Let me not finish this history of Little-faith without saying that Little-faith

KNEW HOW TO PRAY.

Though Peter did not know how to come to Christ on the waters, he knew how to come to him by prayer. Though his faith was not *what* it ought to be, it was *where* it ought to be; for his cry was to his Lord alone. He did not appeal to his brethren in the vessel, but only to his dear Master who stood so firmly on the rolling wave. "Beginning to sink," he cried, "Lord, save me." Little children are good at crying, if at nothing else, and so is Little-faith. When Jacob was greatly afraid, he became bold enough to wrestle at Jabbok. Even Little-faith has prayer for its vital breath, its native air. Where there is life, there is breath; and where there is faith, there is prayer. O soul, art thou sinking? Then cry, "Lord, save me!"

Now in this little picture, have any of you recognized yourselves? Do you long for Christ? Would you venture all things for His dear sake? Do you trust Him? Have you enjoyed happy moments when by faith you have accomplished things impossible to mere sense? Have you sometimes believed, and in that belief found an upbearing for your spirit that made you more than conqueror? Then, if at this moment there should be a collapse, and your faith should waver, pray unto the Lord. *He* stands fast if you do not. It is your wisdom to cry mightily in this your time of need; and as surely as the Lord liveth, He will come to your rescue. Among all the carcasses that shall be washed up on the Dead Sea shore there shall never be found the corpse of Little-faith.

At the end Little-faith will grow to full assurance, and will come up into the vessel, yea, unto heaven with Christ. Little-faith shall find its way across the Jordan, and stand in its lot in the end of the days; and perhaps among the most rapturous song that shall ever salute the Redeemer's ear will be the song of those who were weak and trembling when they were here below, and yet were kept unto the end. Therefore, have confidence!

II. I come now to the second head of my discourse, which is an interesting one—

LITTLE-FAITH ACKNOWLEDGED

by the Lord. In my text you will observe the Saviour did not say, "O thou of no faith," or "O thou of pretended faith," but "O thou of little faith." There are times when we would give all that we have if we could only have our Master's assurance that we have even a little faith. If He does but own that it is faith, then the root of the matter is in us. I would rather have great faith than little faith; but I would rather have little faith than have great presumption, and mistake it for holy confidence. It ought to have comforted Peter, even as it did rebuke him, to hear his Lord, who could not make a mistake, acknowledge that he had faith. A pearl is a pearl, though it be no bigger than a pin's head. God's signature is as valid when he writes it small as when he uses capitals.

In Peter's case little faith was faith with a

very solid reason at the back of it. O child of God, little as thy faith may be, yet if thou believest in Christ thou hast faith most proper and justifiable; in fact, so strong is the ground of thy little faith that the Saviour even asks thee, "Wherefore didst thou doubt?" As much as to say, "You have every reason for your faith, but what reason have you for doubting?" Oh, dear heart, if thou dost come to Christ and cast thyself on Him thou art doing the best and the rightest thing that thou canst do, and none can question thy conduct. Ask more faith, and He will give more faith, and fulfil to thee greater promises; go from faith to faith, and thou shalt receive blessing upon blessing.

Our Lord Jesus, owned little-faith because, little as it was, it ventured all for Him. Peter had thrown himself into the sea to come to his Master, and the Lord recognized that fact. He who ventures all for Jesus and on Jesus shall not find it to be a losing speculation. Though you dare not say that you have strong faith, yet you give up the world's pleasures, and its sinful gains, and its pleasing smiles, for Christ; you would not deny Him for all the treasures of Egypt; well, then, our Lord will acknowledge you as His, and bear you harmless in the end.

LITTLE-FAITH'S MERITS.

Little-faith, in the case of Peter, was coming to Jesus all the while. Peter, when he left the ship, left it to come to Jesus, and for that purpose only. The first step he took upon the sea was toward Jesus, and every other step was toward Jesus; and when he began to sink he sank that way, leaning toward his Master, and crying as he went down, "Lord, save me!" Now, the Lord Jesus always owns a faith which comes toward him, however lame it may be. If thou hast a faith which looks to thyself, a curse rests upon it. If thou hast a faith which looks to priests, it is superstition. If thou hast a faith which looks to ceremonies, creeds, prayers, and feelings, it will fail thee when most thou needest help. But if thou hast a faith whose eyes are to Jesus, whose longings are for Jesus, whose hopes are all centred in Jesus, whose steps all tend to Jesus, then thou hast a faith upon which Jesus sets His seal, and though He calls it "little," yet He calls it "faith."

Once more, the Master acknowledges this faith; for, before long, Little-faith came to walk with Jesus on the sea. I think I have seen a picture of Peter sinking and Christ stooping to save him; but I wish that some eminent artist would paint the two walking together in peace, Peter and his Lord. What joy to think that Little-faith, once drawn from the deep, stands on those foaming waves side by side with the great saving Lord! Now is Peter conformed to his Lord. Now is the servant clothed with the might of his Master. Is it not a splendid, reassuring truth, that Little-faith can grow to act like Christ? The day shall yet come when the Lord shall have so strengthened Little-faith that the things that the Lord doeth shall Little-faith do also, and the word shall be fulfilled, "Greater works than these shall ye do; because I go unto my Father."

III. In the third place I want you to notice Little-faith's deliverance.

Little-faith began to sink, but it was only a beginning. The sinking did not end in Peter's drowning, but in his Lord's saving. The text saith, "beginning to sink;" and truly that is the whole matter. None of God's people shall go beyond "beginning to sink." Oftentimes "beginning to sink" with us, is with Christ beginning to stretch out His hand. The beginning of a clear sense of our own weakness, is often the beginning of the display of the power of God.

Little-faith received its deliverance *wholly from the Lord*. As I have already said, it was not Peter's swimming that got him out of his trouble, nor was it any revival of Peter's faith which did it, but the Lord came to the rescue, and proved His power to help at a dead lift. So shall it be with thee, O trembling heart; in the hour of thine extremity God shall appear for

thee. The Lord will provide. Out of weakness thou shalt be made strong; for He said: "I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee."

It was of the Lord, and therefore it was *immediate*. Will you kindly note that word in the text, "and immediately Jesus stretched forth His hand." Before He rebuked him for his little faith, He delivered him from his peril. O Little-faith, thou hast but to cry, and the Lord will help thee.

It is added, he "caught him." Thus the Lord came into personal contact with His servant. See, He holds him up. O Little-faith, thou dost feel a closer union to Christ in thine hour of danger than ever before! A half-hoping, half-despairing soul lays hold on Jesus with an iron grip, and on such a poor feeble one the hold of Jesus is equally tight and strong. He will never let the sinking sinner die when once that prayer has been uttered, "Lord, save me." I hardly know of a more conscious union between a man and Christ than that which is effected when in sinking times the grip of the crucified hand is felt as our sole rescue from death. The Lord must and will stretch out His hand and catch the sinking one, and grant him the same standing as Himself.

IV. I close with

LITTLE-FAITH REBUKED.

That comes last. After the poor soul is quite rescued, and set on a sure footing, then comes the loving chiding: "O thou of little faith, wherefore didst thou doubt?" This is such a gentle rebuking that it almost seems to me that the Master might say as much as this to us when we enter Paradise with Him. It might not be unkind even there to say, "Wherefore didst thou doubt?" When you and I have come up from our dying beds, and left all pain, and poverty, and sorrow far behind, we shall find ourselves in the golden-streeted city, and the Well-Beloved with us, and we shall look back on all the way whereby He led us; and then He may lovingly whisper in our ear: "Wherefore didst thou doubt?" Look back on thy pilgrim way. There is the Slough of Despond dried up; there is Giant Despair's head on a pole; there is Apollyon bound with chains; there is the river whose chill stream so often frightened thee, glittering in the eternal light. "Wherefore didst thou doubt?" You doubted about nothing. You made mountains out of molehills.

ODD PEOPLE.

Notice, dear friends, with regard to this question, "Wherefore didst thou doubt?" that it is an *inconsistent* thing for a believing man to doubt his God, or distrust the power of the Lord Jesus. You do believe, and if you believe, why doubt? If faith, why *little* faith? If you doubt, why believe? And if you believe, why doubt? Oil and water will not mix. Oh, how should faith and unbelief unite? Yet they are often found together in deadly warfare. "Oh," said a dear sister in Christ to me the other day, "I cannot doubt my God." Yet she also expressed a fear lest she should be wrong at the last. This was an odd mixture in one who knew so well the glorious Gospel; but then *we are all odd in some way or other*. In any case it is not meet that we believe and yet disbelieve.

Once again, how *inexcusable* is this doubting among you who do believe! The only excuses worth mentioning are these. Some excuse themselves because they desire to be humble. "I dare not think that these good things are true to me, I know that I am altogether unworthy of them, and I am afraid of being proud if I take them to myself." Do you not know, dear friend, that the biggest pride in all the world is doubting God? and it is the sweetest humility to trust in God as a child trusts its father. It is the lowliest action of the heart to say, "These things are good, exceeding good, and I am most unworthy; but then the Lord hath said that He gives these gracious gifts to the unworthy; and, if He hath said it, God forbid that I should question Him." Who am I that I should venture to raise a doubt about the *bona fides* of the Lord Jehovah?

You that have not believed in Jesus, I have tried to show the way of salvation by faith in Christ. You that have believed but tremblingly, I have pointed out to you much that ought to comfort you. And to you who can believe with full assurance, I would say, Guard that full assurance with great care; it is heaven below, it is the beginning of heaven above. The Lord, the Holy Spirit, be with you all, for Jesus' sake. Amen.

THE CRUSADE AGAINST VICE. The Public Demonstration in London.

(See Illustration on page 604.)

THE European correspondents of the New York papers have sent to this country amusing accounts of the great demonstration which took place on August 22d, in Hyde Park, London. They have exercised their wit upon it, and doubtless many of our subscribers have laughed over the facetious letters the papers have published. They treat the matter as a huge joke; but, rightly considered, the affair is by no means a jest. It is very much the reverse of that. The people of England—that is, the middle and lower classes are in dead earnest about it, and their indignation is at a pitch at which it cannot be safely trifled with. It is currently reported that one of the chief sinners—a man charged with having purchased children and young girls in London for immoral purposes—is the proprietor of an American journal, who has diverted himself during his visits to the British metropolis with these vicious adventures. That fact, if it is true, may explain the attitude of one paper on the subject. His name has been disgraced so often on this side, that exposure will not cause him much pain, but it is gratifying to learn that the people of England have forced their Parliament to pass a law, under which, if he repeats his crimes on his next visit, and is caught, he will be imprisoned with hard labor for two years. The American people would hear of his incarceration with unanimity.

How important the demonstration was, may be inferred from the fact that, while some reporters estimated the number of people present at five hundred thousand, there seem to have been none who placed it below seventy thousand. It is a warning that may wisely be heeded, when even seventy thousand persons are in earnest in declaring that the vicious men around them shall cease to prey on innocent women and children. The Rev. William Arthur, the author of "The Tongue of Fire," who was present, says: "I got upon a brake to obtain

A BIRD'S-EYE VIEW

of the whole concourse in the great park. A great broad belt of life—of manhood—stretched from as far as one could see on either hand. As a mere multitude, it would have been grand; as a multitude met to make for righteousness, it seemed to me one of the

MOST HOPEFUL SIGNS

for the future that my eyes ever beheld. Estimating numbers by the eye alone, is what I have long given up, except in a building. Guesses up or guesses down are generally absurdly wrong. All I know is that, calling to mind the sights I had seen, it appeared to me most to resemble for multitude the Fete de la Fraternité of 1848, in Paris, when Lamartine and his Provisional Government sat under the Arc de Triomphe, and the forces marched all up the Champs Elysées encompassed by great throngs. As among the crowds I passed up Piccadilly the streets of London never seemed to me so sweet; and when I entered my own house, I said: 'I am years younger.'

There were twelve platforms for the speakers. Our illustration on page 604 represents the scene at No. 6 platform, when Mr. Stead,

THE EDITOR OF THE "PALL MALL GAZETTE," (whose portrait appeared in this journal on August 6th), rose to speak. He received a perfect ovation. In the course of his address, he said: "I have never addressed an out-of-door meeting before in my life, and I shall never, if I grow to be as old as Methuselah, address a



Mr. Stead, the Editor of the Pall Mall Gazette, Addressing the Demonstration against Vice, on Aug. 22.

meeting of which I am prouder than that which I see to-day. Oh, I am proud of London this day! If I had said all that I have had to say, terrible as it was, to Paris or Berlin, there would have been no great demonstration like this.

"You have come from your crowded streets, from your busy thoroughfares, and from your steaming alleys, in order to register

A MULTITUDINOUS MALEDICTION

upon murderous crime—to express the infinite pity that glows within the breast of every true man for sisters who have fallen, and also to express with all the force and power that lie within reach of you, an aspiration after some nobler and better future—when we shall no longer have to know that all round us, in our street, and park, and square, there are young girls who would have been pure if they could, but who, unwittingly and unwillingly, have been trapped and inveigled and rushed into vice. People say there is no need to go on with your agitation, but there is a great need to go on with your action. Just before coming to this meeting, a letter was given to me, written by an occasional member of our staff who has contributed to it ever since the paper was started. But this time he signed himself as he had never signed himself before. He says, '*I sign myself as the father of a daughter who has been ruined.*' (Sensation.)

In a grand house well known to the police—because they have all the information and there is a warrant out against the man who did it—within the last few weeks, while London has been stirred with intense emotion, and the heart of the people has been throbbing with a great indignation, there has been a man, a very rich man, who has employed a young girl to decoy other young girls into his house. (Cries of 'name, name, name.') No, I will not; I would have named him willingly, but the person from whose letter I quote, said: 'I give you the names in confidence.' But I hope it will soon

all come out in the police court. The girl employed by this man had brought in first and last no fewer

THAN THIRTY OTHER GIRLS,

all of whom were women unprotected by the law up to last Friday. They were all over thirteen, and virtuous. One by one they were brought into that house, out of which they departed maidens never more. But as they were thirteen years old, it will only be possible to punish him—if it is possible to punish him—under a charge of conspiracy. (Cries of 'Lynch him! lynch him!') If, instead of this crime having been committed under the old law, it had been perpetrated this week, we should have given that man two years' hard labor—from which, according to eminent judges, if vigorously enforced, very few men are robust enough to emerge alive. So be it done unto all those who make use of their wealth and the power and the influence which their position gives to ruin and blast the lives of our innocent girls."

ETHEL'S SUITORS.

(See Illustration on page 605.)

A YOUNG man, tall and agile, with intellectual features, was nervously pacing a room luxuriously furnished. Pictures of rare value adorned the walls, and the owner appeared to have made it his study to provide facilities for comfort in every variety of posture. Herbert Leigh, however, did not avail himself of the provision. He was in that condition of mental restlessness in which bodily movement seems a necessary accompaniment to the tension of mind.

Presently the door opened, and an old man, evidently the usual occupant of the room, shuffled in in dressing-gown and slippers. He was not a specimen of happy old age. Lean and cadaverous, with a receding forehead heavily graven with the lines of anxiety and care, his eyes glaring fiercely from under bushy eyebrows, he looked a man whom it would be dangerous to

provoke, and to whom the most desperate beggar would not prefer a request for alms. He shuffled slowly to a comfortable seat, sheltered by a screen, and motioning the young man to a seat opposite to him, he sat down to listen to his business.

"Mr. Thornton," Herbert began, "I have come now, as I told you I should at our interview two years ago, to ask for your consent to Ethel's marriage. You taunted me then with my poverty, and expressed your conviction that I could never earn enough to support a wife. I am now a member of a prosperous firm, and am making a sufficient income to maintain your niece in comfort. I inferred from your answer at our last interview that my poverty was your chief objection, if not your only one; now that that is removed, will you not look favorably on my suit?"

The old man listened patiently, but his stony face showed that the young man's suit was unwelcome to him. "You are too late, sir," he said, deliberately; "no definite engagement has yet been made, but my niece's hand is sought by a suitor who is in my opinion a more suitable husband for her in every way than you would be. I should be unmindful of my duty to her if I prejudiced her chances by allowing you to interpose."

"May I ask if the suitor you refer to is your son?"

"I don't recognize your right to put the question," said Mr. Thornton; "but as in a few weeks all the world will probably know, I may as well admit the fact. My son is the suitor, and he has my best wishes for his success."

"You spoke just now, Mr. Thornton, of your duty to your niece; do you think you are doing your duty toward her in promoting her marriage with a man who, as you know, is a vicious, unprincipled man, known everywhere in the city as a drunkard, a gambler, and a seducer of innocent girls? There is no need for apology in

so describing him. You know the facts as every man in society knows them, and I believe Augustus is rather proud of the character. Remember that for your niece's welfare you are accountable."

"To you?" asked Mr. Thornton, with a sneer.

"You are accountable to God and to the world, sir, and neither will hold you guiltless if that marriage is solemnized. It would be wicked, sir, a most outrageous thing."

"But still I am not accountable to you, it appears. So we will, if you please, consider this interview at an end. You have made your request, and you have my answer."

At that moment a young lady entered the room, but when she saw the two gentlemen in conversation would have withdrawn, had not Herbert risen and extended his hand. She greeted him cordially, and then going to the old man where he sat, she gently kissed his forehead, and said: "How are you this morning, uncle?"

"Very poorly, my dear," he said, "and in no condition for being worried by unwelcome visitors, though Mr. Leigh does not appear to notice it. But he is going now. You need not leave."

"Ethel," said the young man, "I would not needlessly cause your uncle a moment's distress; but it is due to you to tell you what has brought me here. Two years ago I told your uncle that it was my hope some day to call you mine; but I was then only at the outset of my career, and, as he reminded me, unable to support a wife. Now, through God's goodness, I am in receipt of a good income, and can offer you a home. We have known each other from childhood, and I have reason to believe you would not look on my suit with the disfavor your uncle does. Is it not so?"

Ethel blushed deeply, and kept her eyes fixed on the carpet while Herbert was speaking; but as he finished she moved toward him, and put out her hand. He grasped it eagerly, and drawing her to his breast, embraced her tenderly. She did not resist, but turning to her uncle, as she stood protected by her lover's arm, she extended her disengaged hand to him, saying: "Uncle, we love each other very dearly."

Mr. Thornton took the proffered hand and held it caressingly. He said: "Ethel, dear, I would keep this hand for a more worthy suitor, one who has not yet dared to speak to you of love, but of whom I am sure you would approve, as I do. You know my regard for you; oblige me by declining Mr. Leigh's offer for the present. You can write to him after I have had a private talk with you."

Herbert tried to remove Ethel's hand which Mr. Thornton still held, and bending over her, he said: "I entreat you, Ethel, not to accept the suitor Mr. Thornton refers to. Reject me if you must, but do not, at the peril of a life of misery, fall into the snare laid for you. I beg—"

"Are you forgetting in whose house you are, young man, when you talk of 'snares'?" said Mr. Thornton, his eyes flashing angrily. "Will you be kind enough to relieve us of your presence, or must I summon the servants to eject you?"

"I will go, sir," said Herbert, sadly; "God protect you, my love, as I am sure He will."

It was a hard siege that Ethel had to endure, but she was too devoted a Christian to bear it unhelped. She laid her trouble before her Lord, as Heczekiah did, and in a few months she was



Ethel's Difficulty.

delivered. A paralytic stroke prostrated her uncle two weeks after his interview with Herbert Leigh; and though he retained consciousness, and was still eager to win Ethel's consent to the marriage with his son, he could not exert the authority or influence he would have done if he had retained his power of speech. The young man alone had little prospect of success. Though Ethel knew little of the dark side of his character, she was aware that he was not a Christian, and that fact alone would have determined her, even had her regard for Herbert been less warm than it was. She kindly but firmly rejected the suit, and the old man went slowly down the path to the grave, grieving that his cherished scheme had failed. At the last, however, conscience asserted its sway. On the day before he died he made signs for the pad, on which he was now compelled, by his inability to speak, to write his requests, and when it was brought to him by Ethel's ready hand, he wrote: "Forgive me, Ethel, I was selfish; you are doing right; my son is no fit husband for you. May you be happy."

A few weeks after her uncle's funeral, Ethel, having passed through a stormy scene with her deprived cousin, was united in marriage with Herbert Leigh, and both entered upon a life of Christian love and usefulness.

THE SILVER LINING.

A SERIAL STORY.

(Continued from page 591.)

Behind the Shadow.

HURRIED preparations for the coming journey occupied the good physician and his wife during all that day, which had opened with the crushing news of their darling's death. Stricken—quivering under the blow that had fallen upon them, it was necessary to attend to the day's duties, and to prepare for the comfort of others during their absence. The struggle in such circumstances is always painful, though it pro-

duces good results. The bereaved ones, absorbed by their grief, would fain shut themselves up away from the world to weep, and pour out their hearts' bitterness in tears. Driven by a sense of duty into practical action, the wound heals more quickly than it would in morbid indulgence and isolation. The memory of the lost one is cherished just as closely, the mourning is just as sincere when the brain and hand are occupied, as when the bereaved one alone in the desolate rooms weeps and laments the loss in idleness. Meanwhile the shattered nerves gather strength in the performance of duty, and the mind suffers less from the rack of unavailing grief.

Two telegrams were dispatched for assistance. Happily Dr. Arnold and his wife had many friends on whom they could count. The beneficent, helpful lives they had lived had not been without their results. There were numbers indebted to them for support in hours of trial, who would take a sad pleasure in proving their gratitude to them in their trouble. A medical friend would visit Dr. Arnold's patients; Mrs. Arnold's sister would come and superintend domestic affairs, and a telegram was sent to each. A round of professional visits must be made, and Dr. Arnold, hiding in his breast his own woe, went to minister to the suffering of others.

How changed the world seemed from its aspect but twelve short hours before. The light of the physician's life seemed to have gone out. The angel of death, with which he had contended in many a chamber, had dealt him a sudden and treacherous blow, and he shuddered as he thought of the gaping wound it had made in his home. Nevertheless, there was suffering that his skill could assuage, and with the instinctive spirit of helpfulness which was strong within him, Dr. Arnold stood by the beds of patient after patient, the same kind physician as ever, sympathetic, and apparently cheerful. Returning homeward when the last visit had been paid, he took from his pocket the letter he had received that morning, and read again the simple narrative it contained. This was the letter Dr. Arnold read as his horse went at a foot-pace down a leafy avenue in which there were no witnesses to the reader's emotion but the birds carolling merrily on the boughs above him:

LINGFORD, September 21.

"DEAR SIR: It is my most painful duty, as the clergyman of this place, to convey to you the sad tidings of a wreck off our coast, in the fearful storm of last night, and that your daughter, though rescued by a boat which went to the aid of the vessel, has sunk this morning from the effects of the wet and exposure. I think I may say all was done that human aid could do. Your daughter, with Mrs. Campbell and her little girl, were at once brought up to my house, where all restoratives that could be thought of were applied. Mrs. Campbell and her child, we hope, may recover; but I grieve to say your daughter passed away at seven o'clock this morning. I will wait, if possible, to hear from you before I make any further arrangements, and if you and Mrs. Arnold would desire to come here, I beg you will make my house your home. With deep sympathy,

"Believe me, dear sir,

"Truly yours,

"EDWARD LINDSAY."

Dr. Arnold turned his horse's head round when he had read the letter, and wiped the tears

from his eyes, and rode back to the town, and dispatched a telegram to the clergyman announcing his intended visit, and then proceeded to his home to make his final preparations.

"How do you think, dear," Mrs. Arnold asked, "it was discovered who our poor darling was, and where we lived?"

"That has puzzled me, too," said the doctor; "but I suppose that Mrs. Campbell must have recovered sufficiently to give the information. Poor lady! she must have been deeply grieved."

Dr. Arnold's surmise was correct. Late in the day on which Grace had died, the clergyman entering the room in which his guest and her little daughter lay, found that she had recovered consciousness. From her he gathered the details of the wreck. It appeared that the voyage had commenced under clear skies and with a smooth sea. Mrs. Campbell and Grace had sat upon deck the greater part of the day, thoroughly enjoying the sea breezes.

About sunset, however, the wind had risen; still none thought of danger. But as the evening wore on, the wind rose higher and higher, the waves increased in strength, till about midnight the crew lost all command of the vessel, and she suddenly struck upon the rocks.

Every available hand on board was set working at the pumps or helping to bale out the water, which kept running in from the gap in the side of the vessel, and which increased in spite of all their efforts to keep it down.

Nobly the captain kept at his post, and cheered his brave men on. Again and again signals of distress were fired, but it seemed as if no help was near. When all were losing heart, the cheer of the rescuers was heard, and again the voice of the captain rang out above the storm:

"Keep on lads, help is coming!"

But the waves ran so high that attempt after attempt was made before either of the boats could come near the vessel. At last they came near enough to allow of some one being let down into one of the boats, and Mrs. Campbell and her child (whom she had throughout been clasping firmly), were lowered, then another attempt was made, and Grace was lowered, but at that moment the boat had fallen in the trough of the sea, and as she rose again a few feet farther from the ship, Grace had fallen into the sea, and had only been dragged into the boat by the almost superhuman efforts of two of the gallant boat's crew.

They were still trying to save the others when a huge wave separated the boat from the vessel, and the latter was driven with a tremendous crash upon the rocks, and falling back she plunged beneath the waves.

All hope was gone, cries and shrieks rent the air, and the noble rescuers knew that the men they had gone to rescue had sunk only a few yards from them.

The boat containing the saved ones was turned mournfully toward the shore, while the other boat waited, hoping to pick up some that might be still floating. They were rewarded by saving four of the crew, but the cries soon ceased, the waves roared on pitilessly, and many were left in their watery grave, there to remain till the sea gives up its dead.

Mrs. Campbell eagerly besought information about Grace Arnold, and Mr. Lindsay being averse even to a kind deception, told her the sad truth, and obtained from her the address of Dr. Arnold, to whom he wrote the letter already quoted.

While this interview was taking place, Jean was paying another visit to the darkened room in which lay all that was mortal of the beautiful dead girl. She was also no one knew even that she was up, yet no sort of fear entered Jean's thoughts as she stood gazing at the lifeless form that lay before her. The features were so calm and peaceful, the expression so perfectly happy and at rest, that Jean felt soothed as she looked. How she longed for the lips to part and speak to her, telling her

whither her spirit had taken flight. That she was happy, Jean felt confident, and then the few words she had uttered—"Jesus—the angels—I am coming"—came back to her.

Jean hitherto had put from her all thoughts of God; when she was old, perhaps likely to die, then she would think about Him. She knew Him only as an angry God, a just God, a jealous God; no one had presented to her the love of which which passeth knowledge, that love which spared not His only Son, but freely gave Him up for us all.

She knew that she had a soul that must live forever, she knew that when death came, that soul must stand before God, and that He was the Great Judge. How could she meet Him, she who had thought so little about Him, never once tried to please Him?

The thought was very overwhelming to her, and ringing in her ears a voice seemed to say:

"It might have been you; it might have been you."

She knelt down by the bedside, and sobbed aloud. Presently the door was softly opened. It was Margaret bringing in some white flowers. She started when she saw Jean.

"Jean, is that you? I did not think you were up. What are you doing here, child?"

Even Margaret's voice was scarcely so hard as usual.

"Come," she said, as Jean got up, "go and wash your face, and come down. I want your help; there is a great deal to be done." Jean, accustomed to render prompt obedience to her sister, rose and did her bidding.

The next day was Sunday, and the calamity that had occurred had so solemnized the minds of all in the village that the little church was crowded with worshippers, some of whom were rarely seen there. Death in a frightful shape had come near to them, and even the most reckless had a feeling that a little religion was a good thing to have. The whole service seemed unusually solemn, and Mr. Lindsay paused for silent prayer when he came to the petition for those in sickness, sorrow, or any other adversity.

Then came the sermon, and every eye was fixed on the pulpit as Mr. Lindsay gave out his text, "There is sorrow on the sea." In his remarks, he said: "My friends, we must indeed all feel to-day the truth of these words, 'There is sorrow on the sea.' Never in the memory of the most aged among us has such a storm been known upon our coast, and many of you are mourning this day over unknown brother sailors, who, as you know, sank the other night, so close to shore, to rise no more. Many of you have hearts overflowing with sympathy for the wives and mothers who as yet know nothing of their loss; sympathy, too, for that father and mother who will to-morrow hear that their young daughter has been taken from them. But how many are feeling any sympathy for themselves? How many are saying, 'If it had been me, should I have been ready; ready to be ushered thus suddenly into eternity; ready to meet the just and holy God?' I would speak to each man, each woman; I would take each one by the hand and say this Sabbath morning, 'Are you ready?'"

"Think not, were those poor souls the other night ready? we must leave them with their God. Think not, is your neighbor by your side ready? but are you ready? If not, the door is open still; if not, I am sent as God's ambassador to-day to bid you come. 'Come unto Me,' Christ says, 'all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.' Hear His words again: 'I am the way, the truth, and the life.' Is any one saying, 'What must I do to be saved?' Oh, hear the answer in God's own words: 'Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved.' To-day, O hear His voice! To-day is yours; you may never have a morrow! To-day is the day of salvation."

The little congregation was much moved by the short, simple, but pointed sermon. The people seemed riveted, and many wondered what had come to the old vicar, for he had never been known to preach such a sermon before.

He generally preached in so dry and formal a way, that his people came and went Sunday after Sunday without hearing any word that sent them to their homes longing to know more of the Christ who had given His precious blood for them. Not that Mr. Lindsay did not preach Christ, but he lacked that earnestness, that yearning for the souls of others, that makes men feel their need, that makes each one say to himself: Christ died for sinners, can I say He died for me?

Jean thought that Sunday the longest day she had ever known. In the corner of the large square pew she listened to her father's sermon, and, though his voice had a far-off sound to her, and she felt still as one dreaming, yet she knew she was hearing from his lips tidings she had never heard before. Poor child! she seemed as one blindfolded seeking for the light. Would no one guide her safely to the Good Shepherd's fold?

During the next day Jean was often in the room where the dead lay. She stood for the most part looking lovingly on the face that still bore the impress of that last glad smile which the glimpse of coming glory had called up. Could those silent lips but speak, what could they not tell her! The spirit which had animated that lovely form was now in possession of secrets which no man has ever learned. In all ages, men have sought to know them. Jesus and the Apostles and prophets spoke of them, but for the full conception of that mysterious state, there has been no ground revealed. Jean meditated, and more than once bowed her knees in earnest prayer beside the unanimate form. She retired to rest early, worn out with mental emotion, and almost immediately fell asleep. Consequently she was not present when Dr. Arnold and the bereaved mother arrived.

They were welcomed by Mr. Lindsay and his elder daughter, Margaret, and Mrs. Arnold, weary with her long journey, was easily persuaded to retire to rest. Mr. Lindsay and his guest sat long into the night talking of death and immortality. The clergyman was deeply read, but his lore was widely different from that of the Christian physician, who could tell him of the long and patient efforts of science to discover the seat of the soul in man. It was a long and solemn conversation which extended into the small hours.

The stroke of the clock aroused both gentlemen to the lateness of the hour, and they rose and shook hands with mutual respect. Mr. Lindsay, divining Dr. Arnold's feeling, after showing him the door of his chamber, gently led him to that in which Grace lay, and, telling him what he would find there, bade him good-night.

He went alone into the room, and there, where no human eye could see him, and alone in the presence of his God, he gave vent to his grief. He had loved her dearly—perhaps he did not know till now how dearly, but he must give her back to Him who had lent her to him for a time. His love had been so tender to her, that it came to him freshly now, how God's love to him was such as his for his child, only tenderer still, "Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear Him." God was looking down upon him in his sorrow. He was pitying him now. "He doth not willingly afflict the children of men."

Early the next morning he led Mrs. Arnold to the room; as they entered and quietly closed the door, they did not see that some one was there before them.

It was Jean! She had been so bewildered the last few days, what with the events of the first terrible night, and with her own doubts and fears, that she longed for sympathy—sympathy that no one round her seemed to have leisure to give, even if they had the heart. Now she jumped up, and before Dr. and Mrs. Arnold could stop her, she had fled.

It had been arranged that the funeral should take place that afternoon, for Dr. Arnold was most anxious to see his wife safely home again,

and on her account he felt it must not be delayed longer.

A sunny spot on the side of the hill was chosen for Grace's last resting-place, and nearly all the inhabitants of the little village were gathered in the old churchyard, as the small party of mourners made their way slowly up the hill. Many from a distance had sent flowers to be scattered on the coffin, and even the little children had gathered daisies to throw in, fit emblems of the sweet young girl they were to cover.

Later on in the afternoon Mrs. Arnold went alone to the churchyard to take a last long look before she left the next morning for home, when, as she drew near the grave, she thought she heard sobs, and listening, she heard between the sobs: "Oh, mother, mother!"

(To be continued.)

THE EARNEST OF OUR INHERITANCE.

S. S. Lesson for Sept. 27, Eph. 1:9-14. By Mrs. M. Baxter.

What the Earnest is—The Greek Mode of Conveyance—The Handful of Soil—The Whole Possession beyond Conception—Claims to Present Perfection—Miserable Subterfuges—The Indwelling of the Sinless One—Perfect Love—Physical Life and Health—The Earthen Vessels—Evidences of Possession.

THE earnest, the pledge, the guarantee, the security, the title-deed of our inheritance—what is it, or rather what is He? Nothing less than the Holy Spirit Himself dwelling in us. Three times in Holy Scripture He is called the "Earnest." "Who hath also sealed us, and given the earnest of the Spirit in our hearts" (II Cor. 1:22). "Now He that hath wrought us for the selfsame thing is God, who also hath given unto us the earnest of the Spirit" (II Cor. 5:5). "That we should be to the praise of His glory, who first trusted in Christ . . . in whom also, after that ye believed, ye were sealed with that Holy Spirit of promise, *which is the earnest of our inheritance, until the redemption of the purchased possession, unto the praise of His glory.*" The old Greek mode of conveying land was that the vendor should give to the purchaser a handful of the very soil itself, which he should hold as an earnest until he entered upon the purchased possession in person. In our Christian life, Satan often succeeds in confusing the children of God, by leading them to confound the earnest with the inheritance, and to discount or to deny their present experimental part in Christ, because "the redemption of the purchased possession" is not yet an accomplished fact. We have the earnest, we look for the inheritance.

What is our inheritance? The little glimpses of it which we have in the Word of God are so stupendous and so vast, that the focus of our soul's eye can hardly take them in at all.

"HEIRS OF GOD,

and joint heirs with Christ" (Rom. 8:17). What, heirs of Almightyness? heirs of Infinity? We talk of what we know not, and of which a finite being has no conception, yet "the redemption of the purchased possession" reaches out even there. Omniscience, Omnipresence, all is included in God. Who can draw the line, who can say all that God does mean in these words "heirs of God?" But the earnest? To carry out the figure this must be something of the very substance of our inheritance. God Himself in our spirit; God Himself in our soul; God Himself in our body; a mere handful, as far as our experience goes, because of the littleness of our capacity. God does not make conversion, sanctification, or any other part of our experience, to be the earnest of our inheritance; the earnest is always the Spirit of God, and nothing less in our hearts. The very life of God Himself, the Infinite, yet dwelling in the finite, the treasure, yet in earthen vessels (II Cor. 4:7), the life-giving Spirit, yet dwelling in dying bodies, something of the very same life which Jesus had on earth. "God anointed Jesus of Nazareth with the Holy Ghost, and with power, who went about doing good, and healing all that were op-

pressed of the devil" (Acts 10:38). "The words that I speak unto you I speak not of Myself; but *the Father that dwelleth in Me, He doeth the works*" (John 14:10). Yet only the handful, only the earnest which is possible to us in our bodies of humiliation, and our lives, subject to be "tempted in all points" down here.

Our inheritance in Christ is perfect sinlessness, because He is without sin; what, then, is the earnest? There are Christians who claim, and even think they have attained a state of perfection in which they cannot sin, and when others point out to them the self and the un-Christlikeness of many of their words and deeds, they adopt the miserable subterfuge that these are mistakes—not sins—or else that they are human infirmities, and thus the conscience, instead of having a divine impress from the mind of God, is lowered in its tone, and becomes less sensitive. Perhaps this arises from confounding the earnest with the inheritance, and thinking that because we have the earnest *now*, we have also the inheritance in possession. We inherit in Christ absolute sinlessness, the earnest of our inheritance is the Spirit in our hearts, who reveals to us

CHRIST, THE SINLESS ONE

dwelling within us; who, in the very light of Christ, shows us what is sin in His sight, and deals with, cleanses and conquers it. Thus possessing the earnest, and letting the sinless One have His way, He not only cleanses and keeps us clean, but conforms us to His view of what sin is. And yet we cannot forget that the treasure of Christ in us revealed by the Holy Ghost, is still in an "earthen vessel," as liable in itself to sin as ever, only the life that we now live in the flesh we live by the faith of the Son of God, the sinless One; owning Him, and denying, disowning ourselves.

Our inheritance in Christ is mighty, illimitable power. "Ye shall receive power, after that the Holy Ghost is come upon you" (Acts 1:8). "God hath not given us the spirit of fear, but of power, and of love, and of a sound mind" (II Tim. 1:7). But, again, we have in hand only an earnest, something of the real thing; the real Holy Ghost by whom Jesus spoke, by whom Jesus did His mighty works, and yet in earthen vessels, not at our own disposal, but exactly the reverse—we at His disposal. The worker of Holy Ghost power is never the man who has the earnest of the Spirit, but the Holy Ghost who has that man at His disposal. "There are diversities of operations, but it is the same God *which worketh all in all.*" "To one is given, by the Spirit, the word of wisdom, to another faith by the same Spirit, . . . the gifts of healing, . . . miracles, . . . prophecy, . . . etc., . . . but all these *worketh that one and the self-same Spirit.*" The earnest of joint heirship of the very fulness of God's power, is the Holy Ghost Himself making use of us for God, and revealing Christ in us as the power of God, while we ourselves are still perfect weakness.

Our inheritance in Christ is

PERFECT LOVE.

But we have only the earnest of the Spirit in our hearts, shedding light upon Jesus in us as infallible, irresistible Love, stronger than death itself. Yet, again, we have this treasure in earthen, unloving, unlovable vessels, that in this, as in all else, "the excellency of the power may be of God and not of us." God is Love, and God only; any imitation is spurious. That hard, greedy, cruel selfishness, which men call love, that grasping, demanding thing, oh, how it must hide itself away before the great reality of which it is such a caricature! God is Love, and all real love in any man is God. Christ in us is Love revealed by the earnest of the Spirit in our hearts.

Our inheritance in Christ is physical life and health. When the redemption of the purchased possession shall be a fact, and the redemption of our body (Rom. 8:23), for which we look when Christ shall come, be perfected, then the last enemy, death, shall be "destroyed" (I Cor. 15:26). Meanwhile we have this treasure also in

EARTHEN VESSELS

the Spirit of Him that raised up Jesus from the dead, received as the earnest of our inheritance, does, indeed, now quicken our mortal, dying bodies, by this Spirit that dwelleth in us (Rom. 8:2), just as we trust Him. But we are in ourselves as liable to sickness and death as ever. We have a handful of the real thing, the very eternal life of Jesus, in soul and body, enough for the present need of every hour, and a precious guarantee for all that is to come in the consummation. Many imagine that if they trust their bodies to the Lord for healing, they will be made invulnerable to sickness and even death; we have no such promise, but we have the real "earnest," the real life which death cannot destroy, the real membership of His body, of His flesh, of His bones, the real oneness with Jesus, physically as well as spiritually, which will outlive death; the seeds of resurrection life while still in our mortal bodies.

But have we really the earnest? Have we really and consciously accepted the Holy Ghost to dwell in us as the real "earnest of our inheritance?" "Receive ye the Holy Ghost," "Be filled with the Spirit" (John 20:22; Eph. 5:18), these commands are sufficient warrant for receiving God's precious gift already given, and that not by feeling but by faith, just as we received Jesus at the first. Only by receiving the Holy Ghost, we have a claim upon our inheritance. But how, then, can our inheritance profit us now? Thank God, it is a security on which we can trade, and the resources of our inheritance are developed just in proportion as we are tried. "We are troubled on every side" by the temptations of Satan, by the misunderstanding of friends, by the reverses of business, by the natural weakness of our bodies. What then? As the Holy Spirit, the Earnest of our inheritance reveals Jesus, we are "not distressed." Christ in us is equal to meet it all. "We are perplexed, but He who is to us 'the wisdom of God,' knows what to do, and He dwells in us to direct us. We are 'persecuted, but not forsaken,' by Him who says: 'Lo, I am with you always.' We may be 'cast down,' but not kept down, 'not destroyed.' All these things are but

EXERCISES OF OUR FAITH,

by which we are "bearing about in the body the dying of the Lord Jesus, that the life also of Jesus might be made manifest in our body." It is the loving provision of our God, that "we which live are always delivered unto death for Jesus' sake." Everything may appear to go wrong, all to be at cross purposes, that the supernatural life of Christ in us may be made manifest in our mortal flesh. Christ's patience when we are provoked, shining through us. His love to those who are cold to us. His physical life when ours would fail under a physical strain. And thus we learn to see that all things are for our sakes; our outward man may perish, all the human seems to fail, strength, wisdom, talent, human love fail, yet Christ in us "is renewed day by day." And thus our light affliction which is but for a moment worketh for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory, *while we look not at the things which are seen, "but at the things which are not seen; for the things which are seen are temporal, but the things which are not seen are eternal"* (II Cor. 4:18).

The Prophetic News and Israel's Watchman (London) may be had from the office of this journal, 63 Bible House, New York, price six cents, including postage. Annual subscription seventy cents. The following articles among others are contained in the number for September:

The Coming of the Lord for His Church, and the Judgment of Believers.

The Church and End of the Age. By G. H. Pember, M.A. Twofold Fulfillment of the Prophecies of Christ's Coming to Judgment. By the Rev. Dr. Edgren.

The Two Resurrections. By Charles Graham.

A Telescopic View of the Battle of Armageddon. By Mrs. M. Fielder.

Ezekiel's Forecast of Russia's Aggression. By H. M. Barnett, B.A.

The Wickedness of the Metropolis. A Glorious New Testament Mystery. By C. B. Taylor, Esq. Passing Events Viewed from a Prophetic Standpoint. Bound volumes containing the monthly numbers for 1884 or 1885 may be had, price, \$1.

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AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES.

Published at 63 Bible House, New York City.

This Journal contains every week a Portrait and Biography of some eminent person; a new Sermon by the Rev. C. H. SPURGEON, of London, and the Rev. Dr. TALMAGE'S latest Sunday morning Sermon; also always a Prophetic Article, and a Summary of Current Events, as well as Stories, Anecdotes, etc.

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MR. WILLIAM NOBLE,

THE GOSPEL TEMPERANCE EVANGELIST NOW VISITING AMERICA.

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One winter evening, late in the year 1877, two gentlemen wended their way to the little room in Water Street, New York, in which Jerry McAuley held his first meetings. One was an American, the other an Englishman, and both were enthusiastic and successful temperance workers. "What place are you taking me to?" asked the Englishman. "Come and see," said the American. They entered and heard "the evangelist of the slums" speak in his plain but forcible way to his rough audience. The Englishman listened attentively, and admired the vigor and power of the speaker; but he had heard many temperance lecturers, and was himself an orator of some repute in that sphere. There seemed to him nothing unusual in the address, except that the speaker dwelt with emphasis on the necessity of the drunkard, if he would be safe, becoming a Christian as well as a total abstinence.

THE ENGLISHMAN'S SURPRISE

was to come. He was amazed as he saw, after Jerry sat down, one reformed man after another rise in different parts of the room, and testify that there was nothing that would keep the rescued inebriate true to his pledge like a strong faith in Christ. There were men there telling of their rescue from the very lowest depths of besotted drunkenness; there were thieves, loafers, and tough characters generally; and one and all ascribed their deliverance to the power of Christ. The Englishman listened in astonishment. He came out of the Water Street Mission a changed man. To use his own words, his life was revolutionized. He resolved to devote himself thenceforth to the preaching of Gospel Temperance, of Christ the Saviour from the power of sin, the Deliverer of the captives in one of Satan's strongest bonds. Grandly has he kept his resolution, and during the past seven years thousands have been brought, by the blessing of God on his labors, from sin and misery and crime into the light and liberty of the Gospel. Temperance alone had been an effective agency in his hands, but from that night in Jerry McAuley's room was dated a new departure, in which all that had gone before was dwarfed into comparative insignificance. The Englishman's name was William Noble—a name now famous the world over; his American guide, who, by the way, is also English by birth, but who, like all naturalized Americans, yields to no man in love for America, was the acknowledged king of temperance orators, John B. Gough.

The two men were warm friends then, and their friendship has continued to the present time. It is not difficult to understand why there should be a close bond of amity between such men. Mr. Noble's early experience had been similar in many respects to that of Mr. Gough. Like him, he had sunk to the lowest depths of degradation, through his bondage to the liquor fiend, and, like him, too, he had, after his own deliverance, consecrated his life and talents to the work of rescuing others from the same thralldom.

EARLY LIFE.

William Noble was born in London February 17th, 1842. His first step in life was a bad one: he ran away from school and went to sea. It was about the worst thing such a lad could have done. A merry fellow, full of life and spirit, with a way of making friends no one could resist, ready for any prank that promised fun, he was just the boy to get into trouble. In his first

voyages, and afterward when he entered the royal navy, he was known as a reckless, jovial, careless fellow, the best of good companions, and able to "drink like a fish." He loved the drink with all his heart, and he was rapidly becoming an habitual drunkard.

He was throwing away life and health and all his future when, in 1860, his father purchased his discharge from the navy, and a good friend—Captain Orr, the organizer of the Woolwich Boys' movement—persuaded him to forswear liquor and make a new start in life. For a time the young man did well. He was eighteen in years, but in spirit and energy and self-reliance he was a man. He commenced business in the dry-goods trade, and in a short time was prospering beyond his expectations. He was on the highway to the acquisition of a large fortune when he had a moral relapse. He sank like a stone, and it was not long before he was standing on the London pavement a ruined man, with no thought but how he could beg or borrow a shilling to get drunk with.

One day in 1871 he was roaming through the streets in that wretched condition of mind which in the drunkard's life alternates with the fits of wild hilarity, when a good man laid his hand on his shoulder and asked him whether life was not too good a thing to be flung away as he was doing. Noble turned round and saw a naval acquaintance, Sergeant James Rae. The sergeant easily induced him to go down to Woolwich with him and attend a temperance meeting. He was melancholy, despairing, utterly miserable, and he might as well go there as anywhere. His splendid business, built up by so much effort and energy, was gone, his savings drunk away; he had nothing to do, and there were few men in England that day with a heavier heart than that the young man carried who walked into that Woolwich temperance meeting that day. "Won't you sign the pledge?" asked a gentle woman's sweet persuasive voice. "No," said Noble, adding, sadly, "it's of no use." Poor fellow! he had already signed it several times, and had broken it—in fact, his signature is stated to have appeared three times in one collector's book; but he at last signed, and resolved to ask of God the power to enable him to keep

HIS PLEDGE.

Kind friends flocked round, and it was soon found that the young convert possessed talents of no mean order, and he was urged to take part in the temperance meetings of the day. Unclouded by the effects of drink, the natural powers of his mind shone forth, and it is recorded that even in the preliminary portion of his work as many as sixty thousand, first and last, attended at the Standard Theatre to hear him recite Gough's temperance orations.

He commenced business again in a small way, and his friends encouraged him; but the one thing that was now paramount in his mind was deadly hatred of the enemy that had wrecked his life, and a determination to fight it how and when he could. Unhappily, London is a place where that enemy stalks around everywhere, and there is no section of the city free from its accursed rule. Noble had plenty of opportunities for temperance work, and he let none slip. It was surprising how effective were the speeches of this untutored young man. The miserable drunkards who listened to him saw before them a man who could not only prescribe for them, but could tell them that he had himself been as one of them, and had been saved as he sought to save them, and they believed and were won. It was of course trying to run a business in such circumstances. The demand for Mr. Noble's services was so continuous that business was neglected, and at last, yielding to the persuasion of friends, and convinced by practical evidence that he was able to do valiant service for the cause he loved, he relinquished commercial life, and gave himself up unreservedly to the temperance work.

He was twenty-one years old then, and his fire and energy soon made their mark in the field. Applications for his services came from all

quarters, for what city is there on either side the Atlantic in which innocent victims are not crying to Heaven to send them some mighty deliverer to save their loved ones from the relentless destroyer? Four years successful but exhausting labor followed, and in 1877, worn down and weary in body, but as fresh and vigorous in mind as ever, Mr. Noble determined to seek rest and recuperation by a

VOYAGE TO AMERICA

and a tour through the New World. If Mr. Noble expected to rest here he was disappointed, but it is doubtful whether he could rest anywhere, for a man fully given up to a great mission is never able to enjoy abstinence from work. Besides, his fame had preceded him, and the temperance people here had no mind that he should spend his time unprofitably in America. He landed on July 22d, and two hours afterward was addressing a large audience in the Cooper Institute, New York. He was introduced by "Mother Stewart," who said she had a vivid remembrance of his kindness in presiding over the largest meeting which she had ever addressed in England. Such was the effect produced by his earnest address that evening, that a large number came forward to sign the pledge among whom, strange to say, was a young man who had not long before left England, in consequence of his improvident habits, but who since his reformation has returned, and is now doing well in London.

Invitations to address other meetings poured in upon him during his first month in America, and large audiences gathered to hear his earnest addresses. From New York he went to Lancaster City, Penn., where, after speaking in the Methodist Episcopal Church, Judge Black who was present, said: "I hope that Mr. Noble may soon return to our country for a more extended visit, and labor for temperance with us. May our Father protect him during his voyage home." He afterward addressed large audiences in the Opera House. He visited the prisoners in the county gaol, and one of the new papers in reporting the service that he had there said it was one which would be long remembered. The prisoners appeared to be deeply affected, and in place of the cheers with which a public meeting is greeted when the popular heart is stirred, the sobs of these unhappy men resounded through the building, giving melancholy emphasis to the words spoken.

At Ocean Grove, N. J., on the invitation of the Methodist Episcopal Conference, he addressed an immense audience in the Memorial Tabernacle, numbers being unable to obtain admission. On this occasion he spoke about two hours, and at the close had the gratification of knowing that nearly one hundred persons had signed the pledge. It was during this visit to Ocean Grove that he received a letter from Mr. John B. Gough, giving him a cordial invitation to visit him.

VISIT TO MR. GOUGH.

Mr. Noble's visit to the house of the great temperance orator will not soon fade from his recollection. Mr. Gough received him with delight with which a veteran general welcomes a young and ardent comrade, eager to give his life in the cause to which his own years have been devoted. Mr. Noble has with reason looked back to that brief visit of three or four days spent at Hillside as bright red-letter days in his history. Nor should the fact be omitted, which Mr. John B. Gough gave prominence to his very first oration at Mr. Spurgeon's Tabernacle, that it was chiefly through Mr. Noble's persuasion that he was induced to pay another visit to England.

Leaving Worcester city, he proceeded to Bolton, where he spoke in Dr. Withrow's church to a large and influential audience. Dr. Withrow said that his address on the Christian Aspects of the Temperance question was "fellowship and full of sticking points," and, after thanking him in the name of the people, which a hearty God-speed in his campaign against King Alcohol. He then visited Canada and

Niagara Falls, speaking in Montreal, Toronto, Hamilton, and elsewhere.

So the visit to America was a period of increased activity rather than of rest. But change of scene had done its recuperative work, and Mr. Noble turned his steps homeward. He had promised his friends in New York, however, to make a brief stay before embarking, and his first engagement was for a lecture in *Dr. Talmage's Tabernacle, Brooklyn*. Of the personal kindness of Dr. Talmage he retains the most lively recollections. In introducing the speaker to the audience, Dr. Talmage spoke of him as one of England's hearty workers in the cause of temperance reform. On a subsequent occasion Dr. Talmage presided over a large meeting in Association Hall, under the auspices of the Women's Christian Temperance Union, where the results of Mr. Noble's advocacy were of the most encouraging character.

He also spoke in the First Presbyterian Church, Greenpoint, Brooklyn, at the request of Mr. J. A. Stearns, Secretary of the National Temperance Society; and likewise to two crowded audiences in the South Second Street M. E. Church, and in Dr. Scudder's church, as well as others. One interesting service was held in the Navy Yard, Brooklyn.

A GRAND SEND-OFF.

On November 25th what the New York *Herald* termed "a noble demonstration" and "a brilliant send-off" of William Noble was held in the large hall of the Cooper Institute, New York.

The building was crowded to excess, some twenty-five hundred persons being present, all of whom paid for admission. On this occasion Mr. John B. Gough was the principal speaker. He said he deemed it a great privilege to meet his friend Noble on this probably his last appearance before an American audience. After a characteristic address he presented Mr. Noble with a valuable gold watch, on which was inscribed, "Presented to William Noble by John B. Gough, at Cooper Institute, New York, November 25th, 1877, on behalf of his American friends."

He was also presented with a finely bound copy of the "Poets of America," on behalf of Mother Stewart. Mrs. Emma Gates Conklin presented him with an elegant copy of the "Centennial Temperance Bible" for Mrs. Noble; and with other gifts an American organ, from Messrs. Smith & Co., of Boston, an instrument which he afterward found of great value in conducting his various meetings. On "Thanksgiving Day" his final meeting was held at the rooms of the Young Men's Christian Association, Brooklyn. Rev. Dr. Cuyler presided, and his estimate of the value of the work done by the English advocate of temperance may be gathered from the following letter, written in an album presented to Mr. Noble on this occasion:

"I give you, my dear Noble, the following old version of Psalm 125:

"Who sticketh to God in stable trust,
As Zion's mount he stands full just—
Which moveth no whit, nor yet can reel,
But standeth forever as stiff as steel."

With love to Britain's workers—in 'League and Alliance' for the right, yours teetotally, THEO. S. CUYLER.—Nov. 29th, 1877."

There was a numerous attendance of the leading friends of temperance in Brooklyn and New York, the names of whom are appended in the album. The Rev. Dr. Talmage wrote the following:

Mr. Noble: We have enjoyed your visit, and are sorry it was so brief, but hope you will have a safe return, and that you will come again. Grace, mercy, and peace be with you.—T. DE WITT TALMAGE.—Brooklyn, November 27th, 1877."

It was during this visit to New York that Mr. Gough took Mr. Noble down to Jerry McAuley's mission, as already described. Up to that time Mr. Noble's work had been confined exclusively to temperance. Henceforward he became

AN EVANGELIST,

reckoning his work less than half done when the

rescued man signed the pledge. To all who came to him he had the same message—there is no safety, no sure hope of permanent deliverance out of Christ. His work became distinctively Gospel temperance work, and the two have gone hand in hand in every effort he has since made.

THE WORK AT HOXTON HALL.

Mr. Noble arrived in London on December 12th, 1877, and his first step was to hire the largest theatre in London—the S'andard—on Sunday evenings for Gospel temperance services. The immense building was crowded from the first with workmen, street-peddlers, and the lowest classes. Vast numbers were rescued, and the services were so greatly blessed that a movement was made to acquire a building in which services could be held every night in the week. Provisionally, Mr. Noble received an offer for renting, with option of purchase, a large building long known as the Hoxton Music Hall, which was being used as a variety theatre. It is situated in the midst of a dense population, where such a work as he could do was urgently needed. After some deliberation this hall was taken, and from the day of opening in March 1879 the Blue Ribbon Army, or the Gospel Temperance Band, have made this their headquarters.

A true idea of the nature of the work there may be gathered from the pledge card issued, on which there is the following inscription: "Gospel Temperance Movement."

THE BLUE RIBBON ARMY.

With charity to all and malice to none. I, the undersigned, promise by divine assistance to abstain from all intoxicating liquors as a beverage, and to discountenance their use in others. Lord, help me to keep this pledge for Jesus' sake."

Perhaps a better description can hardly be given than that of Mr. J. B. Gough, who in the course of an oration at Sheffield thus spoke of it: "William Noble is doing a grand work at Hoxton Hall, in the north of London. I went there to one of his meetings, and took with me Dr. William Taylor, of New York. I never shall forget it. There were from one thousand to fifteen hundred, among whom were some low, debased, ragged, wretched creatures; the gallery filled with those who probably came to look on just out of curiosity. Dr. Taylor had asked me where I would take him that night; I said, 'To the Hoxton Music Hall.' 'Oh, dear me!' said he, 'you don't go to such places as that, do you?' 'Oh yes,' I said, 'I shall go to-night.' 'What do they do?' 'They sing.' 'Well,' he said, 'I will go with you; I will trust you.' I said, 'They are going to sing now, when we stood on the platform; and they sang, 'Oh, I am so weary of sin.' My heart went out to them, poor, wretched, sinful creatures, steeped to the very lips in impurity, crying out as they lifted their soiled hands and stained arms, 'I am weary of sin.' Then Mr. Noble said, 'Let us sing our favorite hymn,' and they sang, 'When I survey the wondrous cross.'"

"Dr. Taylor and I sat like a couple of boys. We were deeply affected, and could not help it. Oh, no, we did not want to help it! And when Mr. Noble said, 'Those who will sign the pledge, come forward!' they came. 'Now,' he said, 'before you take the pledge we will have two minutes of silent prayer.' I said to myself, 'This is a risky business with all those roughs up yonder,' but you could have heard a whisper during the whole two minutes. You heard some sighs and some soft aspirations, and that was all. Well, I never had my heart so stirred in my life as I did when I looked upon them and realized the work that was being accomplished by the means of William Noble. The whole country ought to help him and support him in that grand and noble work."

MRS. NOBLE.

It is only just to say that, since Mr. Noble's work began in Hoxton, he has been vigorously sustained in his efforts by Mrs. Noble, to whom he was married on November 7th, 1865, who has done much among the poor of the neighborhood that can only be successfully attempted by a

Christian woman. Although naturally shrinking from publicity, she has not hesitated to take a leading part in meetings held specially for the benefit of those who are attracted to the Hall by the novel services. She has visited them in their homes, and with words of loving sympathy has won them to attend religious services and social meetings. In all weathers she has been instant in season and out of season in supporting her good husband's hands, and the help she has rendered has been of the most valuable character.

A vast amount of correspondence has grown out of the work in which Mr. Noble is engaged, and this she has taken upon herself, heavy though it occasionally may be. The courage she displays in her efforts to help on the work in which her husband is engaged is truly remarkable. She has been seen frequently in some of the lowest neighborhoods of London, visiting the saloons of the district, distributing tracts, and inviting loiterers in the bar to come to the theatre, where they would hear what would do them good. Her work is the more praiseworthy when it is remembered that she is not in strong health.

THE PRESENT VISIT TO AMERICA

which Mr. Noble has undertaken will, we trust, be as successful as his former tour. As we stated in our news columns, Mr. Noble is on his way to Australia and Africa; his stay will therefore necessarily be limited at the most to a few months. But as he crosses our continent we hope that the opportunity of hearing one of the most effective Gospel temperance speakers of our day will not be missed by any of our cities. To those to whom Mr. Noble is unknown he is able to present an introduction from one whom all Christian people respect, and to whom not a few are under obligation for spiritual good—the great preacher of the Metropolitan Tabernacle, Charles H. Spurgeon. Mr. Spurgeon's letter is thus worded:

To Christian Friends in America:

DEAR FRIENDS: It will be most right and useful for you all to receive Mr. Noble and work with him in his Gospel temperance campaign. He has done grand service in England, and is fitted for abounding usefulness anywhere and everywhere. He needs no introduction, for he is his own best commendation through the exceeding usefulness of his life. I hope that his visit to other lands will be fraught with untold blessing to thousands, both as to temperance and the Gospel. I rejoice in all that Mr. Noble has done, and I desire for him every blessing that I could wish for myself.

Your servant, for Christ's sake,

C. H. SPURGEON.

Mr. Noble has an apparently inexhaustible store of anecdotes. His work has been so wide and extensive that he has seen every side of life, and has necessarily witnessed many thrilling and pathetic occurrences. Some of these we hope to publish in an early number of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

Bible Progress was Illustrated last Week

at the regular meeting of the Board of Managers of the American Bible Society, in a way that makes the predictions of America's blasphemous look absurd. At the meeting letters were read from Dr. Elias Riggs, of the European Turkey Mission of the American Board; from the North China Mission, commending Dr. Blodgett's work in rendering the Mandarin Scriptures into Easy Wenli; from Dr. Gulick, forwarding a unique copy of the New Testament in the Ningpo Colloquial; from Dr. Trumbull, of Valparaiso; from Mr. Milne, still detained in Argentina; from Mr. A. B. King, of Liberia; from Rev. J. M. Kyle, of Rio de Janeiro, respecting the proposed new version in Portuguese; from the Methodist Episcopal Mission in Bremen, and Rev. W. H. Gulick, of San Sebastian; and from Rev. W. L. Whipple, of Persia, with an account of the celebration at Oromiah of the formation of the Mission to the Nestorians.

ALL THE WORLD AKIN.

Dr. Talmage's Sermon, Preached Last Sunday Morning, September 20, 1885.

"And hath made of one blood all nations of men."—Acts 17:26.

One Common Stock—Yet there are Differences—In the Temper of Nations—Effect of American Atmospheric Tonic—Difference in Intelligence—Effect of Low Conceptions of the Deity—Impressions of Europe—A Mighty Struggle for Bread—The Sufferings of Ireland—A Typical Case—Human Brotherhood—Widowhood and Orphanage—The Difference the Bible Makes—The Greatest Name in Europe—The Greatest Pictures—A Goody Fleet of Ships—An Optimistic Forecast.

SOME have supposed that God originally made an Asiatic Adam and a European Adam and an African Adam and an American Adam, but that theory is entirely overthrown by my text, which says that all nations are blood relatives, having sprung from one and the same stock. A difference in climate makes much of the

DIFFERENCE IN NATIONAL TEMPER.

An American goes to Europe and stays there a long while, and finds his pulse moderating and his temper becoming more calm. The air on this side the ocean is more tonic than on the other side. An American breathes more oxygen than a European. A European coming to America finds a great change taking place in himself. He walks with more rapid strides, and finds his voice becoming keener and shriller. The Englishman who walks London Strand at the rate of three miles the hour, coming to America and residing for a long while here, walks Broadway at the rate of four miles the hour. Much of the difference between an American and a European, between an Asiatic and an African, is atmospheric. The lack of the warm sunlight pales the Greenlander. The full dash of the sunlight darkens the African.

Then, ignorance or intelligence makes its impression on the physical organism—in the one case ignorance flattening the skull, as with the Egyptian; in the other case intelligence building up the great dome of the forehead, as with the German. Then the style of god that the nation worships decides how much it shall be elevated or debased, so that those nations that worship reptiles are themselves only a superior form of reptile, while those nations that worship the natural sun in the heavens are the noblest style of barbaric people. But whatever be the difference of physiognomy, and whatever the difference of temperament, the physiologist tells us that after careful analysis he finds out that the plasma and the disk in the human blood have the same characteristics; so that if you should put twenty men from twenty nationalities abreast in line of battle, and a bullet should fly through the hearts of the twenty men, the blood flowing forth would, through analysis, prove itself to be the same blood in every instance. In other words, the science of the day confirming the truth of my text that "God hath made of one blood all nations of men."

IMPRESSIONS OF EUROPE.

I have thought, my friends, it might be profitable this morning if I gave you some of the moral and religious impressions which I received when, through your indulgence, I had transatlantic absence. First, I observe that the majority of people in all lands are in a mighty struggle for bread. While in nearly all lands there are only a few cases of actual starvation reported, there is a vast population in every country I visited who have a limited supply of food, or such food as is incompetent to sustain physical vigor. This struggle in some lands is becoming more agonizing, while here and there it is lightened. I have joy in reporting that Ireland, about the sufferings of which we have heard so much, has far better prospects than I have seen there in previous visits. In 1879, coming home from that land, I prophesied the famine that must come upon, and did come upon the deluged fields of that country. This year the crops are large, and both parties—those who

like the English Government and those who don't like it—are expecting relief. I said to one of the intelligent men of Ireland: "Tell me in a few words what are

THE SUFFERINGS OF IRELAND,

and what is the Land Relief enactment." He replied: "I will tell you. Suppose I am a landlord and you a tenant. You rent from me a place for £10 a year. You improve it. You turn it from a bog into a garden. You put a house upon it. After a while I, the landlord, come around and I say to my agent: 'How much rent is this man paying?' He answers, '£10.' 'Is that all?' Put his rent up to £20.' The tenant goes on improving his property, and after a while I come around and I say to my agent: 'How much rent is this man paying?' He says: '£20.' 'Put his rent up to £25.' The tenant protests and says, 'I can't pay it.' Then I, the landlord, say, 'Pay it or get out,' and the tenant is helpless, and, leaving the place, the property in its improved condition turns over to the landlord. Now, to stop that outrage the Relief Enactment comes in and appoints commissioners who shall see that if the tenant is turned out he shall receive the difference of value between the farm as he got it and the farm as he surrenders it. Moreover, the government loans money to the tenant, so that he may buy the property out and out if the landlord will sell." Mighty advancement toward the righting of a great wrong! But there and in all lands, not excepting our own, there is a far-reaching distress. And let those who broke their fast this morning and those who shall dine to-day remember those who are in want, and by prayer and practical beneficence do all they can to alleviate the hunger swoon of nations.

THE BROTHERHOOD OF MAN.

Another impression was—indeed the impression carried with me all the summer—the thought already suggested, the brotherhood of man. The fact is that the differences are so small between nations that they may be said to be all alike. Though I spent the most of the summer in silence, I spoke a few times and to people of different nations, and how soon I noticed that they were very much alike! If a man knows how to play the piano, it does not make any difference whether he finds it in New Orleans or San Francisco or Boston or St. Petersburg or Moscow or Madras; it has so many keys, and he puts his fingers right on them. And the human heart is a divine instrument, with just so many keys in all cases, and you strike some of them and there is joy, and you strike some of them and there is sorrow. Plied by the same motives, lifted up by the same success, depressed by the same griefs. The cabmen of London have the same characteristics as the cabmen of New York, and are just as modest and retiring. The gold and silver drive Piccadilly and the Boulevards just as they drive Wall Street. If there be a great political excitement in Europe, the Bourse in Paris howls just as loudly as ever did the American gold-room.

The same grief that we saw in our country in 1864 you may find now in the military hospitals of England containing the wounded and sick from the Egyptian wars. The same

WIDOWHOOD AND ORPHANAGE

that sat down in despair after the battles of Shiloh and South Mountain poured their grief in the Shannon and the Clyde and the Dee and the Thames. Oh, ye men and women who know how to pray, never get up from your knees until you have implored God in behalf of the fourteen hundred millions of the race just like yourselves, finding life a tremendous struggle! For who knows but that as the sun to-day draws up drops of water from the Caspian and the Black seas and from the Amazon and the Mississippi, after a while to distil the rain, these very drops on the fields—who knows but that the sun of righteousness may draw up the tears of your sympathy, and then rain them down in distillation of comfort o'er all the world?

Who is that poor man carried on a stretcher to the Afghan ambulance? He is your brother.

If in the Pantheon at Paris you smite your hand against the wall among the tombs of the dead you will hear a very strange echo coming from all parts of the Pantheon just as soon as you smite the wall. And I suppose it is so arranged that every stroke of sorrow among the tombs of bereavement ought to have loud, long, and oft repeated echoes of sympathy all around the world. Oh, what a beautiful theory it is—and I am a Christian theory—that Englishman, Scotchman, Irishman, Norwegian, Frenchman, Italian, Russian, are all akin. Of one blood all nations! That is a very beautiful inscription that I saw a few days ago over the door in Edinburgh, the door of the house where John Knox used to live. It is getting somewhat dim now, but there is the inscription, fit for the door of any house hold—"Love God above all, and your neighbor as yourself."

I was also impressed in journeying on the other side the sea with the

DIFFERENCE THE BIBLE MAKES

in countries. The two nations of Europe that are the most moral to-day and that have the least crime are Scotland and Wales. They have by statistics, as you might find, fewer thefts, fewer arson, fewer murders. What is the reason? A bad book can hardly live in Wales. The Bible crowds it out. I was told by one of the first literary men in Wales: "There is no bad book in the Welsh language." He said: "Bad books come down from London, but the cannot live here." It is the Bible that is dominant in Wales. And then in Scotland just open your Bible to give out your text, and there is a rustling all over the house almost startling to an American. What is it? The people opening their Bibles find the text, looking at the context, picking out the referenced passages seeing whether you make right quotation. Scotland and Wales Bible-reading people. That accounts for it. A man, a city, a nation that reads God's Word must be virtuous. The Book is the foe of all wrong-doing. What makes Edinburgh better than Constantinople The Bible.

Oh, I am afraid in America we are allowing the good book to be covered up with other good books! We have our ever-welcome morning evening newspapers, and we have our good books on all subjects—geological subjects, botanical subjects, physiological subjects, theological subjects—good books, beautiful books and so many good books that we have not time to read the Bible. Oh, my friends, it is not matter of very great importance that you have family Bible on the centre-table in your parlor. Better have one pocket New Testament, the passages marked, the leaves turned down, the binding worn smooth with much usage, than fit

PICTORIAL FAMILY BIBLES

too handsome to read! Oh, let us take a whisk broom and brush the dust off our Bibles! Do you want poetry? Go and hear Job describe the war-horse, or David tell how the mountain skipped like lambs. Do you want logic? Go and hear Paul reason until your brain aches under the spell of his mighty intellect. Do you want history? Go and see Moses put into a few pages, stupendous information which Herodotus, Thucydides, and Prescott never reached after. And, above all, if you want to find how a nation struck down by sin can rise to happiness and to heaven, read of that blood which can wash away the pollution of a world. There is one passage in the Bible of vast tonnage—"God so loved the world that He gave his only begotten son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life." Oh, may God fill this country with Bibles and help the people to read them!

I was also impressed in my transatlantic journey with the wonderful power that Christ holds among the nations.

THE GREAT NAME IN EUROPE

to-day is not Victoria, nor Marquis of Salisbury, nor William the Emperor, nor Bismarck, the great name in Europe to-day is Christ. You find the crucifix on the gate-post, you find it in

he hay-field, you find it at the entrance of the sanatorium, you find it by the side of the road.

THE GREATEST PICTURES

In all the galleries of Italy, Germany, France, England, and Scotland are Bible pictures. What are the subjects of Raphael's great paintings? The Transfiguration, "The Miraculous Draught of Fishes," "The Charge to Peter," "The Holy Family," "The Massacre of the Innocents," "Moses at the Burning Bush," "The Nativity," "Michael, the Archangel," and four or five exquisite Madonnas. What are Tintoretto's great pictures? "Fall of Adam," "Cain and Abel," "The Plague of the Serpents," "Paradise," "Agony in the Garden," "The Temptation," "The Adoration of the Magi," "The Communication," "Baptism," "Massacre of the Innocents," "The Light into Egypt," "The Crucifixion," "The Madonna." What are Titian's great pictures? "The Flagellation of Christ," "The Supper at Emmaus," "The Death of Abel," "The Assumption," "The Entombment," "Faith," "The Madonna." What are Michael Angelo's great pictures? "The Annunciation," "The Pirits in Prison," "At the Feet of Christ," "The Infant Christ," "The Crucifixion," "The Last Judgment." What are Paul Veronese's great pictures? "Queen of Sheba," "The Marriage of Isaac and Rebecca," "Who has not heard of Dürer's 'Dragon of the Apocalypse'?" The mightiest picture on this planet is Rubens' "Scourging of Christ." Painter's pencil loves to sketch the face of Christ. Sculptor's chisel loves to present the form of Christ. Organs live to roll forth the sorrows of Christ.

THE PICTURE GALLERIES.

The first time you go to London go into the great picture-gallery. As I went and sat down before "Christ Descending the Steps of the Rectorium" at the first I was disappointed. I said: "There isn't enough majesty in that countenance, not enough tenderness in that eye," but as I sat and looked at the picture it drew upon me until I was overwhelmed with its power, and I staggered with emotion as I went out into the fresh air, and said: "Oh, for that Christ I must live, and for that Christ I must be willing to die!" Make that Christ your personal friend, my sister, my brother. You may never go to Milan to see Da Vinci's "Last Supper," but, better than that, you can have Christ come and sup with you. You may never get to Antwerp to see Rubens' "Descent of Christ from the Cross," but you can have Christ come down on the mountain of His suffering into your heart and abide there forever. Oh, you must have Him! We are all so diseased with sin that we want that which hurts us, and we won't have that which cures us. The best thing for you and for me to do to-day is to get down on our knees before God and say: "Oh, Almighty God of God, I am blind! I want to see; my eyes are palsied. I want to take hold of thy cross; have mercy on me, O Lord Jesus." Why wilt thou live on husks when you may sit down to this white bread of heaven? Oh, with such God and with such a Christ and with such a Holy Spirit and with such an immortal nature, awake up!

Once more, I was impressed greatly on the other side the sea with the wonderful triumphs of the Christian religion. The tide is rising, the tide of moral and

SPIRITUAL PROSPERITY

in the world. I think that any man who keeps his eyes open, travelling in foreign lands, will come to that conclusion. More Bibles than ever before, more churches, more consecrated men and women, more people ready to be martyrs than ever before, if need be; so that instead of there being, as people sometimes say, less spirit of martyrdom now than ever before, I believe where there was once one

martyr there would be a thousand martyrs if the fires were kindled—men ready to go through flood and fire for Christ's sake. Oh, the signs are promising! The world is on the way to millennial brightness. All art, all invention, all literature, all commerce, will be the Lord's.

These ships that you see going up and down New York Harbor are to be brought into the service of God. All those ships I saw at Liverpool, at Southampton, at Glasgow, are to be brought into the service of Christ. What is that passage, "Ships of Tarshish shall bring presents?" That is what it means. Oh, what

A GOODLY FLEET

when the vessels of the sea come into the service of God! No guns frowning through the port-holes, no pikes hung in the gangway, nothing from cutwater to tailrafter to suggest atrocity. Those ships will come from all parts of the seas. Great flocks of ships that never met on the high sea, but in wrath will cry "Ship ahoy!" and drop down beside each other in calmness, the flags of Emmanuel streaming from the topgallants. The old slaver, with decks scrubbed and washed and glistened and burnished—the old slaver will wheel into line; and the Chinese junk and the Venetian gondola, and the miners' and the pirates' corvette, will fall into line, equipped, readorned, beautified, only the small craft of this grand flotilla which shall float out for the truth—a flotilla mightier than the armada of Xerxes moving in the pomp and pride of Persian insolence; mightier than the Carthaginian navy rushing with forty thousand oarsmen upon the Roman galleys, the life of nations dashed out against the gunwales.

Rise, O sea, and shine, O heavens, to greet this squadron of light and victory! On the glistening decks are the feet of them that bring good tidings, and songs of heaven float among the rigging. Crowd on all the canvas. Line-of-battle ship and merchantmen wheel into the way. It is noon. Strike eight bells. From all the squadron the sailors' songs arise. "Surely the isles shall wait for thee, and the ships of Tarshish to bring thy sons from afar, their silver and their gold with them, to the name of the Lord thy God, and the Holy One of Israel."

ANECDOTES RELATED AT THE EVANGELISTIC MEETINGS IN SCOTLAND.

An Advocate Whom the Devil Fears.—Bailie Ross stated at a recent meeting: "I heard of a woman who had given her heart to the Lord. Shortly after her conversion the devil came and tempted her, saying, 'This salvation which you think you have is all nonsense; it is far too easy a way of being saved,' to which the wise woman replied, 'I am not able to argue with you; I will refer you to my Advocate.' The devil deserted her, for he knew that he dare not refer to her Advocate" (Rom. 8:34; 1 Tim. 2:5; 1 John 2:1).

Hiding Among the Rafters.—Mr. E. Payson Hammond related the following incident: "A gentleman seeking for objects of charity found his way into the upper room of a tenement house. It was vacant. He saw a ladder pushed through the ceiling. Thinking that perhaps some poor creature had crept up there, he climbed the ladder, drew himself through the hole, and found himself under the rafters. There was no light but that which came through a bull's-eye in place of a tile. Soon he saw a heap of chips and shavings, and on them a boy about ten years old. 'Boy, what are you doing here?' 'I'm a-hiding.' 'What are you hiding for?' 'Where's your mother?' 'Please, sir, mother's dead.' 'Where is your father?' 'I don't know—out somewhere; but look here.' He turned himself on his face, and through the rags of his jacket and shirt my friend saw that the boy's flesh was bruised and his skin was broken. 'Why, my boy, who beat you like that?' 'Father did, sir.' 'What did he beat you like that for?' 'Father got drunk, sir, and beat me 'cos I wouldn't steal.' 'Did you ever steal?' 'Yes, sir, I was a street-thief

once.' 'And why don't you steal any more?' 'Please, sir, I went to the mission-school, and they told me there of God and of heaven and of Jesus; and they taught me 'Thou shalt not steal,' and they taught me 'Thou shalt not kill,' and I'll never steal again if my Father kills me for it. But please, sir, don't tell him.' 'My boy, you must not stay here; you'll die. Now, you wait patiently here for a little while; I am going away to see a lady. We will get a better place for you than this.' 'Thank you, sir.' As my friend went away he heard the boy, bruised, battered, forlorn, friendless, motherless, as he was, singing

Gentle Jesus, meek and mild,
Look upon a little child;
Pity my simplicity,
Suffer me to come to Thee.
Fain I would to Thee be brought,
Gracious Lord, forbid it not.
In the kingdom of Thy grace,
Give a little child a place."

The gentleman went away, came back again in two hours, and climbed the ladder. There were the chips, and there were the shavings, and there was the boy, with one hand by his side and the other tucked in his bosom underneath the little ragged shirt—dead."

Jamie, Who Became Captain of the "Great Eastern."—This incident was related by Mr. Hammond: "In a very small village there lived a little Scotch boy named Jamie. His mother loved him, and he loved his mother. The little boy wanted to be a sailor. His mother did not like the idea of losing her little Jamie, but he had read so much about sailors and about foreign lands he said: 'Oh, mother, I do want to be a sailor!' And his mother at last said, 'Jamie, you shall go.' She gave him her blessing, and added: 'Jamie, wherever you are, whether at sea or on land, never forget to acknowledge your God; and give me a promise that you will kneel down every night on ship-board and say your prayers and trust in God.' Little Jamie looked up to his mother, the tears trickling down his cheeks, and said: 'Mother, I promise you I will.' The boy went on board a ship bound for India. The first night, when the sailors had gone to their berths, seeing little Jamie kneel down to say his prayers, a sailor went up to him, and giving him a box on the ear, said: 'None of that here, sir!' Now, among the crew there was another sailor, a swearing man, who said to the man that had struck the boy, 'Come on deck and I will give you a thrashing,' and they went on deck. Now, I am not approving of the fight, but these men did fight, and the swearing sailor beat the one who had boxed the little fellow. Then they came back again into the cabin, and the swearing man said: 'Now, Jamie, say your prayers, and if he dares to touch you I will dress him!' Well, the next night Jamie said to himself, 'I don't like to make any disturbance on board ship; I will say my prayers in my berth; I won't kneel down before the sailors; I will get into my hammock and say my prayers to myself. Mark the effect of this on the swearing sailor. The moment he saw little Jamie get into his hammock without saying his prayers, he went up and took him by the neck and dragged him out of the hammock, and said: 'Kneel down at once, sir. Do you think I am going to fight for you, and you not say your prayers, you young rascal?' During the whole voyage back to London little Jamie had in that reckless, thoughtless sailor, a man who looked after him like a father, and every night saw that he knelt down and said his prayers. Now let me tell you a part of little Jamie's history. Some years ago the largest steamboat ever seen was built—the Great Eastern. Who do you think was the captain of that great ship? They wanted the cleverest captain they could find in England, and they selected little Jamie. When the great ship came back, after fulfilling her mission, the captain knelt before Queen Victoria, who said: 'Rise, Sir James Anderson; and Sir James Anderson was none other than the little boy I have told you of.'

THE SECOND COMING OF CHRIST AS RELATED TO ISRAEL.

By Rev. S. H. Kellogg, D.D.

(From an Address delivered at the Niagara Conference.)

Israel as a Sign—Prophecies Already Fulfilled—The Point of Difference—A Chronological Connection—Predicted by Zechariah—The Same Teaching in the New Testament.

I HAVE been requested to read a paper on this occasion upon the Second Coming as related to Israel. By way of introduction, I may say that Israel, the seed of Abraham according to the flesh, is a *sign* of the Second Advent. By this it is meant that the history of Israel from the beginning until now, their condition as they live among us to-day, is such as to be a pledge and prophecy that the Lord Jesus Christ, the rejected Messiah of Israel, will verily come again in the very same literal manner as He came the first time in the flesh; in the same literal manner as in the flesh He left the earth, and ascended from Mt. Olivet to the right hand of God. And the argument lies in this way.

FULFILLED PROPHECIES.

We open the Bible, and we find that everything that has befallen Israel from the beginning until now has been predicted long before it happened, and everything that has been predicted concerning them while in their state of apostasy from God has so far been fulfilled. If they sinned, they were to be scattered among all nations. So they were. They were to suffer cruelly in their exile; so they have suffered; and so they are still suffering to-day.

The point might be illustrated indefinitely, but this must suffice. Every prediction with regard to Israel from the beginning to the present time has so far been fulfilled literally. This is the premise of our argument. The conclusion is this: The predictions concerning Israel's Messiah and their relation to Him must also be fulfilled, and fulfilled in the same way.

As regards the predictions of the Messiah's First Coming, every Christian knows and admits that the law has held good. Not a prediction can be named, admitted by the universal consent of the Church to refer to that First Coming, but has been fulfilled literally. Messiah was to be born of a virgin. It seemed impossible; yet so it came to pass. He was to die, and yet to live forever; in appearance, again, impossible. Yet both have come true, for He died and rose again to everlasting life in resurrection. His hands and feet were to be pierced; so they were. They were to part His raiment among them, and for His vesture to cast lots; so they did. They were to smite the Judge of Israel upon the cheek; so they did. But there is no need of multiplying illustrations of facts so familiar. Like all the predictions touching Israel, so all the predictions concerning Israel's Messiah, so far as these relate to His First Coming, have been fulfilled literally.

But now turning to the prophets again, we find much about yet another coming of Israel's King—prophecies which have never been fulfilled, and which stand in closest relation to a predicted restoration of Israel in the latter days. He who came to suffer is to come to reign. So is the letter of the Word.

Many tell us, however, that the restoration of Israel shall take place long centuries before the coming of the Lord; will, in fact, introduce the expected "Millennium," which age of universal righteousness must then run its long course before the Lord Jesus can rightly be expected. As opposed to this, we maintain that the Word of God, whenever it speaks of the two events, the restoration of Israel and the second appearing of the Lord Jesus, the Messiah, always represents them as in close chronological connection. If not simultaneous, one is the immediate signal for the other. This we believe to be taught in the following Scriptures: Isa. 26: 19 compared with Rev. 20; Isa. 25: 8 compared with 1 Cor. 15: 54; Isa. 59: 20, 21 compared with Rom. 10; Dan. 12: 1 compared with Rom. 11: 26; Dan. 12: 3 compared with Matt. 13: 36-43; Zech.

12: 10 compared with Rev. 1: 7 and Matt. 24: 30.

PREDICTED BY ZECHARIAH.

If we examine the latter part of the prophecy of Zechariah we shall find yet more explicit reference to the glorious personal advent of the Lord, in connection with that last terrible tribulation which shall usher in the final repentance and restoration of Israel of which he writes.

STILL UNFULFILLED.

As to the meaning of this phraseology, be it observed first, that it is utterly impossible to refer this standing of the Lord "upon the Mount of Olives" to anything in the First Advent of our Lord. At no time during the life of our Lord on earth was there any such gathering of the nations against Jerusalem as is here described. Nor could it refer to a providential coming of the Lord when Jerusalem was destroyed, for such a supposition is wholly inconsistent with the context.

Of the siege against Jerusalem which is predicted here, it is said (14: 2) that "half the city shall go forth into captivity, and the residue of the people shall not be cut off from the city." This is no description of the massacre and captivity which attended the destruction of Jerusalem under Titus. Neither was the issue of that tribulation such as that which is here foretold as the issue of this. For it is here said that that great conflict shall end in the final and everlasting repopulation of the land. No providential coming of the Lord that history has ever seen can be intended here. The prophecy can be fitted to no past historical event except by the most extreme violence to its plainest statements. Neither can the language be applied, according to the usage of Scripture symbolism, to a coming of the Lord by His Spirit. Where in the Scripture symbolism is there anything which would warrant one in saying that the standing of the feet of the Lord "upon the Mount of Olives" denoted a revival of religion?

The words must then refer to the future. They naturally and most obviously describe the personal presence of the Lord of Israel at the time and the precise spot mentioned in the parable—the very place, it may be observed, whence Christ ascended. They must refer to the future, second appearing of Jesus.

REITERATED BY CHRIST.

Again: in Luke 21: 24 *et seq.* the Lord predicts the destruction of Jerusalem and the accompanying calamities. He said that Jerusalem should be trodden down of the Gentiles until the times of the Gentiles should be fulfilled. Surely no man can say that this is the spiritual Jerusalem, the New Testament Church—the ready resource of interpreters in so many other places. For the prophecy has in large part passed into fulfillment, and has been fulfilled in the literal Jerusalem, in the land of Palestine. That city is trodden down of the Gentiles now, and has been ever since 70 A.D. But the words naturally imply that a time is coming when this state of things shall cease. Israel's restoration is clearly assumed.

But is there anything here about the Second Advent? Let us look at Matthew's account of the same discourse (Matt. 24: 30). He tells us that our Lord said explicitly, "And then shall appear the sign of the Son of Man in heaven; and then"—observe that he quotes the words used by Zechariah of the repentance of Israel—"then shall all the tribes of the earth (or of the land) mourn, and they shall see the Son of Man coming in the clouds of heaven with power and great glory." Is not this a re-affirmation of that which we have already seen to be the teaching of the Old Testament Scriptures? and that by the authority of our Lord Himself? Surely He places together the restoration of Israel and His Second Coming.

Nor is this the only passage where we may perceive a reference to the same truth. For it is written that just before His death, when taking solemn leave of the apostate nation, He closed an awful series of woes in these words: "Ye shall not see me henceforth till ye shall

say, Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord."

We conclude, then, that there is abundant evidence that the Scriptures of the Old and the New Testament agree in representing the future restoration and conversion of Israel as accompanied by or taking place in closest connection with the glorious return of the Lord Jesus to judge and reign. And according to this inspired teaching with how much reason could Paul say concerning Israel (Rom. 11: 15): "If the casting away of them be the reconciling of the world, what shall the receiving of them be but life from the dead?" To all which our hearts respond, Amen. Even so, come, Lord Jesus!

RECEPTION OF DR. TALMAGE.

ON Tuesday, September 15th, a formal welcome was tendered in the Brooklyn Tabernacle to Dr. Talmage, who, as announced last week, arrived on Monday, September 14th, in New York, from a two months' tour in Europe. The Rev. Henry Ward Beecher presided.

Never in the history of the Brooklyn Tabernacle had there been such an immense audience. From seven o'clock, the hour at which the doors were opened, a steady stream of humanity poured into the church, filled the galleries and the main floor, crowded around the organ and choir, filled the many aisles and the wide, semicircular corridor, and stretched far out into the street. It was not a gathering representative of any particular sect or church, but it was an assemblage of the Christian people of Brooklyn. That it was from the Christian people of the city rather than from Dr. Talmage's congregation was demonstrated by the presence of the clergymen of different denominations who were there to welcome the great divine.

The platform in the church was profusely decorated with flowers for the occasion. A large floral arch over six feet high composed of white and red roses, astreax, smilax, camellias, acacia roses, carnations, and chrysanthemum roses was stationed in the centre of the platform beside the presiding officer's chair. On the arch were inscribed in red roses the words, "Welcome Home." On either side of the platform were immense stands of gladioli palms, ferns, and other plants. Immediately above the organ was a large floral urn surmounted by red and white roses.

At fifteen minutes to eight o'clock the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher entered the church. His appearance was the signal for loud applause, which was continued until he blushingly hid himself in the pastor's room adjoining the platform.

At eight o'clock the sound of cheering was heard through the open door of the Tabernacle. Every head was turned downward to catch a glimpse of Rev. Dr. Talmage as he entered the church. The dense crowd gave way on either side, and a storm of applause greeted him. The solemnity usually observed in a church was for a moment forgotten. The sound of the organ from which welled forth the strains of the well known "Hail to the Chief" mingled with the applause, and the welcome was happy and most spontaneous. Dr. Talmage himself appeared to feel it as he walked down the aisle. Mr. Beecher rose to meet him, and the two ministers shook hands heartily amid the plaudits of the assembled thousands. The organ played "Home Again," and when the audience had sung "Praise God from whom all blessings flow" every one thought the welcome most complete.

The scene on the street during the first part of the welcoming exercises was a remarkable one. The church was crowded in every part before eight o'clock, but long after that hour people kept coming toward the Tabernacle. When they found that entrance was impossible they stood before the door. Soon the crowd increased to great dimensions, and extended nearly the length of the block.

Mr. Beecher, in the course of his address, said: "Things are often done quietly, with a

good faith behind them, that would hardly bear close scrutiny or exposure. I was notified by several despatches and letters to be present here this evening, and was further informed that I was to preside upon this very joyous and happy occasion. The first message said that I would not be called upon to make a speech. That was pleasant news, as I did not want to make a speech. The second, which was a telegraphic message, also said that I would not be importuned to speak. This was also gratifying to me, but it occurred to me that perhaps the Board of Trustees had met in secret session, and had unanimously decided that it would be best for all concerned if I did not speak, and they took this somewhat covert and novel, but none the less forcible, manner of expressing their decision. [Laughter.] However, I am in a very amiable mood this evening. When the gentleman who has had charge of this meeting up to this time was leading me down the aisle awhile ago, he kindly remarked to me, by way of commiseration, I presume, "Dr. Talmage will take the tall chair; you take the one by the flowers." [Laughter.] It certainly is very proper that he should have the high chair, and I am contented at any time if I can sit where there are flowers.

"Brooklyn is a good place for ministers, both because they get all the chastisement they need and all the encouragement and affection from their flocks necessary to sustain them. My good friend Dr. Talmage has totally escaped the former. [Laughter.] He is never criticised; never. [Laughter.] It is wonderful what an affection the newspapers of the country have for him, and we, who toil in humble places, wonder what art he uses to make such a great record in the service as he has made, and yet escape criticism. [Laughter.] Yes, Brooklyn is a good place for ministers. I have tried it for fifty years, and if I had it all to do over again I believe I should come to the same city. Brother Talmage has served a long time in this city, and he has found this true, in practical experience, no doubt, as I have. Year by year he has gained, and he was never so strong as he is now, and never was he so widely read, in his printed sermons, as he is to-day. They are printed in nearly all the languages on the face of the earth, and who is so inconsiderate as not to have been moved in pity at the jealous criticisms that have been heaped upon one who has lived so good and useful a life? I join you heartily in the meeting which your trustees have called together to-night, and extend to Dr. Talmage the right hand of Christian fellowship, and cordially greet him, on his happy return to his beloved people."

Musical selections followed Mr. Beecher's speech, and then Mr. Theophilus Olena, acting Mayor of Brooklyn, welcomed Dr. Talmage on behalf of the city. He was followed by Rev. Charles Hall, D.D., who delivered a cordial address.

MR. BEECHER. Now there will be a welcome to their beloved pastor by the children of the infant class. "Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings He hath ordained praise." We will listen to a word by Miss Nellie Waller.

Mr. Nichols here conducted to the platform a bright-eyed, fair-haired little girl, who bore a large basket of exquisite flowers. Stepping up to Dr. Talmage, she made a neat little presentation speech, in which she expressed the pleasure of the Sunday-school that the pastor was back again among his people.

After an address by the Rev. E. P. Ingersoll, Dr. Talmage rose to respond to the various expressions of welcome and good-will.

DR. TALMAGE'S ADDRESS.

MR. BEECHER AND FELLOW-CITIZENS: In this form of salutation I greet you, because this is not a church meeting, it is not even a religious meeting, but an expression of generous kindness on the part of a great community toward one of its own citizens—a meeting presided over by one who, when I first came to Brooklyn, went out of his way in his own pulpit to utter generous words at my coming, and who, when our first

church was consumed, within a half-hour had his messenger on the ground offering for our occupancy Plymouth Church, with everything from grand auditorium to lecture-room, not excepting the baptistry [laughter and applause], and who at that time said to a lady of this church, who had in her hand a subscription book: "Now go for Mr. Claflin," advice which brought very large response. Beside that, I bethink myself that we are to-night in a building toward the construction of which every Protestant and Catholic church and Jewish synagogue in Brooklyn grandly contributed [applause], men with a creed and men without a creed; and while in this place we believe some things very vigorously, if we should ever so far forget ourselves as to infract any of the great laws of Christian brotherhood, these walls and pillars would cry out: "Silence, you stupid bigot!" I thank God that I live in this city, and that I live now and amid people whose representatives are to-night on and around this platform. [Applause.] Through the conspiracy of your friendship and love you have made this hour the supreme hour of my life. There comes in every man's Christian work a time that may be called the supreme hour. Your supreme hour, Mr. Chairman, was two years ago, when in the Academy of Music you had an ovation which would have upset any man's head had it not been firmly planted between his shoulders. [Laughter.] From what I have heard you say in public I think you are under a delusion as to what o'clock it is in the day of your life, for instead of being five o'clock in the afternoon, it is only half past one or a quarter to two at the latest. [Applause.] In Norway at a certain season no sooner does one day close than another day begins, and I hope that about twenty or thirty years from now in your life the two twilights may melt into one, the twilight of earth's evening and the twilight of the heavenly morn.

What kind of a time did I have this summer? Splendid! The Atlantic for the most part was opaline, or a sea of glass mingled with fire, but for twenty-four hours going and forty-eight hours coming the Atlantic got its back up, and some of us sat with elongated visage, looking out upon a great sea of ipecac; and what made the matter worse, some of our friends who are here to-night walked around on the deck provokingly well. But I did not get as far below par as those people who say that they are so sick they would like to be thrown overboard.

What did I see? Saw everything. I saw the Queen. Instead of being the grum and unattractive person that her pictures sometimes represent her to be, she had a countenance beaming with kindness, and was no more assuming than if she had but one dress in all the world, and that a cheap calico. I saw the Prince of Wales and the beautiful Princess, who, it is said, when she walks through the hospitals casts from her smile a blessing upon every cot, and wounded soldiers get up on their elbow and with their last breath say, "God bless her!" I saw William E. Gladstone, and saw him in his best mood—his domestic mood—at the christening of his grandchild. We saw a great many people of all ages and of all conditions. We saw the great foreheaded German under the shadow of the Berlin Palace, and we saw the Frenchmen tumultuous in their joy at the unveiling of a statue on their great *fête* day. We heard the crackling of Irish wit at the table of Sir Thomas McClure and Sir David Taylor, and we mingled with Scotchmen who are eminent for learning and goodness, among them Professor Simpson, who entertained us at his home, and from whom three weeks ago to-day we parted on Princess Street, Edinburgh, and who is on the platform to-night taking a trip across the ferry, going home next Thursday. May God continue his voice and pen in the exposition of science and religion.

We found everywhere that the best password in Europe is the word America. [Applause.] That opens all the doors and that wins all the

suavities. The fact is, they have their kindred on this side the sea. Brothers and sisters on that side, brothers and sisters on this side. They have forgotten all the unpleasantness we had in 1776, and I have no doubt they will forgive us the fact that yesterday in the boat race the Puritan came in sixteen minutes before the Genesta.

Fellow-citizens of all callings and professions and trades, men of the law, men of the healing art, men of the editorial chair, men of merchandise, men of mechanism, and all the wives and mothers and sisters and daughters of the dear homes of Brooklyn, you cannot understand how deep an impression you have made upon me by the flowers and the music and the speeches and the genial appearance of your own countenances. You have put me under everlasting obligation, and have mortgaged me for industrious Christian service all my life long. Shoulder to shoulder let us stand in the great work of trying to make the world better, and then may we rest not very far apart in the adjoining gardens of the dead, and may God grant us all to rise in the resurrection of the just, when the heavens are no more.

Mr. Beecher next introduced Professor Simpson, of Scotland, who came over with Dr. Talmage, and who entertained the Tabernacle pastor on the other side. He spoke as follows:

PROFESSOR SIMPSON'S ADDRESS.

Your chairman asked me if I could talk English. I said in my boyhood I used to talk Scotch only, but I dare say to-night we will understand each other. Up to this particular moment I thought I was the most fortunate man in creation because such a sight as this I don't know as it has ever been seen in America before; it has not been seen, I believe, on my side of the Atlantic. We have no place in Edinburgh where it was possible for the people who wanted to hear Dr. Talmage to get near him. I ventured myself that Sabbath afternoon, having with me some of my own family and a daughter of the Lord Mayor of London, all very eager to hear your great pastor; but I could not get within a street's length of the place where the crowds were gathered around the doors. We counted ourselves extremely fortunate that he was good enough to come and take dinner with us in our county house in Midlothian. At that dinner-table there was a little maid from the far-off highlands of Sutherlandshire who asked: "Is the Dr. Talmage who is to be at dinner to-day the great Dr. Talmage whose sermons we all read?" When she was told "Yes," she clapped her hands and said, "I will write to my mother that I had the honor of waiting on Dr. Talmage." From the highest to the lowest we hold his name in reverence and in love.

Mr. Beecher announced that after the benediction Mr. Talmage would take his position on the left of the platform, and would there receive those who desired to shake hands with him. A large number of people pressed about Dr. Talmage for a personal greeting, while the vast audience slowly melted away to the notes of an organ finale.

DRAWN HOME BY YOUNG MEN.

When Dr. Talmage emerged from the Tabernacle on his way home he found that his friends among the young men of the congregation had one remaining mark of respect and esteem to show him. An open barouche stood in front of the right-hand entrance, and into it he got with Professor and Mrs. Simpson and a number of floral trophies. A thousand of those who had attended the reception pressed around to say something pleasant. When the doctor was seated every man present cheered till the sounds shook echoes from all the neighboring streets.

Trustee Stratton mounted the box as coachman, and the whole team of fifty young men scampered away at a very creditable trot. Away they went, down Lafayette Avenue to South Oxford Street, and down South Oxford Street to Dr. Talmage's house, near DeKalb Avenue. There they gave three cheers for Dr. Talmage and three cheers for Mrs. Talmage.

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CURRENT EVENTS.

The Unpopularity of the Silver Dollar, which
has increased since the withdrawal of the one-
and two-dollar notes, is, it is stated, an inciden-
tal, not the primary, object Mr. Manning had in
view in issuing the order. The reduction of the
gold reserve in the Treasury held against the
notes rendered it necessary to reduce the num-
ber of notes in circulation. He also desired, if
possible, to force the silver dollars out of the
Treasury, which is heavily taxed to accommo-
date them all, and he wants to keep them out.
The plan he has adopted is producing the effect
desired; and although he was aware that it would
also have the effect of rendering the coins still
more unpopular than they were before, he repu-
diates the allegation that he was working for
that object. Mr. A. J. Warner has gone to
Washington to consult with the Secretary about
his "compromise," and it may be hoped that
some solution will be found at the conference.
The continued coinage of two millions a month
is becoming a very serious danger to the national
finances.

The Removal from Office of George B. Bacon,
the chief weigher of the Brooklyn District, by
the Collector of the New York Custom House,
and the appointment of George H. Sterling in
his place, is an event which promises to have an
influence on the political future far outweighing
the importance of the office. Since the Presi-
dential election no appointment has been made
which has produced such a sensation. Mr. Bacon,
it appears, has been a most efficient officer.
The district covers the whole water front of
Brooklyn, and the chief weigher controls some
three hundred appointments. Mr. Bacon has
conducted the affairs of his office so honestly
and impartially that importers have for a long
time been in the habit of accepting his weights
and selling their goods by them, a very unusual
evidence of confidence. Nor has he been "an
offensive partizan," for no employé was asked to
what political party he belonged, nor did any of
them know how their chief voted. His suc-
cessor is said to be the proprietor of a gin-mill
in Brooklyn, though he appears in the directory
as a real-estate agent. There has been no viola-
tion of the law in the removal and appointment,
as the office is not covered by the civil service
act; but the spirit of the law has been violated,

that consideration may not weigh with the
Democrats at the Custom House, but another
consideration may be worth their attention—
the men whose votes carried the State of New
York last November cannot be counted upon at
future elections if such appointments continue
to be made. Their feeling with regard to this
change is one of unmitigated disgust.

The Frauds Discovered in Indiana appear
to be more serious than was at first supposed.
The Township Trustees were authorized and re-
quired to "provide suitable houses, furniture,
apparatus, and other articles and other educa-
tional appliances necessary for the thorough
organization and efficient management of the
schools." Apparently they were ready to deal
with an agent from Chicago, when he came to
them. In some cases taking blackboards, but in
most cases nothing, they issued township obli-
gations for large sums over their signatures.
The agent is said to have negotiated the orders,
dividing the proceeds with them. It appears
that the sufferers will be the holders of the
bogus orders, as a Township Trustee can only
bind the township for indebtedness created for
articles purchased and actually secured by the
corporation. In most of these cases there was
not even a pretence of delivering any goods to
the township. Some of the trustees have
already joined the Canadian colony, and a bank
at North Vernon and another at Harrison have
been compelled to close their doors through the
swindle. It is feared that the frauds will aggre-
gate at least a million dollars.

A Collision Between Two Ocean Steamships
on Saturday near the bar of New York Harbor
caused much excitement in the city. The Re-
public, of the White Star Line, which was char-
tered by the Inman Company, left her dock at a
quarter of two on Saturday afternoon on her
voyage to Queenstown. While she was still in
the bay, proceeding slowly outward, the Auran-
ia, of the Cunard Line, was seen following her rap-
idly and making for the same passage over the
bar that the pilot of the Republic intended to
use. The Republic whistled to notify the Auran-
ia of her claim to right of way. The Auran-
ia, however, trusting to her superior speed, shot
right across the Republic's bows, and it seemed
for a minute as if the Republic would cut into
the Cunarder's side and sink her. The pilot of
the Republic, however, tried to avoid a collision
by reversing engines and setting the helm so as
to carry her bows away from the Auran-
ia. That action saved the Cunarder from a crash that
would have cut in her side; but the Republic
suffered. In passing, the Auran-
ia struck her, cutting a large gash in her bows four feet wide
at the top and one foot wide at the bottom,
which was about two feet from the water's edge.
The Republic rolled heavily twice, and then
righted. A sail was thrown over the gash in the
bows to keep the water out, and she returned to
her dock for repairs, while the Auran-
ia, with a heavy dent on her side, proceeded on her voyage.
This account, of course, is that of the Re-
public, and it may be contradicted by the report
of the Auran-
ia; but it seems clear, in any case,
that both ships were racing for the narrow chan-
nel over the bar, a practice which captains enjoy,
but which does not conduce to the safety of the
passengers.

A Revolution in Eastern Roumelia Broke
out on Friday last. This is another step in the
"drying-up" of the Euphrates predicted in the
Bible. Eastern Roumelia was left much to its
dissatisfaction under Turkish rule, when the
Berlin Conference rearranged the affairs of the
Sultan's dominions. It was given an autonomic
government, though forming an integral part of
the Turkish Empire. The Governor-General
was appointed by the Porte, subject to the ap-
proval of the treaty powers. On September
19th the whole population, almost to a man,
rose in rebellion, seized the Governor-General,
deposed the government, and proclaimed a union
with Bulgaria. A provisional government was
established. The revolt was so well planned
that no disorders or bloodshed occurred, every-

body being in sympathy with the movement ex-
cept the government officials. Immediately
after the organization of the provisional govern-
ment the militia was sworn in, taking the oath
of allegiance to Prince Alexander of Bulgaria.
The insurgents, acting under the order of the
provisional government, have occupied all the
strategic points on the Turkish frontier, blown
up all the bridges which would likely be used
by a force advancing from Turkey to the relief
of the deposed government, and destroyed the
telegraph wires leading into Turkey.

A Panic Has Set in Among English Officials
in Dublin. When the Conservative administra-
tion came into power a few weeks ago its advent
was hailed effusively by Mr. Parnell, and it was
believed that a treaty of peace had been ar-
ranged between the government and the Irish
malcontents. Police activity was relaxed, and
the Lord Lieutenant somewhat ostentatiously
went about Dublin unattended. Last week the
aspect of affairs changed. Distrust prevailed
among the authorities of Dublin Castle. The
officials who were specially protected last year
by the detectives and the police, and who dis-
pensed with their escorts when Lord Spencer
was replaced, are now under strict protection
again in consequence of information, supplied
to the authorities by informers, that two nation-
alist emissaries are at present in Dublin. Their
arrival was known to the detectives, who so
closely watched them that they were scarcely
able to move. The recent declaration of Mr.
Parnell shows that there can be quietness and
security only by the concession of local self-gov-
ernment to Ireland, and that concession neither
the Conservatives nor the Liberals are prepared
to grant. It may be hoped that the agitation
will be limited to the Parliamentary struggles,
and will not again degenerate into terrorism.

Mr. Gladstone's Manifesto, Issued Last Week,
gives the Liberal key-note to the approaching
campaign. It is in the form of an address to his
constituents in Scotland. Practically Mr. Glad-
stone admits the wide divergence existing be-
tween the two sections of the Liberal party,
which are led respectively by Mr. Chamberlain
and the Marquis of Hartington; but expresses
the conviction that the whole party can unite
in enfranchising the soil, establishing local gov-
ernment, equalizing the taxation on land and
personality, and in suppressing by the strictest
rules, or, if necessary, by severe laws, the prac-
tice of obstruction in Parliament. There ap-
pears to be a marked falling off from the ringing
utterances with which the great Liberal leader
was wont to inspire his followers at the opening
of the campaign. One Liberal journal disre-
spectfully likens the manifesto to "the tinkling
of a sheep's bell in a fog," when a trumpet blast
had been expected.

The Prosecution of Mr. Stead, the editor of
the *Pall Mall Gazette*, was resumed on Mon-
day, September 14th, but nothing material was
elicited. The case was then adjourned until
Saturday next, when it is expected that the
prosecution will rest its case. The English
newspapers containing the report of the first
day's proceedings are now received. They
show conclusively that the motive of the prosecution
is malicious. The offence charged against
Mr. Stead and his co-defendants is nothing more
than that of taking the child Eliza Armstrong
away from the custody of her parents, of chloro-
forming her, and of subjecting her to physical
examination. It is not pretended by the prose-
cutors that the girl was injured or ill-treated in
any way, or that she did not return to her home
as pure as she left it. Whatever was done to
her was done, it is conceded, without evil in-
tent, and solely for the purpose of showing how
easily the ruin of young girls in London might
be accomplished, and often is accomplished.
One able editor says that Mr. Stead may possi-
bly be convicted of a technical crime, but his
conviction will involve no disgrace, and will
only react upon those who are laboring for it.
The ablest counsel are engaged on both sides,
and the result will be looked for with interest.

The Rev. M. Baxter and Mrs. Baxter Arrived safely from Europe on Saturday last by the steamship City of Chester. Mrs. Baxter preached on Sunday at the Twenty-third Street Tabernacle, of which Rev. A. B. Simpson is pastor. She has promised to take part in the Convention on Faith Healing and Holiness to be held in that church during the week commencing October 5th, of which notice was given in our issues of August 20th and 27th. On October 19th it is expected that a similar convention will be held at Philadelphia, in which she hopes to participate. Inquiries respecting it may be addressed to Dr. Clift, at the Kemuel Faith Home, Philadelphia. Friends in other cities are taking advantage of her visit to arrange for similar conventions, and of these due notice will be given. Mr. Baxter proposes to give lectures on the Coming Great Events of Prophecy and the Signs of the Times and the Speedy Advent of Christ in various cities. Any invitations to him to deliver one or more lectures in any place can be addressed to him at the office of this paper. We understand that Mr. Baxter does not accept remuneration for his lectures, nor charge his travelling expenses.

Successful Revival Services in Washington Territory have been conducted by the Rev. A. P. Graves. At Spokane Falls the work was marked in the consecration of believers and conversions. Some prominent young men were brought out of darkness into light. At Colfax, after two weeks' meetings, more than a hundred were added to the different churches. Besides others, nineteen young men united with the Baptist Church. At Dayton he found strong infidel elements. Months ago it had been proclaimed that a successful revival could never again be conducted in that town. Scores were saved and added to the Church. At Walla Walla, with churches very sadly backslidden, he began work, and soon was permitted to see rich displays of God's grace—many believing, and large numbers being added to the Church. He is now beginning a campaign of revival services among the towns and cities that line the shores of Puget Sound, and asks the prayers of all Christians for God's blessing upon the people.

The Moral Record of the State of South Carolina is thus summarized by a contemporary: "South Carolina prohibits divorce absolutely. It prohibits the sale of liquor in the rural districts, allows it in incorporated towns with the privilege of local option, of which about half the towns avail themselves. It forbids the running of all freight trains and of all passenger trains except such as carry the United States mail on Sunday. It classes duelling with murder, and disfranchises the lottery-ticket dealer."

The Rev. Frank White, one of Mr. Spurgeon's students, and pastor of a large congregation for many years, is visiting America for a few weeks to give his well-known lectures on the Parables, the Tabernacle, and the natural history of the Bible, illustrated with beautiful dissolving views. Any communications will reach him if addressed to the care of Rev. George F. Pentecost, D.D., Tompkins Avenue and McDonough Street, Brooklyn, N. Y. These lectures have attracted immense audiences in various parts of Great Britain. They have been found a valuable means of disseminating Scripture knowledge. Mr. White is a very able and powerful speaker.

A Romantic Family Reunion Took Place at Washington, N. J., a few days ago. Thirteen years ago a young married couple lost their eldest son, a child six years old. Search was made for him in every direction in which it was thought possible that he might have strayed, but without success. Nothing was heard of him until recently, when the postmaster at Paterson, N. J., received a letter from a young man at Vera Cruz, Penn., who said that he had reason to believe that his parents, whose names he did not know, resided at Paterson or the vicinity. Publicity was given to the letter, and the parents, who were residing at Washington,

N. J., made inquiries, which resulted in the identification of the young man at Vera Cruz as their long-lost son. On the day that he was lost he had crept into a freight-car on the railroad, and had been carried away unobserved. When his presence in the car was discovered there was no way of finding out at what place he had entered it, and all that the boy could tell them was that his own name was Philip, and his father's name, he thought, was Anthony. Inquiries were made for a Mr. Anthony, but without success. The boy was sent to the poor-house, and when he was big enough to work he went to earn his own living. He had always hoped that some day he would find his parents, but it was not until some description of Paterson fell into his hands that the young man obtained a clue. The place seemed to touch a chord in his memory, and he wrote to the postmaster with the result described. It was his father's first name that was Anthony, which accounted for the failure of the inquiries thirteen years before. There is no happier family to-day in the State. The Saviour said that there is joy in heaven when a wanderer is restored; but, unhappily, there are few wanderers from the fold of God who are as prompt to seek restoration when they are told the way (Jer. 5 : 3).

A Lady Drowned while She Slept was Buried at Bayonne, N. J., last week. Her body was found in Newark Bay on September 10th, and it was at first thought that she had committed suicide. When the body was identified, however, the suicide theory was exploded. She was of a singularly happy disposition, and had no trouble that would incline her to self-destruction. It was ascertained that she had been suffering from malaria, which had the effect upon her of rendering her extremely drowsy. On the day of her disappearance she set out for a long walk along the sands, which, owing to indentations, are treacherous when the tide comes in. It is believed that the drowsy spell must have come on her during her walk, and that she sat down to rest upon a rock which is first surrounded by the tide, and is finally covered at high water, and that she fell asleep, and did not wake until her escape was cut off. The knowledge that there are thousands of sinners sunk in spiritual slumber under circumstances as perilous to their souls as those of the sleeping girl ought to inspire every Christian to unceasing work (Eph. 5 : 14).

A Dove in a Church Surprised a Congregation at New Haven, Conn., on September 2d. The Rev. M. Clark, pastor of the East Haven Congregational Church, was reading the first chapter of St. John's Gospel at the morning service, and had reached the thirty-second verse, "I saw the Spirit descending from heaven like a dove, and it abode upon Him," when a beautiful white dove flew in at the gallery door and alighted on the pulpit. A minute later it perched on the pastor's shoulder, and then flew to some other part of the church. It caused some emotion in the congregation, as during the service it continued flying from one part of the church to another. Ultimately it flew again to the pulpit, and Mr. Clark caught it, and after speaking a few words about the emblematical character of the bird, held it in his hands while he pronounced the benediction. The dove belonged to a young lady in the congregation, who had made a pet of it, and it had followed her to church. The coincidence of its entrance during the reading of that particular passage of Scripture provoked much comment. It may be hoped that the life-giving presence of which the dove is a type may be earnestly sought by that and all other churches. His coming is assured; it will not be a coincidence (Luke 11 : 13).

How a Nine Days' Warning was Treated is told in "Mary Howitt's Reminiscences." She relates that one of her friends belonged at college to a dissolute set of young men, who met regularly to turn religion into ridicule. On one occasion a member of the club, whose face was white with sudden terror, entered the room in which the others were assembled, and was im-

mediately questioned as to the cause of his changed appearance. He said that it was produced by a dream. He had dreamed that he was breathing stifling, oppressive air in a large, gloomy hall, which was densely thronged with undergraduates, their gowns wrapped round them, and their countenances indicative of suffering and extreme dejection. Inquiring where he was, a melancholy young man replied, "This is hell," at the same time unfolding his gown and revealing in his breast a transparent heart as of crystal, in which burned a fierce flame. "Cannot I escape?" asked the terror-stricken dreamer. "You have a chance for nine days," answered the gloomy figure, folding his arms within his gown and concealing his burning heart. The undergraduate awoke full of horror, and in order to dispel the strong, painful impression, sought the society of his friends. They laughed at his disordered fancy, drank deep, and persuaded him to spend the ensuing nine days with them in especial gaiety. On the ninth day, however, whether from the natural effects of excessive debauch or in solemn fulfilment of the warning, he suddenly died. This was practical confirmation of the inference which is drawn from Christ's parable of Dives and Lazarus, that when ordinary warnings fail, extraordinary warnings would fail too (Luke 16 : 31).

The Killing of the Famous Elephant, Jumbo, on September 15th, had its pathetic features. The animals in Barnum's show were being taken, after their evening exhibition at St. Thomas, Ont., to their cars for transportation to the next place on the route. All were safely on board except Jumbo and his favorite companion, the little trick elephant Tom Thumb. They were proceeding down the railroad track to their car, when the head-light of a locomotive was seen five hundred yards away and rapidly approaching. Jumbo's keeper urged the huge beast to quicken his pace, but when Jumbo saw the impending danger, which was not until the locomotive was almost upon him, he grasped his little friend in his trunk and hurled him far out of danger. The little beast struck against a box-car with sufficient force to break his leg, and lay there whining like a wounded puppy. Jumbo made an effort to save himself then, but it was too late, and he was crushed. Thus Jumbo died like a hero, having displayed the heroic quality of self-sacrifice for his companion. We naturally respect that quality, whether it is manifested by a man or an animal, for it proves a truly noble nature. Yet it is strange that men listen unmoved to the story of the greatest manifestation of it the world has ever seen—the story of the Cross—even though the sacrifice was made for them (Lam. 1 : 12).

A Dog Broke up a Revival Meeting in Virginia recently. A despatch from Richmond, Va., to the Sun says that on September 6th a series of services commenced in Prince George County, which it was intended should be continued for several days. During the first service, however, a pet dog belonging to one of the members of the church entered the building, and making his way to the platform, went behind the pulpit desk, and began munching the sacramental bread. The leader of the meeting saw the dog, and going up to him administered a vigorous kick. The dog retreated, howling loudly, whereupon the owner of the animal, who had no knowledge of the dog's offence, went to the preacher and expostulated with him. He then left the church; but his son took up the quarrel, which became violent, and angry words were used on both sides. The dispute waxed so furious that only the consciousness of the place and time prevented blows being struck, and the meeting was closed, and the project of holding others was abandoned for the present. One of the ministers expressed his conviction that the devil was in the dog, and he may have been right. In any case the dog was doing the devil's work, and, unhappily, he did not lack coadjutors. It is a pity that the parties to the dispute did not heed the apostolic warning applicable to their case (11 Cor. 2 : 10, 11).

THE NECESSITY OF GROWING FAITH.

A New Sermon by Pastor C. H. Spurgeon.

"We are bound to thank God always for you, brethren, as it is meet, because that your faith groweth exceedingly, and the charity of every one of you all toward each other aboundeth."—2 THESSALONIANS I : 3.

Little-Faith Should Grow—Progress at Thessalonica—Paul Recognized it—The Growth in Faith—I. A Subject for Thanksgiving—What Strong Faith Produces—Much Needed Just Now—II. An Object for Diligent Endeavor—Growth an Evidence of Life—Will Tend to Joy and Comfort—How to Attain it—Avoid Frequent Change of Doctrine—Keep in the Open—Seek Knowledge and Experience—The Uses of Meditation—A Hymn Altered—Prayer, Obedience and Exercise—III. The Centre of Other Graces—The Quickest way to Win a Sinner—Heroes Required.

LAST Lord's-day I tried to say cheering and encouraging words to "Little-faith." I trust that the Holy Spirit, the Comforter, did thereby strengthen some to whom the Saviour said, "Oh thou of little faith, wherefore didst thou doubt?" But none of us would desire to remain among the Little-faiths; we long to press forward in our march to the better land. My prayer at the commencement of this discourse is, that we may each of us rise out of our little faith into

THE LOFTIER REGION

of assurance, so that those who love us best may be able to say: "We are bound to thank God always for you, brethren, as it is meet, because that your faith groweth exceedingly."

The Church of Jesus Christ at Thessalonica did not commence under very propitious circumstances. Remember that oft-quoted text about the Bereans: "These were more noble than those in Thessalonica, in that they searched the Scriptures daily whether those things were so." That record does not relate to the converts in Thessalonica, but to those Jews who heard Paul preach in the synagogue, and refused to test his teaching by a reference to the Old Testament. They were not a noble sort of people, and yet from among them there were taken by almighty grace a certain company who were led to believe in the true Messiah. Thus they became more noble than even the Bereans; for we do not hear of a church in Berea, neither was an epistle written to the Bereans. Thessalonica received two epistles, bright with hearty commendations. Paul praised the Philipians, but the Thessalonians he praised yet more, thanking God at every remembrance of them, and glorying in them among the Churches of God for their patience and faith.

Before I plunge into the sermon I should like to pause and ask whether we as Christian men and women are such that Paul could say of us, "We are bound to thank God always for you, brethren, as it is meet, because that your faith groweth exceedingly, and the charity of every one of you all toward each other aboundeth." What think you? Could your pastor bless God for you? Could your nearest and dearest Christian friend feel that he was bound to thank God always for you? If not, why not? Oh that we may rise into such a happy state that we shall be cause of gratitude in others!

So, then, we come to our text, and the subject runs thus: for us to grow in faith is a subject for devout thanksgiving; and, in the second place, it is an object for diligent endeavor. Thirdly, if we greatly grow in faith it will be the source of other growths; for as faith increases love, patience, and every other virtue will flourish.

I. For us to grow and increase in faith is A SUBJECT FOR THANKSGIVING.

Paul gives a commendation of the Thessalonian Church which is exceedingly warm and hearty. One critic says the words may be regarded as somewhat extravagant, after the mode of the Apostle when he wishes to be emphatic. He writes fervently: "Your faith groweth exceedingly, and the charity of every one of you

all toward each other aboundeth." It is an intense and unreserved commendation. This church was not absolutely perfect; for, because of the love of every one toward another, and their great kindness toward the poor, certain unworthy persons encroached upon their liberality. To use a very rough word, *cadgers* were multiplied among them, as they always are where generosity abounds. Shame that it should be so. Read chapter 3, verse 11: "For we hear that there are some which walk among you disorderly, working not at all, but are busybodies." There had been also among them here and there a person of loose life and of sharp business dealings, and to such he spoke in the First Epistle; but these flies in the pot of ointment did not destroy its sweetness. They were so few comparatively that Paul speaks of the whole body with approbation.

STRONG-FAITH.

The blessing of increased faith is of unspeakable value, and therefore praise should be largely rendered for it. Little faith will save, but strong faith is that which builds up the Church, which overcomes the world, which wins sinners, and which glorifies God. If we were invoking blessings upon a church we could scarcely ask for a larger boon than that all the brethren might be strong in faith, giving glory to God. Strong-faith ventures into large endeavors for Christ, and hence missions are projected; Strong-faith carries out the projects of holy zeal, and hence daring ideals are turned into facts; Strong-faith is a shield against the darts of error, and hence she is the object of the contempt and hatred of heresy. Oh that the night of Little-faith were over, and that the day of glorious faith would come! Soon would our young men see visions, and our old men dream dreams, if faith were more among us.

Paul thus fervently gave thanks to God because the blessing came to the Church at a remarkably seasonable time. The people of Thessalonica had risen against the Church and persecuted it; thus, without were fightings, but within there were no fears; for the brethren were firm in faith and fervent in love. The Church was subject to constant tribulation; but its faith grew exceedingly. Has it not often been so with the Lord's people?

WE NEED IT MUCH

just now. This is a time of depression in trade, when many are suffering want, and almost all find their means decreased. We need to be rich in faith, for we are growing poor in pocket. Many children of God cannot find employment wherewith to earn their bread. This is, moreover, a time of abounding vice. Perhaps never in our memories were any of us so shocked as we have been of late by the discoveries of unspeakable abominations. We need that our faith should grow exceedingly, for sin runs down our streets in torrents. It is also a period of grievous departure from the faith once delivered to the saints. Looking back to our younger days, we are amazed at the progress of error. We mourned in those days that men trifled with the doctrines of the Gospel; but what shall we now say, when men deride those doctrines, and mock at them as antiquated fables? I cannot speak emphatically enough upon the abounding dangers of the times: they demand of us that we be not of doubtful mind, but that we take firm hold of infallible truth, and endure as seeing Him who is invisible. He that cannot say "I believe, and am sure" is one born out of due time.

II. In the second place, it is worthy to be an object for diligent endeavor. If you have it not, LABOR TO ATTAIN IT.

As the merchantman seeketh goodly pearls, so seek a growing faith. Covet earnestly the best gifts and the noblest graces. *Why?* Because the proof of faith lies in the growth of faith. If thou hast a dead faith it will always be the same; but if thou hast the faith of God's elect it must grow. Life in its earliest stages is ever attended with growth. Brother, thou must have more faith, or we shall fear that thou hast

no faith; thou must have more love, or else for sure thou hast no love at all. That which does not grow unto God does not live unto God. We ought to have more faith because God's truth deserves it. It ought to be the easiest thing in the world for us to trust God; to believe every word of the Lord should be an act to which we need not be exhorted; it should be as natural as for the lungs to breathe, or the heart to beat.

Moreover, we ought to grow in faith because it will be so much for our own

SPIRITUAL HEALTH,

and strength, and joy. Does Little-faith know what it might be, and do, and enjoy if it could only quit its littleness? There are many ways of being a Christian, as there are many ways of being an Englishman; but all are not equally desirable. I may be an Englishman in banishment, or in the workhouse, or in prison; but I prefer to be an Englishman at home, in health, and at liberty. So you may be a Christian, and be weak, timorous and sad; but this is not desirable; it is better to be a happy, holy, vigorous, useful Christian. As your being an Englishman does not depend on your health or wealth, so neither does your salvation turn upon the strength or joy of your faith; yet much does depend on it. Why not glorify God on the road to heaven? Why not have foretastes of it now? It is not my desire to go through the world in miserable style, singing always—

"Do I love the Lord or no?

Am I his, or am I not?"

Infinitely do I prefer so to trust God that my peace may be like a river, and my righteousness like the waves of the sea. Do seek the utmost degree of faith; for if this be in you and abound you shall not be barren or unfruitful. *Heaven lies that way.* More faith, more rest of heart. To grow heavenly we must grow more believing.

HOW TO ATTAIN IT.

The question is, *How* is this to be done? How is my faith to be made to grow exceedingly? It is the work of the Holy Spirit; but still He uses us for the increase of our own faith. If we are to grow in faith certain evils are to be avoided with scrupulous care. Avoid continual change of doctrine. If you have a tree in your garden and you transplant it often it will yield you scanty fruit. Those who are everything by turns, and nothing long, are "ever learning, but never able to come to the knowledge of the truth." Unstable as water, they shall not excel. Those brethren who believe this to-day, and that to-morrow, and the other thing the next day, do not believe anything in downright earnest; they cannot grow; they are not rooted and grounded. Like the moon, they are always changing, and what light they have is cold and sickly. He who can change his religion has none to change. Those who prefer philosophy to Christ never knew Him.

PERILOUS EXPERIMENTS.

Then, again, if you had a tree and did not transplant it, but began to dig away the earth from it, removing the ground in which it stood, you would impoverish it, and prevent its fruitfulness. I know certain professors who are giving up the ground which their souls should grow in. One doctrine after another is forsaken, till nothing is held to be important. They do not believe much now, and they are on the line to believe nothing at all. *The experiment of the Frenchman* who had just brought his horse to live on a straw a day when it died is being repeated among us, faith being literally starved to death. What low diet do some men prescribe for their souls! How can your faith grow when vital truths are abandoned, or held with feeble grasp? Oh for a band of Puritan believers! Oh for a troop of spiritual Ironsides!

Next, a tree cannot grow if it is shut from sun, and rain and dew. Without heavenly influences we must be barren. Plant a little tree right under a great oak, so that it is always in the shade, and it cannot grow; clear the big tree away, or the sapling will dwindle to death. Some men's faith cannot grow because it is

overshadowed by worldliness, by tolerated sin, by love of riches, by the pride of life, by cares of lower things. The pursuit of Christ crucified must be all-absorbing, or it will be ineffectual. To know what you believe, and to abide steadfast in it, is the way to be robust in faith. Men whose hearts are not in their trades, men who chop and change—these are the men whose names appear in the *Gazette*; are not many spiritual bankruptcies due to the same cause?

There are methods which the spiritual husbandman uses to cause faith to grow. First, faith grows by an increase of *knowledge*. Many persons doubt because they are not instructed. A great deal of unbelief vanishes when knowledge, like the morning sun, drives away the mists.

Better still than mere knowledge, which alone would puff you up, faith

GROWS BY EXPERIENCE.

When a man has tried and proved a thing, then his confidence in it is largely increased. Take a promise and test it, and then you will say: "I know THAT is so." When you have tested it again, and again, and again, nobody will be able to shake you, for you will say: "I have tasted and handled of this good Word; I have made it my own, and I am not to be driven from it." The experienced Christian is the established Christian. The man who has proved all things is the man who holds fast that which is good. God give grace to increase our faith by knowledge and by experience!

Faith also grows by much meditation and walking with God. If you want to believe in a man you must know him. Half the disputes between Christian people arise from their not knowing one another. There is a hymn of Mr. Sankey, which I venture to alter thus:

"When we know each other better,
The mists will roll away."

When we know each other our suspicions, prejudices and dislikes will speedily disappear. I am sure it is so with our God. When you walk with Him, when your communion with Him is close and constant, your faith in Him will grow exceedingly. Some of you, I am afraid, do not give five minutes in the day to meditation. You are

IN TOO GREAT A HURRY

for that. In London life men get up in a hurry, even as they went to bed in a hurry and slept in a hurry. They swallow their breakfast in a hurry; they have no time to digest it; the bell is ringing at the station, and they must hurry to catch the train. They reach business in a hurry; they hurry through it, and they hurry to get back from it. Men cannot think, for they have *barely time to wink their eyes*. As to an hour's meditation and reading the Scriptures, and communing with God, many professors nowadays would think they committed robbery against the God of this world if they took half-an-hour out of His service to give it to fellowship with the world to come. If our faith is to grow exceedingly we must maintain constant intercourse with God.

Another way of increasing faith is by much *prayer*. We must be careful to render *obedience to God*. A man cannot trust God while he lives in sin: every act of disobedience weakens confidence in God. Faith and obedience are bound up in the same bundle. He that obeys God trusts God; and he that trusts God obeys God. He that is without faith is without works; and he that is without works is without faith. Do not oppose faith and good works to one another, for there is a blessed relationship between them; and if you abound in obedience your faith shall grow exceedingly.

Again, faith grows by *exercise*. The man who uses the little faith he has will get more faith; but he that says: "I have not enough faith for such and such work," and therefore shrinks back, shall become more and more timid, till at last, like a coward, he runs away. Go forward with thy little faith, and to thy surprise it shall have grown as thou hast advanced. Accomplish much, and then endeavor something

more, and something more. I have often used an illustration taken from a person who teaches *the art of growing taller*. I do not believe in that art: we shall not add a cubit to our stature just yet. But part of this professor's exercise is, that in the morning, when you get up, you are to reach as high as ever you can, and aim a little higher every morning, though it be only the hundredth part of an inch. By that means you are to grow. This is so with faith. Do all you can, and then do a little more; and when you can do that, then do a little more. Always have something in hand that is greater than your present capacity. Grow up to it, and when you have grown up to it, grow more.

III. Finally, this growing faith becomes

THE CENTRE OF OTHER GRACES.

"Your faith groweth exceedingly, and the charity of every one of you all toward each other aboundeth." A firm faith in Gospel verities will make us love one another, for each doctrine of truth is an argument for love.

Firmness in the faith ministers toward the unity of the Church. I am always afraid of a church that is made up of mixed elements, when some are Calvinistic, some Arminian, some Baptist, and some Pædobaptist. When the minister who holds them together dies they will disintegrate. When certain reasons that now make them cohere cease to exist the Church will divide like quicksilver, each little bit breaking into smaller bits, and so they will go rolling about in innumerable factions. But given a church that holds the truth firmly, with deep and strong faith, then, if the pastor dies, or twenty pastors die, they believe in a pastor who lives for ever, and whoever comes or does not come, the truth they hold holds them in living unity. I cannot imagine a greater blessing for you as a church in years to come than for each man and woman to be intelligently established in the truth you have received.

This faith breeds patience in men, and patience assists love. Truth to tell, God's people are, some of them, a singular tribe. A countryman was accustomed to say that *if God had not chosen His people before they were born He would never have done so afterward*. There is truth in that saying. Therefore if a man loves his fellow-Christians as an act of mere nature, he will often feel himself baffled; he will say: "They acted very unkindly to me. Who can love people that are so ill-mannered, so ungrateful?" But when faith is strong you will say: "What is that to me? I love them for Christ's sake. If I am to have a reward, it shall come from my Lord Christ. As for God's people, I love them despite their faults; over the head of the mistaken judgments they form of me I love all my brethren."

THE WAY TO MAKE MEN BETTER

is not to be always censuring them, but to love them better. The quickest way to win a sinner is to love him to Christ; the quickest way to sanctify a believer is to love him into purity and holiness. Only faith can do this. May faith, therefore, grow exceedingly; for faith by working patience helps us to bear with others.

If there be anything grand, and good, and desirable, anything Christ-like, anything God-like, the way to it is to let your faith grow exceedingly. If this church is to become a missionary church more and more, as I pray God it may, your faith must grow exceedingly. If you are to stand fast as a break-water in these times of departure from the faith once delivered to the saints, your faith must grow exceedingly. If you are to be made a blessing to this wicked city, and shine like a light-house over this sea of London, your faith must grow exceedingly. If God has brought you as a church, together with other churches, to the kingdom for such a time as this; if you are to achieve your destiny, and work for God and glorify His name, your faith must grow exceedingly. The man who is timorous and faint-hearted, let him go home; he is not fit for the day of battle. The age requires heroes. The chicken-hearted are out of their place in this perilous century.

You that know what you know, and believe what you believe, whose tramp is that of fearless warriors, you have a high calling—fulfil it. You shall see what God will do for you and with you; and it shall be written in the pages of eternity that at such a time the Church grew in its faith, and therefore God used it for His glory. May it be so. God bless you each one for His name's sake. Amen.

NEW BOOKS.

BALLADS OF THE CITY.

AMONG the gems of this charming work, a notice of which appeared in these columns on September 10th, is one which lack of space prevented our inserting then, but which cannot fail to interest our readers. It is the account the young student gives of his visit to a Salvation Army meeting. The young man was prejudiced at the very commencement. The sight of the banjo and the tambourines seemed strangely out of place in a religious assembly to a man who enjoyed his own meeting, sitting in his own cosy pew. Then the shouting and the loud singing shocked him. He says:

"I had rather get good
In a civilized way.
So this meeting had grated
Somewhat on my heart,
And ere long I had waited,
I thought to depart."

But before he left he saw a young man rise, with a face that told of years of dissipation, and declare that in that place he had been saved. An old man followed, who said he was the father of the last speaker, who had been the terror of his later years, and the student saw the old man take the young one to his heart and thank God for the change. Other similar scenes of rare pathos follow, and then the student's prejudices give way:

"My smiles could not hide
The fast-gathering tears,
And I cheered, laughed, and cried,
As I had not for years.
And I thought, 'not amiss
Are this tumult and shout;
Folks who save men like this,
Know what they're about.'"

The young man's heart was true, and so long as good was done, he was ready to bless the method, whether his taste approved or not. There are many other passages which show that Mr. Carleton has a genuine admiration for efforts to do good, and does not wait to inquire before he gives it expression whether the world has given those who make them the stamp of respectability. Many such beautiful poems might be quoted, but doubtless our readers will like to buy the book for themselves. Pp. 180; price, 5s. Published by Messrs. Harper & Brothers, New York.

YACHTING.

The interest taken in the contest between the representative vessel of the American yachting squadron and the Genesta, the representative of the English fleet of yachts for the renowned trophy, will render a book about yachts and yachting very welcome to a larger number of people. Captain Roland F. Coffin has produced such a work in his history of "*The America's Cup*"; how it was won by the Yacht America in 1851, and has been since defended." Captain Coffin has witnessed every contest since the first one at Cowes, and is therefore able to give a complete history of the friendly international struggle for supremacy in this department of sea sailing. Pp. 155; price, \$1. Published by Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons.

ON THE FOUR GOSPELS,

is a work by J. G. Bellett, the aim of which is to place before Christian students the distinguishing features of each of the Gospels, their peculiarities, and the points in which they differ from each other. In Matthew, for example, he points out that the Gospel being prepared expressly for Jewish readers, the Evangelist dwells chiefly on the evidences that Christ was the expected Messiah, and that He fulfilled the predic-



Morning-Light, Chief of the Minsi (Canadian) Indians.



An Ojibway Brave's Surrender.

tions of Moses and the prophets. Mark is the Gospel of service portraying Jesus in His life of ministry. Luke, again, is the Gospel of the Son of Man, showing Christ in His social life, mixing with men, and teaching, and blessing them. John's design is to present Christ as the Son of God the Heavenly Stranger descended into a blind and corrupt world to redeem it by His love. There is no attempt made to follow the lines of modern criticism in Mr. Bellett's work. Pp. 504; price, \$1.25. Published by J. A. Whipple, Boston, Mass.

GOSPEL WORK AMONG CANADIAN INDIANS.

(See Illustrations on this page.)

MORNING-LIGHT, whose portrait appears above, is chief of the Minsi or Wolf tribe of Indians, who made themselves notorious in the Revolutionary War of 1776 by taking up arms for the English against the patriotic Americans. As a natural consequence, when the war was over they received an intimation that they had better go where they belonged, and live in Canada under the British flag, which they had chosen to follow. They were losers by the change, for their English friends failed to provide for them as well as they had fared on the American soil.

In 1831 the Methodists sent some preachers among the tribe, and one of them, named Harris, had Morning-Light among his congregation. He was then only sixteen years old, but he conceived a great respect for the religion of the pale-faces; but some injustice which the tribe suffered shortly afterward at the hands of the white men obliterated the impression. Nine years later, however, he and several of his braves embraced Christianity, and were baptized at a camp-meeting by the Rev. S. Waldron. Morning-Light has since then been a warm friend of the mission, and is now engaged in raising funds to build a church and school. He wisely abstains from fire-water, and boasts that he has not tasted it for forty years.

Upright-Woman, one of the Owen's Sound band of Ojibways, a Christian of some attainments, relates a touching story of the struggle of one of the braves of her tribe under spiritual conviction. He had been one of the most unruly of the band, and was suspected of being guilty

of some outrages which imperilled the safety of the tribe. He was impressed by the preaching of the mission preacher, but the doctrines of Christianity were so antagonistic to his own queer code of morals that he saw he could not embrace the pale-face religion and live up to it without a complete change of life. He had a long and bitter struggle with himself, but one day, after a period of prolonged meditation, he was seen carrying his musket, tomahawk, and blanket to a retired place in the woods, where he laid them down, and stretching out his hands toward heaven (see illustration), he consecrated himself and them to the God of the pale-faces. The change in his conduct afterward showed that he was sincere.

DISAPPOINTED AMBITION.

IN the recently published life of the late Thomas Carlyle by his friend, James Anthony Froude, is found a very significant passage. Mr. Carlyle, when a comparatively unknown school-teacher, fell in love with Jane Welsh, a beautiful and accomplished young lady, the only daughter and heiress of the famous physician, Dr. John Welsh, of Haddington. Miss Welsh was the belle of the town, and many wealthy young men there and in Edinburgh had been suitors for her hand. But she rejected them in favor of the rough and poor school-teacher, in whom her true insight detected signs of the commanding genius which many years later received the homage of the world.

She did not pretend to a passion she did not feel, but openly acknowledged that her motive in marrying him was ambition. She was sure he would become the most distinguished man of his day, and was willing to endure the hardships of alliance with him that she might share in his future triumphs. Late in life, when she was driving about London in her own carriage, and money was abundant in the Carlyle home, and her husband was admired and courted by the wealth and aristocracy of Europe, she said to a friend: "Mr. Carlyle has succeeded beyond my wildest dreams, and—I am miserable." She had found, as thousands before her have found, that the world's prizes are dead sea fruit, nothing but ashes. She found no delight in her husband's possession of wealth and fame, to the achieve-

ment of which she had given many years of toil and hardship (Eccles. 2:22, 23).

How severe were the privations which the accomplished lady underwent no one knows, but one incident affords an indication of their character. Her difficulties were serious. She says in one of her letters: "Being an only child, and brought up to great prospects, I was sublimely ignorant of every branch of useful knowledge, though a capital Latin scholar and very fair mathematician." In these circumstances Mrs. Carlyle learned to sew, to mend, and even make her own and her husband's clothes, to cook, make bread, and clean house.

THE FIRST LOAF

Mrs. Carlyle ever made was the cause of bitter tears. Thirty years after the event it was still fresh in her memory. In giving consolation and encouragement to a friend in trouble she thus wrote of her first attempt at the making and baking of that loaf: "Knowing nothing about the process of fermentation or the heat of ovens, it came to pass that my loaf got put into the oven at the time that myself ought to have been put into bed; and I remained the only person not asleep in a house in the middle of a desert. One o'clock struck, and then two, and then three; and still I was sitting there, in the midst of an intense solitude, my whole body aching with weariness, my heart aching with a sense of forlornness and degradation. That I, who had been so petted at home, whose comfort had been studied by everybody in the house, and who had never been required to do anything but cultivate my mind, should have to pass all those hours of the night in watching a loaf of bread, which might not turn out bread after all! Such thoughts maddened me, till I laid down my head on the table and sobbed aloud."

LITTLE TOTTIE'S RESCUE.

(See Illustration on page 621.)

Two ladies sat on the beach at a quiet sea-side town one beautiful summer's day, conversing, while a little girl, the child of one of them, paddled in the surf. The conversation turned upon the prevalent style of ladies' dress, which the mother of the child pronounced grossly indecent. "The skirts," she said, "are so spare and so

tightly made that some fashionable ladies show the shape of their limbs every step they take. For my part, I should be ashamed to be seen in such dresses. I cannot understand how modest women can bring themselves to wear them."

"I do not take your view," said her companion; "it is merely a conventional prejudice, though I do not like the fashion. I like to move freely, and would not wear any dress that would impede my movements; but I do not object to them on moral grounds. So far as my ideas on the matter go, I see no more moral impropriety in wearing a dress that does not conceal the shape of the lower limbs than in wearing one with tight sleeves, which reveal the shape of the arms, or a dress with no sleeves at all, such as ladies wear at balls and parties. It is a mere conventional notion about the parts of the body that may or may not be visible. I would obey the notion, but I cannot see anything moral in it."

"That is sheer nonsense," said the first speaker; "that comes of your Vassar experience. You will know better some day. I feel as if I should sink into the earth with shame if I exposed so much as my ankles to the light of day. But where is little Tottie? I cannot see her anywhere," and the mother rose excitedly to look for her daughter.

The child was not in sight, and the mother uttered a scream of dismay and ran along the shore to a point from which she could see the seaward side of a high rock. There stood the little one on a jutting point of the rock, waving her arms and shouting with delight as the water flowed all around the stone on which she stood. She was queen of the island. Not another living thing on it; and though it was only a patch of bare rock less than two feet square, she was glorying with childish delight at her fancied supremacy. Her mother looked at her in terror. It was of no use calling her, for the water was too deep for the child to wade back; beside which the rocky bed was a very uncertain foothold for a child's steps.

What was to be done? The mother hesitated not a moment. Sitting down on the beach she stripped off her shoes and stockings, and waded into the water, rounding the point of the high rock to the place where her daughter was standing on her little island. She was not a minute too soon, for before she reached the spot a wave dashed clear over the jutting rock, almost washing the little one off. Seizing the child and holding her securely with one hand, while she raised her flowing draperies with the other, she made her way back to the beach in safety, uncertain for the moment whether to kiss and hug her darling in an ecstasy of thankfulness, or to scold her for her temerity.

"It seems," said her companion, mischievously, "some people who have not been spoiled by Vassar experience do not hesitate to expose their limbs when there is need for it."

"Would you have had me let the little darling drown?" asked the mother, indignantly. "I would have done far more than that to save her."

"Oh, you need not apologize to me; I think you did quite right; but I was amused at your readiness to cast your principles overboard in a crisis."

"When you know what it is to be a mother you will understand that there is nothing she will not cast overboard to save her child."



Tottie Rescued by her Mother.

Parents generally will agree with that mother's remark, and the fact enables us to form some conception, inadequate though it is, of what the love of God for a sinful world must be when He gave His only-begotten Son to suffer and die for its salvation (John 3:16).

THE SILVER LINING.

A SERIAL STORY.

(Continued from page 609.)

Jean's Conflict.

THE hysterical cry of "Mother! Mother!" which startled Mrs. Arnold as she stood by her daughter's new-made grave came from one whose heart was as heavy, after many years of bereavement, as was the sorrowing mother whose loss was but a few days old. Jean Lindsay was feeling now in her budding womanhood more severely than perhaps she felt in her childhood, when her bereavement was fresh, how severe and disastrous to her life was the loss she had sustained by the death of her mother. Her soul hungered for sympathy, wise counsel, and guidance, which none can give as a mother can.

Her father was absorbed in his study and his work, and was, moreover, less sympathetic in his old age than he had been in his youth; and even then he had been hard and cold. Age had not mellowed him as it does some people. Rather, it had seemed to petrify him, carving hard, rugged lines on his face and hardening his heart to all sorrows save those of sickness and bereavement. Jean's woes he would have regarded as almost sinful. What were her sorrows compared with those which he had undergone, or with those of thousands of the poor around her? She had every comfort that she could require—a pleasant home and a sure provision—while others were in sickness and poverty, uncertain whether or not the next meal could be provided. Mr. Lindsay thought that Jean's was

an enviable lot, and would have reproved her had she told him that she was not happy. With her sister Margaret she would have fared worse; and, truth to say, Margaret was the last person in the world to whom Jean would have gone for sympathy. She felt herself alone—utterly alone, and her warm, girlish nature was chilled by the consciousness of her solitude.

Probably the spectacle of Mrs. Arnold's grief and the sight of the loving mother whose affection the dead girl had enjoyed brought her own deprivation more conspicuously before her, and had wrung from her the despairing cry of "Mother! Mother!" If Jean had only known of One whose love passes the love of women she would not have been so melancholy. The relief of pouring out the heart into the ear of One who is ever ready to listen to the cry of the weakest of His children would have been hers, and with the constant sense of His loving care and guidance she would no more have felt alone in the world. As it was, she had no resource but that empty and unavailing one in which she was then indulging.

It was a pitiful sight, and Mrs. Arnold's motherly heart was touched by it. Her own heavy burden seemed to incline her all the more readily to extend a pitying and a helpful hand to the poor, desolate girl lying prone on the mossy grave, crying helplessly, "Oh, mother, mother!" Going up to her noiselessly, she sat down and put her hand in hers.

"My poor child, what is it?"

Jean looked almost scared at the sight of Mrs. Arnold, and would have run away if Mrs. Arnold had not held her back.

"Tell me what it is, dear; you have lost your mother?"

As Jean did not answer, Mrs. Arnold continued: "Tell me about her; I should like to hear."

Jean looked up into the sympathizing, motherly face, and regained confidence; then little by little told her all her story—how unhappy she was, how unsatisfied. Mrs. Arnold, in reply, told her about Grace, till the sorrowing mother was herself comforted in trying to comfort the motherless girl. She told her she would like to be her friend; like her to visit her and know her other daughters; and, better still, she pointed her to a Friend who would be with her always, One from whom no height nor depth could separate her.

Jean felt with Mrs. Arnold near her she would soon learn to be good. She did not know then how God would teach her Himself, and how she must learn to trust in Him alone, leaning on no earthly props.

Early the next day Dr. and Mrs. Arnold set off on their return home. Mr. Campbell himself came down from Scotland to fetch his wife and daughter, and soon the family at the Vicarage had once more settled down in their old quiet ways.

The days of excitement were over, Lingford seemed duller than ever, Jean thought, and her few duties more monotonous than ever, but she tried to keep up a brave heart.

Mrs. Arnold had told her that to be a Christian was something more than bearing the name—that it meant trying to follow in His footsteps, and trusting in Christ. She would not find the way was always smooth, for our Saviour had Himself told us that it was a very narrow path; there would be many difficulties in the way, many battles to fight.

Poor Jean had little calculated what sort of battles these would be. Her sister saw there was some difference in her, but did not understand what it was. Perhaps if Jean could have summoned up courage to go to her and say, "Margaret, I want to begin my life afresh, 'I want to be a follower of Christ,' the sisters might both have softened and become helpers, instead of hinderers, to each other. As it was, Margaret only thought her cross and sullen, for Jean kept all her feelings to herself, and would fly to her room to shed bitter tears of disappointment over her continual failures, her oft-repeated outbursts of angry feeling. It might have been easy, Jean thought, for such as Grace to be good; her home had been all peace, her mother so good and kind. If she could only be somewhere else, then it might be possible to serve God; but at Lingford it was quite impossible. Should she give up trying? But there was a force in her nature that did not like giving in over anything. Others found comfort in religion, why should not she? She resolved to try again, and would often stroll out to Grace's grave and sit there to ponder her difficulties.

One day, when she was specially troubled, slipping her little Bible into her pocket, she ran off to her favorite spot. Opening it, her eye fell on the words, "Put on the whole armor of God, that ye may be able to stand."

"Surely," she thought, "this is just what I need." Often had she heard and read those words, and they had conveyed no meaning; now she felt how fully they suited her. As a child, she remembered being taken to a museum, and being shown the figure of a man clad in full armor, and the vision came up before her now. How completely the ancient warrior was covered, and, what was more, he carried a shield as a further protection. She, too, was a warrior; she aspired to be a soldier of Jesus Christ; how could she expect anything else but defeat so long as she neglected to put on her armor? Then and there she put up the simple petition: "Lord, clothe me in this armor, teach me how to use the shield of faith, the helmet of salvation."

From that day she began to give up leaning so much on her own strength, and to find out, very slowly, it is true, the lifelong lesson of the faithfulness of God's promise, "As thy day, so shall thy strength be."

As the vicar's daughter she had been expected, as a matter of course, to take a class in the Sunday-school. She was naturally fond of children, so the work was not really irksome to her; but now she began to think she had been trying to teach an unknown language. It was true that she had talked to the children about Jesus Christ; she had told them He had lived and died, and how good He was; but she told it as she might have told the story of Alexander the Great. It was the life and death of a great man who had lived many centuries ago, that the children would never have guessed they had any personal interest in Him. Now she knew she must herself go first to the great Teacher before she could presume to teach; and when one day she had riveted their attention as she had never done before, telling them of all Jesus had suffered for them, her heart felt a new thrill of love to Him as she taught the little ones to say in lisping accents, "Christ died for me."

Before the winter passed away Jean's lot had brightened. A correspondence with Mrs. Arnold had begun, and the light it brought into the heart of the motherless girl was making itself felt in her life. The duties of the day had never been associated in Jean's mind with religion. The martyrs who laid down their lives in time of persecution were religious heroes; the missionaries who went into heathen lands to preach Christ to the savages and endured hardship and faced danger without prospect of earthly reward were to her an exalted type of Christian. She could imagine men and women doing that from religious motives, though she was well aware that she had never found in religion any force or sustaining power

that would have enabled her to do as they had done; but it had never occurred to her that there was any religion in bearing patiently the crosses of petty vexation and annoyance at home.

Mrs. Arnold's letters illumined these daily trials for her. She learned from them that in bearing cheerfully undeserved censure, in restraining the tongue so ready to justify herself and to hurl back defiance in return for unjust blame, she was doing something for Christ's sake which He would see and acknowledge. She could do that—ay, do a thousand times more than that, now that the heavens were no longer blank to her. That Jesus was living, was actually cognizant of her existence, and knew her inmost individual heart, not as one of a million, but as a friend and brother, was a fact which she was long in realizing; but when it had once gained possession of her, it was never again forgotten for a moment. Prayer became the delight of her life. The days were gone when the formal repetition of stereotyped phrases was the idea she had of devotion. She talked with God as a man talks with his friend, assured that her prayers were heard. The pent-up heart poured itself out, and all the story of her loneliness and her empty, desolate life was told upon her knees, as she had never told it to any mortal. Even the telling of it gave relief, and when she arose from her knees and opened her Bible she found messages of comfort and encouragement scattered over every page. No longer were they dull, familiar though they were. They had life and meaning in them, as the living words of One to whom she had been speaking. "Let not your heart be troubled; ye believe in God, believe also in me," were some of the words she read at the very beginning of this time of new light. They were dear to her ever afterward as the first that she seemed to hear from her Saviour's very lips. As she read them a quiet, peaceful restfulness filled her soul, and kneeling down again, with her New Testament open before her, she wept her thankfulness and begged for pardon that her heart had ever been troubled through unbelief.

Mr. Lindsay noticed a staid cheerfulness in his daughter's manner as these hours of communion with God began to influence her life. There was no hilarity, no girlish frivolity, but a deep stream of joy seemed to be springing up within her that transformed her countenance and made her every word a soothing, cheering power in the little family. He was thankful for it, but had no conception of its origin. He had been a religious teacher for many years, but the religion he felt and taught was a religion in which doctrine and duty were in the foreground, and love seemed to have lost its proper place. He would have gone to the stake without a tremor for his faith; but the ecstasy, the delight of sonship, the glorious liberty of the children of God, had never filled his heart. It was no wonder that Jean's, warm clinging nature had been repelled by religion as her father taught it, and had gone out with open arms to the presentation of a loving Saviour which Mrs. Arnold had held up before her.

The winter had melted into spring, and the spring had changed to summer, when, to Jean's delight, an invitation came to her from Mrs. Arnold to visit the family in their home. Mr. Lindsay had received by the same mail a letter from Dr. Arnold confirming and seconding his wife's invitation, so that Jean's acceptance might be retarded by no obstacle in her father's reluctance. He discussed the matter, as he did all the details of his life, with his elder daughter, and the issue of their consultation was a gracious permission to Jean to go to her new friends.

Jean had never been away from home before, so that the visit was something of an undertaking for her; but the prospect of being near to Mrs. Arnold, of learning more from her than her letters, brief as so busy a lady necessarily had to make them, could tell her, was a pleasure

in anticipation more than counterbalancing her dread of meeting two young ladies as accomplished and clever as she was sure Helen and Kate Arnold must be. She need not, however, have felt any timidity at all. Both Helen and Kate had learned to love her before they saw her. Mrs. Arnold, it is true, had too much delicacy to show them the letters she had received from Jean; but she had described her so fully, had spoken so pitifully of her desolate condition and of her winsome ways, that her daughters had a welcome ready for her when she arrived which lacked no quality of true friendship.

The three girls were sitting together one morning, about three weeks after Jean's arrival, reading and working by turns, when a letter for Helen was brought in, and that young lady was soon immersed in its contents. "You must know," said Kate Arnold, in a mock-confidential tone to Jean, "that my sister, innocent and staid as she looks, is in correspondence with a young unmarried gentleman in Australia, and this is one of his letters. They are always writing to each other, and have a perfect mine of secrets between them."

"Do not be so absurd," said Helen, looking up from her letter, and laughing gaily. "Do not take any notice of her, Jean. My correspondent is only our brother Ralph, and he writes to me instead of to Kate, because Kate is so dilatory in replying; and when she does write she has so much to say, that she crosses her letters, so as not to pay double postage. Ralph does not like crossed letters, and he does not like to wait a year for a letter at all. That is why I am his correspondent. I think it is a real shame to have a brother all alone out in Australia and leave him for months pining for news of home." And Helen returned to her letter.

A minute or two afterward the two girls, who were quietly sewing, were startled by a merry peal of laughter from Helen's corner. "Kate—Jean," she called, "do listen! Did you ever hear such a commission as this absurd fellow gives me? Let me see—no, I think I must not read his very words. The fact is, he asks me to find him a wife. Fancy the ridiculous idea of his setting me to select and propose, and do his courting for him! Why, if he were living here it would be hard enough to make love by proxy; but think of my having to do it so effectually that the lady would be willing to go all the way to Australia to him. She had need love him very much."

"You ought to feel honored by the confidence he reposes in you," said Kate. "It is not every gentleman who would be satisfied to accept a wife of some other person's choosing. Why, you might send him our Irish scrub-woman. Let us hear the kind of lady he wants. I presume you will not be so self-confident as to dispense with my assistance?"

"No; I will consult you, Kate; but, of course, the final decision will rest with me if I undertake the commission. I am in some doubt whether I ought to do it, it is such a serious matter. I shall have the lives of two people in my hands, and it would be dreadful if they did not agree, or—what is the proper word?—affiliate."

"Why does he not choose for himself; there are ladies in Australia."

"Yes; but Ralph does not seem easily pleased. He is anxious to have a young lady from home; and he determined to come home for the purpose of finding one; but when he found how much money he would lose, and how his business would suffer, he decided to give the commission to me. Oh, dear, this is the most difficult undertaking I ever had thrust upon me!"

The entrance of Dr. and Mrs. Arnold put an end to the conversation for the time; but that night there was an earnest discussion in the bedroom occupied by the two sisters. Ralph's letter was carefully read, and a serious consultation held. The same thought was in the minds of both, but each hesitated to give utterance.

At last Kate, putting her mouth close to Helen's ear, as if afraid the very walls might hear, whispered:

"Do you think Jean would go?"

(To be continued.)

ELISHA AT DOTHAN.

S. S. Lesson for Oct. 4, 2 Kings 6:8-23. Golden Text, ver. 16. By Mrs. M. Baxter.

Elisha's Ministry Unrestricted—His Services to the King of Israel—Tells Him His Enemy's Secrets—Benhadad Suspects His Servants of Treachery—The Secret Discovered—An Expedition Against Elisha—The Protecting Forces—Faith Joined with Consecration—The Capture of the Syrian Army—Treated Magnanimously.

ELISHA's ministry of faithfulness and love was continuous. God gave him to detect the evil in Gehazi's heart which had made it impossible for God to use him in the raising of the Shunamite's son. He had shown the sons of the prophets, when the borrowed axe fell into the water, that God could make iron swim to help one of His children who trusted Him out of a difficulty. But the prophet's ministry was also to

THE COURT OF ISRAEL.

Oh, how one sees the yearning of God's heart over these sinful kings of Israel, who stood in the place which He held among His people until they had rejected Him, that He should not reign over them (1 Sam. 8:7). Prophets were sent to them—clear, personal, direct messages from God—miracles were wrought in their behalf; and yet, in spite of all, they did not yield to God. And such is the history of every unsaved soul; God is not the Author of their ruin; "I would, but ye would not" is ever the sad truth; "ye will not come unto me that ye might have life" (John 5:40).

"The king of Syria warred against Israel"—still the same Benhadad who had been the scourge of Israel for over fifty years. He "took counsel with his servants," men used to war, "saying, In such a place shall be my camp." No doubt his tactics were good, his judgment was not at fault, and yet in some mysterious way he found himself checkmated by the king of Israel. "The man of God sent unto the king of Israel" just in time to warn him, and he "saved himself then not once nor twice." Benhadad

SUSPECTED TREACHERY

among his servants, and that heavy bribes might be too great a temptation to those whom he took so closely into his council. His heart was "sore troubled," and the old man made an appeal to them calculated to touch their hearts: "Will ye not shew me which of us is for the king of Israel?" The enemy who so baffled him was where he least suspected. All his calculations were made with man, and yet this very Benhadad must have heard much of the God of Israel. One of his servants knew the truth, and said, "None, my lord, O king: but Elisha, the prophet that is in Israel, telleth the king of Israel the words that thou speakest in thy bedchamber." What was this? The king of Syria was marching against a nation, and contending with an army; should one single, insignificant man baffle him in all his counsels? It was too derogatory to his kingly pride, and all his enmity turned against that single man. "Go and spy where he is, that I may send and fetch him," was his command.

Oh, how little he took into account that a man of God cannot be touched without God Himself being touched! "He that toucheth you toucheth the apple of His eye" (Zech. 2:8). It was going to be an unequal contest, not man with man, but man with an Almighty God, who kept His servant under the shadow of His wings. When it was told the king, "Behold, he is in Dothan," he sent "thither horses, and chariots, and a great host," to take one single man! But Elisha walked everywhere unarmed, and attended ordinarily by only one servant; why, then, this force in order to take him? Men of the world have no conception of God. They

can only conceive of some supernatural power lodged in and exercised by certain human beings. They have no idea of the God who created heaven and earth actually interfering in the things of our human life here on earth. Accordingly Benhadad arrayed force against force, and thought by numbers to overpower what he conceived to be some material power in Elisha. The whole city was compassed about with the Syrian army; Elisha knew it, but it did not trouble him.

In the early morning his servant (Gehazi's successor) went forth and discovered that they were hemmed in by a hostile force. He came running back to his master, and saying, "Alas! my master! how shall we do?" Elisha was by no means discomposured; he saw things in the light of God, and said, "Fear not: for they that be with us are more than they that be with them." This is faith. Elisha measured

THE RESOURCES OF GOD

against the besieging host of the king of Syria, and he came to the same conclusion as David, "The Lord is my light and my salvation; whom shall I fear? The Lord is the strength of my life; of whom shall I be afraid" (Ps. 27:1)? As the Psalmist, "The Lord is on my side; I will not fear: what can man do unto me" (Ps. 118:6)? As Paul, "If God be for us, who can be against us" (Rom. 8:31)? But his servant had never seen things, as he did, in the light of God, and so he prayed, "Lord, I pray Thee, open his eyes, that he may see." And the Lord opened the eyes of the young man; and he saw: and, behold, the mountain was full of horses and chariots of fire round about Elisha. "The angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear Him, and delivereth them" (Ps. 34:7). It is glorious to have God all round us, between us and evil; but oh, how much more glorious to have God indwelling! "Greater is He that is in you, than he that is in the world" (1 John 4:4). Distrust grieves God; Elisha's habit of life was to see God first in everything, and thus he was made so independent of men and things. Oh, if we could only learn habitually to acknowledge God, habitually to recognize His overruling hand, habitually to welcome every trial of faith as a new opportunity for Him to manifest His powers and love in working out our deliverance, our lives would be one glad sunshine, one unbroken joy, one constant triumph—God's triumph, not ours. Paul's testimony is, "Thanks be unto God, which *always* leadeth us in triumph in Christ" (1 Cor. 2:14, Rev. Ver.).

The Syrian troops entered the city and "came down to him." Was not Elisha now in danger? He did not act as though he were. In the most perfect quiet, without doing a single thing himself, he "prayed unto the Lord, and said, Smite this people, I pray Thee, with blindness. And He smote them with blindness according to the word of Elisha. And Elisha said unto them, This is not the way, neither is this the city: follow me, and I will bring you to the man whom ye seek. But he led them to Samaria." What a sight! The prophet who trusted in the Lord completely master of the situation, leading his enemies, who to a man were all at his mercy, just whatever he would! When a man is so wholly given up to God that he himself is nothing, God can thus use him. There was neither assumption, nor self-reliance, nor self-will about Elisha; thus he could be God's hand, God's voice, God's heart to the people. It would be a terrible thing if men who had their own ends in view could have the same power with God which Elisha had, to make a whole army blind, or a whole army to see! But God, in great measure, mercifully restricts the gift of faith to those whom He fills with Himself, so that faith may work by love, and His own ends, not ours, may be gained. While again and again we are told to ask and receive (Matt. 7:7, 8; Mark 11:24; John 14:13, 14; 16:23, 24), yet

OTHER CONDITIONS

than simply believing are attached to God's

promises of answered prayer. "When ye stand praying, *forgive* (Mark 11:25); "He that believeth on me, *the works that I do shall he do also*; and greater works than these shall he do; because I go unto my Father. And whatsoever ye shall ask in my name, that will I do, that the Father may be glorified in the Son" (John 14:12, 13); "If ye abide in me, and my words abide in you, ye shall ask what ye will, and it shall be done unto you" (John 15:7); "Ye have not chosen me, but I have chosen you . . . that ye should go and bring forth fruit, and that your fruit should remain; that whatsoever ye shall ask of the Father in my name, He may give it you." Unbelief and an unsundered will often go together; consciousness of self and unconsciousness of God.

Elisha kept faith with his blind enemies; he led them to the man whom they sought, and yet more—he, the man whom they sought, led them. Instead of being pursued by them, he walked at their head, so strangely God reverses things when all is put into His hands. Was it only caprice in Elisha which made him lead them to Samaria? Surely not; surely under the guidance of the God before whom he stood Elisha led them to the royal city of Israel to show them how complete was the power of the God of Israel. Once within the walls of Samaria Elisha prayed, "Lord, open the eyes of these men that they may see." It must have been a revelation to the Syrians of the nearness and the power of the Almighty God, that at a word of prayer, spoken in faith by the prophet, their whole army should become blind, and their whole army recover sight. Men who had cavilled beforehand, and had, perhaps on scientific grounds, declared that miracles could not be wrought by God in answer to prayer, could say nothing when their own eyes were closed or opened in answer to prayer. "The Lord opened their eyes, and they saw; and, behold, they were in the midst of Samaria," their sight was indeed restored, but they were all prisoners. It might seem to them that it was only in order that they might by a refinement of cruelty on the part of the children of Israel be more alive to their impending fate. But they were to learn that God is

A GOD OF LOVE.

The king of Israel, as might have been expected of him, said, "My father, shall I smite them? shall I smite them?" A man who knows nothing of God is ready enough to tread upon a fallen foe. Elisha answered, "Thou shalt not smite them: *wouldst* thou smite those whom thou hast taken captive with thy sword and with thy bow?" As though to say, "How much less these whom God has delivered into thine hand." "Set bread and water before them, that they may eat and drink, and go to their master." This is God's way of warfare. "If thine enemy be hungry, give him bread to eat; and if he be thirsty, give him water to drink: for thou shalt heap coals of fire upon his head, and the Lord shall reward thee" (Prov. 25:21, 22). It is probable that these words were well known, but inspired literature was not in fashion in Jehoram's court. Nevertheless he "prepared great provision for them: and when they had eaten and drunk, he sent them away, and they went to their master." How far any of them were really converted to God it is difficult to say, but they could never forget the power of the God of Israel; and these troops, "the bands of Syria," were totally disarmed of their enmity; they "came no more into the land of Israel."

Bethshan Tracts.—The Following Tracts, by Mrs. M. Baxter and others, on the subject of Faith-Healing and Holiness, have been received from England, and can be obtained at the following prices: Bethshan: A House for Healing, 3 cts. each; Pastor Blumhardt's, 3 cts. each; Paul's Thorn, 1 cts. each; Thy Will, Does Sickness Sanctify? Repeating Prayer, What about the Use of Means, The Apostolic Attitude, all at 15 cts. a dozen; The Law of Liberty, Simple Truths about Faith, God's Purpose in Sickness, The Great Physician, Job's Sickness, God's Side of Prayer, Pastor Rein, Redeemed from all Evil, Health by Grace, all at 20 cts. a dozen. Also the following books by Mrs. M. Baxter: S. S. Lessons, 1877-'78, in cloth, 50 cts. each; Lessons from the Gospel of Matthew, 50 cts. cloth, 30 cts. paper; Daily Life, 30 cts. cloth, 20 cts. paper; Life Lessons, 25 cts. cloth, 35 cts. paper; Practical Lessons, 25 cts. paper, 35 cts. cloth. Address The Manager, CHRISTIAN HERALD OFFICE, 65 Bible House, New York.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES.

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Captain LEWIS W. PENNINGTON, the Christian Naval Hero.

(From a Photograph by C. D. Fredericks, 770 Broadway, New York)

CAPTAIN LEWIS W. PENNINGTON.

A Remarkable Cure of a Dying Lady on Ship-board—Captain Pennington's Early Life—Predilection for the Sea—Commands a Vessel at the Age of Nineteen—Oil upon the Waters—The Hurricane in Texas—Naval Services in the War—The Testimony of Gideon Welles—A British Captain Outwitted—An Old Stove Pipe as a Gun—His Ship on Fire—The Captain Left Behind in the Flames—Marvellous Escape in the Boats—His Conversion at the Brooklyn Tabernacle—A Prayer in the Fog—Christian Work in the Hospitals—Healing of St. Vitus' Dance—A Two Years' Cripple Throws away his Crutches.

THE attention of the Christian community of America will be directed during the ensuing week to the subject of faith-healing by the assembling, on Monday next and the five following days, of the great convention in which Mrs. Baxter, Dr. Clift, the Rev. A. B. Simpson, and other eminent believers from this country and Europe will meet to seek light on the manifestation of the Lord's power and grace, which has in these last days filled the hearts of His people with joy and thankfulness. It is, therefore, fitting that the portrait appearing in this number of the CHRISTIAN HERALD should be of a man whom God has used in a very remarkable manner in this work.

One of the first events which brought Captain Pennington's name into prominence among the rapidly-increasing section of the Christian Church, which has learned to look to God for the healing of the body as well as the salvation of the soul, was the remarkable recovery of a lady who was a passenger on board his ship three years ago.

THE SCENE ON THE SHIP

as she lay in Charleston harbor, on that May day, 1832, was one of the saddest in the world. A loving and devoted husband was carrying on board his dying wife, whose best hope was that she might live long enough to reach her home in the North before she died. It could scarcely be called a hope, for it did not include expectation. Three of the most eminent physicians in the South had been consulted, and they expressed their unhesitating opinion that there was not the slightest hope. But with that longing that dying people often experience, she wanted to die at home, and though she had an overpowering horror of being buried at sea, she persuaded her husband to let her make the voyage. He shared his wife's apprehension, and privately made arrangements with the shipping agents for having the body placed on ice in the too probable event of life departing during the voyage.

The lady's disease was a very painful as well as a critical one, and the Captain witnessed with deep sympathy the arrival of the apparently dying lady. Her husband was touched by the Captain's kindness, and invited him to visit his wife in her state-room. There was no need of a physician to tell any visitor to that room that death was hovering very near to the pallid sufferer lying there. The Captain looking at her felt that; but he was a man of strong faith, and he unhesitatingly told her that he felt sure that even from the brink of the grave, where she was, God was able to save her. He asked permission to pray with her then and there, and did so. It was not a common sight, that of the brave, hardy sailor, who had won distinction in many battles, and whose energy and endurance had saved his own life more than once in seasons of peril from shipwreck, kneeling in that cabin pleading with God for that flickering life. It was on a Tuesday night that that solemn, earnest prayer was offered, and on the following Saturday, when the vessel arrived at her pier in New York, that lady who had been carried on board in a dying state walked briskly down the gang-plank by her husband's side, and took the cars for her home. God had honored the sailor's confidence in Him, and had fully restored her to health. The Captain whose sublime faith had been thus rewarded was no common man, though

his previous career had not been of that character which would have prepared his friends for such conduct.

BIRTH AND EARLY LIFE.

Lewis Walker Pennington was born at May's Landing, N. J., on October 16th, 1833. He is, therefore, now fifty-two years old. His father was the captain of a vessel, and had been so since his seventeenth year. He had no fancy, however, for his little boy to follow the same profession, but intended that he should have a good education, and choose for himself an occupation ashore. Accordingly, he was sent to school, and on Sundays attended, at his parents' desire, the Presbyterian Sunday-school in the village. The boy remained dutifully at home until his thirteenth year, but gave many indications of his inherited predilection for the sea.

To the boy's delight, his father, in 1846, consented, at his earnest solicitation, to take him with him on his next voyage, which was from New York to Charleston, S. C., New Orleans, and Havana. During that voyage his future career was determined. The eagerness with which the lad set himself to learn everything about the management of a ship, the intelligence he displayed in learning how to get the latitude and longitude of a vessel and locate her on the map, and his general aptitude for a seafaring life, proved him a born sailor, and his father, noticing this, bowed to the inevitable. At the end of that voyage he was sent to school again to study astronomy and navigation, with the expressed intention of fitting him for the career he had chosen. In 1848 he went a second voyage with his father, and after that, though only fifteen years of age, he deemed himself sufficiently experienced to ship himself as an able seaman. Apparently that was not too high an estimate of his capacity, for when he went among strangers his abilities were recognized, and by the time he was eighteen he attained the dignity of first mate.

On his return to Philadelphia the young man, then in his eighteenth year, was made sailing-master of the schooner Nebraska, bound for Matagorda, Tex. At that place he decided to locate, and after several voyages in Matagorda Bay he was given the command of the steamer Delta. That was a promotion of no little importance, and Captain Pennington, duly appreciating his dignity, proceeded to get married and, though not yet twenty years of age, to set up a home of his own.

The next year, 1854, will be always memorable in the Gulf States for the terrific hurricane which, on September 17th, wiped out the city of Matagorda and wrecked over forty steamers and sailing vessels. The Delta did not escape disaster, though, happily, all lives on board of her were saved by the presence of mind of the young captain, who then, for the first time, learned practically, as he has since often noticed metaphorically, how wise it is to pour

OIL UPON THE WATERS.

The steamer had sprung a leak and sank rapidly to the water's edge, but the cargo of lumber she had on board kept her from going to the bottom. The crew were clinging to what was now little more than a raft, and were in momentary danger of being washed off by the waves which dashed upon them with mighty power. The captain remembered that he had aboard a can containing about five gallons of oil, and he ordered his men to lash him to the weather side of the wreck, with the oil at his side. He poured out small quantities at a time, which spread over the waves and thus prevented their breaking over the nearly submerged vessel. Thus protected, they drifted for two miles safely, and at last landed without loss of life on the Texas coast.

It was a scene of desolation which met the young captain's gaze as he approached the home he had left not long before a scene of Southern beauty. His house had been carried away completely, with the rest of the city, and his wife, who was sick, had been saved from death only by the daring of a physician, who, unable to

stand upright before the hurricane, had crawled on his hands and knees until he reached the ditch where the wind had carried her, and had borne her to a place of safety. Being thus stripped of all his possessions, Captain Pennington decided on moving North. He settled in his native town of May's Landing, N. J., and resumed his professional duties.

Not long afterward Captain Pennington had another narrow escape from death. While his ship was in the harbor of Port Au Prince he and all his crew were attacked with yellow fever. They were carried ashore and taken to the hospital, where they remained for thirty-two days. At the end of that time the only survivors were Captain Pennington and one seaman. Every other officer and sailor had died of the dreadful scourge.

THE OUTBREAK OF THE WAR

stirred the young sailor's blood, as it did that of all other patriotic young men, North and South, and he promptly placed himself at the disposal of the Government. He reported for duty to the Brooklyn Navy Yard, and was appointed to the command of the schooner Henry James, of the mortar flotilla under Commodore (now Admiral) Porter. On March 20th, 1862, Captain Pennington was with his ship in the fleet that commenced the bombardment of Forts Jackson and St. Philip. The terrific fight which ensued has been too often described to need repetition here. It is sufficient to state that Unionists and Confederates alike acknowledged, as Commander A. T. Mahan states in his excellent work on this period of the war,* that the mortar fleet, of which Captain Pennington served was noted for the effective service it rendered. After these battles the fleet was ordered up the Mississippi to the attack of Vicksburg, and there Captain Pennington was conspicuous. Later his gallantry at Sabine Pass won for him a substantial recognition from the Government. On November 29th, 1862, he received a document signed by Gideon Welles stating that the Department, as a mark of its appreciation of his gallant conduct, appointed him Acting Volunteer Lieutenant in the Navy of the United States, the appointment to take date from September 25th. He took a prominent part in the important naval operations which followed; was made commander of the U. S. Steamer J. P. Jackson, which was the flagship of the Mississippi Sound, and in her he took part in the battles of Fort Gaines and Fort Morgan, and the fight at the entrance of Mobile. He was subsequently appointed to the command of the gunboat Kennelbec, and afterward of the gunboat Owasco. On March 3d, 1865, he again heard from the Secretary of the Navy. This communication informed him that, in recognition of his distinguished services, he had been appointed, by the consent of the Senate of the United States, Acting Lieutenant-Commander, which was the highest grade to which a volunteer could aspire.

At the close of the war he was urged to continue in the navy, but he decided to return to the merchant service, and tendered his resignation. It was not until November 12th, 1869, however, that it was accepted. The following record appears on a document which he received after that date, and attests the

GOVERNMENT APPRECIATION

of his services. It is signed by the Secretary of the Navy, and dated Washington, November 12th, 1865: "The war for the preservation of the Union having, under the beneficent guidance of Almighty God, been brought to a successful termination, you, having served with fidelity in the United States Navy from the 22d day of November 1861 to this date, are hereby honorably discharged, with the thanks of the Department." One story of

A BRITISHER OUTWITTED,

which deserves to be told as an evidence of the American daring which distinguishes the captain, must conclude this portion of the narrative. In 1863, after the battles of the Mississippi

* Published by Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons.

River and the Sabine Pass, Captain Pennington received a brief leave of absence, in which he came North to visit his family. He took passage on board the unarmed steamer, Western Metropolis, from New Orleans to New York. While off the Tortugas, a group of small islands in the Gulf of Mexico, Captain Pennington's attention was called by the captain of the Metropolis to a line of black smoke on the horizon. "That is a blockade-runner," said the captain of the Metropolis. "Let us take her," said Captain Pennington. But there was a difficulty. The Metropolis, though a swifter vessel than the British ship, had neither guns nor ammunition. But Captain Pennington thought they might run her down, and persuaded the other captain to let him try what he could do. Chase was given, and soon the Britisher was being overtaken. Meanwhile Captain Pennington had donned his uniform, had girded on a sword which he was taking home as a trophy, and with a speaking trumpet in his hand stood on the bridge. Two other naval officers and six sailors, also, like Captain Pennington, on leave, were placed where they could be seen, and

AN OLD STOVE-PIPE

was mounted to represent a gun and placed in the fore-castle. Captain Pennington hailed the British ship and ordered him to heave-to, if he did not want to be blown out of the water. The British captain obeyed, and waited while Captain Pennington came on board. The vessel proved to be a blockade-runner, as had been supposed, with a crew armed with Enfield rifles, and Captain Pennington informed the British captain—who, by the way, was an old acquaintance of his own—that it was his duty to seize his vessel and take him and his officers and crew prisoners. The Britisher, knowing that Captain Pennington was in the navy, and supposing his ship was a war-vessel, submitted at once, and he and his officers and crew were sent, six at a time, on board the Metropolis and locked up in the state-rooms, while the blockade-runner and her cargo were carried as a prize to Key West. The British captain swore vengeance when he learned that he had been unnecessarily frightened into surrender, but as twenty-two years have elapsed without his threats being executed, it may be supposed that Captain Pennington is now safe.

A SHIP ON FIRE.

In 1869, after four years of activity in the merchant service, Captain Pennington was in command of the steamer Thames, bound from New York to Galveston, Tex. When off Cape Hatteras the alarming discovery was made that by spontaneous combustion the cargo was on fire. There was a great deal of hay on board, and the flames soon made such progress that all hope of saving the ship was abandoned. It was in the middle of the night, and for a time panic reigned among crew and passengers. As the first boat was lowered and manned one of the masts fell, and then terror seemed to madden the crew. They rushed to the side, intent on saving themselves, whatever might become of the passengers. Providentially, Captain Pennington retained his courage and composure. With a revolver in his hand he took his stand by the remaining boats, threatening to shoot the first man who disobeyed orders. The act restored discipline, and the passengers were got safely into the boats. The captain saw every one off, and then ran to get a compass, the only man left on the blazing ship. His peril was extreme, for the fact of his being there was overlooked by the men in the boats until he was seen standing on the deck, his figure thrown out in strong relief by the flames behind him. One of the passengers raised a shout of "There's the captain left behind!" The first officer turned and saw him, returned to the ship's side, and took him on board. How near he was to death may be inferred from the fact that his clothing and hair were singed by the flames. They were twenty miles from land, and were in the open boats for eleven hours; but, providentially, every one on board was landed safely.

CONVERSION.

Up to this time Captain Pennington had led the free, jovial, careless life only too common among seafaring men. He had been to Sunday-school as a boy, and religion was always spoken of respectfully in his father's house; but he had never felt any religious impressions. He was a good husband and father, and a strictly moral man. He had a sailor's love for "a glass of good liquor," though he seldom drank to excess. It was, however, notorious that when angered and provoked there were few men on shipboard whose oaths could compare with Captain Pennington's in lurid force and energy. But he was, withal, an exceedingly kind and courteous man. Few husbands, we think, could, after so many years of married life as Captain Pennington has enjoyed, count upon their wives giving such a testimony to their uniform kindness as that given a few days ago by the white-haired, but still beautiful Mrs. Pennington, who said, with honest pride: "In all the years of our married life, neither before nor since his conversion, has my husband ever uttered one cross or unkind word to me." Nevertheless, Captain Pennington was an unconverted man, with no belief in historical Christianity and no respect for its great truths. His wife, however, was earnest in her endeavors to bring him under the influence of the Gospel.

In the spring of 1881 she succeeded in inducing him to go to the Brooklyn Tabernacle to hear Dr. Talmage. To use his own expression, he did not "take any stock in Talmage," but to oblige his wife he went. It was on Sunday, March 20th. He was utterly careless and indifferent when he entered the church, and took his seat in the gallery with his wife and two friends; but before the service was over he was so deeply impressed that when the invitation was given for those to rise who desired prayer the captain rose to his feet. He even went down to the front of the platform and knelt while one of the members prayed with him. But he left the building unconverted. On the next evening a service conducted by Philip Phillips was held in the Tabernacle, and Captain Pennington attended. He listened attentively, for the impressions he had resisted the previous night still rankled within him. "As Dr. Talmage spoke," says the captain, "I felt in my heart that every word he said meant me." The Holy Spirit moved him so powerfully that he could not remain in his seat. Rising half reluctantly, he seemed to be driven to the place where men were weeping and praying for salvation. The struggle that followed was severe. So strong was his emotion that sight and strength failed, and the captain almost fell over from sheer collapse. He cried earnestly to God for help and light. His prayer was heard. He seemed to himself to be emerging from a dungeon into liberty and sunlight. He knew that Jesus had saved him, and taking Dr. Talmage by the hand he stood forth and declared what Jesus had done for him. On the following Wednesday he testified again before an audience of five thousand people, and not long afterward Dr. Talmage publicly welcomed him into his church.

CHRISTIAN WORK.

Captain Pennington's nature was not of that character which would let him be idle under so mighty a force. He began immediately to work for Christ. On the streets and on the piers, where he was well known, he stood up, not to preach, but to declare what a treasure he had found, and to urge others to seek the same Saviour. God blessed the message to many souls, who could not but be struck with wonder when so well-known a man as Captain Pennington avowed his conversion.

The living power which had entered into the captain's heart seemed to permeate his entire being and to affect every act of his daily life. He had been ashore for some time acting as Port Captain of the Clyde Line of steamers, having previously resided at Panama as Port Captain of the Pacific Mail Steamship Company.

Soon after his conversion, however, he was again sent to sea in command of the Morro Castle, of the Clyde Line. During this voyage an incident occurred which made a deep impression on his mind and led him to meditate much on the unlimited power of prayer. His vessel was bound from New York to Charleston, N. C. For two days and nights she had been

SURROUNDED BY A DENSE FOG.

The captain, almost worn out by loss of rest and by anxiety, was about to enter the pilot-house, about four o'clock in the morning, when the thought occurred to him that he had the privilege of committing the responsibility which was weighing upon him to an all-wise God. He turned into his own room and, kneeling down, besought God's help. It was no vague prayer, but a definite petition that God would remove the fog, and as he rose from his knees the captain felt assured that his prayer was heard. Entering the pilot-house his cheerful face was noticed by the officers of the watch, who inquired what had happened. The captain said that he expected the fog to clear immediately. His attention was called to the fact that there was no sun nor any sign of anything that could lift it. The captain told them that he had prayed about it, and he believed that his prayer would be answered. His hearers, however, would have had more faith in a gleam of sunshine, and one of them, as he went out of the pilot-house, muttered an expression of contempt for prayer in such cases. The captain followed him to speak a word of reproof, when both saw three vivid flashes of lightning, which seemed almost to strike the ship. The sailor stopped his ridicule and staggered back in amazement as he saw the fog completely dispersed by the electric flash. We understand that one of the officers on board was so impressed by the occurrence that it ultimately led to his conversion.

HEALING.

The captain's desire for Christian service led him frequently to visit the prisons and hospitals at the ports at which he stayed. While seeking to lead the sick and afflicted to the Saviour he did not forget their physical needs, and in his prayers for them besought the blessing of healing, with the full conviction that "no good thing would God withhold from those who walk uprightly" (Ps. 84 : 11). He had the happiness in one case of seeing a sufferer from St. Vitus' dance, whose contortions from head to foot rendered him a pitiable object, completely cured in answer to his prayer. In another, a withered limb which had necessitated the use of crutches for two years was restored, and the sufferer gladly threw away his crutches and walked. Six months afterward the captain saw him going about his work a well man, having in all that time had no occasion to use a crutch.

Several cases have been reported in these columns as they occurred. One number of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD containing a narrative of healing fell into the hands of a husband on whose heart a heavy affliction was preying. His beloved wife had been for five months in a critical mental condition, the result of physical causes, and was rapidly becoming worse, owing to insomnia. The narrative inspired the distressed husband with hope, and he immediately wrote to Captain Pennington begging for his advice and his prayers. Captain Pennington replied, quoting our Saviour's words on the gift of healing, and praying that the afflicted lady might receive healing for the mind and conversion for the soul through faith. A few days afterward, he received the news of the lady's complete recovery.

Many other cases of healing might be mentioned, but enough has been said to show the way in which Captain Pennington has been used of God in this matter. To himself they seem the least important feature of his Christian work. His delight is in leading the sin-sick soul to the Great Physician, but to sufferers from physical maladies he delivers the message that the Lord has borne their sicknesses and they may receive healing from Him.

STORMED AND TAKEN.

Dr. Talmage's Sermon, Preached Last Sunday Morning, September 27, 1885.

"And Abimelech gat him up to Mount Zalmon, he and all the people that were with him; and Abimelech took an axe in his hand, and cut down a bough from the trees, and took it, and laid it on his shoulder. . . . And all the people likewise cut down every man his bough, and followed Abimelech, and put them to the hold, and set the hold on fire upon them; so that all the men of the tower of Shechem died also, about a thousand men and women."—JUDGES 9: 48, 49.

The Light-houses of Bible History—The Horrors of a Sacked City—The Last Citadel—Abimelech's Strangely-Equipped Army—The Holocaust—Folly of Depending on Any One Form of Tactics in War—Unconventional Warfare—A Colored Woman's Song—The Gospel Bonfire—The Power of Example—A Strong Leverage—Advantages of Concerted Action—Religious Sleepy-Heads—Danger of False Refugees—The Tower of Good Works—The Tower of Indifference—An Impregnable Refuge.

ABIMELECH is a name malodorous in Bible history, and yet full of profitable suggestion. Buoys are black and uncomely, but they tell where the rocks are. The snake's rattle is hideous, but it gives timely warning. From the piazza of my summer home, night by night I saw a lighthouse fifteen miles away, not placed there for adornment, but to tell mariners to stand off from that dangerous point. So all the iron-bound coast of moral danger is marked with Saul, and Herod, and Rehoboam, and Jezebel, and Abimelech. These bad people are mentioned in the Bible, not only as warnings, but because there were sometimes flashes of good conduct in their lives worthy of imitation. God sometimes drives a very straight nail with a very poor hammer.

THE ASSAULT.

The city of Shechem had to be taken, and Abimelech and his men were to do it. I see the dust rolling up from their excited march. I hear the shouting of the captains and the yell of the besiegers. The swords clack sharply on the parrying shields, and the vociferation of two armies in death-grapple is horrible to hear. The battle goes on all day, and as the sun is setting Abimelech and his army cry "Surrender!" to the beaten foe. And, unable longer to resist, the city of Shechem falls; and there are pools of blood, and dismembered limbs, and glazed eyes looking up beggingly for mercy that war never shows, and dying soldiers with their head on the lap of mother, or wife, or sister, who have come out for the last offices of kindness and affection; and a groan rolls across the city, stopping not, because there is no spot for it to rest, so full is the place of other groans. A city wounded! A city dying! A city dead! Wail for Shechem, all ye who know the horrors of a sacked town!

THE LAST CITADEL.

As I look over the city I can find only one building standing, and that is the temple of the god Berith. Some soldiers outside of the city in a tower, finding that they can no longer defend Shechem, now begin to look out for their own personal safety, and they fly to this temple of Berith. They get within the door, shut it, and they say: "Now we are safe. Abimelech has taken the whole city, but he cannot take this temple of Berith. Here we shall be under the protection of the gods." O Berith, the god! I do your best now for these refugees. If you have eyes, pity them. If you have hands, help them. If you have thunderbolts, strike for them.

But how shall Abimelech and his army take this temple of Berith and the men who are there fortified? Will they do it with sword? Nay. Will they do it with spear? Nay. With battering arm, rolled up by hundred-armed strength, crashing against the walls? Nay. Abimelech marches his men to a wood in Zalmon. With his axe he hews off a limb of a tree, and puts that limb upon his own shoulder, and then he says to his men, "You do the same." They are obedient to their commander.

Oh, what a strange army, with what strange

equipment! They come up to the foot of the temple of Berith, and Abimelech takes his limb of a tree and throws it down; and the first platoon of soldiers come up and they throw down their branches; and the second platoon, and the third, until all around about the temple of Berith there is a pile of tree-branches. The Shechemites look out from the window of the temple upon what seems to them childish play on the part of their enemies. But soon the flints are struck, and the spark begins to kindle the brush, and the flame comes up all through the pile, and the red elements leap to the casement, and the woodwork begins to blaze, and one arm of flame is thrown up on the right side of the temple, and another arm of flame is thrown up on the left side of the temple, until they clasp their lurid palms under the wild night sky, and the cry of "Fire!" within, and "Fire!" without announces the terror, and the strangulation, and the doom of the Shechemites, and the complete overthrow of the temple of the god Berith. Then there went up a shout, long and loud, from the stout lungs and swarthy chests of Abimelech and his men, as they stood amid the ashes and the dust, crying: "Victory! Victory!"

NOVEL TACTICS.

Now, I learn first from this subject the folly of depending upon any one form of tactics in anything we have to do for this world or for God. Look over the weaponry of olden times—javelins, battle-axes, habergeons—and show me a single weapon with which Abimelech and his men could have gained such complete victory. It is no easy thing to take a temple thus armed. I saw a house where, during *revolutionary times*, a man and his wife kept back a whole regiment hour after hour, because they were inside the house and the assaulting soldiers were outside the house. Yet here Abimelech and his army come up, they surround this temple, and they capture it without the loss of a single man on the part of Abimelech, although I suppose some of the old Israelitish heroes told Abimelech: "You are only going up there to be cut to pieces." Yet you are willing to testify to-day that by no other mode—certainly not by ordinary modes—could that temple so easily, so thoroughly have been taken. Fathers and mothers, brethren and sisters in Jesus Christ, what the Church most wants to learn this day is that any plan is right, is lawful, is best, which helps to overthrow the temple of sin, and capture this world for God. We are very apt to stick to the OLD MODES OF ATTACK.

We put on the old-style coat of mail. We come up with the sharp, keen, glittering steel spear of argument, expecting in that way to take the castle, but they have a thousand spears where we have ten. And so the castle of sin stands. Oh, my friends, we will never capture this world for God by any keen sabre of sarcasm, by any glittering lances of rhetoric, by any sapping and mining of profound disquisition, by any gunpowdery explosions of indignation, by sharp shootings of wit, by howitzers of mental strength made to swing shell five miles, by cavalry horses gorgeously caparisoned pawing the air. In vain all the attempts on the part of these ecclesiastical foot soldiers, light horsemen, and grenadiers.

UNCONVENTIONAL WARFARE.

My friends, I propose this morning a different style of tactics. Let each one go to the forest of God's promise and invitation, and hew down a branch, and put it on his shoulder, and let us all come around these obstinate iniquities, and then, with this pile, kindled by the fires of a holy zeal and the flames of a consecrated life, we will burn them out. What steel cannot do fire may. And I, this morning, announce myself in favor of any plan of religious attack that succeeds—any plan of religious attack, however radical, however odd, however unpopular, however hostile to all the conventionalities of Church and State. We want more heart in our song, more heart in our alms-giving, more heart in our prayers, more heart in our preach-

ing. Oh, for less of Abimelech's sword, and more of Abimelech's conflagration! I have often heard

"There is a fountain filled with blood"

sung artistically by four birds perched on the Sunday roost in the gallery, until I thought of Jenny Lind, and Nilsson, and Sontag, and all the other warblers; but there came not one tear to my eye, nor one master emotion to my heart. But one night I went down to the Africa Methodist meeting-house in Philadelphia, and at the close of the service a black woman, in the midst of the audience, began to sing that hymn and all the audience joined in, and we were floated some three or four miles nearer heaven than I have ever been since. I saw with my own eyes that "fountain filled with blood"—red agonizing, sacrificial, redemptive—and I heard the crimson plash of the wave as we all went down into it:

"For sinners plunged beneath that flood
Lose all their guilty stains."

Oh, my friends, the Gospel is not a syllogism, it is not casuistry, it is not polemics, or the science of squabble. It is

BLOOD-RED FACT;

it is warm-hearted invitation; it is leaping, bounding, flying good news; it is efflorescent with all light; it is rubescent with all glow; it is arborescent with all sweet shade. I have seen the sun rise on Mount Washington, and from the Tip-top House; but there was no beauty in that compared with the day-spring from on high, when Christ gives light to a soul. I have heard Perea sing; but there was no music in that compared with the voice of Christ when He said: "Thy sins are forgiven thee; go in peace." Good news! Let every one cut down a branch of this tree of life and wave it. Let him throw it down and kindle it. Let all the way from Mount Zalmon to Shechem be filled with the tossing joy. Good news! This bonfire of the Gospel shall consume the last temple of sin, and will illumine the sky with apocalyptic joy that Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners. Any new plan that makes a man quit his sin, and that prostrates a wrong, I am as much in favor of as though all the doctors, and the bishops, and the archbishops, and the synods, and the academical gowmsmen of Christianity sanctioned it. The temple of Berith must come down, and I do not care how it comes.

THE POWER OF EXAMPLE.

Still further, I learn from this subject the power of example. If Abimelech had sat down on the grass and told his men to go and get the boughs, and go out to the battle, they would never have gone at all, or, if they had, it would have been without any spirit or effective result; but when Abimelech goes with his own axe and hews down a branch, and with Abimelech's arm puts it on Abimelech's shoulder, and marches on—then, my text says, all the people did the same. How natural that was! What made Garibaldi and Stonewall Jackson the most magnetic commanders of this century? They always rode ahead. Oh, the overcoming power of example! Here is a father on the wrong road; all his boys go on the wrong road. Here is a father who enlists for Christ; his children enlist.

I saw, in some of the picture galleries of Europe, that before many of the great works of the masters—the old masters—there would be sometimes four or five artists taking copies of the pictures. These copies they were going to carry with them, perhaps to distant lands; and I have thought that your life and character are a masterpiece, and it is being copied, and long after you are gone it will bloom or blast in the homes of those who knew you, and be a Gorgon or a Madonna. Look out what you say. Look out what you do. Eternity will hear the echo. *The best sermon ever preached* is a holy life. The best music ever chanted is a consistent walk.

STRONG LEVERAGE.

I saw, near the beach, a wrecker's machine. It was a cylinder with some holes at the side, made for the thrusting in of some long poles

with strong leverage; and when there is a vessel in trouble or going to pieces out in the offing, the wreckers shoot a rope out to the suffering men. They grasp it, and the wreckers turn the cylinder, and the rope winds around the cylinder, and those who are shipwrecked are saved. So at your feet to-day there is an influence with a tremendous leverage. The rope attached to it swings far out into the billowy future. Your children, your children's children, and all the generations that are to follow, will grip that influence and feel the long-reaching pull long after the figures on your tombstone are so near worn out that the visitor cannot tell whether it was in 1885, or 1775, or 1675 that you died.

Still further, I learn from this subject the advantages of

CONCERTED ACTION.

If Abimelech had merely gone out with a tree-branch the work would not have been accomplished, or if ten, twenty, or thirty men had gone; but when all the axes are lifted, and all the sharp edges fall, and all these men carry each his tree-branch down and throw it about the temple, the victory is gained—the temple falls. My friends, where there is one man in the Church of God at this day shouldering his whole duty there are a great many who never lift an axe or swing a bow.

Oh, we all want our boat to get over to the golden sands, but the most of us are seated either in the prow or in the stern, wrapped in our striped shawl, hold a big-handled sunshade, while others are blistered in the heat, and pull until the oar-locks groan, and the blades bend till they snap. Oh, *religious sleepy-heads*, wake up! While we have in our church a great many who are toiling for God, there are some too lazy to brush the flies off their heavy eyelids.

THE MALINGERERS.

Suppose, in military circles, on the morning of battle the roll is called, and out of a thousand men only a hundred men in the regiment answered. What excitement there would be in the camp! What would the colonel say? What high talking there would be among the captains, and majors, and the adjutants! Suppose word came to headquarters that these delinquents excused themselves on the ground that they had overslept themselves, or that the morning were damp and they were afraid of getting their feet wet, or that they were busy cooking rations. My friends, this is the morning of the day of God Almighty's battle! Do you not see the troops? Hear you not all the trumpets of heaven and all the drums of hell? Which side are you on? If you are on the right side, to what cavalry troop, to what artillery service, to what garrison duty do you belong? In other words, in what Sabbath-school do you teach? in what prayer-meeting do you exhort? to what penitentiary do you declare eternal liberty? to what almshouse do you announce the riches of heaven? What broken bone of sorrow have you ever set? Are you doing nothing? Is it possible that a man or woman sworn to be a follower of the Lord Jesus Christ is doing nothing? Then hide the horrible secret from the angels. Keep it away from the book of judgment. If you are doing nothing do not let the world find it out, lest they charge your religion with being a false-face. Do not let your cowardice and treason be heard among the martyrs about the throne, lest they forget the sanctity of the place and curse your betrayal of that cause for which they agonized and died.

SWORN TO SERVICE.

May the eternal God rouse us all to action! As for myself, I feel I would be ashamed to die now and enter heaven until I have accomplished something more decisive for the Lord that should meet me. I would like to join with you in an oath, with hand high uplifted to heaven, swearing new allegiance to Jesus Christ, and to work more for His kingdom. Are you ready to join with me in some new work for Christ? I feel that there is such a thing as claustral piety, that there is such a thing as insular work; but it seems to me that what we want now is concerted

action. The temple of Berith is very broad, and it is very high. It has been going up by the hands of men and devils, and no human enginery can demolish it; but if the fifty thousand ministers of Christ in this country should each take a branch of the tree of life, and all their congregations should do the same, and we should march on and throw these branches around the great temples of sin, and worldliness, and folly, it would need no match, or coal, or torch of ours to touch off the pile; for, as in the days of Elijah, fire would fall from heaven and kindle the bonfire of Christian victory over demolished sin. It is kindling now! Huzzah! The day is ours!

FALSE REFUGES.

Still further, I learn from this subject the danger of false refuges. As soon as these Shechemites got into the temple they thought they were safe. They said: "Berith will take care of us. Abimelech may batter down everything else; he cannot batter down this temple where we are now hid." But very soon they heard the timbers crackling, and they were smothered with smoke, and they miserably died. And you and I are just as much tempted to false refuges. The mirror this morning may have persuaded you that you have a comely cheek; your best friends may have persuaded you that you have elegant manners. Satan may have told you that you are all right; but bear with me if I tell you that if unpardoned you are all wrong. I have no clinometer by which to measure how steep is the inclined plane you are descending, but I know it is very steep. "Well," you say, "if the Bible is true I am a sinner." Show me some refuge; I will step right into it.

I suppose every person in this audience this moment is stepping into some kind of refuge. Here you step in

THE TOWER OF GOOD WORKS.

You say: "I shall be safe here in this refuge." The battlements are adorned; the steps are varnished; on the wall are pictures of all the suffering you have alleviated, and all the schools you have established, and all the fine things you have ever done. Up in that tower you feel you are safe. But hear you not the tramp of your unpardoned sins all around the tower? They each have a match. They are kindling the combustible material. You feel the heat and the suffocation. Oh, may you leap in time, the Gospel declaring: "By the deeds of the law shall no flesh living be justified."

"Well," you say, "I have been driven out of that tower; where shall I go?" Step into this tower of indifference. You say: "If this tower is attacked it will be a great while before it is taken." You feel at ease. But there is an Abimelech, with ruthless assaults, coming on. Death and his forces are gathering around, and they demand that you surrender everything, and they clamor for your immortal overthrow, and they throw their skeleton arms in the windows, and with their iron fists they beat against the door, and while you are trying to keep them out you see the torches of judgment kindling, and every forest is a torch, and every mountain a torch, and every sea a torch, and while the Alps, and Pyrenees, and Himalayas turn into a live coal, blown redder and redder by the whirlwind breath of a God omnipotent, what will become of your refuge of lies?

AN IMPREGNABLE REFUGE.

"But," says some one, "you are engaged in a very mean business, driving us from tower to tower." Oh, no! I want to tell you of a Gibraltar that never has been and never will be taken; of a wall that no Satanic assault can scale; of a bulwark that the judgment earthquakes cannot budge. The Bible refers to it when it says: "In God is thy refuge, and underneath thee are the everlasting arms." Oh, fling yourself into it! Tread down unceremoniously everything that intercepts you. Wedge your way there. There are enough hounds of death and peril after you to make you hurry. Many a man has perished just outside the tower, with his foot on the step, with his hand on

the latch. Oh, get inside! Not one surplus second have you to spare. Quick, quick, quick!

Great God, is life such an uncertain thing? If I bear a little too hard with my right foot on the earth, does it break through into the grave? Is this world which swings at the speed of thousands of miles an hour around the sun going with tenfold more speed toward the judgment-day? Oh, I am overcome with the thought, and in the conclusion I cry to one and I cry to the other: "Oh, time! Oh, eternity! Oh, the dead! Oh, the judgment-day! O Jesus! O God!" But catching at the last apostrophe, I feel that I have something to hold on to; for "In God is thy refuge, and underneath thee are the everlasting arms." And, exhausted with my failure to save myself, I throw my whole weight of body, mind, and soul on this divine promise, as a weary child throws itself into the arms of its mother; as a wounded soldier throws himself on the hospital pillow; as a pursued man throws himself into the refuge; for "In God is thy refuge, and underneath thee are the everlasting arms." Oh, for a flood of tears with which to express the joy of this eternal rescue!

THE CLERGYMAN WARNED.

(See Illustration on page 636.)

"EXCUSE me, sir, that bank ain't safe." The words were addressed to a gentleman in clerical attire who, leaning against a big tree, was watching the water of a wide river as it ran among the reeds and water-lilies at the foot of the bank. He turned slightly at the words and saw Abel Snawley, a laborer on the farm. He had just been paying a pastoral visit to Abel and his wife, both of whom seemed to him sunk in indifference and formalism. Their conception of their situation toward God was summed up in the notion that if they were regular at church every Sunday morning and were not guilty of open sin, they were "all right," and had no need of any "new-fangled notions about conversion which the new clergyman had brought into the parish." The visit had been a failure, and the preacher felt depressed as he stood there idly watching the river.

"Thank you, Abel," he said, as he rose to an upright position and moved away from the edge. "I had no idea it was dangerous. Is the river very deep here?"

"Not so very," said Abel, "but it's the reeds and the willows as make it bad; they twine around your feet and hold you like a net, or mayhap trip you up, and you lie on your face and can't get up. I had a son drowned just there ten years ago. He was standing just where you were, and there was a slide, and in he went. We never knew till it was too late. I can't bear to see any one there ever since."

"And so you warn folks, eh, Abel? Well, that's kind of you, and just what I should expect of a good-hearted man. Why, I might have slipped in and lost my life just as your son did if you had not taken the trouble to warn me."

"Don't mention it, sir. 'Tain't no trouble; it's duty, that is."

"Do you know, Abel," said the clergyman, as he turned and walked back with the old man, "that's just how I felt this morning when I came to your house? I felt you were standing in a dangerous place, and you did not know it was dangerous. Many have fallen in there and have been lost forever. I want you to be safe, so I came to warn you. That is my work, you know, to tell people of their danger. 'Except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God.' You know who said that, Abel?"

"That's a new way of looking at it, sir. I'll think about it." And Abel did think of it, and sought and found safety in Christ.

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THE RE-OPENING OF THE EASTERN QUESTION.

THE seething complications of European politics have during the past few days evolved a new development. The revolution in East Roumelia, quietly and peacefully as it has been accomplished, is a matter of no slight importance to many nations; and, though as yet it has not been attended with bloodshed, may lead to a long and sanguinary struggle. In any case, it must involve the opening of the interminable Eastern question, which has a peculiar fascination for European statesmen, and which has already been the cause of several wars. It may be that diplomacy will settle this difficulty as it has settled others, but that is a presumption by no means assured. To the student of prophecy watching the movements of the nations and considering events in the light of the predictions of God's Word, this revolution will be a subject of unusual interest, on account of the influence it cannot but exert in bringing the nations of Europe into that grouping which they must assume before the final consummation.

The startling announcement of the revolution published on Friday last is the product of several causes working together, some of which are obvious, and others are merely suspected. It is no wonder that an intelligent race should rebel against the effete and corrupt despotism of the Sultan, but there is good reason for doubting whether the people would have rebelled had not some motive power been applied below the surface. The hand of Russia has probably been at work for some time nourishing and organizing the prevalent discontent, and it is this suspicion that arouses the jealousy of other nations, who would probably have no thought of interference if they believed that the citizens were acting on their own spontaneous desires.

To the Berlin Conference the people of Eastern Roumelia owed their existence as a separate State. That conference gave them practical autonomy but placed them under the executive control of the Sultan. The object sought was to give Turkey a rampart on the north of Constantinople which would be an effectual barrier to Russian aggression. It included the control of the Balkan Mountains, through the passes of which Muscovite troops would naturally be led in any attack on the Turkish capital. The diplomatists at Berlin were well aware that Bulgaria would be little more than a puppet in the hands of Russia, and if Roumelia had been joined with Bulgaria and the Balkan passes in the hands of Bulgarian soldiers, offered as they are by Russian volunteers, Adrianople would lie at the mercy of a sudden forward movement by a Russian expeditionary column, which, once entrenched in the old Ottoman capital, would cut off the Sultan from his western provinces, and block the march of an Austrian force to his assistance in the event of the Vienna Government's deciding to interpose.

The New York *Sun*, in a lucid article on the rebellion, thus describes the situation: "It was well understood by the Turks that the treaty wrung from them at San Stefano [which was cancelled by the efforts of the Earl of Beaconsfield and the Marquis of Salisbury, now the Prime Minister of Great Britain, when they went to Berlin] left them strategically helpless, and rendered their retention even of a foothold in Europe impracticable. Should Abdul Hamed fail at this juncture to make the most strenuous endeavors to keep the control of the Balkans, he will be certain to provoke an outburst of popular resentment like that which cost Abdul Aziz his throne and his life. Not only must he insist on his right to quell by force the Roumelian revolt, and thus preserve the means of defence that the Berlin Congress gave him, but he must act with the utmost promptitude, if he would prevent the flame of insurrection from involving the whole Balkan peninsula.

"The Servian rebellion proved that you cannot let a fire get under way in any quarter of south-eastern Europe without setting the whole region between the Danube and the Aegean in a

blaze. Already the Servian army has been mobilized, and King Milan will find it impossible to long repress the excitement of his subjects and their passionate desire for extension southward. In Macedonia eruptive forces are so active that protracted hesitation on the part of Turkey, or the semblance of reluctance on the part of the great powers to sanction Ottoman coercion, would produce an explosion. . . .

"The Porte will lose no time in applying a touchstone to the sincerity of the other signers of the Berlin treaty by demanding their sanction of the enforcement of the rights conferred upon Turkey by that instrument. The existence of Turkey, considered as a European power, is unmistakably at stake. A glance at the map will show that the partition of Bulgaria and the erection of its southern section into a new principality under distinct relations to the Sultan was commended to Lord Beaconsfield by strategic reasons of the gravest character.

"It will be noticed that as yet Prince Bismarck is silent. When he speaks we shall know whether there is an inflexible determination on the part of the central powers to stifle the insurrection. But should his reticence be prolonged it would be construed as an indication of a purpose to let the conflagration get fairly started, and thus bring about the final expulsion of the Turks from Europe."

The *Times* says: "The Porte has now a perplexing problem presented to it—a problem that recalls the one it undertook to solve in 1877, with results to itself so disastrous. The revolution in Roumelia, though hitherto bloodless, has led to unquestionable infractions of the treaty of Berlin. No doubt Prince Alexander, in assuming sovereignty over 'South Bulgaria,' as he quietly rechristens Eastern Roumelia, does so, as his proclamation announces, in accordance with the wishes of its entire population. But whatever the popular ardor for annexation to Bulgaria, the treaty of July, 1878, recognized Eastern Roumelia as an integral part of the Turkish Empire. Prince Alexander's act in confirming the provisional governor who had been set up at Philippopolis was a violation of the treaty, as are his measures to punish opponents of the new sovereignty he assumes. The Porte is entitled by treaty not only to political but to military authority in Roumelia, garrisoning and fortifying all its frontiers, if necessary, although the public peace is to be preserved by native and local constabulary and militia. Yet we now see the Roumelian militia mobilized for junction with the Bulgarian Army, many Russian officers being found in both, and Prince Alexander's troops have occupied the Balkan passes.

"But while these gross violations of the Berlin treaty would justify Turkey in marching its army into Eastern Roumelia and restoring its authority, it has remained for several days in a dilemma. It finds treaty stipulations on one side and fears that the sympathy of Christendom is on the other. The very supposition that the rising has been purely local, not originating beyond the borders of the two countries involved, has grave suggestions of its own. Why should not other surprises occur and other movements as dangerous? While the single Turkish army corps now at and around Adrianople, re-enforced by a like body of troops at and near Constantinople, could easily disperse Prince Alexander's combined militia forces and hold the line of the Balkans, the first move of this sort might stir up a general uprising in the peninsula to aid the Roumelians, and Macedonia and Albania might be in arms.

"Turkey's last war took from her more than half the area in Europe absolutely dominated by her, and nearly one half the population. She may well pause before a contest that might lead to further dismemberment."

From the prophetic standpoint the situation is one of intense interest. Nothing can be clearer than the prediction that the empire of the Sultan must melt away. The Euphrates is to be dried up (Rev. 16:12), and that process,

which has been steadily going forward for more than half a century, has made another advance in this rebellion. Again: The ten kingdom which will constitute the reorganized Roman world are believed by prophetic expositors to include Bulgaria, which in the condition it was in two weeks ago would have been too insignificant relatively to occupy a place of such importance. Now, however, with Roumelia added to it, it is by no means an insignificant state, but one whose influence is increased by the fact that its people are a race of brave, hardy soldiers, who would form a valuable contingent in the great army which the Napoleonic Antichrist will gather for the final great battle of the world's history.

Readers who have studied the Rev. M. Baxter's work on prophecy, entitled "*Forty Coming Wonders*," will remember that nearly twenty years ago he expressed the opinion that prophecy clearly indicated the erection of the Bulgarian kingdom and its subsequent aggrandizement and extension as one of the events which would precede the final universal convulsion. On all hands signs are accumulating that the end of this dispensation is now near at hand.

ANECDOTES RELATED AT THE EVANGELISTIC MEETINGS IN SCOTLAND.

Fish Without Eyes.—At a Recent Meeting Mr. A. Campbell said: "In America there are underground lakes, and in these lakes there is a kind of small fish. When some naturalists examined these fish they found they had no eyesight. True, the mark where the eyes should be was there, but it was useless. It had lost the power of sight through being in constant darkness. And similarly you will find that if you who are not Christians will not listen to the voice of conscience, that conscience will become seared instead of sensitive, and will not speak to you as it once did."

Handsome Gift by a Poor Woman.—Mr. Quarrier said: "A woman came to me the other day with an offering of some stockings which she had knitted for the children in the Homes under my care. Her husband had been out of work for a long time, and every little thing in the house had been sold or pawned to maintain the family. Still, through all her poverty she had found time and means to knit and bring these stockings to me, and I thought, 'I have not found so great faith, no, not in Glasgow.' Did the Lord forget her? No; He found employment for her husband, and they are now restored to circumstances of comparative comfort. 'He that giveth to the poor lendeth to the Lord.'"

An Old Quarrel Made up.—"I Knew a Little girl in Boston who was very anxious about her soul. Her mother was glad to see her little girl thus concerned, but no one took her by the hand and told her how she might come to Jesus. One day she came bounding down-stairs looking very happy. Her mother was grieved to see her so careless after she thought she had been sorry for her sins, and she said: 'My child, I am sorry to see you have lost all your conviction.' 'God and I have made up, mamma,' she said. Dear friends, I wonder how many of you can say, like this little girl, God and I have made up. 'For if when we were enemies we were reconciled to God by the death of His Son, much more, being reconciled, we shall be saved by His life' (Rom. 5:10).

"Let Go the Twig."—Mr. Ferrie said: "At the time of a recent revival I heard of a young lady who was in great anxiety about her soul. She had been trying in many ways to make herself better, but always failed. She went to the minister and told him how she had been trying to live a Christian life, but had always failed. 'Now,' he said, 'not until you are willing to give up this trying will you ever be saved. You must believe in the Lord Jesus Christ and trust yourself to Him.' 'I don't know what you mean; I do not understand anything of it; it is all dark to me.' That night she had a dream; she thought she was falling over a precipice, and

e clutched wildly at a twig to save herself. she said so she seemed to hear a voice, saying, 'Let go the twig and I will save you.' 'Jh, save me! save me!' she cried. 'I cannot let you unless you let go the twig.' 'I cannot let go the twig,' she cried. 'Well, I cannot let you!' In desperation she let go the twig and fell into her Redeemer's arms. The sense of relief awakened her, and now she knew how she could be saved, and there she gave up trying, and let the Lord save her."

An Eagle's Fatal Feast.—Mr. Barr, an Evangelist, remarked: "An eagle was far up in the air, when suddenly its keen eye caught sight of the carcass of a buffalo floating in a stream. It suddenly pounced down upon it, and began to feast on the putrid flesh. It feasted so long that when it tried to rise it could not, for its feet were frozen to the body. Down it went with the current, until it was dashed to pieces in the rocks below. Just so it is with the pleasures of the world and those who feast upon them. They may look pleasant at first, but when one fully indulges in them they get so much tied down to them that, although they may be willing, they cannot disentangle themselves until they get power from on high. Without divine aid they must be 'dashed in pieces like a potter's vessel.'"

Father Holding the Rope.—Mr. Hammond said: "A botanist was once standing on the edge of a precipice, and looking down he saw a very rare flower which he much wished to possess; but, alas! it was beyond his reach. He went in search of a boy, and taking him to the edge of the precipice, he said: 'If you allow me to tie this rope round your body and put you down there to gather that flower for me, I will give you this piece of money.' The boy hesitated a moment and then said: 'If you allow me to go home for father to hold the rope I will go down.' On permission being granted, the boy quickly ran home, and soon returned with his father, and now without the slightest fear he went down, knowing that his father had a firm hold of the rope, and would never let him fall. So, dear friends, could we not, with the simple faith of this little boy, trust our Heavenly Father, knowing that if we trust ourselves to Him He will never let us fall?"

A Boat Near the Rapids.—An Evangelist related the following: "On a beautiful summer evening I took a small boat and sailed down a quiet river. I had got a good way down the stream when I heard voices calling to me from the shore. They were foreigners, and I took no notice of them, for I thought they were only trying to make fun of me. Soon I heard a rushing of water, but I thought it came from a mill that was not far distant; so I went on my way, regarding neither the call nor the sound of rushing water, until I suddenly found myself at a spot where the gently flowing stream became a rushing torrent, and I saw that I was close to the rapids. You may be sure I strained every nerve to save myself, and it was with the utmost difficulty that I got my little craft into smooth water again. Now, dear friends, I call to you from the shore, Beware of danger. Trifle not with sin; for if you are once drawn into this current of iniquity how hard you will find it to return. Perhaps you will be unable to do so, and, going over the rapids of Time, will be lost forever!"

An Immediate Answer to Prayer.—Mr. Hammond said: "When I was addressing a meeting at Memphis, Tenn., on one occasion, when there was a great spirit of prayer prevailing, a gentleman began to weep bitterly soon after entering the church, and continued to weep during the address. In the after-meeting I said to him, 'My friend, what is the matter?' He still continued to sob in a convulsive manner without replying to my question. I then said to a lady next to him, 'Do you know this gentleman?' 'Yes,' she said; 'he is my husband.' 'May I ask if you ever spoke on the subject of religion together?' 'No, never,' she replied; 'religion was never mentioned between us.' 'Did you

never pray together?' 'No, never.' Turning to the gentleman, who was still weeping, I shook him by the shoulder and said, 'Will you cease crying and tell me how long it is since you were under this deep conviction?' Gaining a little control over his feelings he replied, 'Since I came in at that door.' He there and then yielded himself to Christ as his Saviour."

Maggie's Dying Appeal.—Mr. Stuart Related: "A little girl at a Sunday-school recently professed to give herself to Jesus. Her father, although a bigoted Roman Catholic, said: 'I cannot take Maggie from the Sunday-school, there is such a great change in her since she went.' Many, many times she pleaded with her father to come to Jesus, and after two years of a Christian life little Maggie was laid upon her death-bed. Her father sat by her side one night—the last upon earth for little Maggie—and she began to sing softly,

'Jesus loves me, this I know,
For the Bible tells me so;
Little ones to Him belong,
They are weak, but he is strong.'

Opening her eyes, she said: 'Father, will you meet me in heaven? I am going there'; and then, in more earnest tones, she said: 'Oh, father, if you don't come to Jesus you will never meet me again! Oh, friends, there is a time when your child will come to Jesus, and if you do not come that little one will rise up to condemn you, for you cannot go to hell without trampling on the blood of Jesus.'

A VISIT TO THE CHOLERA DISTRICT IN SPAIN.

WHEN you leave the neighborhood of the French frontier to penetrate Spain you find few travellers in the trains, and at a little distance from the railway stations civil guards and civilians lie in wait for travellers or luggage, and they oblige them to submit to the fumes of disinfectants so abominable that women often faint, and men cough, sneeze, and retch, under this novel torment of the inquisition of cholera.

The Navarrese at the first outbreak of cholera in South Spain in May and June established such rigorous land quarantines, lazarets, and fumigations on the Ebro and on their railway lines and roads that they remained free from cholera until the month of July, when the epidemic crept in from the South, *via* Saragossa and Logrono. Many villages still kept up their cordons, and, in defiance of all the orders from Madrid, threaten to shoot any one approaching their districts, guarded night and day by the armed peasantry. At Pamplona, capital of Navarre, great precautions were kept up until very lately, and no one is allowed to enter the fortified city without submitting to fumigation. All the gates but two are closed, and at these two entrances you have to pass a medical inspection and fumigation, and your luggage is not allowed out of the preventive fumes for several hours. The old capital of Navarre was pretty free from cholera until July, when a fugitive was taken ill, and at once removed to the hospital, where he died. Since a few cases have occurred, but the inhabitants of Pamplona show no signs of scare. The *cafés* are open to a late hour, the promenades full of loungers, and on the ramparts as many people as usual stroll about, lazily gazing at the splendid panorama of mountains that surround this antiquated frontier stronghold.

The horror-stricken country lies to the south, and extends south-west of Stella and north-east of Logrono, in most of the villages and little towns. In that part of Navarre the daily average of cases for three weeks in forty-two infected places has been two hundred and seventy and four hundred, and the deaths one hundred to two hundred. The epidemic began near the Ebro, and moved simultaneously north and north-east. In every place it presented the same features. A case occurred, and was soon followed by several others, and instantly the panic began; the wealthier inhabitants took to

carriage, cart, or train, and fled to France, or to the Basque Provinces, while the poorer remained, in general refusing medical assistance, and putting their faith in prayers, rosaries, processions, and even pilgrimages. The village priests gallantly stood at their posts, and often had to protect the doctors against popular wrath. Most of the infected places got up sanitary cordons against their infected neighbors, and the Government delegates here, as all over Spain, could not enter any cholera-stricken village, even to bring relief and medical assistance, except when accompanied by strong escorts of civil guards. Puenta la Reyna, a place about three hours from Pamplona, once upon a time Don Carlos's headquarters, has cruelly suffered, and the epidemic attacked just as many of the well-to-do people as of the poor. The priests and the authorities behaved well and strove to keep down popular superstition, but they had much trouble in inducing many families to accept proper remedies. In these villages it seems to be the habit to inter the dead toward night-fall, and but few relatives or neighbors accompany the dismal procession, which passes along headed by the priest and the sexton carrying a cross, and holy water.

If some places show resignation and composure, like Puenta la Reyna and Tudela, towns of some importance, others, on the contrary, are the scene of terrible panics, and tales are told of villages deserted by half the inhabitants, and even by the doctor and local authorities, who left the sick to die uncared for, until the Civil Governor had to send soldiers and guards to bury corpses that had been abandoned in deserted houses or farms for several days. In a place called Montegudo, situated in a wild outlying district, cholera broke out one night in July, and by sunset the next day, out of eight hundred inhabitants, seventy were down with the disease. The two doctors, the vicar, and his two curates did their best, and the very grave-diggers had to get assistance to bury more than twenty-five bodies on the second night. The cholera in three days carried off about three hundred persons of both sexes at Montegudo, and the remainder of the inhabitants went and lived in huts in the woods and rocks, where many more succumbed.

At Tafalla cholera had not made its appearance, though it was raging above and below that place. The inhabitants tried a novel preventative. One morning, about the middle of August, just after daybreak, all the faithful assembled in the principal church, and in the street outside; the church was brilliantly illuminated, a High Mass was sung, and a stately procession was formed, in which all classes took part. The priests were preceded by choristers, by children of both sexes, nuns, and friars, and the local authorities, civil guards, and soldiers added to the splendor of the ceremony. The fifteen banners representing the fifteen Mysteries of the Holy Rosary were carried by wealthy residents, and the banner of the Town Council and the image of St. Sebastian, patron saint of the district, were also borne aloft, and more than two thousand people followed, carrying tapers and candles lighted. The most curious feature in the procession was the Holy Wax, two thousand five hundred metres of which were used to make a cordon—a sanitary and holy, blessed cordon—which the priests placed round Tafalla, across roads, fields, and gardens, to keep away the dreaded plague. Some unbelieving hand must have cut this barrier, for the cholera has since made its appearance.

The people say: "More women than men die; more people get attacked in the night; strong men lie down in perfect health and wake in the *agonia del colera*; so few escape. The *cura* is the only remedy; he helps the *pobrecitos* to die in peace with God. The doctors, ah! the fiends! they give bad drugs and will not even taste them, and some say it all comes by the water—the Arga and the Ega are perhaps poisoned; and the old folks say it was so thirty years ago."

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The thanks of the publishers of **THE CHRISTIAN HERALD** are tendered to the subscribers who have expressed a wish to introduce the paper to their friends. As in former years, a concession in terms will be made in order to render this kindly project as light a burden as circumstances will permit. Any subscriber may have **THE CHRISTIAN HERALD** mailed every week to any address in the United States or Canada, from this date to the end of the year, by sending twenty-five cents to this office. The large quantity of direct Christian teaching contained in fourteen numbers of the paper has only to be realized in order to recommend this low offer to the acceptance of all Christians desiring the increased circulation of religious literature. The publishers are encouraged to make the concession by the large response a similar offer brought last year, and by the letters of hearty thanks which were afterward received from persons too poor to subscribe for themselves, and from unconverted persons to whom God had blessed its perusal.

CURRENT EVENTS.

The New York State Republican Convention assembled at Saratoga on September 22d. Not for many years has a Convention been anticipated with so much interest. The split in the Republican party last year, which gave the State and Presidency to the Democrats, was a matter so momentous to the whole country that both parties waited anxiously to see whether it would be reduced or widened by the Convention. Senator Miller, who was made temporary Chairman, made a speech offensive to the "Mugwump" in its violent antipathy to the South, and its direct tendency to revive sectional issues. The merely accidental importance of the speaker, however, and the knowledge that the next election to the Senate would probably relegate him to fitting obscurity, minimized the mischievous effects of his remarks. The section of the party which is understood to accept the leadership of ex-Governor Cornell acquired control of the Convention, and on the following day a ticket was nominated, on which all sections of the party can unite. The "Mugwump" leaders and their journals, which last year advocated the election of the Democratic ticket, are now outspoken in their approval of the Republican nominations. The selection for Governor is Ira Davenport, who in 1881 was elected Controller of the State, and is now Member of Congress for his district. General Joseph B. Carr is the nominee for Lieutenant-Governor. He is now Secretary of State, having held that office for two terms, and being the only candidate on the Republican State ticket last year who was not defeated.

The Nominations Made by the Democratic State Convention, which met in Saratoga on September 24th, do not command a complete unanimity of approval in that party. In spite of declarations to the contrary, the ticket nominated is regarded by prominent leaders as a censure on the national administration. That President Cleveland's policy has offended certain influential members of his party in this

State was well known, and this ticket is understood to be an expression of resentment. The nominee for the Governorship is Governor David B. Hill, who in 1882 was elected Lieutenant-Governor, and succeeded Mr. Cleveland when the latter was elected to the Presidency. Mr. Edward Cooper, it is stated, was rejected on religious grounds, though the County Democracy was strongly in his favor. The influence of Tammany Hall, the rural delegates and the liquor-dealers turned the scale in favor of Governor Hill. Roswell P. Flower, who was nominated for Lieutenant-Governor, has since declined the nomination. The contest will be a severe one. The Democracy will receive no help from Republicans this year, as it did three years ago, when Mr. Hill was elected to the Lieutenant-Governorship, and there are many Democrats who are so dissatisfied with the nomination, and the supremacy of Tammany Hall which it implies, that they will abstain from voting. On the other hand, the Republicans, though united this year, will have to bear the loss of the Prohibition vote, which promises to be heavier than ever before. An effort has been made to draw the Prohibitionists into the Republican camp, but hitherto without success.

The Newly-Appointed Weigher of the Brooklyn district, whose instalment in office recently evoked protests from the Independent Republicans and Democratic friends of Civil Service Reform, has been suspended from the public service by an order from the Secretary of the Treasury. Mr. Manning has asked for a report of all the facts, in order that there may be an investigation. That is a mere matter of form, as no man understands better than the Hon. Daniel Manning why Sterling was appointed, and what his appointment was intended to effect. The merits of this case are now so well known that it has come to be regarded as a test case, the treatment of which will show whether the Administration will adhere to its civil service pledges.

The Resignation of Mr. Dorman B. Eaton of the Chairmanship of the Civil Service Commission does not, it now appears, result from a difference of opinion between himself and the Administration. Nor is it a confession of failure. Mr. Eaton expresses his conviction that the reform has fairly vindicated itself, but, foreseeing the probability that it will have to sustain a fierce attack in the national Legislature, he wishes to be liberated from the restraints of office, in order that he may render it effective support. The President, in the course of his reply to Mr. Eaton's letter of resignation, used the following significant words: "I believe in Civil Service Reform and its application in the most practicable form attainable, among other reasons, because it opens the door for the rich and the poor alike to a participation in public place holding. And I hope the time is at hand when all our people will see the advantage of a reliance for such an opportunity upon merit and fitness instead of a dependence upon the caprice or selfish interest of those who impudently stand between the people and the machinery of their government."

Europe in a Fever State is the Substance of a cablegram from the European correspondent of the New York Times, who has hitherto been well informed. He describes the consternation produced by the revolution in Roumelia as affecting every court in Europe, and causing apprehension of a widespread conflagration in which many nations may be involved. He says: "There is first of all an imminent likelihood of collision between the Turks and the Bulgarians on the Roumelian border, about which extreme nervousness exists and report of which is expected hourly. Next, there is the probability of an uprising of Slavs in Macedonia, excited as they are by events across the frontier. Then there is the menace of a movement by the Serbians on one side and by the Greeks on the other. Each is wild with jealousy of Bulgaria, and distracted with that savage territorial lust which the scent of Ottoman blood always engenders.

Lastly loom up the gigantic threatening forms of Russia and Austria. Each is loth to enter into war. Each is indignant at an adventure who stirred up the trouble, and yet each it bound by the very law of its existence to march into the field once the fighting begins. Never was a grave problem more dangerously involved, never was prophecy more nearly impossible." The general opinion appears to be that should Turkey interfere to recover her lost province, or any of the powers who joined in the treaty of Berlin attempt to enforce its provisions, Russia may be expected to send an army for the protection of Bulgaria and her newly-acquired territory. Thus a general European war is threatened, the very immensity of which may operate to avert it.

The Deaths from Small-Pox in Montreal and its suburbs last week averaged above forty a day. The total list at the close of the week was nine hundred and forty-eight in Montreal alone since the beginning of the outbreak, or during six months and a half 52 more deaths than the worst twelve months of the last epidemic. The Health Officers reported that up to September 14th 728 people had died of the disease, of whom 641 were French Canadians, 52 Irish Catholics, and 35 Protestants. Sir A. P. Caron, Minister of Militia, being in town on Friday, a deputation from the Citizens' Committee waited upon him at the Windsor to request him to break up the camp at Laprairie. Small-pox has broken out in St. Johns, where another military camp of fifteen hundred men has been established.

The Serious Illness of the Earl of Shaftesbury was announced by cable on Friday last. It was so worded as to indicate that there was no probability of his recovery. The venerable nobleman, whose benevolence and active support of religious and philanthropic institutions have won for him the title of the lay bishop, was born in 1801. He achieved distinction by his devotion to social, industrial and intellectual reform movements, and was comparatively indifferent to politics as such. He agitated for laws reducing the hours of labor to ten; for improving workshops, factories, and lodging-houses; for the protection of children, and for improving the sanitary and moral condition of the humbler classes. He was chosen President of the Ragged School Union from its formation in 1844, of the British and Foreign Bible Society, and of the Victoria Institute. His life has been one of vast usefulness, and his name is honored by the virtuous and intelligent people of the civilized world. On Monday he was reported dying.

Mr. Stead, Editor of the "Pall Mall Gazette," and the other defendants in the trial for abduction, were on Saturday last held for trial by a jury. Mr. Vaughan, the judge who conducted the preliminary hearing, indulged in strong animadversions on the defendants in announcing his decision. He said that nothing could justify their doings nor the publication of the nauseous articles in the *Pall Mall Gazette*. He acquitted Mr. Bramwell, Booth, and Mrs. Coombe of the charge of indecent assault, but committed them, as well as the rest of the prisoners, on the other charges. Mr. Stead, believing that the judge's mind was already made up to hold him for trial, refused to call witnesses. He was not defended by a lawyer, and when about to read his own defence he was interrupted by the judge, who would not allow him to proceed until he had seen the manuscript. He then refused to allow Mr. Stead to read the first twelve pages, which explained his motive. The part of the defence dealing with the "crime" itself was read, and Mr. Stead succeeded in convincing those who heard him that the woman whose child he was charged with abducting had consented to the sale of her daughter for an immoral purpose. The whole of the defence was published in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, but the names of the titled criminals were not mentioned, except that of the King of the Belgians, who, Mr. Stead alleged, paid a procuress in London a yearly salary of \$4000 for services rendered.

Contributions to the Fund for Supplying colored ministers in the South with the CHRISTIAN HERALD to the amount of \$9 have been received since our last acknowledgment: From Warren, N. H., \$5; from Bristol, Pa., \$4. We are sincerely glad to say that this fund is now larger than in any former year, and it is doing more good. Friends who have sent us the names of ministers who would be thankful to receive the paper through this fund must please understand that the names are placed on our list in the order in which they are received, and one name is added to the list for a year for every dollar received.

The Christian Convention on Faith-Healing will assemble, as already announced, on Monday next, at the Twenty-third Street Tabernacle, New York, and will continue in session through the week. Three meetings will be held each day, commencing respectively at 10 A.M., 3 P.M., and 7:30 P.M. A very large attendance is expected. Christian friends who have witnessed the manifestations of the Lord's power in the healing of disease, and who are seeking further light, are availing themselves of this opportunity of hearing Mrs. Baxter, whose extensive experience at Bethshan enables her to speak authoritatively on the subject. Speakers will be present from Washington, D. C., Philadelphia and Boston. Dr. Talmage has invited Mrs. Baxter to preach at the Brooklyn Tabernacle next Sunday night, which she has promised to do. She will take part in Conferences on Faith-Healing in Brooklyn, October 12th to 16th; Philadelphia, October 20th to 24th; Buffalo, N. Y., October 27th to 30th.

Mr. William Noble, the English Gospel Temperance evangelist, preached on Sunday, September 20th, to a vast congregation, in the largest Methodist Episcopal Church in Worcester, Mass. He has received several invitations to hold meetings in New York City, where efforts are being made to secure united action among the churches in his work. An invitation from Pittsburg, Pa., for a three weeks' mission, has also been sent to him. This day (Thursday), a large mass-meeting of temperance workers is to be held in Boston to welcome him.

Messrs. Moody and Sankey Commenced Revival service in Orange, N. J., on Sunday, September 20th. A prominent Christian citizen of Orange some months ago commenced working with the view of securing a visit of the evangelists to Orange. A definite promise was at length obtained from them, and twenty-two of the church societies of Orange and East Orange joined in the undertaking, agreeing to supply the necessary funds. The skating rink was secured, the necessary alterations made, and a choir of five hundred voices was selected. George A. Newman, leader of the choir at the Central Presbyterian Church, of Orange, was constituted musical conductor, and J. Roland Mix was designated as the organist. Immense crowds congregated at every service, hundreds being unable to obtain admission.

The School for Christian Workers at Springfield, Mass., opened on the 9th inst., with very encouraging prospects. Students were in attendance from Canada, New England, the Middle, Southern and Western States. The design of this institution is to train laymen to be secretaries of Young Men's Christian Associations, superintendents of Sunday-schools, and helpers to pastors. Among the lecturers are Mr. D. L. Moody, Rev. A. J. Gordon, D.D., Professor M. B. Riddle, D.D., and Rev. J. H. Vincent, D.D. Information respecting the school may be obtained from the Secretary, Rev. S. L. Merrell, 144 Buckingham Street, Springfield, Mass.

A Royal Missionary is soon to Commence labor in Africa. A nephew of Cetewayo, the late King of Zululand, has been undergoing preparation for missionary work in Stockholm, Sweden. He was converted several years ago through God's blessing on the labors of the missionaries, and was convinced of his call to the work of preaching the Gospel. He has been six years at Stockholm, and has given evidence of

his piety and fitness for ministerial service. Great things are hoped from the influence his exalted station will give him over his own people.

A Gold Mine Sold for Fifty Dollars Thirty years ago was reported last week to be producing large quantities of the precious metal. It appears that before the war a prospector named Duncan held some land in Georgia, which he had acquired under the belief that it contained gold. He was, however, disappointed, and in 1855 he sold the property for fifty dollars. It passed from one owner to another, and gold was at last found there. Then there were lawsuits about it, and the war stopped operations. After the war a New York company worked it, but could not make it pay. A few months ago a practical miner secured a lease of the property, and set about finding the lost "chute." A correspondent who visited the spot last week asserts that the miner has been successful, and has come upon the ore in bunches or pockets from three to five feet apart, every bushel of which yields gold worth a thousand dollars. People in the neighborhood are now looking back regretfully to the time when the Findley Gold Mine could have been bought for fifty dollars. They did not know its value then, and let the opportunity pass by them. So many are doing this day with an offer infinitely more to be desired than the acquisition of gold. The time will come when they will look back with heart-breaking remorse to the time when they rejected the offer of the Gospel, made without money and without price (Luke 19: 42).

A Man was Shot by a Dog at Milford, N. Y., last week. The man was leaving his house with his gun in his hand loaded and cocked, intending to shoot two hawks which had been carrying off his chickens, when he saw a strange dog enter. He tried to drive the dog out, but the animal crept under a table and would not leave. The man grasped the gun by the barrel and attempted to push the dog out with the stock. Immediately the dog became infuriated and seized the weapon with his teeth, biting at it savagely. In the struggle that ensued a piece of the wood was broken out and the trigger-guard was dislodged. In another minute the dog had the trigger between his teeth biting the metal and discharging the gun. The charge lodged in the man's leg, inflicting a very severe injury. The sufferer now regrets his lack of forethought in not shooting and killing the dog at once after he had discovered its ugly and dangerous character. There are crises of moral conflict when safety can only be secured by prompt and decisive measures, and when mercy is ill-timed, as in the case of the Israelites who suffered the Canaanites to live among them (Judges 2: 2) in spite of God's warning. The newly-converted man who does not immediately and rigorously cut off from himself all evil habits and other spiritual enemies of his peace has generally cause afterward to lament his lack of decision (Rom. 6: 12, 13).

An Undemonstrative Husband Caused His wife some chagrin on board a train recently. A Chicago journal says that in a railroad accident near that city a lady was shaken very severely, and could not speak for some time, although conscious of what was taking place around her. Some of the passengers thought she was dead. Her husband feared so too, but instead of giving way to unavailing grief, he flew around doing all he could for his wife's recovery. When she was pronounced out of danger, she said, reproachfully, "John!" "Well, Samanthy?" "You didn't beller a bit there when they all thought I was dead." "Well, Samanthy," said John, in some confusion, "ye see I was flying around trying to bring ye to. I didn't have no time to beller." "Yes, John," said the old lady, feebly, with a suggestion of tears in her voice, "but couldn't ye beller a little bit now, John, jist fer the looks of things?" "Why, Samathy, if I was to beller now, folks would say I was doin' it 'cause ye was goin' to git well." "I never thought o' that," said the old lady, sadly. "I wish to goodness, John,

ye'd had bellered some at the right time, then! 'Twould have been real comfortin' to me." The old lady seems to have made the common mistake of gauging emotion by outward signs. Young Christians often make that mistake. They doubt the genuineness of their conversion if it has not been accompanied by the tears and terrible distress which others exhibit (Joel 2: 13).

The Pall which Covered General Grant's remains at his funeral has been cut up into small morsels and is being readily sold to relic-seekers. Even the soil excavated from the site of his tomb finds purchasers. The extent to which this craze for relics of great men prevails is not generally known. Arlo Bates, of the Boston *Courier*, says that an application was made to him recently by a woman who went to Concord, Mass., and asked for some of Ralph Waldo Emerson's old clothes to use in a "poets' rug," made of patchwork. Mr. G. J. Lathrop, writing in the Rochester *Union*, says: "I can corroborate this story, because when I owned and lived in the Wayside, Nathaniel Hawthorne's old home at Concord, the same woman applied there on a similar errand. Being told that it was futile, she asked: 'May I pick up something around the place to carry away as a memento?' Permission was granted, and she finally caught a cricket in the grass of the lawn and put it into a bottle. She said she also had a cricket from Emerson's front yard." None of these great men would have felt honored by this display of hero-worship. The tributes truly great men covet are evidences that their lives and teachings have influenced their disciples for good. The Saviour Himself had occasion to reprove this insincere personal reverence (Luke 6: 46-49).

A Repentant Thief was Sentenced to Imprisonment at Richmond, Va., on September 22d. He was formerly book-keeper to a stock-broker, but about two months ago he absconded with \$28,000 worth of bonds belonging to a client of his employer. After an absence of two weeks he returned conscience-stricken and made restitution. He was put upon trial in the Hustings Court and pleaded guilty. After appeals by counsel the jury fixed his punishment at one year in the penitentiary, with a recommendation for Executive clemency. He looked wretched, and his condition evidenced the terrible mental suffering under which he has labored. Deeply as the court and jury evidently sympathized with the prisoner, and although he had repented and made restitution, the majesty of the law had to be vindicated. That fact was understood by the court and the public, yet when it is the divine law that is in question the same principle is not recognized. Thousands of men reject the Gospel, professing to believe that God will forgive them at the last if they truly repent. Thus Christ's atonement is counted an unnecessary thing (Rom. 3: 25, 26).

A Chicago Heiress who has Become a Factory-girl is the subject of a despatch from that city. It states that the beautiful and accomplished daughter of a millionaire merchant in Chicago has produced a sensation by going to work as a factory-girl in a spinning-mill at Rockford, for a salary of sixty cents a day. In a bantering way her father, who has made his own fortune and has a strong contempt for fine-lady ways, told her he would give her a dollar for every cent she would earn. Her salary of sixty cents will produce sixty dollars a day, and the young lady is determined to go on working as long as her father will keep up his end of the agreement. Her friends amuse themselves by joking her about her degradation, but she does not care about that while she is making \$360 a week. A lady possessing so much courage and resolution may perhaps some day be found ready to sacrifice ease and luxury for a nobler motive than desire for money. If through God's blessing she becomes a Christian she will find many opportunities open to her for following the example of her Lord, "who for the joy that was set before Him endured the cross, despising the shame" (Heb. 12: 2).

GOD OUR CONTINUAL RESORT.

A New Sermon by Pastor C. H. Spurgeon.

"Be thou my strong habitation, whereunto I may continually resort."—PSALM 71: 3.

The Young Mountaineer—David's Poetic Genius—God his Desired Home—I. Afforded Delightful Repose—Safe from Reporters—Implies Intimate Knowledge—Tender Care—II. Gives Peaceful Security—III. A Place of Continual Resort—The Law of the Persian Courts—What David Found—An Escape from Present Ills—For Strength—Ringing the Night Bell—A Parable—The Practical Conclusion.

DAVID in his younger days had been obliged to hide himself away with his followers in the great caverns and rocks of his native land. In the cave of Adullam, by the rocks of the wild goats, he had dwelt amid the sternest surroundings of nature. No doubt he had climbed aloft upon the mountain's side, and then had penetrated into one cave after another, and treated them as chambers of his house of rock. There he had spent both nights and days, looking from on high upon the plains beneath, often seeing his cruel pursuers passing by in eager hunt for him, while he himself was secure in his rocky fastness.

Nothing leaves a clearer impression upon the memory than a residence amidst such scenes. You might live for an age in such a town as this and forget it all. What is there to remember in this labyrinth of bricks and mortar? But when you get into the clear bracing atmosphere of the hills, when you tread their sublime heights, or descend into their mysterious hollows, you can not forget it. A day of leaping, like the wild goats, from crag to crag, ended by a night amid the dread seclusion of a mountain den, makes a clear mark on the surface of life which can never be erased; a man will carry such memories with him to his grave. This must have been especially the case with a genius so poetic as that of David.

With such a soul as his, and such an eye, and such a tongue, and such a harp, it was no wonder that, in his riper days, when he had known the soft luxury of palaces, he could not refrain from rehearsing the

SUBLIME MEMORIES

of his earlier and more adventurous days, and drawing inspiration from the wild and sublime scenery among which he had been reared. The man, as full of grace as of genius, as saturated with the Spirit of God as with the spirit of poetry, could not but in his loftiest songs speak of his God in language culled from the cave: "Be thou to me a rock of habitation, whereunto I may continually resort;" or, as some read it, "Be thou to me a rock of repose."

What a gracious heart David must have had, to speak like this of his God! He desired to be upon the most intimate terms with the Lord his God. He wished to dwell not merely *with* God, but *in* God. He cries: "Bethou my strong habitation." Not merely did he long to dwell in the house of the Lord forever, but he would have the Lord to be his house. He would be

SURROUNDED BY GOD,

and that not as with a dungeon, in which he was forced to be, but as the habitation of his choice, for his pleasure and rest. The wicked say, "No God;" but David sighed for none but God. The mere pretender would have God on Sabbaths and high days, and in times of trouble; but David would have God all the day, and every day. The formalist is satisfied with a word with God in the morning, and another at night; when he is either hurried or sleepy he forces from himself the tax of a minute or two in prayer; but he that loves the Lord delights to walk with Him evermore, yea, to make his home with God, and to abide in Him.

Some would like a Sabbath once in the month, but David would make all his days holiness unto the Lord. Many would like to speak with the Lord from a distance, but David would live and move and have his being in his God. By this the man after God's own heart proved that his own heart was after God. Judge yourselves,

therefore, at the very outset, as to what your own condition of heart must be.

I. Let us dwell on this for a few minutes. David found in his God

DELIGHTFUL REPOSE.

Observe what wonderful condescension he had experienced from the Lord! What infinite grace that God should allow his servants to think of Him as their house! My God, thou art the glory of heaven, and yet angels veil their faces in thy presence, and yet I dare to say, "Be thou my habitation." Do we understand this? We have never reached the sum of our grace-given privileges till we are more at home with God than with any one else in the universe. What a wonder that the eternal God is our refuge! What condescension that the infinite Jehovah should be the abode of His saints!

David had realized in his God *peculiar love*. In a man's own home he expects to find love. Pity on the poor wretch who is disappointed therein. When we are abroad in the world, my brethren, we reckon to meet with rough handling, and to receive scant consideration; but within our own doors we enter the sanctuary of love. That is how David felt toward the Lord his God.

Moreover, home is the place of

SPECIAL REST.

At home we are unloaded of the world's huge load; the tradesman takes off his apron, the warrior his harness, the bearer his yoke, for he is at home; and if a man may rest anywhere on earth, it must surely be in his own habitation. Is not our God our rest? Oh, beloved, is there indeed beneath the sun any repose for a poor soul except in God? There remaineth a rest for the people of God, and that rest is God Himself.

We have not yet read all the meaning that coucheth beneath this sweet word "habitation," or home. Our habitation is the place of joyful freedom and hearty naturalness. One is not stiff and starched at home. You are not guarded there as to what you say or do, for you are not exposed to criticism and misrepresentation. Some of us cannot open our mouths without seeing a reporter's pencil twinkling across his prepared paper. Our steps are dogged by those who take notes and print them. We live under the microscope. We can hardly think without being published, with this addition, that what we do *not* think is often imputed to us. Do not wonder if we walk somewhat under constraint. But at home a man feels, "Well, these dear children, and the dear wife of my love, and these kind friends—I am not afraid of them; they will not misjudge me." Did you ever feel that with relation to God? God's children, dare to be familiar with Him. Oh, our God, we have not to study our language while with thee! Our soul speaks to thee without words; her thoughts and emotions rise to thee in their pure spirit, without the encumbering embodiment of speech.

A man's habitation is also the place of his intimate knowledge. David knew the Lord, even as he knew the caves in which he had sheltered. There is a weird charm, to my mind, about caves: I like to visit all that are in my way. One is pleased to pass from one subterranean room to another, and mark the secrets which are revealed by the glare of the torches. Here there is a spring of water, there a grand stalactite; here is an ascending staircase leading to another hollow, and there you must go down by a ladder to a greater depth. This is a fair allegory of the way in which the Spirit of God leads us into all truth. Oh, brethren, seek to have the same clear knowledge of the Lord as David had, till you can say that you are at home with God, who is your habitation.

Home also has about it the thought of tender care. Where are we so lovingly watched over as at home? Where else are there such soft pillows for our aching heads, such gentle words for our wounded spirits? "Take me home," saith the sick child. I had the great sorrow yesterday of speaking to a dear brother whom I had hoped would be spared for great usefulness

in a distant land; but he had just received from the doctor's examination the solemn information that he was hopelessly diseased. We proposed that he should go to the seaside; but I saw which way his heart went. He thought of his wife and his habitation, and he said: "Let me go home. If I must die, let it be in my own house." He spoke as I should have done in like case. At home one might not have all the skill of the hospital at command; but one would be sure of a certain priceless tenderness which no nurse can rival. Lord, thou hast been my dwelling-place: I will die in thy arms. When I am sick and weary there is none like thee, my God!

There is much more in this first part of the verse than I can possibly set before you. I have only opened the windows, and I now invite you to look out upon the landscape so full of beauty.

II. Secondly, David had realized in God

PEACEFUL SECURITY.

"Be thou my strong habitation"—"my rock of habitation." When once we enter into God we do not shake or know a fear. Rise winds, roar waves, blow tempests, howl hurricanes, there is no shaking our sure abode in God. David in the rock had often defied the storm; for he felt that though the earth should be removed, and the mountains be cast into the midst of the sea, he would not fear. Such be the confidence of every child of God. God changeth not; God's arm is not shortened; God is not vanquished; no purpose of God shall be defeated; no decree of His shall fail. Rocks may dissolve, but the eternal God changeth not, and his people in Him shall have a sure abode.

But David felt also great safety from his enemies. When he climbed the rock, and crept into his cavern, he knew that his enemies could not follow him. Had Saul come with all Israel at his back, David's band could have kept armies at bay. He must often have felt like the eagle when it has flashed upward to its nest on the craggy rock, and from thence looks down upon the hunters. He is almost out of sight, but he can see all the movements of the foe. However long the range of the rifle, the noble bird knows no fear, for he is beyond range. I think I see him sitting there quietly eying the enemy, of whom he knows no dread. Thus may a child of God defy the great adversary. "Let us sing," said Luther, "the forty-sixth Psalm, and

DEFY THE DEVIL."

Oh, child of God, trust in God, for He is worthy of all confidence. In Him you are secure in every sense. He that keepeth thee doth neither slumber nor sleep; who, then, can do thee ill? Thou art secure from the penalty of sin, for Christ hath put it away from you, bearing the chastisement of your peace. Hidden beneath his atonement you are secure from the wrath of God; your transgression is forgiven, your sin is covered: thus the sting is taken from every evil. You are secure against final overthrow by your own natural and constitutional weaknesses; for the Lord will cleanse your blood which He has not cleansed. He will purge you thoroughly, and cleanse you from all your idols, and write his law upon your inward parts, so that you shall not depart from Him. You are secure against all the trials and troubles of providence, since these shall work together for your good. The griefs and pangs of death you need not fear, since God is with you, and will raise you from the grave. The terrors of eternity are not for you; joys immeasurable are your portion. Once safe in God, what is there to fear?

III. We have now reached our last point, upon which we may be somewhat more lengthy than upon the others. David's God was to him a place of

CONTINUAL RESORT.

"Whereunto I may continually resort." There is joy in this thing in itself. Is it not a great bliss to have the *entrée* of Jehovah's palace day and night? The Persian kings forbade any one to come near them; and if any ventured into the king's court, and the monarch did not

stretch out the silver sceptre, the guards cut them down at once. Yet there were certain favored courtiers who, by special privilege, had the right to approach the king at all times, guard or no guard. These were the noblest in the king's dominions. Such honor have all the saints. No cherub with flaming sword guards the way of approach to God against any child of the great Father. You have a privilege that is much greater than any dignity belonging to the mightiest monarchs of earth—the privilege of perpetual intercourse with God, at whatsoever hour you will.

There is a great comfort in it as an outlook. "Whereunto I may continually resort." Throughout all future time I may draw nigh unto God. The day may come when I shall be sore sick, and be compelled to keep my bed, and then I may resort unto God. I shall not be able to go up to the house of the Lord, but still I may resort to God, who is

MORE THAN HOUSE

and home. No form of disease shall shut me out from my heavenly Father. I may lie on my bed and sleep, and when I awake I shall still be with Him. Old age steals on apace, and perhaps my feet will not be able to bear me to the place of the assembly; but even then I may resort to God. When my ears shall grow dull of hearing, and I shall not enjoy the preaching of the Word, even then I shall hear the still small voice of the Spirit in my heart. When I am so far gone with age that my lone bed will become the best place for me, I shall still enjoy his presence and sing his praise. Oh, brother, fear not the future, for the Lord said: "I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee."

Now, this continual resorting to God is not only a joy in itself and in its outlook, but it is a joy which answers so many blessed purposes. I wish you would read this seventy-first Psalm quietly at home in the light of my text, and then you will see that David found in coming to God everything that he needed.

First, he found an escape from present ills—"Deliver me in thy righteousness, and cause me to escape." As the cony doth not fight its foe, but hides itself in the rock, so you in your time of trouble need not go forth to conflict, but may resort continually to your God. Stop up the rabbit's burrow, and you might soon take him; keep a believer from his God, and you would soon destroy him; but so long as he can reach his hiding-place no enemy can wreak vengeance on him.

David also resorted to God

FOR STRENGTH.

"Cast me not off in the time of old age; forsake me not when my strength faileth." He looked beyond himself to the unfailing power of the Almighty, and expected to be strengthened when infirmities crept over him. Do you want more power for service, more patience for suffering? resort to God. They that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength. Go to the Strong for strength.

David also continually resorted to God for quickening. Notice how he puts it in the twentieth verse: "Thou, which hast shewed me great and sore troubles, shalt quicken me again, and shalt bring me up again from the depths of the earth." Have any of you got down there? Do you want to rise out of them? Those depths of the earth are not pretty places, but we stumble into them sometimes by careless walking; would you rise from them into newness of life? Then resort to God, and He will bring you up from the lowest depths. He will raise you from death to life, more fitted for holy service than ever.

The fact is, whatever you want you have only to go to God for it; and whenever you want it you may go. Whatever your condition, you may still resort to the Lord. If you cannot come as a saint you may come as a sinner; if you cannot come boldly you may come tremblingly. When you feel most unfit to resort to God you may still go to Him, for He is your fitness and your physician. When you feel

that you dare not go, you may still go to Him: "Whereunto I may continually resort." Come, tried believer,

RING THE NIGHT-BELL,

and call up the great Physician. You have only to call upon Him, and He will be with you in an instant; yea, before you call He will answer you. Why, then, do you resort to man so often, and to God so seldom? Why drink so far down the stream, where it is muddy and polluted, when the pure fountain-head may be reached by you? Men will grow weary of you, but you cannot weary God. You may come to the Lord even though conscious of sin and backsliding. You may come to Him though your soul is sick and faint. He will restore you while you are yet coming. Listen to

A PARABLE:

A certain young man traded, and in all things he prospered for a while. In all his dealings he was wise and prudent, and none were able to overreach him. The cause of his wisdom was that he had a father, a man of singular knowledge, of great experience, of large wealth, and great influence. His son never entered upon a transaction without consulting his father. Whenever he felt himself at all in difficulty, he hastened to ask counsel of his father. Whenever he needed money to meet a sudden demand, he drew upon his father. Their love to each other was more and more manifest as the one trusted and the other helped. Does anybody wonder that the young man grew rich?

But after a while the son grew cold toward his father, and seldom advised with him. There was no quarrel, but the young man was growing independent of his father, and preferred to act upon his own judgment. He failed to ask and to receive substantial help, which would have been freely given; and he fell into great losses, which might readily have been avoided. The young man became weak as others; he was the prey of deceivers; he spent labor and thought and substance upon matters which ended in failure; he grew poorer and poorer, till he trembled on the verge of bankruptcy. Do you wonder? Do you pity him? Do you see in him your own portrait? If so, change it all, and say of your heavenly Father: He is my friend and counselor, and to Him I do continually resort. This will be your wisdom, your strength, your happiness, and your spiritual wealth.

PERPETUAL WELCOME.

Multiply your approaches to God. Let them become incessant, constant, continual. No man ever resorted to God to excess. I had a dear friend whose company I esteemed, but on a sudden he did not come to see me. He stayed away; and as I knew he had not ceased to love me I wondered why. At last I found that the good brother had taken it into his head that he might outrun his welcome: he had read those words of Solomon, "Withdraw thy foot from thy neighbor's house; lest he be weary of thee, and so hate thee." I admired my friend's prudence, but I labored hard to make him see that Solomon knew nothing of me, and that I was more weary when he stopped away than when he came. I hope he made me an exception to a very sensible rule. But never get that thought into your head concerning your God.

Our immediate practical conclusion is this: If we may continually resort to God, let us go to Him at once. "Alas, I have been so worldly all the week!" This is to be confessed and repented of, but it must not keep you from God now. "But I feel dull and dead." I know it, and the Lord knows it too; but yet you may approach Him. Come, ye lukewarm ones, that have but little spiritual feeling; come just as you are, since Jesus from this platform says, Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy-laden, and I will give you rest. "The Spirit and the bride say, Come." "Whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely." That God who is the house of his people sets wide his doors, and writes over them in letters of light, "Whosoever will, let him come." Jesus comes to the door; He beckons to you, and persuades you to

enter, saying: "Him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out." The Lord enable you to come, for his dear mercy's sake. Amen.

[The prayers of the readers of this Journal are requested for the blessing of God upon its Editors, and those whose sermons, articles, or labors for Christ are printed in it; and that its circulation may be used by the Holy Spirit for the conversion of many sinners and the quickening of God's people. Dr. Talmage and Mr. Spurgeon especially request prayer every Sunday morning on behalf of their labors.]

MISSION WORK IN CHINA.

FIRST-FRUITS OF LABOR.

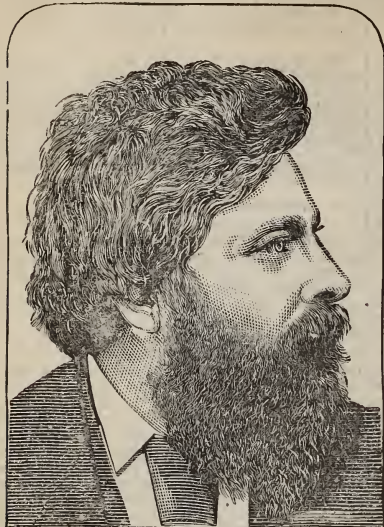
MR. HUDSON TAYLOR, in a letter dated Shanghai, June 12th, says: "We are greatly cheered in the work. For instance, Mr. George Clarke baptized the first-fruits in Tai-li Fu but a short time ago. Since then Mr. Eason has had the pleasure of baptizing five—the first in Yun-nan Fu. Mr. Andrews speaks of baptisms at Kwei-yang Fu. Mr. Meadows briefly mentions his return to Shao-hing from a visit to his out-stations, where he had examined nineteen candidates, and baptized eleven. He says: 'Among them was a dear little girl, the daughter of Christian parents, eleven years of age, who seemed such a bright, intelligent child; and another was a boy of fourteen, the son of a Christian man.' The tidings from our travellers are satisfactory. Journeying mercies are being vouchsafed to them all. The great cry everywhere is for more workers. How shall we meet it?"

A COVETED PRIZE.

Mr. G. Parker, of Kan-suh, says: "One morning I crossed the Si-ning River to attend a market on the opposite bank. A young mullah from Si-ning on business strongly coveted my last Arabic Bible, and tried everywhere to get the money to pay for it. He had only sufficient in silver to pay his expenses back to Si-ning. I promised to reserve the book until I reached Si-ning, but when I had left the street he changed his silver and ran himself out of breath to catch me before I could reach the ferry-boat with the desired treasure. It is a treat to sell the Scriptures to the Mohammedans. Some of them go off with the treasure more like school-boys who have received a prize than grave men. The copies of the Koran used in Kan-suh are mostly written; those printed come from India by sea, and are purchased in Shanghai for two dollars; from the size I think they must be incomplete, and they abound in dropped words, which the reader has to supply. I believe the Bible Society has an opportunity in Kan-suh of largely substituting the Bible for the Koran. They not only know that the Lord spake unto Moses, but as for Jesus, they say, 'There was something wonderful about Him.' He was the Lord's 'Ruakh.' By the word of the Lord were the heavens made, and all the hosts of them by the breath of His mouth."

A BRAVE HOSTESS.

Miss Lancaster writes from T'ai-yuen Fu, Shan-si Province: "Last week I was able to visit two villages. In one of these I was much encouraged; it being my third visit, a warm welcome awaited me on my arrival. During my stay, which was but short, I was asked into twelve homes, and was greatly pleased with our boys' school there. On the day of leaving I was invited by one of the baptized Christians to breakfast with his family. The invitation came at six A.M., and the meal was to be ready at seven. Having been up pretty early, we were quite ready for the food prepared, and I greatly enjoyed the Chinese fare. Breakfast being over, morning prayer followed, conducted by our Christian school-master; the boys were not present, as it is the custom to attend school early, and their worship had been conducted at an earlier hour. My hostess, a motherly woman of sixty years, announced to the neighbors present that we were about to have morning worship. A hymn, she said, would be sung, some portion of Scripture read, and then all would



The Late Dr. Mackay.



The Clergyman Warned. (See page 629.)

kneel and prayer be offered. Then, looking straight at the company present (about thirty), she said, in a commanding tone, 'Those who do not wish to kneel during prayer-time will retire at once.' None did so. I often wish friends in England could see some of these kind-hearted village people; their hearts, I am sure, would go out to them."

THE LATE REV. W. P. MACKAY, M.D. (See Portrait.)

THE death of Dr. Mackay is mourned not alone on his own side the Atlantic. In America he was well known and beloved. As he stood on the platform of Holy Trinity Church, New York, in October, 1878, and in ringing tones proclaimed the great truths of the Saviour's pre-millennial advent, it seemed as if he had strength for many years of service, and that a brilliant future might be safely predicted for him. But he is dead in the prime of his life, and if we were not assured that life and death are in the hands of One all-wise, as well as all-loving, we should speak of the Church's loss as untimely.

Dr. Mackay was forty-six years old when he died. He was born at Montrose, Scotland, and was educated for the medical profession, but his earnest piety and desire for active service for Christ led him rather in the direction of the ministry than the practice of medicine. When about thirty years of age he finally decided to devote his life to the preaching of the Gospel; but knowing well the value of medical knowledge to a pastor, he continued his studies even after he had accepted the call to the Church at Hull.

His aptitude for evangelical mission work was first noticed by Professor J. Y. Simpson, the discoverer of chloroform, who encouraged him to exercise his powers in that direction. He subsequently, while passing through college, became associated with the celebrated Scotch evangelist, *Duncan Mathieson*, in whose mission through Scotland and Ireland he took an active part, working with much earnestness and success. He afterward wrote his book, "Grace and Truth," which obtained a very wide circulation, and has been translated into many languages. It had a powerful effect upon the mind of Mr. D. L. Moody, who has frequently expressed his gratitude for the benefit he derived from it.

Dr. Mackay gathered around him a large

congregation, among whom he labored with much success for many years. He was greatly beloved by his church, and his activity and restless energy brought him into contact with other churches in his own country and America, which also regarded him with respect and affection. He was often a prominent figure in the Perth, Dublin, and Mildmay Conferences. On three occasions he visited America for the purpose of attending similar conferences. On the occasion of Messrs. Moody and Sankey's first visit to Great Britain he took part in their mission, both in London and Edinburgh, this being work in which he delighted, and in which he excelled. His style of exposition and address was unique, and his matter bristled with illustration and anecdote drawn from his varied experience and retentive memory. He was often abrupt, sometimes startling his hearers by the oddity of his expressions, and frequently humorous.

His death was tragic. On August 19th he started on an excursion to the North of Scotland. The steamer by which he travelled arrived at Portree late at night. It was intensely dark, and Dr. Mackay, in stepping on the gang-plank to go ashore, missed his footing and fell between the steamer and the pier. He struck his head violently in his descent and became insensible. He was rescued from drowning with some difficulty and carried ashore. The shock he had received was aggravated by pneumonia, resulting from his immersion, and on August 22d he died. He knew before his death that his physicians had abandoned hope of his recovery, but he was not cast down. The prospect of meeting his Lord seemed to fill his soul to the exclusion of every other consideration.

A GRANDMOTHER'S REMINISCENCES.

(See Illustration on page 637.)

"WHOSE picture is that, grandmamma?" asked a boy of some thirteen years, as he and a tall, queenly lady with white hair were walking down a long picture-gallery in an old mansion in Virginia. The boy, who was a little ahead of the stately old lady, stopped opposite the portrait of a young man, whose clear-cut features and intelligent brow gave him a distinguished appearance, as one of aristocratic birth.

"That is your great-grandfather, my boy," said the lady; "my father's father." "Was he not a great man? He looks like a statesman. I could imagine him the Governor of his State or a great Senator."

"He might have been that; he had intellect enough, as I have heard my father say many a time. But his life was wrecked at the outset. There was some terrible secret connected with him. I never heard what it was. My father would never speak of it, but he always mentioned him with respect, as of one who was a sufferer through the sins of others and his own weakness. His family was distinguished in English society, but when disgrace fell upon his name he retired from public life, went to his ancestral home in the country, and never again appeared in Court or Parliament."

"He did not live in America, then?"

"No; but it was by his wish that his son, who was my father, came here. The name was stained, he said, and there was no use in his trying to bear up against it. He would always be weighted in the race, and it would be better for my father to come to a new country and begin life afresh. That was before I was born. My father was only seventeen when he landed here, and the disgrace occurred some fifteen years before that, I should think about the year 1790."

"You never saw him, then, grandmamma?"

"Oh, yes, my boy; I was with him when he died. Papa took me over to Europe with him on a visit, and I stayed three months in the gloomy old abbey in which the old man lived. He died while I was there. That is more than fifty years ago."

"Is that portrait like him?"

"My father used to say so, but when I saw him he was very old, and it was difficult to see any resemblance to it."

"Did you see much of him, grandmamma?"

"Yes; he took a great fancy to me, and would have me in his room continually. He had never seen me before that visit, and he used to say that I brought into the old abbey some of the untainted American air, and it invigorated him. I was only twenty years old then, and my high spirits were not wholly subdued, even by the gloomy place, with its stained-glass windows and the woods all around it, through which the wind moaned and sighed like a creature in pain, and all the long dismal passages of the venerable place, with rooms that had not been opened for a lifetime. Everything seemed uncanny and mouldy, so unlike our bright, vigorous life here in Virginia; but it takes a good deal to depress a healthy girl of twenty on her first visit to Europe."

"And you were a very beautiful girl then?"

said the boy, adding, however, quickly, in thoughtful gallantry, the assurance which he could do conscientiously, "as you are a beautiful lady now."

"The old gentleman used to say so, but never without a warning that beauty was ever a source of danger, and urging me to be watchful against pride and temptation."

"Was he a good man, grand-mamma?"

"I do not know, my boy. His life was warped and overshadowed by sorrow and, I think, by remorse. He would sit for hours staring into vacancy, unconscious of everything around him, and would groan as he came out of his reverie. He liked to have me read to him, but often his thoughts were far away and he did not hear a word. But if I ceased reading at such times he would be aware of it and ask me to go on. Voltaire's works were much in vogue at that time, and I read one of them to him at his request. It seemed terrible to me to read such things to a man on the brink of the grave, for I had learned to love the Saviour, and the scoffing Frenchman's witticisms shocked me. When I had finished his book I begged that I might read a few chapters of the Bible, and the old man consented. I was reading it the very night before he died. I remember it well. I opened at the hundred and nineteenth Psalm. For a few minutes he listened attentively, and then his eyes took the vacant look and his jaw dropped, and he was lost to all that I read. He was sitting in his favorite easy-chair, with a large pillow at his back, and I was sitting opposite to him on a low ottoman. I glanced at him once or twice, and was struck by his utter unconsciousness. But I read on until his usual hour for retiring, when I rose to leave him. 'Stay a moment, dear,' he said. 'You read something just now that sent my thoughts on a long journey, and I thought I would speak to you about it; but I have quite forgotten. Will you read again, beginning where you began before?' I did so until I came to the ninth verse, 'Wherewithal shall a young man cleanse his way?' By taking heed thereto according to thy word.' That is it, the old man said. 'Don't forget that, my child. There is sound philosophy in it. Some day I will tell you a part of my history, and you will see why I was started on a train of reminiscences when you read that. But if I have no opportunity to tell you, don't forget that there is no other way of saving your life from wreck. You may have children, and perhaps grandchildren, and I charge you solemnly that you impress that on their minds. Tell them to take heed according to God's Word. If I had done that, what might my life have been!' The old man groaned heavily, and as he kissed me good-night he said again, 'Don't forget, my love; take heed according to thy word.' It is the injunction of an old man who did not take heed and fell into a pitfall. The next morning he was found dead in his bed, and I never heard his story."

"Now I know, grandmamma," said the boy, who had been listening intently, "why you made me learn those words the very first time I came to see you before I could read myself."

"Yes, my boy, and I am an old lady now, and I confirm my grandfather's words. God has mercifully preserved me, but I have seen many noble men and women fall through heedless-



A Preoccupied Listener.

ness. May God protect you, as He will if you seek Him with all your heart."

THE SILVER LINING.

A SERIAL STORY.

(Continued from page 623.)

An Old Man's Remorse.

THE idea of a marriage between Jean and their brother in Australia delighted both Dr. Arnold's daughters; but how to introduce the idea to Jean and to win her consent to a union with a man she had never seen was a task requiring so much delicacy that there was need for careful thought before it was attempted. Nothing could be done on the next day, for their brother Frank was coming down on a visit from London, where he was studying medicine. He was Dr. Arnold's favorite son, if so wise a father could be said to have a favorite. He had never distinguished the boy or showed any partiality for him, but he thought very highly of his abilities, and loved him with an intense affection. He was looking forward to the time when, having finished his studies, Frank would come and reside at home and help him with his practice. That time was now near at hand, Frank having passed his last examination and being occupied with some special studies in the hospitals.

The next day the young man arrived, and was received by his parents and sisters with the loving welcome which is always reserved for the young man of promise after an absence. But Frank seemed changed. In spite of efforts to repress the feeling, the home circle was disappointed. He was nervous and pre-occupied. He appeared to have lost his interest in home affairs, and to be concerned about matters of his own. He stayed only a few days, and then hurried back to London, leaving behind him an uneasy sense that all was not well with him. Two weeks afterward the mail brought Dr. Arnold the following epistle from his son:

"DEAR FATHER: You will no doubt be surprised to hear that by the time you receive this letter I shall be married to a young lady by name Clare Newcombe. I do not like a fuss over these things, so I thought the less said about it the better. My future wife is an orphan, and has been under the care of a guardian for the last few years. He is a very old man, and has no relations, so he is leaving all his property to Clare, which will be an uncommonly good thing for both of us. I will write again after we return from Paris. Give my love to mother and the rest."

"Believe me, dear father,
"Your affectionate son,
"FRANK ARNOLD."

The letter filled both mother and father with amazement. No hint even of an attachment had fallen from the young man during his recent visit. He had seemed harder and colder than of yore. He had uttered words at times indicating that a worldly, selfish, almost a sordid spirit was ruling him. A contempt for disinterested generosity rare in the young, though often manifested by middle-aged men of the world, was more than once expressed by the young man, and had given pain to Dr. and Mrs. Arnold, with whom the teachings of the Master were the law of their lives. Frank seemed to be following quite a different example, and to have adopted as his rule of life the maxims of the world. Ambition and avarice seemed to be his ruling passions, and Dr. Arnold wished that it had been possible to give him at home the education necessary for his profession, rather than he should have gone to a great city to be indoctrinated with the evil passions of the world.

Only one thing relative to their new daughter-in-law was told them in the brief letter, and they could not avoid drawing the inference that it was the feature which was most prominent in their son's mind, and had probably influenced his choice. The lady was an heiress. If she had nothing else to recommend her they trembled for Frank's future, for none knew better than they that wealth alone never yet satisfied the heart of any human being. It was a saddening letter, not only because it showed that Frank had ceased to look to them for counsel, but because it indicated a spirit which in the end must lead to disappointment and unhappiness.

That result was nearer to the young man than they or he supposed. It was true, as he had stated, that Clare Newcombe had reason to look upon herself as the heiress of her guardian, but old James Crowther was an eccentric man, who might, as she knew, change the disposition of his property from mere caprice. She had frankly stated to her suitor how precarious her future was, but he had thought so well of her prospects that, as his father expected, he had thought only of her wealth in marrying her.

"She is quite poor, you know," Mr. Crowther had said when Frank asked his permission to marry Clare. "I might leave her a legacy in my will, but I am free to do that or not, as I choose. You must not reckon upon it. If you love her for herself you will not mind whether she is poor or rich." The old man's eyes stealthily watched Frank Arnold's face as he said this, but Frank had schooled himself before approaching the old man, and his features betrayed no emotion or anxiety.

"Money is always welcome," he said, "especially to a young doctor, who has sometimes a long time to wait for a lucrative practice; but of course we shall be able to live. I should not have proposed to your ward if I had not been able to maintain her."

"Ay, ay," said the old man, "that is well; I should not like Clare to marry a man who could not support her. You will manage, I dare say, and if a legacy should fall to her some day that will be so much the better; but don't reckon upon it. I may live a long time yet; I come of a long-lived family. Why, I might even marry yet; I shall be very lonely when Clare is gone," and the old man chuckled feebly, as if enjoying Frank's horror at the suggestion.

So Frank Arnold and Clare Newcombe were married. Mr. Crowther made them a handsome present, sufficient to defray their expenses on their marriage-tour and to furnish their new home. "A perfectly voluntary gift," he had said. Frank must understand that they had no claim upon him.

The day after Clare's marriage the old man had been sitting alone in his room, doing nothing in the twilight but stare into the little fire burning in his grate. He had been employing himself in his usual way till he could see no longer, looking at his banker's book and reading accounts of shares and companies, for he had thoughts now for little else.

Perhaps he missed Clare a little on that night; for though their lives had been singularly thrown together, yet there was no love between them.

Crowther had met Clare's father in Australia, where they were both seeking gold. Business had drawn them together, and Mr. Newcombe had been of great assistance to Crowther, furthering his mercenary objects by advice and co-operation.

His health failed after a time, and when he felt himself to be dying, Crowther, in return for past services, promised to be a guardian to the daughter of his friend. Mr. Newcombe did not prove at his death to be the rich man that had been expected. His health had long disabled him from seeing much to his affairs, which had gone awry. But still he left just sufficient to prevent his daughter from being a burden. She returned with Mr. Crowther to England shortly after her father's death, and, true to his promise, Crowther sent her to a boarding-school, where she was educated.

On the night after Clare's marriage, as we saw, old Mr. Crowther was sitting alone, and as he sat and stared into the fire unwelcome thoughts of the past started to his mind; thoughts even of his boyhood, of his mother, of his old home; then of his brothers and sisters. He felt sure they must be all dead, and yet he could not be easy about them. One sister had gone to America with her husband, and he had never heard of her death. He knew she was poor, for she had written some years before and told him of her husband's death, and how hard she found it to make a living for herself and child. But James Crowther had taken no notice of these letters—the last, in fact, he had burnt unopened—and now to-night the remembrance of them came reproachfully before him.

At length he rose, shook himself as if casting from him unpleasant thoughts, and rang the bell angrily. When his attendant, old Keziah, brought lights, he growled out a complaint of her negligence, which provoked no retort from the old woman, accustomed as she was to his caprices.

She had scarcely left the room when the door-bell rang feebly. "Who is that, I wonder?" thought old Crowther; "only a runaway ring, I dare say."

It seemed as if Keziah thought so too, if she heard it, for she did not go to the door.

Some minutes passed, and then whoever it might be ventured to ring again, and this time Keziah went to see what was wanted.

The evening had turned out rainy, and the street looked forlorn and dirty as she looked out

and saw a woman's figure standing shyly in the doorway.

"Does Mr. Crowther live here, please?" "Well, yes; what do you want with him?" She hesitated and then said, "Would you ask him to speak to me for a minute?"

"I don't think he'll speak to you, especially at this time of night; but still I'll tell him."

"Please, sir," she said, when she had entered Mr. Crowther's room, "a young woman is come and wants to know if you will speak to her."

"Young woman! I don't know any young woman. What's her name?"

Keziah did not know, so she went down to the door again to ask.

"Sarah Jennings," was the answer.

Keziah was almost frightened when she saw the shudder her master gave as he heard the name, and she could not help saying, "Perhaps you would rather not see her, sir."

But no, he would see her, and in a minute more the strange young woman was coming up the stairs.

Keziah's curiosity was great, but she dare not stay to hear what passed.

The two looked at each other for quite a minute, and then the girl said:

"Please, sir, I believe you are my uncle. My mother wished me to come and see you."

Again a shudder shook old Crowther's frame. That mother of whom the girl spoke was his sister, of whom he had that night been thinking, and whom he had so shamefully neglected.

"How is your mother?" he said, in a low tone.

"She is dead," and at the thought of her fresh loss the girl's voice almost broke down.

"Dead! When did she die?" almost gasped old Crowther.

"Last Monday week."

"Where?" was his next question.

"At Liverpool. Poor mother had such a longing to see England again. She had been ailing for many months, but she thought if she could only get to England she would be quite well; alas! it was too late. She only lived one week after we came to land. She begged I would find you out without delay, and told me I was to give you this letter."

Crowther did not burn it, neither did he read it; there it lay unopened before him.

There is no mistaking you are my sister's child; you have her eyes over again. Have you had any tea?" he said, after a few minutes' silence.

"No."

"Well, you can have some. Keziah will get you some in another room, and you can stay here to-night."

Keziah stared when she found the strange visitor was to have some tea, and still more when she found she was to stay the night; but with all Keziah had a kind heart, and when she looked at the sad and weary girl, in her deep mourning, she felt sorry for her, and determined to make her comfortable, if she could. The woman's simple kindness put the poor girl at ease, and very soon physical weariness asserted its sway and she sank into peaceful, refreshing slumber in Keziah's own bed.

Keziah herself felt a strange disinclination to retire to rest. An uneasy apprehension of calamity possessed her which she could not shake off. She busied herself with household matters for some time, but her thoughts were busy with the lonely old man sitting solitary in his own room. It was hard to tell why she had any regard for him unless it was because they were growing old together, but certain it was that she was concerned about him, and once or twice she went and listened at his door. All was quiet there, but as she was just about to go to bed she heard a heavy fall. Then she entered the room without ceremony. She found him stretched upon the floor insensible. She waited only to raise his head on a hassock, and then ran across the road for a doctor.

In the course of an hour consciousness returned. It had been a fit, and comparatively a slight one; but others might follow.

The next day Crowther seemed much better than could have been expected, remembered all about Sarah, and asked to see her. They were unwilling at first that he should, thinking it would over-excite him; but his irritation at being thwarted was so great that she was allowed to go and sit by him. He lay and looked at her steadily, but made few remarks. Another restless night succeeded, and when the doctor came in the morning it was evident that some mental distress was weighing upon him. He questioned Keziah, who told him of the visitor's arrival and her master's agitation at seeing her. He therefore took the opportunity to speak about Sarah, and see if anything could be gathered from him about her.

"Mr. Reynolds," he cried, "I have something on my mind; I have wronged that poor girl's mother. She is dead, and I have killed her."

"Gently, gently, Mr. Crowther; it cannot be so bad as that. You are taking too gloomy a view of things."

"I am not, sir; I have killed her, and I—I am lost—lost—lost!"

Mr. Reynolds was a man of the world, and yet even he was awe-struck at his patient's words; he could give medicine for the body, but he knew not how to give healing to the soul. For a few minutes he was silent, now knowing what to say.

"Could you not, Mr. Crowther, provide for this young person, whoever she is—would not that in some measure atone for the past?"

"Her mother was my sister, Mr. Reynolds. I knew she was in want and I did not help her; now it is too late, too late." Then, as if a gleam of hope came across him, he added, "I could do as you say—I could leave my money to her daughter."

"Certainly, Mr. Crowther; I would see to it at once."

"Yes, at once. I had arranged differently, but I can alter."

A note was despatched to Mr. Crowther's lawyer, who promptly answered the summons of his client. A new will, leaving all to Sarah (for the old man would hear of nothing short of the whole), was rapidly drawn up, and by the evening it was properly signed and attested. This seemed to give him some little satisfaction, but his conscience could not rest; the past was ever present with him, and his own state rose vividly before him, till his voice could be heard beyond his chamber crying, "Lost—lost—lost." The lawyer and doctor could not cheer him, they knew not how; they could not tell him of a Saviour's love and mercy, for they knew it not themselves.

Then the stranger girl crept in, and in a low-toned voice said:

"Uncle, may I read to you a little?"

He stared at her with wild eyes, as of a hunted animal. "Read, child; what would you read to me? I am a lost man."

"Don't say that, uncle. Jesus Christ came to seek and to save those that were lost. Mother bade me tell you how she loved her Saviour, and that she hoped you would learn to love Him, too, that she might meet you again."

"Ah, child, if I could have asked your mother to forgive me I might have felt better. Perhaps she would; she was a good soul."

"Oh, uncle, she forgave you, I am sure of that. She forgave you as she hoped to be forgiven."

The doctor's entrance interrupted the conversation, but in the early morning Crowther said to Keziah, "Call the girl." Sarah was soon again at his bedside.

"What were you telling me last night? Tell me again, child."

Again she told the story of the Saviour's love, of His death for poor lost sinners; then from her Bible she read of the dying thief. "Dear uncle, there are no sins too black for Him to wash away; only tell Him you are laden with sin, and you want Him to wash you whiter than snow, and He will, indeed He will."

"Thank you, child; I will think about it; I think I could sleep a little now." To Sarah's great joy toward evening he opened his eyes and looked at her. Presently he said, "Child, you said 'Jesus died for sinners, then—He—died—for me,'" and his eyes closed again. In the night another fit came on, and James Crowther was gone—gone into the presence of his God.

(To be continued.)

THE FAMINE IN SAMARIA.

S. S. Lesson for Oct. 11, II Kings 7:1-17. Golden Text, Luke 18:27. By Mrs. M. Baxter.

Jehoram's Perversity—God's Mercies to Him—Subsequent Severity—The King Holds Elisha Responsible—Sends an Executioner to Kill Him—A Message of Mercy—The Captain's Incredulity—Common in Our Day—The Reasoning of the Lepers—Their Expedition—The New Plenty—End of the Scoffing Captain.

JEHORAM was not converted. Oh, how the Shepherd sought this wandering one, yet always in vain. Delivered, with his whole army, from death by drought, by the direct intervention of God, saved from the army of Syria—the bands of Syria led into Samaria blind, and their sight given back before his very eyes—the power and mercy of God were forced upon his notice in an unusual manner, and yet this man remained without hope and without God in the world. When gentle measures do not succeed God makes use of severe ones. He permitted Ben-hadad to come up against and to besiege Samaria. Supplies were cut off, the provisions of the city were exhausted, and the inhabitants were in such awful straits that a woman came to the king for justice against her neighbor, who had joined her in eating her child, and whose natural affection recoiled from giving up her own son for food. The king rent his clothes, not his heart, and, instead of humbling himself before God, said: "God do so and more also to me, if the head of Elisha, the son of Shaphat, shall stand on him this day."

What had Elisha done? He had been God's willing instrument of preservation to this king again and again. Why, then, this enmity? Jehoram knew that Elisha was in God's secret, and that this state of things was permitted for the very purpose of pressing him into subjection to God; his will was not renounced; and so, in this perverse spirit, he attributed the sore distress of the city to malice on the part of Elisha, not choosing to recognize the hand of God in it. Can the heart of man be so base? Yes, when Satan has possession. But Elisha knew all that was going on; he

SAT IN HIS HOUSE,

and the elders of Israel sat with him." From this we may know that God had been at work—the elders were with the prophet, the man of God, not with the king; faith in God must have been gaining ground among them. The king sent a man from before him to do the deed of blood. But Elisha was aware of it, and said to the elders: "See ye how this son of a murderer hath sent to take away mine head? look, when the messenger cometh, shut the door, and thrust him back with the door: is not the sound of his master's feet behind him? (Rev. Ver.) Elisha was not afraid to die, but he knew that he had work yet to do and a message now to deliver to the king.

Hardly had Elisha done speaking when the messenger came, bringing the king's message, and the king behind him: "Behold, this evil is of the Lord; why should I wait for the Lord any longer?" Jehoram always imputed evil to God. When in his own perverse self-will he had gathered Jehoshaphat and the King of Edom with their armies to fight with him against Moab, and there was no water for the host, he recognized God at once—"The Lord hath called these three kings together, to deliver them into the hand of Moab" (II Kings 3:13). When the deliverance came he heard nothing of the Lord from his lips. In his deliverance from the King of Syria, again, there was no mention of God; but when the famine in Samaria was at its height,

then the king could see God in it. Would that this were an uncommon thing! But it is not! When any great trouble comes—a grievous epidemic, a famine, a frightful war, sickness or death in the family—men begin to talk about God. But when things go well in a country men attribute it to the industry of the inhabitants, the wisdom of the rulers, the sobriety of the people, and God is not seen at all.

Before the executioner whom the king had sent found time to do his work the prophet declared from the Lord

A MESSAGE OF MERCY.

Jehoram should have one more chance, one more appeal of love from the heart of God: "Thus saith the Lord, To-morrow about this time shall a measure of fine flour be sold for a shekel, and two measures of barley for a shekel, in the gate of Samaria." The king's chosen companions were not of a kind to influence him for good; perhaps if he could have broken with them his life would have been another one, and this lost soul might have been saved. "The captain, on whose hand the king leaned, answered the man of God, and said: Behold, if the Lord made windows in heaven, might this thing be?" (Rev. Ver.). The scoffer could see the closed gates, the famine-stricken soldiery, utterly incapable of making any sally from the city, and as he never took God into his reckoning he had the ear of all who resembled him; and the wretched men, instead of believing in the Lord, who alone could bring them out of their extremity, indulged in a joke at the expense of His prophet.

God is doing things in our day which may well seem incredible to those who put God out of their reckoning. The largest part of the soul-winning is done outside the churches by instruments (men and women) specially raised up by God, many of them illiterate. It is not the organized churches, as a rule, which save the drunkards and harlots; the most of these classes who are saved are so by the instrumentality of one or more of themselves whom God has rescued. The most successful missionaries among the heathen are often not those who have been for years prepared by learning for this work, but such as have gone without scrip, or staff, or purse, in dependence on the Lord alone, such as believe God can open windows in heaven if He will; and some of these were helpless invalids for years, who, since they have learned that "the body is . . . for the Lord, and the Lord for the body," have gone out in His strength, to do more than those of a naturally strong constitution. It is not for us to doubt that God will do what He says He will, because we do not see how He is going to work. Elisha said: "Behold, thou shalt see it with thine eyes, but shalt not eat thereof." Oh, how many a poor invalid sees God's healing with his eyes, but he does not experience it, because instead of taking God at His own simple written Word he reasons about it, and says, "How can this be?"

God had His own way of bringing about His purposes. Four leprous men were huddled together at the gate of the city, miserable objects, their very life a burden, and yet the instinct of self-preservation as strong in them as in the healthiest of the citizens. They held a council: "Why sit we here until we die?" If we enter into the city, the famine is in the city, and we shall die there (who would give anything to a leper in a time of famine?); and if we sit still here, we die also." There was but one other alternative—only desperate men would adopt it: "Now therefore come, and let us fall unto the host of the Syrians: if they save us alive, we shall live; and if they kill us, we shall but die." They could not be worse off, they might be better. If every lost soul, if every oppressed and tempted believer, if every weary sufferer would act likewise, take a fair survey of their present hopes, and say: "If we remain as we are, we can but perish, we can but be overcome, we can but continue in our suffering; we will claim the promises of God." Oh, what deliverances would be wrought! The lepers acted on the conclu-

sion to which they came; they arose in the twilight and made the venture; step by step, with the utmost caution, they approached the camp of the Syrians. There was no need for all this caution—not one of their dreaded enemies remained.

GOD HAD BEEN AT WORK;

He had made the Syrians to hear a noise of horses, and chariots, and a great host—a panic had seized them, and they fled for their lives. All that the lepers found was the abundant, lavish supply of all their need.

If any unsaved soul reads this, go straight to Jesus, whom you have feared and avoided. He is not an enemy, He has no grudge against you: He loves you even now. Take Him, claim Him fearlessly as your own, and tell Him you do it on the ground of his own Word—"God so loved the world." In Him you have redemption through His blood, even the forgiveness of sins (Eph. 1:7). Tried believer, are you pressed down with the consciousness of how little you love God, how constantly you fail, how inconsistent you are? Go straight to Jesus, and tell Him all, claim Him boldly to be to you what you can never be in yourself, "Wisdom, Righteousness, Sanctification, and Redemption," and rest in Him to live out his own life in you. Dear sick one, make the venture, strike out upon the sure Word of God, and take Jesus as "the Lord that maketh thee." The lepers revelled in their new-found treasure, luxuriating in food, drink, clothing which the Syrians had left behind. And then they began to hide their treasure. But after the first intoxication of their joy conscience began to work; in the city, a few miles distant, thousands were still in the same distress from which they themselves were only just saved. "We do not well," they said; "this is a day of good tidings, and we hold our peace: if we tarry till the morning light, punishment will overtake us. Now, therefore, let us go and tell the king's household" (Rev. Ver.). Oh, how many there are who dishonor God, and bring loss on their own souls, and the return of sickness in their bodies, by not testifying to what the Lord has done for them! "Ye also shall bear witness" (John 15:27) is a direction for every child of God. The lepers returned to the city, and told the porters, and they wakened up the king. Full of unbelief, he, without the smallest reference to God's Word by Elisha, looked upon this as a ruse of the enemy. But over-persuaded by his hungry servants, who felt the pressure of need more than he did, he sent them with two chariot horses of the few that yet remained in the city, and they went on the track of the Syrians as far as the Jordan, and returned to say that the story of the lepers was true.

It was not long before the city turned out. Men who had a little energy left went into the camp and brought provisions into the city, and before the day was well on a thriving trade was doing in the gate. The Word of the Lord was fulfilled in judgment as well as in mercy. The scoffing captain was appointed to have charge of the gate, but the throng of starving people could not be kept back; he lost his footing in the crowd, there was no possibility of regaining it; "the people trod upon him in the gate, and he died." He saw the plenty, he saw God justified, he saw the blasphemy of his jest, but he did not eat of what he saw. The sin of unbelief and of leading others into unbelief is perhaps that of all others which God counts the most heinous. God keep us from this grievous sin of unbelief.

An Illustrated Work on the Unfulfilled prophecies of the Bible, by the Rev. M. Baxter, entitled: "Forty Coming Wonders," may be had from the office of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, 63 Bible House, New York, by remitting one dollar. It is a book of 528 pages, is handsomely bound in cloth and contains fifty full-page pictures and diagrams representing the scenes described in the prophecies of Daniel and in the book of the Revelation. It also contains a résumé of the opinions of other expositors, and extracts carefully collated from the works of all the most eminent writers on prophecy from the earliest ages of the Christian era down to those of recent date. It thus forms the most useful and complete guide the student can have on entering the study of that portion of the Word of God. The book may also be obtained for one dollar from any bookseller, who can procure it from the American News Company.

THY WAY—NOT MINE.

BORRATON BONAR.

Thy way—not mine, O Lord,
However dark the land;
Lead me by Thine own hand;
Choose out the path for me.

Smooth let it be, or rough,
It will be still the best;
Winding or straight, it matters not,
It leads me to Thy rest.

I dare not choose my lot;
I would not if I might;
Choose Thou for me, my God,
So shall I walk aright.

The kingdom that I seek
Is Thine; so let the way
That leads to it be Thine,
Else surely I might stray.

Take Thou my cup, and it
With joy or sorrow fill;
As best to Thee may seem,
Choose Thou my good and ill.

Choose Thou for me my friends,
My sickness or my health;
Choose Thou my cares for me,
My poverty or wealth.

Not mine—not mine the choice,
In things of great or small;
Be Thou my guide, my Strength,
My Wisdom, and my All.

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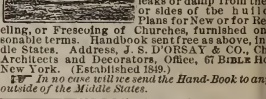
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THURSDAY, OCTOBER 8, 1885.

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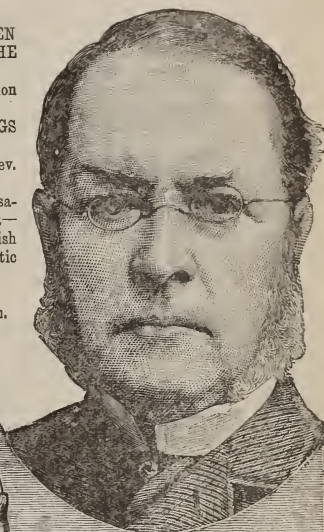
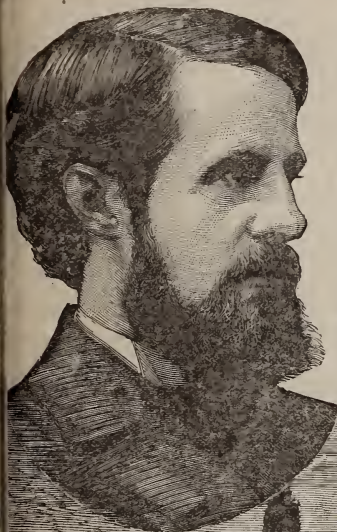
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THE EARL OF ABERDEEN—SIR LYON PLAYFAIR, M.P.—CASTLE STREET, ABERDEEN.

A GREAT ASSOCIATION.

WHEN the Apostle Paul admonished Timothy on the duty of avoiding "profane and vain babblings and the oppositions of science," he added, with the discretion which was so prominent a feature of his character, the words "falsely so-called" (1 Tim. 6: 20). The inference is—and it is strictly consistent with the teaching of the great apostle—that the science which he wished Timothy to avoid was the spurious science which had no right at all to the name of science. That was the science which antagonized the Gospel in Paul's day as it does in ours, and which our young ministers will do well to avoid, as Paul advised Timothy to do. True science "ever has been," said Sir David Brewster, "and ever must be, the safeguard of religion." This fact is now recognized. Were it not so we might now be laboring, like our Southern friend, the Rev. John Jasper, to prove from the Bible that the sun goes round the earth and persecuting men, as the priests did Galileo for teaching the true principles of astronomical science. Christian men in these days, though still retaining a prejudice against advanced scientific teaching, are looking upon it with more favor than their fathers did, and take delight in studying the handiwork of their Heavenly Father in creation, and admiring the perfect order which He established and maintains in the material universe.

One of the most famous institutions in this field is

THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION

for the Advancement of Science, which last year met in Montreal, and this year has just been holding its sittings in Aberdeen, Scotland—the city in which it held its first meeting twenty-six years ago. The object for which it was founded and which its leaders still hold before its members may be understood from the remarks with which its President, Sir Lyon Playfair, opened its sessions on September 9th. He said: "The meetings of the association throw open the arena to the cultivators of all the sciences, and to their mutual advantage. The geologist learns from the chemist that there are problems for which he had no clue, but which that science can solve for him; the geographer receives light from the naturalist, the astronomer from the physicist and engineer, and so on. And all find a field upon which to meet the public at large—invite them to listen to their reports, and even to take part in their discussions—and show to them that philosophers are no vain theorists, but essentially men of practice, not conceited pedants, wrapt up in their own mysterious importance, but humble inquirers after truth, proud only of what they may have achieved or won for the general use of man. Neither are they daring and presumptuous unbelievers—a character which ignorance has sometimes affixed to them—who would, like the Titans, storm heaven by placing mountain upon mountain until hurled down by the terrible thunders of Jove; but rather the pious pilgrims to the Holy Land, who toil on in search of the Sacred Shrine, in search of Truth—God's Truth—God's laws as manifested in His works, in His Creation."

THE EARL OF ABERDEEN.

Born in 1847—His Ancient Family—Romantic Career of His Brother—University Successes and Public Appointments—Marriage in 1877—His Support of Temperance Work—Sympathy with Messrs. Moody and Sankey and Rev. C. H. Spurgeon's Orphanage Work—Interest in Railway Employés.

ONE of the most prominent members of the association in the Aberdeen meetings was the distinguished Christian nobleman who takes his title from the city in which the meetings were held. His name has been long favorably known in the religious, philanthropic and political world. His portrait appears on the left of our first page. Though still a young man, his life has borne fruit of his great activity and usefulness, and while he represents one of the oldest families of the British aristocracy, he has thrown

himself into the front of numerous movements for the welfare of the people, the amelioration of social wrongs, and the redress of social grievances. He has not concealed his sympathy and respect for religion, as aristocrats are tempted to do, but has openly espoused the cause of Christianity by presiding at the annual meetings of various religious institutions. Benevolent institutions also receive his valuable support. The countess and himself, for instance, have given generous assistance to the Homes for Working Girls in London, and regularly attend the meetings of the Homes to encourage the managers by their presence and advocacy.

John Campbell Hamilton-Gordon, seventh Earl of Aberdeen, was born August 3d, 1847. He is now thirty-eight years old. The name belongs to

AN OLD SCOTTISH FAMILY

which has played an important part in the history of the north of the island. He is grandson of the well-known statesman and Prime Minister of the same name who tried to perform the difficult task of leading a non-partisan government. He entered office in 1852, with a cabinet which was called "the Ministry of all the Talents," each department having at its head a statesman with a special knowledge of its business, but not necessarily in harmony with his colleagues. The Administration closed its brief life in 1855, having held office two years and forty-four days. That was the Cabinet which quarrelled with Russia and engaged in the Crimean war.

The statesman was succeeded by his grandson, George, who was drowned, after a career of romantic adventure, on January 27th, 1870, during a voyage from Boston to Melbourne. The present Earl thereupon took the title. His early education was principally private, until he entered University College, Oxford, where he took his Bachelor's degree in 1871, and his M.A. in 1877. His undergraduate course was a brilliant success. The estates of the Aberdeen family are widely scattered over Scotland, and the Earl derives various other titles from them. In the peerage of Scotland he is enrolled as Lord Haddo, Methlic, Tarvis, and Kellie. He is, besides, a baronet of Nova Scotia, and has the title of Viscount Formartine.

In May, 1883, Lord Aberdeen had the honor of being selected as Lord High Commissioner of the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland. Besides performing the customary responsible duty of formally opening the General Assembly, he re-opened St. Giles's Cathedral, which had just been restored through the munificence of the late Dr. William Chambers, the well-known author and publisher. Dr. Chambers died a short time before the ceremony, but an address which he had prepared was read by his nephew on the occasion, to which Lord Aberdeen appropriately replied.

His lordship is well known in Scotland as a warm advocate of temperance principles. He is also

A SUPPORTER OF THE BLUE RIBBON

movement. In a recent expression of his views on various public questions, his lordship expressed himself as hopeful that it would be possible in a short time to carry the bill closing the liquor-saloons on Sundays. At present they have to close only during stated hours—about six in all. Speaking on the outburst of infidelity which characterized the present day, he said that although it was a most serious and depressing sign of the times, yet it was not surprising that the vast amount of aggressive Christianity should have awakened some corresponding active hostility. Believing that the work in London and elsewhere of Messrs. Moody and Sankey was a valuable power for good among the people, he supported it, both by his gifts and by his presence. Only recently, also, he presided at the annual meeting of the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon's Orphanages, on which occasion he delivered a speech full of sympathy and kindly Christian love.

Lord Aberdeen is Chairman of the Royal Commission on Railways, the outcome of which

has been an amelioration in various directions of the condition of railway employés in whom he takes a deep interest. He is also well known as an ardent advocate and supporter of working-men's clubs. If the other members of the House of Lords took as much interest in the welfare of the poor and the workmen as does Lord Aberdeen the agitation for the abolition of the House would not find the response it now does in the hearts of the people. It is with that House, as it is with the world—a few men are the salt that preserves it.

SIR LYON PLAYFAIR, M.P.,

President of the British Association.

Born in 1819—His Studies at St. Andrews—Visit India—Becomes a Student in Germany—Public Appointments—Royal Pupils—Advocacy of the Enfranchisement of Women—Election by the Scottish Students—His Religious Writings—Appreciation of American Spirituality.

SIR LYON PLAYFAIR, whose portrait appear on the right side of our first page, is this year the President of the British Association. He is a man well known in this country. Ever year since 1876 he has come to America, and spent some months in travel, in visiting our seat of learning, and in studying our social, political and economical development. European statesmen have usually exhibited an indifference, no to say a supercilious contempt for America, this mark of appreciation by a man who is a once a statesman and a philosopher is therefore a significant fact.

Sir Lyon Playfair was born in India, on March 21st, 1819, at Meerut—a place famous for being the town in which occurred the first outbreak of the terrible mutiny of 1857. His father was chief Inspector of Hospitals in Bengal. The boy was sent to Scotland to St. Andrews University for his education. He devoted himself chiefly to the study of chemistry, and throughout his subsequent life that has been the pursuit to which he has ever turned with delight. He subsequently went to Giessen, in Germany, to study organic chemistry under the world-renowned Dr. Liebig. On his return home he was soon engaged in practically applying the knowledge he had acquired, and undertook the management of the large calico print works of Messrs. Thompson, of Clitheroe. In 1843 he went to Manchester, and was appointed Professor of Chemistry in the Royal Institution. He was subsequently appointed to the same chair at Edinburgh University.

At the recommendation of the late Sir F. Peel, in 1844, he was placed on the commission constituted to examine into the sanitary state of the large towns of the empire, and his report displayed consummate ability. He has since held many special commissions, notably in respect of the great exhibition in 1851, at the close of which, in recognition of his valuable scientific services, he was made a Companion of the Bath and received an appointment in Prince Albert household.

IN PARLIAMENT.

When in 1868 a bill passed Parliament allowing the Universities of Edinburgh and St. Andrews to unite in electing a member to represent them in the House of Commons, the fellows and students elected Dr. Playfair, and have since that re-elected him at every election. He is best known in the Legislature by his persistent and irrepressible advocacy of female suffrage. In advocating a bill introduced to give women the right to vote at Parliamentary elections, he forcibly said that it was time to take women out of the category of incapable citizen in which their only companions were idiot lunatics, criminals, and minors. He maintained the world had benefited very much by the sympathies of women, and the bill appealed to the sense of national justice. In spite of his advocacy, however, it was defeated. After re-election in 1880, in the new Parliament, he was appointed Chairman of Committee of Ways and Means and Deputy Speaker; from the offices he retired in the Session of 1883, and was

sed to the rank of K.C.B. (Knight Commander of the Bath.) He is a Liberal in politics, enthusiastic believer in Mr. Gladstone. He held office in the Ministry of 1873-'74 as Postmaster-General, and at the same period was made Privy Councillor, which gives him the right to prefix the words *Right Honorable* to his name. The honorary degree of LL.D. was conferred on him by the University of Edinburgh in 1890.

LITERARY WORK.

Sir Lyon Playfair has translated and edited Lord Liebig's treatise on chemistry applied to agriculture and physiology, and is the author of many scientific reports and memoirs, lectures and published addresses on economic, sanitary and educational subjects, including the address delivered in 1874 to the Social Science Association at Glasgow. He has also written able articles on the connection between religion and science. His papers, profoundly religious, are thoroughly philosophic as they are eloquent, and they demolish the very foundations of those philosophers who "do not like to retain God in their knowledge." For the most part the youth of Scotland are not afflicted with such teachers, and we may hope that in England, too, the progress of the fashionable materialism may be checked. At any rate, among the foremost teachers of science stands Dr. Playfair, who has attained an exalted rank, yet delights to honor the Word of the Bible, and grounds his hope for the future on the finished mediatorial work of the Lord Jesus Christ.

Sir Lyon Playfair has been thrice married. His present wife is a native of Boston, Mass.

THE SUPERIORITY OF AMERICA

A prominent subject in Sir Lyon's inaugural address at Aberdeen, on September 9th, which proved that during his visits to our shores he has been a close observer of our institutions. He said, after dwelling on British indifference to science: "Very remarkable is it to see a nation like the United States reserving a hundred and fifty million acres of national land for the promotion of scientific education. In some respects this young country is *in advance of all European nations* in joining science to administrative offices. Its scientific publications, like the great palaeontological work embodying the researches of Professor Marshall, his associates in the Geological Survey, are *example to other governments*. The Ministry of Agriculture is surrounded with a staff of botanists and chemists. The Home Secretary is aided by a special Scientific Commission to investigate the habits, migrations and food of fishes, and the latter has at its disposal two specially-constructed steamers of large tonnage. The United States and Great Britain promote fisheries on distinct systems. In this country we are perpetually issuing expensive commissions to visit the coasts in order to ascertain the experiences of fishermen. I have acted as chairman of one of these Royal Commissions, and find that the fishermen, having only a knowledge of a small area, gave the most contradictory and unsatisfactory evidence. In America questions are put to nature, and not to fishermen. Exact and searching investigations are made into the life-history of the fishes, into the temperature of the sea in which they live and grow, into the nature of their food, and into the habits of their natural enemies. For this purpose the Government give the co-operation of the navy, and provide the Commission with special corps of skilled naturalists, some of whom go out with the steamships, and others work in the biological laboratories at Wood's Hole, Mass., or at Washington.

The different Universities send their best naturalists to aid in these investigations, which are under the direction of Mr. Baird, of the Smithsonian Institution. The annual cost of the Federal Commission is about £10,000, while the separate States spend about £20,000 in local efforts. The practical results flowing from these scientific investigations have been important. The inland waters and rivers have been

stocked with fish of the best and most suitable kinds. Even the great ocean which washes the coasts of the United States is beginning to be affected by the knowledge thus acquired, and a sensible result is already produced upon the most important of its fisheries. The United Kingdom largely depends upon its fisheries, but as yet our Government have scarcely realized the value of such scientific investigations as those pursued with success by the United States.

"Less systematically, but with great benefit to science, our own Government has used the surveying expeditions, and sometimes has equipped special expeditions to promote natural history and solar physics. Some of the latter, like the voyage of the Challenger, have added largely to the store of knowledge; while the former, though not primarily intended for scientific research, have had an indirect result of infinite value by becoming training-schools for such investigators as Edward Forbes, Darwin, Hooker, Huxley, Wyville Thomson, and others. In the United Kingdom we are just beginning to understand the wisdom of Washington's farewell address to his countrymen, when he said: 'Promote as an object of primary importance institutions for the general diffusion of knowledge. In proportion as the structure of a government gives force to public opinion, it is essential that public opinion should be enlightened.'"

Had such remarks been made by a citizen of the United States the British scientists would have doubtless commented on American vanity and self-conceit; as they were made by one of his own folks, John Bull had to swallow them with what grace he could.

THE CITY OF ABERDEEN.

THE picture on the first page represents one of the principal thoroughfares of the city in which the British Association has been holding its meetings. It is called Castle Street, and contains the Municipal Buildings, the Cross, and a granite statue to the memory of the highly-respected fifth Duke of Gordon.

Aberdeen is situated at the mouth of the Don or the Dee. Until nearly the end of last century the city could lay no claim to either beauty of street architecture or to orderly municipal and sanitary arrangements. In even the best quarters of the town there were wooden houses and swamps and waste ground, and dirt reigned supreme. Then a change came over the Aberdeensian civic mind; it effected improvements, and carried them out at such an impetuous rate that the town drifted into bankruptcy. The principal streets in Aberdeen are now very good indeed, broad, well planned, well cleaned, and well lighted, and although there are lanes and back slums that need attention, they are not so bad as they are in other large cities. Gray granite is almost universally used in the construction of both houses and large buildings, and the effect, although a little cold, is very striking. The chief street is Union Street, seventy feet broad, and nearly a mile in length. It is the site of many fine shops and stately edifices, and has a handsome appearance.

Although inferior in population to Dundee, Aberdeen is considered to be a more important and distinguished city. At the last census of 1881 the population was 105,054, and according to the Registrar-General's returns the estimated population at the middle of 1884 was 111,242. During the ten years which elapsed between the census of 1871 and that of 1881 Aberdeen showed an increase in population of 16,873, being with one exception the largest increase of any town in Scotland. It is a more ancient city than Edinburgh or Glasgow. Its present charter dates from 1179, more than seven hundred years ago, and that was a renewal of an older charter.

THE UNIVERSITY OF ABERDEEN.

THE sessions of the British Association were held in the University, which is the chief glory of Aberdeen, of which the citizens are rightly

proud. (*A picture of it appears on page 652.*) It is composed of two colleges, King's and Marischal, which were united in 1860. King's, the older of the two, is situated in Old Aberdeen, and was "founded by Bishop Elphinstoun, in 1494, by a Bull of Pope Alexander VI., at the request of James IV., who confirmed this Bull on May 22d, 1497. The actual foundation, however, did not take place till 1505. It was first known as St. Mary's, but afterward as the "Royal College, or King's College of Aberdeen." The first principal of the college was the renowned Hector Boece, and under him the University soon grew famous. Its reputation extended to the Continent of Europe, attracting studious foreigners to it. Marischal College, which was united with it twenty-five years ago, stands in Broad Street, on the site of a Franciscan Convent. It was founded by George Keith, fifth Earl Marischal, in 1593. The old buildings remained until 1684; a new edifice was then erected, which in 1837 was replaced by the present pile—finished in 1841 at a cost of about £30,000, £15,000 of which was paid by Government. The style is Collegiate Gothic, and the designer was Archibald Simpson. A tower of one hundred feet high springs from the quadrangle, and the vestibule and stair in this tower leading to the hall, library and museum are very fine. In the wall within the principal doorway is a stone taken from the old building, on which is the defiant Keith motto, "They hail said: Quhat say thay: Lat them say." Since the union of the two Universities in 1860 the classes for art and divinity are taught in King's College, and those for law and medicine in Marischal. The number of students is from seven hundred to eight hundred.

A Call to All Christians has been Issued by a committee of the convention which recently assembled at Mr. Moody's invitation at Northfield, Mass. The committee calls attention to missionary progress of late years, to the large numbers of heathen who nevertheless have not yet heard the Gospel, and to the many doors recently opened for Christian missionaries. It suggests that, if in some great centre, such as London or New York, a great council of evangelistic believers could meet to consider the wonderful working of God's providence and grace in mission fields, and how fields that are unoccupied may be insured from any further neglect, and to arrange and adjust the work so as to prevent needless waste and friction among workers, it might greatly further the glorious object of the world's evangelization, and add: "We earnestly commend the suggestion to the prayerful consideration of the several bodies of Christian believers and the various missionary organizations." The suggestions of the committee were submitted to the convention and approved. The committee consisted of the Rev. A. T. Pierson, of Philadelphia, chairman; Rev. Dr. A. A. Gordon, of Boston; L. W. Munhall, of Indianapolis; Rev. Dr. G. F. Pentecost, of Brooklyn; J. E. K. Studd, of London, England; Rev. William Ashmore, of Swatow, China; and Miss E. Dryer, of Chicago.

An Appeal is Made by the Trustees of the People's Church at Humboldt, Neb., for assistance in peculiarly trying circumstances. Several godly men and women in that city were anxious that the Gospel should be preached there with purity and power. They held services for a time in rooms which became too small for the purpose. Then they were encouraged by a wealthy lady to build a church, she promising to defray all expenses. Circumstances occurred during the progress of the building which prevented her completely fulfilling her promise. The church is consequently burdened with a debt of a few hundred dollars, which the members are unable to raise. They ask the assistance of any Christian people who, knowing the condition of Humboldt, sympathize with their effort to establish an evangelical church. The names of the trustees are William C. Bissell, E. Whitney, and W. P. Ferris.

WINDOWS TOWARD JERUSALEM.

Dr. Talmage's Sermon. Preached Last Sunday Morning, Oct. 4, 1885.

"His windows being open and his chamber toward Jerusalem."—DAN. 6:10.

The Leonine Threat—The First Lion Tamer—The Royal Visit—Why his Windows were Toward Jerusalem—His Native Land—A Nation of Foreigners—The Post-Office Windows—A Letter from Home—An Avenue for Sacred Influences—A Sad Mistake—The Strasbourg Virgin—Windows Open Toward the Exchange—Daniel's Attitude—Livingstone's Portrait—The Attitude to See Farthest—The New Jerusalem—The Heavens of the Poets—The Rooms of Heaven—A Crusader Repulsed by his Mother.

THE SCOUNDRELLY princes of Persia, urged on by political jealousy against Daniel, have succeeded in getting a law passed that whosoever prays to God shall be put under the paw and teeth of the lions, who are lashing themselves in rage and hunger up and down the stone cage, or putting their lower jaw on the ground, bellowing till the earth trembles. But

THE LEONINE THREAT

did not hinder the devotions of Daniel, the Cœur-de-Lion of the ages. His enemies might as well have a law that the sun should not draw water or that the south wind should not sweep across a garden of magnolias or that God should be abolished. They could not scare him with the red-hot furnaces, and they cannot now scare him with the lions. As soon as Daniel hears of this enactment he leaves his office of Secretary of State, with its upholstery of crimson and gold, and comes down the white marble steps and goes to his own house. He opens his window and puts the shutters back and pulls the curtain aside so that he can look toward the sacred city of Jerusalem, and then prays.

I suppose the people in the street gathered under and before his window, and said: "Just see that man defying the law; he ought to be arrested." And the constabulary of the city rush to the police headquarters and report that Daniel is on his knees at the wide-open window. "You are my prisoner," says the officer of the law, dropping a heavy hand on the shoulder of the kneeling Daniel. As the constables open the door of the cavern to thrust in their prisoner, they see the glaring eyes of the monsters. But Daniel becomes the *first lion-tamer*, and they lick his hand and fawn at his feet, and that night he sleeps with the shaggy mane of a wild beast for his pillow, while the king that night, sleepless in the palace, has on him the paw and teeth of a lion he cannot tame—the lion of a remorseful conscience.

THE ROYAL VISIT.

What a picture it would be for some artist, Darius, in the early dusk of morning, not waiting for footmen or chariot, hastening to the den, all flushed and nervous and in dishabille, and looking through the crevices of the cage to see what had become of his prime-minister! "What, no sound!" he says; "Daniel is surely devoured, and the lions are sleeping after their horrid meal, the bones of the poor man scattered across the floor of the cavern." With trembling voice Darius calls out, "Daniel!" No answer, for the prophet is yet in profound slumber. But a lion, more easily awakened, advances, and with hot breath blown through the crevice, seems angrily to demand the cause of this interruption, and then another wild beast lifts his mane from under Daniel's head, and the prophet, waking up, comes forth to report himself all unhurt and well.

DANIEL'S PATRIOTISM.

But our text stands us at Daniel's window open toward Jerusalem. Why in that direction open? Jerusalem was his native land, and all the pomp of his Babylonish successes could not make him forget it. He came there from Jerusalem at eighteen years of age, and he never visited it, though he lived to be eighty-five years. Yet when he wanted to arouse the deepest emotions and grandest aspirations of his heart he

had his window open toward his native Jerusalem. There are many of you to-day who understand that without any exposition.

TOWARD HOME.

This is getting to be a *nation of foreigners*. They have come into all occupations and professions. They sit in all churches. It may be twenty years ago since you got your naturalization papers, and you may be thoroughly Americanized, but you can't forget the land of your birth, and your warmest sympathies go out toward it. Your windows are open toward Jerusalem. Your father and mother are buried there. It may have been a very humble home in which you were born, but your memory often plays around it, and you hope some day to go and see it—the hill, the tree, the brook, the house, the place so sacred, the door from which you started off with parental blessing to make your own way in the world; and God only knows how sometimes you have longed to see the familiar places of your childhood, and how in awful crises of life you would like to have caught a glimpse of the old wrinkled face that bent over you as you lay on the gentle lap twenty or forty or fifty years ago. You may have on this side the sea risen in fortune, and, like Daniel, have become great and may have come into prosperities which you never could have reached if you had stayed there, and you may have many windows to your house—bay windows and sky-light windows and windows of conservatory and windows on all sides—but you have at least one window open toward Jerusalem.

POST-OFFICE WINDOWS.

When the foreign steamer comes to the wharf you see the long line of sailors, with shouldered mail bags, coming down the planks, carrying as many letters as you might suppose would be enough for a year's correspondence, and this repeated again and again during the week. Multitudes of them are letters from home, and at all the post-offices of the land people will go to the window and anxiously ask for them, hundreds of thousands of persons finding that window of foreign mails the open window toward Jerusalem. Messages that say: "When are you coming home to see us? Brother has gone into the army. Sister is dead. Father and mother are getting very feeble. We are having a great struggle to get on here. Would you advise us to come to you, or will you come to us? All join in love, and hope to meet you, if not in this world, then in a better. Good by!"

THE EXILES.

Yes, yes; in all these cities, and amid the flowering western prairies, and on the slopes of the Pacific, and amid the Sierras, and on the banks of the lagoon, and on the ranches of Texas there is an uncounted multitude who, this hour, stand and sit and kneel with their windows open toward Jerusalem. Some of them played on the heather of the Scottish hills. Some of them were driven out by Irish famine. Some of them in early life drilled in the German army. Some of them were accustomed at Lyons or Marseilles or Paris to see on the street Victor Hugo and Gambetta. Some chased the chamois among the Alpine precipices. Some plucked the ripe clusters from Italian vineyard. Some lifted their faces under the midnight sun of Norway. It is no dishonor to our land that they remember the place of their nativity. Miscreants would they be if, while they have some of their windows open to take in the free air of America and the sunlight of an atmosphere which no kingly despot has ever breathed, they forgot sometime to open the windows toward Jerusalem.

No wonder that the son of the Swiss when far away from home, at hearing the national air of his own country sung, the malady of homesickness comes on him so powerfully as to cause his death. You have the example of the heroic Daniel of my text for keeping early memories fresh. Forget not the old folks at home. Write often, and if you have surplus of means and they a deficit, make practical contribution, and rejoice that America is bound to all the world by

ties of sanguinity as is no other nation. We can doubt but it is appointed for the evangelization of all lands? What a stirring, melting, gelling theory that all the doors of all nations are open toward us, while our windows are open toward them!

AVENUE FOR SACRED INFLUENCE.

But Daniel in the text kept this port-hole his domestic fortress unclosed because Jerusalem was the capital of sacred influences. There had smoked the sacrifice. There was the Holy of Holies. There was the Ark of the Covenant. There stood the temple. We are all tempted to keep our windows open on the opposite side toward the world, that we may see and hear appropriate its advantages. What does it world say? What does the world think? What does the world do? Worshippers of the world instead of worshippers of God. Windows open toward Babylon. Windows open toward Constantinople. Windows open toward Athens. Windows open toward Sodom. Windows open toward the flats instead of windows open toward the hills. Sad mistake, for this world as a god like something I saw the other day

IN THE MUSEUM OF STRASBURG.

Germany—the figure of a virgin in wood and iron. The victim in olden time was brought there, and this figure would open its arms receive him, and once enfolded, the figure clothed with a hundred knives and lances upon him and then afterward let him drop one hundred and eighty feet sheer down. So the world embraces its idolaters, then closes upon them with many tortures, and then lets them drop forever down. The highest honor the world could confer was to make a man Roman emperor; but out of sixty-three emperors, it allowed only six to die peacefully in their beds.

The dominion of this world over multitudes illustrated by the names of coins of many countries. They have their pieces of money, which they call sovereigns and half sovereigns, crowns and half crowns, Napoleons and half Napoleons, Fredericks and double Fredericks, and ducats and Isabellinos, all of which names mean not much usefulness as dominion. The most of windows open toward the exchange, toward the salon of fashion, toward the god of this world. In olden times the length of the English yard was fixed by the length of the arm of King Henry I, and we are apt to measure things a variable standard and by the human arm in the great crises of life can give us no help. We need, like Daniel, to open our windows toward God and religion.

DANIEL'S ATTITUDE.

But, mark you, that good lion-tamer is standing at the window, but kneeling, while he looks out. Most photographs are taken of him in standing or sitting posture. I now remember but one picture of a man kneeling, and that was David Livingstone, who in the cause of God's civilization sacrificed himself; and in the heart of Africa his servant, Majwara, found him intent by the light of a candle, stuck on the top of a box, his head in hands upon the pillow, dead on his knees. But here is a great lion-tamer, living under the dash of the light, with his hair dishevelled of the breeze, praying. The fact is, that a man can see further on his knees than standing on tiptoe. Jerusalem is about five hundred and fifty statute miles from Babylon, and the vast Arabian Desert shifts its sands between them. Yet through it open window Daniel saw Jerusalem, saw all between it, saw beyond, saw time, saw eternity, saw earth, and saw heaven. Would you like to see the way through your sins to pardon, through your troubles to comfort, through temptation to rescue, through dire sickness to immortal health through night to day, through things terrestrial to things celestial, you will not see them till you take Daniel's posture. No cap of bone to the joints of the fingers, no cap of bone to the joint of the elbow, but cap of bone to the knees, because the God of the body was the God of the soul, an especial provision for those who want to pray, and physiological structure for

h spiritual necessity in bidding us pray, and y, and pray.

n olden time the Earl of Westmoreland said had no need to pray, because he had enough us tenants on his estate to pray for him; but the prayers of the church universal amount to hing unless, like Daniel, we pray for our- ves. Oh, men and women, bounded on one e by Shadrach's red-hot furnace, and the e side by devouring lions, learn the secret courage and deliverance by looking at that ylonish window open toward the south-west! Oh," you say, "that is the direction of the abian Desert!" Yes; but on the other side the desert is God, is Christ, is Jerusalem, is ven.

HOW LACE IS MADE.

he Brussels lace is superior to all other lace, beautiful, so multiform, so expensive—four dred francs a pound. All the world seeks

Do you know how it is made? The sping is done in a dark room, the only light aded through a small aperture, and that light ing directly on the pattern. And the finest cimens of Christian character I have ever n or ever expect to see are those to be found ives all of whose windows have been dark- ed by bereavement and misfortune save one, under that one window prayer the inter- ing of divine workmanship went on until it fit to deck a throne, a celestial embroidery ich angels admired and God approved.

NEW JERUSALEM.

ut it is another Jerusalem toward which ve need to open our windows. The exiled ngelist of Ephesus saw it one day as the surf he Icarian sea foamed and splashed over the ilders at his feet, and his vision reminded me a wedding-day when the bride by sister and id was having garlands twisted for her hair e jewels strung for her neck just before she s her betrothed hand into the hand of her anced: "I, John, saw the Holy City, New usalem, coming down from God out of heaven arded as a bride adorned for her husband." ward that bridal Jerusalem are our windows ned?

Ve would do well to think more of heaven. is not a mere annex of earth. It is not a late outpost. As Jerusalem was the capital udah, and Babylon the capital of the Baby- nian monarchy, and London is the capital of at Britain, and Washington is the capital of own republic, the new Jerusalem is the cap- of the universe. The king lives there, and e royal family of the redeemed have their aces there, and there is a Congress of many ions and the Parliament of all the worlds. a, as Daniel had kindred in Jerusalem of m he often thought, though he had left ne when a very young man, perhaps father l mother and brothers and sisters still living, I was homesick to see them, and they be- ged to the high circles of royalty, Daniel self having royal blood in his veins, so we e in the new Jerusalem a great many kin- d, and we are sometimes homesick to see m, and they are all princes and princesses, hem the blood imperial, and we do well to p our windows open toward their eternal idence.

ADMIT PURE BREEZES.

t is a joy for us to believe that while we are rested in them they are interested in us. ch thought of heaven makes one heavenly. e airs that blow through that open window charged with life, and sweep up to us arosas m gardens that never wither, under skies that er cloud, in a spring-tide that never termi- es. Compared with it all other heavens are d failures.

omer's heaven was an elysium which he de- bes as a plain at the end of the earth or be- th, with no snow nor rainfall, and the sun er goes down, and Rhadamanthus, the justest nen, rules. Hesiod's heaven is what he calls islands of the blest, in the midst of the ocean, ee times a year blooming with most exquisite vers, and the air is tinted with purple, while

games and music and horse-races occupy the time. The Scandinavian's heaven was the hall of Walhalla, where the god Odin gave unending wine suppers to earthly heroes and heroines. The Mohammedan's heaven passes its disciples in over the bridge Al-Sirat, which is finer than a hair and sharper than a sword, and then they are let loose into a rôt of everlasting sensuality.

IDEAS OF HEAVEN.

The American aborigines look forward to a heaven of illimitable hunting-ground, partridge and deer and wild duck more than plentiful, and the hounds never off the scent, and the guns never missing fire. But the geographer has followed the earth round, and found no Homer's elysium. Voyagers have traversed the deep in all directions, and found no Hesiod's islands of the blest. The Mohammedan's celestial debauchery and the Indian's eternal hunting-ground for vast multitudes have no charm. But here rolls in

THE BIBLE HEAVEN.

No more night—that is, no wide separation. No more night—that is, no insomnia. No more tears—that is, no heart-break. No more pain—that is, dismissal of lancet and bitter draught and miasma and banishment of neuralgias and catalepsies and consumptions. All colors in the wall except gloomy black; all the music in the major-key, because celebrative and jubilant. River, crystalline, gate crystalline, and skies crystalline, because everything is clear and without doubt. White robes, and that means sinlessness. Vials full of odors, and that means pure regale- ment of the senses. Rainbow, and that means the storm is over. Marriage supper, and that means gladdest festivity. Twelve manner of fruits, and that means luscious and unending variety. Harp, trumpet, grand march, anthem, amen, and hallelujah in the same orchestra. Choral meeting solo, and overture meeting anti- phon, and strophe joining dithyramb, as they roll into the ocean of doxologies. And you and I may have all that, and have it forever through Christ, if we will let Him with the blood of one wounded hand rub out our sin and with the other wounded hand swing open the shining portals.

Day and night keep your window open toward that Jerusalem. Sing about it. Pray about it. Think about it. Talk about it. Dream about it. Do not be inconsolable about your friends who have gone into it. Do not worry if something in your heart indicates that you are not far off from its ecstasies. Do not think that when a Christian dies he stops, for he goes on.

An ingenious man has taken the heavenly furlongs as mentioned in Revelation, and has calculated that there will be in heaven one hundred rooms sixteen feet square for each ascending soul, though this world should lose a hundred millions yearly. But all

THE ROOMS OF HEAVEN

will be ours, for they are family rooms; and as no room in your house is too good for your children, so all the rooms of all the palaces of the heavenly Jerusalem will be free to God's children, and even the throne room will not be denied, and you may run up the steps of the throne, and put your hand on the side of the throne, and sit down beside the king according to the promise, "To him that overcometh will I grant to sit with me in my throne."

But you cannot go in except as conquerors. Many years ago the Turks and Christians were in battle, and the Christians were defeated, and with their commander Stephen fled toward a fortress where the mother of this commander was staying. When she saw her son and his army in disgraceful retreat, she had the gates of the fortress rolled shut, and then from the top of the battlement cried out to her son, "You cannot enter here except as conqueror!" Then Stephen rallied his forces and resumed the battle and gained the day, twenty thousand driving back two hundred thousand. For those who are defeated in the battle with sin and death and hell nothing but shame and contempt; but for those who gain the victory through our Lord

Jesus Christ the gates of the New Jerusalem will hoist, and there shall be an abundant entrance into the everlasting kingdom of our Lord, toward which you do well to keep your windows open.

ANECDOTES RELATED BY MR. NOBLE, The Gospel Temperance Evangelist.

A Man Came into Hoxton Hall, London, one night some three years ago, under the influence of drink. He was in the hilarious, boisterous stage of intoxication, and made a disturbance. The cry was raised: "Turn him out; turn him out!" I never allow that at any of my meetings, so I kept the man. "Wot's a-going on here?" he asked. "A Gospel temperance meeting," was the reply. "I'm your man, then," he said; "give us a blue ribbon." The man seemed to understand what he was doing, and as, after some talk with him, to impress him with the importance of the step he was taking, he still insisted on signing the pledge and wearing the ribbon, he was duly received. One Sabbath evening, six months afterward, the same man came around after the meeting to the side wings, and asked to speak to me. He assured me he had kept his pledge, but he was under deep religious conviction and in much distress of mind. He wanted to tell me a secret. I said, "I'm not a priest; but if you tell me perhaps I can help you." It seemed that the man had stolen a wheelbarrow nine years before, and that wheelbarrow lay like a heavy load on his conscience. I was much perplexed for a time. I said, "If you can find the man who owned the wheelbarrow, would you pay him its money-value?" He said: "That I would; but I do not know where he is." I said, "Will you put the money away ready for him and never touch it?" He said, "I will. Do you think that will settle it?" I said, "Yes, if you sincerely repent." The man burst into tears, and falling upon his knees on the stage gave thanks to God. I have often met him since then, and I ask him if he has found the owner of the wheelbarrow. He has searched for him everywhere with the money ready, but has not seen him. I believe if that man meets him in heaven he will want to make restitution for that wheelbarrow in some way.

A Backslider's Restoration.—When I was a lad I was acquainted with Mary B., a Sunday-school teacher, an active Christian worker and the daughter of pious and very respectable parents. She was one of those young ladies who are always ready for work in a church society, and had no idea of fatigue. Somehow she became acquainted with a gay young man, and was fascinated by him and married him. I lost sight of her, and I think her family did too, for they never spoke of her. A few months ago we had a great Blue Ribbon demonstration at Hoxton Hall, and four thousand members walked in procession. A miserable-looking woman was in the crowd of lookers-on, who was gazing intently at me. I could feel the influence of her penetrating look even when I did not look at her, and whenever I did turn in her direction she was still regarding me earnestly. At last her face seemed to revive some memory in my mind, and I went and spoke to her. It was Mary B. She had seen my name on the posters, and being curious to know if I was the same William Noble she used to know, she had come to satisfy herself. She told me a sad story. Her husband was dead. He had drunk himself to death, and had left her in abject poverty; and, worse than that, she too had contracted the drinking habit, and had become an habitual drunkard. I persuaded her to sign the pledge, and prayed with her to God to heal her backsliding. She knew she would have a hard struggle, but she went away looking to the Lord for strength. I saw her several times afterward, and she was still holding fast. Just before I came to America I met a business man of my acquaintance, who asked me if I had heard of Mary B. He told me she had gone back to her family, and had resumed her Christian work with redoubled activity. She has been to visit my wife, and is thoroughly changed in heart and life.

ANECDOTES RELATED AT THE EVANGELISTIC MEETINGS IN SCOTLAND.

A Lover of the Whiskey Bottle.—Mr. Ferrie said at a recent meeting: "I remember when a friend and I were in the Highlands we were sitting enjoying a glass of whiskey, when I said: 'I am afraid you are going to let this drink master you,' fearing all the time lest it would master myself. 'Oh,' he rejoined, 'there is no fear of that; whenever I feel it is going to master me, I will give it up.' But it is five years since that, and the devil and the drink are fast taking my friend to ruin. Thank God, that Jesus Christ, by manifesting his love toward us, has come to destroy the works of the devil."

A Dying Scottish Chief.—The Rev. Mr. Thornton said: "At the battle of Prestonpans the clan M'Gregor was engaged in a deadly conflict, when their chief fell. When his men saw their leader fall, they halted in the fight, but the chief, raising himself on his elbow, exclaimed: 'Fight on, my children; I am not dead, I am looking to see you do your duty.' And, dear friends, if we, as soldiers of the cross, under Christ, our Divine Chief, are engaged in the conflict of a Christian life, let us go forth fighting bravely the good fight of faith, ever knowing that our Leader is not dead, but is watching us to see if we are faithful in His cause."

A Star in a Dark Sky.—A Minister said: "There is a young man in Dundee who is now preaching the Gospel there. When a lad he was a very sinful, wicked boy. He was brought into a meeting, and was led to see Jesus as his Saviour. His mother was a very drunken, careless woman, who put him out to work in a mill when other boys were at school. After he was converted this little fellow used to gather his companions around him and tell them of Jesus. His mother was very cruel to him, and did not give him enough food or clothing, that she might spend the money on drink. He was just telling us a fortnight ago that it was six years since he was brought to a saving knowledge of the truth in the midst of all his poverty and wretchedness."

A Lamb Added to the Fold.—Mr. J. G. Forbes remarked: "I spoke to a little boy in Mr. Hammond's meeting one Saturday, who was weeping very bitterly on account of his sins. I asked him what was the matter, and he said he wanted to love Jesus and be saved. I asked him what he wanted to be saved from. 'From my sins,' he said, and then he told me how wicked he felt in not loving Jesus. I tried to tell him how much Jesus had suffered for him, and how willing He was to save him. We then prayed together, and before leaving the meeting I believe that boy had truly accepted Christ. I may say I never got more satisfactory answers from any one, and let no one dishonor God by saying children cannot be converted."

A Scotch Atheist's Eyes Opened.—The Rev. Mr. Daly remarked: "I recently heard of a man, an atheist, who used to indulge in drinking bouts, as he called them, which lasted six weeks, about three times a year. One night a friend who had promised to join him in one of those bouts, kept his appointment, when the toper said: 'I think we have had enough of that. Let us go down to James Morrison Street Hall and sign the pledge.' He went down, and told a worker for what purpose he had come, when the worker said: 'Signing the pledge will do you no good unless you give yourself to the Lord Jesus first.' The man went away very much startled, he had never thought of that; but he came back in three days, and gave himself to Christ. He now wishes to join my church, and he is pleading with others to come to Jesus."

Afraid of Going Mad.—The Rev. Mr. Edgar said: "There was an awakened man in our meeting last night, and I think I never saw one so truly in earnest to be saved. I was down among the people in the after meeting when the man said: 'Will you speak with me for a moment?' By all means," I said, and led him into another room. Putting his hands over his breast as if in terrible pain, and staring at me

with large, wild-looking eyes, he exclaimed: 'I think I shall go mad!' I saw he was very much excited, and putting my hand on his shoulder, I answered: 'Be seated, my friend. Do you want to be saved?' 'Yes,' he said. I opened my Bible and read John 3:16. After I had spoken to him for a little, he drew nearer, and still staring at me with those wild eyes, he inquired: 'Is it only trusting?' That man's fearful apprehension ceased as soon as he found peace through simple faith in the Lord Jesus Christ."

Made Poorer Through a Fortune.—Dr. Buswell remarked: "I remember a dear friend of mine telling the following incident at a meeting: He said: 'In the church to which I belong there was a member who used to give more money than any one else in the church. She was not wealthy, by any means, but she gave what she could. By-and-by she inherited some money, and from that time she did not give even as much as she formerly did. One of the deacons had the courage to go to her house and ask the reason of this; to which she replied: 'Well, you see, sir, it was not worth keeping then, it was so very little.' Dear friends, let us remember when we consecrate ourselves to the Lord that not only ourselves, but our money, much or little, and all we have, belong entirely to Him; that we are simply stewards in the hand of the Lord."

What Made Johnnie Impatient.—Mr. Dunn said at one of Mr. Hammond's recent meetings in Glasgow: "Fourteen years ago I was conducting meetings for the young. One night a little boy seated close to the end of the platform while I was speaking pulled my coat, and said, 'When are you going to be done preaching?' I took no notice of him at first, but after I closed this boy, who had been so impatient for the close of my address, rose, and coming round to the front of the platform, knelt down, and in earnest tones prayed, 'O God, save my poor drunken mother.' He could get no further, for the words seemed to choke him; but after a moment's silence he continued, 'O God, save my poor drunken father, for Jesus' sake, Amen.' Every one in the hall was weeping. I saw a woman rise and give a baby to a friend. She came slowly up the hall, and, standing before the platform, she said: 'Did you hear that boy pray, sir? He is my son Johnnie. Can Jesus save me? For I am a poor drunken woman.' I led her to the inquiry-meeting, where I found her husband weeping as if he would break his heart. I took their son Johnnie, and seating him beside them I told him to speak to them."

A MARTYR FIRE IN AFRICA. First Martyrs at Uganda.

THE Church Missionary Society reports the receipt of a long and important letter from Mr. Mackay, of the Nyanza mission, giving the history of the mission up to May 20th. It was brought across the Lake by himself in the Eleanor, and forwarded from Msalala in the middle of June. It tells a remarkable story of chequered fortune, of imminent peril, and merciful deliverance, of expected expulsion and restored favor. Almost the last scene is the young king, Mwanga, receiving instructions privately from Mr. Mackay; but we deeply regret to say that at the height of the hostile influence of certain chiefs three of the baptized Waganda youths were cruelly put to death.

The suspicions of the king were in the first instance aroused by rumors of white men with a large force being in Busoga, and that was only the beginning of a series of absurd accusations; until, at the end of January, Mr. Mackay, having obtained permission to cross the Lake again, was met on his way to the port by an armed force and compelled to return to the capital, while some of the Christian lads who were accompanying him to the boat were arrested on the charge of attempting to leave Uganda. Being unable to get at the king, Mr. Mackay and Mr. Ashe appealed to the Katikiro (chief judge and virtual prime minister), but were ejected from his presence with violence and insult. A judi-

cious present of cloth appeased both Mwanga and the Katikiro, and earnest efforts were made to obtain the release of the arrested boys. Th of them were liberated; but two of these were reported as follows:

"That they had been taken with Kakumba a Ashe's boy, as also Serwanga, a tall, fine fellow baptized lad whom Mujasi (the leader of a hostile party) had caught, and Duta's wife Sasi and her child, to a place outside the capital. That Serwanga, Kakumba, and Ashe's boy were then bound alive to a scaffolding, *under which a fire was made, and they were slowly*

BURNED TO DEATH.
Mujasi and his men mocked them, and *then they pray now if Isa Masiya (Jesus Christ) would rescue them from his hands. The boys sang Killa siku tunsifu (the hymn 'Daily, do sing the praises')."*

This distressing information was afterwards confirmed by other testimony. Mr. Mackay anxious not to overstate the facts. He observed that it was not a case of "religious persecution" pure and simple. It was a burst of fire against the white men and any who consorted with them. Still the fact that the lads were taunted with their faith in the Lord Jesus Christ and died singing his praises, may justly claim for them the right to a place in the noble array of martyrs. Let us thank God for the witness He enabled them to bear, and pray that their faithfulness may be given to the rest of the converts.

DR. TALMAGE ON THE ABDUCTION CASE.

AT his Friday evening lecture on September 25th Dr. Talmage referred to the disclosures of moral rottenness in England recently made by the *Pall Mall Gazette*, and to the prosecutor which the editor of that journal is now ungoing. In the course of his remarks he said: "Mr. Stead, editor of the *Pall Mall Gazette* London, is now on trial for the part he took in starting Europe, America, and the world in a crusade against crime. He is being made a martyr by affluent vice and the stupidity of so good people who would rather have an unkill the patient than have the bandage removed before treatment. I arrived at Charing Cross Station, London, the afternoon

THE EARTHQUAKE OF EXCITEMENT started. The newspapers had not been more than half an hour. The need of such movement there will be doubted by no one v at any hour of the evening walks London Street or Piccadilly. The need of a correspond movement in America no one will doubt v walks upper Broadway at night, or any other the great thoroughfares. The attempt of *Pall Mall Gazette* made every man and woman in England a detective, and gave the might set-back to abomination it has received in a quarter of a century. Highest compliment to newspaper press that it should have inaugurated the movement! If ministers of religion speak men say that it is profession. If reformat organizations protest, men say that it is pharisaical. But when a greater secular newspaper comes out with facts that make the blood of respectable classes curdle with horror, the movement cannot be coughed down or silenced.

"There is a wide habit among many people denouncing the daily newspaper press as a purveyor of evil. I declare that it is the mightiest threat against wrong in high places and the greatest preventive of crime among the people to-day is not their conscience, not the Church, not the law of the land, through which crevices they may squirm, but newspaper disclosure of dishonesty and fraud and hypocrisy. The newspapers alone have the credit of bringing to light and condemnation Credit Mobilier and Tweed villainy, and fifty other evil schemes on this side the Atlantic, and now the Armageddon against the social evil on the other side the Atlantic. Against the social evil

some paper do the work in America that the *Pall Mall Gazette* is doing in Europe. Scarification will come upon it and multitudes will write: 'Stop my paper!' and men without any Christian qualification except caution will deplore the undertaking; but God will be on its side, and that means final triumph.

"A hundred thousand people with banners and music assembled in Hyde Park to express their sympathy with the reformatory movement started by Mr. Stead, and there are a million people in America who would back up such moral heroism. When invited to speak for America at that meeting in Hyde Park, in my utter of regret that I could not come I said what I say now—the curse of modern society is the millionaire libertines. Society takes the small offenders over its knee and gives them old-fashioned chastisement; but after a man reaches a certain height in wealth and political honor he is allowed a special system of morals, and the Ten Commandments are abrogated. All honor to those who rub off the disguise! God is no respecter of persons, and what is right for one is right for all, and what is wrong for one is wrong for all. Depend upon it, the lower classes will not be purified till the upper classes are purified. Sin in high and honorable place is a compliment to iniquity, and people are imitative, and they copy, and if they cannot have as fine horses and is brilliant turn-outs, they will at any rate have the license and the dissipation of those more favored of fortune. I was told in London that nearly all the previous

CASES OF SCANDALIZATION

had been hushed up because if a case were taken into the courts it would bring lords, and dukes, and marquises, and members of Parliament or some of the royal family into troublesome conspicuity. But until Grosvenor Place and West End are reformed the common quarters of London cannot be fumigated. Wrong permitted in a palace is license to wrong at Shoreditch or St. Giles.

"I know that there is an attempt in some quarters to relax the moralities and suit the heory of what is right or wrong to popular habits. But the world has never seen any system of morals worth the paper it was written upon except the Bible. Conform society to that standard and all prosperities will attend. Conform society to another standard and blasting disintegration will be the consequence. As exposure of vices must precede their cure, I say *turn on all the lights*. Don't let us try with pieces of court-plaster to heal wounds that need to be probed. Let there be a glare of conspicuity to all wrong-doing. Let all the morning, and all the evening, and all the weekly newspapers publish it. Let it be pilloried in the face of the noonday. Let neither threat nor bribe hinder. If Mr. Stead goes to penitentiary—and he probably will—he goes there as certainly in the service of God as any martyr ever went to the stake. Such a man cannot be put down, for he stands for decency and home and right. His position will be sublime for all time and all eternity. It is too late to shackle the printing-press either in England or America, and most certainly so when it fights in defence of the purity of the domestic circle. An elegant mode of handling sin will never overcome it. You cannot drive back this host of sin with toy pistols. The evil must with iron hand be clutched and strangled—stout and long-continued blows, not with wooden mallets, but with thunderbolts for sledge-hammers.

"We must arouse public opinion until State, city and national officials shall no longer dare to neglect the execution of the laws. We have enough enactments now to revolutionize our cities and strike terror through the places of abandonment. Tracts distributed will not do it. Bibles printed will not accomplish it. City missionaries have not power for the work. But that all these evils will be quelled is as certain as that God is stronger than the devil. And let me say, by way of encouragement, that the right side will be the winning side. It does

sometimes seem as if our cities were to be overrun with crime, and that all the sanctities are to be abolished. But while the agencies of evil are busier than ever, the agencies of good were never so potent. If the coral insects can lift an island, our feeble efforts under God may raise a breakwater that will dash back the surges of abomination."

PROPHETIC LECTURES IN HAMILTON, CANADA.

(From the *Hamilton Spectator*, Monday, September 28.)

Signs and Omens Which are Held to be Fulfillments of Scripture Prophecy, and to Point to Christ's Second Coming.

REV. MR. BAXTER, of London, Eng., electrified large audiences in the opera house yesterday morning, afternoon, and evening by startling predictions of stupendous events that are soon to happen. He is a large, muscular man, with a full, close-cropped beard, a low forehead, and a leonine head of hair. He speaks in a crisp, cool way, and with little vehemence. The great fact that he comes to announce is the *second coming of Christ*, which he declares is close at hand. But it is to be heralded by ever so many signs and wonders, as revealed in the Bible, and Mr. Baxter is one of those who are sure that they read in the great events that have recently been and are happening the signs that are described in divine revelation.

His remarks in the evening were based on Rev. 16: 12-16, the passage in which the woes of the sixth vial are described. Mr. Baxter confidently predicted that Christ will come to judge the nations in 1896, and that the millennium will then begin. Before this, however, a great many great and terrible events will happen, as revealed in Scripture. There will be an almost universal falling away from Christianity, a general lapsing into infidelity and sin (II Thess. 2).

THE MAN OF SIN

will then arise in the East, probably in Syria. He will become later on practically the monarch of the world, and kings will be his tributaries. All other despots who have caused humanity trouble are mere children in power and models of virtue and holiness as compared to him. In him all the vices of humanity will meet and be personified. He is "the little horn" mentioned in Daniel. He will enter into a compact with the Jews to promote the settlement of Palestine and defend them from their enemies. This will occur probably in 1899, seven years before Christ's coming. The Man of Sin will seat himself in the temple of God at Jerusalem as God, and all who refuse to worship him as such will be decapitated. This man, the Antichrist of revelation, will certainly be a Napoleon, and will probably be Prince Jerome Napoleon, the present head of the Bonapartist party. (The principal reason for this belief is a similarity between the names Napoleon and Apollyon.) He will become master of the world principally through the instrumentality and aid of the ultramontane Papists, the Socialists, Nihilists, and Red Republicans of Europe.

All leading commentators agree that we are now living

UNDER THE SIXTH VIAL.

The river Euphrates mentioned in the text means the Turkish Empire, and the "drying up" of the Euphrates means the dismemberment of that empire. The "ten horns" mentioned in the seventeenth chapter of Revelation mean the ten kingdoms which are to come under the dominance of the Beast, or the Antichrist. These ten kingdoms are also predicted in the ten-toed iron legs of the human image seen by Daniel in a vision. The two iron legs correspond with the Roman Empire's eastern and western divisions, each being subdivided into five kingdoms, in accordance with the five toes on each leg. The five western divisions will be Britain, France, Spain, Italy, and Austria, and the five eastern kingdoms Greece (enlarged), Turkey (reduced), Syria (separated from Turkey), Egypt, Bulgaria, and other Danubian

provinces. Britain will be separated from Ireland, which never formed part of the Roman Empire. These ten kingdoms will be organically united—ten horns on one head—into a fedracy against Germany and Russia.

One way in which the date of the end of the world is verified is by discovering the exact time of the treading down of the holy city of Jerusalem, for we have it in Revelation 11: 2 that the end would be 1260 years after this event. The capture of Jerusalem by the Mohammedans happened in A.D. 636, and 1260 years added to that makes 1896. Also the 6000 years are computed to end in 1896, because Christ's birth was in 4104. The millennium will then begin. In the millennium a supplement to the Bible will become necessary, in which all the great events of the present dispensation will be accurately described.

The three unclean spirits mentioned in Rev. 16 were described as spiritualism, revolutionary democracy, and popish ultramontanism and Mahomedan fanaticism. He pictured to his hearers the horrors of the seventh vial, the contents of which are very soon to be poured out on the earth, and described four angels as standing on the four corners of the earth holding back the tornadoes of terrors which will soon swoop upon poor humanity. Another angel, according to Revelation 7, he said, is now busily engaged in imprinting

AN INVISIBLE MARK

on the foreheads of such as will be saved, in order to distinguish them from those who will not enjoy that privilege.

The first phase of Christ's second coming will be purely peaceful and joyous. He will come as a bridegroom, and the elect among the saints—144,000 in number—will be suddenly caught up into the air to meet Him. After that there will be a great revival of religion throughout the world. Christ will remain with His purified saints in the aerial heavens for three and a half years, during which time there will be great tribulations on the earth. Then He will descend to the earth, and on the plains of Armageddon His armies will do battle with the hosts of Antichrist, and Antichrist will be overthrown and Satan bound. Then Christ will reign with His saints over the earth for

ONE THOUSAND YEARS.

Though only a few will remain on the earth after the wicked are destroyed, the population will multiply rapidly, and may become two hundred times larger than at present. Wars will cease, and there will be no pestilence or famine, and human life will be greatly lengthened, and people will die of old age, tranquilly and painlessly. During the millennium universal unrestrained exchange of products will prevail among the nations. There will be the same divisions in society as now, for social equality is impossible; but there will be a more equitable distribution of wealth, and no poverty will pinch the people. *Christ will rule in person*, and will be sole ruler. He will rule with a rod of iron—that is, His sway will be firm and not like the vacillating, unstable governments of to-day.

The lecturer closed his remarks by an earnest exhortation in the usual fervent evangelistic vein. He drew a most graphic picture of the day of judgment, and dwelt principally on the punishment of the wicked. He is none of your modern preachers with new-fangled ideas about the great problem of existence, and who are almost willing to meet science half way. He is one of the good old sort who know not "sheol" and "hades," but believe in a concrete hell of fire and brimstone. Here are his words on this important subject: "There stretches the lake of fire which will burn forever. The crackling and roaring of its flames can be heard for many miles. And all the liars, and thieves, and swearers, and impure persons, and murderers, and others who have violated God's law and have refused to accept Christ, will be bound together in bundles and thrown into that lake of fire, there to writhe and wail and gnash their teeth forever and ever."

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CURRENT EVENTS.

The Treasury Statement Issued Last Week shows that there was a reduction in the public debt during the month of September of twelve and three quarter millions of dollars. Of this seven and a half millions would be needed to pay the interest due October 1st, leaving an actual net reduction of five millions and a quarter. The net gold balance has increased during the month from \$126,371,927 to \$133,113,927, or six and three-quarter millions, and the net balance of United States notes from \$24,793,656 to \$27,944,332, or something more than \$3,000,000. The net silver balance, meanwhile, has increased but \$1,200,000. That the increase was comparatively small was probably due to the Secretary's action in withdrawing the one and two dollar bills from circulation.

The Massachusetts Republican Convention assembled at Springfield on September 30th. It re-nominated the old ticket with the exception of one official, who was legally disqualified. Senator Hoar, who was permanent chairman, followed Senator Sherman's example in making the charge of Southern intimidation of the Republican negro vote the prominent campaign issue. Senator Hoar then proceeded to denounce the national administration and any attempt to reduce the tariff. He claimed credit for the Republican party in having "settled peacefully a disputed succession to the Presidency," so it may be supposed he still adheres to the opinions he held when he was a member of the Electoral Commission. Mr. Hoar expressed the belief that the remedy for the suppression of the negro vote lay with the colored race themselves. Apparently that idea is held by colored men, too, though not precisely as Senator Hoar thinks. A few days ago the Rev. G. W. F. Bryant, the most prominent colored man in Nashville, Tenn., addressing a mixed assembly, said: "We are no longer the wards of any political party; we have paid the last debt of gratitude; we stand as untrammelled free men, and I tell you that the party which recognizes our rights, our manhood, our privileges as citizens, will get

our votes. We will cling to those who treat us best." The platform adopted by the Convention demanded a national bankruptcy law, the "suspension of the over-valued silver dollar," and the extension of the principle of the Civil Service act.

The Prohibitionists of New York are Resolved to have no dealings with either the Republican or Democratic parties. A prominent member of the party writes us that they "are determined to labor, pray, and educate until the manufacture and sale of alcoholic beverages is entirely prohibited, and the Government is in the hands of a party that will enforce the prohibition." They are, of course, aware that their proceeding will imperil the success of the Republican ticket, which probably all of them would prefer to see elected rather than the Democratic ticket; but they believe that only by holding together and casting a solid vote, determined by the liquor question only, is there any prospect of success. The Republicans have, however, succeeded in capturing the Mugwump vote, which will bring a large accession to their ranks. It is significant that this achievement has been effected by the nominations alone. The platform was offensive to the Independents, especially on the questions of the civil service and revenue reform. The noticeable increase of the Independent vote is an encouraging sign of the times; it may lead both parties to exercise greater vigilance in the selection of candidates of good moral character.

Ten Mormon Polygamists were Tried Last week and convicted. The most important of these was John Nicholson, editor of the *Deseret News* and one of the prominent fanatics in the Mormon Church. Nicholson has been particularly bitter in his paper against persons pleading guilty and promising to live within the law. He pleaded not guilty to the indictment, but at the trial went upon the stand and testified that he was married to two women. The jury found him guilty. Alfred Best, charged with having three wives, testified to that fact, and was convicted. Emil Olsen followed the same course, and met with a like fate. In each case sentence was deferred. Of the ten men on trial four pleaded guilty and promised to live within the law, paying their fines. A great many polygamists in southern Utah have taken their families and moved into north-western Mexico.

A Riotous Demonstration in Montreal was evoked on September 28th by the order for compulsory vaccination. The French citizens are violently opposed to the practice, and having heard that they would be forced to submit to it, a crowd, numbering about five hundred men and boys, assembled to protest. There was a delay in summoning the police, and the mob, being without control, spread itself over the city, breaking windows and demolishing the stores where vaccine was kept. The following day order was restored, and the militia were called out to repress future outbreaks. Fears were entertained that there would be trouble on Saturday, and the military were kept in readiness; but the day passed peaceably. Race prejudice and religious differences are believed to be the chief causes of the tumult. Last week was the worst yet in the death-rate, being three hundred and twenty-one in the city and eighty in the suburbs. The epidemic is now spreading rapidly in the villages on the south side of the river.

The Situation in South-eastern Europe is Described by the London *Times* as "electric." It says that a very small spark will precipitate an explosion. A diplomatic conference will be held this week in Constantinople, to endeavor to arrange a pacific solution of the difficulty. In Russia, Austria, and Turkey extensive preparations are being made for war. Predictions of all kinds are being made by European diplomats and journalists, but they are for the most part intensely sombre. The only point on which they are agreed is that there are strong probabilities of Turkey losing a large part of her European territory. Russia, Austria, Greece, and Servia are all clamoring for shares, and the

prospect of a peaceful settlement is meagre. The correspondent of the New York *Times*, describing the origin of the difficulty, tells a curious story. He declares that the late Secretary of State in Russia, Count Ignatieff, and the Pan-Slavs prepared the whole mine. They got everything ready for a revolution next spring, which was to be started by the simultaneous seizure and dethronement of Prince Alexander at Sophia, and Prince Milan at Belgrade, and the union of both the Bulgarians, Servia, and Macedonia, under the Serbian pretender, Peter Karagiorgevs. But the Russian intriguers were unable to control the conspiracy they had started. It was revealed by Karaveloff to Prince Alexander, who put himself at the head of the movement, sprung the mine prematurely, and tricked Russia. He concludes by saying that he finds everywhere prevalent "the belief that the time is at hand for a general break-up of the Ottoman Empire, involving a bloody scramble for loot, so that Europe seems to-day to stand on the very threshold of a vast convulsion." Present indications are that interference on the part of Russia will unite against her Germany, Austria, Turkey, and Italy.

A Renewal of Irish Outrages is Setting in. In spite of Mr. Parnell's earnest appeal, boycotting has attained a pitch never before witnessed. One league journal publishes exultingly every day a column or more of notices of men and women to be thus cut off from social intercourse. Nearly all of them are accompanied with violence; but the culminating point is reached when the *maids and women of boycotted men's families are beaten and insulted, their hair cut off*, and the like; and most especially so when the widow of Morgan O'Connell, the nephew of the famous liberator, is boycotted on her farm near Kildystar, and she and her household really almost starved. On Friday they were not allowed to get the absolute necessities of life. They have to send more than twenty miles to purchase the commonest articles for their daily use. This oppression of women as well as men is going on at a time when Mr. Parnell is trying to convince Parliament and the English nation that the Irish are fitted to govern themselves, and when the government is trying to manage Ireland without the Crimes Act.

The Official Report on the Fall of Khartoum was published last week by the British Government. It was written by Colonel Kitchener. He attributes the disaster to the starved condition of the troops and the desertion of their posts by the native contingent. The Arabs, the Colonel says, entered the city by the Boori gate, which was not defended. He acquits Farag of the charge of treachery which has heretofore been made against him. It will be remembered that Farag was accused of having allowed the Mahdi's troops to enter the city and of having withdrawn the force under his control from the point of attack.

The Earl of Shaftesbury Died on Thursday evening, October 1st. A cable message to the New York *Herald* says: "His last moments were of a most peaceful character, and up to the end he retained consciousness, and conversed with the utmost sensibility. He expected his death, and his gentleness to his children in the last hour was most touching. On the morning of his death Lord Shaftesbury dictated two letters to his daughters. The successor to the good earl's title has inherited his father's benevolence." English newspapers of every shade of politics published appreciative articles deploring the death of the venerable earl. He was never a politician in the party sense of the word. His efforts in the Legislature were directed to the attainment of philanthropic objects, chiefly designed to protect the working-classes and the poor from the oppression and rapacity of the rich. He was also actively engaged in promoting private enterprises in the interest of the poor. Not long ago the street-venders of London presented him with the most handsome donkey in the city as a mark of their gratitude and esteem.

Mrs. Baxter Preached at the Brooklyn Tabernacle on Sunday evening last to an immense congregation, which filled the vast edifice almost to suffocation. All the aisles and corridors were crowded, and hundreds went away before the service commenced, unable to obtain admission. Mrs. Baxter's discourse was in her usual simple, unpretending style, and was listened to with rapt attention. Her text was "The Lord is my Shepherd" (Ps. 23: 1). With marvellous pathos and eloquence she urged her hearers to trust in Christ for salvation for the soul and healing for the body. The Rev. M. Baxter was preaching at Hamilton, Ontario, Canada, last week to large audiences. A report of one of his lectures on prophecy, copied from a local journal, appears on page 647 of this number.

The New Building of the Young Men's Christian Association in Brooklyn, N. Y., was formally dedicated last week. The edifice has been erected by the trustees of the will of the late Frederick Marquand, Esq., and cost \$150,000. That sum was given on condition that the same amount should be raised for an endowment fund, and the stipulation has been fulfilled. On Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday of last week public services were held, in which Dr. Talmage, Dr. Cuyler, Dr. Behrends, Dr. Bancroft, and several other clergymen of the various denominations in the city took part. The building fronts on three streets: Fulton Street, Bond Street, and Hanover Place. Besides the large hall, which has a seating capacity of thirteen hundred and eighteen, it contains a library of upward of six thousand volumes, a reading-room supplied with newspapers and magazines, hot-water, shower, sponge, and swimming baths, one of the finest gymnasiums in the country, and a handsomely furnished parlor and reception-room. The Brooklyn young men are to be congratulated on their magnificent home, which it is hoped will be a source of attraction to young men who have not hitherto been brought under Christian influences.

Dr. George F. Pentecost, of the Tompkins Avenue Church, Brooklyn, commenced last Sunday another series of afternoon services in the Academy of Music in that city. The services he held there last year were a source of much blessing, and many souls were converted. It is estimated that there are fifty thousand young men in Brooklyn who do not attend any church. Last year many of these were induced to go to Dr. Pentecost's services, and not a few of them were brought to Christ. Dr. Pentecost and his friends have been at great pains to render the services attractive by providing excellent music, and in other ways. The expenses, which are considerable, are defrayed by generous friends in the Tompkins Avenue Church, and there are no collections taken up at the Academy.

Bishop William Taylor Writes that he is establishing his first station in Africa. He and his party left St. Paul de Loanda late in May, and took up their journey inland. The bishop wrote from Nhangapepe, which is about three hundred miles from Loanda, under date of June 19th, saying that he and half a dozen of the party had arrived at that point, and were preparing a settlement. It would, he thought, become an important station. He has obtained a tract of land for a farm. It is good, rich soil, and the two thousand acres will easily furnish food for the missionary families. The country, however, is almost destitute of wood, and he will find it necessary to build or buy a stone house at a cost of about \$900. There is a large population about the station, and "we can preach," says the bishop, "to one hundred to one thousand people daily." He adds: "We must advance without further delay. This is our first inland station, and must be occupied first." The bishop hopes to settle all his present force within four months.

An Unsettled Boundary Line, which is the subject of dispute between our Government and that of Great Britain, will have to be defined at an early date to avert unpleasantness. A telegram sent from Ottawa on September 28th says

that the recent discovery of gold in the vicinity of the imaginary boundary line dividing British Columbia from Alaska has led the people of that province once more to press their claims on the Dominion Government to have the boundary definitely determined. It is represented that unless this is done serious complications may arise, as it is impossible at present for those locating mining claims to ascertain whether they are in British or United States territory. The same difficulty is often experienced as to the boundary line between the church and the world, and often by a similar cause. Young men professing Christianity, yet eager in their pursuit of wealth, often find themselves in positions in which neither they nor their friends are able easily to decide whether their allegiance is given to God or the world. Christ Himself, however, furnished a test which sharply defines the boundary line (Luke 14: 26, 27).

A Wife's Devotion to a Criminal Husband was pathetically manifested in Virginia recently. On September 24th a young lady, evidently refined and well-educated, was arraigned for burglary, and, pleading guilty, was sentenced to five years in the penitentiary. She was clad in male attire, and her sex was unsuspected. It was, however, discovered in the prison, and then she explained her conduct. She had been married in Philadelphia, but her husband, being in embarrassed circumstances, deserted her. She sought him everywhere, and "at last," she said, "I heard that he was in Richmond and in prison. I came on to Richmond, passing through Washington, where I put on male attire. When I found that my husband was in jail I set to work to know how I could get to him. I concluded to commit a theft, that I might be sent to jail, where I could be with him." Such devotion extorts our admiration and our regret that it was not lavished on a more deserving object. If this woman was ready to sacrifice her character and endure the hardships of a jail for the sake of her love for her unworthy husband, what ought to be the devotion of Christians to the Saviour who died for them! (Rom. 12: 1.)

A Fortune was Found in a Coffin Last Week in North Carolina. Two months ago a well-to-do citizen of Perquimans County died and was speedily buried in the clothes that he had worn before he became sick, because the fever of which he died was judged to be contagious. He was supposed by his relatives to have amassed considerable money. It was known that he kept no bank account, and as there were debts against the estate, diligent search was made throughout his house and premises, but no money or valuable papers could be found. It was then suggested by some member of the family that perhaps the deceased might have been in the habit of carrying his fortune around with him, and if so the most likely place to find it would be in the pockets of the clothes in which he was buried. The body was then taken up after being underground for two months, and in his coat-pocket were bonds and papers of great value and \$2500 in greenbacks. Doubtless the dead man would in his lifetime have been as much vexed as his heirs by the thought of the money being so lost. He, in common with other men, would know well that money would be of no use to him in the grave. Nevertheless, an observer watching the general eagerness to obtain wealth and the care with which it is husbanded might reasonably doubt whether men do actually realize that they have only a life-interest in their possessions (1 Tim. 6: 7-10).

Much Amusement was Caused on Board a large steam-tug recently by the blunder of a nautical guest. He is a well-known sea-captain, and prides himself on his knowledge of the way to manage a ship. One night he went on deck to smoke his cigar and watch the beautiful effect of the moonlight on the waves. To his horror he saw a huge vessel coming up close astern, with a long line of smoke in her wake. He immediately hailed the pilot house, and called to his host, the captain of the tug: "Luff there, captain, or we'll get run down. Here's a fellow

coming up like a ram, and ready to burst into us." The captain took the matter coolly, and told his guest not to get excited, as there was really no danger. But he looked again and kept looking, and at length said: "That's a pretty slow old tub, captain; she doesn't seem to gain an inch on us." The captain guessed not, but said no more. The guest, however, still felt too uneasy to turn in, and remained on deck dozing all night. When day dawned there dawned upon him a revelation that kept his mouth shut for the rest of the voyage. The steamer that scared him so badly was a barge in tow of the very tug on which he was, and the column of smoke which convinced him that she was a big steamer came from her donkey engine pumping out the bilge water. When the eternal day dawns upon the eyes of timorous Christians they will find, too, that many evils which in this world seemed to be advancing to crush them and the Church were really harmless, being under the control of their God. Here their eyes are held, and they suffer needless apprehension (II Kings 6: 17).

The Descent of a Gigantic Aerolite from the sky caused some alarm in Pennsylvania on September 26th. The concussion produced by its striking the earth was felt around Pittsburgh over an area having a radius of thirty miles. People rushed out of their houses in consternation, supposing there had been an earthquake. It was accompanied by a sound like the rumbling of distant artillery. One of the eye-witnesses of the fiery visitor's flight through the heavens says he never saw a more impressive scene. His horse suddenly stopped, and he heard a noise as if the wind was blowing with great violence. Looking up, he saw moving across the sky with incredible velocity what he describes as resembling a great coal of fire "as large as the largest barn I ever saw." There appeared to be surrounding it an immense flame of a deeper color than the central mass, which tapered off into a dark sinuous tail. A moment later the noise ceased; the fire-like appearance disappeared, and in their stead the stone assumed a whitish blue hue, which it retained until it passed out of sight. It fell near Mansfield, Pa. On striking the earth, it broke into three pieces, and when found was still hot. It is grayish in color, with a tendency to red in streaks, and is more than thirty feet square. There are many similar occurrences on record, and they are now, to the intelligent, subjects of curiosity rather than of terror; but the day is not far distant when an overwhelming visitation of such celestial bodies may be expected (Rev. 6: 13, 14).

The Wanderer of the Seas is a Source of Danger to mariners which the Hydrographic Bureau has asked the Treasury for permission to destroy. It appears that a schooner named the "Twenty-one Friends," laden with lumber, sprang a leak last spring, and was abandoned off Fortress Monroe. The cargo, however, kept her afloat. From time to time the derelict vessel has been reported, so that the Bureau has been able to keep track of her wanderings. She drifted into the Gulf Stream, and, once there, slowly followed that current to the north and east. She now lies directly in the route of steamers, about six hundred miles from the Irish coast. The Hydrographic Office want to send a boat out to find the wreck and blow her up, but the Treasury Department does not think it has the authority to undertake the work. There are quite a number of these derelict wrecks floating around in the Atlantic, and they are more dangerous than icebergs, for they give no intimation of their approach, and cannot be seen or heard at night. Of these this schooner is the worst, because it is right in the track of the great Atlantic steamers. Unhappily, there are also a large number of social derelicts in the world which have caused many moral wrecks. We speak of them as abandoned men and women, and the word is appropriate; but there is this difference between them and the abandoned vessel, that we pray that their mischievous career may be stopped by restoration, not by destruction (II Tim. 2: 25, 26).

THE CROSS OUR GLORY.

A New Sermon by Pastor C. H. Spurgeon.

"But God forbid that I should glory, save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ, by whom the world is crucified unto me, and I unto the world."—GALATIANS 6:14.

Every Man has his Glory—Paul's Range of Choice—Jewish and Christian—His Remarkable Selection—I. What Paul Meant by the Cross—A Fact—A Doctrine—A Reproach—II. Why he Gloried In It—He Saw its Import—A Vindication—A Proof of Divine Love—The Removal of Guilt—A Marvel of Wisdom—The Door of Hope—An Inspiration—III. Its Effect Upon Him—Led Him to See the Vanity of the World—Its Wisdom Religion and Power.

ALMOST all men have something wherein to glory. Every bird has its own note of song. It is a poor heart that never rejoices; it is a dull packhorse that is altogether without bells. Men usually rejoice in something or other, and many men so rejoice in that which they choose that they become boastful and full of vainglory. It is very sad that men should be ruined by their glory; and yet many are so. Many glory in their shame, and more glory in that which is mere emptiness. Many a man has thrown his soul away for a little honor, or for the transient satisfaction of success in trifles. Oh, men, your tendency is to glory in somewhat; your wisdom will be to find a glory worthy of an immortal mind. The Apostle Paul had

A RICH CHOICE

of things in which he could have gloried. If it had been his mind to have remained among his own people, he might have been one of their most honored rabbis. He stood high in the esteem of his fellow-professors. But when he was converted to the faith of the Lord Jesus he said: "What things were gain to me, those I counted loss for Christ. . . . God forbid that I should glory, save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ."

Paul might also, if he had so chosen, have gloried in his sufferings for the cross of Christ; for he had been a living martyr, a perpetual self-sacrifice to the cause of the Crucified. He was once driven to give a summary of these sufferings to establish his apostleship; but before he did so he wrote, "Would to God ye could bear with me a little in my folly." In his heart he was saying all the while, "God forbid that I should glory, save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ." The apostle had yet another reason for glorying, if he had chosen to do so; for he could speak of visions and revelations of the Lord. He was in danger of being exalted above measure by reason of the abundance of these revelations, and hence he was humbled by a painful thorn in the flesh. Paul, when hard driven by the necessity to maintain his position in the Corinthian Church, was forced to mention these things; but he liked not such glorying; he was most at ease when he said, "God forbid that I should glory, save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ."

Brethren, notice that Paul does not here say that he gloried in Christ, though he did so with all his heart; but he declares that he gloried most in "the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ," which in the eyes of men was the very lowest and most inglorious part of the history of the Lord Jesus. He could have gloried in the incarnation; angels sang of it, wise men came from the far East to behold it. He might have gloried in the life of Christ: was there ever such another, so benevolent and blameless? He might have gloried in the resurrection of Christ: it is the world's great hope concerning those that are asleep. He might have gloried in our Lord's ascension; for he "led captivity captive," and all his followers glory in his victory. He might have gloried in

HIS SECOND ADVENT,

and I doubt not that he did; for the Lord shall soon descend from heaven with a shout, with the voice of the archangel and the trump of God, to be admired in all them that believe. Yet the apostle selected beyond all these that centre of the Christian system, that point which is most

assailed by its foes, that focus of the world's derision—the cross; and, putting all else somewhat into the shade, he exclaims: "God forbid that I should glory, save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ." Learn, then, that the highest glory of our holy religion is the cross. The history of grace begins earlier and goes on later, but in its middle point stands the cross. Of two eternities this is the hinge: of past decrees and future glories this is the pivot.

I. First, as the Lord shall help me (for who shall describe the cross without the help of Him that did hang upon it?)

WHAT DID PAUL MEAN

by the cross? I think he meant, first of all, the fact of the cross. Our Lord Jesus Christ did really die upon a gibbet, the death of a felon. He was literally put to death upon a tree, accursed in the esteem of men. I beg you to notice how the apostle puts it—"the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ." In his epistles he sometimes saith "Christ," at another time "Jesus," frequently "Lord," oftentimes "our Lord," but here he saith "our Lord Jesus Christ." There is a sort of pomp of words in this full description, as if in contrast to the shame of the cross. The terms are intended in some small measure to express the dignity of Him who was put to so ignominious a death. He is Christ the anointed, and Jesus the Saviour; He is the Lord, the Lord of all, and He is "our Lord Jesus Christ." When they bury a great nobleman a herald stands at the head of the grave and proclaims his titles. "Here lieth the body of William Duke of this, and Earl of that, and Count of the other; Knight of this order, and commander of the other." Even thus, in deep solemnity, with brevity and fulness, Paul proclaimeth beneath the bitter tree the names and titles of the Saviour of men, and styles him "our Lord Jesus Christ."

But, next, Paul gloried in the doctrine of the cross. What is that doctrine of the cross of which it is written that it is "to them that perish foolishness, but unto us who are saved it is the power of God and the wisdom of God?" In one word, it is the doctrine of

THE ATONEMENT,

the doctrine that the Lord Jesus Christ was made sin for us, that Christ was once offered to bear the sins of many, and that God hath set him forth to be the propitiation for our sins. In Christ upon the cross we see the Just dying for the unjust, that he might bring us to God; the innocent bearing the crimes of the guilty, that they might be forgiven and accepted. That is the doctrine of the cross, of which Paul was never ashamed.

But the apostle also gloried in the cross of the doctrine, for the death of the Son of God upon the cross is the *crux* of Christianity. Here is the difficulty, the stumbling block, and rock of offence. The Jew could not endure a crucified Messiah; he looked for pomp and power. Multitudinous ceremonies and divers washings and sacrifices—were these all to be put away and nothing left but a bleeding Saviour? At the mention of the cross the philosophic Greek thought himself insulted, and vilified the preacher as a fool. In effect he said, "You are not a man of thought and intellect; you are not abreast of the times, but are sticking in the mire of antiquated prophecies. As for the Roman, he would give no heed to any glorying in a dead Jew, a crucified Jew! Crushing the world beneath his iron heel, he declared that such romancing should never win him from the gods of his fathers. Paul did not blench before the sharp and practical reply of the conquerors of the world. He trembled not before Nero in his palace. Whether to Greek or Jew, Roman or barbarian, bond or free, he was not ashamed of the Gospel of Christ, but gloried in the cross.

II. But, secondly,

WHY DID PAUL GLORY

in the cross? He did not do so because he was in want of a theme; for, as I have shown you, he had a wide field for boasting if he had chosen to occupy it. He gloried in the cross from

solemn and deliberate choice. He had counted the cost, he had surveyed the whole range of subjects with eagle eye, and he knew what he did and why he did it. He was master of the art of thinking. As a metaphysician, none could excel him; as a logical thinker, none could have gone beyond him. He stands almost alone in the early Christian Church, as a master mind. Others may have been more poetic, or more simple, but none were more thoughtful or argumentative than he. With decision and firmness Paul sets aside everything else, and definitely declares throughout his whole life, "I glory in the cross."

Why did Paul thus glory in the cross? You may well desire to know, for there are many nowadays who do not glory in it, but forsake it. Alas that it should be so! but there are ministers who ignore the atonement; they conceal the cross, or say but little about it. Paul was very bold; although he knew that this would make him many enemies, you never find him refining and spiritualizing; the cross and the atonement for sin is a plain matter of fact to him. Neither does he attempt to decorate it by adding philosophical theories. No, to him it is the bare, naked cross, all blood-stained and despised. In this he glories, and in none of the wisdom of words with which others vexed him.

AN AMERICAN JUDGE.

I take it that this was so first, because Paul saw in the cross a vindication of divine justice. Where else can the justice of God be seen so clearly as in the death of God Himself, in the person of His dear Son? If the Lord Himself suffers on account of broken law, then is the majesty of the law honored to the full. Some time ago a judge in America was called upon to try a prisoner who had been his companion in his early youth. It was a crime for which the penalty was a fine, more or less heavy. The judge did not diminish the fine; the case was clearly a bad one, and he fined the prisoner to the full. Some who knew his former relation to the offender thought him somewhat unkind thus to carry out the law, while others admired his impartiality. All were surprised when the judge quitted the bench and himself paid every farthing of the penalty. He had both shown his respect for the law and his goodwill to the man who had broken it; he exacted the penalty, but he paid it himself. So God hath done in the Person of His dear Son. He has not remitted the punishment, but He has Himself endured it. His own Son, who is none other than God Himself—for there is an essential union between them—has paid the debt which was incurred by human sin.

THE TEACHING OF THE CROSS.

But we glory because on the cross we have an unexampled display of God's love. "God commended His love toward us, in that, while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us." The mythology of the gods of high Olympus contains nothing worthy to be mentioned in the same day with this wondrous deed of supreme condescension and infinite love. The ancient Shasters and Vedas have nothing of the kind. The death of Jesus Christ upon the cross cannot be an invention of men; none of the ages have produced aught like it in the poetic dreams of any nation. If we did not hear of it so often, and think of it so little, we should be charmed with it beyond expression.

I believe, again, thirdly, that Paul delighted to preach the cross of Christ as the removal of all guilt. Since sin was laid on Jesus, God's justice cannot lay it upon the believing sinner. The Lord will never punish twice the same offence. If He accepts a substitute for me, how can He call me to His bar and punish me for that transgression for which my substitute endured the chastisement? Many a troubled conscience has caught at this and found deliverance from despair.

He glories in it, again, as a marvel of wisdom. It seemed to him the sum of perfect wisdom and skill. He cried, "Oh, the depths of the riches both of the wisdom and knowledge of God!" The plan of salvation by vicarious suffering is

simple but sublime. It would have been impossible for human or angelic wisdom to have invented it. Men already so hate it and fight against it that they never would have devised it. God alone out of the treasury of His infinite wisdom brought forth this matchless project of salvation for the guilty through the substitution of the innocent. The more we study it the more we shall perceive that it is full of teaching.

I believe that Paul gloried in the cross, again, because it is

THE DOOR OF HOPE, even to the vilest of the vile. The world was very filthy in Paul's time. Roman civilization was of the most brutal and debased kind, and the masses of the people were sunk in vices that are altogether unmentionable. Paul felt that he could go into the darkest places with light in his hand when he spoke of the cross. To tell of pardon bought with the blood of the Son of God is to carry an omnipotent message. The cross uplifts the fallen and delivers the despairing. To-day, my brethren, *the world's one and only remedy* is the cross. Go, ye thinkers, and get up a mission to the fallen in London, leaving out the cross! Go, now, ye wise men, reclaim the harlots, and win to virtue the degraded by your perfumed philosophies! See what you can do in the slums and alleys without the cross of Christ! Go talk to your titled reprobates, and win them from their abominations by displays of art! You will fail, the most cultivated of you, even to win the rich and educated to anything like purity, unless your themes be drawn from Calvary, and the love which there poured out its heart's blood.

Again, Paul, I believe, gloried in the cross, as I often do, because it was the source of rest to him and to his brethren. When I see my Lord bearing away my sins as my scapegoat, or dying for them as my sin-offering, I feel a profound peace of heart and satisfaction of spirit. The cross is all I want for security and joy. To try to entice me away from the truth of substitution is labor in vain. Seduce me to preach the pretty nothings of modern thought! This child knows much better than to leave the substance for the shadow, the truth for the fancy.

THE ROCK.

I dare not renounce the truth in order to be thought cultured. I am no more a fool than the most of my contemporaries, and if I could see anything better than the cross I would as willingly grasp it as they; for it is a flattering thing to be thought a man of light and leading; but whither shall I go if I quit the rock of the atoning sacrifice? I cannot go beyond my simple faith that Jesus stood in my stead, and bore my sin, and put my sin away. This I must preach; I know nothing else. God helping me I will never go an inch beyond the cross, for to me all else is vanity and vexation of spirit. Return unto thy rest, oh, my soul! Where else is there a glimpse of hope for thee but in Him who loved thee and gave Himself for thee?

I am sure Paul gloried in the cross, yet again, because he saw it to be the creator of enthusiasm. In the old times vast crowds came together in desert places, among the hills, or on the moors, at peril of their lives, to hear preaching. Did they come together to hear philosophy? Did they meet at dead of night when the harriers of persecution were hunting them, to listen to pretty moral essays? I throw not. They came to hear of the grace of God manifest in the sacrifice of Jesus to believing hearts. Would your modern Gospel create the spirit of the martyrs? Is there anything in it for which a man might go to prison and to death? The modern speculations are *not worth a cat's dying* for them, much less a man. Atonement by blood, full deliverance from sin, perfect safety in Christ given to the believer, call a man to joy, to gratitude, to consecration, to decision, to patience, to holy living, to all-consuming zeal. Therefore in the doctrine of the cross we glory, neither will we be slow to speak it out with all our might.

III. My time has gone, or else I had intended

to have enlarged upon the third head, of which I must now give you the mere outline. One of Paul's great reasons for glorying in the cross was its action upon himself. What was

ITS EFFECT UPON HIM?

The cross is never without influence. Come where it may, it worketh for life or for death. Wherever there is Christ's cross there are also two other crosses. On either side there is one, and Jesus is in the midst. Two thieves are crucified with Christ; and Paul tells us their names in his case: "The world is crucified to me, and I unto the world." Self and the world are both crucified when Christ's cross appears and is believed in. Beloved, what does Paul mean? Does he not mean just this—that ever since he had seen Christ he looked upon the world as a crucified, hanged up, gibbeted thing, which had no charms for him, whose frown he did not fear, whose love he did not court? He was dead to it, and it was dead to him; thus there was a double separation.

Paul would not ask the world to be pleased with him, since it knew not his Lord, or only knew Him to crucify Him. Can a Christian be ambitious to be written down as one of the world's foremost men when that world cast out his Lord? They crucified our Master; shall His servants court their love? Such approval would be all distained with blood. They crucified my Master, the Lord of glory; do I want them to smile on me, and say to me, "Reverend Sir" and "Learned Doctor"? No, the friendship of the world is enmity with God, and therefore to be dreaded. Mouths that spit on Jesus shall give me no kisses. Those who hate the doctrine of the atonement hate my life and soul, and I desire not their esteem.

THE BLIND CENTURY.

Paul also saw that the world's wisdom was absurd. That age talked of being wise and philosophical! Yes, and its philosophy brought it to crucify the Lord of glory. It did not know perfection, nor perceive the beauty of pure unselfishness. To slay the Messiah was the outcome of the culture of the Pharisee, to put to death the greatest teacher of all time was the ripe fruit of Sadducean thought. The cogitations of the present age have performed no greater feat than to deny the doctrine of satisfaction for sin. This century's philosophy will one day be spoken of as an evidence that softening of the brain was very usual among its scientific men. We count the thought of the present moment to be methodical madness. Bedlam out of doors; and those who are furthest gone in it are credulous beyond imagination.

So, too, the apostle saw the world's religion to be nought. It was the world's religion that crucified Christ, the priests were at the bottom of it, the Pharisees urged it on. The church of the nation, the church of many ceremonies, the church which loved the traditions of the elders, the church of phylacteries and broad-bordering garments—it was this church, which, acting by its officers, crucified the Lord. Paul therefore looked with pity upon priests and altars, and upon all the attempts of

A CHRISTLESS WORLD.

to make up by finery of worship for the absence of the Spirit of God.

And so it was with the world's *pursuits*. Some ran after honor, some toiled after learning, others labored for riches; but to Paul these were all trifles since he had seen Christ on the cross. And so it was with the world's pleasures and with the world's power. The Christ that died upon the cross now lives in our hearts. The Christ that took human guilt has taken possession of our souls, and henceforth we live only in Him, for Him, by Him. He has engrossed our affections. All our ardors burn for Him. God make it to be so with us, that we may glorify God and bless our age.

Paul concludes this epistle by saying, "From henceforth let no man trouble me: for I bear in my body the marks of the Lord Jesus." He was a slave, branded with his Master's name. That stamp could never be got out, for it was

burned into his heart. Even thus, I trust, the doctrine of the atonement is our settled belief, and faith in it is part of our life. Brethren, sisters, will you enlist under the conquering banner of the cross? Once rolled in the dust and stained in blood, it now leads on the armies of the Lord to victory! Oh, that all ministers would preach the true doctrine of the cross! Oh that all Christian people would live under the influence of it, and we should then see brighter days than these! Unto the Crucified be glory forever and ever. Amen.

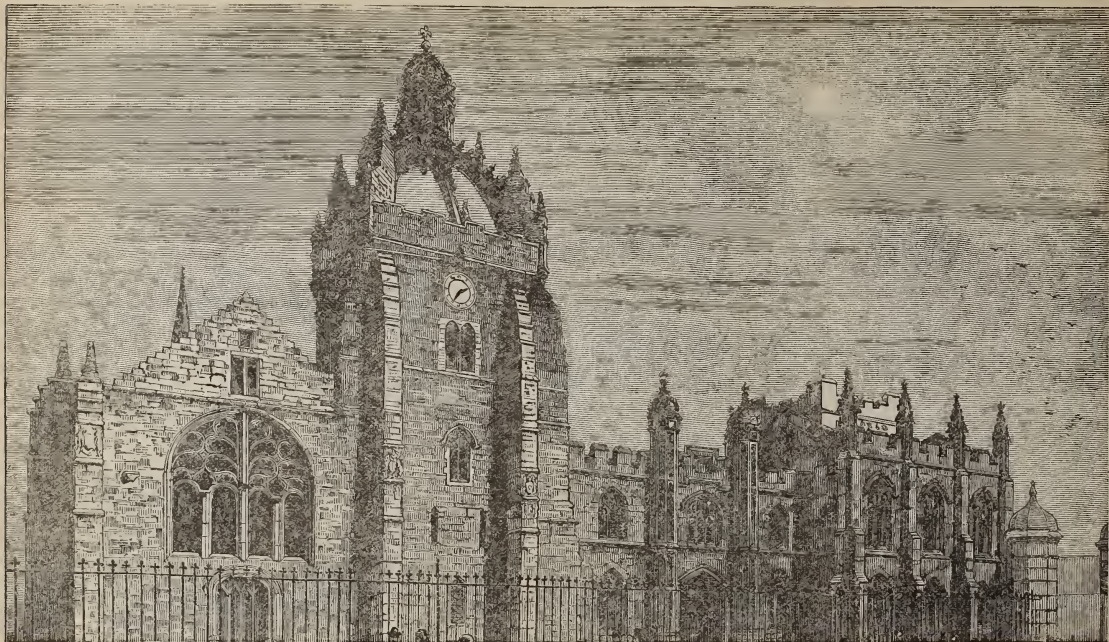
NEW BOOKS.

A WHEEL OF FIRE.

by Arlo Bates, is decidedly above the average of the novels produced of late, and it is certainly the best novel Mr. Bates has written. The characters are original, and the conversation is piquant and witty. A double thread of love-making runs through the story, the light-heartedness, almost frivolity, of the one contrasting with and relieving the earnestness and sadness of the other. It is the puzzling question of heredity which forms the basis of the plot. Damaris Wainright, the heroine, is distressed by the fear that insanity, which afflicted her mother and brother, will one day be her own doom. The foreboding causes her to resolve that she will never marry, and it is this decision and the arguments with which it is assailed by a noble young man, who loves her and whom she loves, that constitute the basis of the story. Very pathetic is the situation of the girl, whose inclinations are at war with her judgment, and very beautiful is her craving for the love of the man whose strong will and vigorous mind promise a support and a comfort for her in her desolate life. Her cousin and companion, a capricious society lady, is cast in a very different mould, and her flirtation, which, almost unawares to herself, become serious, is a gleam of sunlight in a novel which, without her, would have been somewhat sombre. Readers who have not the felicity of living in Boston and belonging to the exclusive circle of its best society will notice with amusement the mistake Mr. Bates falls into, in common with Mr. Howells and other Boston writers, of regarding their city as the hub of the intellectual universe, and that all who are outside of it are uncultured barbarians. We have been treated to so much of this nonsense that we can afford to smile at it and quietly wait for the time—which surely now cannot be far distant—when Boston society will realize that it is only making itself ridiculous by despising every one who does not bear its *imprimatur*. However, as Mr. Bates has written a good story, it is not difficult to forgive a fault probably due rather to his surroundings than to his own narrowness of mind. Pp. 383; price, \$1. Published by Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons.

OPIMUM ADDICTION.

by J. B. Mattison, M.D., is a work which ought to bring new life into many an aching heart by the assurance it gives to the opium user that there is hope of rescue. Who that has talked with a confirmed opium habitué has not sympathized with the despair with which the victim has declared that there is no hope of emancipation when once the insidious drug has fastened its chains upon its prey? Thousands of men and women, some of whom are blessed with brilliant talents and vigorous intellect, are going about our streets to-day absolute slaves to opium, and with no expectation of deliverance. A city missionary recently said to the editor of this journal: "No one knows what opium is doing in this city of New York. I meet with its ravages everywhere. It is a fastidious demon; it takes none but the brightest and the best. It is destroying the most brilliant of our citizens. They fall under its power, shine for a year or two with increased lustre, and then they drop—drop steadily down like a stone, until I meet them in the lowest slums of the city, living for nothing but opium, caring for no pleasure, no occupation, with no ambition, having but one craving—the all-absorbing desire for opium."



The University of Aberdeen, the Meeting-Place of the British Association for the Advancement of Science.

Unless some powerful pen arouses this people to the danger in their midst this nation is ruined, sure." The writer has been at some pains to verify this statement, and he finds it entirely and absolutely true.

The eminence Dr. Mattison has attained in the treatment of this terrible curse gives him authority to speak on the subject, and in the little manual he has now issued he gives hope to the enslaved. He has treated many whose addiction was in the hypodermic form, which is the most difficult of all forms to overcome. Two cures were effected in which the addiction covered a period of more than ten years, and in both cases the cure was complete. The doctor enters at large into his mode of treatment in this work, and explains its principles. Suffering the victim must expect—there is no royal road to emancipation, but Dr. Mattison appears to have reduced it to a minimum by study and long experience. We sincerely hope that the publication of his book may lead some hopeless ones to take heart and seek emancipation from their degrading slavery. Pp. 49; price, 50 cents. Published by Messrs. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

BUNCE'S SUNDAY BREAKFAST.

(See Illustration on page 653.)

It was Saturday night, and the streets were crowded with busy people buying provisions for Sunday's dinner, and bonnets and hats and bits of finery, which would duly appear in church next day. The men had received their week's wages, and promises made earlier in the week of what should be done "when father gets his money" were being fulfilled—that is, some of the promises were; others were not; but then they had been made conditionally, for there were some homes in which all promises having a money basis were necessarily of an uncertain character. Father would get his money—all that he had earned; but if he happened to have been off drinking for one day there would be only five days' wages for him to draw, instead of six, and perhaps, too, that would not arrive at home intact.

In a cross street, not so brilliantly lighted as

the one in which the stores were, several covered passage-ways gave admission to a row of rear tenements. Quiet Paradise Place certainly was, but unspeakably dull. The houses were let as a whole, or by the single room, to suit the convenience of tenants, who, as a rule, not exactly from desire for convenience, adopted the single-room arrangement.

James Bunce lived in one of those houses, and hired three rooms, of which one was kitchen and sitting-room by day and his son's bedroom at night. A second was Bunce's bedroom, and the third, originally intended to be a wardrobe, and having no window in it, was a bedroom for Bunce's daughter Jennie, twelve years old.

"Hallo, Jennie; ain't father home yet?" said a boy, who had just come in.

"No, Tom; I guess he's at the grocery. He'll be pretty bad when he does come, I'm afraid. You'd better undress and get to bed before he comes. If he cuts up rough you'll have it, if you're around."

"Not I, Jennie; it's no worse for me than you, and I guess I can stand it if you can." The boy flung himself, dressed as he was, on the heap of rice-bags which served him as a bed, and clapping his hands behind his head, lay watching his sister at her task.

"Say, Jennie," he said at last, "ain't there any way of keeping father home to-morrow? Couldn't you get all his money off him to-night? Seems to me he's been getting worse ever since mother died."

"That's so," Jennie assented. "I don't know what's to be done. What are the bar-rooms like, Tom? I suppose they're better than our places, ain't they? Father seems to hate the sight of home now."

"Oh, yes, they're fine enough—looking-glass all around and shiny shelves and glasses and little images and a good stove and lots of lights. They're splendid!"

"You won't ever go there, Tom, when you're a man?"

"Not I. I've seen enough of it with father. Why, if he didn't go there, Jennie, you'd have a good frock, and I'd have good shoes, and per-

haps we'd go to school. No; I'm a temperance man, I am."

"That's right, Tom. You hold on to that, and some day you'll earn as much as father, and have a house of your own to live in."

"Then I'll take care of you, Jennie; but you haven't said whether there's any way of keeping him at home to-morrow."

"I don't know as there is, Tom. Maybe if we got him a good breakfast and made the place tidy a bit he wouldn't go. How much money have you got?"

"It's thirty cents now. I got five cents to-night for holding a horse;" and the boy rose to show his hoard.

"I've got a quarter, Tom. What do you say to buying a breakfast with it? We could do it for that. But it's a shame to have your money off you when you're saving for your shoes."

"I don't mind, Jennie; you can have it if you think it'll keep father out of the saloon." It was a risk, for it was all they had, and the investment was doubtful. There was no certainty that Bunce would be bribed to stay in his home, after all. They decided to try it, however, and Jennie slipped out to make the purchases. As she passed the grocery, she heard her father invited "to oblige the company with a song," and Bunce responded with "Home, sweet home."

She hurried on with a sad heart, for there was a huskiness in her father's voice which foreboded that in an unpleasant sense there would be "no place like home" that night for her. The little parcel which the half dollar bought was carried home and hidden away, and presently Bunce's stumbling feet were heard on the stairs. The next hour was a bad time for the two children, Bunce having apparently left his good-humor behind at the saloon. At last, grumbling and swearing, he shuffled off to bed, and was soon snoring loudly.

Early the next morning Jennie spread an old apron of her mother's on the rough table to do duty as a table-cloth, and laid out the breakfast in the most attractive form she could think of. She stepped back to take a final view of it, and being satisfied, roused Tom to get his judgment.

"That ought to do the business, Jennie. It looks good; you got a lot for the money." Then they sat down and ate a crust of bread and drank some water.

Bunce waked up with what is technically known as a head on him." To Bunce himself it seemed less like a head than a palpitating, throbbing bundle of nerves. The first thing must be a drink, and, half dressed, he shuffled into the kitchen and seized his hat and coat to go to the saloon for a whiskey-sour. He was in a limp, flaccid condition, a pitiable object. His glance fell on the table and the unusual preparations. That was the moment the children had waited for.

"Father," said Jennie, timidly advancing to do the honors as hostess, "here's a nice breakfast—hot coffee and a mutton chop. It's all ready; come and sit down. Tom and I have had our breakfast."

Bunce looked bewildered. First he gazed at the breakfast, and then at Jennie's upturned face, and then at Tom, whose eyes were pleading eloquently. Bunce wanted to go, but he had not arrived at the stage of utter indifference to his children. He could forget them in the saloon, but he had been a good father once, and had not lost all his paternal feelings. He could not resist Tom's earnest seconding of his sister's invitation: "Have some before you go, father; it'll spoil if you don't, and Jennie got it all herself to surprise you." So he sat down with a perplexed face. He had no appetite, but the hot coffee suited him, and after a deep drink of it his wits seemed sharpened. He began to realize the situation.

"How did you get this, children?" he asked. "You seem to be fond of your poor father, after all."

"Of course we are," said Jennie, kissing him; "and you're fond of us, ain't you, father? We've nobody but you to love us now."

Tears came into Bunce's eyes as he looked at the two children dependent on him for love and guidance. It was true they had no one but him, and he knew he had been like a broken reed and no support at all for them. He kissed them, and told them he did love them, and then went on with his breakfast.

Jennie had her mother's Bible ready on the mantel-shelf, and when Bunce was through, she pleaded with him to stay and hear her read a chapter. Now she did not go to school, there was no one to hear her read, and she might be forgetting. Bunce sat and listened while Jennie read about the prodigal son, and another chapter. It seemed comfortable there, and the reading carried his mind back to old times, when he was not "drunken Bunce," but a smart, bright lad at home, with a good father and mother, and later to the time when he and his young wife used to go to church regularly, and were so proud of their two children. Conscience was beginning to work, and Bunce, though he sat silent, was mentally busy. He thought he had some backbone left yet, and surely his children were more back to him than the men at the saloon. But it would be a hard fight, and maybe it was not worth making if he was sure to be beaten in the end.

"I must go now," Bunce said at last. "I'll soon be back, though." The children's hearts sank. They had heard that promise many times. Jennie put her arms around his neck, and begged



"Bunce, bewildered, looked at the Table."

him to stay. Tom held his hand and said, "Don't go to the saloon this morning, father; we'll do anything for you if you won't go out." "I must go," said the man. "Let me get up, Jennie, I can't stand it any longer. I ain't going to the saloon. I'm going to sign the pledge!"

THE SILVER LINING.

A SERIAL STORY.

(Continued from page 639.)

Disappointment.

THE fact of old Crowther's illness was duly communicated to Frank Arnold and his bride, who were spending their honeymoon in Italy. They, supposing that the old will, under which Clare was to inherit the property of the old man, was still in force, hurried homeward to protect their interests in the event of "anything happening" to Mr. Crowther. The "anything" meant the most solemn of all things that could happen to him, and it came to him before they set out for home. The letter announcing his death, therefore, arrived after they left, and when Frank and his wife entered the desolate home the man who had ruled it for so many years lay still and cold in his chamber.

The pair saw at once from the closed house that all was over. It is to be feared a gleam of satisfaction passed through Frank's mind, as he reflected that his hopes of easy independence were so soon to be realized. No thought of the old man's soul entered the minds of either of them.

They were astonished at seeing a stranger in the house, but in the bustle and confusion they gave little thought as to who the stranger might be. But the lawyer who had drawn the new will had come to see them, believing he would be the best person to explain how matters stood. He drew Frank into a room, and said: "Mr. Arnold, I have something to communicate to you that will greatly surprise you, and will, I fear, be a great disappointment to your wife."

Frank's eyes opened wider: "What is it you mean?"

"I mean this: the day after your marriage the young person you just now saw arrived. She proved to be Mr. Crowther's niece, the daughter of a sister he once loved well—it was agitation at seeing her that brought on his illness. His distress was so great at having wronged his sister in years that had passed that he determined to make what amends were at his command by providing for her daughter. I suggested that a portion should still be left to Mrs. Arnold, but nothing but giving the whole to his newly-found niece would satisfy the old man, and he accordingly made a fresh will in favor of that lady, leaving her all he had."

Frank's anger had been rising.

"How do you know she is his niece at all? How dare she come and impose on an old man? I will dispute the will."

"That, of course, is within your power, Mr. Arnold," said the man of law, courteously. "You will naturally protect your interests, and they have certainly suffered seriously in this case. I drew up the former will, which was in force until this young woman's arrival, and I violate no professional confidence in informing you that if that will had not been superseded by

this new will your wife would have been a very wealthy lady. As it is I see no valid ground for contesting the will. Mr. Crowther was perfectly sane when he gave his directions, and when he executed the instrument. His reasons for making the change are such as the Court would respect. The arrival of a blood relative of whose existence he was not previously aware is sufficient to account for his disinheriting a lady who was not related to him, and you would have considerable difficulty in persuading a judge that the deceased was not acting justly in so doing."

"It is a conspiracy," said Frank Arnold, irritated by the cold, logical manner of the lawyer, and still more by the conclusion forced upon him that in spite of his assertion the old lawyer was right. "It is a shameful conspiracy," he reiterated: "I will contest the will to the last. It is a gross fraud, whatever your opinion may be."

"Well, consult your lawyer, by all means, Mr. Arnold. I have got been advising you professionally. I have been speaking as a friend who sympathizes sincerely with you in your natural disappointment. Think it over quietly, Mr. Arnold, and let your reason guide you; it is less likely to mislead you than your prejudices are." The lawyer bowed in his stately fashion, and took his leave.

Frank seemed stunned for a time after the lawyer left. He sat gloomily meditating, unable to realize fully that the fortune upon which he had counted was gone from him. He had talked glibly of a lawsuit to the lawyer, but even at this early time he recognized that a lawsuit was a luxury beyond his reach. The small sum left from old Mr. Crowther's wedding-gift was but a small capital, and if that lawyer proved right it would be a folly to spend it in law. But, then, the outrageous wrong. As he thought of it his exasperation rose again. Yes, he would fight the will if it cost him all he had. So he vacillated, as his reason and his passions swayed him, by turns. He was still sitting, hot and angry, in the same position he had occupied during his

interview with the lawyer, when his wife, in that irritating state of cheerfulness which contrasted so glaringly with his own despair, entered the room.

"Why, Frank, what a time you have been talking. I am tired of waiting." Then seeing his scared face she stopped. "Is anything the matter?"

"The matter," he said bitterly; "I should think something was the matter. Old Crowther has altered his will, and left everything to that girl downstairs;" and again his anger rose.

Clare probably knew little the real value of money, but she was frightened at the change in her husband, and knew not how to soothe him.

Nothing in her associations or education had helped to develop her character, and she had no great force of intellect to bring to bear upon any subject. She loved Frank with all the love of which she was capable, but hers was not the noble woman's love that helps a man to bear fierce trouble. Frank had thought he loved her, but he woke up that night to find he had loved her gold, not herself. It was a terrible waking up for these two young people; they had not the refuge of a Saviour's love to flee to, and to wander in the world without Him is weary work indeed. They had begun their married life without Him, they thought they did not need Him, but He would teach them even yet that nothing short of His love can satisfy the cravings of the human heart.

They went home that night to the little house they had taken in one of the northern suburbs. It was a depressing home-coming. Everything in the house was new and strange, and the young couple were unhinged and out of tune. Frank had become wet in crossing the Channel, and, as he was aware, was in danger of illness from that cause alone. The sudden mental shock had aggravated the physical derangement and increased the danger. Two days later the young man was stretched on a bed of sickness, raving in wild delirium, his body and mind racked with fever. Week after week he lay there resisting the remedies administered, relapsing into delirium as he awoke to his consciousness of his disappointment.

Dr. and Mrs. Arnold had heard nothing from him since they received the letter telling them of his marriage. Day after day passed and no tidings came. Mrs. Arnold longed to write, but her husband said, "No, Marion, the boy should write first. He gave us no address, and evidently did not wish for a letter; we wait."

But when the weeks went on and still no tidings came, Dr. Arnold saw his wife's cheeks growing paler and the streaks of gray becoming wider in her brown hair, and decided he would himself go to London to seek his son. Mrs. Arnold pleaded to go with him, but Dr. Arnold thought he would be best alone, as the visit must be a very hurried one.

On arriving in London he drove to his son's former lodgings, thinking it possible he might learn his new address there; but "Mr. Arnold had taken away all his things," the landlady said, "and she knew nothing of his whereabouts; he was a kind, free-hearted young gentleman, and she often wished she could hear something of him."

From thence Dr. Arnold drove to the hospital with which Frank was connected, as, though unwilling to show his ignorance of his son's home, he thought it his only chance of finding him.

"Yes, they knew his address," and gave it at once, but they had not seen Mr. Arnold since his return to London after his marriage. They believed he was ill.

The poor father once more set off, and the November afternoon was fast closing in when his carriage at last turned up the road he wanted. It was a forlorn looking place to Dr. Arnold's eyes, the little gardens looking dank and untidy with the fallen leaves, and a street organ pouring out its inharmonious strains. The bell was answered by an untidy-looking servant, who stared strangely at him when he asked if Mr. Arnold was at home.

"Yes, at home, but you can't see him; he is ill."

As Dr. Arnold pressed his way in, with a feeling of right to enter his son's house, the servant looked more astonished still.

"Is your mistress at home?"

"Yes."

"I should like to see her; tell her a gentleman wishes to speak to her."

By this time Dr. Arnold found himself in the front-room, which was furnished as a drawing-room, but had a cold, comfortless look about it. After a few minutes the door opened, and Clare entered. He felt she might be pretty under some circumstances, but now she looked weary, and her dress was put on with the air of one who cared little what became of her.

"I must introduce myself," Dr. Arnold began; "I am your husband's father."

Clare had been hastily examining her visitor, and had instinctively discovered who was before her.

"I am told my son is ill; is it really so?"

"Yes, quite true; he has been ill ever since we came home."

"How long is that?"

"Nearly seven weeks now; it is low fever he has had; he is getting better now."

Dr. Arnold's face grew graver. "I should like to see him. Will you tell him I am here, or shall I go in at once?"

Clare had been making up her mind to say Frank could not see him, but there was something in Dr. Arnold's quiet authoritative manner which made her feel she must obey.

"Will you wait a minute? he was asleep just now; I will see if he is awake."

She returned, saying he was still asleep.

"I will slip into his room quietly then. I promise not to disturb him. You know I am a doctor, and am used to these things."

Very quietly Dr. Arnold entered the room, and sitting down behind a curtain waited his son's waking.

The only light in the room was from the fire; outside the fog was thickening, and looked impressively dismal. Dr. Arnold glanced at the sleeper and could hardly realize that the wasted form lying before him was his son. A few months before he had been a stalwart young fellow, full of vigorous life and ruddy health; now his cheeks were hollow, his hands white and thin.

The furniture of the room was chosen in good taste, but there was an uncomfortable look about it all that told at once, to Dr. Arnold's practiced eye, that it was not the hand of a wise, thoughtful woman that had arranged it. In about a quarter of an hour Frank woke, and, in a weak, fretful voice, asked for something to drink.

Dr. Arnold made signs to Clare to let him give it. "Here, Frank, my boy, are you thirsty?"

"Father, is that you?" he said, languidly.

"Yes; let me place your pillows more comfortably."

Frank was too weak to be greatly astonished at his father's appearance. His illness still made the past seem like a dream, and he had not the strength to question about the things around him. He leant back on his pillows as his father arranged them for him, with a satisfied look which seemed to say he was more comfortable. Then Dr. Arnold sat still, waiting for his son to break the silence.

After five minutes or more Frank roused himself a little. "I suppose I have been ill a long time; but I am getting better now."

"You must come home for a while, Frank, when you can be moved; a little native air will do more for you than anything."

Then, as if the past came back to him, Frank said: "No, no, I can't go home. I am married now; I cannot go home."

"Yes, Frank, and you can bring your wife with you; your mother longs to see you."

"Dear mother, how is she?" and something like one of his old smiles passed over his face; "you must tell her I am getting better, but I

cannot go home;" and he turned wearily, as if he could not bear to think of it.

Dr. Arnold wisely dropped the subject when he saw it was no use to press it further; for Frank was in such a state that he could not bear to be thwarted. He was weak and irritable, still on the verge of delirium. It was better on all accounts to leave him, and defer the question of the home visit which professionally as well as paternally Dr. Arnold was convinced would be the best medicine for his son. As he was reluctantly leaving the house the physician who was attending the sick man arrived, and Dr. Arnold seized the opportunity for a friendly consultation. The pathological question was easily explained, but there the London doctor confessed that he was puzzled. So young and strong a man should have recovered ere this, but he only reached a certain stage to relapse into delirium. There must be some mental trouble which medicine could not relieve, and he believed it was due to a shock arising out of a pecuniary disappointment. In fact, he had heard that Mrs. Arnold had lost a fortune.

This gave Dr. Arnold the clue to all he saw, and confirmed his fears that money had been the great attraction to his son, so he longed more than ever to see him again under the influence of home. But he was powerless. His son's strange aversion to return could not be overcome. Evidently he was conscious of his untidy conduct, and had no mind to appear at home with the disastrous consequences fresh upon him. If he could have gone with wealth at his command he would have gone, for it would have seemed that he had at least received some advantage from his ill-considered step; but now it would be evident that he had sold himself for naught, and he could not bear to appear in that humiliating role.

One more effort Dr. Arnold made for his son's benefit. He proposed that Frank's mother should come and assist Clare in nursing him. But even that Frank declined. They were better alone, he said sadly, almost morosely. He would like to see his mother, but not now. "We shall manage to get along," he said, "and there are reasons why my mother would be embarrassed and would embarrass us. It is kind of you, father, to propose it; you always were the kindest of fathers; but it must not be. Clare will write you, and in a few days I can write myself. You shall hear of us, and all will be well."

Dr. Arnold made the journey howsoever in deep dejection. Here was another rent in the family circle as grievous, though not so hopeless, perhaps, as that of Grace's death. Frank had clearly cut himself apart from his family, and at present there was no prospect of reunion. It was with a heavy heart that he entered his home, grieving most that the intelligence he bore would rest very heavily on a loving soul whose maternal affection no unkindness or ingratitude could quench. Happily for him, he had never carried sorrow home without finding comfort and consolation. Together he and his wife always laid their trials at the Saviour's feet, and the burden was lightened. It was so this time, and when Dr. and Mrs. Arnold emerged from the doctor's study they were able to meet their daughters with brighter faces, and hearts from which Jesus had lifted the weight of woe.

A month later, however, there was another sorrowful scene in that same room. A letter was spread upon the table, and Dr. and Mrs. Arnold were upon their knees. It was a hard struggle this time and light was long in coming. At the breakfast-table the young ladies, whose affection gave penetration to their gaze, were quick to detect the signs of distress, and Kate's eyes were fixed on her mother with a note of interrogation in their light.

"My dears," said Mrs. Arnold, "your father and I are distressed—too much so to explain details to you now. But you ought to know the fact lest you apprehend greater trouble. Your brother Frank is separating himself finally from us. It is such a sad disappointment to our hope

of having him at home to live. He and his wife are leaving London. A letter came from him this morning, saying that as they are very poor and with no prospect of getting on in England, they have decided to try their fortune in America."

(To be continued.)

JEHU'S FALSE ZEAL.

S. S. Lesson for Oct. 18, 11 Kings 10: 15-31. Golden Text, ver. 31. By Mrs. M. Baxter.

The Real Holder of Power—Guiding National Destinies—Joseph—Moses—Ahab's Perversity—Two Awful Examples—The Anointing—Jehu's Commission—An Avenger—Elijah's Prophecy Fulfilled—Jehu's Jeuitism—A Terrible Carnage—Lapse into Idolatry.

JEHU had been raised up of God to do a work of judgment. Even in the days of Elijah God had marked him out to be king over Israel, and Elijah was commissioned to anoint him. But he did not do it in person. He anointed Elisha to be prophet, and Elisha, through one of the sons of the prophets, anointed Jehu. It is most instructive to mark how in inspired history we see the hand of God in the politics of nations. The great ones of this world may think they have the reins of government in their hands, but again and again the hand of a Greater is seen, overturning, overruling,

and bringing out His own purposes. In Joseph's time God took the reins out of Pharaoh's hands and gave them into the hands of a young man who was brought forth from prison to rule. Through inspiring Joseph with wisdom God brought about that "all countries came into Egypt to Joseph for to buy corn; because that the famine was so sore in all lands" (Gen. 41: 57), and thus "all countries" heard of the true God. Again, in the time of Moses, when it seemed to Pharaoh, king of Egypt, that he could dispose of the children of Israel as best suited his purpose, and oppress them to satisfy his own ambition, God again took the reins and raised up Moses, who by that time had become known in Egypt; and using him as His instrument, the Lord made Pharaoh and all Egypt tremble again and again, and learn, by the very confession of their own magicians, that "the finger of God" was upon them. Again and again in the history of nations God asserts Himself, so that every one must acknowledge that "the Lord, He is the God."

It was in keeping with God's ordinary method that Elijah the prophet should have known the doom of Ahab's house before God declared it through him to the king himself (1 Kings 19: 17; 21: 21-24). Most tenderly and touchingly had the Lord sought Ahab, sending one message after another, one deliverance upon another, one threatening after another; but the unhappy man was not won, and the Lord's testimony of him is, "There was none like unto Ahab, which did

SELL HIMSELF TO WORK WICKEDNESS, whom Jezebel his wife stirred up." Jehoram, his son, was somewhat better; "he wrought evil in the sight of the Lord; but not like his father and like his mother; for he put away the image of Baal that his father had made. Here are two types of unconverted men, one the slave and creature of his ungodly wife, yet not excused, but condemned on that very account; the other a reformer in his way, yet indulging in the fashionable sins of his day, and, instead of yielding his heart to God, manifesting as much enmity against Him in his spirit as his father had done before him. Both perished, and both are awful examples of the hardening of the heart against God.

When the young prophet, who had been sent to anoint Jehu, entered the house which served as headquarters of the army of Israel, he signified to Jehu that his message was to him, and, taking him into a private room, he "poured the oil on his head, and said unto him, Thus saith the Lord God of Israel, I have anointed thee king over the people of the Lord, even over Israel. And thou shalt smite the house of Ahab

thy master, that I may avenge the blood of my servants the prophets, and the blood of all the servants of the Lord, at the hand of Jezebel." And he repeated the prophecy of Elijah made to Ahab in the vineyard of Naboth.

Jehu took his mission to heart. Naturally of an energetic character, described as a man who "driveth furiously," he let no time elapse before he began to put his mission into execution. In a few moments the officers of the army knew that God had caused Jehu to be anointed king, and the martial trumpets were sounded throughout the city to proclaim it. His next step was to engage the captains, that they should keep the gates of Ramoth Gilead so that no one should carry the news to Jezebel where Jehoram was seeking to recover from the wounds received in his last battle with the Syrians. He then with all speed drove in his chariot toward Jezebel. A watchman spied him, and a messenger was sent to parley with him. Jehu was a man not of words, but of actions; he commanded the messenger to turn behind him, and there was no withstanding him, there was nothing else to be done. A second messenger was sent with the same result, and as things looked ominous, the king himself, accompanied by Ahaziah, king of Judah, came out also, and when he met Jehu he said, "Is it peace, Jehu?" It was an unexpected answer: "What peace, so long as the whoredoms of thy mother Jezebel and her witchcrafts are so many?" With one cry, "Treachery, O Ahaziah!" the miserable king sought to flee. From whom?

GOD PURSUED HIM.

One arrow from the bow of Jehu, the first he drew, was God's instrument of death, and the unrepentant king went to account before God for his ill-spent life. Jehu commanded Bidkar, his captain, to cast the body into the field of Naboth the Jezreelite, saying, "For remember how that, when I and thou rode together after Ahab his father, the Lord laid this burden upon him; Surely I have seen yesterday the blood of Naboth, and the blood of his sons, saith the Lord; and I will requite thee in this plat, saith the Lord." After commanding the death of Ahaziah, Jehoram's brother-in-law, Jehu went on into Jezreel, and there the infamous Jezebel was thrown from a window by some of her retainers, who, under a sudden impulse, took Jehu's side. The conqueror rode on, but after he had dined he gave orders for Jezebel's funeral. When it was discovered that the dogs had eaten her Jehu at once called to mind the word of the Lord, "In the portion of Jezreel shall dogs eat the flesh of Jezebel: and the carcass of Jezebel shall be as dung upon the face of the field in the portion of Jezreel; so that they shall not say, This is Jezebel."

With such a recognition of God and of His Word, with such prompt, relentless execution of His judgment upon the house of Ahab, the entire destruction of which he had accomplished with the single comment, "Know now that there shall fall unto the earth nothing of the word of the Lord, which the Lord spake concerning the house of Ahab: for the Lord hath done that which He spake by His servant Elijah"—one might have expected better things in the reign of Jehu. His destruction of prevailing evils was thorough and complete; he was a great reformer, but his heart was nevertheless not right. In the first few days of his reign his one word was that the word of the Lord might be fulfilled, and he saw himself a simple instrument in carrying out God's purposes. But it does not take much to make an energetic man self-sufficient. After commanding the slaughter of the kindred of Ahaziah, who, knowing nothing of what was going on in Israel, had come to pay a family visit at court, he met with Jehonadab, the son of Rechab, coming to meet him. After assuring himself that Jehonadab was not an enemy, he took him up into the chariot and said,

"COME AND SEE MY ZEAL

for the Lord." Jehu was beginning to set a value on himself and to pride himself on his zeal. The Lord had been first with him before,

now it was "my zeal." Oh, how few there are who can bear to be used by God without being hurt by it! Jehu came to Samaria and finished his work of destruction, and then he gathered all the people together and said unto them, "Ahab served Baal a little; but Jehu shall serve him much." "My zeal" soon degenerated into duplicity. True, Jehu had a good end in view, but God does not teach us to do evil that good may come. A lie is always a lie, and the devil is the father of every lie (John 8: 44). Jehu made an urgent proclamation that all the prophets of Baal, all his priests, and all his servants should come together to make a great sacrifice to Baal. He went so far as to say that whosoever of the worshippers of Baal who was meriting it be put to death. But Jehu was acting in subtlety, and taking an untrue, unfair advantage. He did it "that he might destroy the worshippers of Baal." Did he think that God was at such a loss that the prophets of Baal could be destroyed no other way? Had he never heard men still living tell how on Mount Carmel, where the fire fell from heaven in answer to Elijah's prayer, and where the assembled people with one united cry declared, "The Lord, He is the God," that Elijah commanded, and all that generation of false prophets were slain? A miserable, unworthy, mean, unrighteous trick was a poor substitute for that calm reliance upon God which made Elijah, in His name, master of the situation.

DUPPLICITY.

The king then proclaimed an assembly, a grand religious ceremony in honor of Baal. As though in mockery of those whom he was about to slay, the king, who was present, called for vestments, and every one was arrayed in the religious garb which belonged to the worship of the false god, not knowing it was to be his shroud. Before the offering of the sacrifices the king gave orders that none of the servants of the Lord should remain among them, and then, when all were occupied with the gorgeous ceremonial, Jehu commanded his guard and captains to go in and slay them, not letting one escape. It was an awful carnage; God's work, but not done in God's way. After every one of these unhappy creatures had been slain they destroyed the images of Baal and the statues, and broke down the whole house of Baal. The work of reform was accomplished, but alas! Jehu, while taking away evil, had no power to bring in the good. His own heart was not right; he still would not be out and out for God; he could extirpate Baal-worship, but he could not renounce the golden calves at Bethel and in Dan. He had no trust that God would care for his kingdom if his people went up to Jerusalem to worship. And what respect could his people have for him? A man who could in the very prosecution of the work of God be guilty of such untruth, and who, while destroying one idolatrous worship, patronized another! Have we to go back as far as Jehu's time to find such? Are there none who are strong temperance advocates, and who wage as deadly a war with the drink as Jehu did with Baal, and who yet are wanting in truth, in love, in faith? Are there none of God's own children who make use of the most human, carnal methods to obtain money for God's work? Are there not some whose zeal abroad and whose home life correspond but sadly? Jehu got a present reward; four generations of his family sat on the throne of Israel, but we have no certainty that his own soul was saved.

An Illustrated Work on the Unfulfilled Prophecies of the Bible, by the Rev. M. Baxter, entitled: "Forty Command Wonders," may be had from the office of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, 63 Bible House, New York, by remitting one dollar. It is a book of 328 pages, is handsomely bound in cloth and contains fifty full-page pictures and diagrams representing the scenes described in the prophecies of Daniel and in the book of the Revelation. It also contains a résumé of the opinions of other expositors, and extracts carefully collated from the works of all the most eminent writers on prophecy from the earliest ages of the Christian era down to those of recent date. It thus forms the most useful and complete guide the student can have on entering the study of that portion of the Word of God. The book may also be obtained for one dollar from any bookseller, who can procure it from the American News Company.

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The Late EARL OF SHAFTESBURY, K.G., the Philanthropic English Peer.

THE LATE EARL OF SHAFTESBURY.

His Philanthropic Character—Birth and Early Labors—Member of the House of Commons—White Slaves—A Hard Fight—Efforts for Destitute Children—Public Honors—A Scottish Tribute—His Reminiscences—At the Y. M. C. A.—Celebration of his Eightieth Birthday—Gift of a Donkey—A Bishop-maker.

ON October 1st, two weeks ago to-day, died the venerable Earl whose name is honored by evangelical people throughout the civilized world. His interest in religious societies was shown by active co-operation as well as by liberal gifts, and he delighted in giving practical advice to their managers and in many ways contributing to their advancement. But it was in the sphere of philanthropy that his best services were rendered. As one of the hereditary legislators of Great Britain, he used his position and power to effect legislation which would protect the working people from the oppression of unscrupulous employers, and he succeeded to a larger extent than might have been expected in a nation strongly opposed to any restrictions on the freedom of trade. He was emphatically a good man—one of the very few among the English peers who are entitled by their character to the name of "noblemen."

BIRTH AND EARLY LIFE.

The Right Hon. Anthony Ashley Cooper, Earl of Shaftesbury, was born on the 28th of April, 1801. He was educated at Oxford University, where he obtained a first-class in classics in 1822, and graduated M.A. in 1832, and was elected D.C.L. in 1841. Before he succeeded to the peerage he was elected a member of the House of Commons by the voters of Woodstock, in the Conservative interest, and he held office in the administration as a Commissioner of the Board of Control under the Duke of Wellington. He was afterward elected several times by the people of Dorsetshire. But in 1846, having resigned his seat for the county, owing to a difference of opinion between himself and his constituents on the subject of the repeal of the corn-laws, he was elected by the city of Bath, which place he represented till the death of his father in 1851, when he took his seat in the House of Peers. He held office for a few months under Sir Robert Peel.

Apart from his Parliamentary duties, his name is a household word in connection with the best-known religious societies of Great Britain—such as the Bible Society, the Pastoral Aid Society, and the Society for the Conversion of the Jews, and especially the cause of Ragged Schools.

A PHILANTHROPIC LEGISLATOR.

Signal services were rendered by the Earl of Shaftesbury to the factory population of England. The condition of the factory child, as witnessed by men in the early part of the present century in the manufacturing districts of the country who had eyes to see and hearts to feel, was awful. Attempts had been made from the moment the evils of the factory system were seen to check its action. The first Sir Robert Peel was an honored worker in this philanthropic movement. It would require volumes to record the horrors of the factory apprenticeship system. A short extract from good John Fielden's little book, called "The Curse of the Factory System," will give some idea of its evils. John Fielden was the largest cotton manufacturer in Lancashire, which is the largest in England, and was member for Oldham in Parliament. He was a man of cool temper and of an accurate turn of mind, so that the frightful state of things he described cannot be questioned. He thus describes those

WHITE SLAVES.

"In the early part of the present century children in sufficient numbers to work in the Lancashire factories were difficult to be got, and the custom sprang up of procuring apprentices from the different parish poorhouses of London, Birmingham, and elsewhere. Many, many thousands of these little helpless creatures were sent into the north, being from the age of seven to the age of thirteen or fourteen years old. The

custom was for the master to clothe his apprentices, and to feed and lodge them in an 'apprentice house' near the factory.

"Overseers were appointed to see to the works, whose interest it was to work the children to the utmost, because their pay was in proportion to the quantity of work they could exact. Cruelty was, of course, the consequence, and there is abundant evidence on record, and preserved in the recollections of some who still live, to show that in many of the manufacturing districts cruelties the most heartrending were practised upon the unoffending and friendless creatures who were thus consigned to the charge of master manufacturers; that they were harassed to the brink of death by excessive labor; that they were flogged, fettered, and tortured with the most exquisite refinement of cruelty; that they were in many cases starved to the bone while flogged to their work, and that even in some instances they were driven to commit suicide."

A CHAMPION.

This is but a sample of the statements that might be varied and multiplied indefinitely; but this frightful condition of things had been altered for the better before the Earl of Shaftesbury (then Lord Ashley) had entered the field; but it is only an historical truth that the Earl of Shaftesbury, from the time he entered the field, fought the battle of the factory child in a spirit and with a success, in and out of Parliament, which entitles him to the lasting gratitude of working people the world over, to whom God sent this noble-hearted man as a champion. The manufacturers of that time fought against factory legislation with a determination and unscrupulousness which left nothing untried for the attainment of their purpose. Hence, when the Earl of Shaftesbury entered the field, the fight was in truth a hard one, and he was perfectly justified in looking back with pride on the old days when the conflict had fatigue and danger in it; and it was only after years of continuous struggle that the women and children of the manufacturing districts of England were rescued from as degrading and oppressive a slavery as human creatures were ever cursed with.

A HARD FIGHT.

Lord Shaftesbury obtained legislation in 1833, but he had to defend his measure in 1836 from an attack of Poulett Thomson, the member of Parliament for Manchester, who proposed to modify what had been done. After a long debate a division was taken, in which the Earl of Shaftesbury was defeated by a majority of two, one hundred and seventy-eight voting for Poulett Thomson, and one hundred and seventy-six on the side of the factory children. We have not space to record the fluctuations of the fight, but the statement of the noble lord on the 9th of July, 1874, in the House of Lords, must have been a source of great satisfaction to him, as well as of confidence to the country, that what has been done in this matter has been safely done.

"At last," said his lordship, "after forty-one years of exertion, we find ourselves in possession of what we desired at first—a Ten Hours' Bill. When I began, in 1833, the opposition was hot, I may say fierce. I numbered on my side but two mill-owners—John Wood and John Fielden, both inestimable men." Now multitudes are on the side of the factory workers, and though the opposition was stronger at that time than Lord Shaftesbury cared to state, still truth and humanity have prevailed against exaggerated statement and false prophecy, and the health and happiness of the people have been promoted without injury to an honest man, or any legitimate interest in the country.

His lordship's reply on the same occasion to those manufacturers and doctrinaires who say that women do not want protection was decided and effective. "I would," said he, "undertake to go from town to town in Lancashire and Yorkshire, and carry in every town the overwhelming majority of female suffrages in behalf of the bill."

We have dwelt on this great work of Earl Shaftesbury's life because it is a justification of his wise humanity displayed in favor of the masses of the working people, whose oppression was in former days declared to be necessary to the maintenance of the manufacturing and commercial superiority of Great Britain as a nation. In truth, the Earl has reaped an abundant harvest of respect and gratitude from the working people of England as a reward for his efforts on their behalf.

The foregoing was one great effort of Lord Shaftesbury for the public good; but those who followed his career from the days of his early manhood until his death will readily admit that it would be no light task to attempt a description of the services he rendered to numerous philanthropic institutions, at many of whose anniversaries at the London May meetings he presided. If we single out one institution to which especially he devoted much time, it is the national refuges for homeless and

DESTITUTE CHILDREN.

Lord Shaftesbury never appeared as truly at home as when among these poor children, either in the old house at Queen Street, London, or on board the training ship *Arethusa*. Not long ago, when addressing the lads and a numerous company of ladies and gentlemen on this vessel, he said: "Before going back to town, I must thank the boys very much for the suit of clothes which they have sent my grandson, with the word Chichester upon the cap. My grandson will wear the clothes until they are worn out, and all I hope is that he will inherit the love which his grandfather cherishes for the Chichester boys. My dear lads, I rejoice to think you have repaid the care bestowed upon you, and have shown that God's grace has not been given in vain. Eight years ago, my dear friend William Williams, who has so long done the Master's work among the destitute of this great city, sat with me in council, and we asked each other, 'What is to be done for these homeless and savage lads?' My friend, being of a convivial turn, suggested a great supper in Queen Street, and we accordingly issued invitations for a great entertainment. We entertained nearly three hundred boys. Some stayed away because they were afraid they would have 'nothing to eat and plenty of jaw'; but I told them they should have plenty to eat and no jaw. Some of them said they were afraid of the police. But to-day we have Colonel Henderson, Chief of the London Police, with us, and do any of the boys look as if they were afraid of him?"

It need hardly be said that there was a loud shout of "No" to this query, and the noble Earl went on to say that if some good-hearted Christian would give Mr. Williams and himself \$500,000, they would lead London of the vagrant population.

PUBLIC HONORS.

A more striking proof, perhaps, of the high esteem in which the noble Earl was held could hardly have been given than when, in April, 1878, he was presented with the freedom of the city of Edinburgh in the Free Church Assembly Hall, in the presence of upward of two thousand persons. The Lord Provost, who presided, said that the document which he placed in Earl Shaftesbury's hands was intended to mark their appreciation of those successful efforts which, with untiring devotion, during a long life he had made to ameliorate the moral and physical condition of the laboring classes, and in recognition of the work he had done as a Christian philanthropist.

The Lord Provost, in giving a summary of the noble Earl's long career of labors and achievements, not only referred to the successful issue of the factory struggle, but to his efforts on behalf of agricultural laborers and the mining population. "Altogether," said the Lord Provost, "I do not over-estimate the fact when I say that the ragged schools of London since their establishment have rescued from neglect and vicious courses at least two hundred

thousand children, and placed them in the way of earning an honest livelihood. Lord Shaftesbury has presided at every one of the anniversaries of the Union without a single exception, and during its whole existence he has labored in its interests with unflinching perseverance. And while in conducting this great movement there has been associated with him a large number of earnest and God-fearing men and women, to his orship's influence and zeal are mainly due its extension and success."

Among other topics referred to by the Lord Provost it was stated that no estimate of Lord Shaftesbury's philanthropic labors would be complete without special reference to what he had done to improve the condition of the *inane*, a work which was begun fifty years ago, and which must be regarded as one of the great efforts of his life. The records of the religious and benevolent societies showed that his charity extended to all lands, and that the aspiration of his soul was that the time might come when the race of God would regenerate all men.

REMINISCENCES.

The reply of Lord Shaftesbury was exceedingly touching and full of pregnant truth. His hints to those who may follow in his footsteps and attack gigantic evils defended by commercial magnates, who grow rich on the lives of their employes, are very suggestive: "I can only say that an additional honor confers and rings with it an additional responsibility, and I trust that, God helping me, I shall do nothing to tarnish the distinction that has been conferred upon me. My Lord Provost, you have been good enough to enumerate a number of movements in which I along with others have been instrumentally engaged for the general improvement of society. But I wish to observe that many of these movements were of a character which could take place only in a free country, where individuals may stir and urge forward real matters of legislation, where they are free to appeal to and excite public opinion, and to bring that public opinion to bear upon reluctant overnments, who at last, by the force of the appeal, and the truth of the facts, are compelled to undertake those measures that at first they rejected, or from which they shrank under the reassurance of existing responsibilities."

On the conclusion of the noble Earl's speech, the Lord Provost, in accordance with time-honored custom, called for three cheers for the youngest burgess, and Lord Shaftesbury, in responding, said: "I did not expect to hear the term 'juvenile' applied to me; for although I am the youngest of burgesses, I believe I am old enough to be father of you all."

Lord Shaftesbury cordially co-operated in the religious movements conducted by Messrs. Moody and Sankey in England, in 1875, and expressed the highest opinion of the value of their evangelistic labors throughout the United Kingdom.

Lord Shaftesbury also took a deep interest in young men.

When the London Young Men's Christian Association was organized he was elected its first President, and was re-elected every year afterward. He served in that capacity twenty-nine years, and, as he said at a recent gathering, he was the only President they had had. Referring to Exeter Hall, the historic building which the M. C. A. now owns, he said: "Exeter Hall stood on what had been the gardens of the Earl of Exeter. One of his ancestors had lived there, and had married a daughter of the house, from whom he (the Earl) was descended. The Archbishop of Canterbury had reminded him that he could not live very long. Well, he hoped to be able to meet them once again, but, should it be ordered otherwise, they might rest assured that he would not cease as long as he lived to pray for their welfare, temporal and eternal."

THE EIGHTIETH BIRTHDAY

This popular nobleman occurred on April 28th, 1881, and the various societies with which he was connected resolved to make the occasion an

opportunity to express publicly their sense of his long and valuable services. The Lord Mayor of London offered the use of the Guildhall for a public meeting. The vast hall itself was thronged as it had seldom been before, the gathering including members of all the principal religious denominations and of various shades of politics. In the Guildhall yard there were *donkeys attached to barrows* and decorated with small flowers, in testimony of the manner in which his lordship has long befriended persons of the costermonger class, while inside, the scene on the platform was enlivened by flowers, brought to the hall in baskets by girls in neat-looking dresses, who represented the Watercress and Flower Girls' Mission. The spacious platform was crowded with friends of the noble Earl, and the chair was occupied by the Lord Mayor, who was attended by the sword and mace-bearer, and wore his civic robe as chief magistrate of the city. A congratulatory letter was read from *Mr. Alfred Tennyson*, the Poet Laureate, who said: "Allow me to assure you in plain prose how cordially I join with those who honor the Earl of Shaftesbury as the friend of the poor, and who wish him many years of health and strength in which to continue his good works, and to invite others to follow his example." At the meeting the Earl was presented with a full-length portrait of himself, and the street vendors gave him, as a token of their esteem and gratitude, the handsomest donkey in all London.

To the last, though eighty-four years old, the noble Earl was erect in his bearing, and walked long distances. He travelled to Paris in May, 1878, to open the Evangelistic Hall at the Paris Exhibition.

THE BISHOP-MAKER.

The influence of the Earl of Shaftesbury was productive of good in more ways than the public was aware of. One of them may be mentioned here. During Lord Palmerston's lease of power it so happened that death removed from the Episcopal bench an unusually large number of bishops. The appointment of their successors vested in the Premier, and Lord Palmerston, who was an authority on racing matters and many other departments of that nature, was utterly ignorant of theology. He had the good sense not to exercise his patronage either from motives of nepotism or casual acquaintance, but always applied for advice to his relative, the Earl of Shaftesbury, and always followed it. The result was that the episcopal appointments of a premier notoriously careless and indifferent on all religious questions were more judicious than those of men who had given the subject their personal attention. This fact occasioned much surprise at the time, but after Lord Palmerston's death the secret of the Earl of Shaftesbury's influence was disclosed, and the public understood how it came about that so wise a discrimination had been exercised in that important part of the Premier's patronage.

THE CONVERSION OF LYDIA MONTEFIORE.

A BOOK recently published by Messrs. Morgan & Scott describes the conversion of the aunt of the eminent Jewish philanthropist, Sir Moses Montefiore. The following extract from its pages shows how in her extreme old age, and when death was approaching, the Saviour, for whom she had left her people and suffered the loss of family affection, stood by her, comforting and supporting her to the last.

As her bodily infirmities increased, and the outward man gradually decayed, so her inward man was renewed day by day, and she was enabled to bear delightful testimony to the power and grace of God. She had before her the hope of immortality, and all those who saw her were astonished at the peaceful state of her mind. She "rejoiced with joy unspeakable and full of glory" at the prospect of shortly being with Him whom against she had not seen yet she loved, and how often her cry was: "Come quickly, Lord Jesus."

On hearing she was not well I called on her, and we spent a profitable hour together. On seeing me she said: "I am very pleased to see you, my dear friend, but I do not think you have much longer to come and see me. I feel daily that I shall soon be called home to be with those who came out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes, and have made them white in the blood of the Lamb! All my pains and infirmities are like so many notices of the near approach of death. Yes, I daily look for it. Every morning when I rise I thank my Saviour, and say to myself, I may never lie down again, and every night when I lie down, I may never rise again. I am ready, 'for I know whom I have believed, and am persuaded that He is able to keep that which I have committed unto Him against that day.' And should He call me, even the next hour, to pass through the dark 'valley' which is merely the 'shadow of death,' I shall 'fear no evil,' for He who has saved me has promised that He will never leave me, nor forsake me!" This was

HER HOPE,

and this is the hope of every Christian.

The aged saint had now entered her eighty-sixth year; her infirmities had much increased. Early in 1857, writing to a friend, she says: "I am still ill, and never expect to be well again in this world." It was during this illness that it pleased the Lord to put her faith to strong trial, and to exercise her oft-repeated assurance, "I know He will never forsake me." In March of the same year she received

A VISIT FROM SIR MOSES

on his way to the East, but he only remained with her a few minutes. On entering her chamber he inquired how she was, and expressed his regret at finding her so poorly, in reply to which she said, "I am very ill, and I am waiting for the Lord Jesus to come and take me home." When Sir Moses heard that name, so sweet to a believer's ear, but to the Jews a stumbling-block, he snatched up his hat and rushed out of the room. From that hour till her death he never held further intercourse with her by word or deed. She felt this more than she could express, at the same time she thanked God for having enabled her to witness for the Lord Jesus before her unbelieving nephew. "My Saviour's command," she used to say, "is, 'Whosoever shall confess me before men, I will I confess also before my Father which is in Heaven.'" To hear the name of Jesus from his aged aunt was more than Sir Moses Montefiore expected.

After much prayer for guidance she sent him, in March, 1857, a letter, in which she said: "In consideration of all your kindness toward me, it is impossible for me to pass over in silence our last interview—afforded me doubtless by yourself from the same affectionate disposition which you have ever manifested—without expressing my hearty regret at the untoward circumstance of your sudden withdrawal from my apartment."

"Aware of the short opportunity there is left me by Divine Providence of thanking you for all the kind interest you have taken in my welfare, I desire to do it now most cordially, and to assure you that my heart's desire and prayer for you is that you may be saved by that only name of Jesus, the Messiah, by which alone man may be saved, even by Him whom you blindly reject. I am aware you would hardly thank me for praying for you in that name, because the veil of unbelief is still upon you, as it has been these eighteen centuries upon our poor, benighted people of the house of Israel, for having crucified their own Messiah, the Lord of glory. Nevertheless, I feel it my duty and privilege to bear testimony for the holy name of my Saviour, whom I expect soon to meet in the regions above, where He is gone to prepare a place for me, and for you also, if you do not persist in your unbelief, but search as I did, and that honestly and ardently, the Scriptures of Moses, the Psalms, and the prophets, which testify of His passion, death and resurrection."

THE LORD'S RAZOR.

Dr. Talmage's Sermon, Preached Last Sunday Morning, Oct. 11, 1885.

"In the same day shall the Lord shave with a razor that is hired, namely, by them beyond the river, by the King of Assyria."—ISAIAH 7:20.

The Daring Imagery of the Bible—A Suggestive Symbol—To be Used Carefully—On the Unfortunate—Poverty not Always a Punishment—A Search for a Captive King—An Implement of Precision—Preservation from Cholera—Todd Lincoln at the Cabinet Council—The Shaving of the Nations—Ancient Rome—The Weapon Hired—A King's Self-humiliation—The Unfinished Monument.

THE Bible is the boldest book ever written. There are no similitudes in Ossian or the Iliad or the Odyssey so daring. Its imagery sometimes seems on the verge of the reckless, but only seems so. The fact is that God would startle and arouse and propel men and nations. A tame and limping similitude would fail to accomplish the object. While there are times when He employs in the Bible the gentle dew and the morning cloud and the dove and the daybreak in the presentation of truth, we often find the iron chariot, the lightning, the earthquake, the spray, the sword, and, in my text, the razor.

This keen-bladed instrument has advanced in usefulness with the ages. In Bible times and lands the beard remained uncut save in the seasons of mourning and humiliation, but the razor was always

A SUGGESTIVE SYMBOL.

David says of Doeg, his antagonist: "Thy tongue is a sharp razor working deceitfully"; that is, it pretends to clear the face, but is really used for deadly incision. In this morning's text this weapon of the toilet appears under the following circumstances: Judea needed to have some of its prosperities cut off, and God sends against it three Assyrian kings—first Sennacherib, then Esarhaddon, and afterward Nebuchadnezzar. These three sharp invasions, that cut down the glory of Judea, are compared to so many sweeps of the razor across the face of the land. And these circumstances were called a hired razor because God took the kings of Assyria, with whom He had no sympathy, to do the work, and paid them in palaces and spoils and annexations. These kings were hired to execute the divine behests. And now the text, which on its first reading may have seemed trivial or inapt, is charged with momentous import: "In the same day shall the Lord shave with a razor that is hired—namely, by them beyond the river, by the King of Assyria."

NOT A TOY.

Well, if God's judgments are razors, we had better be careful how we use them on other people. In careful sheath these domestic weapons are put away, where no one by accident may touch them, and where the hands of children may not reach them. Such instruments must be carefully handled or not handled at all. But how recklessly some people wield the judgments of God! If a man meet with business misfortune, how many there are ready to cry out: "That is a judgment of God upon him because he was unscrupulous, or arrogant, or over-reaching, or miserly. I thought he would get cut down! What a clean sweep of everything! His city house and country house gone. His stables emptied of all the fine bays and sorrels and grays that used to prance by his door. All his resources overthrown, and all that he prided himself on tumbled into demolition. Good for him!" Stop, my brother. Don't sling around too freely the judgments of God, for they are razors.

DISASTER NOT PUNISHMENT.

Some of the most wicked business men succeeded, and they live and die in prosperity, and some of the most honest and conscientious are driven into bankruptcy. Perhaps his manner was unfortunate, and he was not really as proud as he looked to be. Some of those who carry their head erect and look imperial are humble as

a child, while many a man in seedy coat and slouch hat and unblackened shoes is as proud as Lucifer. You cannot tell by a man's look. Perhaps he was not unscrupulous in business, for there are two sides to every story, and everybody that accomplishes anything for himself or others gets industriously lied about. Perhaps his business misfortune was not a punishment, but the fatherly discipline to prepare him for heaven, and God may love him far more than He loves you, who can pay dollar for dollar, and are put down in the commercial catalogues as A1. Whom the Lord loveth He gives four hundred thousand dollars and lets die on embroidered pillows? No; whom the Lord loveth He chasteneth. Better keep your hand off the Lord's razors, lest they cut and wound people that do not deserve it. If you want to shave off some of the bristling pride of your own heart, do so; but be very careful how you put the sharp edge on others.

How I do dislike the behavior of those persons who, when people are unfortunate, say: "I told you so—getting punished—served him right." If those I-told-you-so's got their desert they would long ago have been pitched over the battlements. The mote in their neighbor's eyes, so small that it takes a microscope to find it, gives them more trouble than the beam which obscures their own optics. With air sometimes supercilious and sometimes Pharisaical, and always blasphemous, they take the razor of divine judgment and sharpen it on the hone of their own hard hearts, and then go to work on men sprawled out at full length under disaster, cutting mercilessly. They begin by soft expressions of sympathy and pity and half praise, and later the victim all over before they put on the sharp edge.

A CAPTIVE KING.

Let us be careful how we shoot at others lest we take down the wrong one, remembering the servant of King William Rufus who shot a deer, but the arrow glanced against a tree and killed the king. Instead of going out with shafts to pierce, and razors to cut, we had better imitate the friend of Richard Cœur de Lion, who, in the war of the Crusades, was captured and imprisoned, but none of his friends knew where. So his loyal friend went around the land from stronghold to stronghold, and sang at each window a snatch of song that Richard Cœur de Lion had taught him in other days. And one day coming before a jail where he suspected his king might be incarcerated, he sang two lines of song, and immediately King Richard responded from his cell with the other two lines, and so his whereabouts were discovered, and immediately a successful movement was made for his liberation. So let us go up and down the world with the music of kind words and sympathetic hearts, serenading the unfortunate, and trying to get out of trouble men who had noble natures, but by unforeseen circumstances have been incarcerated, thus liberating kings. More hymn-book and less razor.

TO THE FAULTY.

Especially ought we to be apologetic and merciful toward those who, while they have great faults, have also great virtues. Some people are barren of virtues. No weeds verily, but no flowers. I must not be too much enraged at a nettle along the fence if it be in a field containing forty acres of ripe Michigan wheat. At the present time naturalists tell us there is on the sun a spot twenty thousand miles long, but from the brightness and warmth I conclude it is a good deal of a sun yet.

A PRECISE IMPLEMENT.

Again, when I read in my text that the Lord shaves with the hired razor of Assyria the land of Judea, I bethink myself of the precision of God's providence. A razor swung the tenth part of an inch out of the right line means either failure or laceration, but God's dealings never slip, and they do not miss, by the thousandth part of an inch, the right direction. People talk as though things in this world were at loose ends. Cholera sweeps across Marseilles and

Madrid and Palermo, and we watch anxiously. Will the epidemic sweep Europe and America? People say, "That will entirely depend on whether the inoculation is a successful experiment; that will depend entirely on quarantine regulations; that will depend on the early or late appearance of frost; that epidemic is pitched into the world, and it goes blundering across the continents, and it is all guess-work and an appalling perhaps."

My friends, I think, perhaps, that God had something to do with it, and that His mercy may have in some way protected us, that He may have done as much for us as the quarantine and the health officers. It was right and a necessity that all caution should be used, but there has come enough macaroni from Italy, and enough grapes from the South of France, and enough rags from tatterdemalions, and hidden in these articles of transportation enough choleraic germs to have left by this time all Brooklyn mourning at Greenwood, and all Philadelphia at Laurel Hill, and all Boston at Mount Auburn. I thank all the doctors and quarantines, but more than all, and first of all, and last of all, and all the time, I thank God. In all the six thousand years of the world's existence there has not one thing merely "happened so." God is not an anarchist, but a King, a Father.

TODD LINCOLN.

When little Todd, the son of President Lincoln, died, all the land sympathized with the sorrow in the White House. He used to rush into the room where the Cabinet was in session, and while the most eminent men of the land were discussing the questions of national existence. But the child had no care about those questions. Now God the Father, and God the son, and God the Holy Ghost are in perpetual session in regard to this world and kindred worlds. Shall you, His child, rush in to criticise or arraign or condemn the divine government? No; the Cabinet of the Eternal Three can govern and will govern in the wisest and best way, and there never will be a mistake, and like razor skillfully swung, shall cut that which ought to be cut, and avoid that which ought to be avoided. Precision to the very hairbreadth. Earthly time-pieces may get out of order and strike wrong, saying it is one o'clock when it is two, or two when it is three. *God's clock is always right*, and when it is one it strikes one, and when it is twelve it strikes twelve, and the second hand is as accurate as the minute hand.

THE RAZOR OF WAR.

Further, my text tells us that God sometimes shaves nations: "In the same day shall the Lord shave with the razor that is hired." With one sharp sweep He went across Judah and down went its pride and its power. In 1861 God shaved our nation. We had allowed to grow Sabbath desecration, and oppression, and blasphemy, and fraud, and impurity, and all sorts of turpitude. The South had its sins, and the North its sins, and the East its sins, and the West its sins. We had been warned again and again, and we did not heed. At length the sword of war cut from the St. Lawrence to the Gulf, and from Atlantic seaboard to Pacific seaboard. The pride of the land, not the cowards, but the heroes, on both sides went down. And that which we took for the sword of war was the Lord's razor.

In 1862, again, it went across the land. In 1863 again. In 1864 again. Then the sharp instrument was encased and put away. Never in the history of the ages was any land more thoroughly shaved than during those four years of civil combat, and, my brethren, if we do not quit some of our individual and national sins, the Lord will again take us in hand. He has other razors within reach besides war; epidemics, droughts, deluges, plagues—grasshopper and locust—or our overpowering success may so far excite the jealousy of other lands that, under some pretext, the great nations of Europe and Asia may combine to put us down. This nation, so easily approached on North and South and from both oceans, might have on hand at

once more hostilities than were ever arrayed against any one Power.

We have recently been told by skilful engineers that all our fortresses around New York harbor could not keep the shells from being hurled from the sea into the heart of these great cities. Insulted China, the wealthiest of all nations, as will be realized when her resources are developed, will have adopted all the modes of modern warfare, and at the Golden Gate may be discussing whether Americans must go. If the combined jealousies of Europe and Asia should come upon us, we should have more work on hand than would be pleasant. I hope no such combination against us will ever be formed, but I want to show that, as Assyria was the hired razor against Judah, and Cyrus the hired razor against Babylon, and the Huns the hired razor against the Goths, there are now many razors that the Lord could hire if, because of our national sins, He should undertake to shave us. In 1870, Germany was the razor with which the Lord shaved France. England is the razor with which very shortly the Lord will shave Russia. But nations are to repent in a day. May a speedy and world-wide coming to God hinder on both sides the sea, all national calamity. But do not let us, as a nation, either by unrighteous law at Washington, or bad lives among ourselves, defy the Almighty.

THE RAZOR ON ANCIENT ROME.

One would think that our national symbol of the eagle might sometimes suggest another eagle, that which ancient Rome carried. In the talons of that eagle were clutched at one time Britain, France, Spain, Italy, Dalmatia, Rhætia, Noricum, Pannonia, Mœsia, Dacia, Thrace, Macedonia, Greece, Asia Minor, Syria, Phœnicia, Palestine, Egypt, and all Northern Africa, and all the islands of the Mediterranean, indeed, all the world that was worth having, an hundred and twenty millions of people under the wings of that one eagle. Where is she now? Ask Gibbon, the historian, in his prose poem, the "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire." Ask her gigantic ruins straggling their sadness through the ages, the screech owl at windows out of which world-wide conquerors looked. Ask the day of judgment when her crowned debauchees, Commodus and Pertinax, and Caligula and Diocletian, shall answer for their infamy? As men and as nations let us repent, and have our trust in a pardoning God, rather than depend on former successes for immunity! Out of thirteen greatest battles of the world, Napoleon had lost but one before Waterloo. Pride and destruction often ride in the same saddle.

THE HIRED WEAPON.

But notice once more, and more than all in my text, that God is so kind and loving, that when it is necessary for Him to cut, He has to go to others for the sharp-edged weapon. "In the same day shall the Lord shave with a razor that is hired." God is love. God is pity. God is help. God is shelter. God is rescue. There are no sharp edges about Him, no thrusting points, no instruments of laceration. If you want balm for wounds, He has that. If you want salve for divine eyesight, He has that. But if there is sharp and cutting work to do which requires a razor, that He hires. God has nothing about Him that hurts, save when dire necessity demands, and then He has to go clear off to some one else to get the instrument.

This divine geniality will be no novelty to those who have pondered the Calvarean massacre, where God submerged Himself in human tears, and crimsoned Himself from punctured arteries, and let the terrestrial and infernal worlds maul Him until the chandeliers of the sky had to be turned out, because the universe could not endure the indecency. Illustrious for love He must have been to take all that as our substitute, paying out of His own heart the price of our admission at the gates of heaven.

King Henry II., of England, crowned his son as king, and on the day of coronation put on a servant's garb and waited, he, the king, at the

son's table, to the astonishment of all the princes. But we know of a more wondrous scene, the King of heaven and earth offering to put on you, His child, the crown of life, and in the form of a servant waiting on you with blessing. Extol that love, all painting, all sculpture, all music, all architecture, all worship! In Dresdenian gallery let Raphael hold Him up as a child, and in Antwerp Cathedral let Rubens hand Him down from the cross as a martyr, and Handel make all his oratorio vibrate around that one chord—"He was wounded for our transgressions, bruised for our iniquity." But not until all the redeemed get home, and from the countenances of all the piled-up galleries of the ransomed shall be revealed the wonders of redemption, shall either man or seraph or archangel know the height, and depth, and length, and breadth of the love of God.

AN UNFINISHED MONUMENT.

At our national capital, a monument in honor of him who did more than any one to achieve our American Independence, was for scores of years in building, and most of us were discouraged and said it never would be completed. And how glad we all were when in the presence of the highest officials of the nation, the work was done! But will the monument to Him who died for the eternal liberation of the human race ever be completed? For ages the work has been going up; evangelists and apostles and martyrs have been adding to the heavenly pile, and every one of the millions of the redeemed going up from earth, has made to it contribution of gladness, and weight of glory is swung to the top of other weight of glory, higher and higher as the centuries go by, higher and higher as the whole millenniums roll, sapphire on the top of jasper, sardonyx on the top of chalcedony, and chrysoprasus above topaz, until, far beneath shall be the walls and towers and domes of the great capital, a monument forever and forever rising, and yet never done. "Unto Him who hath loved us and washed us from our sins in His own blood, and made us kings and priests forever." Allelujah, amen.

THE CHRISTIAN CONVENTION IN NEW YORK.

ON Monday evening, October 5th, the Twenty-third Street Tabernacle was crowded in every part by a congregation assembled to take part in the opening proceedings of the Convention on Holiness and Divine Healing. The building was originally intended for a theatre, and the seats are still lettered and numbered to correspond with the tickets. The front part of what was the stage is cut away to form steps so that persons may pass through an opening in the part formerly appropriated to the orchestra to the stage, but the choir and the speakers entered from the wings. The stage or platform was covered with crimson baize, and of course the footlights had been removed. At the back of the platform relieving the blank wall is a circular window of stained glass, the centre panel of which displayed the figure of a dove with outspread wings. The building itself is square, but the circular gallery or balcony, which covers nearly a third of the floor, gives it, looking from the stage, the apparent shape of a horseshoe.

The gathering was a notable one from many points of view. Looking over it from the platform, the stranger was impressed chiefly by the similarity of expression in all faces. Like that eventful meeting centuries ago in Jerusalem, it seemed as if "they were all with one accord in one place." It was difficult to analyze that expression of countenance, but looking from one to another—here a young man, and there one with white hair and furrowed brow; here a young, intelligent lady, there a swarthy negro; people of all ages, all conditions of life, and all degrees of culture; everywhere the same look was to be seen. It seemed compounded of joy and expectancy. Another glance around, with that clue, and the impression was confirmed. There was not a gloomy, sorrowful face to be seen. And yet the observer would have been

surprised to see laughter at that time on any face there. Those people could laugh, but they were not in that mood then—it was not that kind of joy that the spectator noticed. It was rather an intent, glad, expectant look, which spoke of profound spiritual peace and unalloyed happiness, which might easily be stirred to ecstasy.

Whether the spectator was or was not in accord with the spirit of the congregation, whether he thought the people before him were believers in a great truth, or were self-deceived fanatics, he must be convinced that they were possessed by some faith which raised them into a sphere above that attained by the masses of the people; something which made them supremely happy. A notorious unbeliever, who, prompted by curiosity, had strolled into the building, referring to this fact, said he would not deceive such people if he could. It would be as heartless to do so as to awaken a slumbering child whose smile told that she was walking through fairyland in her dreams.

A solemn stillness pervaded the meeting as the chairman and the speakers took their places on the platform and engaged for a few minutes in silent prayer. The Rev. A. B. Simpson, the pastor of the Tabernacle, presided, and on the platform with him, among others, were Mrs. Baxter, Miss Carrie F. Judd, Mrs. Naylor, Dr. Wilson, of St. George's, and Dr. Clift, of Philadelphia. At subsequent sessions other well-known speakers participated in the proceedings. Among them Rev. W. R. Rainsford, Dr. John Cookman, Captain Pennington, and Rev. Stephen Merritt.

The addresses differed from those at other meetings as the audience differed from other audiences. The distinguishing feature common, in a greater or less degree, to every speech was that of personal testimony. Each speaker in declaring the faith that was in him spoke of his own personal experience, and not a few stated or implied that nothing less than personal experience, sometimes very marvellous, often very painful, and again very joyous—always an experience not heard of from others, but actually felt by themselves—could have wrought in them the convictions they uttered. As one minister said, at the last session on Friday night, when he recognized some members of his own congregation in the audience, "I know my belief in these matters is not accepted by my church, but here I stand. God help me, I can do no less. He has healed me."

At every session, whether the subject was personal cleansing from sin or divine healing—whether the speaker was on the platform making a long address, or a volunteer rising to speak for two minutes from among the audience, the basis of the words spoken was the same: "I know, for I have felt; I am a living witness." The effect produced was most impressive. The testimony was overwhelming. The most incredulous could not gainsay it. The only escape from agreeing with the witnesses was in the theory, which they emphatically repudiated, that the results produced were the effects of the faith exercised, and not due to the direct interposition of the Almighty. That some present adopted that view was evident from the signs of concurrence manifested when one of the speakers told of a boyish experience of a severe pain, which was invariably relieved on his practising a charm consisting in his taking up a stone and turning it. But that concurrence was exceptional. The bulk of the Convention clearly believed that the holiness and the healing were as much the direct work of God as were the cases mentioned in the Gospels. This was an incontrovertible fact, for when, at the closing session, Mr. Simpson invited all who had received the blessing during that week to rise, fully one hundred stood up, and when he afterward asked those who had experienced divine healing at any time to rise, more than half the house were promptly on their feet.

A report of some of the principal addresses and testimonies will appear in our next issue.

A SECOND ADVENT PREACHING TOUR.

By Rev. M. Baxter.

ON Tuesday, September 8th, I embarked at Liverpool on the City of Chester steamship for America. It is one of the least swift vessels of the Inman Line, only accomplishing about three hundred and twenty miles a day, and did not reach New York till Saturday, September 19th, whereas the City of Rome, of the same line, started on September 9th, and arrived at New York on September 18th. Some of the Cunard vessels accomplish the voyage in seven or eight days.

A STORMY VOYAGE.

The sea was very rough for the first eight days, and many of the passengers suffered greatly from sea-sickness, to which, however, I was a stranger. Mrs. Baxter suffered far less than from former experience might have been expected. She found great relief in staying on the deck as much as possible, even when every one else was driven below by the rain and wind. In rough weather the portholes, or windows, of the cabins are closed, and the atmosphere becomes very hot from the engines, which occupy all the centre part of the vessels, while the cabins constitute the circumference. The heat and constant thumping of the engines, together with the violent rocking of the vessel in a storm, are very trying for all but robust people.

GOSPEL SERVICE.

We heard of some of the passengers who, during the storm, cried to God for mercy, and vowed to live better lives in future if they were spared. On Sunday the church service was read by the captain, as usual, and the Rev. Frank White, of Notting Hill Tabernacle, preached in the morning and I and he in the evening. During the week we held several open-air meetings on the deck and in the steerage.

BIBULOUS PRIESTS.

There were some priests on board who were smoking and drinking whiskey and playing cards during most of the voyage. A steward told me that out of hundreds of priests who had sailed on that vessel, he noticed that most of them drank whiskey freely, so that he had come to the conclusion that they probably had some dispensation from Rome to drink as much as they liked on the high seas—possibly in order to ward off sea-sickness.

On the fifth or sixth day the sea-sick generally recover, notwithstanding the continued roughness of the sea. Iced water and also constant doses of arrow-root greatly alleviate the sickness. Cabin passengers are supplied with ice, arrow-root, tea, coffee, and other refreshments on deck or in their cabins all day long, as well as with the regular meals. The cabin passage varies from sixty to seventy-five dollars. The intermediate passage is very good at \$35, and the steerage wonderfully commodious at \$20. The steerage passengers really have the best part of the vessel in front, free from all the noise and heat of the engines.

A clergyman named Arnold was on board with his family and several young men going to settle in Florida, orange farming. There were two other parties on board going to settle in Florida on orange farms. Quite a mania has sprung up lately for orange farming; but my brother-in-law, who has settled in that State, and others with experience say there are many drawbacks. The heat is great in summer, the mosquitoes most harassing, and it is questionable whether there will not soon be more oranges grown than can be sold.

Colonel Beers, an officer of the British Army, was also on board, emigrating with his family to Corsicana, in Texas. Altogether there were nine hundred and fifty persons on board. Mrs. Baxter believes for and claims the ultimate salvation of all of them, on the authority of the text, "Believe on the Lord Jesus and thou shalt be saved, and thy house," and, "Lo, God hath given thee all them that sail with thee" (Acts 16: 31; 27: 24). She considers that the ship may be regarded for the time being as the house,

Reaching New York at 9 A.M. Saturday, we did not get out of the Custom House until 3 P.M., for each passenger has to go in turn before the Custom House officials—a most tedious process. I had to pay \$125 duty on \$500 worth of books and pamphlets. An Englishman indoctrinated with free-trade ideas feels it a grievance that the United States should tax English goods when England admits American goods free of duty. It may conduce to the prosperity of the country, but the English arrival makes a wry face over his loss of money. Some of the eight-day passage Cunard steamers start always on Saturday from Liverpool, and arrive at the New York Custom House on Sunday morning, and the passengers do not all pass through the Custom House till three or four o'clock in the afternoon.

NEW YORK,

containing one and a half million people, looks to a stranger like a large island nearly two miles wide and twelve miles long, nearly all built over. The long suspension bridge which connects New York with Brooklyn is an engineering marvel. Some of the buildings in both cities are eleven stories high. The bright red brick of many of the edifices, and the quantity of large gilt letters on the buildings, is very noticeable, and the general aspect is much more like Continental than English cities.

On Sunday morning, September 20th, I heard Dr. Talmage preach a most eloquent and impressive sermon to an overflowing congregation in his Tabernacle, which is an immense amphitheatre. After the service many went up to shake hands with him. In the afternoon, after dining with Dr. Talmage, I went to the American

SALVATION ARMY HALL,

in Washington Street, Brooklyn. There was a well-dressed audience there, but even working-men in America can afford to have a black cloth coat, and are better off than in England.* This is the headquarters of General Moore's incorporated American Salvation Army, numbering about one hundred stations in America. He was once a major in General Booth's American contingent of the Salvation Army, but he disconnected himself altogether from the Booths, and is now the head of this organization, which has its *War Cry*, and is called the Salvation Army. At the same time Commissioner Frank Smith has the headquarters of a branch of the English Salvation Army near the Battery, in New York, and is also said to have nearly one hundred stations. America is so big a country that there is room for both of these armies to live together in harmony, like the millennial lamb and lion. General Moore believes in and administers believers' baptism and the Lord's Supper, neither of which ordinances are observed in the other Army.

On the following Tuesday we travelled to

BUFFALO,

a city of two hundred thousand inhabitants, four hundred and twenty-four miles from New York, at the other end of New York State. The railway accomplished the journey in eleven hours, with very few stoppages. A sumptuous dinner and supper is furnished in a dining-car during the journey. The houses outside the business part of Buffalo are generally detached from one another and scattered over a considerable space of ground, so the city is from two to three miles long. We stayed at Miss Carrie F. Judd's Faith Home. There is no hall holding more than three hundred persons to be rented in Buffalo, except the Y. M. C. A. hall, which seats five hundred; but this is used on Sunday afternoons, and was not allowed to be let for prophetic pre-millennial lectures.

I proceeded on Thursday to

HAMILTON, CANADA

West, a town of thirty-five thousand people, and engaged the Opera House for \$25, for the following Sunday. The advertising in the news-

* Mr. Baxter will doubtless find some one in the course of his travels who will explain this fact, which seems to have impressed him, by tracing for him the connection between it and his experience in the Custom House.—ED.

papers and by posters and handbills cost another \$25, and the Sunday collections came to \$30. The building seats eleven hundred people, and large audiences were present. I observed the Salvation Army procession, with a drum and concertina, out of doors numbered twenty in the morning and forty in the evening. They have two halls in Hamilton. The city is very quiet on Sundays, and the people attend churches well.

ANECDOTES RELATED AT THE EVANGELISTIC MEETINGS IN SCOTLAND.

The Locality of Hell.—At a Recent Meeting Mr. Baxter narrated: "A woman in the east of Glasgow said to me, 'Mr. Baxter, I wish you could answer me one question which I have asked many times, but no one can answer me.' 'If you tell me what it is, perhaps I shall be able,' I replied. 'Well, it is this: Can you tell me where hell is?' 'I believe there is a hell in the sinner's own heart,' I rejoined, 'for sin and hell are so closely allied that you cannot separate them, for how shall we escape if we neglect so great salvation?' 'Jesus only can save and great sinners.'

From a Garret to Glory.—Mr. J. G. Forbes remarked: "I used to visit a poor aged woman who lived in a garret, yet I need not say that she was rich in the Lord. Although there was not a whole pane in the window, and many other discomforts were around her, yet she was always happy. Many a blessed hour I spent, as I sat by her side and read to her God's Word, for she was bedridden and could not read it for herself. 'Oh, how blessed! how blessed!' she used to exclaim as I read some of the precious promises. And when at length she was called to be with God, as she was passing away her last words were, 'Happy, happy, happy.'

Striking the Lord Jesus.—Mr. Mabon observed: "I was speaking to a man the other day, and when trying to explain the way of life to him, I said: 'Supposing every time you went into the house you lifted your hand and struck your mother, could people say you loved that mother?' 'No, sir.' 'If every time you went among your companions you began to curse and swear, would any one say you loved God?' 'No, sir.' 'My friend,' I said, 'every time we sin against God we are lifting our hand to strike the Lord Jesus. You must get to your knees and cry, 'Against Thee, Thee only, have I sinned.' 'Thank God, the burden rolled away, light was thrown on his darkened soul, and he went away rejoicing in the Lord.'

A Lost Field of Gold.—Mr. Ferrie said: "Forty years ago there was a man in Southern Africa who bought a piece of land for farming purposes. But he was disappointed, for the soil was not good; nothing would grow upon it. He was told that there was gold ore in his land, and he made great excavations, but finding this also fruitless work, he sold the land for a trifling sum. The company who purchased it had more faith than he had, for they dug deeper, and were soon rewarded by finding it indeed a very wealthy piece of land. They brought up the rich ore by the ton. When this came to the previous owner's knowledge, he actually gnashed with his teeth, when he thought of what he had lost. Friend, take timely warning; you who have accepted and then thrown away God's offered gift, thinking it was of no value, are like the man who gave up his field of gold; you will gnash with your teeth when you think of what you have lost forever."

A Young Man's Darkness Dispelled.—The Rev. Mr. Ewing related: "I was speaking to a young man lately about eternal and spiritual concerns. He had got very easily into the light of the Gospel, but shortly afterward it was succeeded by cloud after cloud of darkness coming over him. When speaking to me of this trying experience, he said: 'I would rather be horse-whipped than again go through this terrible torture.' For a long time I could not get a passage of Scripture that would yield him any comfort. At length I spoke to him about Geth-

semane, and told him that Christ had to go through the same temptations and the same terrible agony of soul, and what was necessary for Christ was surely necessary for him. It seemed never to have appeared to him in that light before, for he said: "I always knew that Christ wore the crown of thorns for me, and that He died for me, but I never thought of Him going through this terrible agony of soul for me." I told him that Christ's mental sufferings were far worse than His physical sufferings, great as they were. This brought peace and joy back to his soul, knowing that Christ had suffered in the same way for and before him. Dear friends, let us ever remember that temptation is a divine dispensation."

One of 374 Recruits for Jesus.—The Rev. Mr. Fullerton reported: "We have had many interesting cases in connection with Mr. Hammond's meetings, which were held in my church, of which I shall give one. A little girl of about twelve years of age came into the meeting. She went home, and instead of going into the apartment where her godly mother was, crept into a private sleeping apartment. By and by the mother missed her child, and going in search of her, she found Tibbie on her knees wrestling with her soul. When her mother entered she turned and said: 'Oh, mother, what shall I do? What shall I do? I can get no peace.' The mother did what she could to soothe the awakened and anxious girl, and Tibbie came to the meeting the next night and gave herself to Jesus, and she is now happy and rejoicing in the Lord. I may add that three hundred and seventy-four in all, in my church have professed to give themselves to Christ during the week of meeting."

Turning Point in a Jew's Life.—The Rev. Mr. Gault narrated: "I heard of a very interesting case in London of a man who was a bigoted Jew. He went to Ramsgate, where, on the beach one day, he met with a gentleman who spoke to him and told him that he himself was at one time a Jew, but that he was now a Christian. When the Jew heard this he became very angry, calling the 'gentleman a turncoat and many other disagreeable things; but from that time he was restless and unhappy. He went to the Continent, and when there he entered a Jewish synagogue. The officials, seeing that he was only a poor man, gave him a seat among the paupers. The man became indignant at such treatment, and went out. On his way from the synagogue he came to a German Protestant Church, which he entered. They spoke kindly to him, and provided him with a Bible and Psalm-book. 'Ah,' he thought, 'this is not unlike the things that I hear that Jesus did.' This was the turning point of that man's life; he acknowledged that Jesus was the promised Messiah, and accepted Him as his Saviour. He returned to England, and is now in a respectable position, and is a true worshipper of the Lord Jesus Christ."

A Converted Van-Driver's Conquest.—The Rev. Mr. McNeil related: "Not long ago a man told me the difficulties he had to step over before he became a Christian. He was a van-driver, and this is what he said: 'When I went my rounds in the morning the first place I called at was that of a man who used to say, "I will toss you." I had previously been as willing for it as he was, and whoever lost had to pay for a glass of whiskey for both. This practice was carried on for years, until one night I went into an evangelistic meeting, where I was deeply impressed, and stayed until the after-meeting. A gentleman came and spoke to me, but I did not hear a word he said, for my thoughts were running to the morning, when I should have to meet with the man with whom I was in the habit of drinking, and how could I tell him I had given it up? The devil was bringing up all manner of hindrances and obstacles, but the Lord gave me grace to overcome them all, and decide for Him that very night. On the following morning I made my first call with a trembling heart. The first words when I entered the first shop were,

"I'll toss you." "No," I said, "I decided for the Lord last night; I have done with all that," and I walked from the shop, thinking how easy it had been." The Lord was by His weak servant's side to give him grace in the hour of need and trial."

THE TWO RESURRECTIONS.

By Rev. Charles Graham.

Distinction between the Resurrection of the Just and the Unjust—What is Implied in It?—Christ's Own Resurrection as a Pledge—The Moral Fitness Requisite for the First Resurrection—The End for which Paul Lived—The Second Resurrection at the End of the Millennium.

The resurrection of the dead has ever been the hope of the people of God. While repeatedly mentioning both resurrections at the same time, Holy Scripture emphatically makes

A DISTINCTION

between the resurrection of the just and of the unjust. Thus our Lord declares to the Jews, "The hour is coming in which all that are in the graves shall hear His voice, and shall come forth, they that have done good unto the resurrection of life, and they that have done evil unto the resurrection of damnation" (judgment crisis*) (John 6: 28, 29).

WHAT IS IMPLIED.

The believer is "quickened together with Christ"—that is, he has received into his soul the resurrection life of the Lord Jesus. This secures the resurrection of his body. "If we believe that Jesus died and rose again, even so them also that sleep in Jesus will God bring with Him" (1 Thess. 4: 14). "The Church is His body, the complement of Him that filleth all in all." Hence the declaration of the prophet, "They dead men shall live, my dead body shall they arise. Awake and sing, ye that dwell in the dust; for thy dew is as the dew of the herbs, and the earth shall cast out the dead" (Isa. 26: 19). In quoting this passage we omit the italics, which brings us into harmony with Eph. 1: 23. It is clear that these words are addressed to those who shall form part of the first resurrection; for only such dwellers in the dust shall awake to sing. To deceased tyrants who shall have no part in that resurrection there is also in the context a distinct allusion.

THE RESURRECTION OF CHRIST

Himself as the first-fruit is a pledge of the harvest; and "the harvest is the end of the age." "Now is Christ risen from the dead and become the first-fruit of them that slept." The sleepers are the righteous (1 Thess. 4: 14). It is only of such Christ could be the first-fruit. The wicked shall be raised by His power, but it will be in the end of His millennial kingdom.

The selective character and distinctiveness of the resurrection of the righteous is evident from the fact of its

DEPENDENCE ON MORAL FITNESS.

Our blessed Lord declares, "They who shall be accounted worthy to obtain that world and the resurrection from the dead, neither marry nor are given in marriage; neither can they die any more, for they are equal unto the angels, and are the children of God, being the children of the resurrection." Their title to this resurrection "from the dead" is that they are children of God (Luke 20: 35, 36). This was the end for which Paul lived and labored, that he might attain to the resurrection from the dead (Phil. 3: 11).

In Holy Scriptures the coming of the Lord to set up His kingdom and the resurrection of His people are inseparably connected. To comfort the Thessalonian mourners, who thought the day of Christ had come, and that their relatives who slept in Him would not share with them in His kingdom, he says: "This we say unto you by the Word of the Lord, that we who are alive and remain unto the coming of the Lord, shall not come before them who are asleep" (1 Thess. 4: 15-18).

* Into that crisis the believer shall not come.—JOHN 5: 24.

AN ERRONEOUS OPINION.

These Scriptures are clearly against the view of those who teach that there will be no resurrection of the dead until after the Millennium. As this view, though diminishing in the number of its adherents, is still prevalent, it may be well to adduce additional Scripture evidence on the subject. The hope of the Church for nearly the entire of the three first centuries was resurrection glory with Christ. But when the world took the Church under its patronage, the Church began to think the Millennium had already dawned, and began to spiritualize such Scriptures as Rev. 20: 4. Her spiritualizing—that is, her emulating interpretations of such Scriptures—set in with her own causality.

In the Millennial Kingdom, as we have seen, Christ will reign until He shall have put all enemies under His feet. Then as the man Christ Jesus, He will deliver up the kingdom to God the Father, and God will be all in all. Will it be when He has delivered up the kingdom He will come to raise His sleeping saints and change the living ones?

SHALL WE BEGIN TO REIGN

with Him when He has delivered up His kingdom? Or will He reign in a glorified body and His saints in a disembodied state, reign with Him?—that is, shall they reign while death reigns over them? Shall the apostles sit on twelve thrones judging the twelve tribes of Israel while death will hold their bodies in the grave, and when there will be no twelve tribes to judge? Nay, nay; Dan. 7 shows us that when Christ takes the kingdom the saints will take it with Him, and they will not take it disembodied.

A marked distinction between the first and second resurrection is that those who arise in the first resurrection appear before the judgment-seat (Bema); but those who shall arise in the second resurrection, the resurrection of the unjust, appear before the great white throne. The believer is never said to stand before the throne for judgment; when Christ takes the throne he is enthroned with Him: "He that overcometh shall sit with me on my throne, as I also overcame and am set down with my Father on His throne."

In Rev. 20: 4 John sees the martyrs living and reigning with Christ. They are kings and priests unto God.

"THIS IS THE FIRST RESURRECTION."

Now, the rest of the dead live not again till the thousand years are finished. In this resurrection the sea, and the grave give up their dead. If we make the first resurrection figurative, we must make the second figurative also. Then as the result we have no resurrection either at the beginning or end of the Millennium.

I suppose there is no one who expects the Millennium to come before the seven angels (Rev. 8: 2) have sounded their trumpets. It is after their doing so that John sees the thrones occupied and the thousand years introduced. But it is when the seventh angel has sounded that the dead arise, and the time comes to give reward to prophets and saints, and to them that fear the Lord, both small and great (Rev. 11: 15-18).

It is not easy to see how any one, in the language of the Creed, can look for the resurrection of the dead and the life of the world to come, who does not believe that either he or any one else shall rise till a thousand years, which have not yet commenced, shall have passed away.

THE RESURRECTION OF THE UNJUST

will be to condemnation, to shame, and everlasting contempt. They shall go away to everlasting punishment; they shall be cast into the lake of fire, which is the second death. How ought these awful statements to wake up your utmost zeal and energy to rescue sinners from this eternal judgment and lead them to Christ for salvation! And in the prospect of the end of all things being at hand, how ought we ourselves to live that we may be found by the Lord without spot and blameless at His appearing?

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The thanks of the publishers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD are tendered to the subscribers who have expressed a wish to introduce the paper to their friends. As in former years, a concession in terms will be made in order to render this kindly project as light a burden as circumstances will permit. Any subscriber may have THE CHRISTIAN HERALD mailed every week to any address in the United States or Canada, from Oct. 1st to the end of the year, by sending twenty-five cents to this office. The large quantity of direct Christian teaching contained in fourteen numbers of the paper has only to be realized in order to recommend this low offer to the acceptance of all Christians desiring the increased circulation of religious literature. The publishers are encouraged to make the concession by the large response a similar offer brought last year, and by the letters of hearty thanks which were afterward received from persons too poor to subscribe for themselves, and from unconvinced persons to whom God had blessed its perusal.

CURRENT EVENTS.

Why We Have No Navy in Spite of the Large sums voted by every Congress for its construction will be understood by any one who studies the report issued by the Naval Board last week respecting the cost of one vessel. The lengthy document is thus summarized by the New York Times: "The old Mohican was repaired at the Mare Island Navy Yard by the novel process of constructing an entirely new vessel without authority of law on a totally different plan from that of the old one. There being no appropriation for the construction of a new vessel the process dragged along over a period of *thirteen years*, during which several changes were made in the plan of the vessel, and material already rotting from exposure was replaced with new. The ship was fitted with second-hand rigging designed for a larger vessel, and one set of boilers had to be taken out and replaced by another of a different type. When the botch work was completed it had cost some \$200,000 more than such a vessel might have been built for." If the business of the Navy Department has been conducted on that principle throughout, there need be no surprise that the money has vanished with no visible results.

The Republican Candidate for the Governorship of New York issued his letter of acceptance last week. As it was generally assumed that the candidate was himself the platform of the party, his letter was the subject of considerable interest, especially to the Independents, who have now resumed their relations to the party. His statement of his political faith is unequivocal, and, if he should be elected, he will be sharply reminded of it if his conduct is not consistent with this document. On the subject of Civil Service Reform, which in this State is the prominent issue, he says: "I believe in Civil Service Reform, and welcome any action by any official, Federal or State, which shows a sincere purpose to promote and establish it. When it comes to be thoroughly understood and its methods perfected I am confident that it will commend itself to the people through the improvement of

their official service and the purification of their political life." He advocates the suspension of the silver coinage, and on the vexed question of capital and labor urges such "legislation as may be required to give to active and intelligent labor, as well as capital, its just reward, and the laboring man his full share in the national prosperity." Precisely what legislation Mr. Davenport would advise he omits to state. Such legislation is urgently needed, but we are not likely to have it while the voters elect liquor-dealers and prize-fighters instead of statesmen to legislate for them.

A Committee of the Legislature of New York has been sitting in the city during the past week conducting an investigation respecting the licensing of disreputable resorts. It has for a long time been a puzzle to respectable people to understand how men who are known to be burglars, and other degraded men obtain licenses to sell liquor and keep places of entertainment to which criminals and abandoned women resort. Some light was shed on the question by one of the Licensing Commissioners, who said that in a city like this a great diversity of amusements is required. "The laborer, mechanic, and artisan had a right to seek inexpensive pleasure in places like the *one under consideration*. Foreigners came here with tastes and habits that could not be despised, and a concert garden, a dancing hall, or a sparring resort, if properly and orderly conducted, ought not to be denied a license. Persons who enjoy that kind of amusement should have an opportunity to get it in proper places." The place "under consideration" is a notorious resort of vile people of both sexes, decorated with lewd pictures, and the entertainment consists of obscene songs and conversation of the filthiest description. While a Commissioner who sees no harm in such places holds office, reformers despair of purifying the city.

Rioting Street-Car Drivers Caused a Disturbance in St. Louis, Mo., last week. A large number of men are on strike in that city, and on Thursday and Friday they made up organized bands of about forty men each, and stopped traffic. They opened the switches and turned the cars over, and in some cases completely demolished them. Already two lives have been lost in the riots. On Thursday rioters beat a driver to death, and on Friday one of the strikers was shot by a policeman, who saw him cutting the harness and molesting the officers on duty. The riots have caused a serious injury to business in the city, and the merchants have now made an attempt to arbitrate between the companies and the men on strike.

The Murderers of the Chinese Miners at Rock Springs, Wyoming, appear likely to escape punishment. The Grand Jury at that place has found "no bill" in their case. The matter is to be carried into the United States Courts, but the result will probably be the same if it is tried in that section. If they are allowed to escape, the whole nation will be disgraced in the eyes of the civilized world. The outrage was cowardly, brutal, and inexcusable, for the Chinese were engaged in lawful callings, and offered no provocation to their assailants.

The Small-Pox Scourge in Montreal Showed no abatement of its violence last week, and the infection is spreading in St. Clet and Waterloo. The deaths for the first nine days of this month were 374 in Montreal, 30 in St. Jean Baptiste, 21 in Cote St. Louis, 17 in Ste. Cunegonde, 14 in Ste. Henri—a total of 456 for the district. There were 51 deaths on Saturday for the whole district, or one more than the previous day. The health reports show upward of 15,000 persons vaccinated during September, and among the French there appears to be a slight increase in the desire to profit from the protection. Two hospitals, which cost \$250,000, were opened last week, and formally dedicated. Ministers and Roman Catholic priests are urging the people to be vaccinated, and an American clergyman, the Rev. John Nichols, pastor of the American Presbyterian Church, announced from

his pulpit lately that he would vaccinate all who applied. He met applicants at St. Mark's Hall, which he hired for that purpose, and reported that he had vaccinated three hundred persons. Having done all that is possible in that part of the city, he now offers his services as a public vaccinator.

The Funeral of the Earl of Shaftesbury took place on Thursday last. The religious services were held in Westminster Abbey. Hundreds of poor people stood outside the Abbey in a drechning rain during the entire time, being unable to get inside of the edifice, which was densely packed with mourners for the noble philanthropist. A large number of *shoeblacks*, with *crap bands* on their arms, and many other boys who had benefited by the charitable acts of the deceased, stood in the Abbey side by side with a distinguished gathering.

Mr. Parnell's Demands for Ireland Were plainly formulated on October 5th, in a remarkable speech delivered at a Parliamentary Convention held in Wicklow. He demands legislative independence for Ireland with the power of protecting Irish industries by a tariff, if an Irish Parliament deemed that course advantageous to the interests of the nation. Certain passages in his speech have led to the inference that he has come to an understanding with Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Chamberlain, and has received definite promises of concessions in the event of a Liberal victory at the polls.

The Roumelian Difficulty Has Not Been solved by the Conference of Diplomats at Constantinople. The two weeks' delay which has occurred, has, however, allowed national passions to cool, and rendered war less probable. The attitude of Serbia, which is threatening, is the most dangerous element in the problem. She demands an increase of territory to balance the accession to Bulgaria. Austria is avowedly the opponent of Russia in this matter, and as she has the support of Germany, it is expected that Russia will be reluctant to make any move in the direction of war. The situation still occasions apprehension to European statesmen.

The Trial of Mr. Stead, the Editor of the Pall Mall Gazette, on the charge of abduction, is set down for hearing on October 20th. It is estimated that the defence will entail an expenditure of \$35,000. The Methodist churches of Great Britain have displayed their sympathy with the defendants by subscribing \$12,500 toward a defence fund, and will probably contribute further. Now that the full report of the preliminary proceedings before the magistrate have been received, the suspicion is confirmed that Mr. Stead is being prosecuted not for the offence with which he is charged, but for offending persons in high official position. It is not pretended that the girl abducted suffered any harm at his hands. The Salisbury Cabinet have covered themselves with infamy in initiating the prosecution. It may be hoped now that a full disclosure will be made, no matter whom it may hurt.

The French Elections Have had a Result little short of revolution. The party of M. Gambetta which for more than eight years has ruled France, was hopelessly beaten. Instead of holding a strong and powerful majority in the Chambers, it is now a comparatively small and ineffective minority. Second elections have to take place in some two hundred districts where no choice was made, but the Opportunists cannot recover their ascendancy. Practically, there are but two parties now in the Legislature, the Monarchists and the Radicals. The Opportunists or moderate Republicans, may still obtain concessions if they hold together, but that is doubtful, and in any case, M. Clemenceau and his followers will dictate Republican policy in opposition to the Monarchists. The prevalent opinion is that the Opportunist failure was due to the disgust of the people at the ridiculous meddling of the Government in Madagascar and Tonquin. If the moderate Republicans combine with the Radicals, a restoration of the monarchy may still be prevented.

Subscriptions to the Fund for Supplying colored ministers in the South with THE CHRISTIAN HERALD have been received to the amount of \$4. From "Subscriber," \$2; Newark, N. J., \$1; Davenport, Ia., \$1.

The Letters for Mrs. Baxter Received at this office have been duly forwarded to her, but her engagements since her arrival have been so numerous that she has been unable to reply to all of them. She desires us to thank her correspondents for their communications, and to express her regret that she has not had time to acknowledge them personally. Some letters contained requests for prayer; those received her careful attention, and they were also remembered at the daily prayer-meetings at Barabach.

A Convention for Christian Life. Divine healing, and evangelistic work will be held next week in Philadelphia, from Tuesday, October 20th, to Friday, October 23d. Three sessions will be held each day. Those in the mornings will be held in the Kenuel Home, 127 South Twelfth Street, at 10 A.M. The afternoon and evening sessions will be at the Institute Hall, north-east corner of Eighteenth and Chestnut streets, at 3 P.M. and 7:30 P.M. Full particulars, with lists and terms of boarding places, may be obtained by addressing Mr. G. W. McCalla, 813 Arch Street, Philadelphia. Pa. Mrs. Baxter, Miss Carrie F. Judd, the Rev. A. B. Simpson, Dr. Clift, and others are expected to take part in the meetings. In another column will be found an invitation from Buffalo to a Christian Convention in that city during the following week. It is signed by Miss Carrie F. Judd, who personally and by her work has won the Christian affection of thousands of our readers.

Messrs. Mateer and Parker, Mr. Spurgeon's evangelists, have been holding revival services at Brookfield, Mass., on the conclusion of the Moody meetings at that place, at which Mr. Parker sang the solos. On October 4th a series of successful services at West Brookfield was brought to a close, during which many souls were brought to the Saviour each night. Last Sunday they commenced services at Ansonia, Conn., for the success of which they earnestly desire the prayers of all Christians.

A Temperance Mission in Hackensack, N. J., was conducted last week by Messrs. Mabey and English with great success. A dispatch from that city says: "The evangelists have in twelve days six hundred names signed to pledges. The success of the movement has been a great surprise to everybody in the town. Men, women, and children have become enthusiastic in the work, and flaunt the red ribbon conspicuously wherever they go. Judges, lawyers, physicians, business men, temperance men, moderate drinkers, and drunkards are all represented on the roll. A reform club has been organized, with a New York broker as President, and having on its roll many leading citizens of the town. This body is expected to continue the work upon the departure of Mabey and English."

The Explosion of Hell Gate on Saturday last was a notable engineering feat, and the most gigantic mining blast of modern times. Nine acres of solid rock were blown into the air in a moment by the single touch of an electric key from the hand of a child. The dangerous reef which blocked the East River until 1876, and was the dread of every mariner approaching New York Harbor from Long Island Sound, was partially destroyed nine years ago by the blowing up of Hallett's Point. Since then the work of dredging has gone forward, opening the channel for the passage of vessels. But Flood Rock remained a source of danger. Mining operations have been during these years steadily prosecuted, until four miles of galleries had been excavated and holes drilled in their roofs to receive the cartridges. On Friday last no less than two hundred and eighty-three thousand pounds of rackerock and dynamite had been distributed in these holes and connected with an electric battery. On Saturday morning thousands of people lined the banks of the river to witness the explosion for which so many years had been

spent in preparation. On the Astoria bank, a thousand feet away from the perforated rock, stood General Newton with a few friends and his twelve-year-old daughter, who, when a mere baby, nine years ago, sent the spark that blew up the Hallett Rock. He deftly connected the wires communicating with the explosives to the keyboard, and pointing to a little button told the child to press it. She did so, and in an instant the ground under their feet shook, and looking out toward Flood Rock they saw a writhing wall of white and silver and gray. Fifty gigantic geyers, linked together by shivering, twisting masses of spray, soared upward, their shining pinnacles, with dome-like summits, looming like shattered floods of molten silver against the azure sky. Three magnificent monuments of solid water sprang far above the rest of the mass, the most westerly of them still rising after all else had begun to fall, till it towered nearly two hundred feet in air. The reef was broken into fragments, which will soon be removed, and vessels will pass, with twenty-six feet of water under them, over the dreaded spot where Hell Gate stood. We are now nearing a period in the world's history when there will be a convulsion of nature of which this colossal explosion is a feeble type (Rev. 16: 15-20).

An Attempt to Predict Tornadoes is Being made by the Signal Service. A Washington, D. C., journal says: "The phenomena of tornadoes, to the scientific study of which Lieutenant John P. Finley, of the Signal Corps, has devoted about eight years, are now so well understood as to warrant the belief that trustworthy warnings may soon be sent out to the inhabitants of localities which may be threatened with disastrous visitations. Daily predictions are, in fact, being made at present, having begun last year and continued during the tornado season, and resumed recently upon the return of Lieutenant Finley from an inspection tour in the West. The percentage of verifications is already gratifying, though the predictions are as yet largely experimental, and are embodied in the daily published bulletins of the Signal Office only when the conditions favorable to the creation of tornadoes are very pronounced. In such cases 'severe local storms' are noted as probable." The intelligence is very welcome, and every one will heartily wish the lieutenant success. Timely warnings, if they are recognized as trustworthy, will save many lives every year. Happily people do not treat warnings of physical danger as they do the warnings of spiritual peril. The latter are very clear and unmistakable, but comparatively few heed them and fly to the refuge provided (Heb. 6: 18).

The Sale of a Lady's Hair Led to Reunion with her husband recently. The head of a large firm of hair importers in Philadelphia informed a reporter of the Times of that city last week, that a romantic reunion had just been achieved through his business. The firm were in quest of a switch of hair of a peculiar shade required by a fashionable lady to conceal the ravages time had made in her appearance. The hair was difficult to obtain, and having tried ordinary methods the firm advertised for it. Soon afterward a lady, young and beautiful, but shabbily dressed, came to see if her hair would match. It did so exactly, and she agreed to sell it. She wept when it was cut off, saying that it used to be her husband's pride, but he was dead, having been drowned four years before in a shipwreck off the coast of Africa, and she and her child were starving. She had wandered from city to city seeking employment without success, and only as a last resource she had brought herself to sell her hair for bread. The hair importer was sorry for her, and thinking to bring her case before the charitable public, procured its publication in the newspapers. Shortly afterward a tall, bearded man came to the office and eagerly inquired for the lady who had sold her hair. She was his wife, he said. He had been shipwrecked, but had been saved. He was detained among the savages, and when he did succeed in getting home his wife had disappeared, and he

had been seeking her vainly until he saw her story in the newspapers. He was sent to his wife, and their reunion was a pathetic scene. Thus the sacrifice which had cost the wife so bitter a pang proved the stepping-stone to unexpected happiness. This was a mere coincidence, but the experienced Christian knows that, in his case, self-sacrifice has often led to blessing. Indeed, it is only when all he holds dear is given up to his Lord's will that he learns the fulness of the Saviour's love (Phil. 3: 8).

A Kiss that Cost a Life was Given by a Young man at Bloomingdale, N. J., on October 4th. The young lady to whom he was engaged was going on a visit to some friends, and her lover went to the railroad depot to see her off. He remained on the car talking with her until the signal to start was given. He stayed to take her in his arms and imprint one long, loving kiss on her lips, and then ran to the car platform and jumped off. But he had waited too long. The train had attained considerable speed, and as he alighted he reeled and fell. He was dragged under the cars and mangled in a frightful manner. The young lady did not learn that her lover's long adieu had cost him his life until the next day, when she received a telegram at the house of her friends announcing his death. He is not the first man by thousands who has learned that there are times when a moment's delay may prove fatal. One of Satan's most successful temptations is to persuade men that another time will do as well as the present to separate from the world and decide for Christ. Probably few people in Gospel lands expect to be lost; they intend to repent and be converted after cleaving to the world a little longer. Very often procrastination involves the loss of eternal life (Luke 9: 61, 62).

A Driver's Embarrassing Experience Caused some amusement in a crowded street recently. A New Hampshire journal says that on market day a farmer was seen driving through Concord guiding his spirited horse with one hand, while he held a big sheep in his wagon with the other hand. As he reached the corner of Main Street the sheep kicked violently, and the horse turning suddenly at the same time the whole establishment was tipped over and piled up in a heap in the road. The driver observed, as he rubbed the dust out of his eyes, "I'd rather go to a wedding than take that sheep home." The bystanders helped him to right his wagon and reload his sheep, and he got out of town without further accident. The farmer's position is a type of the spiritual experience of some Christians who have not learned how to deal with their old nature. Many a deplorable spiritual fall has come to converted men, especially to men converted in middle life, when sinful habits have grown strong, which might have been averted if, instead of trying to control their passions themselves, they had gone to Jesus for strength (Rom. 8: 3).

A Couple were Married at a Fair, for a prize, recently, at Onondaga, N. Y. A local journal says: "In response to the offer of a prize, a couple mounted a high platform, and were married in presence of assembled and hurrahing thousands. Cheering and laughable exclamations broke out at the various points in the ceremony, embarrassing the minister very much. Finally it was over, and the fair bride was kissed by the groom and six groomsmen, fourteen reporters, and more than twenty-five men who had taken prizes." It was an incongruous beginning to the serious duties of married life—the climax, so far as we have reached yet, to the tendency to regard the entrance upon the solemn obligations of matrimony as a joke. The same journal suggests, with grim pleasantry, that next year the managers of the fair should vary the programme by offering a prize to any one who will die on the grounds. That would be a matter still further removed from the sphere of joking, but the carelessness commonly displayed in rightly preparing for that momentous event, which lies before every one, proves that the gravity of that also is not generally realized (Ps. 39: 4).

"BEHOLD, HE PRAYETH."

A New Sermon by Pastor C. H. Spurgeon.

"Enquire in the house of Judas for one called Saul, of Tarsus: for, behold, he prayeth."—ACTS 9. 11.

Prayer the Hall-mark of Conversion—The Autograph of the Holy Ghost—Its Significance in Saul's Case—I. Implied that He had never Prayed Before—Real Prayer Spiritual—Consistent with Character—Must be Humble—The Good-enough Family—II. A Remarkable Thing for Him to Pray—Hard for Him—What was Needed to Make Him Pray—III. Yet He did Pray—IV. His Prayer Accepted—God Answers It—The First and Last Prayer.

THESE words are the hall-mark of genuine conversion. "Behold, he prayeth" is a sure witness of a man's conversion than, "Behold, he singeth," or, "Behold, he readeth the Scripture," or, "Behold, he preacheth." These things may be admirably done by men who are not regenerate; but if, in God's sense of the term, a man really *prays*, we may know of a surety that he has passed from death unto life. True prayer is a sure evidence of spiritual quickening; the Holy Ghost has put spiritual life into the heart of the man who prays; for prayer is the breath of heavenly life.

Prayer is the outcome of that sense of need which arises from the new life; a man would not pray to God if he did not feel that he had urgent need of blessings which only the Lord can bestow. While expressing his sense of need, and appealing to God for help, the praying man gives evidence of being at peace with his Lord, and cured of his natural alienation. He who prays trusts, and thus reveals the faith which saves. Prayer is

THE AUTOGRAPH OF THE HOLY GHOST upon the renewed heart. Prayer is also an admirable form of communion with God; and as the carnal mind can have no fellowship with God, it becomes the token of regeneration, the evidence of adoption. He that prays has some knowledge of God, some acquaintance with the great Invisible. The habit of private prayer, and the constant practice of heart-fellowship with the Most High, are the surest indicators of the work of the Holy Spirit upon the heart. When it can be said of a man, "Behold, he prayeth," the seal of the great King is upon him, he bears the indorsement of the Searcher of hearts. Hence the Lord gave to Ananias this sure indication that Saul of Tarsus was a converted man, by saying to him, "Behold, he prayeth."

I. We will begin our discourse with the following observation: this expression concerning Saul of Tarsus is remarkable, for it implies that he had

NEVER PRAYED BEFORE.

"Behold, he prayeth" could hardly be spoken of one who had been accustomed to pray in former days. This is very striking, for Saul was a Pharisee, and therefore a man who habitually repeated prayers. Pharisees boasted of the regularity, number, and length of their prayers. Perhaps there had never been a day in Saul's life from the time in which he was conscious, in which he had not gone through his prayers. Many devout Jews spent nine hours a day in prayer; for they occupied an hour in actual supplication, and sat still for an hour before and an hour after prayer; and this was done three times a day. Pharisees offered prayer, not only in the temple and in the synagogue, but even at the corners of the streets where they could be seen of men. Whatever the quality of their praying might be, there was plenty of it in quantity. If any fact was in public evidence so that nobody could deny it, it was that Saul of Tarsus had been much in prayer; and therefore it is the more striking that the Lord Himself should say to Ananias, concerning this constantly devout Pharisee, "Behold, he prayeth."

I want to push this fact home upon some who are present with us this morning; I mean those who in a formal manner have always prayed and yet have never spiritually prayed. Your mother taught you a form of prayer; this form you repeated all through your childhood and your

youth; at this moment you are most regular in bowing the knee, both morning and evening; and yet no single prayer may ever have risen from your heart to the heart of God. You go constantly to your place of worship, you are diligently observant of every Christian ordinance, you join in the responses, or you bow your head and listen in silence to the extemporary utterance of your minister, and therefore you suppose that you pray; and yet it may be a vain supposition. If any one were to say that you had not prayed, you would be very angry; and yet it is possible that such a statement would be strictly true. How much I long that to-day, for the first time, you may in real earnest cry unto the Lord God, and cause Him to bear witness that now indeed you pray! You will then think little of all your heartless

REPETITIONS OF PRAYER;

and you will cry to God for the Holy Spirit who helpeth our infirmities, since we know not what we should pray for as we ought.

I have told you that the Pharisees were noted for their prayers, and therefore it seems the more singular that the Lord should announce that Saul of Tarsus had now begun to pray. Yet it was so; he was now offering his first real prayer. That prayer of the Pharisee which we read just now from the eighteenth chapter of Luke was meant for prayer, but there is not a particle of prayer in it. He did not ask for anything; he did not confess a necessity, nor plead a promise; he did not seek mercy, nor mention propitiation. His formal thanksgiving was stained with proud self-esteem, and it was more the boast of vanity than the request of humility. Much of what is called prayer is the husk, and not the kernel, of prayer. One sentence of true heart-pleading, such as, "God be merciful to me a sinner," is worth volumes of mere lip-service. Real prayer

MUST BE SPIRITUAL;

and Saul's prayers had not been such before. Words are but the body of devotion: the confession of sin, the longing for mercy, the groaning for grace—these are the soul and spirit of prayer. A man may have repeated the choicest words, and these may have been the outward embodiment of true prayer, because his heart went with them; but, on the other hand, he may have used equally select expressions, and may not have prayed at all; for there may have been in him no stirring of the heart toward God. I reckon that those prayers which cannot be expressed in language are often the most deep and fervent. When desires are so weighty that they burden our words and even crush them down, then are they most prevalent with God. There is power in that solemn silence which is "*Frost of the mouth, but thaw of the mind*," when the soul flows with strong current in a deep and hidden bed till it reaches the heart of God, and prevails with Him. You may, if you like, praise God with organs, as the English do, or you may pray to God with windmills, as the Tartars do—the things are very much alike, as I believe—but your praising and your praying will not be measured by the heaving of the bellows, nor by the revolution of the sails; they will be measured only by the heart-work which was in them.

Next to this, Saul had never prayed a single right prayer of the kind which the Lord can accept. Saul hitherto had not known the Lord Jesus, and therefore he did not know the way of access to the Father through His Son, whom He has appointed Mediator. Saul knew the letter of the truth according to the ceremonial law; but he did not know the spirit of it as it is embodied in Jesus. When a man does not pray in the Lord's appointed way, nor through Jesus Christ, nor in dependence upon the Holy Spirit, he does not pray at all. However fine his prayer, it is only a splendid sin. If you employ a servant to do a work, and he obstinately persists in doing another thing, he will not earn his wages. However industriously he works at what you have never set him to do, he will receive nothing at your hands. So if you pray to God in a way which God has never ordained, if you

refuse to use the name which He has appointed, if you neglect the cultivation of that holy and humble spirit which the Lord will alone accept, you may pray till your tongue cleaves to the roof of your mouth; but in God's judgment you have not prayed at all, and you will not receive anything of the Lord.

LOVE NEEDED.

Furthermore, I should like you to notice that real prayer cannot come from men whose characters are contrary to the mind of God. He whose character contradicts his prayer has not prayed; his life has effectually pleaded against his lips. Saul of Tarsus was opposed to the Son of God; how could he be in favor with God Himself? He was evidently full of hate and cruelty; how could he pray? Love is the element of the children of God; "Every one that loveth is born of God;" but Saul had conceived such an intense disgust against the followers of the Crucified, that he haled them to prison and voted for their death. We must not fight God's battles with the weapons of ill-will. For us to hate those who are in error, and talk of them with contempt or wish them ill, or do them wrong, is not according to the Spirit of Christ. You cannot cast out Satan by Satan, nor correct error by violence, nor overcome hate by hate. The conquering weapon of the Christian is love; and if Paul had sought to overthrow what he thought to be an error by love, although he had been mistaken, he would not have been so guilty.

If I go through the world hating my fellow-men because they differ from me, and determining to force my own doctrines upon others with an iron hand, I cannot lift that hand in prayer. A malicious heart pollutes the sacrifice which it offers. When I come before God in prayer, I may be really offending Him when I dream that I am pleasing Him. God will hear *us* when we hear *Him*; He will do our will when we do His will; but persistence in known sin, and especially indulgence in enmity and hatred, are so destructive to prayer, that till we are free from them we do not pray.

HUMILITY LACKING.

Yet again: Saul with all his prayers had never truly prayed, because humility was absent from his devotions. What a test this is! Saul had gone about the world feeling that he was a righteous man. Did he not wear texts of Scripture between his eyes? What a pious man he was! Had he not broad borders to his garments—borders of blue? What a saint he was! Did he not fast thrice in the week, and pay tithes of mint and anise and cummin? There was not a better man in all the dominions of Caesar than this Saul in his own judgment. When he prayed, there was a high flavor of self-righteousness in his religious exercises, and this made them disgusting to the Most High. If you feel quite content with your own prayers, permit me to suggest that you do not pray, for few who pray aright are ever content with their own petitions. Those who dream themselves to belong to the *Good-enough family* will find themselves bad enough, and the Too-goods will find themselves shut out of heaven. If you have a righteousness made out of your prayers, throw it to the dogs.

I say again, this makes terrible work of a great many persons who have been brought up in outward religion. Dear friend, be not vexed or angry if this should seem to come home to you. Do let this thought come to every professor of religion this morning, that you may have been a praying man for years, you may have come like Saul of Tarsus to the fullness of your age, and have abounded in the appearance of devotion, and yet you may have to pray to God for the first time.

II. This brings me to my second reflection, and that is, it is implied in the text that it was

A REMARKABLE THING

for such a person now to pray. It is put with an *ecce*, a mark of admiration, "Behold, he prayeth!" It is a very difficult thing, a very marvellous thing, for a man truly to pray who has been all his lifetime praying in a false way.

It is a miracle of grace to bring a proud Pharisee to plead for mercy like a penitent publican. It is not half so wonderful that a vain-glorious professor should begin to pray. It is hard for him to pray, because he is a person who has been a formalist for a long time, is so rooted in the habit of formal devotion, and so contented with it, that it is extremely difficult to bring him to attend to spiritual things. It is hard to get the robe of Christ's righteousness upon that man's back who believes that his own coat is as good as it needs to be; he has worn his own rags so long that they cling to him. He is too proud to beg, for he has so long lived like a gentleman on his own income. He has been so long rich and increased in goods, and in need of nothing, and he has grown so used to his way of external and superficial religion, that you cannot get him, without a miracle of grace, to seek after that which is deep and true.

MEN BORN GOOD.

Besides, a self-righteous man knows that everybody thinks him to be right, and therefore he cannot demean himself by such prayers and confessions as might suit a common sinner. If you talk to him about being converted, why, dear sir, he needs no conversion. He was born good. He has always been a Christian; he needs no change; you don't know what a fine gentleman he is! He never cries, in the bitterness of his soul, "God be merciful to me a sinner." Why should he? His mother and father were extremely good people, and he was born again at the font, and has since been confirmed. What do you want more? Washed in the blood of Jesus! Well, perhaps he needs this as others do; but there is no special sin in him, nothing certainly for which he could be condemned. Persons who are of this order are seldom brought to pray. They may be called reprobate silver, for the Lord has rejected them. If ever such as these are saved, it will astonish men and angels, and the Lord Himself will cry, "Behold, he prayeth."

See what was needed in Saul's case to make him pray—the Lord Jesus must Himself appear and bring him to his knees. Nothing less than a light shining from heaven could show him his vileness. Oh, that such a light would break upon all self-righteous souls! The proud man must fall to the earth, cast down from his high places. He must be struck with blindness, that he may be ready to accept the sight of faith. Three days he must neither eat nor drink, to wean him from earth and make him feed on the bread of heaven. Great must be the agony of his spirit, for he that has been so intensely self-righteous cannot be brought to Christ without a wrench. He that has rested in himself so completely and so long needs to be torn up by the roots ere he will quit his carnal confidences. It takes, as it were, a special interposition of grace to bring a religious professor to pray in spirit and in truth.

III. And now I want you to notice, in the third place, that albeit it was a great wonder that Saul prayed,

YET HE DID PRAY.

One would have liked to have heard Saul of Tarsus pray. See him now! This fine, good man! How humble, how lowly he is! His prayer began with a full and grievous confession of sin. He offered neither excuse nor extenuation. He looked to Him whom he had pierced, and mourned for Him. He owned that he was the chief of sinners—"because I persecuted the Church of God." The other day as he rode along to Damascus everybody looked upon him as a saint, but now by his own confession he is a sinner of the blackest sort. Hear how he de-fames himself! He repents in dust and ashes. He prays for mercy; he begs to be forgiven his scarlet sins. He owns that if he were sent to hell it would be no more than just; but he begs that for the Saviour's sake he may be spared and permitted to see the light of God's countenance. I think I hear him making this sad confession. Behold, he prayeth now!

And, beloved, all this must have been steeped in a wonderful fervor. If we could have stood outside the door and listened, we should have understood why the Lord said, "Behold, he prayeth." Before, you might have heard him repeating words, but now he uttered groans, and cries, and sobs, and tears. Before, you might have said to yourself, "He is saying his prayers," but this time it was as when a man wrestleth for his life, and is in bitterness for his only son. All previous prayer was sham, but this was real; all the rest was but a performance, but now he did real business with the Most High. "Behold, he prayeth." Now he is a real Israel, and lo, he comes off more than conqueror through Him that has taught him to pray.

IV. Lastly, we see that as soon as he did pray, it was evident that

THE LORD ACCEPTED HIS PRAYER.

How do I know this from the text? "Behold, he prayeth?" Well, I know it from the text first, because here is God bearing witness that he did pray. Might not the Lord stand in a prayer-meeting and hear a dozen of us talk our piece, and never say, "Behold, he prayeth"? But if a voice from heaven were to say concerning some one, "Behold, he prayeth," we should know that the man was accepted of the Lord. So was it with Saul. The first time he prayed, God heard him. Try it, my friend, try it; if this is your first prayer this morning, breathe it to God with humble faith, and He will hear you.

We know that God had accepted this first prayer, for he was about to answer it. He had Ananias in readiness to go and comfort the poor blinded penitent. God is about to answer your prayer, my dear brother, this morning if you have cried to Him. Perhaps the man is present in the Tabernacle who will speak to you before you leave these walls, or somebody will soon call to tell you the way of peace more perfectly. If now you quit the way of self-righteousness and formal devotion, and begin to cry out for the living God, that God will meet you. I am afraid there are many of whom it would have to be said, "Behold, he never prays!" What a sight upon earth!—a man created by his Maker who never worships his Creator, a man who is daily fed by God's bounty, and never worships Him! Sir, you are a monster, you are a creature among men most loathsome. A man that lives without prayer ought not to live. It is a wonder that the earth does not open her mouth and swallow up such a wretch. And yet when he does pray, God makes a wonder of it.

THE FIRST PRAYER.

It is his first prayer this morning. I see him: the sermon is over, and he has reached home. He has gone up to his room; he is afraid somebody will come in and disturb him; he is turning the key. He is kneeling by the side of that bed on which he has slept so often without prayer, and he cries, "O God, I do not know what to say, but be merciful to me a sinner, and forgive my sins." I hear the rustling wings of angels as they gather around the sacred spot. Anon they fly upward, crying, "Behold, he prayeth."

Years shall pass on with you, young man, and you shall come to middle life and be exposed to sharp temptation; what will you do then? Good spirits watch you, fearing lest you should go astray, and devils watch for your halting. You will then remember that day when you first prayed; and you will say to yourself, "I will again cry unto God, as I have often done." You go up stairs, and say, "Lord, many days have passed since first I cried to Thee, and I have not ceased to cry; but now I am in special trouble. I beseech Thee, deliver me!" God will help you. The great wheel of providence will revolve for you. Meanwhile, both angels and devils have spied you out; the angels sing and the devils mutter, "Behold, he prayeth."

A few years have passed; the young man has grown old, and the time is come that he must die. He has gone up to the same room for the last time, and there are those about him who weep and watch. Mark the sweet serenity of

the departing soul! He is looking into eternity without fear. He knows whom he has believed, and he is ready to depart. What is he doing in his expiring moments? "Behold, he prayeth." Prayer, which has long been his vital breath and native air, is now

"His watchword at the gates of death;
He enters heaven with prayer."

Demons that gather about our last hour shall flee away as bats fly out of a cavern scared by a torch; they shall flee when they hear the voice, "Behold, he prayeth." The shining ones shall gladly meet the soul that is on Jordan's bank when they hear the voice, "Behold, he prayeth." They shall meet the praying spirit on the hither side of the river, and shall smile while the prayer of earth melts into the praise of heaven. Soon shall we be forever with the Lord. God grant it may be so, for His name's sake. Amen.

[The prayers of the readers of this Journal are requested for the blessing of God upon its Editors, and those whose sermons, articles, or labors for Christ are printed in it; and that its circulation may be used by the Holy Spirit for the conversion of many sinners and the quickening of God's people. Dr. Talmage and Mr. Spurgeon especially request prayer every Sunday morning on behalf of their labors.]

NEW BOOKS.

SIMPLE LESSONS FOR HOME USE.

FOUR pamphlets, under the above title, contain more practical information about matters of vital interest to every one than any book of the size that we have seen. Each pamphlet contains three or four papers. They are evidently intended for the use of children, but in these matters many grown people are children in knowledge, and need to have their instruction presented in very simple words. That fact has been kept clearly in mind by the writers, each of whom takes pains to explain every scientific term which had to be used in dealing with the subject in hand. The following is a list of the subjects discussed: Pamphlet No. 1 contains: Our Bodily Life; How and Why we Breathe; Food; Drink. No. 2 contains: Cookery; Plain Needlework; Clothing. No. 3: Air and Ventilation; Sickliness that Spread; The Weather; Astronomy. No. 4: Birds; Flowers; Money. Each pamphlet contains about one hundred pages. Price, 15 cents each. Published by *Mr. Thomas Whittaker*, 2 and 3 Bible House, New York.

THE LIFE OF GENERAL GRANT.

by Hon. J. T. Headley, is an amplification of a sketch by the same author which appeared soon after the close of the war, in a volume of biographical sketches of distinguished generals. Mr. Headley has devoted himself chiefly to eulogy in his book, and to defence where circumstances which appeared to detract from the greatness of the hero were in his opinion misunderstood by the people. His admiration for the illustrious soldier is unstinted, and in reading his work the reader is impressed with the sense that it is written by one who can see no imperfections in his character. At this time the public is prepared to appreciate a work written in this spirit, though the future historian will probably be chary of accepting as authentic a portrait in which all is light and there are no shadows. "As a man," says Mr. Headley, "whether President or not, we assert that his course was right, his example noble, and one that ought to be followed." That sentence furnishes the key to his entire work. Few men have been more bitterly and more frequently traduced than General Grant; it may, therefore, have been well that one man at least should write a book of unalloyed eulogy. It must be admitted, however, that the present generation, with the memory of the events of the past quarter of a century fresh in their minds, would not unanimously indorse the author's assertions. Grant was a great man and a great general, worthy of all the honors with which the nation can crown his memory; he cannot be made greater



Main Entrance on Fulton Street.



The Bond Street Front.

The New Building of the Young Men's Christian Association, Brooklyn, N. Y.

by a eulogy that is unguied by discrimination. Naturally the bulk of Mr. Headley's book is occupied by the events of the war. These he describes with remarkable dramatic power. The record of the two Presidential terms is meagre, as is the account of the tour around the world. The book is profusely illustrated, and contains two excellent portraits of the late general. Pp. 656; price, \$2.50. Published by *E. B. Treat*, 771 Broadway, New York.

HEAVEN, MY FATHER'S HOUSE, by J. W. Kimball, author of "How to See Jesus." Mr. Kimball is already well known to readers of this journal. The character of this new work from his pen will be best understood from Mr. Kimball's own words with which he introduces it to his readers: "It is often said, we know nothing of heaven. But Jesus says, 'All things that the Father hath are Mine; and the Comforter shall take of Mine and show it unto you.' True to His promise, from the day I knew the Lord, the Comforter began to show me heavenly things. What I freely received, He bade me freely give. I pray God each reader may find them his Lord's own revelations to himself." The subjects of the chapters are: Popular Notions of Heaven; Rational Inquiries About Heaven; The World Without Us; The World Within Us; The Bible; Heaven as a State; Christ Without Us; Christ Within Us; Heaven as a Place; The Society of Heaven; The Joy and Occupations of Heaven. Pp. 248; price, 75 cents. Published by *J. E. Jewett*, 77 Bible House, N. Y.

OLDHAM, by Lucy Ellen Guernsey, is a simple but deeply interesting story of the good effected by a kind, sympathetic Christian school teacher in a New England parish. There are many evidences in

it that the book is by no means a fiction. The characters are too life-like, and the events described are much too graphically narrated to be altogether the work of the imagination. Every one who has taught children, either in the public schools or in a Sunday-school, will enjoy the perusal of Miss Armstrong's experiences. Her trials with the children who are as wilful and perverse as children are everywhere, and her efforts to overcome the prejudices of their parents, some of whom are Christians of a peculiar type, and others are not Christians at all, while one is an avowed infidel, are described by one who knows whereof she writes. Any one who wants to see what can be done by a lady who believes in the power of love and the efficacy of faith should read this book. It is excellent. Pp. 370; price, \$1.50. Published by *Thomas Whittaker*, 2 Bible House.

THE BROOKLYN Y. M. C. A.

The illustrations on this page, for which we are indebted to the kindness of Mr. Wilkie, the excellent secretary of the Brooklyn Young Men's Christian Association, shows two of the fronts of the new building, the dedication of which was mentioned in these columns last week. That on the left is the main entrance on Fulton Street, which, through an archway of terra-cotta and brick, conducts the visitor to the main building, fronting on Bond Street and extending through the block to Hanover Place. The illustration on the right is a picture of the Bond Street front of the building. The entire area is 19,840 square feet, and the building erected on it is the largest and most handsome of any in the country entirely devoted to Y. M. C. A. work.

The Association is one of the best organized in the Union, and though it has been somewhat

crippled in funds and accommodation by having to hire its domicile, it has done a work for Christ in Brooklyn of inestimable value. Its new and commodious building, the gift of the late Frederick Marquand's trustees and the endowment fund of \$150,000 contributed by friends of the Association, are new facilities placed at the disposal of the managers which they are not the men to neglect. The city itself is to be congratulated on the acquisition. There is no work more salutary and beneficial for any city than that this Y. M. C. A. has long been doing for Brooklyn in Christianizing her young men. There is every reason to hope that it will now be prosecuted with redoubled energy.

AN INVITATION.

A CONVENTION for Christian Life, and Work, and Divine Healing, will be held in Association Hall, Young Men's Christian Association Building, Buffalo, N. Y., from Tuesday evening, October 27th to Saturday, October 31st, 1885. Daily sessions will be as follows: Morning, 10 to 12, Addresses and Bible Readings; afternoon, 3 to 5, Personal Testimonies, Reports of Christian Work, etc.; evening, 7.30 to 9, Addresses. We believe that many dear ones who are hungering for a fuller manifestation of Christ in their souls and bodies, will be glad to meet with us in this gathering, and wait with us upon God, for a special outpouring of His blessed Holy Spirit. We expect Mrs. M. Baxter from London, England, and the Rev. A. B. Simpson, of New York, and many other eminent workers, to assist in this Convention.

For further particulars address,
MISS CARRIE F. JUDD,
260 Connecticut Street,
BUFFALO, N. Y.

INTERVIEW IN A CEMETERY.

(See illustration on this page.)

It has been my habit for many years to make a pilgrimage on a certain day of the year to a lonely little cemetery in a distant State. It is sometimes inconvenient for me to go, and more than once my absence has involved me in a business loss; but of that I take small account—it seems part of my self-imposed penance. Call it superstition, if you will; I care not. It is my whim, or caprice, or anything you like to call it. There I go, and as long as I am physically able to travel, there on August 26th, you will find me. I was a bad son; my wickedness shortened the lives of my father and mother, and when they were ill—they died within two weeks of each other—I did not know of it. They died, and I never asked their forgiveness. God in His mercy saved my soul, but from them I never asked nor received pardon. Oh for one moment of their lives, that I might throw myself on the earth before them and plead for their forgiveness! Oh that they knew how bitterly I have repented! But it cannot be. Every year, however, on the anniversary of my birth, I go to their grave, and there on the green sod I weep unavailing tears. They may not know, but that day, which was to them for a few years a day of rejoicing over the birth of their first-born son, and later was a day of heartbroken sorrow over that son's wickedness, is a consecrated day in my year.

Last year I was there as usual, and as I lay beside the grave, lost in thought, I heard the sound of sobbing. I gave no heed to it for some time, but the fellowship that there is in suffering presently exerted its power, and I rose to speak to the mourner. It was only a newsboy with his unsold papers under his arm, and he was leaning against a headstone weeping bitterly.

"Your father, my boy?" I inquired.

"Yes, sir," he said; "he's buried here. He died nearly a year ago. Mother and I are all alone now."

"You loved him very much, I judge."

"That I did, sir. He was a good father to me."

"You were a good son, I hope?"

"I did my best, sir. Father said, when he was dying, I'd been a comfort to him. I'll never forget that."

"You and your mother are poor, I suppose?"

"Very poor, sir. Father's boss put this stone up for him, and he gives mother a dollar a week. She goes out scrubbing when she's well enough, and I sell papers; but we don't get on very well. Mother's often sick, and then we haven't much to eat. When I'm a bit older I'll get a better job. I hope mother won't die first; but I'm afraid sometimes. She's awful weak."

"If you could earn more money what would you do with it?" "You want a new suit of clothes rather badly."

"Oh, these'll do for me a long while yet. I'd give it mother to buy better things to eat. We have only bread and water very often, and that ain't enough for her."

Poor lad! He was evidently in earnest. It was a strange dispensation of Providence that I, a scapegrace son, had prospered, while this dutiful boy was in abject poverty. Well, that might be remedied. My father had been a philanthropist as far as his means would permit. This was a case in which he would have rejoiced to exert himself. How if my remorse took a practical turn, and I helped this boy and his mother for my father's sake? I resolved I would. I asked him where he lived, and he told me. Going in to the town, I sought an old acquaintance, who is an employer of a large number of hands, and asked him to take the lad and teach him a trade.



The Bereaved Newsboy's Lament.

He consented, and, on my placing in his hands a sufficient amount of money, undertook to pay him a regular weekly sum which would keep the boy and his mother in comfort.

I called on the boy's mother and found her a worthy Christian woman, very fond of her son. I told her to send him with my card to my friend, who would find him a good place, and left her weeping tears of joy. This year on my annual visit I made inquiries and received a good account of the boy. He proved intelligent and capable, and is going to night-school to get an education. I have four other pensioners now, and my burdened heart finds relief in helping them. If my parents know, I am sure they rejoice. It is done for their sake, though it can never blot out my sin against them. Perhaps that was what the Saviour meant when He told His disciples that they might show their love for Him by doing good to others.

THE SILVER LINING.

A SERIAL STORY.

(Continued from page 655.)

Wooing by Proxy.

DURING this anxiety about Frank Arnold his sisters had been busy furthering the desires of their other brother. The more they saw of their guest, Jean Lindsay, the more they were convinced that any man might be proud to win her love, and that any Christian man to whom she might give her hand would have reason to bless God for sending him such a wife. Nor had they any compunction in promoting the marriage on Jean's account. Their brother Ralph was a man of sincere piety, vigorous and well-trained mind, and a genial disposition. His presence brought sunshine into a home, and the two girls, who had missed their merry, handsome brother sorely when he crossed the ocean to live, thought that any lady, however exalted her station, might accept the position of his wife without humiliation. The union, then, on both sides seemed desirable, promising happiness to both parties if it could be brought to pass,

The task, in spite of Helen Arnold's humorous way of looking at it, was one she felt to be momentous; for, as she well knew, a man and a woman may both be admirable people, with similar tastes, and both might be Christians, yet find each other's society an intolerable burden and a mutual irritation. She thought about it and prayed over it continually, but she could not bring herself to undertake the responsibility of deciding. The two persons chiefly concerned must decide for themselves.

"Jean," she said one day to her friend, "I wish you would give me your photograph."

"I would give you a dozen, my dear, if you wanted them; but I have never had my portrait taken. It seems funny, does it not, that I should have lived until now without having sat to a photographer; but so it is. My father and my sister Margaret would reprove me for my vanity, I expect, if I proposed having my portrait taken, and, indeed, I have never thought of it. Girls who have many friends scattered around at long distances are those who do most to support photographers, I think. That is very nice to be able to send one's picture to one's friends; but, you see, until I knew you, all my friends were close at home and saw me every day. I should like to leave my likeness with you, dear Helen, when I go away; so we had better see about it at once."

"Ah! but I must be frank with you, Jean," said Helen. "I want your portrait for myself, it is true, and so do Kate and mamma; but this portrait that I want so very particularly is not for either of us. It is for some one whom you have never seen."

"You speak in riddles, my oracle. How can any one who does not know me care about having my picture?"

"That is my secret, and I had better tell you at once," Helen said gravely. "You remember that letter from Ralph? I believe if he were here you would love him dearly. He is a good, noble fellow, and I am sure he would love you, as we all do, only in a man's way. He is bent on my finding a wife for him, as you know, and my heart is set upon your being that wife. You are more than a sister to us now, Jean; I should like you to be one in fact. You would be very happy with Ralph, my dear, and he would be a proud and delighted man with you for his own. I have thought about it a great deal, and I have come to the conclusion that if you and he are united through me you will both live to thank me for bringing you together. But I am not going to do his love-making for him. You two shall settle it for yourselves one way or the other. The responsibility is too great for me to bear. Now you know why I want your picture."

"So you are plotting to expatriate me, are you, Helen? Do you think that is kind? A young gentleman across the seas is discontented, and needs some one to be sacrificed to make him happy. You look around for a victim, and you seize your guest and friend, and are going to drag her to the altar and offer her up to his majesty. Upon my word, your sisterly love is very evident. This with simulated indignation."

"That is a very grim way of putting it, Jean. But it is just the reverse of the true way. If you had listened to me instead of trying to goad your maidenly feelings to anger, in which you have not been very successful, you would have learned that I am distinctly opposed to any dragging of victims to the altar. If a young lady voluntarily chooses to walk to the altar that is another matter; but she will not be dragged by me. There is no question of victims, but

there is a very serious question of a life's happiness involved, and I am trying to promote the happiness of two lives. I don't believe you are in earnest, Jean, and I don't believe you would think yourself a victim; but you shall decide for yourself by and by. You are too sensible to reject a prospect of happiness from pique. I am going to send Ralph your picture and tell him how I love you and what sunshine you have brought into the house, and then if he invites you—as I predict he will—you can think of it, and I believe God will guide you rightly."

"But I know nothing of your brother, my dear. I would never marry if I did not love, and how can I love a man whom I have never seen? If the question came from you, and you were asking me to spend all my life with you, I love you so well that I would say yes at once; but this is quite another matter. Your brother may not have your perfections, and I might not like him at all, still less love him well enough to be his wife."

"What would you love, Jean, in a husband? Just try to sketch mentally your ideal of the man you would love, and then I will tell you all about Ralph in his boyhood, and you shall read his letters to me, written, you know, to his sister, and not in the constrained style of a man trying to make a favorable impression on a stranger. You will get a pretty clear estimate of his character, and will see whether it comes up to your ideal."

"Yes, I will do that, Helen, and I will try to think of him impartially, and not with a sister's leanings. You will forgive me if I cannot accept your estimate of him?"

"Of course. It is a serious matter; you do not feel that more than I do. But I know you both so well that I think you would be very happy together. You and I have been drawn into so close a bond of friendship during these few weeks that one who so closely resembles me, but is much better, nobler in every way, would find even greater pleasure in your companionship than I do, and you would love him better than you do me."

"That is a very plausible argument, Helen. You are a very good advocate; I must take care that you do not steal away my judgment with your honeyed words. This Mr. Ralph may be a veritable ogre when I come to know him."

"Then you would not marry him, you know. Even if you went to Australasia you would be free to return. You would go out unpledged, and you would have a pleasant voyage, and would, if you chose, return as you are now."

"Oh, I will hear no more!" said Jean, putting her little hands, with a pretty, playful motion, over her ears. "It is dangerous to listen to the charmer. I must think for myself. Oh, Helen, I wish it was you that I had to decide about!"

The subject, being thus opened, was the all-absorbing one in the minds of the three girls during the remainder of Jean's visit. Neither Dr. nor Mrs. Arnold were taken into their confidence, but Helen adroitly led the conversation to the subject of her absent brother on several occasions, and Jean heard from his father and mother a discriminating estimate of his character. It was less eulogistic than that of Helen and Kate, but Jean could easily see that it was very clear and truthful.

"I have never had any anxiety about Ralph," said Dr. Arnold on one occasion. "He possesses that rare faculty of knowing exactly what is the right thing to do in an emergency. I was particularly struck by that during the time when my arm was broken and I was unable to ride on horseback. I had Ralph to drive me in a little open carriage. He was only fifteen then, and his coolness and nerve astonished me. We were in great danger once when a runaway team came dashing headlong toward us. I confess I was frightened, but the little fellow never lost his presence of mind. The debt way in which he guided the horse and saved our lives produced a respect in my mind for him that I have never lost. It is no mean test of the calibre of man or

boy to see what he will do in the presence of imminent danger, when there is no time to balance courses and deliberate. Ralph is a little too ready to act on his impulses without analyzing them, but his instincts are generally right, though he does not know how he arrives at them. I confess I should have been uneasy if Frank had resolved to go to Australia alone; but I have never been anxious about Ralph, especially as he has the strong, unwavering faith in Christ, which keeps a man safely in the midst of fierce moral temptations. Yes, Ralph is a good boy, whom any father might be proud of. Impulsive, violent when opposed, and one whom no one can drive, and not very amenable to reason—"obstinate as a mule," his teacher said, "but a boy who would get on;" and so he is. He was a man in self-reliance when he was seventeen; and though he was always respectful with me, he was always ready to do battle with me when he did not agree with my opinions."

Mrs. Arnold's sketch of her son's character was tempered with a mother's partiality, and as she loved to talk of him, Jean heard much of the husband proposed for her. Her picture was duly sent, and she went to her seaside home, with a strange fluttering feeling of impending change agitating her heart. The loneliness of her old life came back upon her with chilly coldness as she came from the warm, hearty companionship of Helen and Kate Arnold into the silence and prim order of the home over which Margaret Lindsay ruled. She had, however, gained a new view of the power of religion to brighten life, and she sought more diligently than before for a higher realization of its influence. At home and in the village Jean's presence was a beneficent power. She was trying to live as her Master would have her live, and none can do that sincerely and earnestly without being a blessing to all who come in contact with them.

With a strong effort Jean had banished from her mind the thought of Ralph Arnold and the possibility of the momentous question on which she would possibly have to decide. She was growing into the peaceful state in which she could leave all things in the hands of her wise, loving Saviour, and she rested calmly in the conviction that when the emergency came she would have wisdom given to her to meet it. But deep in the recesses of her heart lay the knowledge, not acknowledged even to herself, that if Ralph Arnold wrote to her in a way that she could imagine her ideal husband writing that she would accept him.

Jean's life was being spent in busy usefulness among the poor and in helping Margaret, and one day was so like another that they slipped by almost unheeded. So quickly did they go that before she realized the fact months had flown, and a letter was on the way to her from Ralph Arnold, begging her to come to Australia. It was a sensible, manly letter, describing his position and prospects, the impossibility of his leaving to woo her as other men do, but relying on her wisdom and power of understanding and appreciating his situation. Finally, he told her that he had laid the matter before God in prayer, and begging her to do so on her side and accept the leading of the divine will.

It was on a New Year's morning that the letter was put into Jean's hands, accompanied by one from Mrs. Arnold and another from Helen, praying that she would give Ralph's proposal a favorable consideration, and promising that if she would go to Australia Helen would accompany her, as Ralph had begged that she would.

Jean was always delighted to see Mrs. Arnold's handwriting, for her letters brought her help and comfort, and were really the greatest joy she had in her quiet, secluded home. As usual she ran off with it to her own room, little heeding the bitter cold, and wrapping herself up, sat down to enjoy her New Year's letter.

She read the letter twice before she could realize what it meant, and then, as if she could still hardly believe it was not a dream, opened Ralph's epistle.

For more than half an hour she sat thinking, every now and then reading the letters over again. Had not Hezekiah received a letter and laid it before the Lord? She would do so too. So, kneeling down by her little bed, Jean Lindsay committed the first great problem of her life to God. She had still much to learn that no books, no sermons, no friend, could teach her. Surely, the lessons we learn best we learn on the battle-field of our own rooms.

We may be sure her words were few, but her heart said: "I am a little child, the way is dark and difficult; be Thou my Light, teach me Thy way, O Lord!" The time had slipped on, and Margaret, as usual, busy with her household, was at last annoyed at Jean's long absence, and called up the stairs, "Jean, what are you doing all this time; are you gone to bed again?"

At this Jean prepared to go down-stairs, carefully putting her letters into her pocket, and making up her mind to seek the first opportunity of telling her father all about it.

She had not long to wait; some one from the village required Margaret's attention, and so Jean found her father alone.

When he had heard the letters, he said:

"What do you wish to do, Jean?"

"I should like to go, father."

"Do you mean to say you would like to go to the other side of the world, to marry a man you have never seen?"

"Yes, father, I think I could go."

"Well, Jean, you were always a strange girl; I cannot give my consent till I have seen Dr. and Mrs. Arnold, and heard more about it. They have been very kind to you, I grant; you had better think it over seriously to-day and to-morrow; then, if you still desire to go, we will ask Dr. and Mrs. Arnold to come here, that we may hear more of their son."

Jean was thankful to her father for receiving it so quietly; she had thought, he would not listen for a moment to such a proposition; but she had timed it well in the absence of Margaret, whose ideas of the matter were very different.

"It was a most unheard-of thing," she told her father, "for any girl to leave her home in that way. I wonder you did not at once say that it was not to be thought of."

"Well, Margaret, I quite think with you," he said, "that it is a strange thing for any one to do; but the letter is written, I am sure, by a good and a manly man; and you see we have already had very satisfactory proof that Dr. Arnold's family is a good one. They, at least, are no strangers to us."

Accordingly a letter was written, asking Dr. and Mrs. Arnold to come to Lingford at their earliest convenience to talk the matter over, for, said Mr. Lindsay, "it was a grave matter, and nothing must be done in a hurry."

It was about ten days after that Dr. and Mrs. Arnold once more found themselves nearing Lingford. The country round looked wild and wintry, and brought back many thoughts of the last time they were there and of the dear child whose name was so painfully associated with the vicarage. As they drove along they felt how wonderfully our lives are made up of small events, which, like links, knit our life's history together; each link adjusted by a Heavenly Father's hand—the hand of One who careth even for the sparrows.

Two days were spent in quiet consultation. Mr. Lindsay was much impressed at his former interview with the sterling worth of Dr. Arnold's Christian character, and the two men mutually esteemed each other. They knew how serious was the proposal under consideration, but both had learned, through painful experience, where alone wisdom and light could be gained. On the last morning of their stay the two gentlemen were in the library, engaged together in earnest prayer, while in Jean's little bedroom, from the window of which she had seen that fatal shipwreck, Mrs. Arnold was kneeling with Jean, begging for God's guidance.

The family met at the luncheon-table two hours later, and a glance from one to the other

told all there that each had arrived at the same decision.

Three months afterward Helen Arnold and Jean Lindsay were standing on the deck of a steamer outward bound, waving adieus to Dr. and Mrs. Arnold and Mr. Lindsay, who stood on the pier watching them and silently praying for a blessing upon them.

(To be continued.)

THE TEMPLE REPAIRED.

S. S. Lesson for Oct. 25, II Kings 12:1-15. Golden Text, Ps. 122:1. By Mrs. M. Baxter. The Revelations of Vice in England—Elijahs Praying—Ahaziah's Death—His Mother's Barbarity—Her Tragic Death—The Public Recognition of God—A Great National Movement—Parasitical Lives—Repairing the Temple—The Money Collected—Willing and Unwilling Giving—The Barachah Home—The Criterion of Giving.

BAAL-WORSHIP prevailed in Judah as well as in Israel; and no doubt God had laid Judah equally with Israel on the hearts of His prophets, Elijah and Elisha. Thus we understand that when He raised up Jehu to destroy Baal out of Israel, He also found means to clear Judah of his polluting worship. Within the last few months we in England have been startled by the awful revelations of sin which have been made; there have been Elijahs praying unto the Lord for years; but it seems as though the time was coming or come when the hand of the Lord Himself should be put to the work of clearing England from the abomination of the traffic in young girls, and the forcing of them into sin, unconsciously to themselves. The time is coming when the hand of the Lord shall be against the unjust and wicked difference which has been made between the sexes in the matter of morality.

It is easy to understand why Ahaziah, King of Judah, should have been slain at the same time as Jehoram, King of Israel. Ahaziah was the son of Jehoram, King of Judah, who had married Athaliah, the daughter of Ahab and Jezebel; and the daughter was

WORTHY OF THE MOTHER.

No sooner did she learn that her son, Ahaziah, was dead, than the wretched woman arose and "destroyed all the seed royal," her own relations! So much for the humanizing effect of Baal-worship! Ambition led her to this step, she had her reward for she reigned six years in Judah; she has her reward, for she is gone to have her part in the lake of fire where she shares her lot with others of her class, "the abominable, and murderers, and whoremongers, and sorcerers, and idolaters, and all liars" (Rev. 21:8).

There was, however, one of the royal family, Jehoshaphat, or Jehoshaphath (II Chron. 22:11), who was sister to Ahaziah, and therefore probably also Athaliah's daughter, now the wife of Jehoiada, the priest, who took Joash, son of Ahaziah, then an infant, and hid him "in the house of the Lord six years." It is more than probable that Jehoiada had been converted to God at the same time as the revival took place, when seven thousand souls in Israel were found true to God. It is more than possible that Elisha went often up to Jerusalem to worship, that he was well acquainted with Jehoiada, and that the two men of God had greatly strengthened one another's hands. The name of Jehoiada is not to be found in the genealogy of the high priests (I Chron. 6); but his history is given us as that of a man spiritually true to the Lord in an age of darkness, delusion, and danger. He and his wife were loyal to God and to the young king, and as soon as he was seven years old, directed doubtless by God, they, by a sudden unexpected movement, gathered the heads of the army, showed them the king's son, had him publicly crowned king, and when Athaliah, hearing the unusual sounds, came into the temple of the Lord, the priest commanded her destruction, and she was slain.

Then it was that the first public recognition of God was made, since the time of Jehoshaphat;

Jehoiada made a "covenant between the Lord and the king and the people, that they should be the Lord's people; between the king also and the people." Thus prepared, having first the Lord on their side, and knowing themselves in covenant with Him, the people acted accordingly, and of their own accord, without the intervention of any Jehu, without any subterfuge such as he made use of, destroyed Baal out of Judah; the house of Baal, altars, images were destroyed, and Mattan, the priest of Baal, killed. Thus, while in Israel God used as His instrument a man so full of sins as Jehu, in Judah where there was one fearless priest on His side, He made the destruction of Baal

A GREAT NATIONAL MOVEMENT,

which every man made his own affair.

But the destruction of Baal would not amount to much if the worship of the Lord were not established. If the crying shame of England were put a stop to, and yet the hearts of libertines unyielded to the Lord, the reformation could only be temporary, for the evil would break out in some other direction. A clean heart cannot remain clean unless Jesus comes in there to dwell; a reformed nation needs the direct rule of God. The young King Joash did "that which was right in the sight of the Lord all his days, wherein Jehoiada the priest instructed him." This is no unusual thing. There are numbers of God's children, who rarely have any direct communion with Him. Everything must come through other people; they attach themselves to some great preacher, or some well-known Christian worker, and lead

A PARASITICAL LIFE.

You never see them absent from the meetings or services; they do everything which their favorite preacher thinks right; they spend their money and their time as he advises, and, in fact, they make him the keeper of their consciences, but they have no independent life with God. They only pray second-hand, and only depend on others getting an answer for them; their thoughts of Scripture are second-hand; their whole religion is of the same order. They do that which is right as long as they are under the same influence. But, let that influence be removed, they have so long led a parasitical life that they cannot stand alone, and when their pastor is taken away, they either fasten on to another or their religion collapses. God often makes use of such to build churches, to found missions, to help His truest children in things temporal; sometimes it is all they are good for.

"It came to pass after this, that Joash was minded to

REPAIR THE HOUSE OF THE LORD"

(II Chron. 24:4). The king's first thought was to put the matter into the hands of the priests that they should undertake the restoration of the temple, "but the Levites hastened it not." Then he called for Jehoiada, and asked him why the redemption money had not been brought into the house of the Lord. God had said to Moses when he was in Mount Sinai, "When thou takest the sum of the children of Israel, after their number, then shall they give every man a ransom for his soul [or life] unto the Lord, when thou numberest them." The offering was to be half a shekel, somewhat over a quarter, for every one who was over twenty years of age. This was the money which was the Lord's due; to claim it was a step in the right direction; the next thing was to counteract the cupidity of the priests; the king called upon Jehoiada and the priests to forego all which they had been used to receive from the people. Then Jehoiada made a chest with a hole in the lid, into which the offerings were to be cast. Much money was thus gathered; masons, carpenters, stonecutters, and builders were hired, and the work began in earnest; the givers could see that they had something to show for their money, and the work went on well.

There is a cry everywhere among workers for the Lord, "How are we to get money for the work?" Some attempt to extort it by the most desperate and exaggerated appeals, some by

preaching eloquent sermons, some by pandering to the world and getting up concerts and bazaars, so the worldlings who attend them may not think their money lost because it is only given to God, but may also get out of it some of the kind of satisfaction for which they live. It is as much as to say, "No one would give to the cause of God who was not tricked into it; no one would give to God of his own voluntary will." And yet no other offering is acceptable to the Lord; "Of every man that

GIVETH IT WILLINGLY

with his heart, ye shall take My offering" (Ex. 25:2). "If there be first a willing mind, it is accepted according to that a man hath, and not according to that he hath not" (II Cor. 8:12). While Joash was sending round the country to make collections very little came of it. But when he began with the redemption money, the recognition that the people were not their own, and without any pressure, put the chest at the entrance of the temple and rested in the Lord, then abundance of supply came in.

When in a certain city, a series of meetings were to be held, the chief mover in getting up these meetings was so anxious about monetary and other arrangements, that he had passed a whole night without sleep. Telling this to a Christian worker, and at the same time how completely without funds he was, and yet so sure that God willed the meetings should be held, she led him to see how safe it was to trust this matter fully out of his hands into the Lord's, letting go all anxiety on the subject, and letting the Lord be responsible. During the meetings, which lasted a week, and entailed considerable expense, no mention was made of money, and no collections were made. But before they came to an end, this very man had to tell how wonderfully the Lord had undertaken, and how, without any solicitation of any kind, all the expenses had been provided.

When Rev. A. B. Simpson, of New York, had it laid upon him to open

A HOUSE FOR HEALING,

and God had made it clear to his own mind that it was to be done; before he had mentioned it at all among his people, a gentleman who had received physical healing at his meetings placed in his hands some thousands of dollars. When God is made, in practical reality, the Treasurer of His people, He often, very often, gives before we ask even, and He never lets those who really trust in Him need to ask anything of man, and He never suffers them to be in debt while they trust Him. The trouble with so many is that they do not believe in a God nigh at hand, one who cares for our every need, and who would move earth and heaven sooner than not answer the prayer of His children (Ps. 18:6-19; Rev. 8:1-5).

The people were very happy, "the princes and all the people rejoiced, and brought in, and cast into the chest, until they had made an end." There is nothing which people do more willingly than to give if their hearts are first won; the proportion is always according to the value we set on things. If we value ourselves most, then the chief part of our income will be spent on ourselves; if it is the world, and outward appearance which we most value, it will appear in our spending; if it is dress, it will be made manifest; if God is first with us, then the chief proportion of our spending will be for Him, and this not in money only but time, thought, influence—everything. If all we are is the Lord's, then all which is spent upon ourselves is like His loving gift to us. Joash finished the restoration of the temple, but, alas, there was grievous defection in his own life, and one of his last acts was to slay the only man who was faithful to him, Zechariah, the son of Jehoiada, the priest.

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ARCHDEACON FARRAR, the Eulogist of General Grant—WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

ARCHDEACON FARRAR, The Eulogist of General Grant.

WHATEVER may be the estimate of Dr. Farrar held in the Christian community of his own country, here he will always be best known and loved as the eulogist of our great hero. We do not think any section of the Christian Church in Great Britain unanimously endorses Dr. Farrar. He has succeeded in alienating the sympathies of a large number of the members of the Protestant Episcopal Church, to which he belongs, and some of the articles of his creed, which are thoroughly unorthodox, have made him obnoxious to the members of other churches; but to Americans the prominent fact overshadowing everything else about him is that when it was resolved to hold a memorial service for General Grant in Westminster Abbey, Dr. Farrar begged to be allowed to participate in the service. His fame as a pulpit orator indicated the part that ought to be assigned to him, and right nobly and generously did he perform that part. Never did so eloquent a tribute to an American and American institutions issue from the lips of an Englishman. Dr. Farrar is now visiting America, and is speaking by invitation in our chief cities; his portrait, therefore, and a brief sketch of his life, will at this time be interesting to our readers. With these appears on the first page a picture of the venerable Abbey in which the memorial service was held, and at the request of members of the Grand Army of the Republic a verbatim report of the eloquent Archdeacon's eulogy.

Frederick William Farrar was born in the Fort, Bombay, India, August 7th, 1831, and is therefore now fifty-four years of age. He is the son of the late Rev. C. R. Farrar, rector of Sidcup, Kent. He received his education at King William's College, in the Isle of Man, and at King's College, London. In 1850 he became a classical exhibitor of the London University, graduated B.A., and was appointed a university scholar in 1852. From there he went to Trinity College, Cambridge, and in 1854 took his Bachelor's degree. There, too, he obtained the Chancellor's Prize for English verse by his poem on "The Arctic Regions," the Le Bas Classical Prize, and the Norrisian Prize. In 1854 he was ordained a deacon by the Bishop of Salisbury, and was admitted to priest's orders in 1857 by the Bishop of Ely. In that same year he took his M.A. degree; in 1872 he was made B.D., and in 1873 D.D. For some years he was one of the assistant masters at Harrow under Dr. Vaughan, and his successor, Dr. Butler. In 1871 he accepted the head-mastership of Marlborough College, which he held with great distinction until April, 1876, when he was appointed to a canonry in Westminster Abbey, and the rectory of St. Margaret's, Westminster. He was made archdeacon in 1883. He was chosen as Select Preacher before the University of Cambridge in 1868, and again in 1874-'75, and he delivered the Hulsean Lectures in 1870. For fourteen years he has held the office of Chaplain to the Queen; from 1869 to 1873 as Honorary Chaplain, when he was nominated Chaplain in Ordinary.

Dr. Farrar first became known to the literary world by his tales of school and college life—"Eric; or, Little by Little," "St. Winifred's; or, The World of School," and "Julian Home"—which were widely read. It was not, however, until 1874, when his "Life of Christ" appeared, that his literary powers were fully appreciated. It attained its twelfth edition in a single year, and is now in its twenty-fifth edition.

Dr. Farrar's respect for America is not a new development. As far back as 1879 he amazed an aristocratic British audience by declaring that the course which alienated the American colonies from the mother country was folly, and he at the same time recognized the blessings to civilization and progress, on both sides of the Atlantic, which had followed the Revolution.

Archdeacon Farrar's object in visiting America is to see the country and to visit some friends; but he will not altogether abstain from intellectual labor during his stay. He had promised to

deliver the opening address before the Johns Hopkins University at Baltimore, and to be present at the Church Congress at New Haven. From New Haven he will come to New York, where he will deliver three lectures, and then go to Boston and other places. On October 29th a grand reception will be tendered him in Chickering Hall, New York, by the National Temperance Society and the Church Temperance Society, at which Bishop Henry C. Potter will preside, and Dr. Cuyler and Chief-Justice Noah Davis will speak.

In Boston and Philadelphia the lectures will be addressed to divinity students and ministers, on purely theological subjects. The subjects of the other lectures will be "Dante," "The Talmud and its Author," and "Browning the Poet."

DR. F. W. FARRAR ON GENERAL GRANT. An Address delivered in Westminster Abbey, Aug. 4, 1885.*

EIGHT years have not passed since the Dean of Westminster, whom Americans so much loved and honored, was walking round this Abbey with General Grant, and explaining to him its wealth of great memorials. Neither of them had attained the allotted span of human life, and for both we might have hoped that many years would elapse before they went down to the grave, full of years and honors. But this is already the fourth summer since the Dean fell asleep, and to-day we are assembled at the obsequies of the great soldier whose sun has gone down while it yet was day, and at whose funeral-service in America tens of thousands are assembled at this moment to mourn with his widow, family and friends. Yes; life at the best is but as a vapor that passeth away. The glories of our birth and state are shadows, not substantial things. But when death comes, what nobler epitaph can any man have than this, that, having served his generation, by the will of God he fell asleep?

Little can the living do for the dead. The pomps and ceremonies of earthly grandeur have lost their significance, but when our soul shall leave its dwelling the story of one fair and virtuous action is

ABOVE ALL THE ESCUTCHEONS
on our tombs or silken banners over us. I would desire to speak simply and directly, and, if with generous appreciation, yet with no idle flattery, of him whose death has made a nation mourn. His private life, the faults and failings of his character, whatever they may have been, belong in no sense to the world. They are for the judgment of God, whose merciful forgiveness is necessary for the best of what we do and are. We touch only on his public actions and services, the record of his strength, his magnanimity, his self-control, his generous deeds. His life falls into four marked divisions, of which each has its own lessons for us. He touched on them himself in part when he said:

"Bury me either at West Point, where I was trained as a youth; or in Illinois, which gave me my first commission; or at New York, which sympathized with me in my misfortunes."

His wish has been respected, and on the cliff overhanging the Hudson his monument will stand, to recall to the memory of future generations those dark days of a nation's history which he did so much to close. First came the early years of growth and training, of poverty and obscurity, of struggle and self-denial. Poor and humbly born, he had to make his own way in the world. God's unseen providence, which men nickname chance, directed his boyhood. A cadetship was given him at the Military Academy of West Point, and after a brief period of service in the Mexican war, in which he was three times mentioned in despatches, seeing no opening for a soldier in what seemed likely to be days of unbroken peace, he settled down to a humble trade in a provincial town. Citizens of

St. Louis still remember the rough backwoodsman who sold fire wood from door to door, and who afterward became a leather-seller in the obscure town of Galena.

Those who knew him in those days have said that if any one had predicted that the silent, unprosperous, unambitious man, whose chief aim was to get a plankroad from his shop to the railway depot, would become twice President of the United States, and one of the foremost men of his day, the prophecy would have seemed extravagantly ridiculous. But such careers are the glory of the American continent. They show that the people have a sovereign insight into intrinsic force. If Rome told with pride how her dictators came from the ploughland, America, too, may record the answer of the President who, on being asked what would be his coat of arms, answered, proudly mindful of his early struggles, "A pair of shirt-sleeves." The answer showed a noble sense of the dignity of labor, a noble superiority to

THE VANITIES OF FEUDALISM,
a strong conviction that men are to be honored simply as men, and not for the prizes of birth and accident, which are without them. You have of late years had two martyr Presidents, both men sons of the people. One was the homely man, who at the age of seven was a farm lad, at seventeen a rail-splitter, at twenty a boatman on the Mississippi, and who in manhood proved to be one of the most honest and God-fearing of modern rulers. The other grew up from a shoeless child in a log-hut on the prairies, round which the wolves prowled in the winter snow, to be a humble teacher in Hiram Institute. With these Presidents America need not blush to name also the leather-seller of Galena. Every true man derived his patent of nobleness direct from God.

Did not God choose David from the sheepfold, from following the ewes great with young ones, to make him the ruler of his people, Israel? Was not the Lord of Life and all the worlds for thirty years a carpenter at Nazareth? Do not such things illustrate the prophecy of Solomon: "Seest thou a man diligent in his business? He shall stand before kings; he shall not stand before mean men."

When Abraham Lincoln sat, book in hand, day after day under the tree, moving round it as the shadow crossed, absorbed in mastering his task; when James Garfield rang the bell at Hiram Institute on the very stroke of the hour, and swept the school-room as faithfully as he mastered his Greek lesson; when Ulysses Grant, sent with his team to meet some men who came to load his cart with logs, and, finding no men, loaded the cart with his own boy's strength, they showed in conscientious duty qualities which were to raise them to become kings of men. When John Adams was told that his son, John Quincy Adams, had been elected President of the United States, he said: "He has always been laborious, child and man, from infancy."

But the youth was not destined to die in the deep valley of obscurity and toil, in which it is the lot—and perhaps the happy lot—of most of us to spend our little lives. The hour came; the man was needed. In 1861 there broke out that most terrible war of modern days. Grant received a commission as Colonel of Volunteers, and in four years the struggling toiler had been raised to the chief command of a vaster army than has ever been handled by any mortal man. Who could have imagined that four years would make that enormous difference? But it is often so. The great men needed for some tremendous crisis have stepped often, as it were, out of a door in the wall which no man has noticed; and, unannounced, unheralded, without prestige, have made their way silently and single-handed to the front. And

THERE WAS NO LUCK IN IT.
It was a work of inflexible faithfulness, of indomitable resolution, of sleepless energy, and iron purpose and tenacity. In the campaigns at Fort Donelson; in the desperate battle at Shiloh; in the siege of Corinth; in the success-

* At the request of several members of the G. A. R. we publish this eloquent tribute, which may be obtained in pamphlet form from E. P. Dutton & Co., 31 West 3rd St., New York.

POSTHUMOUS OPPORTUNITY.

Dr. Talmage's Sermon, Preached Last Sunday Morning, Oct. 18, 1885.

"If the tree fall toward the south, or toward the north, in the place where the tree falleth, there it shall be."—ECCLES. 11:3.

A Chimerical Expectation—The Theory of Post-Mortem Amendment Illogical—Penalty Fails to Reclaim in this Life—Drunkards not Reformed by Delirium Tremens—Jails do not Reform Habitual Criminals—Conditions of the Impenitent after Death—Not Favorable to Reform—An Unpropitious Start—The Infant has a Better Chance—Seraphs not Evolved—Not Demanded by Justice—Longevity not Conductive to Holiness—The Antediluvians—Unfavorable Surroundings—A Demoralizing Theory—Alexander's Sieges—An Incident in a Battle—A Dream of Judgment.

THERE is a hovering hope in the minds of a vast multitude that there will be an opportunity in the next world to correct the mistakes of this; that, if we do make complete shipwreck of our earthly life, it will be on a shore up which we may walk to a palace; that, as a defendant may lose his case in the Circuit Court, and carry it up to the Supreme Court or Court of Chancery, and get a reversal of judgment in his behalf, all the costs being thrown over on the other party, so if we fail in the earthly trial, we may in the higher jurisdiction of eternity have the judgment of the lower court set aside, all the costs remitted, and we be victorious defendants forever.

A CHIMERICAL HOPE.

My object in this sermon is to show that common-sense, as well as my text, declares that such an expectation is chimerical. You say that the impenitent man having got into the next world and seeing the disaster will, as a result of that disaster, turn, the pain the cause of his reformation. But you can find ten thousand instances in this world of men who have done wrong and distress overtook them suddenly. Did the distress heal them? No; they went right on.

PAIN DOES NOT CURE.

That man was flung of dissipations. "You must stop drinking," said the doctor, "and quit the fast life you are leading, or it will destroy you." The patient suffers paroxysm after paroxysm, but under skillful medical treatment he begins to sit up, begins to walk about the room, begins to go to business. And, lo! he goes back to the same grog-shops for his morning dram, and his evening dram, and the drams between. Flat down again. Same doctor. Same physical anguish. Same medical warning.

Now the illness is more protracted, the liver is more stubborn, the stomach more irritable, and the digestive organs are more rebellious. But after a while he is out again, goes back to the same dram shops, and goes the same round of sacrilege against his physical health.

He sees that his downward course is ruining his household, that his life is a perpetual perjury against his marriage vow, that that broken-hearted woman is so unlike the roseate young wife that he married, that her old schoolmates do not recognize her, that his sons are to be taunted for a lifetime by the father's drunkenness, that the daughters are to pass into life under the scarification of a disreputable ancestor. He is drinking up their happiness, their prospects for this life, and, perhaps, for the life to come. Sometimes an appreciation of what he is doing comes upon him. His nervous system is all a jangle. From crown of head to sole of foot he is one aching, rasping, crucifying, damning torture. Where is he? In hell on earth. Does it reform him?

After a while he has delirium tremens, with a whole jungle of hissing reptiles let out on his pillow, and his screams horrify the neighbors as he dashes out of his bed, crying: "Take these things off me!" As he sits, pale and convalescent, the doctor says: "Now I want to have a plain talk with you, my dear fellow. The next attack of this kind you will have you will be beyond all medical skill, and you will die. He

gets better and goes forth into the same round again. This time medicine takes no effect. Consultation of physicians agree in saying there is no hope. Death ends the scene.

HABITUAL CRIMINALS.

That process of inebriation, warning, and dissolution is going on within stone's throw of this church, going on in all the neighborhoods of Christendom. Pain does not correct. Suffering does not reform. What is true in one sense is true in all senses, and will forever be so, and yet men are expecting in the next world purgatorial rejuvenation. Take up the printed reports of the prisons of the United States, and you will find that the vast majority of the incarcerated have been there before, some of them four, five, six times. With a million illustrations all working the other way in this world, people are expecting that distress in the next state will be salutary. You cannot imagine any worse torture in any other world than that which some men have suffered here, and without any salutary consequence.

AN UNPROFITABLE BEGINNING.

Furthermore, the prospect of a reformation in the next world is more improbable than a reformation here. In this world the life started with innocence of infancy. In the case supposed the other life will open with all the accumulated bad habits of many years upon him. Surely, it is easier to build a strong ship out of new timber than out of an old hull that has been ground up in the breakers. If with innocence to start with in this life a man does not become godly, what prospect is there that in the next world, starting with sin, there would be a seraph evolved? Surely the sculptor has more prospect of making a fine statue out of a block of pure white Parian marble than out of an old black rock seamed and cracked with the storms of a half century. Surely upon a clean, white sheet of paper it is easier to write a deed or a will than upon a sheet of paper all scribbled and blotted and torn from top to bottom. Yet men seem to think that, though the life that began here comparatively perfect turned out badly, the next life will succeed, though it starts with a dead failure.

TIME NO REFORMER.

"But," says some one, "I think we ought to have a chance in the next life, because this life is so short it allows only small opportunity." We hardly have time to turn around between cradle and tomb, the wood of the one almost touching the marble of the other. But do you know what made the ancient deluge a necessity? It was the longevity of the antediluvians. They were worse in the second century of their lifetime than in the first hundred years, and still worse in the third century, and still worse all the way on to seven, eight, and nine hundred years, and the earth had to be washed, and scrubbed, and soaked, and anchored, clear out of sight for more than a month before it could be made fit for decent people to live in. Longevity never cures impenitency. All the pictures of Time represent him with a scythe to cut, but I never saw any picture of Time with a case of medicines to heal. Seneca says that Nero for the first five years of his public life was set up for an example of clemency and kindness, but his path all the way descended until at sixty-eight he became a suicide. If eight hundred years did not make antediluvians any better, but only made them worse, the ages of eternity could have no effect except prolongation of depravity.

UNPROFITABLE SURROUNDINGS.

"But," says some one, "in the future state evil surroundings will be withdrawn and elevated influences substituted, and hence expurgation, and sublimation, and glorification." But the righteous, all their sins forgiven, have passed on into a beatific state, and consequently the unsaved will be left alone. It cannot be expected that Dr. Duff, who exhausted himself in teaching Hindoos the way to heaven, and Dr. Abel, who gave his life in the evangelization of China, and Adoniram Judson, who toiled for the redemption of Borneo, should be sent down by

some celestial missionary society to educate those who wasted all their earthly existence Evangelistic and missionary efforts are ended. The entire kingdom of the morally bankrupt by themselves, where are the salvatory influences to come from? Can one speckled and bad apple in a barrel of diseased apples turn the other apples good? Can those who are themselves down help others up? Can those who have themselves failed in the business of the so pay the debts of their spiritual insolvents? Can a million wrongs make one right?

A LAZARETTO WORLD.

Poneropolis was a city where King Philip Thracia put all the bad people of his kingdom. If any man had opened a primary school, Poneropolis I do not think the parents from other cities would have sent their children there. Instead of amendment in the other world, all the associations, now that the good are evolve will be degenerating and down. You would not want to send a man to a cholera or yellow fever hospital for his health; and the great lazaretto of the next world, containing the diseased plague-struck, will be a poor place for moral recovery. If the surroundings in this world were crowded of temptation, the surroundings in the next world, after the righteous have passed, and on, will be a thousand per cent more crowded of temptation.

The Count of Chateaubriand made his lion sleep at night at the top of a castle tower where the winds howled and where specters were said to haunt the place; and while the mother and sisters almost died with fright, the son tells us that the process gave him nerve that could not tremble and a courage that never faltered. But I don't think that towers of darkness and the spectral world swept by Sirocco and Euroclydon will ever fit one for the land eternal sunshine. I wonder what is the curriculum of that college of Inferno, where, after proper preparation by the sins of this life, the candidate enters, passing on from Freshman class of depravity to Sophomore of abandonment, and from Sophomore to Junior, and from Junior to Senior, and day of graduation comes and with diploma signed by Satan, the president, and other professional demoniacs, attests that the candidate has been long enough under their drill, he passes up to enter heaven! Ponder a preparative course for heavenly mission! Ah, my friends, Satan and his cohorts have fitted uncounted multitudes for ruin, I never fitted one soul for happiness.

A DEMORALIZING THEORY.

Furthermore, it would not be safe for the world if men had another chance in the next. If it had been announced that, however wicked a man might act in this world he could fix it all right in the next, society would be terribly demoralized, and the human race demolished a few years. The fear that if we are bad and unforgiven here it will not be well for us in the next existence is the chief influence that keeps civilization from rushing back to semi-barbarism, and semi-barbarism from rushing into night savagery, and midnight savagery from extinction, for it is the astringent impression of nations, Christian and heathen, that there is future chance for those who have wasted this.

Multitudes of men who are kept within bounds would say, "Go to now! Let me get all of this life there is in it. Come, gluttony, inebriation, and uncleanness, and revenge, and all sensualities, and wait upon me! My life will be somewhat shortened in this world by idleness, but that will only make heavenly indulgence on a larger scale the sooner possible. I will overtake the saints at last, and will enter the Heavenly Temple only a little later than those who behaved themselves here. I will my way to heaven take a little wider excursion than those who were on earth pious, and I shall go to heaven *via* Gehenna and *via* Sheol." Is there any other chance in the next world means license and wild abandonment in this.

Suppose you were a party in an important case at law, and you knew from consultation with

lges and attorneys that it would be tried
ice, and the first trial would be of little im-
portance, but that the second would decide
everything, for which trial would you make the
best preparation, for which retain the ablest at-
torneys, for which be most anxious about the
evidence of witnesses? You would put all the
ess upon the second trial, all the anxiety, all
the expenditure, saying, "The first is nothing,
the last is everything." Give the race assurance
a second and more important trial in the sub-
sequent life, and all the preparation for eternity
uld be *post-mortem*, post-funeral, post-sepul-
chral, and the world with one jerk be pitched off
o impiety and godlessness.

SUFFICIENT CHANCES IN LIFE.
Furthermore, let me ask why a chance
uld be given in the next world if we have
used innumerable chances in this? Sup-
pose you give a banquet, and you invite a vast
number of friends, but one man declines to come,
treats your invitation with indifference. You
he course of twenty years give twenty ban-
quets, and the same man is invited to them all,
treats them all in the same obnoxious way.
er a while you remove to another house,
er and better, and you again invite your
nds, but send no invitation to the man who
lined or neglected the other invitations.
you to blame? Has he a right to expect to
invited after all the indignities he has done
? God in this world has invited us all to
banquet of His grace. He invited us by His
vidence and His Spirit three hundred and
y-five days of every year since we knew our
hand from our left. If we declined it every
e, or treated the invitation with indifference,
gave twenty or forty or fifty years of indig-
on our part toward the Banqueter, and at
He spreads the banquet in a more luxuriant
kingly place, amid the heavenly gardens,
we a right to expect Him to invite us
n, and have we a right to blame Him if He
s not invite us?

THE GOSPEL SHIP.
twelve gates of salvation stood open twenty
s or fifty years for our admission, and at the
of that time they are closed, can we com-
ain of it and say, "These gates ought to be
again. Give us another chance?" If the
mer is to sail for Hamburg, and we want to
to Germany by that line, and we read in
y evening and every morning newspaper
it will sail on a certain day, for two weeks
ave that advertisement before our eyes, and
we go down to the docks fifteen minutes
it has shoved off into the stream and say:
ome back. Give me another chance. It is
fair to treat me in this way. Swing up to
dock again, and throw out the planks, and
e come on board." Such behavior would
e arrest as a madman.

nd if, after the Gospel ship has lain at anchor
re our eyes for years and years and years,
all the benign voices of earth and heaven
urged us to get on board, as she might sail
any moment, and after a while she sails
us, is it common-sense to expect her to
e back? You might as well go out on the
lands at Neversink and call to the Aurania
she has been three days out, and expect
o return, as to call back an opportunity for
en when it once has sped away. All heaven
ed us as a gratuity, and for a lifetime we re-
to take it, and then rush on the bosses of
vah's buckler demanding another chance.
e ought to be, there can be, there will be,
such thing as posthumous opportunity.
our common-sense agrees with my text—
the tree fall toward the south, or toward
orth, in the place where the tree falleth,
it shall be."

us see that this idea lifts this world up from
important way station to a platform of stuo-
id issues, and makes all eternity whirl
nd this hour. But one trial for which all
reparation must be made in this world, or
made at all. That piles up all the em-
s and all the climaxes and all the destinies

into life here. No other chance! Oh, how
that augments the value and the importance of
this chance!

ALEXANDER'S LIGHT.

Alexander with his army used to surround a
city, and then would lift a great light in token to
the people that, if they surrendered before that
light went out, all would be well; but if once
the light went out, then the battering-rams would
swing against the wall, and demolition and dis-
aster would follow. Well, all we need to do for
our present and everlasting safety is to make
surrender to Christ, the King and Conqueror,
surrender of our hearts, surrender of our lives,
surrender of everything. And He keeps a great
light burning, light of Gospel invitation, light
kindled with the wood of the cross and flaming
up against the dark night of our sin and sorrow.
Surrender while that great light continues to
burn, for after it goes out there will be no other
opportunity of making peace with God through
our Lord Jesus Christ. Talk of another chance!
Why, this is a supernal chance!

In the time of Edward the Sixth, at the battle
of Musselburgh, a private soldier, seeing that
the Earl of Huntley had lost his helmet, took off
his own helmet and put it upon the head of the
earl; and the head of the private soldier un-
covered, he was soon slain, while his commander
rode safely out of the battle. But in our case,
instead of a private soldier offering helmet to an
earl, it is a King putting His crown upon an un-
worthy subject, the King dying that we might
live. Tell it to all points of the compass. Tell
it to night and day. Tell it to all earth and
heaven. Tell it to all centuries, all ages, all
millenniums, that we have such a magnificent
chance in this world that we need no other
chance in the next.

A DREAM.

I am in the burnished Judgment Hall of the
Last Day. A great white throne is lifted, but
the Judge has not yet taken it. While we are
waiting for His arrival I hear immortal spirits in
conversation. "What are you waiting here
for?" says a soul that went up from Madagascar
to a soul that ascended from America. The
latter says: "I came from America, where forty
years I heard the Gospel preached, and Bible
read, and from the prayer I learned in infancy at
my mother's knee until my last hour I had Gos-
pel advantage, but for some reason I did not
make the Christian choice, and I am here wait-
ing for the Judge to give me a new trial and an-
other chance." "Strange," says the other: "I
had but one Gospel call in Madagascar, and I
accepted it, and I do not need another chance."
"Why are you here?" says one who on earth
had feeblest intellect to one who had great brain,
and silvery tongue, and sceptres of influence.
The latter responds: "Oh, I knew more than
my fellows. I mastered libraries, and had
learned titles from colleges, and my name was a
synonym for eloquence and power. And yet I
neglected my soul, and I am here waiting for
a new trial." "Strange," says the one of the
feeble earthly capacity: "I knew but little of
worldly knowledge, but I knew Christ, and made
Him my partner, and I have no need of another
chance."

Now the ground trembles with the approach-
ing chariot. The great folding doors of the
Hall swing open. Stand back! cry the cele-
stial ushers. Stand back, and let the Judge of
quick and dead pass through! He takes the
throne, and, looking over the throng of nations,
He says: "Come to Judgment, the last Judg-
ment, the only Judgment!" By one flash from
the throne all the history of each one flames
forth to the vision of himself and all others.
"Divide!" says the Judge to the assembly.
"Divide!" echo the walls. "Divide!" cry the
guards angelic.

And now the immortals separate, rushing this
way and that, and after a while there is a great
aisle between them, and a great vacuum widen-
ing and widening, and the Judge, turning to the
throne on one side, says: "He that is righteous
let him be righteous still, and he that is holy let

him be holy still," and then turning toward the
throne on the opposite side, He says: "He
that is unjust let him be unjust still, and he that
is filthy let him be filthy still," and then lifting
one hand toward each group, He declares: "If
the tree fall toward the south or toward the
north, in the place where the tree falleth there
it shall be." And then I hear something jar
with a great sound. It is the closing of the
Book of Judgment. The Judge ascends the
stairs behind the throne. The Hall of the last
Assize is cleared and shut. The High Court of
Eternity adjourned forever.

THE WORLD-POWER.

By G. Warrand Houghton.

FEW Christians are aware of the vast conse-
quences entailed upon the Church by ignorance
of dispensational truth, as taught in God's
Word. What is

THE ORIGIN OF THE WORLD-POWER?

God's earthly people, Israel, knew that His only
kingdom on earth must be established in Jerusa-
lem. Of the heavenly calling of the Church
they knew nothing. In spite of continued acts
of disobedience they refused to believe they
could be cast out. They may well have argued
that they would never be superseded by the
Gentile. God, however, gave them over to the
Gentile supremacy, promising, nevertheless (for
He is long-suffering, slow to anger, and of great
goodness), to destroy the Gentile power and re-
member His covenant with Abraham; and
sooner should His celestial ordinances depart
from before Him than that promise be forgot-
ten! Yet, what God would not forget, the
Church did not trouble to remember. It has
clung for over fifteen centuries to

THE FOURTH OF THE WILD BEASTS

of Daniel's vision, one which was to combine
the characteristics of the three preceding ones
(compare Rev. 13: 1-2), and "be great and ter-
rible exceedingly." The thought is simply
frightful. The man of God who beheld this
fearful thing even but in vision was "much
troubled." What an awful thing it is to count
God "slack concerning His promises," to say
"my Lord delayeth His coming!" The Church
is ever prone to rest on sight and not on faith.
Like Peter, when the storm arose, she tried to
walk on the waters by looking down instead of
steadfastly keeping her eyes fixed on the Author
and Finisher of her faith. There never has been
till now a people prepared for His possession.
Yet Jesus waits. His patience is inexhaustible.

The present position of the Church with re-
gard to this thing is very serious, much more
so than Christians are wont to imagine. There
is not panic; but scepticism and indifference as
to "the hope" pervades even the true Church.
It is not contended that souls are not being
saved, but that a full Gospel is not found accept-
able by the majority of those who have been
saved. The average evangelist is satisfied if he
brings the proselyte into the outer court, instead
of conducting him into the sanctuary. The
Lord says, "Be ye ready!" and there must be
a people to be ready for Him when He comes.
It is certain that they ought all to be preparing
people for the Lord's return, and it is equally
certain that but few are doing so.

The outcome of all this is given in Revelation
17, where "mystery Babylon" is found

SEATED ON THE BEAST

with the ten horns (*i.e.*, uncrowned), and whence
she is hurled to her ruin by those same "ten
horns." It may be asserted that the Babylonian
system is only found among Papists and Ritual-
ists. That is, however, quite incorrect. Its
symbols are found in nearly all ecclesiastical
systems, and the services would seem to be
leavened throughout, if people would only take
the trouble to see where. It must be thoroughly
shaken off if we are to be "without blemish"
among the one hundred and forty-four thousand
not contaminated with spiritual adultery.

Let us rest on Christ and keep clear of the
World-Power, and let our hope in Christ be
fixed by the Spirit working through the Word.

ANECDOTES RELATED AT THE EVANGELISTIC MEETINGS IN SCOTLAND.

A Determined Man.—At a recent meeting the Rev. Mr. McNeil said: "A man came into a meeting one night, and when asked if he were a Christian, he replied, 'No; I know nothing of it, but I am determined to know what this religion is,' and in ten minutes he rose with the light of heaven in his face, because he was in earnest. Like Zaccheus he was determined to overcome every obstacle and see his Lord, and he did."

The Devil Foiled Again.—The Rev. Mr. M'Lahlan remarked: "God has given us great blessing in our work for Him. One man to whom I spoke one night recently said, in a distressed tone, 'I cannot see it! I cannot see it! Everything about the Gospel is quite dark to me.' We knelt in prayer; I pleaded with the Lord that this man's eyes might be opened to see the truth! I then opened my Bible and read to him a few passages which told of our heavenly Father laying our sins on Jesus. After I had finished he exclaimed, in great astonishment, 'What! has the Father put my sins upon Jesus?' 'Yes,' I rejoined; 'your sins and mine were all laid on Jesus.' 'Well,' he said, 'Satan tried to keep me from this meeting all day, but I have come, and I go away with a great blessing.'"

Saved from a Living Death.—At a recent meeting a man testified thus: "For twelve years I was an earnest worker for the Lord in London. I came to this city, and a lady, in kindness, as she thought, offered me some whiskey, not suspecting the harm it would do me. I yielded to the temptation, and from that time I became careless of religion. Soon doubt took possession of my mind, and this was followed by sceptical views about all that Christians love and prize. I was going fast down to destruction, but the Lord looked upon me and was merciful. He led me into Mr. Hammond's meeting on a recent Thursday afternoon, and there He was graciously pleased to meet with me and heal my backslidings; and now when I look back on my former life, and think of what the Lord has snatched me from, I gratefully thank Him, for it was just a living death, and nothing beside."

Three Courageous Young Ladies.—Captain Hatfield said: "A few months ago a young lady went to a meeting, and was led to see that she was a lost sinner, but that Jesus could save her. She gave herself to Him, and went home rejoicing in the Lord. She asked her two sisters, who were not Christians, to come to the meeting, but they refused. She continued to plead with them just to come and see what it was like. At length her entreaties prevailed, and they accompanied her to the meeting, and they also were touched by the story of the Cross, and gave themselves to Jesus. When their parents heard of this they became very angry, and their father said if they did not discontinue attending those meetings they would have to seek a home elsewhere. But they still continued to go, and he told them they must leave his house. The three sisters sorrowfully gathered their things together, and, after engaging in prayer, they left the house, and were about to enter a cab when their parents' hearts melted, and they came out and begged of them to return to their house. They still continue to shine and live for Jesus."

A Highway Robber's Remorse.—The Rev. Mr. Muir said: "Many years ago there was a company of men on the borders of Scotland who used to live by plunder. There was one man in particular, known as John of the Score, who seemed to be the worst among the gang. One day while walking along a road he met a man with a very fine chestnut horse. When John saw it he wished to be the possessor of the horse. He told the man his intention of taking it, but the owner resisted. At length John drew from his pocket a pistol, threatening to put the man to instant death if he did not give up the horse. But the man still pleaded to keep his property, saying it was the only means by which

he could support his wife and family. But John turned a deaf ear to all the man's entreaties, and walked off with the horse. From that moment he had no peace for thinking of the man he had so cruelly robbed of his living. At length he could bear it no longer, so calling his sons to him, who were also engaged in this unlawful traffic, he said: 'I cannot persist in this conduct any longer. I am going to give myself up, and you will have to take care of yourselves the best way you can.' He gave himself up to the authorities, who imprisoned him in the Edinburgh gaol. He was tried and found guilty, and was condemned. When the sentence was pronounced John felt he had no hope for this life or the next. When he was conducted back to gaol he asked if he might see a minister. Two ministers came to see him, and John asked in a trembling voice, 'Is there any hope for me?' 'Yes,' they said, 'there is hope for you. Although you have been guilty of so many atrocious crimes there is hope for you, for 'This is a faithful saying and worthy of all acceptance, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners.' John seized hold of this truth, and entered into the rest which God has prepared for His people."

INCIDENTS IN MR. NOBLE'S WORK.

True to His Colors.—A Little Boy in Our Band of Hope was run over in the street by a heavy team and truck, and was dreadfully mangled. He was taken to the hospital, and his legs were amputated. After the operation the surgeon offered him a stimulant, but the boy begged that he might not be forced to take it, and he was allowed to do without it. The poor lad sunk under his sufferings, but before he died he sent for his mother to the hospital. When she came he said: "Mother, I want you to do something for me after I am dead." "I will, my boy; what is it?" "You know the Hoxton Hall, where the Band of Hope is? Will you go there and tell the superintendent about me being run over? Tell him they brought me here, and that I was true to my colors." After the boy was dead the woman came to the hall and told me of the brave little fellow's fidelity.

"Until Seventy Times Seven."—A Woman who was the most inveterate drinker I ever knew used to come to our meetings night after night. I have known her come with a bottle under her shawl, and getting where it was in the shade and she could not be watched, drink herself into a state of insensibility and have to be carried home. Yet she was anxious to reform, and time and again she signed the pledge, only to sink back further into debauchery. One night she was there again, looking more miserable and degraded than ever. She was near the platform, and she listened intently as one after another testified of the Lord's power to save. She was much affected, and at length she said to my wife: "Mrs. Noble, won't you try me once more?" Poor creature! she had been often tried without success. My wife took her aside and prayed with her, and she went away rejoicing yet trembling. That is five years ago. She has never touched a drop since. She is living a reputable, useful life, and her husband has been converted through her instrumentality.

A Dying Saloon Keeper.—About Three Years ago I was requested to visit a dying man whose bar-room was a notorious resort. The man himself sent for me, and I was curious to know why. I went immediately to his place and entered the bar-room. That was a shocking sight. Miserable creatures were standing there clutching their glasses of liquor, looking as wretched as if they had come from their graves to get the stuff and had forgotten their way back. The proprietor's wife was behind the bar, and when she saw me she beckoned me to the private door. "My husband wants to see you. He is dying. Oh, this accursed business! I never wanted to begin it. We were doing well as we were, but he had the chance of getting this place, and said there was a fortune in it." I went into the chamber of death. There upon

the bed lay an old business acquaintance of mine, but so changed that I could scarcely recognize him. The business had played fearful havoc with the seller. I talked with him for some time, and then asked him if I might read and pray with him. He raised his hand and wrung them in despair. "No," he said, "it's of no use now. I only wanted to see you once more and tell you to go on with your work. Save the people, Noble, if you can. I am a lost man." The agonized look on that man's face has haunted me ever since.

THE CHRISTIAN CONVENTION IN NEW YORK.

ON Monday evening, October 5th, the 1 session of the Convention was opened, after preliminary devotional exercises, by an address from the Rev. A. B. Simpson explaining the objects of the Convention. He urged every one to take part in the proceedings to hold up Jesus only and to exalt Him.

Dr. Wilson, of St. George's Church, spoke the motives of service. He said that he served the Lord from fear, some for pay, some for love. It was better to serve Him from an ignoble motive than not to serve Him at all, but it was the service of love that He desired. The Prodigal Son coming home from the country, with his little set speech all ready, not allowed to say it all when he met his father. He got no farther than "I am not worthy when his father stopped him. The best that father's home could give was brought out, because he was a son. God did not want children to take the position of hired servants. A friend had put into his hand the other tract entitled "The House-top Saint." When he had read it he thought how few ever reach the house-top in their Father's mansion. The house-top was there, and the Father, reaching down with His hand to draw up to the cellar and parlor and chamber Christians for there are Christians on every story. The house-top saint should never be harsh to them, for he has been there himself; but should come down now and again to help them up. Personally, he could testify that it was possible to reach the house-top. He had been in the lower regions in a state of servitude, but was a living witness of the power of the Holy Ghost, whose special mission it was to take the things of Jesus and show them to His lovers.

Mrs. Baxter said, in the course of her address: "A little word has been so pressed on my heart that I cannot help reading it to you. It is this: 'I sat down under His shadow to great delight, and His fruit was sweet to my taste.' [Canticles 2:3]. Christ's first invitation to His disciples when He was about to die was: 'Make the people sit down.' If the crowd had not believed that Jesus had come to feed them they would have rushed upon those five loaves and two fishes; but they knew they would be fed, and so they sat down in patience. Lord, help us to sit down in patience. We read of a woman who sat down. Mary was in a great bustle because the dinner was not ready, and she asked Jesus to scold Mary, not helping her. But Mary was sitting down. She was sitting at Jesus' feet, and I don't think He ever scolded any one away from there. We sit down at the feet of Jesus. He will not allow any one to take that place from us. Where is the place to sit down? Under His shadow. The restful shadow and the shadow under which we get satisfied is the shadow of Jesus. It is the shadow of a great rock in a weary land, and it is cool there. If we get out of that shadow and sit down there the rest of our experience will be true—His fruit will be sweet to our taste. It is fruit for our land, for our cities, which He will teach us to hand out to them. Anything that makes us too restless to sit down should be put away, that we may not be sitting down, but I am sitting down." Captain R. Kelso Carter closed the session with a lengthy address.

TUESDAY.

The subject suggested for the day was "The Grace and Power of Christ for our Full Salvation from Self and Sin." At the morning session for Bible readings *Miss Carrie F. Judd*, of Buffalo, N. Y., read Canticles 1: 7. "Tell me, O thou whom my soul loveth, where thou feedest, where thou makest thy flock to rest at noon," She said: "Jesus told His disciples that He had meat to eat that they knew not of. That was before they had received the Holy Spirit. We should not like to have Him say that to us now. It is very precious to be one of that flock which He makes to rest at noon; it is still sweeter to be one of the lambs that He carries in His arms."

TESTIMONY.

At the afternoon session many interesting testimonies were given from among the audience at the invitation of Mr. Simpson, who presided. A man said he gloried in the name of the tramp-preacher, for he had a great regard for tramps and outcasts of all kinds. For thirty years he had been addicted to strong drink, and he was sent to America as the place where the people were total abstainers in the hope of reforming him. But he found there was no lack of liquor in America, and he sank from bad to worse. He was converted under Mr. Moody's preaching. He gave up his position on a daily journal, and had devoted himself ever since to the Lord's service. Had never tasted liquor since, nor had any desire to do so. A lady said that when she received the gift of the Holy Spirit it seemed to her that the Lord asked her if she would dare to testify for Him before large congregations. It was a long time before she could say Amen to that, but now she delighted to speak for Him. She did not always wait until she had something to say; the Lord always gave her words and blessed them. The Christian life, which had once been hard to her, was now easy and sweet, and this year had been the best of her life. A man in the gallery said he had been in the habit of smoking

TWENTY CIGARS A DAY.

His smoke cost him \$2710. When he received the Holy Ghost God took the appetite away, and he had never smoked since. He thought that was a fair test. A man said that he had been thinking for a long time that he ought to give up everything for Jesus, but his Christian friends had told him that there was no need to give up everything; but the Lord had led him to see his duty, and last Saturday he had resigned his commercial position, and was now ready to go anywhere to preach the Gospel—to Africa, if the Lord wanted him there.

Mrs. Whitney, a well-known worker, said: "About fourteen years ago I made a transfer of myself and all that I called mine to the Lord. He has enabled me to suffer as well as to do, and I praise God to-day for these fourteen years of experience. My life has gone out, but another life has come in. My life has been alone; yet not alone, for my Saviour has been with me. While I live, a busy life I am very happy. I count it a joy to work for Christ, to follow close to Him. I do nothing, but I am near to Him, and delight to see what He does." An elderly gentleman from Philadelphia said: "I never was at a Convention before. I had a great desire to attend Mr. Moody's Convention at Northfield, but the way was not opened. But I saw in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD that this Convention was to be held, and that Mrs. Baxter would be here. I prayed to the Lord about it. I did not see my way, but I thought there would be an answer, and I prepared to come. One morning last week I got a letter from a friend in Brooklyn saying he had heard that I was looking like a wilted cabbage-leaf, and he wanted me to come and spend a few days with him, and he enclosed a return ticket. I said, 'Bless the Lord, I am going to the Convention; and here I am, and I am very happy to be with you.'"

At the evening session Dr. Wilson delivered an address. Having read John 12: 20-24—the passage referring to the Greeks who went to

Philip desiring to see Jesus—he said: "I cannot help thinking that we have come up to the house of God to keep the feast. But I think there are Greeks with us to-night who do not see with us, and they come to us with the request that the Greeks put to Philip, 'We would see Jesus.' God grant we may be true to the trust. Let us stand aside, that they may see the Master. The world is asking to see Jesus. I pray that it may see Him shining in our faces, living in our lives. You remember the story of that great artist who painted a picture of the Last Supper, and in that picture he painted a very beautiful cup standing before our Lord. He had taken pains with every detail of the picture, but the cup was exquisite. He noticed that every spectator noticed the cup. They said, 'Oh, what a beautiful cup!' With one stroke of his brush he obliterated all the beauty of the cup, saying, 'God forbid that anything in my picture should attract attention from the Lord.' No face should be visible to seeking souls but the face of Jesus. But there is one condition to seeing Jesus. Except a corn of wheat fall into the ground and die, it abideth alone. It is a law of creation that there can be no life until there has been death. Seeds will remain seeds until the end of time, unless they die. May the Spirit of God deal death to us, and then give us the life of Jesus!"

Mrs. Baxter dwelt on the same words, reiterating that it was necessary to die to see Jesus. "Jesus said, 'He that loveth his life shall lose it' (John 12: 25). Naturally we look after our own interests and seek our own life; but God's way is so different from our way. God never would leave His children to do the best they could for themselves. The father can do so much better for his child than the child can do for itself. We have to give up our own plans and fall into the plans of our God, and the way of our God is death. We have to give up the ground and leave it all to God. Our place is to be crucified with Christ; we are not to be reckoned upon any more than a man who died yesterday. Then we see Jesus."

Dr. John Cookman related how he came to be an advocate of the doctrine of cleansing grace, and described the life of his mother, whom he had living in his house for many years, and living a life of beautiful sanctification, yet one with him and those around her in sweet naturalness. He also spoke of his glorified elder brother, the late Alfred Cookman, who also received this grace and thrilled the audience to tears as he told of the wonderful experience through which he came into its possession.

An address followed from Captain R. Kelso Carter, in which, as on the previous and subsequent nights, he propounded questions to the audience, requiring them to respond by rising.

WEDNESDAY.

The subject for this day was "Divine Healing," and the morning session, as usual, was devoted to Bible readings.

In the afternoon over fifty testimonies were given by persons who had themselves experienced divine healing. One man told how he had been delivered from the opium habit. Another was healed suddenly last Thanksgiving Day of a double affliction that his doctor told him would keep him on his back for more than three weeks. He had been previously assured that nothing but a surgical operation could save his life. He had also been all his life a bond-slave to spectacles, but on praying for relief he found that he could read small type without them. A lady said she had suffered for a long time with sore eyes. For more than three months it had been necessary to lead her about. She had undergone two serious operations—one in London, and one in New York—and for four years she had been a regular patient under treatment at an hospital. The eyelids were paralyzed, and the tear-gland had been probed. The best oculists here and in Europe told her that nothing could save her from ultimate total blindness, but the Lord had healed her. Another lady, who was also troubled by defective eyesight, said that

she gained her living by needlework. Owing to the trouble with her eyes she had been obliged to decline fine work. She was warned that she would soon become totally blind, but having taken the Lord for her Healer, her eyesight had been restored so that she could do the finest needlework. Putting on her spectacles for a moment the other day, she found that she could not use them, they magnified too much. Looking through them her skin looked like leather, and the needle she was threading looked like a walking-stick. She has never used spectacles since. A portly, stalwart man, who said that he was a physician, testified that a few months ago he was an emaciated cripple, brought down by rheumatism and Bright's disease to the verge of the grave. He weighed only one hundred and eight pounds. He went to the Lord for healing, and was cured immediately.

CANCER CURED.

An old gentleman who spoke from the platform thanked God for the cure of his son of malignant cancer in the jaw. He had taken the boy to the Massachusetts Infirmary. Drs. Whittemore, Richardson, and Porter had all examined him, and agreed in the diagnosis. A most painful operation was decided upon as the only means of saving his life; but the night before it was to take place the father met a man who had received divine healing of a cancer, and he persuaded him to trust the boy in the hands of Christ. He did so, and the boy recovered. No operation was performed. A brother who said he was an officer in a church testified that he had been healed of heart disease, from which his family had suffered for three generations. Formerly he was confined to his house by illness for six weeks at a time. In the month of July he had been ill for several weeks, suffered excruciating pain, could not lie down day or night, but was propped up in a sitting position. He was brought to see the truth of divine healing, and three days after making a full consecration he was completely cured; could lie down and sleep peacefully, and walked up a high hill without difficulty.

MINISTERIAL TESTIMONY.

After twenty-one other testimonies were given by different persons who had been healed of various diseases, Dr. John Cookman said that twice he had been himself the subject of the healing power. On December 16th last he was lying at the gate of death, and hope had been abandoned by his physicians and his family and himself; but God had spoken to him and revealed Himself as the Healer, and he was restored. Again, one month ago, he was prostrated with congestion of the heart and lungs, and again he had gone to Christ for healing and was immediately recovered, though it had been supposed that he was dying. Dr. Wilson said that for seventeen years he was a walking drug-store, was continually ill, and had been several times near death; so near on one occasion that an undertaker was spoken to about his funeral. He had been to the most skillful physicians in America, and finally had gone to London and Edinburgh for treatment, but returned uncured, and none of them gave him hope of recovery. In a month after his return he was worse than ever. Since he had gone to the Lord for healing, two years ago, he had never tasted medicine or stimulants, had not had a day's illness, and was doing more work in connection with his church now than he had ever done in his life.

Many other persons were standing up at the conclusion of Dr. Wilson's address desiring to give testimony; but as the time for closing had arrived it was impossible to hear them. Mr. Simpson therefore asked all who had been healed by Christ without medical aid to stand up, and fully two hundred persons rose. Then, they having resumed their seats, he asked any who had been healed of either cancer, tumors, consumption, or any organic disease to rise, and forty-one persons responded.

A report of the two closing sessions of the Convention will appear in our next issue.

CHRISTIAN HERALD

AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES.

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CURRENT EVENTS.

The Republican Victory in Ohio is the Most notable political event of the week. Mr. Foraker has been elected by a plurality estimated at over 19,000, and the Legislature also has been carried by the Republicans. The latter fact is important, because a United States Senator to succeed John Sherman will be elected by this Legislature. Dr. Leonard, the Prohibition candidate for the Governorship, polled fully 25,000 votes. Last year the vote for St. John was 11,069. That the campaign was a vigorous one is proved by the fact that over 700,000 votes were cast, though the day was rainy. Many Democrats attribute the defeat to the decisive attitude taken by Governor Hoadly on the liquor question, which strongly offended temperance Democrats. National politics, however, exercised an important influence in two ways. Mr. Cleveland's Democratic friends and opponents are said to have both contributed to the defeat. His opponents, annoyed by his slowness in making removals, were indifferent about Democratic success; while his friends, irritated by the hostile attitude taken by the Ohio Democracy to the Administration, also refrained from voting. The one encouraging fact about the election is the large increase in the Prohibition vote. That the increase is all due to the growth of Prohibition sentiment is doubtful; but the fact remains that the balance of power in Ohio was this year in Prohibition hands. The Republicans had only a plurality, not a majority. There have been rumors of disturbances in Cincinnati, and a threat of mob violence. Mr. John McLean, of the Cincinnati *Enquirer*, has had to apply for an armed guard. The charge is that of ballot-box frauds.

The Democratic Candidates for the Governorship and Lieutenant-Governorship of New York issued their letters of acceptance last week. Governor Hill's letter is a long one, and is chiefly devoted to the denunciation of the Republican party. His attitude on the Civil Service Reform question and on the labor question he is, however, at some pains to define. On the former he says: "I believe that the Civil Service, of the country should be reformed. The continued ascendancy of one party in the national government for twenty-four years led to abuses, the creation of sinecures, and the prostitution of public positions to partisan purposes. Any laws not inconsistent with the true spirit of our institutions, having for their sole object and purpose the correction of such abuses, and capable of practical and impartial enforcement, must commend themselves to all thoughtful men." Respecting the subject of labor, Governor Hill says: "The interests of labor are worthy of serious consideration at the hands of the State. Such legislation should be enacted as is demanded by a just and proper appreciation of the wants and needs of workmen. Honest labor should be protected as far as possible from the unjust competition of prison labor, and laws should be framed providing for the amicable arbitration of differences between the employer and the employed." The campaign is being pushed vigorously, and present

indications are that the result will not be "a tidal wave" for either party. Mr. Schurz has issued a manifesto defending the course of the Mugwumps in voting the Republican ticket this year after voting the Democratic ticket last year.

The Present Outbreak of Defamation of Character, which this year is worse than is usual in an off-year, was the subject of Dr. Talmage's Friday Evening Talk last week. He uttered a vigorous protest against it, which may be useful in other States besides New York. He said: "As soon as a man is nominated for any office he must be painted black. Qualification for office has nothing to do with the question. It is falsehood against falsehood, misrepresentation against misrepresentation, and scandal against scandal, until the whole scene is disgusting almost beyond endurance, and what is transpiring in our own State is at the present time taking place in most of the States. The wide indecency becomes more and more stenchful. When a man is put on the head of a city or a State ticket people begin to ransack pigeon-holes and portfolios and old trunks in the garret to see if they can find any letters that he has ever written that may be construed unto that which is compromising or denunciatory. A wrong twist is given to all his past behavior, and after the campaign has been going on for a month the candidate hardly knows himself, so confused has he become by the representations abroad concerning him. The damage is not done so much to those put up for office, because every man comes eventually to be taken for what he is worth, and you cannot put him permanently in a false position; but the damage is to those who manufacture the untruths and to the community in general, who get so in the habit of lying in the early autumn that they cannot stop it."

The Suspension of a Chief Justice Last Week is a gratifying sign of improvement in the standard of political morals. On October 14th President Cleveland suspended Judge Vincent, who in June last was appointed Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of New Mexico. The cause of this startling proceeding was that the Chief Justice had appointed Stephen W. Dorsey one of three commissioners to draw grand and petit jurors for the Territory. The information upon which the President acted was furnished by a resident of the Territory in a communication to the Attorney-General. Mr. Garland promptly reported the fact to the President, and after a brief consultation upon the matter, in which the relations of Mr. Dorsey to jurymen and land claims are said to have received attention, it was decided that a justice who would intrust the selection of jurors to such a notorious character as Dorsey ought to be requested to explain his conduct, and until he had done so be prevented exercising his functions. Judge Vincent may be able to furnish a fair explanation of his curious appointment, and possibly may be free from blame. The fact with which we are concerned is that the report that he had made such an appointment was deemed a sufficient reason for his suspension. There are many judges in office who would do well to consider this fact, and learn the lesson it teaches.

The Arrest of W. S. Warner is a Natural Result of the disclosures made by Ferdinand Ward and the receiver of the Grant & Ward estate. It took place on Saturday morning last, and gives general satisfaction. Ward declares that Warner had \$1,300,000 in "profits" out of the concern. It was the United States District Attorney who secured the warrant, so that his trial will take place in the United States Courts, where proceedings have also been commenced against Ward in the event of his escaping the penal code of New York State. Mr. Dorsheimer's information against Warner is that he abetted Ward, who was a director of the Marine National Bank, in misappropriating the funds of the bank, in fraud of the bank and of William H. Vanderbilt and General Grant, and to his own advantage. Specific counts follow, alleging detailed acts, and a final clause charges that

Warner abetted, incited, counselled, and procured Ward to commit the offences, he, said Warner, intending to injure and defraud General Grant and William H. Vanderbilt for his own use, benefit, or advantage. The punishment provided under the Revised Statutes for the offence is imprisonment for not less than five nor more than ten years.

The Irish Political Conventions Held at Cork and Dublin last week were a striking manifestation of Mr. Parnell's power and popularity. He is really, as he was ironically described, the uncrowned king of Ireland. The conventions were assembled to select candidates for the approaching elections, and each candidate signed an undertaking to vote, if elected, solidly with the other Irish members of the Parnellite party, and to resign whenever called upon to do so by his colleagues. Mr. Parnell's leadership was everywhere recognized with enthusiasm, and in the two cities in which the conventions were held he received a magnificent ovation. A new addition to the party is Sir Thomas Henry Grattan Esmonde, Bart., a grandson of Henry Grattan, and a young man of great promise. He is himself a landlord, but casts in his lot with the Parnellites with enthusiasm. He was one of the candidates selected for Dublin county.

The Situation in the Balkan Peninsula Did not change materially last week. Rumors were rife of a Servian invasion of Bulgaria and of a treaty by which Servia was to be placated with the cession of the town of Widin. The great powers, however, are industriously suppressing news, and the arrangements which may be made by Servia or Bulgaria will have to be submitted to the decision of Austria and Russia, which still confront each other with menacing aspect. The whole eastern section of Europe is in a turmoil, and armies are being rapidly collected and equipped in Turkey and Greece, as well as in the disturbed provinces. The European correspondent of the *New York Times* cables a long description of the different movements, and compares the seething nations to a *café of hyenas in a menagerie* at feeding time, when the frantic brutes are indifferent whether they devour their meat, or their keeper, or one another, so long as they can set their teeth in flesh.

The Second Ballotings in France are Reported to be slightly in favor of the Republicans, but the returns so far received do not indicate that they have recovered their lost ground. There appears, however, to be little prospect of a restoration of the monarchy as the result of the downfall of the dominant party. The European correspondent of the *New York Herald*, who has canvassed men of all parties, states that only a very small portion of the voters meant to express any preference for a monarchical form of government. But they thought of the war against the clergy begun by M. Ferry and likely to be continued with renewed vigor; they shrank from the threatened income tax, from the separation talked of between Church and State, and from all violent and revolutionary measures likely to follow the advent to power of the radicals. Few of those who voted as conservatives had the slightest dream of any such possibility as a monarchical restoration, in either an immediate or a distant future.

The Approaching Political Struggle in Great Britain will have a strong religious element. The Premier, Lord Salisbury, speaking on October 15th, said that the agitation to separate the Church from the State was the most prominent question of the day. If the question was not settled in the next it would be settled in the following Parliament. It would be the greatest conflict in English history. A wave of infidelity was passing over the land. Mr. Gladstone bowed to it; he was unable to consider it the great issue of modern civilization, higher than any issue of national destiny. The Roman Catholics, who might have been expected to favor the cause of Church disestablishment, will probably oppose it by their votes at the polls.

The Rev. M. Baxter has Addressed Large audiences in Canada during the past two weeks on the subject of unfulfilled prophecy. In Hamilton, which has a population of thirty-five thousand, he lectured three times in the Grand Opera House. At Guelph he spoke twice; at London he delivered six lectures in the Opera House before a deeply-interested audience. He has also lectured in Stratford and Brentford. The lectures are arousing a deep interest in the prophetic Scriptures. It is a surprise to the majority even of Bible readers to learn how near we are to the time when the great events which will close this dispensation may be expected, and to see that the events now occurring of which they read in their newspapers were outlined more than twenty years ago by students of prophecy. It may be hoped that in these five cities, which have an aggregate population of a hundred thousand persons, many may be brought into the light by God's blessing on this proclamation of the truth, which they never heard before, that the end is at hand.

The Christian Convention at Buffalo, N. Y., already announced in these columns, will be held in the large hall of the Young Men's Christian Association in the ensuing week, commencing on Tuesday, October 27th, at 7:30 P.M. There will be three sessions on Wednesday and each of the following days, commencing respectively at 10 A.M., 3 P.M., and 7:30 P.M. The morning sessions will be devoted to Bible readings, the afternoons to personal testimonies, and the evenings to addresses from eminent Christian workers. Mrs. Baxter and the Rev. A. B. Simpson will take part in the meetings. It is believed that many Christians hungering for a fuller manifestation of Christ in their souls and bodies will be glad to avail themselves of this opportunity of meeting together to wait upon God for a special outpouring of the Holy Spirit. Persons desiring to attend may obtain full particulars by addressing Miss Carrie F. Judd, 260 Connecticut Street, Buffalo, N. Y.

Immense Audiences Assembled on Sunday at the Broome Street Tabernacle, New York, to hear Mr. D. L. Moody preach and Mr. Sankey sing. The large building was crowded almost to suffocation both morning and evening. Prior to the commencement of the services a company of Christian workers patrolled the unsavory neighborhood, collecting "the poor and those who are out of the way," and taking them into the Tabernacle, where they had seats in advance of the ordinary church-goers who were attracted by the visit of the evangelists. The services showed that both Mr. Moody and Mr. Sankey retained all their old power. The services were continued on Monday and Tuesday.

Mr. William Noble, the Gospel Temperance evangelist, addressed crowded audiences at Newton, Mass., on October 18th, in the Baptist church, at the invitation of the Young Men's Christian Association. On November 2d he commences a series of meetings at Chelsea, Mass., at the close of which he has promised to go to Louisville, Ky., for two weeks. Arrangements are being made to secure united meetings in Brooklyn, N. Y., which he is requested to conduct. Invitations to labor are pouring in upon him from all quarters, and it is probable that he will be induced to prolong his visit through the winter. Opportunities for efficient Gospel temperance work are being opened to him which it would be a serious responsibility to decline.

The New Building of the Bowery Branch of the Young Men's Christian Association in New York was opened on October 15th. The building is an attractive four-story structure, with a front of brick, stone, and iron. The first floor comprises a large reception room, containing an inviting fireplace, with chimney-corner seats, files of the daily and weekly papers, tables for writing, and comfortable chairs and divans. Stairs lead down from the reception-room to a spacious gymnasium, furnished with all the requirements of a good physical training place. Adjoining the gymnasium is a large dressing

room containing lockers. Next to this is a room containing several tub baths and shower baths provided with hot and cold water. On the floor above the reception-room are a social-room and the library, both handsomely finished in red wood. Back of the library is an audience-room, with a seating capacity of five hundred. The floors above contain rooms for the classes which will be formed in penmanship, book-keeping, free-hand, architectural and mechanical drawing, and the trades.

An Unvoluntary Immigrant Arrived in New York on October 16th by the City of Rome of the Anchor Line. When the vessel touched at Queenstown, Ireland, on her voyage here, a peddler went on board to sell fruit, candies, etc. She did a good business, and was so busily engaged disposing of her stock that she did not notice the signal for all who were not passengers to leave the ship. Before she realized her situation the vessel was under way, and much against her inclination she was brought to New York. Her distress during the voyage was pitiable, and she is now trying to collect money from the charitable to pay her expenses back to Ireland. She is not the first, by many thousands, whom absorption in business has led to unpleasant results. There are many busy contestants in the race for wealth who call themselves Christians, yet are so eager for gain and so forgetful of all else that they are in danger of being carried away from their place in Christ's Church (1 Tim. 6:9).

A Dangerous Place of Residence Near Wilkesbarre was deserted on October 17th. A despatch from that city reports that a great cave-in of the earth's surface over the Baltimore mines occurred at an early hour that morning. The district is situated at the Five Points, a suburb of Wilkesbarre. Fifteen acres were affected by the cave-in, and on these fifteen acres are situated about one hundred and twenty houses, occupied by miners and laborers. The family of a miner named Evans sustained serious injuries. Mrs. Evans and her two children were sleeping in the north end of the house when the foundation walls under that part of the structure gave way, tipping over the part of the house they were in. The mother and the two children were thrown violently against the walls, and were severely hurt. The miners took in the situation at once, and removed their families to higher ground. It is sad that people are not similarly wise where their spiritual safety is concerned. There are abundant signs that the time of terrible trial predicted in the Bible is near at hand, yet few heed them and remove to the higher ground, where they would be safe from evil (Rev. 6:15-17).

A Disappointed Lover has been Consolated after many years at Laramie, Wyoming Territory. When quite a young man and a hard-working laborer he fell in love with the daughter of a settler. He was a rough fellow, though an honest and a brave man. The girl would not promise to marry him, though she evidently liked him and encouraged his devotion. In one of the outbreaks of the Indians on the frontier the settler's house was attacked and plundered, he was killed, and his daughter carried off. Her lover was desperate. At the risk of his life he followed the Indians, and, as he knew every inch of the country, he soon came up with them. He stole into their camp at night, killed the two Indians who were on guard, and carried the girl away to a place of safety. Then after the daring rescue he begged her to marry him; but she refused. She had seen a dashing city man, whose polished manners and glib tongue captivated her fancy; and though she was warned that he was an unprincipled man and a gambler, she married him. The man who had risked his life to rescue her was disconsolate. He went to Denver, and began prospecting. A despatch from Laramie says that he has returned with considerable property, and has found his old love a widow and very poor. Her husband had treated her cruelly, and finally deserted her. Again her faithful lover offered himself in marriage, and this time

she accepted him, and they have been married. Those who condemn the ingratitude of the girl in rejecting the man whose heroism saved her life may well consider how much more shameful it is to reject the Saviour, who gave His life freely for the salvation of men (Heb. 10:29).

A Child was Carried Off by an Eagle Near Montreal on October 15th. A despatch from that city says that on that day the wife of Jean Baptiste Komilly, a farmer in St. Vincent de Paul, a village about ten miles from Montreal, was feeding her fowls, while her child, aged about two years, was playing around, when suddenly a large eagle swooped down and bore the little one off in its talons. The child screamed and extended its arms to its mother, who was beside herself with mental agony, but was powerless to render assistance. The screams of the child, however, attracted the neighbors, who with shotguns pursued the eagle. The bird was seen to alight with its prey upon the roof of a barn a long way off. They saw it lift its head and deal the child a powerful stroke. At the near approach of the neighbors, who were firing guns to frighten it, the eagle took flight, leaving the child behind. When the body was recovered life was extinct, its head being completely broken in. Every parent will sympathize with that bereaved mother's grief, but dreadful as was her child's fate, it was less awful than that of children around us who are falling into the clutches of a more relentless foe. Every child is in danger of becoming Satan's prey, but believing parents who commit their children's future to God and follow His injunctions are assured of their safety (Prov. 22:6).

A Simple-Minded Widow Appealed to the Circuit Court in Chicago last week for protection under peculiar circumstances. She stated that she keeps a boarding-house, and recently she heard that one of her boarders had taken upon himself to execute a chattel-mortgage on all her household goods. She went to a lawyer for advice, and he persuaded her that the best way of avoiding the loss of her property was to execute a mortgage herself, and obligingly suggested that she might make a friend of his own, whom he named, the mortgagee. The widow took his advice, and executed the mortgage. She paid for having it recorded, and begged the mortgagee, to whom she did not owe a cent, to strenuously defend her property against the fraudulent mortgagee. He did so, but shortly afterward sold the mortgage he held to another man, who promptly foreclosed and seized the widow's property. Now she asks the court to set aside her own act. The guileless woman's mistake was in not being more careful about the character of the man to whom she gave a valid claim on her property. If she had been dealing with spiritual affairs she could have adopted no better principle than that laid down by the lawyer. The soul of which Satan holds wrongful possession can be delivered only by giving it to the Saviour, to whom it really belongs by right of redemption (Heb. 7:25).

An Ingenious Device to Save Money has been adopted by an executor. Recently a will was admitted to probate, in which the testator directed that five thousand dollars should be placed upon his dead body in the coffin and buried with him. The executor was much concerned about the waste of so large a sum, and endeavored to avoid it. The law gave him no assistance, as the will was clearly drawn, and was valid. Except this one clause all other parts of it were reasonable and just. No clue to the testator's motive for his singular injunction was given, but the executor thought that if the testator had any way of using money he would be able to use an order for money. He therefore put his cheque for five thousand dollars in the coffin instead of the actual money, sarcastically remarking that it would be honored when he presented it. As the executor well knew, the money would never be called for. The only thing the dead man would desire in the land to which he went could not be purchased by a millionaire (Ezek. 7:19).

THE TRUE TABERNACLE.

A New Sermon by Pastor C. H. Spurgeon.

"And the Word was made flesh, and dwelt among us, (and we beheld His glory, the glory as of the only begotten of the Father,) full of grace and truth."—JOHN 1:14.

"For the law was given by Moses, but grace and truth came by Jesus Christ."—JOHN 1:17.

The Shekinah—God's Universal Presence—The True Temple—Christ as the Dwelling of God—I. The Tabernacle of God—The Union of Two Qualities—In the Concrete—Blended—Balanced—Grace First—Truth in Essence—Producing Grace and Truth—II. The Tabernacle to be Availed of—Resorted to for Help—Its Sanctifying Influence.

Do you see yonder tent with its curtains of goats' hair in the centre of the canvas city? You cannot see within it; but it was all glorious within with precious wood, and pure gold, and tapestry of many colors. Within its most sacred shrine shone forth a bright light between the wings of cherubim, which light was the symbol of the presence of the Lord. But if you cannot see within, yet you can see above the sacred tent a cloud, which arises from the top of the Holy of Holies, and then expands like a vast tree so as to cover all the host, and protect the chosen of God from the intense heat of the sun, so apt to make the traveller faint when passing over the burning sand. If you will wait till the sun is down, that same cloud will become luminous, and light up the whole camp. Thus it was both shade and light; and by its means was enjoyed that safety which was afterward set forth in the promise, "The sun shall not smite thee by day, nor the moon by night."

THE DAY OF THE TYPE

is over; we see no more a nation secluded from all others and made to be as "the church in the wilderness." God doth not now confine His abode to one people; for "The God of the whole earth shall be called." There is now no spot on earth where God dwells in preference to another. Yet there is a true house of God, a real temple of the Infinite, a living abode of the Godhead. The Epistle to the Hebrews speaks of "the true tabernacle, which the Lord pitched, and not man." There is still a trysting-place where God doth still meet with man, and hold fellowship with Him. That place is the person of the Lord Jesus Christ, "in whom dwelleth all the fulness of the Godhead bodily." The manhood of Christ is become to us the anti-type of that tent in the centre of the camp. That is to say, in Christ Jesus the Lord dwelt among men, as God of old dwelt in His sanctuary in the midst of the tribes of Israel. He was no phantom, or apparition, but He had a human body and a human soul. "The Word was made flesh." When the Lord became bone of our bone, and flesh of our flesh, His incarnation in a human body brought Him far nearer to man than when He only abode within curtains, and occupied a tent in the midst of Israel.

THE SHEKINAH.

In and around the tent wherein the Lord dwelt in the centre of the camp there was a manifestation of the presence of God. This was the glory of that house: but how scanty was the revelation! A bright light which I have already mentioned, the Shekinah, is said to have shone over the mercy-seat; but the high priest only could see it, and he only saw it once in the year, when he entered with blood within the veil. Outside, above the holy place, there was the manifest glory of the pillar of cloud by day, and of fire by night. This sufficed to bear witness that God was there; but still, cloud and fire are but physical appearances, and cannot convey a true appearance of God, who is a spirit. God cannot be perceived by the senses; and yet the fiery, cloudy pillar could appeal to the eyes only. The excellence of the indwelling of God in Christ is this—that there is in Him a glory as of the only begotten of the Father, the moral and spiritual glory of Godhead. This is to be seen, but not with the eyes; this is to be perceived, but not by the carnal senses; this is

seen, and heard, and known, by spiritual men, whose mental perceptions are keener than those of sight and hearing. In the person of the Lord there is a glory which is seen by our faith, which is discerned of our renewed spirits, and is made to operate upon our hearts.

WHERE GOD DWELLS.

I. First, then, let us behold this tabernacle of God with us. "We beheld His glory, the glory as of the only begotten of the Father, full of grace and truth." In Jesus Christ all the attributes of God are to be seen; veiled, but yet verily there. You have only to read the Gospels, and to look with willing eyes, and you shall behold in Christ all that can possibly be seen of God. It is veiled in human flesh, as it must be; for the glory of God is not to be seen by us absolutely; it is toned down to these dim eyes of ours; but the Godhead is there, the perfect Godhead in union with the perfect manhood of Christ Jesus our Lord, to whom be glory for ever and ever.

Observe the two glorious qualities, joined inseparably—grace and truth—and observe that they are spoken of *in the concrete*. Jesus is not merely a teacher, an exhorter, a worker of grace and truth, but these heavenly things are in Him: He is full of them. I want you to note this—it raised such a difference between Christ and others. You go to others to hear of grace and truth, but you must go to Christ to see them. There may be, there is, grace in other men; but not as it is in Christ: they have it as water flowing through a pipe, but He has it as water in its fountain and source. He has grace to communicate to the sons of men, grace without measure, grace essential and abiding. There is truth in others where God has wrought it by His spirit; but it is not in them as it is in Christ. In Him dwell the depth, the substance, the essence of the fact.

THE QUALITIES BLENDED.

This grace and truth are blended. The two rivers unite in one fullness—"Full of grace and truth;" that is to say, the grace is truthful grace, grace not in fiction nor in fancy, grace not to be hoped for and to be dreamed of, but grace every atom of which is fact; redemption which does redeem, pardon which does blot out sin, renewal which actually regenerates, salvation which completely saves. We have not here blessings which charm the ear and cheat the soul; but real, substantial favors from God that cannot lie. Then blend these things the other way. "Grace and truth:" the Lord has come to bring us truth, but it is not the kind of truth which censures, condemns, and punishes; it is gracious truth, truth steeped in love, truth saturated with mercy. The truth which Jesus brings to His people comes not from the judgment-seat, but from the mercy-seat; it hath a gracious drift and aim about it, and ever tends unto salvation. His light is the life of men. See how grace and truth thus blend, and qualify each other! The grace is all true, and the truth is all gracious.

Furthermore, it is grace and truth *balanced*. I wish I were able to communicate my thoughts this morning as they came to me when I was meditating upon this passage; but this thought almost speaks for itself. The Lord Jesus Christ is full of grace; but, then, He has not neglected the other quality, which is somewhat sterner, namely, that of truth. I have known many in this world very loving and affectionate, but they have not been faithful: on the other hand, I have known men to be sternly honest and truthful, but they have not been gentle and kind: but in the Lord Jesus Christ there is no defect either way. Our Lord's ministry is not truth alone, nor grace alone; but it is a balanced, well-ordered system of grace and truth. The Lord Himself is in His character "just and having salvation."

Grace is put first. "We beheld His glory, the glory as of the only begotten of the Father, full of grace." Now, in the Old Testament, in that thirty-fourth chapter of Exodus, which we read in part this morning, you notice that the glory

of God lay in His being "the Lord God, merciful and gracious, long-suffering, and abundant in goodness and truth." The glory of the only begotten of the Father must lie in the same things as the glory of the Father, namely, in long-suffering, goodness, and truth. In Christ there is a wonderful display of the gentleness, patience, pity, mercy, and love of God. Not merely did He teach the grace of God, and invite us to the grace of God, but in Himself He displayed the grace of God.

IN HIS INCARNATION.

This is to be seen, first, in His incarnation. It is a wonderful instance of divine grace that the Word should be made flesh and dwell among us, and reveal His glory to us. Apart from anything that springs out of the incarnation of Christ, that incarnation itself is a wondrous act of grace. There must be hope for men now that man is next akin to God through Jesus Christ. If the Lord had meant to destroy the race, He never would have espoused it and taken it into union with Himself. There is fulness of grace in the fact of the Word made flesh tabernacle among us.

Then think for a minute of what He did. He was so full of grace that the dew of His own love was upon all His discourses; and when He moved about and touched men here and there virtue went out of Him, because He was so full of it. At one time He spake and pardoned a sinner, saying: "Thy sins be forgiven thee;" at another moment He battled with the consequences of sin, raising men from sickness and from death; again, He turned Himself and fought with the prince of darkness himself, and cast him out from those whom he tormented. He went about like a cloud which is big with rain, and therefore plentifully waters waste places. His life was boundless compassion. There was a power of grace about His garments, His voice, His look; and in all He was so true that none ever thought Him capable of subterfuge. Everywhere He went He scattered grace among the children of men; and He is just the same now; fulness of grace abides in Him still.

IN HIS DEATH.

When it came to His death, which was the pouring out of His soul, then His fulness of grace was seen. He was full of grace, indeed, forasmuch as He emptied Himself to save men. He was Himself not only man's Saviour, but His salvation. He gave Himself for us. He was indeed full of grace when He bare our sins in His own body on the tree. His was love at its height, since He died on the cross, "the just for the unjust, to bring us to God." Pronounce the word "substitution," and you cannot help feeling that the Substitute for guilty man was full of grace; or use that other word "representative," and remember that whatever Jesus did, He did as the covenant head of His people. If He died, they died in Him; if He rose again, they rose in Him; if He ascended up on high, they ascended in Him; and if He sits at the right hand of God, they also sit in the heavenly places in Him. When He shall come a second time it shall be to claim the kingdom for His chosen as well as for Himself; and all the glory of the future ages is for them, and not for Himself alone. He saith, "Because I live, ye shall live also."

There is yet another word higher than "substitution," higher than "representation," and that is "union." We are one with Christ, joined to Him by a union that never can be broken. Not only does He do what He does, representing us, but we are joined unto Him in one spirit, members of His body, and partakers of His glory. Is not this grace, grace unspeakable? Is it not a miracle of love that worms of earth should ever be one with incarnate Deity, and so one that they never can be separated throughout the ages?

But then it is said there is in Him also a fulness of *truth*, by which I understand that in Christ Himself, not merely in what He said, and did, and promised, there is a fulness of truth. According to my second text, in verse seven-

teen, I understand our Lord Jesus to be "truth" in the sense of being the substance of all the types. He is really that blood of sprinkling which speaketh better things than that of Abel; He is in very deed the paschal lamb of God's Passover; He is the burnt-offering, the sin-offering, and the peace-offering—all in one! He is the true scapegoat, the true morning and evening lamb; in fact, He is in truth what all the types and figures were in pattern. The covenant in its fullness is in Christ; the prophecy is in Moses, the fulfilment is in Jesus: the foreshadowing is in the law, the truth is in the Word made flesh.

A FACT.

Further than that, our Lord Jesus Christ is said to be grace and truth in this sense, that He truthfully deals with matters of fact in the case of our salvation. I know the notion of the world is that the salvation of Christ is a pretty dream, a handsome piece of sentiment. But there is nothing dreamy about it: it is no fiction; it is fact upon fact. The Lord Jesus Christ does not gloss over or conceal the condition of man in His salvation; He finds man condemned, and takes him as condemned in the very worst sense, condemned of a capital offence; and as man's substitute He endures the capital penalty, and dies in the sinner's stead. The Lord Jesus views the sinner as depraved, yea, as dead in trespasses and sins, and He quickens him by His resurrection life. If God could be unjust to save us, He could also be changeable, and cast us away. If there was anything rotten in the state of our salvation, we should fear that it would fail us at last. But our foundation is sure, for the Lord has excavated down to the rock; He has taken away every bit of mere sentiment and sham, and His salvation is real throughout. It is a glorious salvation of grace and truth, in which God takes the sinner as he is, and deals with him as He is; yea, and deals with the sinner as God is on the principles of true righteousness; and yet saves him.

Sometimes it seems to me that my sins could have deserved that the Son of God should die. The atonement is greater than the sin. Speak of the vindication of the law!—is not the vindication even greater than the dishonor? Does not the law of God shine out more lustrous in its indescribable glory through the sacrifice of Christ as the penalty for sin, than it would have done had it never been broken, or had all the race of law-breakers been swept into endless destruction? Oh, brothers, in the salvation of Jesus there is a truth of grace unrivalled! There is a deep verity, a substantiality, an inward soul-satisfaction in the sacrifice of Christ, which makes us feel that it is a full atonement—a fountain of "grace and truth."

Nor have I yet quite brought out all the meaning, even if I have succeeded so far. Christ has brought to us "grace and truth;" that is to say, He works in believers both grace and truth. We want grace to rescue us from sin: He has brought it; we need truth in the inward parts: He has wrought it. The system of salvation by atonement is calculated to produce truthful men. I say it, and dare avow it, that the system of salvation by the indwelling of God in Christ and the atonement offered by Him for men has a tendency in it to infuse grace into the soul and to produce truth in the life. The Holy Ghost employs it to that end. I pray that you and I may prove it so by the grace which causes us to love both God and man, and the truthfulness with which we deal in all the affairs of life.

TO BE APPROACHED.

II. Now, I want a few minutes to say to you, Come, brothers and sisters, let us avail ourselves of this tabernacled of God among us. First, then, if God has come to dwell among men by the Word made flesh, let us pitch our tents around this central tabernacle; do not let us live as if God were a long way off. To the Israelites God was equally near from every quarter of the camp. The tabernacle was in the

centre, and the centre is equally near to every point of the circumference. Our God is not far from any one of His people this day. We are made nigh by the blood of Christ. God is everywhere present, but there is a higher presence of effectual grace in the person of the only begotten. Do not let us live as if we worshiped a far-off God. God is never far away, since Christ has come to dwell among men.

Next, let us resort to this central tabernacle to obtain grace to help in time of need. Let us come to Christ without fear, for He hath grace to give, and He will give it to us abundantly, whenever we need it. I like to think of the wording of my text. Leave out the parenthesis, and it runs, "He dwelt among us full of grace." He could not have dwelt among such provoking ones if He had not been full of grace. But if He dwells among us full of grace, we need not fear that He will cast us away because of our sins and failings. I invite you, therefore, to come boldly to Him who is full of forgiving love. I beg you to come and receive of His fullness, for grace is truly grace when it is communicated: grace which is not distributed is grace in name only. "Alas!" you say, "I want so much grace." Brother, it is treasured up in Christ for you without measure. It is placed in Him that you may have it. Do we not try to persuade the sinner that there is life in a look? Shall I need to persuade saints that grace is equally free to them?

TO BE DECLARED.

Once more: if this be so, and God does really in Christ dwell in the midst of His people "full of grace and truth," let us tell everybody of it. I am sure if I had been an Israelite in the wilderness, and had met an Amalekite or an Edomite, I should have gloried in my God, and in the privileges which His presence secured me. We know that Amalekites and Edomites could not have come into the house of the Lord; but nowadays, if we meet with one who is a stranger, we can tell him of our privilege, with sweet persuasion, that the stranger can be brought nigh through the blood of the Lamb. Therefore let us abundantly speak of the dwelling of God with men. Let us tell to all that the Lord has come to man, not in wrath, not in judgment, but "full of grace and truth."

Oh, my unconverted hearer, come to Jesus! He is able to save to the uttermost those that come unto God by Him. Draw nigh to the meek and lowly Jesus, and you draw nigh to God. He saith, "He that hath seen me hath seen the Father." Publish the invitation of grace to the four winds. Ring out your silver trumpets, or, if you have them not, sound your rams' horns; but somehow let all people know that the tabernacle of God is with men, and He doth dwell among them. Tell out this news in the far country, that the wandering prodigal son may hear it, and cry: "I will arise, and go to my Father." God has come to men; will not men come to God? In Christ Jesus God invites men to come to Him; will you not come to receive grace and truth?

THE PURITY REQUIRED.

One more lesson remains, and that is, What manner of people ought we to be among whom Jehovah dwells? It must have been a very solemn thing to be a member of that great camp of two millions in the wilderness of Sinai. God's presence in the midst of the camp must have made every tent sacred. As we walked through the streets of that canvas city, if we had been Israelites, and in our right minds, we should have said: "These tents are none other than the house of God and the very gate of heaven; for see, Jehovah is in the midst of us. Mark you not the bright light that shines above His sanctuary?" We should have felt that in such a camp all should be holy. The pollution of sin should be unknown there. In such a camp constant prayer and praise should be presented to Him whose presence was its glory and defence. To-day let our congregation be a holy convocation; and as for ourselves, let us be holiness unto the Lord.

We are consecrated men and women, seeing the Lord has come so very near to us. I spoke of solemnity; I meant not dread and sorrow, but a solemnity full of joy. It is a solemn thing to have God so near, but the joy is equal to the solemnity. Glory be unto God most high, for He is here! Let us spend our days and nights in gladness and delight. God is reconciled to us in the person of His dear Son, and we have fellowship with God in Christ Jesus; wherefore let us rejoice evermore. Amen and amen.

[The prayers of the readers of this Journal are requested for the blessing of God upon its Editors, and those whose sermons, articles, or labors for Christ are printed in it; and that its circulation may be used by the Holy Spirit for the conversion of many sinners and the quickening of God's people. Dr. Talmage and Mr. Spurgeon especially request prayer every Sunday morning on behalf of their labors.]

THE NEW BISHOP OF SALISBURY.

(See Portrait on page 684.)

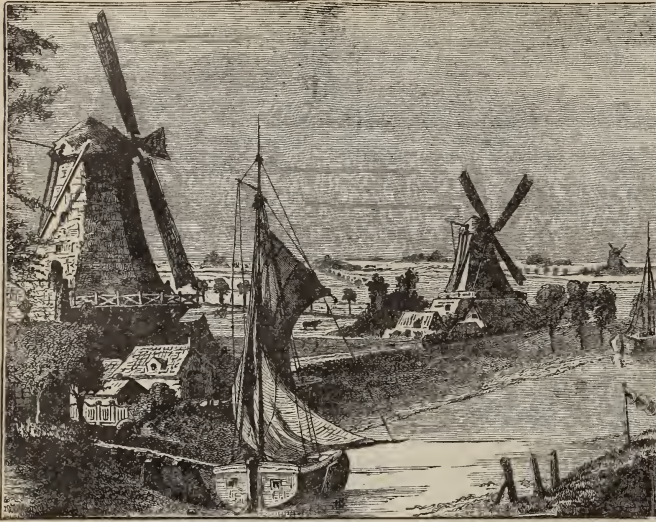
THE REV. JOHN WORDSWORTH D.D., who has been appointed Bishop of Salisbury, England, in succession to the late Bishop Moberly, is the eldest son of the late Bishop of Lincoln, and grand-nephew of the poet Wordsworth. He was born in 1843, and being only forty-two years of age, is the youngest bishop on the bench. He was educated at Winchester and at New College, Oxford.

The University honors and distinctions which he has gained are many and of a high order. He was ordained deacon in 1867, and priest in 1869, by the then Bishop of Oxford, Dr. Wilberforce. In 1876 he was elected to the Grindfield Lectureship on the Septuagint, and this post he held for two years. In 1876 he was also appointed one of the Select Preachers to the University. In 1881 he was elected Bampton Lecturer. In 1882 he was appointed an Examiner in the Theological School. In 1883 he was elected Oriel Professor of the Interpretation of Holy Scripture, and was for years one of the College Tutors at Brasenose College, Oxford. He was for some time Deputy Professor of the Exegesis of Holy Scripture, during Canon Liddon's professoriate. His name appears in the list of Fellows in two colleges, in Brasenose and in Oriel. His connection with Oriel is through his professorship. His fellowship at Brasenose he vacated on his marriage, in 1870, to a daughter of the late Rev. Henry Cox, the Librarian of the Bodleian, but he was re-elected as a married Fellow under the new College Statutes.

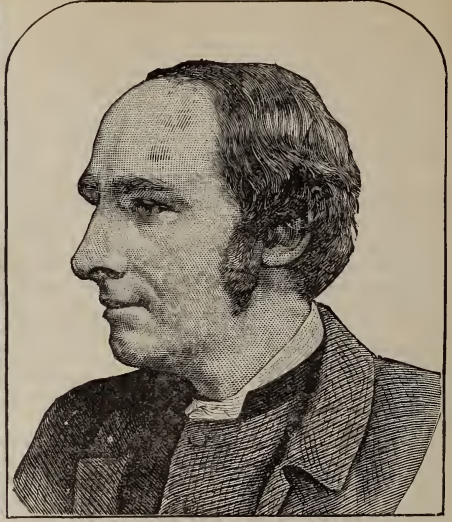
Dr. Wordsworth is at present engaged in the collection of the various MSS. of the Vulgate, and is considered to be one of the finest Latin scholars in the University of Oxford. He is also one of the few scholars who have made a European reputation for his patience and skill in the difficult work of collating MSS. His published works are a course of "Lectures Introductory to a History of Latin;" "Fragments and Specimens of Early Latin;" "University Sermons on Gospel Subjects;" and "The One Religion—Truth, Holiness, and Peace, Denied by the Nations and Revealed by Jesus Christ," a course of sermons which he delivered as Bampton Lecturer in 1881.

The *Times*, in an editorial article, says: "In parochial experience he is not altogether wanting. He has never, as far as we are aware, held any parochial office, but he has done from time to time a good deal of unofficial parochial work. He has made his chief mark as a scholar and as a theological student. Though Mr. Wordsworth belongs to the moderate High Church school, he has gained so entirely the esteem and respect and regard of those who have known him at the University that the news of his appointment to the See of Salisbury will be received there with general satisfaction."

It may be hoped, for the sake of the Church of which Dr. Wordsworth has now become an overseer, that his influence will be exercised wisely. It is evident that the Church is passing through a crisis. A large number of English-



A Scene on the Canal near Amsterdam.



Dr. Wordsworth, the New Bishop of Salisbury. (See page 683.)

men are disposed to strip it of some of its power and much of its wealth, and the agitation for this object is stimulated by the anomalies which exist within it. Many of the clergy are preaching disguised Romanism and others thinly-veiled infidelity; it rests with the bishops to see that every clergyman in their dioceses is preaching the truth as it is in Jesus. If they fail in their duty in this matter they will contribute to the downfall of their Church. Dr. Wordsworth needs to bring to his new office a wisdom more profound than that of earth.

AN OPIUM-EATING PHYSICIAN.

A COLPORTEUR, in the course of his travels in China, visited a Christian who was sick. Whilst he was with him the doctor came to see his patient. He got into conversation with him and asked him if he would not buy a Gospel. Having taken his books to look at them, he exclaimed: "Why, I have a book at home very much like this. It is called the Gospel of John. I bought it ten years ago, and have read it a great deal since then. Through reading that I have long ago given up the worship of idols. The more I studied it the more I saw they were useless, and when I have been at home I have never allowed my family to have anything to do with them." "Why, then, have you never come and joined the Christians, and become an open worshipper of God?" the colporteur asked him. "There have been various reasons," he replied. "In the first place, I am an opium-smoker. That I know to be very wrong, but I did not care to give up the habit. Another reason was that I am very often away from home for long periods. I travel about practising my profession, and consequently I am not very long in one place; my chief reason, however, has been that I did not care to face the trouble and annoyance that I knew I should have to bear from my neighbors if I became a Christian. To be a Christian involves such an amount of petty persecution and bother that I felt I could not stand it, and so I have been content to think and worship in my own quiet way."

They sat there for several hours, when at the close of their conversation the doctor said, "From this moment I become a Christian, and from this very instant I give up my opium-smoking." The subsequent history of this remarkable man is highly creditable to him. It appears to be established that he has conquered his habit of opium-eating, and makes no secret,

either at home or on his journeys, that he has accepted the faith which once he had not the courage to profess.

A VISIT TO HOLLAND.

No American citizen can visit the Netherlands without emotion. There he sees the triumph of man over nature and the marvellous results of that steady, persistent energy which, when it was driven to his own country by religious persecution, contributed so much to its present prosperity. An American traveller, whose sketch of a view near Amsterdam we reproduce on this page, visited the country this summer, and spent a few delightful weeks in examining its places of interest. He says:

"While standing before one of the largest buildings in Rotterdam, our guide told us that we were eleven feet lower than the ocean. 'What will you do,' I asked, 'when the dykes give way some stormy night and the waters come rushing in upon you?' 'Ah,' said he, 'I don't want to be here then.'"

"As we sailed up the river Maas the other morning it seemed strange to find that the land just over the banks was below the level of the river. Sometimes the waters of the German Ocean rush with great power up this river, and then the alarm bell tells the story to all far and near that the waters of the ocean are rushing furiously against the high embankments. Then every person, old and young, that can help, hastens away to the scene of danger, taking with them old sails, or hurdles, or anything on which they can lay their hands to keep back the waters."

At Amsterdam we find the city cut with canals in various directions. In many parts, although it has a population of three hundred and twenty thousand, it is a city of silent highways, all business being done by water, while for the accommodation of pedestrians there are three hundred and thirty bridges, yet, as in Venice, it is comparatively quiet. The river Amstel, which flows through it, is nearly a foot below the mean level of the German Ocean, but by the help of many pumps, moved by great windmills and steam power, even when there are heavy rains they manage to keep the water in abeyance."

The country is absolutely flat, but the monotony is broken by the well-kept meadows, the fields of waving corn, and the beautiful trees. The cities are large and well kept and governed, furnishing a pattern to the whole world in this

respect. Steady contentment and industry are seen everywhere, combined with intelligence and thrift. The country well repays a visit, if it is only to see how man has subdued nature and has turned his enemy into a useful servant. Surrounded by water which, unrestrained, would submerge the whole land, destroying houses and crops, he has barricaded himself against its incursion, letting in just so much in his canals as will suffice him for a highway for his commerce.

THE SAILOR'S PROTÉGÉ.

(See Illustration on page 685.)

A MISERABLE specimen of humanity stood outside a saloon on the water front of a great city one fine spring morning, looking appealingly in the faces of passers-by. He was not ashamed to beg, but he was afraid to do so, for a policeman on the opposite side of the way was watching him. He was a man likely to attract the attention of the police, for he looked capable of any crime that might be achieved by meanness and did not require courage. He could not have been twenty years of age, but he had the sullen, miserable appearance of one whose life has been a failure, and whose ambition had all died out of him. He was getting what solace he could out of a pipe of tobacco, and heartily wishing some one would pity his misery sufficiently to give him the price of a meal. He watched the busy crowd pass him by, and was feeling utterly desolate when a sailor, whose smart rig indicated Jack with a day ashore before him, walked briskly toward him. The sailor did not see him at first, but a shuffling of the loafer's feet drew his attention. Stopping sharply he said:

"Well, you look pretty low down, mate; what's the matter with you?"

"I'm awful hungry," said the loafer. "Give us a nicker to buy some bread."

"Why, you're a strong, healthy chap to be begging. Why ain't you at work? There's no need for you to be hungry."

"I've got no chance," said the loafer. "I can't get work; nobody will take me on."

"Well, you don't look prepossessing, I must say. Guess folks are afraid you wouldn't do much good if they did take you. What do you say to going to sea?"

"I don't mind what I do," said the loafer. "I'm pretty near ready to go into the sea and make an end of it. I'm about sick of life."

"Early days to feel like that, my man. Why, you might be well off and the mate of a ship

before long if you'd give your mind to it. Would you try, now, if you had a chance?"

"I would," said the loafer; "but the chance ain't here."

"Yes, it is; I'm pretty sure I can get you taken on if you'll give me your word to act square."

"I'll give you my word if you'll take it. Most folks don't take any stock in my promises."

"I'll take it," said the sailor, clapping him on the shoulder. "You've got the making of a man in you, if you don't let the devil keep you down. Here, come along with me. The first thing is to brace you up; you're as limp as a drowned rat." And the sailor twisted him round and turned him into a restaurant. He ordered a good square meal for him, and sat watching him eat it voraciously.

"Now tell me your story," he said, when the loafer's appetite was at last appeased. It was a story common enough in our great cities—a neglected childhood, a drunken father, a shiftless mother, an education in the gutter, a term in prison, a spell of work, then another term in prison, then an associate of habitual criminals, and an undercurrent of misery, hopelessness, and vice.

How many are there in every city to-day who might tell the same tale! Go down into the slums and talk to them, and you will be amazed at the number, and will wonder what Christ would say if He were here and saw the crowds of fashionable people, who call themselves by His name, living within a stone's throw of human beings who are in ignorance of His very name. Our costly church edifices and our large gifts to foreign missions would be but a poor set-off in His eyes for the neglected souls dying in our midst every day who have never heard the Gospel.

"Now then," said the sailor, briskly, "you go and say good-by to your pals, and get your things together and be here at sundown, and I'll meet you and take you on board."

True to his word, the sailor was at the rendezvous at the appointed time, and there, too, was the loafer, washed and smartened up, and the two went on board a ship lying in the dock. The captain had no high opinion of the new recruit, but accepted him on the sailor promising to "give an eye to him," and he was regularly installed.

"Now," said the sailor to his *protégé*, "remember I'm responsible for you. I've given my word to the captain, and if you get up to any devilry you'll disgrace me."

"Never fear," said the man. "You're the first man who ever said a kind word to me, and you've given me a chance. I'll never forget it."

"I think I've done a good day's work," said the sailor to himself as he turned in. "But it's just like me to go glegging myself for a man I've never seen before. I guess I'm pretty much of a fool, but anyhow it gives the fellow a show, and I fancy it's the first he's had. Poor old mother; you'll be glad when you know. That's your idea of religion, and it's a good one, too."

The sailor had to endure some little chaffing by his messmates over his *protégé*, who, they confidently predicted, would be in irons before the voyage was over; but he was a good-humored man, and as he was pretty much of



The First Kind Word.

their opinion that he had done a rash thing, did not resent their ridicule. But by and by the tide changed. The man was docile and tried to learn. He did not mind what he did or how he was humiliated so he could be useful, and gradually the hang-dog look on his face gave place to a cheerful expression, and his slouching gait to a brisk, active step, and the man himself could not have been recognized for the loafer who stood smoking outside the saloon that morning. The voyage over, he seemed a new man, and when he had spent some of his earnings in a suit of sailor's clothes he looked a man that almost any captain would have been glad to engage. His friend took him home to show him to his old mother, who, as he had predicted, approved his act. The old lady read the Bible to him and told him of One who came to seek and to save the lost, and when he went away on his next voyage with her son, to whom he clung with more than a brother's love, it was with a new life in his soul which the world cannot give, neither can it take away.

THE SILVER LINING.

A SERIAL STORY.

(Continued from page 671.)

The New Sister.

HELEN ARNOLD'S departure for Australia in company with Jean Lindsay left another vacant place in the good physician's family circle. Of his five children, Kate alone remained under his roof. It is true she was the merriest and brightest of the group, but under the spell of her loneliness her spirits sank. For a day or two she was sad and distraught, but the depressed faces of her father and mother recalled her to a sense of her duty. It is the essence of Christianity that the happiness and welfare of others should be the first thought in every breast. He who pleased not Himself is the pattern for all His followers, and Kate Arnold had learned the lesson. How sad and lonely she felt since Helen's departure none knew. The two girls had never been

separated before. Grace had been very dear to both, but she had been so much younger than either of them that the two elder girls had been closer confidantes and companions. Helen's temporary absence, therefore, had struck a dulling sensation of solitude into her heart almost as painful as did the crushing blow of Grace's tragic death.

On the third morning of her desolation she felt it more bitterly than before. It was Sunday, and Helen's vacant seat in the family pew would speak to her, and she would walk alone to and from the Sunday-school instead of having Helen by her side. She commenced dressing before she fully realized her changed circumstances, but she missed the soft, low music of Helen's voice, which used to penetrate to her room as her sister sang her favorite hymns while she dressed, and then the consciousness of her loss came upon her. Laying down the brush with which she was smoothing her luxuriant tresses, she sat down by her toilet-table, buried her face in her hands, and had a good cry. It was a beautiful, if a sad picture that the mirror above her reflected. Kate was the beauty of the family, tall and graceful of form, and with that rare combination of dark eyes with golden hair

which always compels the admiration of a lover of beauty. As she bent forward, her face almost touching her knees, and her hair falling in a golden rain about her, the rich ivory skin showing faintly through her delicate white robe, as her body was shaken by her sobs, she formed an image of female loveliness that would have charmed the artist or the sculptor.

The rain of tears was of brief duration. Perhaps its very violence involved that. She felt relieved by the outflow, and rising, she proceeded with her toilet without further interruption. She heard her mother's voice below, and that suggested the thought that there must be other suffering beside her own, and that it rested with her to alleviate that. Dressing finished, she turned over the leaves of her Bible, and selected the twenty-third Psalm for her morning meditation. It comforted and strengthened her, and after she had prayed earnestly that God would enable her to cheer her parents and lighten their lives, she descended to the library, singing in clear, untroubled voice, "Sometimes a light surprises," and with a bright, sunny face bent over her father as he sat in his great easy-chair, and saluted him with a kiss.

"You come like a gleam of sunlight, Kate," he said. "The thinning family circle leaves one a little chilly, but your brightness drives away depression. God bless you, my dear."

Mrs. Arnold, too, was cheered by Kate's sunny face and buoyant manner, and as the three sat around the breakfast-table they could talk of the dear ones at a distance without distress. Frank alone caused them anxiety. He was the only one in the family in whom no evidence of a changed heart had been seen. Now that he was evidently in trouble they could but pray that it might drive him to God, as the refuge from the disappointments and miseries of the world.

"I have written to Frank," said Dr. Arnold, "to beg him to come to us before finally deciding on his American emigration, and to bring

his wife with him. Perhaps it is not yet too late to induce him to stay at home. I hope they will come. It is strange how he shrinks from us in his trouble."

"There was always a good deal of personal pride in Frank," said Mrs. Arnold; "as a boy he never could bear for any one to see him in suffering. If he hurt himself he would never tell of it if he could help it. Sympathy seemed to humiliate him. I expect he feels so now. His marriage was so very strange, and I am afraid that the prospect of a fortune was the chief inducement to him in deciding upon it. Now that has faded he feels that he has blundered, and that hurts his self-esteem. If he will come we must try to encourage him, so that he may not feel that he has thrown his life away."

"What kind of a lady is our new sister, papa?" Kate asked.

"I fear she is not one who will be a help to him, my dear. She struck me as being somewhat artificial. She is beautiful, and a wealthy man would like to see her at the head of his table doing the honors of his house. In a poor man's home she would appear out of her place, and would probably feel herself to be so. There was a lack of self-reliance about her, I thought, as of a child who had been accustomed to depend upon others all her life. But then I saw her at a disadvantage. She was bewildered by the responsibility suddenly laid upon her, and did not seem to know what to do. Now that Frank has recovered she may be more collected."

"I hope they will come," Kate said; "I shall like to see Mrs. Frank; I decline to accept your opinion of her, papa. I believe you would say the same things of me if you did not know me and made my acquaintance professionally. I think physicians do not give our sex all the credit that belongs to us. You are so accustomed to sickness that you do not realize how distressing it is to a lady whose life is bound up in that of the sufferer, and is so anxious about him. If she loves Frank so dearly as to marry him she would naturally be uneasy when he was ill, and would not be in the mood to entertain a gentleman whom she had never seen before."

"That was precisely the impression I conveyed, my daughter, if your small mind had been able to receive it," said Dr. Arnold, playfully. "You are so ready to do battle for your sex that you are ready to fight your friends as well as your enemies. Ladies have no more ardent admirers than physicians, but we should admire them more if they had a little more sense and were a little less impulsive. They do not always attend to what is said to them, and trust to their own intuition instead of relying on the superior knowledge and judgment of others. A case in point—"

"No illustrations, please, papa," said Kate, hastily, shrewdly divining the illustration Dr. Arnold was about to use. "My 'small mind' has taken in your meaning quite clearly. Mama's imperturbable disposition has spoiled you. You expect too much. You must love your daughter-in-law and your daughter, too; and if, sir, you can show a little respect for our understandings, it will render your conversation more agreeable."

Mrs. Arnold sat quietly amused during this playful fencing, which was common between Kate and her father. Seeing that hostilities were suspended for the time, she changed the subject of conversation by saying to her husband, "Your little patient, Dora Stevenson, is growing quite strong again. I saw her yesterday, and she told me that her brother Percy is come home from Australia. He has seen Ralph, and is coming to tell us about him and his home. It was a pity he was not here before Helen and Jean sailed; they would have liked to hear his account." A sudden flush tinted Kate's face to the roots of her hair, which did not escape the mother's alert gaze, and confirmed a suspicion she had already formed about the state of her daughter's affections. But she allowed it to pass without remark, being too wise to adopt a

course far too common with mothers, of joking with their children about the grave matters of love and marriage. She noted it, however, and prepared herself for the confidence which she knew might soon be expected.

The day cost Kate an effort. The sense of loneliness oppressed her heavily, but the strength for which she had prayed in the morning was given to her, as it is given to all who seek it earnestly, and neither the girls who listened to her in the Sunday-school, nor her father and mother at home, knew that she was less cheerful than she appeared. As she sat in the dim twilight playing soft solemn music, Dr. and Mrs. Arnold sitting near the piano, a gentle, peaceful calm seemed to reign in every breast, and anxiety and worry were banished by the consciousness of the loving guardianship of the Heavenly Father. Presently the music died away, and Mrs. Arnold rose, and throwing her arms about her daughter's neck as she sat, her fingers still lightly touching the keys, said:

"Thank you, my love, for all you have done to-day. Your father and I were very sorrowful, but you have brightened our hearts."

Kate shed a tear or two in the gathering darkness, but they were grateful tears. She had her reward. The ministry that was nearest to her she had rendered, and after all there is heroism in any struggle that will render some one else happier. Would that sons and daughters who are aspiring to do some great thing in the world learned that in ministering to the comfort of the home circle they are having the best preparation for future usefulness! To forget self, to rise above the mood of the hour, and to think how another's lot may be rendered less sombre may cost an effort, but it never fails to bring a blessing equal to the one imparted, and it is the product of the Master's spirit which He would have every one of His followers to display. How much such an effort might do to brighten the home let those fathers and mothers say who are depressed by the sudden silence or moroseness of sons and daughters who were beaming, and genial, and sprightly but a short hour ago, when a few friends were included in the family circle. A little of the suavity and vivacity lavished on the outside world would render many a home less gloomy.

As Kate bent her knees in prayer that night she thanked her Lord for all He had done through her that day, and begged that she might enter more fully into His spirit and live as He had lived, going about doing good. As she prayed the thought of one in need of the knowledge that had come to her crossed her mind. Her brother's wife, though utterly unknown to her, had strangely won her unseen way into her affection. What better could she do than pray for one who, she felt sure, must be placed in an embarrassing situation, and who must sorely need a strength not her own. If Clare could have heard Kate's prayer for her, she must have loved the intercessor, so earnest was she in her petitions for a blessing on the unknown sister whose entrance into the family seemed sadly unpropitious.

"Frank and his wife are coming," said Dr. Arnold, two days later, as the family met at the breakfast-table. "I have a letter from him promising that they will be with us the day after to-morrow."

"Then," said Mrs. Arnold, "we may change his determination about America. He will listen to you, dear, and perhaps we may persuade him to settle here. He would be of so much assistance to you."

"I fear not; he is selling his furniture and bidding his friends good-by, and seems to be fully resolved on trying his fortune in the New World. If I read Frank's character correctly, he will not be moved by our persuasions. Ralph might be, but not Frank."

So it proved. Frank Arnold's first words, when, after his arrival, his mother laid her entreating hand on his arm, and said: "Frank, you will not go to America while we need you at home?" were, "Mother, we must go. I have

fully decided; do not try to unsettle me. I am sorry to leave you all, but it is a necessity."

Mrs. Arnold said no more, feeling that if her son's resolution were to be shaken at all, his father's arguments would be the only means that could do it. She left the two together, and busied herself in hospitable cares.

Kate had carried Clare off to her own room, and on reaching it closed the door, and turning toward her, put her arms around her neck and kissed her affectionately. "How strange it seems," she said, "to think that you and I are sisters, and yet we have never seen each other until now. I hope you will come to love us very much when you know us. We all love Frank very dearly, and you are precious to us for his sake already, and we shall love you for your own, now we see you. I shall want you to love me as your own sister, dear, for I am all alone now."

"I am alone, too," Clare said. "I never had a sister or a brother, and my father and mother have been dead a long time. My guardian was not related to me, and he is dead now, so that I have not a relative in the world. My husband is the only one who claims any affection from me or shows me any."

"Then," said Kate, "you have a large store unexpended, and I may draw upon it. I give you notice that I am insatiable, and I shall not rest satisfied with a small share of your heart." She looked at Clare's sad face lovingly, and kissed her again.

The two girls, as they stood looking at each other, were strangely alike, and the fact seemed to dawn upon both at the same moment. Clare had the bright, silky golden hair which shone around Kate's lovely face. Her features were more regular, and there was a more dignified expression on her face, indicating reserve, than Kate's features habitually wore, and she was apparently several years older, though the actual difference in age was measured in months. But the last few weeks had initiated her into the gravity of life, and in spirit she was years older than when she was married. But otherwise they were so much alike that a stranger might have supposed them to be sisters. Clare had been prepared for a cold reception at the hands of her husband's family, feeling that they might regard her as one who had entered it under false pretences, and she was ready to repay coldness with coldness. Kate's loving greeting, therefore, surprised her, and it was some minutes before she could recover her ease of manner.

"Do you think you shall love me?" Clare asked. "It is so seldom that sisters love their brothers' wives."

"I am sure I shall," Kate answered, impulsively. "Now I look at you critically, it seems to me that Frank's intervention is not needed at all. You must be a sister I have never heard of. Look," and putting her arm around Clare's shoulders, she deftly turned her to the mirror. "Is it not strange how much we are alike? Allowing for the dignity you have as a married lady which I have not attained, there is really an extraordinary resemblance; so it will not be modest for me to tell you you are beautiful."

"It is so, indeed," Clare said. "How remarkable! Nature has prepared us for a relationship. How kind you are, too. I did not expect to find ready-made affection waiting for me. Do you know, I wanted Frank to leave me at home and pay this visit without me. But you make me very glad I came. And you will really feel to me as a sister?"

"That I will, and we will seal the compact now," Kate said, clasping Clare in a close embrace, and imprinting a long, loving kiss on her lips.

Mrs. Arnold found them standing so as she opened the door at that moment. "I claim a share of that," she said, playfully, as she gently detached Kate's arms, and substituted her own form in Clare's embrace. "Frank tells me you have no mother, my dear, so you will let me be a mother to you instead of a mother-in-law. I welcome you with all my heart, and I pray God

that He will bless your connection with us, and make it a happy one."

Clare did not answer, but the tears rose glistening into her lustrous eyes, and when the three ladies joined Dr. Arnold and his son, Frank thought he had never seen his wife look so beautiful and happy.

(To be continued.)

DEATH OF ELISHA.

S. S. Lesson for Nov. 11, II Kings 13: 14-25. Golden Text, Heb. 11: 4. By Mrs. M. Baxter.

Early References to Sickness in the Bible—The First Mention of Physicians—A Significant Occupation—Patriarchal Obituaries—Elisha's Dying Thoughts—The King's Sorrow—Strong Hands of Faith—An Unhappy Suspension of Action—A Limited Trust—A Type of the Resurrection.

"PRECIOUS in the sight of the Lord is the death of His saints." This was true even in Old Testament times. And how much more now, since death has lost its sting, and since Paul has taught us that "to die is gain" (Phil. 1: 21). Elisha was one of the few men of God on record in the Bible who died of sickness. Jacob was the first of all the patriarchs of whom we hear that he was sick, and this was in Egypt, the country where sickness and physicians are first heard of in Scripture. It is rather striking, too, that the first mention of physicians in the Bible is in embalming the dead, not in healing the living. We hear of no physicians attending the dying Jacob, but after his death they preserved his body from corruption (Gen. 48: 1; 50: 2). Egypt was the land of sickness; "the diseases of Egypt" are often mentioned (Ex. 15: 26; Deut. 7: 15; 28: 60). Very little light is given us about the

DEATH OF HOLY MEN

of old; often the only words which express it are these: "And he died." Of Abraham we read: "Then Abraham gave up the ghost, and died in a good old age, an old man, and full of years; and was gathered to his people" (Gen. 25: 8). Of Isaac the account is couched in almost the same words (Gen. 35: 29). Of Moses we read: "And Moses was a hundred and twenty years old when he died: his eye was not dim, nor his natural force abated" (Deut. 34: 7). Thus we see that, although there may be instances in which our loving God calls home His own chosen people by sickness, as in the cases of Jacob and Elisha, yet there are others where the contrary is the case. There is every reason for a man of God, when he is attacked with sickness, to inquire of the Lord whether this may be his call home; but even if it be so, there is nothing in the Word of God to contradict God's promise that "the prayer of faith shall save the sick, and the Lord shall raise him up" during the days which yet remain to him. One who is wholly abandoned to the Lord cannot know much of choice in the matter of life or death; but the Lord would have us claim all the fruits of His redemption work for soul and body while we remain here.

ELISHA'S DYING THOUGHTS.

Elisha's sickness did not occupy him with himself. We hear nothing about any symptoms or any treatment, any doctor or any nurse; but we do hear of a heart full of interest concerning the kingdom and the people of the Lord. Elisha had no personal affairs to settle with God; they were all arranged beforehand, and he was as ready to die as Elijah had been to be translated. He was going to be with Him with whom he had long lived on the most intimate terms; there was the most perfect understanding between him and his Lord; nothing had to be hurried, nothing settled now. Elisha was perfectly at leisure from himself, soul and body. Oh, how different to many a death-bed, where things are first seen in their true light; where all the past life is seen to be one horrible mistake; where, indeed, grace may be claimed, but the senses, dulled by opiates given to soothe pain, can only feebly comprehend, and the heart only feebly respond to the loving heart of God; when re-

grets agonize the heart, and pain racks the nerves. Here is a man, sick truly, but raised above his sickness; dying, truly, but as much at home with God in dying as he has been in living—just perfectly at ease. Elisha's dying was only part of his life service, and, like Abel, he being dead yet speaketh.

Joash, the King of Israel, Jehu's grandson, was now on the throne of Israel. His father had known something of the Lord. He had clung to the fashionable sin of worshipping the golden calves, as every king of Israel had done since the time of Jeroboam, the son of Nebat, who made Israel to sin, and the anger of God was kindled against Israel, and He allowed Hazael, King of Syria, and his son, Benhadad, to oppress them. So terrible was the destruction that only fifty horsemen, ten chariots, and ten thousand footmen remained. Then "Jehoahaz besought the Lord, and the Lord hearkened unto him," and the people were delivered (II Kings 13: 1-7). Alas! Jehoahaz did not turn from his sin.

Joash, although trained up to worship the golden calves, must have known at least how God had answered prayer in his father's time. But he was no better than his father; God used him to humble the pride of Amaziah, King of Judah, and there was perhaps some measure of drawing toward God; but he did not depart from the sin of Jeroboam. The world's religion is to do the best we can, not to be peculiar, and to count nothing wrong which our fathers did not count so. God's religion is quite of another order: "Ye were redeemed . . . from your vain manner of life handed down from your fathers . . . with precious blood" (I Pet. 1: 18, 19, R. V.). It is no excuse for a sin that our fathers and our forefathers did the same; it is no excuse for ignorance that our fathers knew no better.

ROYAL SORROW.

Jehu, bad man that he was, felt compunction when he heard of Elisha's approaching end. Like many other worldly men, he felt, no doubt, safer in having such a man as Elisha at hand. It was a real sorrow to him that the man of God was about to leave him; his own defection made him cling all the more to Elisha; so he "came down to him and wept over his face, and said, O my father, my father! the chariot of Israel, and the horsemen thereof." Joash saw the treasure he was losing; Elisha, by his faith in God, was a greater strength to Israel than the whole army; in his one person he, with the living God on his side, was "the chariot of Israel, and the horsemen thereof." Men of the world sometimes judge aright; they reckon, not according to words, but deeds. Joash knew that when no power on earth could have given water to the combined armies of Jehoram, Jehoshaphat, and the King of Edom, God had done it in answer to Elisha's prayer; when, again, no power could have detected the strategy of the King of Syria, God had warned Jehoram through Elisha, and that not once nor twice. When Elisha himself was besieged at Dothan God had, in answer to his prayer, struck the host of Syria with blindness; God through him had sweetened the waters, healed the poisoned potage, fed the hungry, even raised the dead; and now the man who had been the instrument of blessing was being taken away. In that moment Elisha was in his eyes the true strength of his country, "the chariot of Israel, and the horsemen thereof."

STRONG HANDS.

Elisha said to him, "Take bow and arrows. And he took unto him bow and arrows. And he said to the King of Israel, Put thine hand upon the bow. And he put his hand upon it. And Elisha put his hands upon the king's hands." There is a wonderful teaching in this. Elisha's dying hands, tremulous and faint, were yet the hands of faith which laid hold on God; and the king's muscular hands of fleshly power could work no deliverance alone. With God's people it is not so much a question of what they can do, but what they believe God can do. Be-

hind many a wondrous work of revival, beyond many an awakening among the heathen, there are some Elisha-hands held up to God. "Open the window eastward," said the believing prophet; and the obedient king opened it. "Then Elisha said, Shoot. And he shot. And he said, The arrow of the Lord's deliverance, and the arrow of deliverance from Syria: for thou shalt smite the Syrians in Aphek, till thou have consumed them." Oh, what opportunities lay before the king! God was on his side; where should be the limit of his conquests? Elisha told him to take the arrows and smite upon the ground. The king seemed to have no apprehension of how much hung upon this act; "he smote thrice, and stayed." The limit of blessing is never on God's side; it is man's unbelief which limits the Holy One of Israel. God reveals to us the mighty power which wrought in Christ when He raised Him from the dead, and tells us that this power worketh to usward who believe;

WE TRUST IN A MEASURE.

and then say, God declares, "What things soever ye desire, when ye pray believe that ye receive them, and ye shall have them." We ask and receive some things, but mighty crying needs for our nation, our churches, and for the heathen world overwhelm us; we smite thrice, look at the difficulties, and stay. "The man of God was wroth with him, and said, Thou shouldst have smitten five or six times; then hadst thou smitten Syria till thou hadst consumed it; whereas now thou shalt smite Syria but thrice." So long as we have warrant in the Word of God, so long as our prayer is the prayer of faith, which always lands us in thanksgiving and rest of soul about that for which we pray, God assigns no other limit. The Lord teach us to pray with divine boldness, dealing closely, trustfully with God about all which He lays upon our hearts, however impossible it may seem to us.

Elisha died, and they buried him. But Elisha had a life beyond the grave. Like Abel, "he being dead yet speaketh" (Heb. 11: 4). He was possessed of a life which death cannot destroy, and which the clods of earth cannot cover. That which is of God in us passes through death and lives on; Christ *could not* be holden of death, and all that is of Christ in us bridges death. Elijah is a wonderful type of the church which shall, at the coming of Christ, be taken away to meet Him in the air without dying (I Thess. 4: 17); Elisha is a type of the resurrection. The bands of the Moabites invaded the land at the coming in of the year. When burying a man, they cast him into the sepulchre of Elisha. No sooner did the corpse touch the bones of the prophet than the man revived and stood upon his feet. There was life to others in the very death of the prophet, just as all our life comes through the death of Jesus.

The King of Syria still continued to attack Israel. But God remembered both His prophet and His servants of old. "The Lord was gracious unto them, and had compassion on them, and had respect unto them, because of His covenant with Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, and would not destroy them, neither cast He them from His presence as yet." As Elisha had foretold, so it came to pass; three times Joash conquered Benhadad, King of Syria, the son of Hazael—only three times; had faith prevailed it might have been until he had consumed them.

The Prophetic News and Israel's Watchman (London) may be had from the office of this journal, 63 Bible House, New York, price, six cents, including postage. Annual subscription, seventy cents. The following articles among others are contained in the number for October:

Alliance with the World-Power, the Mainpring of the Church's Hostility to Prophetic Truth. By C. Warrand Houghton. The Building up of the Spiritual Temple of the Lord in the Latter Days. By Dr. Henry Meymott.

The Age of Lawlessness.

The Limits of the Age. By the Rev. M. Parsons, D.D., of Buffalo, N. Y.

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THE LATE DR. WILLIAM ELSLIE, Medical Missionary in Cashmere.

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DR. WILLIAM ELSLIE, whose portrait appears this week on the first page of the CHRISTIAN HERALD, was born in Aberdeen, on June 29th, 1832, and died near Goojerat, in India, from exhaustion, brought on by over-work, on November 18th, 1872, at the age of forty years. He was the son of a prosperous shoemaker. His mother was wont to call him "the son of consolation," for he was born only a few days after the death of his little sister, whose loss almost broke the mother's heart. His

EARLIEST MEMORIES

were of a home in which his mother's presence was always felt as the unfailing source of comfort and love. Mrs. Elmslie was no ordinary woman. She was blessed with a vigorous intellect, a large measure of common sense, and earnest piety. She gave her boy from his earliest years sound religious training, and taught him to look to God for help and guidance in every difficulty. The family reaped the fruit of this training quite early in life. The father, hoping to improve his circumstances, removed from Scotland to London, and there sought employment. Before he succeeded he was prostrated with typhus fever, and his wife, while attending upon him, caught the disease. Their hired help fled in terror, leaving Mr. Elmslie in the feebleness which follows the crisis of that disease, and Mrs. Elmslie raving in delirium. There was no one in the house beside but William, then a boy of eight years old. He was a complete stranger in the modern Babylon, and did not know a soul there. The boy knelt down to pray, and then sallied forth into the crowded streets in search of a physician. He was standing bewildered at a street corner, not knowing which way to turn, when a Christian man saw him, and went to his relief, sending his own physician, and tending and helping the family until the dread disease was banished from the home. William never forgot his kindness, and when, years afterward he was toiling as a missionary in the far East he never ceased to pray for God's blessing on that good Samaritan.

A YOUNG WORKMAN.

At the age of nine years his father initiated him into his own business, and the lad became so expert that, by the time he was twelve years old he was earning a man's wages, and was able to buy a few books and commence the labor of self-education. Mrs. Elmslie assisted him, and so the days of childhood passed in busy labor. From eight to ten hours he toiled at the shoemaker's bench, and four hours were given to his books. In 1848 he had succeeded in accumulating a considerable sum of money, and his father having by that time returned to Aberdeen and again become prosperous in business, William applied for admission to the Grammar School of that city. He was successful, and he worked with so much ardor that in a short time his standing in the school was equal to that of boys of his own age who had enjoyed the advantages of a regular education.

COLLEGE LIFE.

At the age of twenty-one, William Elmslie was one of the most expert shoemakers in Aberdeen, and held first-class certificates of his proficiency in the classics and science. Life was before him, and he had to decide how it should be spent. Happily for him, by this time his mother's teaching and example had led him to Christ, and he resolved to devote himself to a life of Christian service. He calculated that by working at the shoemaker's bench for a part of the day he could maintain himself, while giving

the remainder of the day to study in the university. He entered himself as a student, and the next five years were years of arduous toil of hand and brain. It was an interesting sight, that of the young Bachelor of Arts working for his Master's degree, stitching away at the shoes every night for his daily bread.

His first ministerial experience was gained in Italy. A wealthy Aberdeen family was making the tour of Europe, and needed a tutor for the eldest son. It was the long vacation at the university, and William Elmslie being at liberty, applied for and gained the position. The family spent several months at Florence, and while there the clergyman who resided there as the chaplain of the English and American church fell ill, and services were suspended. At the earnest request of his employer and other visitors in Florence, the young tutor undertook to conduct religious services which he did with much pleasure to himself and benefit to his hearers.

Returning to Scotland he spent much time in thought about the best way of carrying out

HIS IDEAL LIFE

of service, and was attracted by the conception of the usefulness which might be achieved by a man who united in himself the skill of a physician with the consecration of a preacher to the heathen. He at once entered himself in the Divinity College, and commenced the work of preparation. During his course there and his subsequent course in the medical college, he supported himself by giving private tuition, and by his shoemaking, which he never regarded as beneath the dignity of a Master of Arts. In August, 1864, Mr. Elmslie being then thirty-two years old, his studies were finished, his examinations passed with honor, he was a *skilful physician and surgeon, a profound theologian, and a clever shoemaker*. So equipped he entered the great mission field to labor for his Master as a medical

MISSIONARY IN INDIA.

On September 20th, 1864, Dr. Elmslie sailed for his appointed sphere of labor in Cashmere on board the Poonah, and on October 28th he landed in Calcutta, where he spent a fortnight with Mr. Vaughan, of the Church Missionary Society, at the expiration of which he started for his designated sphere of labor by way of Amritsar.

His first resting-place was at the city of Benares, the Rome or Mecca of India. "I must tell you an incident," he writes, "which happened when I was visiting one of the great temples there. As the crowds of worshippers entered the temple, I saw that every one was furnished with flowers, some in garlands, others in bouquets, which were meant as offerings to the god, or to make them fit to appear before it. The room into which we were conducted was dimly lighted. I could only just perceive a block of wood or stone, shaped in the form of the head of a fish. It stood on the ground, inclosed by a little fence of stone work, and near it stood a priest, who, on seeing me, stepped forward and threw a garland of flowers round my neck before I was aware. Fancy me decked as if ready to worship this contemptible deity! He—this sensual-looking priest, implored me for money, which, however, I did not give."

At length, after making a brief stay at several places of interest, he arrived at Cashmere at the beginning of May, 1865.

THE VALLEY OF CASHMERE

is situated on the north of the Punjab, India, from which it is separated by a range of mountains called Pir Panjal. Through the middle of the valley flows the broad-bosomed river, Jhelum. The climate is exceedingly salubrious. The total population of the valley is between four and five hundred thousand, most of whom are Mussulmans, and a proportion Hindoos. Though they are most industrious and very abstemious, and the produce of the country marvellously abundant, the people are very poor.

It was in the capital city of Srinagar, that on May 9th, Dr. Elmslie opened

HIS FIRST DISPENSARY.

Associated with him were two native assistants and a catechist. A Christian service was conducted at 7 A.M., after which ten persons sought advice and help as patients; and four days later Dr. Elmslie began short itinerations on Saturday afternoons in the neighboring villages, "that the people may hear the Gospel in their own tongue, and know of the Medical Missionary Dispensary in Srinagar." On the 17th as bazaar preaching was forbidden, Dr. Elmslie began *tract distribution*, his medical skill being in increasingly frequent requisition. On the 31st, he opened a *small hospital* for the accommodation of four or five patients. In September he began to see some *spiritual* fruits of his efforts. In a letter home, he wrote: "A native fearlessly declared his faith in Christ in an open bazaar yesterday, and endured a terrible beating from his fellow-countrymen, but he still seems to stand fast." And, again, under date of the 25th, he observes: "Heard glad news to-day from the catechist, to the effect that my Kashmiri pundit had declared to him that he firmly believed the Gospel was true, but that he was afraid to make a public profession of his faith in Jesus for fear of the consequences. He is but a Nicodemus in faith. Lord, strengthen him."

Dr. Elmslie's plan of operations was not executed in the opening of this one dispensary. He was anxious to extend the field, and accordingly opened another in Amritsar, and eventually others in distant cities, travelling from one to the other at stated times, and preaching the Gospel on his way as he had opportunity.

RETURN HOME.

Five years of prodigious exertion and unwearied labor had their effect on his constitution, and rest and recuperation became an absolute necessity. Dr. Elmslie accordingly turned his face toward his beloved Scotland. His mother had entered into her rest a few months before he sailed, and it was with sad consciousness that the chief attraction his native land held for him had vanished, that he once more set foot in his native land. Hearty welcomes, however, awaited him from people who had friends and relatives in India, to whom he had been useful. One deserves especial notice. "I can never forget," writes a friend, "how on Dr. Elmslie's arrival in England, a father shook his hands, as the tears rolled down his cheeks, and how between his sobs he could say no more than

'YOU HAVE SAVED MY BOY.'

"It was not his body only that Dr. Elmslie was the means of saving. During a dangerous illness in India, he had nursed him into health, and had been the means also of leading him to Christ, for the salvation of his soul."

During his stay in Edinburgh, Dr. Elmslie's principal work was the preparation of a vocabulary of the language of Cashmere, and so strenuously did he labor at this task that at its conclusion he fell into a condition of physical collapse from which he did not fully recover until he was on shipboard on the way to his sphere of labor in India. In October, 1871, he had the satisfaction of seeing the first part of his book in print; the entire volume was not finished for some time afterward, and a completed copy was sent out to him in India, which reached its destination *only the day after his death*.

On February 28th, 1872, Dr. Elmslie was united in *marriage* to Margaret, daughter of the late Rev. W. Wallace Duncan, of Peebles, and on March 5th they left Edinburgh for India, arriving at Cashmere in April. With his health considerably improved, Dr. Elmslie at once plunged into the midst of the exhausting work which he found awaiting him. His mental powers were at their brightest, and his energy was apparently inexhaustible. The work was thoroughly organized, native catechists and evangelists were carrying it forward with vigor, and Dr. Elmslie was here, there, and everywhere guiding, inspiring, and directing the work.

GOVERNMENT INTERFERENCE.

In all directions the sphere was widening, and

Elmslie was full of hope and joy when an officer arrived from the English Viceroy of India, demanding him to quit the country. Native priests had waited upon the Viceroy, and lodged complaints against the missionary, who, they said, was undermining the religion of the people.

They held the English Government responsible for Dr. Elmslie's presence in Cashmere, and their resentment at the loss of presence endured, was turned against the nation which the missionary belonged. The principle of the British Government of India are purely secular. It was intolerable that the rule of England should be rendered unpopular in Cashmere by the operations of a Christian missionary. The people of Cashmere might be suffering their physical sufferings relieved, and be getting divine light in their souls, though his self-denying exertions; but, if he was exciting the jealousy of the governing princes, and the priests, against himself and his country, he must be stopped. Accordingly, the Viceroy's order was issued, and Dr. Elmslie and wife had no alternative but to obey. In deep sorrow and mortification they set out for Goorjoo, followed by the tears and lamentations of native Christians to whom the missionary had been a very bearer of light from heaven.

DEATH.

Dr. Elmslie was heartbroken. The mental shock brought on a return of the malady which prostrated him the previous year in Edinburgh, and before he reached Goorjat he was in crisis of a fatal disease. The party had headed Bhimbar, thirty miles from their destination, when a halt was unavoidable. A European physician was hastily summoned, and sought to bear on his noble patient all the skill in command. But Dr. Elmslie's condition was the result of mental emotion as much as of physical disease, and his constitution was enervated by his arduous labors. The physician baffled, and the patient steadily sank. On November 18th, 1872, Dr. Elmslie's life of contested service ended, and he entered into rest. His beloved wife is still laboring at Amritsar, as Superintendent of a Girls' Orphanage.

SCENES IN CASHMERE.

The illustrations which accompany Dr. Elmslie's portrait on the first page, convey some idea of the scenes among which he labored, and of the manners and customs and dress of the people.

THE DANCING BEAR.

An invariable sight at the native fairs, and attracts a large crowd of spectators who watch his performance with delighted interest. The common reddish bear of Cashmere. Its skin is decorated with a chaplet of cowrie shells.

THE EXHIBITION OF THE SNAKE-CHARMER.

Very peculiar to Indian cities, where men go to the country offering to find, attract, and tame serpents of any kind—even the venomous cobra—and exhibit them in a state of marvellous docility, accompanied with the sound of a gong. One of the most ancient practices in the East, and is referred to in the Old Testament books and poetry. The professional snake-charmer usually carries a number of snakes around his limbs and body, and concealed in his clothes.

THERE IS A LARGE PEEPUL-TREE

In the city of Cashmere, at the foot of which a bench or low wall has been put up to serve as the counter of a store; and the sale of shawls or sheepskin coats, Astrakhan and furs, is here carried on by merchants from Afghanistan. Types of the *Afreedi hillmen* with their marked Arab physiognomy, and the *orn of head-dress and veil*, the "boorka," worn by the Mussulman women, differing from those of India generally, are also shown in the illustrations.

THE BACTRIAN CAMEL

comes laden with merchandise from Cabul through the Khyber Pass to Cashmere and Peshawar, is another foreign importation, differing in shape, especially in the hump, from the well-known camel of Western Asia and of Egypt.

A SERIES OF EARTHQUAKES

which resulted in tremendous disaster recently occurred in Cashmere and the adjacent region. The first warning was felt on the evening of May 29th. At 3:15, on the morning of the 30th, a most violent shock occurred, which caused immense damage. "From that day," writes, on July 13th, Mr. Edwin G. Johnson, who was present, "no day has passed without repeated shocks, so frequent as to number one hundred and fifty. These, fortunately, have not been very serious, though from the accompanying sounds like thunder, and the uncertainty of the danger, they are sufficiently alarming. Owing also to the extraordinary angles into which the old shaky houses had been thrown, many of these buildings toppled over whenever a severer shock than usual occurred." As the people were camped out, however, comparatively few persons were killed by the later shocks, though the damage to property was incalculable.

THE TOTAL LOSS OF HUMAN LIFE

Mr. Johnson estimates at thirty-two hundred, while thirty thousand cattle perished, the great cattle mortality being owing to the fact that at night the animals were housed under the lower stories of the houses, or in roughly built sheds in the fields. "I have been twice over the districts affected, and even now the stench from the decaying bodies is overpowering. The human bodies have been dragged or thrown into the chasms formed on the hill-side, but the cattle were left behind in the ruins." The towns of Sopoor and Baramoola were completely wrecked, and the inhabitants were living under any kind of shelter which they could put up—mats, boards, old clothes, or boughs of trees. Every European has done his best to afford assistance, especially the missionaries, who have expended all their funds. The Governor of Cashmere also, Diwan Luchman Doss, a native gentleman of high family and good education, was most active in arranging for the supply of doctors, tents, money, and food for the sufferers.

INCIDENTS AT REV. E. PAYSON HAMMOND'S MEETINGS.

Converting the Cattle.—Rev. E. Payson Hammond said: "A man in Mashua, who was a notorious sinner, and was very cruel to his cattle, was led to see himself as a guilty sinner before God, and getting on his knees he cried, 'God be merciful to me a sinner.' In one of our meetings that man got up and told his experience, concluding with: 'I believe my cattle are converted, too; there is such a great change in them.' I think he meant that the change in himself had wrought a like transformation in his cattle; when he had treated them cruelly they had been unmanageable, but now that he was kind and gentle toward them they had also become gentle and tractable. And so, my dear friends, if you have been truly converted by the Holy Spirit of God you will be kinder and gentler to everybody with whom you come in contact, and even the dumb animals around your home will find it much to their advantage."

A True Friend to a Motherless Girl.—"I knew a woman in greatly reduced circumstances, but amidst all her poverty she heard of a friendless and homeless girl, and for the sake of Him who had done so much for her, she resolved to share her little room, and the little food she had, with this girl. Her work of love was not lost even in this world. She was a true friend to this motherless girl. Years elapsed, and she was laid on a bed of sickness through over-work, but now she had a true friend in this girl whom she had befriended. She came every day with delicacies and comforts to this old woman, until she died. A cup of cold water given to a disciple in the name of a disciple, shall in no case lose its reward."

A Bareheaded Woman's Confession.—Mr. J. G. Forbes related the following: "We recently had a praise and testimony meeting in the open air, at which some twenty persons professed to

decide for Christ. I called upon any one in the crowd to give a short testimony as to what the Lord had done for them. A poor, bare-headed, shoeless woman stepped forward, saying: 'With your permission, sir, I would like to say a word. Friends, I am a poor, wretched, fallen woman, an outcast from society. I was once a respectable woman. My husband, who is now in glory, died, saying: "Eliza, my feet are on the sure Rock of Ages. Will you come after me?"' I faithfully promised that I would, but I have broken that promise, and walked in the paths of sin. After my husband's death wicked men and women got hold of me and led me to be what I now am. Glory be to God, while you were singing that beautiful hymn, "Washed in the Blood of the Lamb," I cried to God to have mercy on my soul and forgive me, and now I know that I am washed in the blood of the Lamb."

A Man Prays a Child's Prayer.—Mr. A. Orr Ewing said: "We had a crowded meeting in Alexandria to hear Mr. Hammond's farewell address. All seemed to be deeply impressed with the service. One young man to whom I spoke came in with five or six companions. They were seated in the gallery, and, in the after-meeting, after some little conversation with him, I said: 'Are you converted?' 'No, I am not,' was the reply. 'Well, here you are to-night with the wrath of God abiding upon you, despising the blood of Jesus and ignoring His agony in the garden.' I saw that the man was moved, for his eyes glistened with tears. I repeated a little prayer that Mr. Hammond taught the children:

'Jesus, take this heart of mine,
Make it pure and wholly Thine;
Thou hast bled and died for me;
I will henceforth live for Thee.'

I asked him if he could repeat that prayer from his heart. He did so, and I believe nothing but the Holy Spirit could have wrought so deep a conviction within that man, and before he left the meeting he had accepted Christ, and passed from death unto life."

A Shocking Admission.—"A Young Man who had been trained up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord, but had gone astray, and was living far from good or holy influences, felt his great difficulty to be that he knew the Bible almost all by heart, and that he believed every word of it to be true, but how to apply it to himself he did not know." After a long and solemn conversation he deliberately said: 'I cannot feel anything but that I am on my way to hell; I do not feel the way to be saved, but I will do what you say.' "Take God at His Word." Since that night he has found Jesus Christ to be a glorious Saviour, and he has brought one of his companions to the meeting who also found Christ, and has given striking testimony in the open air to the power of God to save unto the uttermost."

A Shipwrecked Crew Saved.—Mr. Ferrie related: "A ship was on its way from a foreign port to Liverpool one calm, quiet evening, when all at once, in the midst of the peacefulness that reigned, a burst of smoke and fire arose toward heaven. Some of the terrified crew clung to the mast and to the hull of the ship; others were thrown into the water and were instantly drowned; a few men got on to rafts. For days they were perishing for want of food, and almost ready to drink one another's blood, when, at last one day they saw a white speck on the blue horizon. These perishing men watched it eagerly as it came nearer, for it was a vessel; but, alas! it turned another way, and the informant tells us such an awful shriek of despair as arose from them, he would never forget. On the following day another ship came in sight, and with the little strength they had they called for help. The captain heard the cry, feeble as it was, and responded to them, by saying: 'I will come to your help; I will save you.' And these perishing men were soon on board the vessel, because they were willing and eager to be saved. Dear friends, is not Christ, our great Captain, far more willing to save perishing men if they only will cry to Him?"

VICARIOUS SUFFERING.

Dr. Talmage's Sermon. Preached Last Sunday Morning, Oct. 25, 1885.

"Without shedding of blood is no remission."—HER. 9: 22.

The Poet's Question—Not Literal Blood—The Thing Signified—Vicarious Suffering—Common in Life—Champions of the Homestead—The Midnight Watcher—Patriotic Self-Sacrifice—Yellow Fever Martyrs—The Dominant Principle—The Great Unlike—The Meaning of Blood—At Waterloo.

JOHN G. WHITTIER, the last of the great school of American poets that made the last quarter of a century brilliant, asked me in the White Mountains, one morning after prayers, in which I had given out Cowper's famous hymn about "The Fountain Filled with Blood," "Do you really believe there is a literal application of the blood of Christ to the soul?" My negative reply then is my negative reply now. The Bible statement agrees with all physicians, and all physiologists, and all scientists, in saying that the blood is the life, and in the Christian religion it means simply that Christ's life was given for our life. Hence all this talk of men who say the Bible story of blood is disgusting, and that they don't want what they call a "slaughter-house religion," only shows their incapacity or unwillingness to look through the figure of speech toward

THE THING SIGNIFIED.

The blood that, on the darkest Friday the world ever saw, oozed, or trickled, or poured from the brow, and the side, and the hands, and the feet of the illustrious sufferer, back of Jerusalem, in a few hours coagulated and dried up, and forever disappeared; and if man had depended on the application of the literal blood of Christ, there would not have been a soul saved for the last eighteen centuries.

In order to understand this red word of my text, we only have to exercise as much common-sense in religion as we do in everything else. Pang for pang, hunger for hunger, fatigue for fatigue, tear for tear, blood for blood, life for life, we see every day illustrated. The act of substitution is no novelty, although I hear men talk as though the idea of Christ's suffering substituted for our suffering were something abnormal, something distressingly odd, something wildly eccentric, a solitary episode in the world's history; when I could take you out into this city, and before sundown point you to five hundred cases of substitution and voluntary suffering of one in behalf of another.

VICARIOUS SUFFERERS.

At two o'clock to-morrow afternoon go among the places of business or toil. It will be no difficult thing for you to find men who, by their looks show you that they are overworked. They are prematurely old. They are hastening rapidly toward their decease. They have gone through crises in business that shattered their nervous system, and pulled on the brain. They have a shortness of breath, and a pain in the back of the head, and at night an insomnia that alarms them. Why are they drugging at business early and late? For fun? No; it would be difficult to extract any amusement out of that exhaustion. Because they are avaricious? In many cases no. Because their own personal expenses are lavish? No; a few hundred dollars would meet all their wants. The simple fact is, the man is enduring all that fatigue, and exasperation, and wear and tear, to keep his home prosperous. There is an invisible line reaching from that store, from that bank, from that shop, from that scaffolding, to a quiet scene a few blocks, a few miles away, and there is the secret of that business endurance. He is simply the champion of a homestead, for which he wins bread, and wardrobe, and education, and prosperity, and in such battle ten thousand men fall. Of ten business men whom I bury, nine die of overwork for others. Some sudden disease finds them with no power of resistance, and they are gone. Life for life. Blood for blood. Substitution!

At one o'clock to-morrow morning, the hour when slumber is most uninterrupted and most profound, walk amid the dwelling-houses of the city. Here and there you will find a dim light, because it is the household custom to keep a subdued light burning; but most of the houses from base to top are as dark as though uninhabited. A merciful God has sent forth the archangel of sleep, and he puts his wings over the city. But yonder is a clear light burning, and outside on the window casement a glass or pitcher containing food for a sick child, the food set in the fresh air. This is the sixth night that mother has sat up with that sufferer. She has to the last point obeyed the physician's prescription, not giving a drop too much or too little, or a moment too soon or too late. She is very anxious, for she has buried three children with the same disease, and she prays and weeps, each prayer and sob ending with a kiss of the pale cheek. By dint of kindness she gets the little one through the ordeal. After it is all over, the mother is taken down. Brain or nervous fever sets in, and one day she leaves the convalescent child with a mother's blessing, and goes up to join the three in the kingdom of heaven. Life for life. Substitution! The fact is that there are an uncounted number of mothers who, after they have navigated a large family of children through all the diseases of infancy, and got them fairly started up the flowering slope of boyhood and girlhood, have only strength enough left to die. They fade away. Some call it consumption; some call it nervous prostration; some call it intermittent or malarial disposition; but I call it martyrdom of the domestic circle. Life for life. Blood for blood. Substitution!

SLAIN FOR A SON.

Or perhaps the mother lingers long enough to see a son get on the wrong road, and his former kindness becomes rough reply when she expresses anxiety about him. But she goes right on, looking carefully after his apparel, remembering his every birthday with some memento, and when he is brought home worn out with dissipation, nurses him till he gets well and starts him again, and hopes, and expects, and prays, and counsels, and suffers, until her strength gives out and she fails. She is going, and attendants bending over her pillow, ask her if she has any message to leave, and she makes great effort to say something, but out of three or four minutes of indistinct utterance they can catch but three words: "My poor boy!" The simple fact is she died for him. Life for life. Substitution!

PATRIOTIC SELF-SACRIFICE.

About twenty-four years ago there went forth from our homes hundreds of thousands of men to do battle for their country. All the poetry of war soon vanished and left them nothing but the terrible prose. They waded knee-deep in mud. They slept in snow-banks. They marched till their cut feet tracked the earth. They were swindled out of their honest rations, and lived on meat not fit for a dog. They had jaw all fractured, and eyes extinguished, and limbs shot away. Thousands of them cried for water as they lay dying on the field the night after the battle, and got it not. They were homesick, and received no message from their loved ones. They died in barns, in bushes, in ditches, the buzzards of the summer heat the only attendants on their obsequies. No one but the infinite God who knows everything, knows the ten thousandth part of the length, and breadth, and depth, and height of anguish of Northern and Southern battle-fields. Why did these fathers leave their children and go to the front, and why did these young men, postponing the marriage-day, start out into the probabilities of never coming back? For the country they died. Life for life. Blood for blood. Substitution!

YELLOW FEVER MARTYRS.

But we need not go so far. What is that monument in Greenwood? It is to the doctors who fell in the Southern epidemics. Why go?

Were there not enough sick to be attended these Northern latitudes? Oh, yes; but a doctor puts a few medical books in his valise, and some vials of medicine, and leaves his patients here in the hands of other physicians, a takes the rail-train. Before he gets to the fabled regions he passes crowded rail-trains, regular and extra, taking the flying and afrighted populations. He arrives in a city over which great horror is brooding. He goes from couch to couch, feeling of pulse and studying symptoms, and prescribing day after day, night after night, until a fellow-physician says: "Doct you had better go home and rest, you look miserable." But he cannot rest while so many are suffering. On and on, until some morning find him in a delirium, in which he talks of home and then rises and says he must go and look after those patients. He is told to lie down, he fights his attendants until he falls back, a weaker and weaker, and dies for people whom he had no kinship, and far away from family, and is hastily put away in a strange tomb, and only the fifth part of a newspaper tells us of his sacrifice, his name just mentioned among five. Yet he has touched the furthest height of sublimity in that three weeks humanitarian service. He goes straight as an arrow to the bosom of Him who said: "I visit the sick and ye visited Me." Life for life. Blood for blood. Substitution!

A LEGAL CHAMPION.

In the legal profession I see the same principle of self-sacrifice. In 1846, William Freeman, a pauperized and idiotic negro, was at Auburn, N. Y., on trial for murder. He had slain the entire Van Nest family. The foaming wrath of the community could be kept off him only by armed constables. Who would volunteer to his counsel? No attorney wanted to sacrifice his popularity by such an ungrateful task. They were silent save one, a young lawyer with feeble voice, that could hardly be heard outside the bar, pale and thin and awkward. It was William H. Seward, who saw that the prisoner was idiotic and irresponsible and ought to be put in an asylum rather than put to death, the hence counsel uttering these beautiful words:

"I speak now in the hearing of a people who have prejudged the prisoner and condemned him for pleading in his behalf. He is a convict, a pauper, a negro, without intellect, sense, or emotion. My child with an affectionate smile dismisses my care-worn face of its frown whenever I cross my threshold. The beggar in the street obliges me to give because he says, 'God bless you!' as I pass. My dog caresses me with fondness if I will but smile on him. My horse recognizes me when I fill his manger. What reward, what gratitude, what sympathy or affection can I expect here? There the prisoner sits. Look at him. Look at the assembly around you. Listen to their ill-suppressed curses and their excited fears, and tell me who among my neighbors or my fellow-men, who even in his heart, I can expect to find a sentiment, a thought, not to say of reward or of knowledge, or even of recognition? Gentlemen, you may think of this evidence when you please, bring in what verdict you can, but I asseverate before heaven and you, that to the best of my knowledge and belief, the prisoner the bar does not at this moment know why it that my shadow falls on you instead of his own."

The gallows got its victim, but the post-mortem examination of the poor creature showed to all the surgeons and to all the world, that the public were wrong, and William H. Seward was right, and that hard, stony step of obloquy the Auburn court-room was the first step of the stairs of fame up which he went to the top, to within one step of the top, that last denied him through the treachery of American politics. Nothing sublimer was ever seen in an American court-room than William H. Seward, without reward, standing between the fury of the populace and the loathsome imbecile. Substitution!

In the realm of the fine arts there was as remarkable an instance. A brilliant but hypo-

sed painter, Joseph William Turner, was y a valley of abuse from all the art galleries rope. His paintings, which have since he applause of all civilized nations, "The Plague of Egypt," "Fishermen on a Lee in Squally Weather," "Calais Pier," "Sun Rising Through Mist," and "Dido near Carthage," were then targets for critics not at. In defence of this outrageously man, a young author of twenty-four years, ne year out of college, came forth with his nd wrote the ablest and most famous essays at that the world ever saw, or ever will see n Ruskin's "Modern Painters." For teen years this author fought the battles of al-treated artist, and after, in poverty and n-heartedness, the painter had died, and ublic tried to undo their cruelties toward y giving him a big funeral and burial at al's Cathedral, his old-time friend took f a tin box nineteen thousand pieces of containing drawings by the old painter, hrough many weary and uncompensated s assorted and arranged them for public vation. People say John Ruskin in his ays is cross, misanthropic, and morbid, ver he may do that he ought not to do, hatever he may say that he ought not to etween now and his death, he will leave rld insolvent as far as it has any capacity y this author's pen for its chivalric and ian defence of a poor painter's pencil. Ruskin for William Turner. Blood for . Substitution!

THE DOMINANT PRINCIPLE.

at an exalting principle this which leads o suffer for another! Nothing so kindles siasm or awakens eloquence, or chimes canto, or moves nations. That principle dominant one in our religion—Christ the r, Christ the celestial Hero, Christ the der, Christ the Substitute. No new prin- for it was as old as human nature; but on a grander, wider, higher, deeper, and rld-resounding scale. The shepherd s champion for Israel with a sling toppled ant of Philistine braggadocio in the dust; e is another David who, for all the armies urches militant and triumphant, hurls the h of perdition into defeat, the crash of his n armor like an explosion at Hell Gate. am had at God's command agreed to sac- his son Isaac, and the same God just in ad provided a ram of the thicket as a sub- e; but here is another Isaac bound to the e and no hand arrests the sharp edges of tion and death, and the universe shivers uakes and recoils and groans at the horror, ood men have for centuries been trying t who this Substitute was like, and every arison, inspired and uninspired, evangelis- rophetic, apostolic, and human, falls short, rist was *the Great Unlike*. Adam a type rist, because he came directly from God; a type of Christ, because he delivered his family from deluge; Melchisedec a type rist, because he had no predecessor or suc- r; Joseph a type of Christ, because he ast out by his brethren; Moses a type of t, because he was a deliverer from bond- Joshua a type of Christ, because he was a ueror; Sampson a type of Christ, because s strength to slay the lions and carry off the gates of impossibility; Solomon a type of t, in the influence of his dominion; Jonah of Christ, because of the stormy sea in h he threw himself for the rescue of others; ut together Adam and Noah and Melchise- and Joseph and Moses and Joshua and son and Solomon and Jonah, and they d not make a fragment of a Christ, a quarter Christ, the half of a Christ, or the millionth of a Christ.

forsook a throne and sat down on His own toil. He came from the top of glory to bottom of humiliation, and changed a cir- cference seraphic, for a circumference dia- e. Once waited on by angels, now hissed at gands. From afar and high up He came

down; a-past meteors, swifter than they; by stary thrones, Himself more lustrous; past larger worlds to smaller worlds; down-stairs of firmaments, and from cloud to cloud, and through the tree-tops and into the camel's stall, to thrust His shoulder under our burdens and take the lances of pain through His vitals, and wrapped Himself in all the agonies which we de- serve for our misdoings, and stood on the split- ting decks of a foundering vessel, amid the drenching surf of the sea, and passed midnights on the mountains amid wild beasts of prey, and stood at the point where all earthly and infernal hostilities charged on Him at once with their keen sabres—our Substitute!

DIED FOR A WORLD.

When did attorney ever endure so much for a pauper client, or physician for the patient in the lazaretto, or mother for the child in membranous croup, as Christ for us, and Christ for you, and Christ for me? Shall any man or woman or child in this audience who has ever suffered for another find it hard to understand this Christly suffering for us? Shall those whose sympathies have been wrung in behalf of the unfortunate have no appreciation of that one moment which was lifted out of all the ages of eternity as most conspicuous, when Christ gathered up all the sins of those to be redeemed under His one arm, and all their sorrows under His other arm, and said: "I will atone for these under my right arm, and will heal all those under my left arm? Strike me with all thy glittering shafts, O Eternal Justice! Roll over me with all thy surges, ye oceans of sorrow!" And the thunderbolts struck Him from above, and the seas of trouble rolled up from beneath, hurricane after hurri- cane, and cyclone after cyclone, and then and there in presence of heaven and earth and hell, yea, all worlds witnessing, the price, the bitter price, the transcendent price, the awful price, the glorious price, the infinite price, the eternal price, was paid that sets us free.

THE MEANING OF BLOOD.

That is what Paul means, that is what I mean, that is what all those who have ever had their heart changed mean by "blood." I glory in this religion of blood! I am thrilled as I see the suggestive color in sacramental cup, whether it be of burnished silver set on cloth immacu- lately white, or rough-hewn from wood set on table in log-but meeting-house of the wilderness. Now I am thrilled as I see the altars of ancient sacrifice crimson with the blood of the slain lamb, and Leviticus is to me not so much the Old Testament as the New. Now I see why the destroying angel passing over Egypt in the night spared all those houses that had blood sprinkled on their door-posts. Now I know what Isaiah means when he speaks of "one in red apparel coming with dyed garments from Bozrah," and whom the Apocalypse means when it de- scribes a heavenly chieftain whose "vesture was dipped in blood;" and what Peter, the apostle, means when he speaks of the "precious blood;" and what John means when he refers to the blood that cleanseth from all sin; and what the old, worn-out, decrepit missionary Paul means when, in my text, he cries, "With- out shedding of blood is no remission." By that blood you and I will be saved—or never saved at all. In all the ages of the world God has not once pardoned a single sin except through the Saviour's expiation, and He never will. Glory be to God that the hill back of Jerusalem was the battle-field on which Christ achieved our liberty!

AT WATERLOO.

The most exciting and overpowering day of last summer was the day I spent on the battle- field of Waterloo. Starting out with the morn- ing train from Brussels, Belgium, we arrived in about an hour on that famous spot. A son of one who was in the battle, and who had heard from his father a thousand times the whole scene recited, accompanied us over the field. There stood the old Hougomont Château, the walls dented and scratched and broken and shattered of grape-shot and cannon-ball. There is the

well in which three hundred dying and dead were pitched. There is the chapel with the head of the infant Christ shot off. There are gates at which, for many hours, English and French armies wrestled. Yonder were the one hundred and sixty guns of the English and the two hundred and fifty guns of the French. Yonder the Hanoverian Hussars fled for the woods. Yonder was the ravine of Ohain, where the French cavalry, not knowing there was a hollow in the ground, rolled over and down, troop after troop, tumbling into one aw- ful mass of suffering, hoof of kicking horses against brow and breast of captains and colonels and private soldiers, the human and the beastly groan kept up until, the day after, all was shov- eled under because of the malodor arising in that hot month of June.

"There," said our guide, "the Highland regi- ments lay down on their faces waiting for the moment to spring upon the foe. In that orchard twenty-five hundred men were cut to pieces. Here stood Wellington with white lips, and up that knoll rode Marshal Ney on his sixth horse, five having been shot under him. Here the ranks of the French broke, and Marsal Ney, with his boot slashed of a sword, and his hat off, and his face covered with powder and blood, tried to rally his troops as he cried: "Come and see how a marshal of France dies on the battle-field." From yonder direction Grouchy was expected for the French re-enforcement, but he came not. Around those woods Blucher was looked for to re-enforce the English, and just in time he came up. Yonder is the field where Napoleon stood, his arm through the reins of the horse's bridle, dazed and insane, trying to go back. Scene of a battle that went on from twenty-five minutes to twelve o'clock, on the 18th of June, until four o'clock, when the Eng- lish seemed defeated and their commander cried out: "Boys, can you think of giving way? Remember old England!" and the tides turned, and at eight o'clock in the evening the man of destiny, who was called by his troops Old Two Hundred Thousand, turned away with broken heart, and the fate of centuries was decided. No wonder a great mound has been reared there, hundreds of feet high, a mound at the expense of millions of dollars and many years in rising, and on the top is the great Belgian lion of bronze, and a grand old lion it is. But

OUR GREAT WATERLOO

was in Palestine. There came a day when all hell rode up, led by Apollyon, and the Captain of our salvation confronted them alone. The Rider on the white horse of the Apocalypse go- ing out against the black horse cavalry of death, and the battalions of the demonic, and the myr- mids of darkness. From twelve o'clock at noon to three o'clock in the afternoon the greatest battle of the universe went on. Eternal destinies were being decided. All the arrows of hell pierced our Chieftain, and the battle-axe struck Him, until brow and cheek and shoulder and hand and foot were incarnadined with oo- zing life; but He fought on until He gave a final stroke with sword from Jehovah's buckler, and the commander-in-chief of hell and all his forces fell back in everlasting ruin, and the victory is ours. And on the mound that celebrates the triumph we plant this day two figures, not in bronze or iron or sculptured marble, but two figures of living light, the Lion of Judah's tribe and the Lamb that was slain.

The Evangelical Alliance Held the First meeting of the Annual Conference in the Queen's Assembly Rooms, Glasgow, on Tuesday, Octo- ber 6th. The attendance was so large that an overflow meeting was held in Claremont Church, which was also filled. In the absence of Lord Provost McOuie, Baillie Dickson presided. Among those on the platform were Principal Cairns, Dr. Houghton, Prebendary Anderson, Dr. Munro Gibson, Lord Polworth, Sir William Muir, and Admiral Sir W. King Hall. The speakers were the Chairman, the Marquis of Ailsa, Dr. Draper, and Principal Douglas.

THE OPTIMISTIC CREED.

THE tendency of our times is toward optimism. In the past, it was common to find men dwelling on the degeneracy of the times in which they lived. They spoke of past ages as being better than their own. Men were more public-spirited, purer of life, keener of thought, diviner in spirit than they and their contemporaries. If they did not inquire why "the former days were better" than theirs, they thought they were better. We have changed all that. We think there has never been an age like this. We boast of our culture, our benevolence, our "higher life," and our advances in science, the arts, and religion. We have gone further still. We expect that our descendants will make greater advances. It is not uncommon to hear preachers speak of the time coming as a golden age. They assure their hearers that the Church will triumph. They promise certain victory to the soldiers of the cross. "I am an optimist by constitution," said a great preacher, recently, "I expect the triumphant victory of the Church." People who do not believe all this, and who maintain that the world is getting worse, and will continue getting worse, are stigmatized as alarmists and croakers. Do not heed them, say the optimists; they are bilious; their digestion is out of order. We are not told

WHAT THE ANTEDILUVIANS SAID

about Noah, but there is reason to believe that his warnings did not receive much attention. Even if he had a respectful hearing, nobody seemed to turn his words to practical account. When the flood came no one was in the ark but his own family. Apparently there were optimists in those days. The fact is worthy of consideration because our Saviour explicitly pointed out that the days preceding His Second Coming, would resemble the days of Noah in that characteristic (Matt. 24: 37-39).

Naturally, alarmists are not popular. It is much more pleasant to listen to the optimists. We like to be told we are making progress, and that there is a still better time ahead. But the pessimists may be right. Their medicine, bitter as it is, may be beneficial. It might be an unwelcome sound to people around Wilkesbarre to hear some cold night that there were signs of a cave-in. They would be sorry to be disturbed from their beds by a man proclaiming that the pillars of the mines under them were giving way. But they would not rate at him as an alarmist. They would want to know who he was and how he knew, and if they were satisfied they would lose no time in getting to a place of safety. They would be sensible. They would know that it was suicidal folly to disregard a warning like that. That is the way Christian men should act, and the half-and-half people who call themselves Christians, but who are living lives of worldly pleasure.

The message is now being proclaimed through our land that a time of trouble is at hand. Solemn assurance is given that society, instead of being better than of yore, is worse. We are cautioned against trusting to appearances and deceiving ourselves into the belief that the fair churchoing outside is a proof of spirituality. We are warned that victory is not ahead, but the temporary triumph of Godlessness. The future is no golden age, but an age of trial, persecution, and misery. Safety is not to be gained by heedlessness, but by watchfulness and consecration. The Lord is gathering out a people for Himself who will be removed out of the evil, and will return with Him to witness and share in His triumph. The preachers of this message are "the pessimists, the alarmists, the croakers."

When we ask them for their authority they are reasonable. They invite us to look around. To look below the surface. They appeal to the Bible. They point to the prophecies. Some of them have been literally fulfilled. When they were uttered they were utterly improbable; but not a letter failed. Nineveh is a quarry. On Tyre the fishermen dry their nets. Babylon is the home of the bitter. Israel is a nation scattered and peeled. The line of the prophetic

does not end there. It goes forward, and it is not difficult to find

OUR PLACE ON THE CHART.

Behind us stretches the line, perfect and accurate. Not one thing has failed of all the things that God spoke. Before us, too, is the line. What does it tell us?

There are two courts of appeal. There is the present state of the world, and there is the inspired Word of God. Both courts pronounce the same verdict. It would be impossible to survey the entire field here. A few facts and quotations may, however, lead readers to examine more extensively for themselves. In an article recently published in *The Truth*, the writer condenses them with much force. He cites the fact that the murders in the country at large, during the last year, exceeded those of the preceding year by as many as five for every day of the twelve months. "All right," say the optimists. In St. Louis, which is not by any means the worst city in the United States, but may serve as an average specimen, there were last year 27 murders, 83 suicides, and more than 1000 divorces, 3 for every day of the twelve months. On a pleasant May Sunday there were less than 20,000 of all sorts and sizes in all of the Protestant churches put together, while on the same day there were far more than 20,000 on the base-ball parks, and 87,000, it is said, passed through the gates of the Fair Grounds to witness an exhibition given by "cowboys." The same evening more than 2000 whiskey-shops were in full blast, and the theatres were crowded to see low and licentious plays. "All is well," shout the inexplicable optimists of the Christian Church. Surely "they have healed the hurt of the daughter of my people slightly, saying: Peace, peace; when there is no peace" (Jer. 8: 11).

THE WARNING.

But what saith the Scripture? "Behold, the day of the Lord cometh, cruel both with wrath and fierce anger, to lay the land desolate: and He shall destroy the sinners thereof out of it. For the stars of heaven and the constellations thereof shall not give their light: the sun shall be darkened in his going forth, and the moon shall not cause her light to shine. And I will punish the world for their evil, and the wicked for their iniquity; . . . Fear, and the pit, and the snare, are upon thee, O inhabitant of the earth. And it shall come to pass, that he who fleeth from the noise of the fear shall fall into the pit; and he that cometh up out of the midst of the pit shall be taken in the snare: for the windows from on high are open, and the foundations of the earth do shake" (Isa. 13: 9-11; 24: 17, 18).

Figurative language, is it? Well, here is some more of it. After announcing the certain doom of Jerusalem, upon which His name was called, God says: "A noise shall come even to the ends of the earth; for the Lord hath a controversy with the nations: He will plead with all flesh; He will give them that are wicked to the sword, saith the Lord. Thus saith the Lord of hosts, Behold, evil shall go forth from nation to nation, and a great whirlwind shall be raised up from the coasts of the earth. And the slain of the Lord shall be at that day from one end of the earth even unto the other end of the earth: they shall not be lamented, neither gathered, nor buried; they shall be dung upon the ground" (Jer. 25: 31-33). There are many such figures of speech running all through the Old Testament prophecies, pointing to the last days. The New Testament is equally explicit, and with more fullness of detail. (See Luke 17: 18-21; 11 Thess. 2; 11 Tim. 3).

One of the profoundest thinkers and ablest historians of our day,* speaking of the world's vaunted progress after comparing our age with other ages in the history of the human race, expresses his deliberate opinion that the accumulation of wealth, with its daily services at the Stock Exchange, and the Bourse, with interna-

tional exhibitions for its religious festivals, political economy for its Gospel, is progress; it be progress at all, toward the wrong place. Baal, the god of the merchants of Tyre, counted four hundred and fifty prophets when there but one Elijah. . . . Yet in the end Baal could not save Samaria from the Assyrians any more than progress, and "unexampled prosper could rescue Paris from Von Moltke. Thus age is an age of material progress, but of material retrogression. A few are being preoccupied gathered out of the putrefying mass; they be taken to meet their Lord at His descent into the air. For the remainder, the nominal Christians, the careless and the avowed unbelievers there will be a fierce ordeal. Some will be driven for refuge to Christ, purified by the flames; others will graduate in blasphemy and rebel until the day comes when Christ shall appear visibly with His saints to consume that wicked one with the fierceness of His wrath.

It is of no use deceiving ourselves, or allowing those who prophecy smooth things to deceive. The Word of the Lord is sure, and those who sit at ease in Zion, those who utter no warning, those who sleep in slothful indolence will have a terrible awakening.

ANECDOTES RELATED AT THE EVANGELISTIC MEETINGS IN SCOTLAND

A Memento of Brownlow North's Work. At a recent meeting, Mr. Frazer related: "the time of a revival in Inverness-shire, in 1840, of Brownlow North's revival meetings, a young woman became deeply anxious about her soul, and when giving her experience afterward, said: 'The question was asked, "Who will baptize this Saviour?"' And then she said, 'tears running down her face, "I could not, I did not stay away from Him. I came to Him; I was poor, lost, guilty sinner, and He took me, and have found rest and peace in Him."

The Best Argument.—A Friend remarked:

"I know a young man in Wishaw who came to a meeting which I was conducting, and gave himself to Jesus. The next morning when he went into his workshop, the first thing he did was to honestly to confess Christ. His fellow workmen began to reason the matter with him, and he, being quite an unlearned man, could not answer many of the questions which were put to him, and therefore contented himself by repeating thus: 'I know not how to answer all that you say, but one thing I do know—"the blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth us from all sin."'" They were silenced and solemnized, and he is cherished that some of them are seeking the Saviour."

A Christless Christian Worker Saved.—

"One of our open-air meetings I saw a man was in a respectable position in the city, engaged in active work for Christ, a teacher in a Sabbath school, but yet without God or hope in Christ. I noticed him hanging about, but his dress and general appearance were so different from the others among whom we work that I thought it was mere curiosity which kept him standing till most of the others were gone, but I decided that was my duty to speak personally to him, and did so, when he told me that he was anxious about his soul since he heard the personal testimony of others in the open air. He wished to become a follower of Christ without confessing that hitherto he had not been a Christian. I directed him to what the Scripture says on that point, and I am glad to say that he got grace from the Lord to conquer his pride, and that he has confessed Christ openly."

An Incident of the Indian Mutiny.—

Mr. Stewart observed: "I had a friend who was in the battle of Lucknow, and he told me that the order was given that every man was to lie down for four hours, for the enemy had taken possession of a hospital, and from it they were firing down shot and shell upon the British forces, but by lying down the deadly missiles passed harmlessly over their heads. My friend told me that those four hours were the most miserable he could recall in his life, for even

* James Anthony Froude.

erve in his body was twitching to get at the eels, but the command was given, and it had to be obeyed. But when the order came to rise and go forward, the British rushed at them and cleared every man from the place. To stand still is one of the hardest, but the first thing, that a Christian must learn if he would be of use in his Master's service."

The Last Half-Hour of His Life.—"When Dr. Barkis was near his end the surgeon came, and a servant asked him how his master was. He cannot live more than half an hour," replied the surgeon. The good doctor asked the servant what the surgeon had said, and when he was told, he exclaimed: 'Lift me out of bed; let me get on my knees, and spend the last half-hour of my life in prayer for the Church of God.' Friends, if you are to have power with God, you must be much on your knees alone. Much real prayer is the precursor and accompaniment of much real power."

A Pauper Boy's Gratitude.—Dr. Cameron said: "I knew an aged woman who lived a few miles out of Glasgow. She earned her living by boarding children from the poor-house. Among the children whom she kept was a little lame boy of whom she became very fond. As time wore on the authorities of the poor-house said that the boy must now be sent to learn a trade. When the old woman heard this she became greatly distressed, and pleaded with them to leave the boy under her care a little longer, but to this they would not consent. To the gentleman who came to take the lad away, she said: 'Oh, sir, do not take Johnnie away, but let him remain a little longer.' When she found that no words would prevail, she finally resolved, although she was very poor, to keep him free of charge. They let her have her own way, and she kept the boy. He received a free education, and, when old enough, he got into a good situation in Glasgow, and was soon able to take his benefactress to a comfortable home, where she spent the remainder of her life in comfort."

How a Minister was Killed.—The Rev. Mr. Pugh remarked: "Some years ago there was a pastor in one of the American churches, who was an admirable preacher and a straightforward minister of Christ. A wealthy gentleman habitually sat in his church as a member of his congregation, who conceived a dislike to the pastor, and went about trying to undermine his character, and diminish his influence. When the charge was made public it cost the minister his life, for he died of a broken heart. His widow was left with very little means in the world. This rich man who had been the cause of her husband's death, went and offered her a large sum of money, but she said: 'No, I never can accept a gift from a man whose hands are red with the blood of my husband.' God afterward generously provided for her, but the wealth of the rich man appeared to do him no good; it eat like a cankerworm into his soul; and unless he has obtained forgiveness from God for his cruel slander against the minister of the Gospel, God will hold him guilty of murder."

Found in the Dead Man's Hand.—The Rev. Mr. Fullerton said: "A party were at one time travelling through a part of India, when one of their number, a native, dropped suddenly to the ground. The others were passing on taking no further notice of him, when one of our countrymen left the party, and bending over him saw that the poor fellow was dying. When his friend saw that his end was near, he asked: 'Have you any hope for the next world?' 'Ah, yes,' said the native, 'the blood of His Son cleanseth us from all sin.' Somewhat surprised to hear these words fall from the lips of a poor ignorant Hindoo, the other questioned, 'Where did you get that?' But he could not answer, for his eyes were already closed in death. They found, firmly grasped in the dead man's hand, a leaflet containing the text which he had just quoted. I do not know how he had come into possession of it; the winds of the forest might have blown it to him for all I know. But he seemed to have prized it above all things.

Friends, can you with the same faith as the poor Hindoo, say: 'The blood of His Son cleanseth us from all sin?'"

THE CHRISTIAN CONVENTION IN NEW YORK.

THE subject suggested for the sessions of Thursday, October 8th, of the Christian Convention in the Twenty-third Street Tabernacle, was Evangelistic and Missionary Work, or HOW TO REACH THE MASSES.

Dr. John Cookman introduced the subject by exhorting all who might speak to adhere to the keynote of Jesus only, which had given the tone to all the previous sessions.

Dr. Easton, of New Brunswick, N. J., discussed the methods adopted by the churches in our day to reach the masses, and expressed his conviction that the only method that contained the promise of success, was not in splendid edifices, beautiful music, church regimental drill, nor free pews; the best way of reaching the masses was to go to the masses. He urged Christians to go into the alleys and rear tenements, and to work there in faith. A good motto for every worker, he said, was that which appeared on the bas-relief which adorned a home for the fallen in London, representing a child blowing a dying ember—"Perhaps there remains a spark." It would be well never to despair of any one however degraded. A spark might remain which the breath of life and love might revive.

The Rev. W. S. Rainsford, Rector of St. George's Church, read Isaiah 61:1, and reminded Christian workers that in that passage they would find their commission for this age as for the age twenty centuries ago. He said:

"Our business is not with the question, What is to become of the world? but, What is to become of the Church of God if she refuses to hear the voice of her Lord to declare good tidings to the poor? I believe that the proportion of the people in these United States, who do not care a fig for religion is increasing relatively. Not numerically, perhaps, but relatively. I judge by the fact that the proportion of church-goers in our cities is decreasing. If a man loves God, he will go to God's house. The decrease in the number of church-goers is therefore a startling and suggestive fact. It is not that they do not believe in God and in the Lord Jesus Christ. It is mainly because the world regards the Church as a gathering of people trying to live by two laws: The law of selfishness for six days of the week, and the law of self-sacrifice for the seventh. They regard the Church simply as an insurance company against the risks of the next world. The workingman will not accept such a religion. He says if the Gospel is not to be of service to him to-day, he does not want it at all. His needs for this life are too absorbing to allow him to give much thought to the next life. He has to battle for bread, and in that struggle all his energies and thoughts are exhausted. The Church must do as its Master did. It must follow in His steps who went about to make men good; who, when surrounded by people who were not seeking conversion, gave them bread. It must say to rich Christians, you cannot live for yourselves; you cannot live by two laws; you cannot live to make great fortunes, or, if you do, you must not name the name of Christ. God has but one law for every follower of the Saviour, and that is the law of self-sacrifice. Our mission is to make the world see that Jesus lives, and lives in our hearts and lives. The world does not want to hear your doctrines or your experience. It does not understand either of them. But it understands the actions of a self-sacrificing life—a life governed by the one principle of self-denial and self-sacrifice, that others may become happier and better. The world wants to believe, but the inconsistencies of Christians have caused it to doubt."

Mrs. Baxter said: "The commission given to the disciples was, All power is given unto me in heaven and on earth. Go ye therefore and teach" (Matt. 28:18). "In trying to reach the

masses we should soon grow discouraged and despair, if we thought that all power was given to us. It is because we know that all power is given unto Him that we have confidence. We have not to consider what we can do, or what we want to have done, but what God can do. There is something better even than going down to the masses and making them feel that we love them; we should get them to feel how God loves them."

FRIDAY.

An anointing and consecration service was held in the afternoon. In the evening the Rev. A. B. Simpson, in opening the session, remarked that there was a deep significance in the narrative of the multiplying of the widow's oil (II Kings 4). God asks every consecrated Christian the question Elshila put to the widow, "What hast thou in thy house?" You have oil. Oil is always the emblem of the Holy Ghost. That must be poured out. It must be poured in borrowed vessels. No man has room in himself for all there is. He must go to his neighbors, and let them share with him. God has more to give than any man can receive, and all the vessels you can find can be filled.

Captain Pennington, whose portrait appeared in this journal on October 1st, at the request of Mr. Simpson, told how God had blessed him in healing through him, and in sending him answers to his prayers. He related several instances which were mentioned in these columns in the sketch of his life. Mr. Young, of Brooklyn, described the work of Divine Healing as carried on in the institution God had enabled him to organize in Brooklyn. Volunteer testimonies of Divine Healing were then invited, and some thirty-two persons gave accounts of their recovery from disease through the power of Christ, in answer to prayer, without the use of means.

Dr. Wilson then rose to say "a parting word" to the Convention. He said: "You remember the leper who came to Jesus (Matt. 8:1-4) saying, 'Lord, if thou wilt thou canst make me clean.' You know the rest. Jesus said I will, be thou clean, and immediately his leprosy was cleansed. In this case Jesus enjoined silence. He did not despise testimony. In some cases He commanded it, but in this case He directed the man to go straight to the priest and show himself. That is a duty for some of you who have testified here to do. God has many conscientious ministers who do not believe in these cures. Go, show yourselves to the priest. There will be no need of doctor's certificates. There will be the living proof: 'Here am I healed.' Another matter: Let us live the life that faith-healing suggests. You will do more to convert the world to belief in Divine Healing by being straight in your dealings, pure in your lives than by all the testimonies you have given to-night."

Dr. John Cookman being requested to say a farewell word, briefly described again the two occasions within the past year in which he had experienced Divine Healing. He said: "My last word to you at this Convention is the word addressed by God to Moses (Ex. 25:40): 'See that thou make all things after the pattern which was shewed thee in the mount.' We have been on the mount all the week with Him. Oh, how we have been thrilled with His blessedness and His beauty! Now we are coming down from the mount. See that you make all things according to the pattern shewed you in the mount. See to it dear Christian workers. The Apostle John saw a lamb in the midst of the throne. That means tenderness in the midst of Almightiness. He shall lead you. How tenderly He broods over you! How tenderly He loves you, every one!"

Mrs. Baxter said: "If I ask myself how is it my soul is so blessed, I see it is all Jesus. He has been the same yesterday, to-day, and forever. He was the same before I found all this out. He is the same to-day as when Peter and Paul and John knew Him. He is, blessed be God, the same to-morrow. Therefore, I think we can say with David, His praise shall be continually in my mouth."

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CURRENT EVENTS.

The Usefulness of the Navy-Yards as a Political influence in the elections will be curtailed by a letter issued on October 23d by the Secretary of the Navy to the commandants at New York, Portsmouth, Norfolk, and Mare Island. In this letter he asks the commandants to report in detail upon the efficiency of the foremen recently appointed, and particularly as to whether any one of these has selected men not good workmen or has appeared to be governed by political considerations rather than the interest of the yard. Mr. Whitney had the reputation before he entered the Naval Department of being an astute politician, but he seems now to have forgotten how many votes may be gained by making sinecures in the navy-yards for political heeled. He is treating the navy-yards as if they existed merely for building and repairing ships. That may be a good business principle, but it is not politics. It will make him popular with men of sense and integrity, but not with the party bosses.

The Changes in the Civil Service Law which have been suggested for the consideration of Congress, have hitherto been in the direction of relaxing its stringency. The three, however, recommended by Mr. F. O. Prince, who is one of the candidates for the Governorship of Massachusetts, are of the opposite character. They deserve the attention of Congress. One is to make "every corrupt exercise of the power of nomination, promotion, transfer, or confirmation, even though the corrupt consideration may not be a 'thing of value,' an offence under our bribery laws." This would render liable to indictment and punishment an officer who should appoint a subordinate because he wished him to help the party by his influence on his workmen. The second change Mr. Prince desires, is an absolute prohibition of all solicitation of office-holders for political contributions. A third change is a moderate increase in the number, now four, presented from the eligible list for selection by the appointing officer, and this in order to make political appointments more difficult.

Sound Political Counsel as Useful to Democrats who may read it, as to the Republicans who heard it, was given on Friday last to a large meeting in New York by Senator Edmunds, of Vermont. He said: "I maintain the right of a man to be a Democrat or Republican as he pleases, but he must feel his responsibility for good government. He cannot shift that responsibility to the leaders of his party. So we have no occasion to complain when there are sometimes differences within the party in regard to measures or candidates. I am therefore glad to hear that in this great State the name of party is this year losing largely its significance. It is the mission of every man now in selecting the Chief Magistrate of this State to look at *what the two men can do* when they come to the position, and not stumble over platforms. It is your duty to vote the ticket which you think will bring the best and honestest government to this State. It is the duty of the citizens to say, as President Cleveland is reported to have said,

and as I believe he said, that public office is a public trust. The duty and the right of suffrage is a still more sacred public trust." As the Senator intimated, it is a healthy sign in any State when voters look to the moral character of the candidates rather than to the platform of their party. That appears to be the tendency in New York this year. Senators Sherman and Logan, who are announced to speak in this State, will do well to remember this fact. If they harangue the people here on the subject of the war, and try to arouse sectional animosity as they have been doing elsewhere, they will do their party harm rather than good. If it is right to do so it is not expedient, because here the people have been informed that the war is over.

The Disposal of the Grant Fund was Settled at a meeting of the subscribers on October 22d. It was originally intended to make the quarter of a million dollars, which was raised four years ago, a permanent fund, the proceeds of which should be devoted to ex-Presidents of the United States. The subscribers, however, decided to give it to the Grant family absolutely. It is to be put in trust, and the income paid to Mrs. Grant for her life, and at her death the principal is to be divided among General Grant's descendants. The division is not to be equal among the grandchildren of General Grant, but each of his children will have an equal share, and if any of them are dead the share of the one deceased will be divided equally among his or her children. In legal phrase it is to be divided *per stirpes* and not *per capita*.

A Statue to the Late Hon. William E. Dodge was unveiled in New York on Thursday last. It has been placed on the triangular plot made by the junction of Broadway and Thirty-fifth Street. The statue is nine feet six inches in length, and stands upon a pedestal of polished granite, the front of which is a drinking fountain. Mr. Dodge is represented as standing erect, his right arm resting upon two books that lie upon a short column. The significance of the statue was pointed out by the Hon. Abram S. Hewitt, who said that New York had not been prodigal of public statues. Yet surely it was a good thing for the community to perpetuate the memory of such a man as Mr. Dodge. It had not been the custom in this or any other land. The warrior and the statesman had carried off the honors. Our civilization had entered upon a new era. Construction was esteemed more highly than destruction. It was an evidence of this that the community had chosen to honor a man whose chief claim to admiration was that he held his means as a trust fund for the good of his fellow-men. Dr. McCosh, of Princeton, Senator Colquitt, of Georgia, and Cyrus W. Field took part in the ceremonies.

The Canadian Arctic Observers Have Fared better than those sent out by the United States Government under Lieutenant Greely. After spending fifteen months among the Esquimaux fourteen of the eighteen men have been brought back to Halifax in safety. They arrived by the steamer Alert on October 18th. One man died of scurvy before the party was relieved, and three others who were stationed at Stupart's Bay, becoming hopeless of relief arriving, as the Alert was a month behind her time, set sail the very day before she sighted the station. They are believed to be safe. All the party agree that the country is enormously wealthy in fur-bearing animals and fisheries, and that furs, the profitable trade in which has hitherto been monopolized by the Hudson's Bay Company, can be obtained from the Esquimaux for a trifle. The sum total of the observations is that the average temperature is much lower than generally imagined, the average of the cold spells being 30° below zero. Regarding the ice conditions, they varied so every year that no one year was a criterion for another. The navigator simply had to take the ice as he found it, and sail wherever he saw open water or the ice was thinnest. That was the experience of two Hudson's Bay captains who had navigated that region for a quarter of a century. The prospect of reaching

Europe by way of Hudson's Bay, which was one of the chief objects contemplated when the expedition was sent, is not favorable.

The Small-Pox Scurge in Montreal continues its fatal work. The authorities are actively engaged in isolating infected houses, and in cases where isolation is impossible taking the patients by force to the hospital. The ambulance corps is clearing out the cases from the extreme west end of the city, where small-pox is very prevalent. The isolation committee have sixty houses guarded by special constables. Large numbers of cases, however, are not reported, and from them contagion is spreading. On October 22d a regular pest house was discovered in Notre Dame Street by the health officers. In the second flat of the house, in a small room reeking with filth, eight children were discovered afflicted with the disease, while in an adjoining room, only separated by a thin wooden partition, there were three children lying on a mattress all stricken with the disease, with a dead child between them. None of the cases had been reported. The alarm seems now to be general, and extraordinary measures are being recommended by sanitary specialists to stamp out the disease.

The Marquis of Lorne was Mobbed and pelted with rotten eggs on Saturday in one of the suburbs of London. He is a candidate for a seat in the House of Commons as the representative of Hampstead. He went down to Brentford to make a campaign speech, when he was rudely assaulted. Missiles of a very unsavory character were flung at him, his hat was smashed over his eyes, and he was obliged to run through the streets to the railroad station in a drenching rain with the yelling mob at his heels. His supporters attempted to protect him, but were overpowered, and roughly handled. The Marquis, though the son-in-law of the Queen and the son of a duke, announces himself as an advanced Radical, and adopts Mr. Chamberlain's platform with modifications.

The Final Result of the Elections in France is that the Conservatives or Monarchists have 204 seats in the Legislature, while the Republicans of all shades have 382 seats. If the Republicans could act together they could still hold control of the Government, but the moderate Republicans appear more inclined to act with the Monarchists than with the Radicals. Grave fears for the existence of the Republic are now openly expressed, as the French people would prefer a Monarchy to a Radical Republic, which now appears to be the only kind of a Republic possible.

The Complication in South Eastern Europe was not solved last week. The attitude of England, France, and Italy is now reported favorable to the union of Roumelia and Bulgaria, while Russia would not oppose the union if Prince Alexander could be dethroned, and his place filled by Prince Waldemar, son of the King of Denmark, or some other nominee of her own. Austria, with the moral support of Germany, is opposed to the union of the two principalities, and insists on the right of the Powers who signed the treaty of Berlin to enforce its provisions. The result of the diplomatic negotiations is awaited with intense anxiety, not so much on account of the importance of the States directly involved, but because the great Powers occupy decided and antagonistic positions on the question, and in espousing the cause of either party may be dragged into war. On Saturday news was cabled that Serbia had sent an army into Bulgaria by way of Klissura, and that a collision with the Bulgarian troops was hourly expected. Should war actually break out, a further dismemberment of the Turkish Empire is considered inevitable. That result, as we know from prophecy, must eventually occur.

Wanted: An active Christian man, who is a rapid writer, to accompany the Rev. M. Baxter in his lecturing tour and occasionally to distribute handbills from house to house. A good singer and speaker preferred. Address to this office, 63 Bible House, N. Y.

Mrs. Baxter is this Week Taking Part in the Convention at Buffalo, N. Y., on Holiness and Divine Healing. On Sunday, October 18th, she spoke three times at Newark, N. J. During last week she was at Philadelphia assisting at the Christian Convention in the Institute Hall. Last Sunday she preached at Rochester, N. Y., and next Sunday, November 1st, she expects to preach at Ashtabula, Ohio. Letters for her, addressed to this office will be forwarded to her.

The Rev. W. Hay Aitken, the English Mission preacher, commenced a series of services at St. George's Church, Newburg, N. Y., on October 17th. They are being continued this week. He is assisted by the Rev. James Stephens, and services for ladies are conducted by Mrs. Couch, a lady of much earnestness and oratorical power. *Mr. D. L. Moody* will hold union services in the Columbia Rink of the same city on Friday, Saturday, and Sunday, October 30th, 31st, and November 1st.

The Death of Two English Bishops is An- nounced. The more prominent of the two is *Dr. James Fraser*, Bishop of Manchester, who died suddenly, on October 22d, from exhaustion, the direct result of overwork. He was one of the most enlightened and liberal bishops of the Church. His sympathy with the poor, and the laboring classes, made him popular. His death will be generally deplored. He was sixty-seven years old, and had been fifteen years a bishop. *Dr. James R. Woodford*, Bishop of Ely, died October 23d. He was the author of several volumes of sermons and lectures, and had attained eminence as a preacher before his elevation to the bishopric. He was sixty-six years old, and had been a bishop twelve years.

The Tenth Protestant Episcopal Church Con- gress assembled at New Haven, Conn., on October 20th, and continued its sessions through the week. The Right Rev. John Williams, D.D., LL.D., Bishop of Connecticut, had charge of the services. His assistants were Bishops Whipple, of Minnesota, and Neely, of Maine; among the distinguished foreign clergymen who attended and took part in the deliberations of the Congress, was Archdeacon Farrar, whose portrait and life appeared in this journal last week. The meetings were held in Carl's Opera House, and at the evening sessions, which were public, very large audiences assembled. Dr. Farrar's address on the Christian Doctrine of the Atonement, was listened to with rapt attention. In a talk with the Yale students, Dr. Farrar said: "There are three ways open to you to seek the best things: First, and lowest, but not altogether bad, is personal ambition to gain power, wealth, and rank. Second, to serve your country. Third and highest, the ambition of Christians to bring heaven a little nearer earth. As inscribed as a memorial of three Western graduates who started the missionary spirit in America, 'The field is the world.' To prepare for your work make yourself men, put away all villainess, and respect others as yourselves."

The Trial of Mr. Stead, the Editor of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, and his fellow-defendants, was commenced on October 23d. The judge who is trying the case is Mr. Justice Lopes, who has evidently taken a view of the case unfavorable to the defence. He expressed his opinion at the outset, that no motives, no matter how worthy their object, were sufficient to justify the taking of the child without her parents' consent, and if the consent had been obtained in a fraudulent manner it was no consent in the eyes of the law. The curious feature of the prosecution is that the Government has singled out Mr. Stead for prosecution, although it is not suggested that the girl suffered injury at his hands. The princes, peers, and millionaires who have been engaged in the traffic in children, and who really had vicious motives, and committed the crimes, have not been prosecuted. The man who exposed the hideous iniquity, and who, in order to satisfy himself that he was not making a false charge, verified his information by practical experiment, is the man who is arraigned. It is

evidently a dangerous business in England to expose wickedness in high places. Viewed from this side the Atlantic, it would appear that it is the British Government and the people who are on trial rather than the men and women who stand in the dock of that London court.

An Old Hunter's Secret Source of Pure Water was recently discovered by his neighbors in California. The San Francisco *Alta* says that Steve Woodward, an old hunter who lives on the shores of Washoe Lake, had always a supply of bright, sparkling water on hand, and his visitors were puzzled as to the place where he obtained it. It has been found that at the bottom of the lake there are *living springs* of pure water, and when he needs a supply he pulls out in his boat to that part of the lake where they are located and, sinking a large demijohn to the bottom with a stone, draws the cork with a string, and when it is filled raises it to the surface. The demijohn being full, the water of the lake cannot flow in as he raises it. Here is a lesson to all who are seeking to live lives "unspotted from the world." The soul filled with the living water Christ has to give is saved from the pollution that is all around (1 Peter 1: 4).

An Uncommon Respect for a Dead Husband's wishes has been manifested by a young widow in Monroe County, Ky. Her husband bequeathed in his will eight one-thousand-dollar United States bonds to the Fanning Orphan School; but the courts, on account of indefiniteness, set the will aside and ordered its distribution among the heirs. The widow, however, though the sum was more than half her fortune, resolutely refuses to use a dollar of it for her own benefit, but has transferred the bonds above mentioned to the Orphan School. The young widow's concern was not to know how much money she might legally retain, but to have her husband's wishes fulfilled. Her example may be commended to the notice of half-hearted Christians who are frequently heard inquiring whether they can attend theatres and balls and other places of worldly amusement without losing their church standing. The duty of self-sacrifice for Christ's sake needs to be preached very explicitly in these days (John 14: 21).

A Deluded Colored Woman is Suing for compensation in the Indiana courts. Before the war broke out she was a slave. Her owner moved to Indianapolis, taking her with him. She could not read, and was kept so constantly at work that she knew nothing of the events taking place. Being among strangers no one enlightened her, and she has continued in service ever since, believing that she was still a slave. Latterly, however, her employer changed his demeanor toward her. She had been treated kindly before, but during the past year or two she suffered cruelly from her master's ill-humor. Her sufferings at last caused her to overcome her diffidence and to speak to a woman of her own race, a complete stranger to her, about her miserable condition. For the first time she heard of emancipation and learned that she was not a slave. She is now suing for the balance due her over and above the board and clothing she has received. The bond-slaves of Satan have not the sense of this ignorant colored woman. They cannot collect damages from their oppressor, but they might be as prompt as she in claiming the freedom which Christ purchased for them (Isa. 61: 1).

A Hermit Family Living in Cleveland, Ohio, has been for years the subject of curiosity to the city. They lived in a house the doors of which were never opened nor the blinds raised. No one was ever seen to go into or come out of the house. They received no letters, nor could it be found that they held communication with any one. Several schemes were devised to penetrate their seclusion, but all failed. On October 20th the health officers called to look into the sanitary condition of the house. After a great deal of hesitation the door was opened. The officers entered a large room, well furnished. The man who stood before them appeared to be about forty-five years of age, of pleasant ad-

dress, and well dressed. It was learned that he and his wife had resided there for a number of years, rearing and educating their family. The rooms were always darkened, and the children never permitted to go into the yard or streets, or be seen by any one. It is thought the eldest boy brings all the food to the house before daylight and after dark in the evening. In reply to the question as to what means he had, the man answered that he was rich, and he had everything he wanted, and that he and his family only wished to be left alone. No motive was assigned for this extraordinary seclusion. The man did not mix with society to prey upon it, as some men do, nor to bless it, as others do. He was like the man who hid his Lord's money (Matt. 25: 18). Many have the same spirit who do not carry it to the same extreme, but they do no good in the world, and will be held accountable for neglect of duty (Matt. 25: 44-46).

Beetles and Roaches as Gospel Preachers have been employed by a converted criminal in Moyamensing Prison. The Philadelphia *News* says that a prisoner who is serving a life-term in that jail, and who has been brought to repentance and righteousness by faith in Christ, was eager to tell his fellow-prisoners the glad tidings of salvation. The authorities of the prison, however, refused his request for permission to read the Bible to them. Then he came to the determination of spreading religious teaching by methods entirely his own. The prison is overrun with black roaches, and the prisoner captured one of the largest of these. He parted the wings, salivated a tiny strip of tissue paper, and stuck it on the insect's back. On the paper was written, in minute characters: "Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow." The insect, on being released, scurried through a crack in the floor. Within the next few days the prisoner sent off fifteen or twenty more, freighted in the same manner. Three days afterward he saw one of the beetles again, with the paper still on its back. He caught it, and there was the Gospel message still distinct, but across it another prisoner had written the words: "I know you're right. Signed, 62." In pressing these despised creatures into God's service the ingenuity of the prisoner was chiefly conspicuous. He was anticipating the time when every living thing will be consecrated to the Lord (Hos. 2: 18).

A Wedding in a Poorhouse Took Place at Honesdale, Pa., on October 19th. A prosperous farmer near that city was left a widower about a year ago. He has had considerable difficulty since that time with the housekeepers he has employed to look after his house and family. In despair, he applied for a housekeeper at the poor-house of Sullivan County, but the superintendent objected to any woman being taken, unless it was as a wife. The farmer said that if he could find a reputable woman in the institution who suited him, he would be willing to marry her. The superintendent, therefore, showed him through the house. When they reached the laundry several women were busy there, and among them a comely widow. After watching her for a few minutes, the farmer told the superintendent that if she was willing he would be suited with the woman at the washub. The superintendent spoke to her, and told her what the farmer's errand was. She stopped work, looked at him a moment, and then wiped her hands and arms with her apron, and said she would marry him. Esquire Hunt was summoned, and in the presence of the other inmates of the institution, he married the pair. The bridegroom brought his bride a new dress and other articles, and then the two returned to his farm. It may be hoped that the marriage so hastily arranged may prove a happy one. The wife's gratitude, at least, is due to the man who took her from the poor-house, provided her with apparel, and made her the mistress of his home. But she may forget this as sometimes does the Church which Christ redeemed, covered with the robe of His righteousness and prepared as His bride (Eph. 5: 25-27).

DEPARTED SAINTS YET LIVING.

A New Sermon by Pastor C. H. Spurgeon.

SUGGESTED BY THE DECEASE OF THE EARL OF SHAFTESBURY.

"Now that the dead are raised, even Moses shewed at the bush, when he calleth the Lord the God of Abraham, and the God of Isaac, and the God of Jacob. For he is not a God of the dead, but of the living: for all live unto him."—LUKE 20 : 37, 38.

Eulogy of Lord Shaftesbury—A Corrected Phraseology—A Declaration from God—I. A Glorious Relationship—The Choice of the Three Patriarchs—Their Dealings with God—The Covenant Made—II. Eternal Life Implied—In the Promises—Life in Pawns—III. The Life Unveiled—Individuality—Recognition after Death—John Ryland's Opinion—The Dead not Lost—Still of the Human Race—Successors Needed.

DURING the past week the Church of God, and the world at large, have sustained a very serious loss. In the taking home to Himself by our gracious Lord of the Earl of Shaftesbury we have, in my judgment, lost the best man of the age. I do not know whom I should place second, but I certainly should put him first—far beyond all other servants of God within my knowledge—for usefulness and influence. He was a man most true in his personal piety, as I know from having enjoyed his private friendship; a man most firm in his faith in the Gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ; a man intensely active in the cause of God and truth. Take him whichever way you please, he was admirable; he was faithful to God in all his house, fulfilling both the first and second commands of the law in fervent love of God and hearty love to man. He occupied his high position with singleness of purpose and immovable steadfastness; where shall we find his equal?

Both man and beast may unite in mourning him; he was the friend of every living thing. He lived for the oppressed; he lived for London; he lived for the nation; he lived still more for God. He has finished his course; and though we do not lay him to sleep in the grave with the sorrow of those that have no hope, yet we cannot but mourn that a great man and

A PRINCE HAS FALLEN

this day in Israel. Surely the righteous are taken away from the evil to come, and we are left to struggle on under increasing difficulties. It must always be so. The godly must die, even as others. Though our life be perfectly consecrated, yet it cannot forever be continued in this world. It is appointed unto men once to die, and that appointment stands. We expect the present rule to last till He shall come who shall destroy the last enemy. We are not troubled with Sadducean doubts; to us, seeing that Christ rose from the dead, it is a matter of certainty that all His followers must rise also; and seeing that Jesus ever liveth, it is equally a matter of certainty to us that all the saints are still living, for He hath said, "Because I live, ye shall live also."

Let us correct our phraseology by that of Scripture, and speak of departed saints as inspiration speaks of them. Then shall we come back to the simple child's talk which Wordsworth so sweetly turned into rhyme—"Master, we are seven;" and in our family we shall number brothers, and sisters, and friends, whose bodies lie in the churchyard, and shall speak of those who have crossed the border, and passed within the veil, as still our own. Like Jesus, we shall say, "Our friend Lazarus sleepeth;" like Paul, we shall speak of them as absent from the body but present with the Lord, and regard them as part and parcel of the one family in heaven and earth.

A NATION'S RESURRECTION.

Our text was fashioned in a place which has the air of death, burial, and resurrection about it. The voice came to Moses in the desert. This was a strange place for Moses; the living, active, well-instructed mind of Moses, mighty in all the wisdom of Egypt, and full of noble thoughts concerning the living God, was buried

in a desert. It is singular to see the foremost mind of the age in the remotest part of the desert, hidden away among sheep. He who was a born king is here feeding a flock. It is death to Moses. Rest assured that Moses cannot be kept in this living tomb; he must rise to life and leadership. While there is a God and a providence Moses cannot continue in obscurity. There are certainties wrapped up in him which cannot fail. A man need not be a prophet to stand at Horeb and prognosticate that Moses will emerge from the desert and shake Egypt by his resurrection.

While Moses is in the desert he is thinking about another case of death, burial, and resurrection—namely, Israel in Egypt. The people of God, the favored nation of Jehovah, with whom he had entered into covenant, saying, "I will be their God, and they shall be my people"—these were in Egypt, ground down by relentless oppression, begrimed with brick-earth, and black and blue with the blows of task-masters. It has come to this, that they are compelled to cast their male children into the river, and so to be the destroyers of their own race. The children of Israel have become a herd of slaves; yet they are God's elect people, God's favored family. It does not require a prophet to declare that this death in Egypt cannot last; the elect nation must live, and rise, and go forth free to serve the Lord.

LIFE IN DEATH.

And so, while Moses in the desert is thinking of Israel in Egypt, he sees a bush, and that bush is all ablaze. An ordinary bush upon the heath needs only to be touched with a match; in one moment there is a puff of flame, and then all is over; nothing is left but a trace of ashes. Yet here was an extraordinary thing—a bush that continued to burn, and was not consumed. Here was life in the midst of death, continuance in the midst of destruction. Now we come to the central matter. Out of the midst of the bush there came a voice, a mysterious and divine voice, which said, "I am the God of Abraham, and the God of Isaac, and the God of Jacob." From this voice our divine Lord teaches us to gather this fact: that God's people live when they appear to have been long dead; for He who cannot be the God of the dead, or non-existent, still avows Himself to be the God of the long-buried patriarchs. Our Lord proved from that utterance at the bush the continued life of the Lord's chosen, and also their resurrection; how did He do this?

I. We will not go straight to the answer, but we will beat about the bush a little, that the reasoning may the more gently enter our minds. I would say, first, that in these words we have

A GLORIOUS RELATIONSHIP

declared. Moses calleth the Lord "The God of Abraham, and the God of Isaac, and the God of Jacob." The glorious Lord did at the bush as good as say, "These three men have chosen me to be their God." So they had; through the grace of God they had deliberately chosen to part with their natural kindred in the country of the Chaldees, and to journey to a land of which they knew nothing except that God had promised that they should afterward receive it for an inheritance. Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob were three very different characters; yet this was common to the three—that they believed God and took Him to be their God alone. They nestled in the bosom of Jehovah while the rest of the world went after their idols. We also take this God to be our God. There is a nobility about the choosers of the true God which will surely secure them from annihilation.

Next, these three men had learned to commune with God. Those are strangely honored beings with whom God enters into close communion, as He did with these three men. I argue from it that these beings cannot dissolve into a handful of dust and cease to be. Can those eyes cease to be which have seen the Lord? Can those souls perish which have conversed with the Eternal? We think not so. But just now I ask you only to meditate upon

the glories to which the patriarchs were lifted up when they were permitted to be the friends of God.

THE DIVINE-HUMAN COMPACT.

What was still more notable, the Lord entered into covenant with them. If God makes men capable of entering into everlasting covenant with Himself, there lies within that fact the clear suggestion that He imports to them an existence which is not for to-day and to-morrow, but for eternity. Moreover, to go further, these men were not only in covenant with God, but they had lived in accordance with that covenant. I do not mean that they had lived perfectly in accord with it, but that the main strain of their lives was in conformity with their covenant relationship to God. Now, doth God enter into covenant with men and help men to live in accordance with that covenant, and after all shall they miss the blessing? Shall it end in nothing? Hiding beneath the shadow of God's wing, shall they, after all, perish? It cannot be; they must live to whom God is God. For this was the covenant: that they should have God to be their God, and that they should be God's people. Oh, brothers, I do not know how to speak on such a blessing as this, though I live in the daily enjoyment of it. This God is our God. All that the Lord is, and all that He can do He hath given over to us, to be used on our behalf: the fulness of His grace and truth, the infinity of His love, the omnipotence of His power, the infallibility of His wisdom—all, all shall be used on our behalf. Blessed above all other beings are those who have Jehovah to be their God, and who are themselves the Lord's choice, and care, and delight. Each one of these points, if well thought out, will go to strengthen our belief that the saints must live, must live forever, and are at this moment living unto God.

II. We now come to that matter more distinctly under our second head: here is

ETERNAL LIFE IMPLIED;

for "God is not the God of the dead, but of the living." It is implied first in the very fact of the covenant of grace. As I have asked before—Doth the eternal God covenant with creatures that shall live only to threescore years and ten, and then shall go out like a candle-snuff? How can He be a God to them? I understand how He can be a helper and a friend to men of brief existence, but I see not how He can be a God. How is He a God to me if He suffers me to be blotted out of existence? When David said in dying, "Yet hath He made with me an everlasting covenant," His comfort lay in his belief that he should live in the everlasting age to enjoy the fruit of that covenant. How could there be an everlasting covenant with a creature who would cease to exist?

But next, this covenant was made up of promises of a very peculiar order; for in very deed the covenant that God made with Abraham was not altogether, or even mainly, concerning things temporal. I have not the time to go into this subject; you get it more fully explained to you in the Epistle to the Hebrews; but so it was, that the covenant blessings were of an order and a class that could not be compassed within the space of this present mortal life; the outlook of covenant promises was toward the boundless sea of eternity. Now, if the Lord made with them a covenant concerning eternal blessings, these saints must live to enjoy those blessings. God did not promise endless blessings to the creatures of a day.

More especially it is to be remembered that for the sake of these eternal things the patriarchs had given up transient enjoyments. Abraham might have been a quiet prince in his own country, living in comfort; but for the sake of the spiritual blessing he left Chaldaea, and came to wander in the pastures of Canaan, in the midst of enemies, and to dwell in tents in the midst of discomforts. Isaac and Jacob were "heirs with him also of the same promises;" but they entered not into the pursuits of the people; they dwelt alone, and were not numbered among the

nations. They quitted kith and kin, and all the advantages of settled civilized life, to be rangers of the desert, exiles from their fatherland. Since these men *put this life in pawn* for the next, they were sadly mistaken if there be no such life.

Yet further, to bring out the meaning here, God cannot be the God of the non-existent. The supposition is too absurd. Our Saviour does not argue about it, but He says so most peremptorily! God is not the God of the dead—that cannot be! A living God is the God of living men; and Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob are still alive. This even goes far to show that the bodies of these saints shall yet live. Inasmuch as a portion of these chosen ones is still in the earth, God, who reckons things that are not as though they were, looks upon their bodies as possessing life, because they are to possess life so soon. God is not only the God of Abraham's soul, but of Abraham as a whole, his body, soul, and spirit. God is the God of Abraham's body; we are sure of that, because the covenant seal was set upon the flesh of Abraham. Where the doubt might be there is the confirming seal—namely, in his mortal body. There was no seal set upon his soul, for the soul had life and could not see death; but it was set upon his body, which would die, to make sure that even *it* would live.

At this day we have baptism and the holy supper to be seals as to the body. I have sometimes thought to myself that it were better if there were no water baptism, seeing it has become the nest of so much superstition; and the Lord's Supper, with all its blessed uses, has been so abused that one is apt to think that without outward ordinances there might be more spiritual religion; but the Lord intends that the materialism of man, and of creation, shall be uplifted; and that the body shall be raised incorruptible, and therefore has He given seals which touch the outward and material.

III. Thirdly, and very briefly, beloved friends, my text not only declares glorious relationship, and implies eternal life, but it also unveils, somewhat scantily, but still sufficiently, what the glorious life must be. Look, then, and see the glorious

LIFE UNVEILED.

It is clear that they live personally. It is not said, "I am the God of the whole body of the saints in one mass," but "I am the God of Abraham, Isaac, Jacob." God will make His people to live individually. My mother, my father, my child, each will personally exist. God is the God of saints, as living distinct lives. All the saints are existent in their personality, identity, distinction, and idiosyncrasy. What is more, the patriarchs are mentioned by their names; and so it is clear they are known; they are not three anonymous bodies, but Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob. Many inquire, "Shall we know our friends in heaven?" Why should we not? I cannot forget old John Ryland's answer to his wife: "John," she said, "will you know me in heaven?" "Betty," he replied, "I have known you well here, and I shall not be a *bigger fool in heaven* than I am now; therefore I shall certainly know you there." That seems to be clear enough. We read in the New Testament, "They shall sit down with Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob in the kingdom of heaven;" not sit down with three unknown individuals in iron masks, or three impersonalities who make a part of the great *pan*, nor three spirits who are as exactly alike as pins made in a factory; but Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob. That is clear enough in the text.

That glorious life, while it is a personal and a known life, is also free from all sorrow, and misery, and earthly grossness. They are neither married nor given in marriage, neither shall they die any more; but they are as the angels of God. It is a life of perfect blessedness, a life of hallowed worship, a life of undivided glory. Oh that we were in it! Oh that we may soon reach it! Let us think of the many who are enjoying it now, and of those who have attained

to it during the last few days. I am sure they are at home in every golden street, and fully engaged in the adoration and worship of their Lord. Those saints who have been in glory now these thousands of years cannot be more blest than the latest arrivals. Within a very short space you and I shall be among the shining ones. Some of us may spend our next Sabbath with the angels. Let us rejoice and be glad at the bare thought of it.

INFERENCES.

And now, taking the whole subject together, I want to say a few familiar things about the influence which all this ought to have upon us.

Concerning those that have gone before us, we gather from this whole text that they are not lost. We know where they are. Neither have they lost anything, for they are what they were, and more. I know your sorrows make an excursion to the grave, to look there for the deceased ones. You want to lift that coffin-lid, and to unwrap the shroud. Oh, do not do so, do not do so! He is not here; the real man has gone. He may be dead to you for awhile, but he lives unto God. Yes, the dead one liveth, he liveth unto God. Draw not the beloved bodies to the cemetery with dreary pomp, and with black horses; but cover the coffin with sweet flowers, and drape the horses with emblems of hope. It is the better birthday of the saint, yea, his truer wedding-day. Is it sad to have done with sadness? Is it sorrowful to part with sorrow?

STILL ALLIES.

I want you also to recollect that the departed have not become members of another race; they have not been transferred into another family; they are still men, still women, still of our kindred dear; their names are in the same family register on earth and in heaven. Oh, no, no! do not dream that they are separated and exiled; they have gone to the home country: we are the exiles; they it is who are at home. We are *en route* for the fatherland; they are not so far from us as we think. And they are not gone over to the other side in the battle. Oh, do not speak of them as dead and lying on the battle-field; they live, they live in sympathy with our divine conflict. They have marched through the enemy's country; they have fought their fight, and taken possession of their inheritance. They are still on our side, though we miss them from the daily service. Our sacramental host marches onward to the New Jerusalem. Certain of the legionaries have forded the dividing flood. I see them ascending the other side! The much-dreaded stream lies a little before us; it is but a silver streak. We are to the margin come. We shudder not at the prospect. We follow the blessed footsteps of our Lord and His redeemed. We are all one army still; we are not losing our men; they are simply ascending from the long campaign to take their endless rewards at the Lord's right hand.

What then? Why, then, we will take up their work. If they have gone into the upper chamber to rest we will make up their lack of service in this lower room. The work they did was so human that we will not allow a stitch to drop, but take it up where they left it, and persevere in earnest. They are in glory, but they were not glorified when they were here. The work they did was done by men of such infirmities as ours; so let us not fear to go on where they left off, and perpetuate the work which they rejoiced in. There lies the plough in the furrow, and the oxen are standing still, for Shamgar, the champion, is gone. Will no one lay hold of the plough-handles? Will nobody urge the oxen with the goad? Young men, are you idling? Here is work for you. Are you hiding yourselves? Come forward, I pray you, in the name of the great Husbandman, and let the fields be tilled and sown with the good seed. Who will fill the gap made by death? Who will be baptized for the dead? Who will bear the banner now that a standard-bearer has fallen? I hope some consecrated voice will answer, "Here am I; send me."

For, last of all, brethren, we may expect the

same succors as they received who have gone before. Wherefore take courage, men and brethren! This God is your God. As you shall rise from among the dead, because the Lord Jesus hath redeemed you from among men, so stand up from among the dead and corrupt mass of this world, and be alive unto God, through Jesus Christ your Lord. What manner of people ought ye to be who serve the living God? Since the living God hath manifested Himself so wonderfully to you, ought you not to live unto Him to the utmost? God bless you for Jesus' sake. Amen.

MISSION WORK IN CHINA.

MR. ARTHUR EASON, of the China Inland Mission, writing from Yun-Nan Fu, says: "The Lord has lately given us encouragement in our work here. We have had the joy of receiving four persons into Christian fellowship. One is *the widow of a military official*. We became acquainted with her last year, and from the first she seemed especially enlightened by the Spirit of God, and readily received the Gospel. She had been an ardent worshipper of Buddha. Just before the Chinese new year she asked for baptism, but wishing to test her sincerity, we deferred her. Some time after we heard that at the new year she had conformed to the idolatrous customs of that season; this caused us much grief, but after a few days Mrs. Eason took occasion to speak to her about what we had heard, when she explained that she had not the power to put away the idols at home; that since she had heard the Gospel she had not dared to worship them again; but that her only son, who is thirty years of age, was not decided about the Gospel, and at the new year worshipped them through fear of his relations and friends. She herself had not had any part in the matter. We had other evidence that what she said was true, so as she further said she truly believed in the Lord Jesus, and still desired to be baptized, we felt we could not reasonably refuse.

"Lao-ch'iao is *our cook*; he came to us a year ago, and for some time we have been very pleased with his change of temper and manner. We felt sure that the Lord was working in his heart. He did not ask for baptism till he saw others applying; but we did not feel it would be right to defer him.

"The third is a *teacher*, who some years ago taught a Roman Catholic priest; he first came to us a year ago, when I gave him two tracts. Last February he again visited us, and continued to come regularly to the services. A short time ago we took him with us on a boat journey, as we wished to become more acquainted with him.

"He had a good knowledge of the truth, but we were somewhat afraid he was not real, having been connected with the Romanists. When we returned he asked for baptism; I deferred him for a time, and one afternoon I had a long interview with him, and explained to him forgiveness of sins and present peace with God: he prayed, confessing his sins in such a manner as I have seldom heard a Chinaman do. Since then we have seen nothing in him to alter the opinion we then formed that he was sincere. He said to me since, when speaking of his repentance, 'I am now getting old: it is time for me to think of eternal things.' He formerly earned his living by *fortune-telling*, but has now entirely renounced it all. He is widely known in this city; he lately received an invitation to go to Tong-ching as official fortune-teller to one of the Chinese commanders there.

"Mr. Lu is the next one we received; he is an *ex-official*. He seems to have a very straightforward and sincere disposition; there is none of the overbearing manner so often connected with his class. He attended some of the first meetings we had in the autumn, and at the close of one meeting, when the power of the Lord seemed especially present, he asked for some books. Since then he has come frequently; but about the time of the new year he absented himself, the fact being he was afraid



A Protégé of the Earl of Shaftesbury at Work.



The Earl of Shaftesbury, his Daughter Lady Ashley, and "Coster" the Donkey.

that by his connection with us his name would be injured, and that he would lose all opportunity of again getting into office. However, he has recently come again, and others testify that he has given up his opium-smoking.

THE PHILANTHROPIC EARL.

REFERENCE was made in the biographical sketch of the late Earl of Shaftesbury, published in these columns on October 15th, to a donkey presented to him by the costermongers, or street-venders, of London. On this page is a picture of the beast as he appeared when being photographed at the Earl's residence, St. Giles' House, Cranbourne, England. The other two figures in the group represent the Earl and his daughter, Lady Ashley.

A curious coincidence is worthy of notice. In a valuable history of the English peerage it is recorded that of an ancestor of the Earl in the days of the Plantagenets made himself famous by introducing cabbages into the country from Holland. The vegetable was previously unknown in England. Thus the Earl had an hereditary as well as a personal claim on the gratitude of the costermongers.

The illustration on the left of the page represents another feature of the Earl's philanthropic work. He purchased a number of trucks, one of which any deserving man could hire by the day for a nominal sum, and so earn his living when times were bad

in selling vegetables from house to house. The picture at the foot of the page represents the Earl's country house in Dorsetshire.

A COACHMAN'S BLUNDER.

(See Illustration on page 701.)

NEAR the close of the year 1873 there was general political excitement in England about the elections to Parliament, which were then near at hand. Country gentlemen were making friends with their neighbors and conciliating every one who had a vote. One of these magnates was Squire Gifford, who resided near Wolverhampton, a dirty town in the Midland districts. He was made Chairman of the Conservative Electoral Committee.

One Thursday evening, as the squire's carriage was being dragged from under the shed in the yard of "the Angel," the hotel which was the Tory headquarters, and the hostlers were

bringing the horses out to attach to it, Mr. Gifford came to the top of the stairs and called his stalwart coachman, whom he saw standing in the quadrangle below. The gorgeous creature, who filled the popular conception of a squire much better than the slight gentleman only five feet in height who was really Squire Gifford, touched his hat in response. "I am not going home at present, James," Mr. Gifford said. "Have the carriage put back again, and give the horses a feed. Come to the Assembly Rooms at half past ten, and wait for me at the Queen Street door."

James gave the requisite orders, and then consulted with Robert, the footman, how they should spend the evening. They had no votes, and did not care to attend the political meeting, at which the squire was to speak, in introducing the candidates for Parliamentary honors. It was decided to take a stroll round the town, and accordingly they set out.

Passing along one of the narrow streets, they heard in a little mission chapel the sound of singing, and James proposed that they go in. Robert demurred, but James had an ear for music, and persisted. "There's something lively going on, you may depend," he said. "We can come out again if it don't suit us." If the building had been a church James would never have proposed going in, or if he had known it was a religious service that was being conducted, he could not have been induced to en-



St. Giles' House, the Country Residence of Lord Shaftesbury.

ter; for he boasted that he had never been inside a church since he was a boy, and never meant to go.

The singing had ceased by this time, but perhaps it would begin again, so the two men entered. It was a low, poor-looking building. The tall coachman's head was not far from the ceiling. On a raised platform at the other end a minister stood with an open book in his hand, and just as the two men walked inside he announced his text. Robert turned to go back, but James was arrested by the preacher's text, announced in a sonorous tone of inquiry: "Jesus I know, and Paul I know; but who are ye?" (Acts 19: 15). James, unaccustomed to religious services, supposed that the inquiry was addressed to himself and his companion, especially as they were dressed in so conspicuous a style as to present a striking contrast to the other people there, and might be supposed to arouse some curiosity. There was nothing to be ashamed of in his occupation, and in a loud voice James responded, "I'm coachman to Squire Gifford, and this—". He did not get any further. A push from Robert and a whispered "Shut up, he ain't asking you," silenced him, and every face in the building was turned round to see who it was that was interrupting the service.

James saw that he had committed himself, and in his confusion he was glad to accept a seat offered him and hide his face from the curious gaze of the people. But for his blunder he would have beat a retreat; but if he had done so then the minister and the congregation would surely think he had come in purposely to disturb the meeting; so he remained quietly, while Robert sat a few feet away from him on another bench.

The preacher was happily a speaker of some tact and readiness. He realized immediately that he had before him at least one man to whom an opportunity of hearing the Gospel was rare. He sketched powerfully the condition of those who were not identified with Christ. He showed how the devils reign unchecked in the hearts of men, impudently usurping control and working ruin in this world and the next, yet dreading all the time the Being before whom they must yield. They knew Jesus; His name was a terror to them; but that name was to their victims the sweet sound of hope, proclaiming emancipation and deliverance from the worst of tyrants. He spoke of the power of Christ, of the readiness with which He comes to reign in the hearts that are opened to Him, and the happiness and peace that His way produces.

James forgot his confusion and his blunder, and listened intently. At the conclusion of the sermon he thought it would be only right and polite to speak to the preacher and apologize for his rudeness, and he did so. It was an opportunity of which the good minister was not slow to avail himself. The big coachman was touched by the evident interest manifested in his welfare and when he left the building it was with a promise to come again. The final issue of the adventure we do not know; but it is stated that the coachman became a regular attendant at the



The Coachman Startles a Congregation.

There was a perceptible fall in the social thermometer, which might be necessary, but was not pleasant.

Standing apart, leaning over the ship's side, looking dreamily at the lights of the city, stood Frank Arnold. He was thinking in a vague, desultory way of the life on which he would enter to-morrow. That great city, with its teeming thousands, that lay before him, held his destiny, and he idly wondered what would be its character. He could hear a group behind him discussing the varied points familiarly, and debating which of the lights shone from this or that prominent building known to them, but unknown to him. The variegated lights moving in and out among the white jets, he heard, were the street-cars, and the people in his rear were naming the different lines by their colors. To him it was all strange, and, unlike most young emigrants, he had a strange shrinking from becoming familiar with it. Even the vessel seemed a home compared with that big, strange city in which he did not know a soul. Several men on board had been friendly, and had described the city to him, but none of them approached him to-night, and one or two to whom he had spoken as the anchor was dropped, answered him curtly, and with some formality. So he stood alone, looking dreamily on his future home.

little mission chapel, and that fact gives ground to hope that a permanent blessing would follow.

THE SILVER LINING.

A SERIAL STORY.

(Continued from page 687.)

Under New Skies.

THREE weeks after the events recorded in our last chapter, a large steamer was anchored in the bay of New York. She arrived after sun-down, and it was impossible for her to go to her pier that night. There was considerable grumbling in the saloon at the delay. Passengers returning to their homes in America seemed to feel the few hours of absence from their families more than so many days at another time. The hours had been passed very pleasantly on the voyage according to the varied tastes of the travellers. The young people chatted and flirted; the older ones read novels or listened to the music in the saloon.

There was little inclination for sleep anywhere on board that night as the vessel dropped anchor in the bay. Groups were separating into their landward relations. Acquaintanceships, pleasant for the voyage, but which were not to continue on land, were breaking up. Wealthy and aristocratic voyagers, who, a few nights ago, chatted amicably with their fellow-passengers, withdrew from a too familiar intercourse, and put a little stiffness into their bearing. The groups were chiefly of families, or of members of the same class. The buyers from the dry-goods houses were the only occupants of the smoking-room. The banker and the two merchants who usually joined the party were sitting with their wives to-night talking of family matters, oblivious of their temporary association with the buyers.

In the busy city before him he was come to take a place, and fight for fame and fortune, or, failing these, for a bare livelihood. Utterly unknown he had to win a position, to make friends, and to gain the confidence of the public. Now that he was face to face with the ordeal, he quailed. Yet it was his deliberate choice. His father and mother pleaded with him to remain with them; even in London he had friends who would have formed the nucleus of a practice, but he had resolved to seek a scene entirely new, where no one knew of his bitter disappointment, and the mistake of his marriage. On the other side of the Atlantic that seemed a strong inducement, but here Frank felt that he would have been very glad if he knew that some friendly hand would be stretched out to grasp his as he stepped ashore, even if it were that of a well-meaning blunderer who might offer him condolence—the one thing he abhorred. He wanted to be among utter strangers; he had told himself repeatedly that it would be best so, but now he stood shivering at the prospect as one who stands on the edge of an icy stream into which he must plunge.

He must have stood there half an hour when a hand was gently laid upon his arm, and a timid voice said: "Frank, dear, I have been looking for you everywhere. I wondered what had become of you. Why did you not come into the saloon?"

"Oh, I was feeling moody, Clare," he said, "I was not enjoying the music. You seemed to be cheerful and happy, and I thought you would not miss me."

There was a shade of resentment in his tone, as if he blamed his wife for being out of sympathy with him. Yet he knew that he wanted

to be alone, and had stolen away when she was occupied at the piano, and was little likely to notice his departure. The beautiful, accomplished young wife had won the admiration of the young men on board, who, even on this last night of the voyage, when there was general frigidity, continued to pay her homage. The future sat lightly upon her mind. Frank would decide everything, and he was brilliant and talented, and would soon win his way into society. Clare left all that to him, and her only feeling about the brilliantly lighted city before them was one of curiosity and fascination. "You did not object to my playing, did you, dear?" she asked, timidly.

"Not at all; not at all," said Frank. "So long as you were enjoying yourself, I was content; but I was glad to be out of hearing. The airs did not harmonize with my feeling. This is a serious business, the beginning of a new life in a strange land, and one does not enter upon it as one might go into a ball-room. I shall be glad to listen to the merry jingle by and by, but to-night, if I have music at all, my thoughts would find a better accompaniment in a solemn march. But you need not have left your friends on my account, I am not a very brilliant companion for you just now."

"You would prefer to be alone, perhaps?" Clare asked.

"Yes, I think so, to-night. I should be sorry to depress your spirits, and I fear my society would have that tendency."

A glance of love and sympathy lighted up Clare's face for a moment, and then she turned and left her husband to his meditations. Perhaps they might have been less gloomy if Clare had stayed by his side, as she would have done had he invited her to do so. There was enough affection in her parting look to show that her heart was very warm toward him, but she feared to offend him by resisting his wishes, and was, besides, distrustful of her own power to cheer him when he sank, as he often did, into these fits of dejection. He treated her very much as a child. When he was in his bright moods he exerted himself to interest and amuse her, and was evidently proud of her beauty and accomplishments. She could not complain of any lack of tenderness in his manner, and he continued to pay her the attention and deference that had characterized him in the days of their courtship. It was true he did not consult with her, or take her into his confidence, but Clare supposed that men were accustomed to act independently of their wives in the graver matters of life. There was nothing in her school experience, or in the life she had lived under her guardian's roof, to enlighten her on the subject. It was very nice to have a strong man's arm to lean upon through life, and to have no cause to worry herself with problems that he could solve better than she.

But it was an unpropitious commencement to married life. Frank lost the benefit of a woman's intuition, which is often more valuable than a man's vigorous reasoning, and Clare lost the elevating influence which comes to a woman who is conscious that she is her husband's confidante and adviser and consoler in all the vicissitudes of his life. There was, besides, in Clare's case, a source of danger in this feeling that her husband regarded her as inferior in intellect to himself. Was she incapable of understanding and advising him? Perhaps so. But if she was so silly and frivolous, how was it that other men listened to her conversation with interest, and flattered her by the respect which they showed to her opinions? It was a dangerous path that both were treading, though neither of them thought of the peril that night or for many days afterward.

Frank Arnold did not retire all night. The thought of that stifling cabin disgusted him. Once, he went below, but the close smells oppressed him as he came out of the pure, balmy air that he breathed on deck, and he returned to his post without delay. Clare was sleeping peacefully as a child; her beautiful golden hair half covering her pillow, and her long, dark

eyelashes showing clear over the delicate cheek. One hand—the one that had on it her wedding-ring, lay outside the coverlet, small and white and of exquisite shape. She was very beautiful, and Frank thought so, as he looked at her for a moment, but somehow to-night he did not exult in his marriage, but rather pitied himself, and regretted that he had voluntarily assumed a responsibility which had caused his expatriation. He returned to the deck, lighted a cigar, and stood gloomily looking down into the water on which the moon cast her silvery light.

Early morning brought all the hurry and bustle of arrival at the pier. Frank watched the excitement; the signals of recognition waved from the party on the dock to one or another among the passengers on the vessel brought his own sense of loneliness upon him again with increased weight, and he hurried below to forget that he, almost alone among the hundreds of men and women on board, would receive no welcome. Clare was dressing as he entered the cabin, and she looked so bright and fresh after her night's rest, and her eyes so shone with delighted anticipation of new sights and scenes after the ten days of monotony, that her husband, weary and gloomy as he was, caught something of her exhilaration, and proceeded with alacrity to renovate his outer man before presenting himself at the breakfast-table for his last meal on board.

A few hours later the young couple had passed the ordeal of the Custom House examination, and were being driven through the noisy streets to an hotel. It was not necessary that serious business should be commenced immediately. Frank had determined to make his home in the Empire City, and to give at least a week to an examination of its characteristics. Now that he had entered upon the scene of his future labors, he lost the shrinking from it which had oppressed him while he viewed it from the bay on the night before. He shared in his wife's interest and curiosity, and was as eager as she was to set out on a tour of exploration.

He soon found that New York was not afflicted with a dearth of members of his profession. If a plague were devastating the city, it seemed that there were enough physicians to give every inhabitant his full share of medical attention. There seemed no place awaiting a new and unknown practitioner. But he was no longer depressed. The busy streets, the invigorating air, the contact with active, energetic life kindled his own energies, and raised his spirits. A week's exploration, and a few inquiries as to eligible locations decided him, and in a short time a modest shingle appeared on the first floor of a French-flat house, announcing that Frank Arnold, M.D., had his office there.

Of course the young physician anticipated a time of weary waiting for employment. A little money remained in his hands which, with care and economy, would suffice to support himself and his wife for some months. There was no need for worry about the finances at present, and by and by patients might be expected. He kept his office hours conscientiously, devoting himself to study, and pursuing a course of experiments which he had commenced in his student days before his marriage. In the intervals of office hours, Clare was ready to accompany him in his walks, and in those days they made excursions which were pleasant to him, and to Clare were a source of unfeigned delight. She took a childish pleasure in planning the routes, and in learning the intricacies of the horse-car system, so as to serve as a guide to her husband in their trips. Frank's fits of gloomy despondency were rare now, and when they came they yielded readily to her merriment and playful raillery.

But the months passed and patients did not come. The little hoard of money was dwindling down to a frightfully small sum, and there was no sign that it would be replenished. Only once since his landing had Dr. Arnold's services been in requisition. A case of sudden illness in a flat above the one he occupied had occurred,

and the young physician had been hastily summoned. The patient was an old gentleman—a nervous hypochondriac who had his own physician, and dismissed the young practitioner when the emergency had passed. No other patients seemed disposed to avail themselves of Frank's skill, though he sat persistently in his office, and waited wearily and anxiously for a summons.

Clare did not know how near the finances were to collapse. She took a pride in obeying her husband's injunction to economize, and, though inexperienced in household management, succeeded beyond her own expectations. But the money did steadily dwindle in spite of all her efforts, for the rent must be paid, and no skill or care could achieve the triumph of keeping the table supplied without some expenditure. She read the signs of anxiety on Frank's brow, and though she did not know how near the crisis was, she divined that it was impending.

"There is no walk for us to-day," said Frank, one morning, as he rose from the breakfast-table, and went to the window from which a dreary scene of descending rain and flooded gutters presented itself to his view. "It is like a deluge. I pity any one who has to trudge around in such a storm, though it would be very convenient for us in some respects if I had a dozen patients to visit."

"I hope it will clear presently," said Clare, coming to his side, and shuddering at the pouring torrent. "I must go out to make some purchases, or we shall be reduced to a dinner of herbs. I shall need a little money, Frank."

Her husband went to his desk and produced a five-dollar bill, looking ruefully as he did so at the four slips of like value which constituted his entire capital. "Make it go as far as you can, Clare," he said, wistfully; "they are getting very scarce, and there seems little prospect of the stock being replenished."

"Yes, you may depend upon me, dear. I am getting quite expert in household catering. I wonder that I have not been complimented on my skill and economy. I praise myself continually; it would be pleasant to find some one else of my opinion. Confess now that I have succeeded better than you expected. Have I not, Frank?"

"I think you have done marvels; but you must not have your little head turned by flattery. You must go on improving, so as to be ready for the time when you will have to keep house without any money at all. That will be the supreme trial of your abilities."

"I shall resign if I am overtaxed," said Clare, laughing merrily.

The storm ceased presently, but the sky was heavily overcast, threatening an early renewal of its violence. Clare seized the opportunity for her visit to the store at which she made her purchases. It was some six blocks from their home, and she had selected it because being in a poorer neighborhood, the prices were below those in the more showy stores nearer at hand. She tripped lightly over the wet sidewalk, hastening lest the rain should re-commence before her return. But she was not quite quick enough, for as she emerged from the store, large, heavy drops of rain fell, and before she had walked one block it fell in a torrent. Holding her umbrella firmly to keep it from being blown out of her hand, as a sudden gust sent the rain in her face as she was crossing the avenue, when she saw a carriage rapidly turn the corner crossing her path. The gentleman who was driving, saw her at the same moment, and pulled his horses up with a force that brought them almost on to her haunches. Clare sprang aside, but the wet crossing was slippery, and she fell to the ground. The driver of the carriage was promptly at her side, holding the bridle of the near horse with one hand, while with the other he assisted her to her feet. "But it was a failure."

"I cannot stand," said Clare, blushing deeply, partly from pain and partly from confusion. "I think I must have sprained my ankle."

The gentleman was profuse in his regrets, and two passers-by coming to his assistance, he in-

sisted on Clare being lifted into his carriage that he might drive her to her home.

(To be continued.)

A PROPHET'S DISOBEDIENCE.

S. S. Lesson for Nov. 8, *Jonah 1*. Golden Text, *Ezek. 13: 3*. By Mrs. M. Baxter.

Jonah's Epoch—A Popular Preacher—God Educating Him—Called to Preach at Nineveh—Jonah's Forebodings—His Reputation in Peril—Attempts to Escape the Unpleasant Commission—God's Use of the Elements in Providence—Jonah's Confession—Willing to Die for the Crew—The Sailors in a Difficulty—His Remarkable Deliverance—Brought to Submission.

KING JOASH was succeeded by his son Jeroboam II., the fourth of the line of Jehu. Zachariah, his son, was the last of Jehu's dynasty who sat on the throne of Israel, and thus God's word to Jehu was fulfilled: "Because thou hast done well in executing that which is right in mine eyes, and hast done unto the house of Ahab all that was in mine heart, thy children of the fourth generation shall sit on the throne of Israel" (*11 Kings 10: 30*). It was in the days of Jeroboam II. that Jonah prophesied; he foretold that Jeroboam should restore "the coast of Israel from the entering of Hamath unto the sea of the plain" (*11 Kings 14: 25*); and so it came to pass that Jonah was a prophet of good tidings, and consequently he was a popular man; his prophecy was fulfilled, and thus his reputation was established.

But God had in view

THE EDUCATION OF HIS CHILD.

His position was one of danger and temptation. Men in those days, as in these, were too wont to look to the instrument which God might use rather than to God Himself, and thus Jonah ran the risk of getting full of self. God had work to be done which would tend to the humbling, rather than the exaltation, of the prophet: "Now the word of the Lord came unto Jonah the son of Amittai, saying, Arise, go to Nineveh, that great city, and cry against it; for thy wickedness is come up before me." What, be a messenger of evil tidings? Why, his reputation far and wide was as a prophet of good and not of evil; how could he give this message? It would give the lie to all he had been wont to teach; it would be so contrary to himself; he could not bring himself to do it. And then, again, God was a merciful God; it was more than probable that even if he did bring himself to deliver the message the people of Nineveh would repent, God would have mercy, and then Jonah would lose his reputation as a prophet; men would say, "He is not reliable; sometimes his words come to pass, and sometimes not." Jonah could not face such a prospect; he was somebody now, and he saw before him in perspective the renowned Jonah a nobody! How could he face the sneers of those who had been jealous of his popularity? How could he see himself fall in the eyes of those who applauded him and hung upon his lips? Why, his very usefulness would cease; it could not be right to run such a risk. No, such a sacrifice was impossible; Jonah would not offer it. And yet, did not God know all which was involved in it? Surely yes; God saw how large was self in Jonah, and the Lord was dealing it a death-blow. He could never endanger His own work by His dealings with His chosen instruments. Jonah was true to God as a man of faith, but the fulness of his self-life tainted all his testimony; and while God had loving designs toward the men of Nineveh, he was about to make things work together for the good of Jonah at the same time.

It often happens in our Christian work that God calls us to a distinct course; we know it is the call of God, but the consequences involved seem to be such that we dare not venture; we act in disobedience and lose a blessing. God is responsible for the consequences of all which He commands; where He really leads we need not fear to follow. John the Baptist preached only repentance and the law when he first began, but he was not afraid of being called a turncoat when he had a different message: "Behold the

Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world" (*John 1: 29*).

Jonah took matters into his own hands; he "rose up to flee unto Tarshish from the presence of the Lord." It was quite in the contrary direction; Nineveh lay east and Tarshish west.

"He found a ship going to Tarshish: so he paid the fare thereof (the first passenger ship we hear of), and went down into it, to go with them unto Tarshish."

FROM THE PRESENCE OF THE LORD.

It is a strange thing for a man of God to run away from Him; it is could understand it in a sinner. Yet so it is that every child of God who is not at this moment resting all his burdens, perplexities, trials, cares, pains, etc., on the Lord, is in some measure or in some particular fleeing from His presence. "In Thy presence is fulness of joy" (*Ps. 16: 11*). No man of God can be at ease out of His presence. What was to be done? Should God ignore the disobedience of Jonah? "The Lord sent out a great wind into the sea, and there was a mighty tempest in the sea, so that the ship was like to be broken." There are many men in our day who speak of natural law as though the God who made it were inferior to His own law; "He commandeth and raiseth up the stormy wind which lifteth up the waves." The elements are made to subserve God's purposes in the education of His children.

The heathen mariners were afraid, and, knowing nothing better, they "cried every man unto his God;" but so little was their expectation of any favorable result from their prayers that they "cast forth the wares that were in the ship into the sea, to lighten it of them." Jonah all this time was fast asleep. He had no fears about his own safety; he does not seem to have been much troubled by sea-sickness; but the worst of all was that he was not troubled by the danger of the poor sailors, who were the innocent sufferers for his sin against God. The captain came and woke him, saying, "What meanest thou, O sleeper? arise, and call upon thy God, if so be that God will think upon us, that we perish not." It argues ill for Jonah that the men of the ship did not yet know that he was a man of God. The crew, heathen though they were, had some conscience; they neither attributed the storm to chance, nor yet to natural law; they believed in an overruling power to which they were accountable, and cast lots that they might discover for whose sake this storm had come upon them. God was overruling, and He caused that the lot should fall upon Jonah.

Then it was time to question him; so Jonah had to pass through an examination as to his occupation, his name, country, etc. Jonah hid nothing. He told out plainly who he was, and that he was a servant of Jehovah, who made both the sea and the dry land, and also that he was now fleeing from the presence of the Lord. Then the ship's crew were exceedingly afraid; they said that it was true, and that they had not to deal alone with a man, but with

A REAL GOD

who made His presence felt. One who would not suffer disobedience in one of His servants, and who had sea and land at His command, and who manifested His power tangibly, and in a way they could not but feel. "Why hast thou done this?" was their natural query. Jonah did not satisfy their curiosity; he would have been ashamed to acknowledge the real truth, that he cared more for his popularity than he did for the lost souls in Nineveh. The sailors asked him, "What shall we do unto thee, that the sea may be calm unto us?" for the storm was only raging more and more terribly. Jonah was not in fear for his life, and mean and selfish as he was, he knew that God loved him; so he said, "Take me up, and cast me forth into the sea; so shall the sea be calm unto you; for I know that for my sake this great tempest is upon you." It was a difficult position for these heathen seamen. If Jonah's God were indeed the true God, would He not be angry if His servant were cast into the sea? They sought by every means in

their power to avoid doing this thing; they rowed hard to bring the ship to land, but God was against them, and she made no headway. Then they cried unto the Lord; it was their first prayer to the true God, and only the unusual pressure of the circumstances would have led them to do it. They said, "We beseech thee, O Lord, we beseech thee, let us not perish for this man's life, and lay not upon us innocent blood: for thou, O Lord, hast done as it pleased thee." At first sight it might seem unjust that these poor sailor men should suffer for the sake of a rebellious child of God like Jonah; but we see by this very prayer of theirs that God was making this trial of the storm serve to bring them in contact with Him; and so

THE CURSE WAS TURNED INTO A BLESSING.

Our hearts may be crushed and sickened when we hear tales of fearful oppression, but we do not know all the sequel; God "executeth righteousness and judgment for all that are oppressed" (*Ps. 103: 6*). When the secrets of all hearts are made known we shall see how fully our God has kept His character in this.

It was as Jonah had said: "They took up Jonah, and cast him forth into the sea; and the sea ceased from her raging. Then the men feared the Lord exceedingly, and offered a sacrifice unto the Lord, and made vows." In all probability the whole of the ship's crew was converted to God. Thus Jonah was, in spite of himself, made an instrument of blessing. He sought to evade the humbling which lay in his direct path, but surely he must have been overcome with shame when it appeared to the heathen sailors that *he*, the only man on board who knew the true God, and who had experience of answered prayer, should have been the only one who did not pray in this time of danger. According to human expectation, we should think to hear no more of Jonah; but the Lord was going to make him a chosen type of the resurrection of Jesus Christ (*Matt. 12: 40*), and therefore He preserved his life in an altogether miraculous manner. "The Lord had prepared a great fish to swallow up Jonah. And Jonah was in the belly of the fish three days and three nights." God, who first breathed into man's nostrils the breath of life, knew how to preserve His servant's life in circumstances impossible to nature, just as He threw down the walls of Jericho, just as He divided the Red Sea, and did His other wondrous works. And more. He made it possible to Jonah in his strange shelter to hold communion with Him. Jonah calls it "the belly of hell," or the grave; yet thence he cried to God and testified, "Thou hearest me."

No circumstances could happen in which God could not hear the cry of one of His children. Jonah said, "I am cast out of thy sight; yet I will look again toward thy holy temple;" it was the backslider's return. And then, after describing the place of his living burial, he speaks of his safety as though it was a present fact: "Yet hast thou brought up my life from corruption, O Lord my God." Jonah was a man of faith, and instead of continuing to cry to the Lord for life and safety he said: "I will sacrifice unto thee with the voice of thanksgiving; I will pay that I have vowed. Salvation is of the Lord." It was enough; Jonah was conquered. The Lord spake unto the fish, and it vomited out Jonah upon the dry land.

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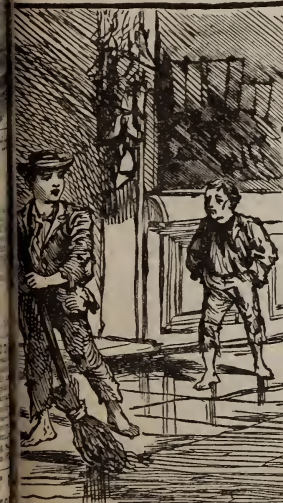
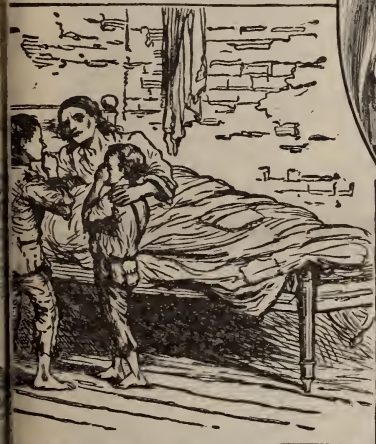
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MRS. SEWELL, the Christian Poetess—Illustrations of Her Street Ballads.

THE LATE MRS. SEWELL, The Christian Poetess.

The lady whose portrait appears on the first page of the CHRISTIAN HERALD this week, won for herself a very warm regard in the hearts of the public by her touching and pathetic ballads. Poverty and hardship moved her soul, as the woes of Lady Vere de Vere could not do. Unsympathetic people might pass the little flower-seller, or the poor street-sweeper, and think of them, if they thought at all, as only dirty, low people, with whom they had nothing in common; to Mrs. Sewell they were her brothers and sisters, with hearts to feel and with sorrows as hard to bear as those of their better-clad neighbors. He who was the Friend of publicans and sinners was her Master, and His example prompted her to have regard to the neglected poor. Her hand was always ready to relieve them, and her days were spent in busy helpfulness, but she did more. She aroused a sympathy for them in the hearts of others. Many a Christian who read "Mother's Last Words" and "Our Father's Care," was stimulated to philanthropic work. They were reminded that they had neglected their Lord's injunction to regard the poor as His representatives on earth, and they set about their long-forgotten duty. Thus her words were seeds which have borne glorious fruit. The lot of the indigent seemed no longer the repulsive thing to the readers of the ballads that it once did. The charm of poetry had raised it to the rank of a tragedy—a tragedy which was being enacted within reach of their hands, and which they might ameliorate. Mrs. Sewell was the advocate of the outcasts, and though her clients could never repay her for the benefits that came to them in response to her appeals, she will be recompensed at the resurrection of the just.

Mrs. Sewell's life was a comparatively uneventful one. She never sought prominence. Her one object was to help those whose woes had entered into her heart, and in that she was successful. She was born in 1797, in the English county of Norfolk. Her family belonged to the Society of Friends, and among them the young Quakeress learned the practical lessons of the Christian life, which are better observed in that communion than in any other. Of her childhood and youth there is little to be said, save that she seemed anxious from her earliest years to lead a life of Christlikeness, and was continually studying to make the Saviour's life upon earth the pattern of her own.

In her twenty-third year she became the wife of Mr. Isaac Sewell, who shortly after his marriage removed to London. There the young Christian couple resided for sixteen years. It was a strange scene for the quiet young Quakeress—that hive of industry, with its dens of squalor, misery, and vice side by side with the palaces of aristocrats and millionaires. There was a field for her early aspirations. On every hand were the ignorant who knew nothing of Christ, the suffering who did not know of Him who heals our sicknesses, the poor to whom the Gospel had not been preached, and those whom Satan had bound with the chains of vicious habit—captives who had not been told of the deliverance worked for them. During those sixteen years she never ceased to work for Christ among the narrow streets and alleys, and it was during that time that she gathered the facts which she afterward immortalized in verse. Many earnest laborers among the Quakers were enlisted in the same work by her earnest appeals, and much good was effected directly and indirectly through her efforts. She was anxious to stir up the whole Church of Christ, in all its sections, to the duty, but it was not until after she had left London and a period of enforced retirement came to her, that the way was opened.

In 1835 Mr. Sewell removed to Brighton, and during the following twenty years the family changed its residence several times. It was in November, 1860, while Mrs. Sewell was residing at Bath, that the Christian world was startled by the appearance of her poem, "Mother's Last

Words." It arrested attention everywhere, and was eagerly bought. More than a million copies of it were issued and sold before the demand was satisfied, and it gave an impetus to philanthropic work that has not yet been exhausted. Books and tracts and other poems followed, and the now aged lady found to her great joy and thankfulness that in her old age she was doing more for the cause she loved than in her youth. Her only daughter, too, aided her in her efforts, and Miss Anna Sewell, the authoress of "Black Beauty" and other works, was soon almost as well known as her mother. Mrs. Sewell during her later years separated from the Society of Friends. All people who loved the Lord Jesus Christ were her brethren and sisters, and she found no difficulty in identifying herself with other churches. Doctrines and denominational differences were trivial in her eyes, beside the great mission of Christ's people of proclaiming the Gospel to the poor and helping them bear the crushing burdens of their life. The Church that was doing that best was her ideal church, and with that she became one. At one time she was a member of the Congregational Church, and at another she attended the ministry of a Protestant Episcopal clergyman.

She died in March of last year, at the advanced age of eighty-seven, having lived a life of active service and beneficent effort. Of her more appropriately than of many it may be said, "she being dead yet speaketh." The style and spirit of her work may be inferred from the following extracts, which are illustrated on

THE FRONTISPIECE PICTURE.

The first panel represents a dying mother taking a touching farewell of her two fatherless boys. This, and the pictures numbered 2, 3, and 4 respectively, are pictorial representations of scenes described in "Mother's Last Words," from which we give explanatory extracts. We are introduced to a narrow London court, on a foggy day, and to "a low, damp chamber," "down seven steep and broken stairs, underground," and

"A glimmering light was burning there
Beside a woman on a bed;
A worn-out woman, ghastly pale,
Departing to the peaceful dead.

Two little boys in threadbare clothes
Stood white and trembling by her side,
And, listening to his mother's words,
The youngest of them sadly cried.

The elder boy shed not a tear,
Nor stirred a moment from his place,
But with a corner of the sheet
He wiped his mother's cold, damp face.

'Ah, John!' she said, 'my own dear boy,
You'll soon be in this world alone;
But you must do the best you can,
And be good children when I'm gone.'

* * * * *
The woman ceased and closed her eyes,
And long she lay, as if at rest,
Then opened wide her feeble arms,
And clasped her children to her breast.

And then aloft her hands she raised,
And heavenward gazed with beaming eyes:
'I see, I see the Angel come,
I see him coming from the skies.

Good-by—good-by, my children dear,
My happy soul is caught away;
I hear, I hear my Saviour call,
He calls me up, I cannot stay.'

Then soared her soul from that dark room,
Above the crowd of toiling folk,
Above the cross upon St. Paul's,
Above the fog, above the smoke.

And higher, higher, up she went,
Until she saw the golden gate,
Where night and day, in shining bands,
The holy angels watch and wait.

And she went in and saw the King,
And heard the gracious words He spoke

To her, who in this sinful world
Had meekly borne her daily yoke."

After their mother's death the two boys received a sixpence from the landlord of the cell apartment, and with this, their only capital they determined to carry out the dead woman's instructions to them to "earn their living honestly."

"They thanked the man and left the house—
'I'll tell you what we'll do,' said John.
'This sixpence here will buy a broom;
We'll sweep a crossing of our own.'

Away they went with anxious hopes,
And long they hunted, here and there,
Until they found a dirty place
Not very far from Leicester Square.

And here at once they took their stand,
And swept a pathway broad and neat
Where ladies, in their silken gowns,
Might cross, and hardly soil their feet.

At last the streets began to clear,
And people dropped off, one by one.
'Let's go,' said little Christopher;
'My pocket is quite heavy, John.'

They counted up their pence with glee
And went away to buy some bread,
And had a little left to pay
For lodging in a decent bed.

Next day John kept his crossing clean,
Swept off the mud, and left it dry,
And little Christy held his cap,
But did not tease the passers-by.

And many a one a penny gave
Who marked the pale child's modest way
And thus they'd sixpence left in hand
When they went home on Saturday.

* * * * *
'Let's go to church,' said Christopher;
'She'd be so glad to see us there.
You recollect she often said,
'Boys, don't neglect the house of prayer.'

'We're very shabby,' John replied,
'And hardly fit for such a place;
But I will do the best I can
To polish up my hands and face.'

Clear rung the bells that Sabbath morn
As they went briskly up the street;
And, out of sight, the Angel bright
Walked close behind with shining feet.

* * * * *
The second week was bleak and cold,
A drizzling rain fell day by day,
And with the wet umbrellas up
The people hurried on their way.

And no one thought about the boys
Who patiently stood sweeping there;
And sometimes over Christy's face
There fell a shade of blank despair.

Discouraged, wet, and weary oft,
Cold, shivering, to their bed they crept;
But still at night that Angel bright
Stood by to guard them as they slept."

One day the elder of the two boys tempted to join a company of youthful thieves but resisted the temptation. The temptation was especially severe because it took this form:

"What do you get to eat?" said John.
Who pondered on these boasting words.
'What get to eat! just what we choose—
We eat and drink away like lords.'

* * * * *

At night, as he went sauntering home,
He loitered round a pastry-cook's
Till Christy called, 'John, come along;
You'll eat the cakes up with your looks

'Well, Chris, I say 'tis very hard
We never have good things to eat;
I'm tired of nothing else than bread,
I long for something nice and sweet.'

'Well, never mind,' said little Chris,
'You're out of sorts this evening, John

We'll both be rich, maybe, some day,
And then we'll eat 'em up like fun.'

'No chance of that for us,' said John;
'Our feet are now upon the stones;
We can't earn food and clothing too,
And you are only skin and bones.'

'Tis hard to work and not to eat;
But, John, you would not do what's bad!
'No; I don't mean to thrive—not I;
But when thieves feast it makes one mad.'

One night, between the dark and light,
As they were going down a lane,
And Christopher, with bleeding feet,
Was slowly hobbling on with pain,

John saw some shoes outside a door—
They'll just keep my poor Christy warm!
And quick as thought he snatched them up,
And tucked them underneath his arm.

Then pale as ashes grew his face,
And sudden fears rushed on his mind.
He hurried on with quicker pace
Lest some one should be close behind.

'Don't stop a bit,' his brother cried;
'Do be in such a hurry, John.'
John darted round a frightened look,
And from a walk began to run.

He thought he heard the cry of 'Thief!'
And swifter down the street he fled;
And, black as night, a wicked Sprite
With rapid feet behind him sped.

The cry of 'Thief!' was in his ears
Through all the bustle and the din;
And when he reached the lodging-house
The wicked Spirit followed in.

* * * * *

Remorse followed the theft. The next morning as soon as the shop was opened the shoes were returned. Friends were raised up by God who took care of the orphan lads, one of whom, Chris, dies trusting in the Saviour, and the other, John, was bound apprentice to a trade, and thereby enabled to earn an honorable, honest livelihood, until the time came for him to join his mother and brother in heaven.

"And there, in everlasting joy,
The mother and the brothers meet
To part no more, and weep no more,
Nor dwell in that dark, dirty street;

To toil no more with bleeding feet,
Nor hungering long for something nice;
For they are clothed as angels are,
And eat the fruits of Paradise."

FRONTISPIECE PICTURES 5 AND 6

illustrate scenes depicted by Mrs. Sewell in the beautiful ballad entitled "Our Father's Care." We quote just enough from it to furnish explanations for the engravings:

"Poor Nelly has long had a living to earn—
She's thinking, perhaps, 'tis a hardship for her
To get up so early and travel so far
While other girls always have plenty of food,
And she has not anything, pretty or good?
No, trifles like these are not filling her mind
As street after street she is leaving behind.
She's thinking about the poor baby that's come,
And mother so weak, and so helpless at home,
And says, with a shake of her little rough head,
'But I am the woman that works for their bread.'

Good, brave little girl, with your old tattered shoe,
And toes on the cold pavement, frozen and blue;
Despite your poor dress and that careful young face,
You're worthy to rank with the noblest race!

The Farringdon Market is open at five
To sell to a hovering, shivering hiver
Of destitute children and indigent poor
The fresh water-creases they cry at the door.

And Nelly's poor mother is sick and alone,
No neighbor to visit her—no, she had none.
She could not rise up from her comfortable bed,
But this was the prayer that she constantly said,
'Lord, give us this day our daily bread!'

We have not a friend in the world but Thee,
And we are as poor as the poor can be;
O Father in heaven, take pity on me!

Look down in Thy mercy and feed us to-day,
Thou knowest our need, and Thou knowest the way;
Thou knowest that I can do nothing but pray.

Oh! give to my poor little Nelly success,
That she may find custom to-day for her cress;
I do not ask more, and I cannot ask less.

And guard my poor lamb in these wilderness ways,
And bring her to Christ in her earliest days,
Forever, my Father, to live to Thy praise.

Now, Father, I wait for Thy mercy to move:
I watch for the sign of Thy pitying love,
And all my dependence is settled above.

And thus she prayed on in her desolate home,
And counted the hours till Nelly should come.

A gentleman sat in his low window-seat,
And often looked out in the dim, foggy street,
And then looked within at his bright-blazing fire,
And round on his room and its costly attire;
At well-cushioned sofa, and soft easy-chair,
At beautiful pictures, and ornaments fair;
And then his eye fell on his plentiful board,
With many a luxury carefully stored;
Then turned to the Bible that lay on his knee—
'And these precious promises, too, are for me.
I rest in the love of my Saviour and Friend,
Which time will not alter, and death cannot end.
Oh! what can I render, my Father, to Thee,
For all Thy unmerited mercies to me?'

The gentleman thought of his silver and gold,
And then of the destitute, hungry, and cold;
He thought of the friendless, surrounded by sin,
Temptation without and temptation within.
He thought till the color rushed into his face,
And he walked to and fro with a resolute pace.
'Poor creatures!' he murmured, 'and shall I sit here.'

'And waste on myself all this bountiful cheer?
Was this, my dear Saviour, Thy love unto me?
And this the return that I make unto Thee?
Shall Thy needy children, in sorrow and pain,
Be looking for succor, and looking in vain?
He walked once again to the low window-seat,
And earnestly gazed in the dull, foggy street,
When, sweetly and clearly, there fell on his ear
The cry of a water-cress girl drawing near.
'Fresh water-cress-e-s! sweet water-cress-e-s!
Four bunches a penny, sweet water-cress-e-s!
How often he'd carelessly noticed that cry
Draw near to his dwelling and then pass it by!
But now, as he listened, the words seemed to bear
A message for him as they rose on the air.'

* * * * *

And he became their comfortor,
He wiped away their tears,
He softened all their poverty
Through many coming years."

THE LAST PICTURE ON FRONT PAGE shows us little Nelly visiting her dying father in a hospital. The scene is a very affecting one:

"Nelly set off to the great house alone,
'Mongst the dying and sick, as she often had done;
And through the long ward, as the little child passed,
Kind looks of compassion upon her were cast.
She stood by the bed—was her father asleep?
His face was so white, and his eyes were so deep.
She touched his thin hand as it lay on the sheet,
And then, with her little voice steady and sweet,
Said, 'Father! father!' and then kissed his brow.
'Mother wants very bad to know how you are now.'
He opened his eyes with a heavy-drawn sigh:
'Ah! Nelly, you've come to see poor father die.
Sit down on the bed, child—sit down by me here.
'Tis hard work to leave you without any fear;
You must be starved, darling—for what can you do?
The family can't be supported by you.'"

But Nelly's story of how, despite difficulties, God was enabling her to earn bread enough for her mother and herself, and how she had been helped with food, and clothing, and money by the rich gentleman to whom reference has been already made, cheers the dying man; and when she was about taking her leave of him, having mentioned "the happy abode, the city all bright with the glory of God,"—

"She ceased, and her dear father opened his eyes—
'Yes, that is the poor sinner's way to the skies.
I'm going there, Nelly; the sins I have done
Are all put away through the well-beloved Son;
That beautiful raiment is over me thrown,
And I shall stand there by the heavenly throne.
My Saviour is coming; I'm catching the sound
Of sweet angel music all floating around.
I'm going there now—there was light on his brow.
Then up to the skies he lifted his eyes,
With a bright sweet smile on his face the while;
One struggling breath, and the hand of death
Had broken the chain of his grief and pain,
And the soul had fled from the silent dead,
And, free as the lark, and above the dark,
And above the cloud, and the toiling crowd,
Had entered the rest of the good and blest.
But the hand that was grasped and so fondly clasped,
Now lifeless and cold, had relaxed its hold,
And the orphan child was left in the wild."

PRAYER FOR YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATIONS.

ALL Christian people should remember that the week commencing Sunday, November 8th, is the period observed throughout the civilized world as a time of special prayer for God's blessing on the Young Men's Christian Associations of the various countries. The beneficent work they have been instrumental in doing is well known, and encourages us to pray that they may become increasingly useful every year.

The following figures, furnished us by Mr. Richard C. Morse, the General Secretary of the International Committee, are of special interest at this time: This season of prayer had its origin in a resolution adopted by the International Convention of the American Associations held in Albany, N. Y., in 1866, and has been observed every year since at the recommendation of the subsequent Conventions.

There are now 2900 Associations in the world, distributed as follows: North America, 934; Great Britain, 503; France, 72; Germany, 549; Holland, 396; Switzerland, 268; Denmark, 43; Belgium, 24, and a dozen more or less in each of the following countries: Spain, Italy, Turkey, Russia, Austria, Japan, Syria, South Africa, Australia, New Zealand, Madagascar, and India. The American Associations are the strongest and best organized of any. They number 629 General Associations, 190 College, 69 Railroad, 34 Colored, and 12 German.

The yearly current expenses of the Associations in America amount to \$750,000. They own 82 buildings valued at \$3,532,000, and have a total net property of \$4,353,000. Four hundred and fifteen men are devoting their whole time to the work as secretaries, librarians, and gymnasium instructors. The expense of the Railroad Associations is \$75,000 per year, two thirds of which sum is contributed by the railroad companies, who testify to the great benefit resulting to their employes through this special department of Y. M. C. A. work. Last year 1700 young men professed conversion in the College Associations. There are 31 State and provincial organizations, each with its Executive Committee and annual Convention. These committees expended last year \$32,034.

The International Committee, located in New York City in 1866 and continued there ever since, is the Executive Committee of the International Conventions which meet biennially. It consists of 33 members, 9 advisory members, and 15 trustees, representing all parts of the United States and the Dominion of Canada. It employs ten secretaries, whose business it is to visit all parts of the two countries, advising with and counselling Associations, both State and local. The expenses of the committee for last year were \$30,496, which amount was contributed by friends of the cause.

Thy Healer: God's Dealings with Soul and Body, Edited by Mrs. M. Baxter, a magazine devoted to holiness and healing, published in London on the first and fifteenth of every month. Copies are sent to subscribers in America direct from Bethsan as soon as printed. Annual subscription, including postage, seventy-five cents. Subscriptions for 1885 should be sent to Mrs. M. Baxter, 10 Drayton Park, Highbury, London, England, or to the office of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, 63 Bible House, New York, whence they will be forwarded to London.

THE QUEEN'S VISIT.

Dr. Talmage's Sermon, Preached Last Sunday Morning, Nov. 1, 1885.

"Behold, the half was not told me."—1 KINGS 10:7.

Solomon's Magnificence—His Commercial Enterprises—Personal Pomp—A Jewish Sultan—His Royal Guest—Astonished at the Luxurious Court—Beauty of Consecrated Wealth—Imperial Christians—Attractions of a Religion that Included Wealth—The Queen Convinced by the Gold—Religion a Surprise—Anticipations Exceeded—The Golden Age of the World—The Surprise of Heaven.

SOLOMON had resolved that Jerusalem should be the centre of all sacred, regal, and commercial magnificence. He set himself to work, and monopolized the surrounding desert as a highway for his caravans. He built the city of Palmyra around one of the principal wells of the East, so that all the long trains of merchandise from the East were obliged to stop there, pay toll, and leave part of their wealth in the hands of Solomon's merchants. He manned the fortress Thapsacus at the chief ford of the Euphrates, and put under guard everything that passed there. The three great products of Palestine—wine pressed from the richest clusters and celebrated all the world over, oil which in that hot country is the entire substitute for butter and lard, and was pressed from the olive branches until every tree in the country became an oil well, and honey which was the entire substitute for sugar—these three great products of the country Solomon exported, and received in return fruits and precious woods and the animals of every clime.

A ROYAL TRADER.

He went down to Ezion-geber, and ordered a fleet of ships to be constructed, oversaw the workmen, and watched the launching of the flotilla which was to go out on more than a year's voyage, to bring home the wealth of the then known world. He heard that the Egyptian horses were large and swift, and long-maned and round-limbed, and he resolved to purchase them, giving eighty-five dollars apiece for them, putting the best of these horses in his own stall, and selling the surplus to foreign potentates at great profit.

He heard that there was the best of timber on Mount Lebanon, and he sent out one hundred and eighty thousand men to hew down the forest and drag the timber through the mountain gorges, to construct it into rafts to be floated to Joppa, and from thence to be drawn by ox-teams twenty-five miles across the land to Jerusalem. He heard that there were beautiful flowers in other lands. He sent for them, planted them in his own gardens, and to this very day there are flowers found in the ruins of that city such as are to be found in no other part of Palestine, the lineal descendants of the very flowers that Solomon planted. He heard that in foreign groves there were birds of richest voice and most luxuriant wing. He sent out people to catch them and bring them there, and he put them into his cages.

Stand back now and see this long train of camels coming up to the king's gate, and the ox-trains from Egypt, gold and silver and precious stones, and beasts of every hoof, and birds of every wing, and fish of every scale. See the peacocks strut under the cedars, and the horsemen run, and the chariots wheel. Hark to the orchestra! Gaze upon the dance. Not stopping to look into the wonders of the temple, step right on to the causeway, and pass up to Solomon's palace.

ORIENTAL MAGNIFICENCE.

Here we find ourselves amid a collection of buildings on which the king had lavished the wealth of many empires. The genius of Hiram, the architect, and of the other artists is here seen in the long line of corridors and the suspended gallery and the approach to the throne. Traceried window opposite traceried window. Bronzed ornaments bursting into lotus and lily and pomegranate. Chapters surrounded by

network of leaves in which imitation fruit seemed suspended as in hanging baskets. Three branches—so Josephus tells us—three branches sculptured on the marble, so thin and subtle that even the leaves seemed to quiver. A laver capable of holding five hundred barrels of water on six hundred brazen ox-heads, which gushed with water and filled the whole place with coolness and crystalline brightness and musical plash. Ten tables chased with chariot wheel and lion and cherubim. Solomon sat on a throne of ivory. At the seating place of the throne, on each end of each of the steps a brazen lion.

Why, my friends, in that place they trimmed their candles with snuffers of gold, and they cut their fruits with knives of gold, and they washed their faces in basins of gold, and they scooped out the ashes with shovels of gold, and they stirred the altar fires with tongs of gold. Gold reflected in the water! Gold flashing from the apparel! Gold blazing in the crown! Gold, gold, gold!

THE ROYAL GUEST.

Of course the news of the affluence of that place went out everywhere by every caravan and by wing of every ship, until soon the streets of Jerusalem are crowded with curiosity seekers. What is that long procession approaching Jerusalem? I think from the pomp of it there must be royalty in the train. I smell the breath of the spices which are brought as presents, and I hear the shout of the drivers, and I see the dust-covered caravan showing that they come from far away. Cry the news up to the palace. The Queen of Sheba advances. Let all the people come out to see. Let the mighty men of the land come out on the palace corridors. Let Solomon come down the stairs of the palace before the queen has alighted. Shake out the cinnamon, and the saffron, and the calamus, and the frankincense, and pass it into the treasure-house. Take up the diamonds until they glitter in the sun.

The Queen of Sheba alights. She enters the palace. She washes at the bath. She sits down at the banquet. The cup-bearers bow. The meats smoke. The music trembles in the hall and through the corridors until it mingles in the dash of the waters from the molten sea. Then she rises from the banquet, and she walks through the conservatories, and she gazes on the architecture, and she asks Solomon many strange questions, and she learns about the religion of the Hebrews, and she then and there becomes a servant of the Lord God.

HER ASTONISHMENT.

She is overwhelmed. She begins to think that all the spices she brought, and all the precious woods which are intended to be turned into harps and psalteries and into railings for the causeway between the temple and the palace, and the \$180,000 in money—she begins to think that all these presents amount to nothing in such a place, and she is almost ashamed that she has brought them, and she says within herself: "I heard a great deal about this place, and about this wonderful religion of the Hebrews, but I find it far beyond my highest anticipations. I must add more than fifty per cent to what has been related. It exceeds everything that I could have expected. The half—the half was not told me."

CONSECRATED WEALTH.

Learn from this subject what a beautiful thing it is when social position and wealth surrender themselves to God. When religion comes to a neighborhood the first to receive it are the women. Some men say it is because they are weak-minded. I say it is because they have quicker perception of what is right, more ardent affection and capacity for sublimer emotion. After the women have received the Gospel then all the distressed and the poor of both sexes, those who have no friends, accept Jesus. Last of all come the people of affluence and high social position. Alas, that it is so!

IMPERIAL CHRISTIANS.

If there are those here to-day who have been

favoured of fortune, or, as I might better put it favored of God, surrender all you have and all you expect to be to the Lord who blessed this Queen of Sheba. Certainly you are not ashamed to be found in this queen's company. I am glad that Christ has had His imperial friends in all ages—Elizabeth Christina, Queen of Prussia; Maria Feodorovna, Queen of Russia; Marie Empress of France; Helena, the imperial mother of Constantine; Arcadia, from her great fortunes building public baths in Constantinople and tolling for the alleviation of the masses; Queen Clotilda, leading her husband and three thousand of his armed warriors to Christian baptism; Elizabeth of Burgundy, giving her jewelled glove to a beggar, and scattering great fortunes among the distressed; Prince Albert singing "Rock of Ages" in Windsor Castle, and Queen Victoria, incognito, reading the Scriptures to a dying pauper.

I bless God that the day is coming when royalty will bring all its thrones and music, all its harmonies and painting, all its pictures and sculptures, all its statuary and architecture, all its pillars and conquest, all its sceptres; and the queens of the earth, in long line of advance, frankincense filling the air and the camels laden with gold, shall approach Jerusalem, and the gates shall be hoisted, and the great burden of splendor shall be lifted into the palace of this greater than Solomon.

MILLIONAIRE RELIGION.

Again, my subject teaches me what is earnestness in the search of truth. Do you know where Sheba was? It was in Abyssinia, or some say in the southern part of Arabia Felix. In either case it was a great way off from Jerusalem. To get from there to Jerusalem she had to cross a country infested with bandits, and go across blistering deserts. Why did not the Queen of Sheba stay at home and send a committee to inquire about this new religion, and have the delegates report in regard to that religion and wealth of King Solomon? She wanted to see for herself, and hear for herself. She could not do this by work of committee. She felt she had a soul worth ten thousand kingdoms like Sheba, and she wanted a robe richer than any woven by Oriental shuttles, and she wanted a crown set with the jewels of eternity. Bring out the camels. Put on the spices. Gather up the jewels of the throne and put them on the caravan. Start now; no time to be lost. Goad on the camels. When I see that caravan, dust-covered, weary, and exhausted, trudging on across the desert and among the bandits until it reaches Jerusalem, I say: "There is an earnest seeker after the truth."

But there are a great many of you, my friends, who do not act in that way. You all want to get the truth, but you want the truth to come to you; you do not want to go to it. There are people who fold their arms and say: "I am ready to become a Christian at any time; if I am to be saved I shall be saved, and if I am to be lost I shall be lost." A man who says that and keeps on saying it will be lost. Jerusalem will never come to you; you must go to Jerusalem. The religion of the Lord Jesus Christ will not come to you; you must go and get religion. Bring out the camels; put on all the sweet spices, all the treasures of the heart's affection. Start for the throne. Go in and hear the waters of salvation dashing in fountains all around about the throne. Sit down at the banquet—the wine pressed from the grapes of the heavenly Eschol, the angels of God the cup-bearers. Goad on the camels; Jerusalem will never come to you; you must go to Jerusalem. The Bible declares it: "The Queen of the South"—that is, this very woman I am speaking of—"the queen of the South shall rise up in judgment against this generation and condemn it: for she came from the uttermost parts of the earth, to hear the wisdom of Solomon, and behold a greater than Solomon is here." God help me to break up the infatuation of those people who are sitting down in idleness expecting to be saved. "Strive to enter in at the strait gate. Ask and

t shall be given you; seek and ye shall find; knock and it shall be opened to you." Take the kingdom of heaven by violence. Urge on the camels.

RELIGION A SURPRISE.

Again, my subject impresses me with the fact that religion is a surprise to any one that gets it. This story of the new religion in Jerusalem, and of the glory of King Solomon, who was a type of Christ—that story rolls on and on, and is told by every traveller coming back from Jerusalem. The news goes on the wing of every ship and with ever caravan, and you know a story enlarges as it is retold, and by the time that story gets down into the southern part of Arabia Felix, and the Queen of Sheba hears it, it must be a tremendous story. And yet this queen declares in regard to it, although she had heard so much and had her anticipations raised so high, the half—the half was not told her.

So religion is always a surprise to any one that gets it. The story of grace—an old story. Apostles preached it with rattle of chain; martyrs declared it with arm of fire; death-beds have affirmed it with visions of glory, and ministers of religion have sounded it through the lanes, and the highways, and the chapels, and the cathedrals. It has been cut into stone with chisel, and spread on the canvas with pencil; and it has been recited in the doxology of great congregations. And yet when a man first comes to look on the palace of God's mercy, and to see the royalty of Christ, and the wealth of this banquet, and the luxuriance of His attendants, and the loveliness of His face, and the joy of His service, he exclaims with prayers, with tears, with sighs, with triumphs: "The half—the half was not told me!"

I appeal to those in this house who are Christians. Compare the idea you had of the joy of the Christian life before you became a Christian with the appreciation of that joy you have now since you have become a Christian, and you are willing to attest before angels and men that you never in the days of your spiritual bondage had any appreciation of what was to come. You are ready to-day to answer, and if I gave you an opportunity in the midst of this assemblage, you would speak out and say in regard to the discoveries you have made of the mercy and the grace and the goodness of God: "The half—the half was not told me!"

THE GOLDEN AGE.

Well, we hear a great deal about the good time that is coming to this world, when it is to be girded with salvation. Holiness on the bells of the horses. The lion's mane patted by the hand of a babe. Ships of Tarshish bringing cargoes for Jesus, and the hard, dry, barren, winter-beached, storm-scarred, thunder-split rock breaking into floods of bright water. Deserts into which dromedaries thrust their nostrils, because they were afraid of the simoon—deserts blooming into carnation roses and silver-tipped lilies.

It is the old story. Everybody tells it. Isaiah told it, John told it, Paul told it, Ezekiel told it, Luther told it, Calvin told it, John Milton told it—everybody tells it; and yet—and yet when the midnight shall fly the hills, and Christ shall marshal His great army, and China, dashing her idols into the dust, shall hear the voice of God and wheel into line; and India, destroying her Juggernaut and snatching up her little children from the Ganges, shall hear the voice of God and wheel into line; and vine-covered Italy, and wheat-crowned Russia, and all the nations of the earth shall hear the voice of God and fall into line; then the Church, which has been toiling and struggling through the centuries, robed and garlanded like a bride adorned for her husband, shall put aside her veil and look up into the face of her Lord the King, and say: "The half—the half was not told me!"

1. THE SURPRISE OF HEAVEN.

Well, there is coming a greater surprise to every Christian—a greater surprise than anything I have depicted. Heaven is an old story. Everybody talks about it. There is hardly a

hymn in the hymn-book that does not refer to it. Children read about it in their Sabbath-school book. Aged men put on their spectacles to study it. We say it is a harbor for the storm. We call it our home. We say it is the house of many mansions. We weave together all sweet, beautiful, delicate, exhilarant words; we weave them into letters, and then we spell it out in rose and lily and amaranth. And yet that place is going to be a surprise to the most intelligent Christian. Like the Queen of Sheba, the report has come to us from the far country, and many of us have started. It is a desert march, but we urge on the camels. What though our feet be blistered with the way? We are hastening to the palace. We take all our loves and hopes and Christian ambitions, as frankincense and myrrh and cassia, to the great King. We must not rest. We must not halt. The night is coming on, and it is not safe out here in the desert. Urge on the camels. I see the domes against the sky, and the houses of Lebanon, and the temples, and the gardens. See the fountains dance in the sun, and the gates flash as they open to let in the poor pilgrims.

Send the word up to the palace that we are coming, and that we are weary of the march of the desert. The King will come out and say: "Welcome to the palace; bathe in these waters, recline on these banks. Take this cinnamon and frankincense and myrrh and put it upon a censer and swing it before the altar." And yet, my friends, when heaven bursts upon us it will be a greater surprise than that—Jesus on the throne, and we made like Him! All our Christian friends surrounding us in glory! All our sorrows and tears and sins gone by forever! The thousands of thousands, the one hundred and forty and four thousand, the great multitudes that no man can number, will cry, world without end: "The half—the half was not told us!"

ANECDOTES RELATED AT THE EVANGELISTIC MEETINGS IN SCOTLAND.

A Diver's Successes.—At a Recent Meeting Mr. Graham said: "When the Royal Charter went down with her valuable cargo, a diver offered to descend into the water and bring up some of the valuables. He did so, but when the people heard of this they would not believe it until they saw the treasures that he had brought up. Now, if any of us think that we are too bad to be saved, when we see that such a man as the thief on the cross can be saved, let this dispel all our fears, for surely when Jesus was able to save a dying malefactor, such as he was, He is able to save you."

Another Beacon of Warning.—A Christian friend observed: "I know a gentleman who had been a total abstainer for fourteen years, but at the end of that time he miserably fell into habits of intoxication. Why? Because he had not taken Christ. He had been trusting in his own unaided strength to keep him up, and now what is he? He is a moral, physical, and commercial wreck." When will men learn that strength of will, or determined resolutions, or even a long period of reformation cannot possibly save; and that only Jesus, who died for men, can do helpless sinners good?

A Visit From Three Girls.—"I Once Had a Bible-class of from about fifty to sixty girls, and one night, when trying to explain to them that Jesus was a free gift from God, I said: 'Now suppose I said to you, "Come to my house to-morrow, and I will give you a present," would you come, believing you were to get it?' Three of the girls misunderstood me, for the next day they came up to my house. I took them in, and presented each of them with a book. 'Now,' I said, 'when did the book become yours?' 'Just when we received it, sir,' replied Mary, the eldest girl. 'Are you sure that it is yours?' 'Oh, yes,' said Jessie, the second girl, 'we are sure that it is ours, because we have got it.' After some more conversation with them the two elder girls understood my meaning and ac-

cepted Jesus. But the youngest one was on her knees weeping, because she could not say Jesus belonged to her. We all knelt down and prayed for her, and when it was concluded she rose, and putting her hand in mine, said: 'Mr. Ford, Jesus is mine; He is the fairest among ten thousand, and the altogether lovely; yes, I can now say Jesus is mine.' That young girl is now dead, but the other two are walking in the way of the Lord."

A Lord Chancellor's Calmness.—Mr. Ross said: "There was one thing which distinguished the late Earl Cairns from the other ministers when they assembled in Cabinet. He was always calm and collected, when the others were excited or ruffled. One day a young member came from the Cabinet, and said to his wife: 'I wonder what makes the Lord Chancellor so calm and unruffled in the midst of so much excitement?' 'Well,' replied his wife, 'he makes a habit of being alone with God for a time before attending any important meeting, and that is the secret of it.' 'Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on Thee.'"

The "Worst" Magnified a Hundred Times.—"Some time ago I went into a house in Paisley, and the woman said to me: 'I am a great sinner, sir.' 'Are you sure that you are a great sinner?' I asked. 'Yes,' she said, 'I know that I am the greatest sinner in the district.' 'Yes,' I remarked, 'but do you know that you are a hundred times worse than you think you are? The heart is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked.' The woman got into a terrible passion of anger. But how many are there like her! Although they say that they are sinners they do not really believe it. Oh, friend, if you saw yourself as God sees you, you would not be able to bear the sight."

THE CHRISTIAN CONVENTIONS.

MRS. BAXTER has kindly sent the following notices of the recent conventions on Holiness and Divine Healing:

"The Convention at Philadelphia, held in the Philadelphia Institute, October 21st to 24th, was well attended. The Rev. A. B. Simpson gave some valuable teaching about Christ as our Life, our All in spirit, soul, and body. Miss Carrie F. Judd, of Buffalo, N. Y., gave a very striking address on "a pure offering from the whole of the Book of Malachi"; it was a word not to be forgotten. Mrs. M. Baxter also spoke in most of the meetings. There were some remarkable testimonies of God's work among the lost, of His power in the lives of Christians, and also some testimonies to bodily healing. One meeting was devoted to the coming of the Lord, and two anointing meetings for the sick were held, several who had been anointed subsequently testifying that they had received healing."

"The Christian Convention in Buffalo, the last week in October, was one of the most precious seasons of Christian fellowship we have ever been privileged to partake in. There was the fullest liberty of the Spirit, an atmosphere of joy in the Lord, and of the fullest consecration to His service pervading all the addresses and testimonies. The subjects were similar to those at the Convention in New York. The testimony meeting on Consecration was a model. Some forty testimonies were given, all fully to the point, bringing out the cleansing from all sin, through the blood of Christ, and then His indwelling and His keeping power. The principal speakers were the Rev. A. B. Simpson, of New York; Mr. John Currie, the Scotch Evangelist, whose Bible teaching is most helpful; Miss Carrie Judd, and Mrs. Baxter. The presence of the Lord was powerfully manifest in all the meetings, and numbers entered into a life of rest and victory, which they had not previously known. Forty-four persons were anointed for healing, and some of these experienced the healing touch of Jesus. A verbatim report will be published in the November number of *Triumphs of Faith*, published at 260 Connecticut Street, Buffalo, N. Y."

WHO ARE MR. STEAD'S FRIENDS?

MUCH has been said in the American daily press about the coarseness and the immodesty of the revelations made in the *Pall Mall Gazette*. Efforts have been made to show that the editor, Mr. Stead, was concerned only with the desire to make his paper successful, and that he did not care about the suppression of crime. How unjust is this charge may be inferred from the character of a meeting held on October 14th in Exeter Hall, London, at which some of the most godly men and women in London were present, to express their confidence in Mr. Stead and cheer him before his trial as a criminal.

For some time before the doors were opened numbers waited patiently outside, and at half-past seven the large building was closely packed. The chair was taken by Mr. Francis Peek, supported by Mrs. Josephine Butler, Mr. W. T. Stead, Mr. Bramwell Booth, Rev. Hugh Price Hughes, Professor Stuart, Mr. W. P. Bunting, Mr. R. C. Morgan, Rev. Newman Hall, Miss Murray (of Bethshan), and many other well-known ladies and gentlemen.

The opening address of the chairman explained at once that the meeting was called to express sympathy with Mr. Bramwell Booth and Mr. Stead, who stand committed to take their trial for having abducted a child of thirteen years of age, Eliza Armstrong, from the care of her parents. The reason which had influenced the promoters of the meeting to place this motion in the forefront was their belief that when freed from the mist in which the case has been enveloped the cause of the defendants is in reality the cause of virtue and morality, and that the prosecution is instigated by those whose real intention is to stop the righteous indignation that has been aroused by the crimes which have been made known by Mr. Stead in the *Pall Mall Gazette*.

Rev. Hugh Price Hughes, when the cheering which greeted his rising had subsided, gave an interesting résumé of the work done in the North by himself and Mr. Stead, who, he said, had suddenly become a great orator, as well as the most brilliant journalist of the day. Not a hand in one of the eleven cities they had visited had been held up against the resolutions. In illustration of the enthusiasm which Mr. Stead's work has excited, he told of a pickpocket who had mistaken Mr. Benjamin Waugh for the editor of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, when pushing his way to the office of that journal. He had relieved Mr. Waugh of his pocket-handkerchief, and, smitten with compunction, made his way up to him, and said: "If you're the cove as done it, I would not rob you for the world, governor! Here's your wife?"

The chairman stated that a declaration had been sent to the Government signed by two thousand one hundred and sixteen clergymen and ministers, strongly deprecating the employment of funds and Government authority to prosecute the persons who had exposed a great national evil, and secured great remedial measures.

Professor Stuart, M.P., who moved a resolution expressing sympathy with Mr. Stead and Mr. Booth, spoke with great clearness and power, and was cheered to the echo when he said that the Criminal Law Amendment Act was due to the editor of the *Pall Mall Gazette*. A very enthusiastic reception was given to Mrs. Josephine Butler, who spoke in her usual tone of suppressed emotion. It was easy to see that she was passing through a somewhat severe struggle in facing such an audience with such a question. But she had determined, she said, that a woman's voice should be heard on this question. Right, well, and womanly did she say her little say, and her touch of compassion for poor Rebecca Jarrett, a brand plucked from the burning, and who had been a true friend of the friendless and the fallen, was in its way inimitable. The resolution was adopted.

Mr. W. T. Stead, on rising to propose a motion pledging the meeting to support the New Crusade, was received with a tumult of applause.

For some moments the entire audience, who had sprung to their feet, continued cheering and waving handkerchiefs. His speech from first to last was most effective, and one or two passages in which he referred to the opponents of the New Crusade were received with hissing. It was his aim to ascribe honor to those to whom it is due—to Mrs. Butler, Mr. Jacques, Mrs. Combe—rather than desire to be thought the chief worker in the recent movement. One passage gave rise to great hissing, which he immediately requested should be suppressed. It was when he referred to Mr. Cavendish Bentinck, who, in his estimation, had helped to roll the old chariot along. He, too, paid a generous tribute of admiration to the courage of Mrs. Jarrett. "You thank me and Bramwell Booth," he said, "but neither he nor I has a right to one tithe of the thanks which belong to Rebecca Jarrett. I feel humiliated when I hear your loud plaudits. Those around me deserve them, but I have not done anything compared with the sacrifice of that poor woman, who, at the risk of her own soul, went back into her old haunts of infamy for the purpose you know of. Then you have Mr. Jacques, who has been as anxious to serve the cause as any one, and who last week had been on the Continent tracing English girls who have been carried away to houses of evil; and there is also Mrs. Combe, who has been held up before the country as a criminal." "This is probably the last time I shall stand up in London till I stand up in court, and I wish to say to you all, should it go hard with me, and I should be silenced for a time behind the massive walls of Pentonville, remember and pray for me and mine, as I have tried to work for you and yours." These closing words, delivered with some emotion, were received with cheers loud and prolonged, mingled with shouts of "We will," "God bless you!"

THE WAITING ATTITUDE.

By the Right Rev. Maurice Baldwin, D.D.,
Bishop of Huron.

FROM AN ADDRESS DELIVERED AT THE PROPHETIC CONFERENCE AT NIAGARA.*

JUST in proportion as we expect our Lord's coming and look for that coming do we grow in divine life. In the third chapter of the Second Epistle to the Corinthians, eighteenth verse, the apostle says: "We all, with open face beholding as in a glass the glory of the Lord, are changed into the same image from glory to glory, even as by the spirit of the Lord." Now I gather that however difficult this passage may be, and however many interpretations may have been given as to its proper meaning, that it simply teaches us that the view of Christ transfigures us. There is elevating power in the study of the coming of the Lord. None of us deny for one moment that people have taken up unscriptural ground on the subject, that people have run into wild excess, and have brought the subject in the eyes of many into discredit, but the truth is here. It is before us, and just as we keep Christ before us and His coming glory do we ourselves become changed into the likeness of His image, so that if He tarries, and we have fallen asleep, we shall awake satisfied with His likeness. We shall see Him when this corruptible shall have been exchanged for the incorruptible, and this mortal shall be changed into the immortal, and we know not what we shall be, but we know that when He shall appear we shall be like Him, for we shall see Him as He is.

I might speak, too, of the comfort of this doctrine. We are sometimes called to comfort those who mourn, and I think that so often, whilst people comfort the mourner with whatever doctrine they have at their command, they fail to see the mode in which the Apostle Paul would comfort those that weep the loss of friends. So often people get no further than the language of David when he said the child could not come to him, but he could go to the child. True, but

we go to the house of mourning with the apostle and say—at least we try to say—that there is strong consolation that that body which represents the home of a sleeping saint is just laid—perchance for a little while—to rest there, perhaps only a day, a week, a month, a year, and then Christ shall come, and the dead in Christ shall rise first. We point them to the fact that the believer's falling asleep is, as it were, momentary; that that body is precious to God; that it has been redeemed as well as the soul; that the Lord knows its resting-place, and that He shall call it forth again, purified, beautified, and made meet for the eternal home.

"Comfort one another with these words." Tell them that the night is far spent and that the day is at hand. In the day of mourning people are told to bear their sorrows, and it is most proper and most true; but there is this further to be said, that while we do bear our sorrow, and whilst we mourn, it is not of those who have no hope; that we know it is only for a little while. If I am called to go to the bedside, and afterward to follow to the grave one who has sunk without hope, what can I say? I say, I know he shall rise, but I know not when the Lord knoweth. There is a darkness and a gloom, but that darkness and that gloom do not rest on the believer's hope—it is bright. It is "the Lord shall come again."

In the Second Epistle to Timothy, fourth chapter and eighth verse, we read: "Henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous Judge, shall give me at that day; and not to me only; but unto all them also that love His appearing." Have you ever thought that that crown is for all who love His appearing? It is for those who are looking for it. The Greek verb signifies the waiting for His coming. That crown is not spoken of as being given to those who have achieved great results, not even to those that even the Church have thought the most worthy; but to those who love His appearing; to those who through good and evil report have waited, and with the cry: "Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly."

THE GIFTS.

In First Corinthians, first chapter and seventh verse, is a remarkable statement. The apostle says that they, the Corinthians, come behind in no gift, waiting for the coming of the "Lord Jesus Christ." In other words, that just as they waited they were endowed with the various gifts of the Holy Ghost. Now, just as the Gospel of Christ is proclaimed with the Holy Ghost is with power, and the men who, anterior to Christ's first advent, proclaimed that Christ would come, were men of power. They were the great and mighty of Israel—the men who like Isaiah and Jeremiah, Ezekiel, Daniel, and the minor prophets, lifted up their voices, and said that Messiah cometh. They were men of power having the gifts of the Holy Ghost. Now, then, we come to our day, and I gather that the apostle's teaching is this: that the men who to-day proclaim the second advent shall have the especial *charisma* which belong to the Church of Christ—that, in other words, the Holy Ghost will endow with special powers those that boldly, fearlessly, and emphatically make known the hope of the Church in the speedy coming of Christ.

Those true servants in Corinth came behind in no gift. I might expatiate on the subject, but I will only say that these gifts of the Holy Ghost were to dwell in the Church, and just as this truth of the Second Advent is brought forward the servant of Christ may expect power.

Let us, therefore, live very near to our Divine Master in abiding, holy, blessed union; for "he that abideth in me, and I in him, the same bringeth forth much fruit." Christ in me bringeth forth much fruit, and the whole effect of this blessed doctrine is to bring us into closer personal union with Jesus Christ. It is that we may die and He live. Oh, that we may learn more and more the power of our daily death and His daily life!

It will lead us to be more earnest in the re-

* A full report of the proceedings of this conference is published by S. K. Briggs' Tract Depository, Toronto, Canada.

mation of those that have wandered away; I will make us more in earnest in trying to win lost and erring souls to the Lord Jesus; it will make us preach with more fervor, more earnestness, the Gospel of love to sinners; it will make us feel as Frances Ridley Havergal did she felt, that sainted woman who fell asleep recently: "I try to see my Lord in every person I meet, and I try to minister to every one, that I may minister in every one to my Lord and Master, Jesus Christ."

And, dear fellow Christians, let this Lord dwell richly in you. Let Him be the Alpha and He the Omega. Let Him come with many crowns on His head into your heart, and let Him sit on the throne, and you lie low at His feet. Let Him speak, and do you obey, and just as you dwell in this attitude you will find His yoke easy and His burden is light, and you will get it each day to pray for His blessed coming.

NOTES OF A SECOND ADVENT LECTURE TOUR.

By Rev. M. Baxter.*

LETTER II.*

OTTAWA, the political capital of the Dominion of Canada, contains about 20,000 inhabitants, half English and half French Canadians. Having been the scene of some great fires, its principal part is newly built. A horse-car line runs through its zigzag length, which is the best part of a mile. Its Parliament Houses are magnificent pile of buildings in the form of three sides of a quadrangle. The new Canadian Pacific Railway runs most commodious first and second-class carriages from *Toronto* to *Ottawa*, nearly three hundred miles, in ten hours. The fares, as usual in America, are three cents first, and two cents second-class. There are excellent hotels here, as in most of the towns in Canada, at \$1.50 or \$2 a day.

I had good audiences on Sunday, October 8th, three times in the Opera House, which was 20, and the collections amounted to \$30. On two evenings in the ensuing week considerable numbers assembled in the Presbyterian Church in *Peterborough* to hear what I had to say respecting the prophetic events accompanying Christ's speedy advent. The Rev. Mr. Torrance, premillennial believer, kindly gave the use of the church, which is a large and handsome one, and opened the meetings with prayer. He was with Mr. Moody in the north of Scotland in 1875.

Peterborough, containing 8000 inhabitants, is on the Canadian Pacific Railway, between *Ottawa* and *Toronto*. It is a busy junction for three railways, and from the hotel I stayed at the omnibus made thirty-six journeys every day to and from the various trains, between 4 A.M. and 11 P.M. The omnibus conductor of most Canadian hotels raises inside them a peculiar yell, like a Punch and Judy man, that can be heard in every room, just before going to each train. It is a mystery how small towns like *Peterborough* can support three daily two-cent newspapers. Its namesake, *Peterborough*, in England, has not one daily paper, though it contains double the population.

Toronto, "the Queen City of the West," contains 120,000 population and has the largest Protestant population of any city in Canada. It is a beautifully built city, on the edge of Lake Ontario, and has plenty of churches and public buildings of every description. Its principal streets are King Street, running parallel with the side of the lake, and Yonge Street, running at right angles to it. On fine afternoons both streets are a fashionable promenade, and the general aspect of the shops and passers-by is the same as in English towns of the same size.

I met in *Toronto* Bishop Maclean, of *Saskatchewan*, whom I was acquainted with twenty years ago, and who, like Bishop Baldwin, of *Huron*, and Bishop Bond, of *Montreal*, believes in the speedy second advent of Christ. The re-

cent rebellion of half-breeds and Indians, headed by Riel, was in his diocese in the northwest of Canada. He doubts whether they may not be troublesome again. He told me that the Christianized Indians did not join in the rebellion. During the past summer he traversed one hundred miles of the northwest, and found a tribe of Indians in the East entirely Christians, owing their conversion to the Church Missionary Society. He confirmed two hundred and thirty-three Indians while on his visit, and they went miles to hear him, and took him wherever he wished. Bands of Christian Indians west of Prince Albert had remained perfectly loyal, though urged strongly by Riel to join the rebel camp. They said they would leave their homes first, and in some instances had done so, and refused to rebel. Around *Battleford* there were but few Christian Indians, as the mission had been disorganized, and these facts proved that in proportion to Christianity, so had their loyalty been. The Indian mission work had been carried on by funds from England.

In *Hamilton*, C. W., open-air meetings are freely allowed. In the principal street, King Street, which is about fifty yards wide, Hamilton's Wizard Oil Company have attracted hundreds of people around them every week evening from 8 P.M. to 9.30 P.M. for two months.

A spiritualist called on me at *Hamilton* with a manuscript book full of communications from the spirits through a medium. They consisted chiefly of repeated predictions that the Fenians, Romanists, and Socialists in America are going to conspire together for a general revolution to establish a socialist or communist republic. The spirits that control these parties are likely enough to know what they intend doing. It is certain that the tradesunions and labor organizations in America are becoming more powerful every year. They command workmen to strike, whenever considered necessary, and they support the strikers. If they can secure sufficient unanimity among workmen they can dictate their own terms for wages to all great industries, such as factories, mills, railways, and other commercial companies. Unfortunately, past history shows that in great social revolutions the moderate leaders soon get pushed aside, and reckless, violent, unscrupulous demagogues take the lead. A powerful labor organization has been holding its convention at *Hamilton* for a fortnight. Among many other demands, it urges that the same wages shall be paid for eight hours that are now given for nine or ten hours' work. Many signs show that there will be a great social revolution in America before long.

After speaking for two week evenings in Larkin's Hall, *Hamilton*, I arrived, after three hours' journey, at *London*, C. W., which has increased from 15,000 to 25,000 population in the last twenty years. Like *Hamilton*, it is a prosperous, well-built city, with excellent Young Men's Christian Association rooms, and plenty of churches. The climate here is warmer than at *Ottawa*, *Kingston*, *Montreal*, and other places in Canada East. It is the best neighborhood for farmers, as the winter season is not so long. I learned from agriculturists that in Canada West a man may live well on a \$6000 farm (£1200), and have \$250 saved up by the end of the year. He was required to pay down half, and the rest could be raised on mortgage. A farmer and his family could, however, exist on a farm half the size, in which case he would only need \$1500 capital. There are always advertisements of good farms for sale in the Canadian, *London*, and *Hamilton*, and especially the *Toronto* newspapers.

The depression of trade and agriculture that exists in Britain is unknown in Canada. Trade

* Mr. Baxter is right; the selfishness, cupidity, and cruelty of the employers, especially the great monopolies, is rapidly driving workmen to choose between starvation and revolt. The socialists find ready dupes in men who see their wives and children starving while the capitalists grow rich.—Ed.

† The rent for Mr. Larkin's hall is \$5 a night for religious meetings and \$20 for other meetings. The Central Hall is \$3 a night. The collection at a free-admission religious lecture on a week evening will seldom be more than \$5.

never was more flourishing than in all the above-mentioned towns of Canada West, and the farmers are doing well. *Free Trade* is abhorred, and protection for native industries is the cry, so that mills for paper, cotton, carpet, woolen, and other manufactures are carried on profitably, whereas they would be undersold and have to be closed if the same goods were admitted duty free from the United States or other countries.

In *London*, C. W., I had the Opera House, seating twelve hundred people, well filled, morning, afternoon, and evening on two Sundays, October 4th and 11th. The hire of the building is \$25 each Sunday, and the collection was about double that amount; but ample announcement was given by advertisements in the daily papers and two hundred posters and four thousand handbills, which are called in Canada "doggers." Sufficient attention was attracted to the subject to cause the Rev. Mr. Hunter, of the First Congregational Church, to advertise as his subject for the next Sunday evening, "Mr. Baxter and 1896."

At *Guelph* (10,000 population) I had a good assemblage in the City Hall, and also in Berlin City Hall (6000 population), but a poor one in the City Hall at *Stratford* (9000 population), though the same announcement was given at each place by one hundred posters and three thousand handbills. I was then at *Paris* (3500 population), a beautifully situated town on a river. It has several hundred young women working in its cotton and woolen factories, receiving from \$3.50 to \$7 a week. Its Town Hall is only \$2 a night, but is situated on the outskirts of the town on the top of a hill. *Dundas* (4000 population) also has factories, but is no larger than when I was there twenty-two years ago.

My best week-day audiences were for two evenings at *Brentford* (12,000 population), in the Opera House.* Like many of these small towns in Canada, it has two daily newspapers and two or three large hotels, and does an active business with the surrounding country district. Kerby House Hotel here, containing one hundred rooms, was built by a speculator at a cost of \$150,000, and sold by him for \$13,000 to Mr. Palmer, the present proprietor, who is managing it successfully. I spoke for one evening at *Onondaga*, close by, where I resided as clergyman over the Church of England in that place for several months in 1861. Death has removed nearly all the old attendants at the church during the subsequent quarter of a century, and the village has declined from 500 to 300 inhabitants.

The pestilence of small-pox, which has been raging among the 200,000 inhabitants of *Montreal*, has gradually increased during the last five months, until it has killed twelve hundred during the first eighteen days of October—i.e., about seventy each day. Travellers from *Montreal* are constantly taking the contagion to other towns in Canada and the United States, so that doctors are now placed at the railway stations to compel the vaccination of all unvaccinated travellers from Canada into the United States. The French Canadian Papists in *Montreal* refuse to be vaccinated, hence the spread of the epidemic. Even riots have been raised by the Roman Catholics against doctors and remedies for small-pox in *Montreal*, the same as against doctors and remedies for cholera in Spain.

The Rev. Dr. Wild, of *Toronto*, who has a congregation of twenty-five hundred persons every Sunday, and who is a great Anglo-Israelite believer in the English being the descendants of the lost ten tribes of Israel, tells me that Mr. Hine, the author of "Twenty-Seven Identifications," is coming to Canada to lecture. Unless he can afford to give free-admission lectures and advertise them well, it is doubtful whether he will get many to hear him; but every voice is valuable that helps to raise the midnight cry, "Behold the Bridegroom cometh; go ye forth to meet Him" (Matthew 25).

* The first letter appeared October 15th.

* The City Hall at *Guelph* is \$10, and *Stratford* \$10, and *Berlin* \$5, and *Dundas* \$4 a night, and *Brentford* \$10.

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The Gratitude of Our Friends who are Receiving THE CHRISTIAN HERALD during the closing three months of this year, under the arrangement announced a few weeks ago, is due, not to us, but to those who have paid the three months' subscription for them. It is pleasant to learn that the paper is appreciated and that it is doing good, but we ought not to accept thanks due to other people. A practical way of manifesting the gratitude expressed will be to send us next month a subscription for the year 1886. That testimony would be gratifying both to the personal friends of the subscribers and to those who are praying and working for the usefulness of this journal.

CURRENT EVENTS.

The Result of the Elections which Took place on Tuesday last is not known at the time THE CHRISTIAN HERALD is obliged to go to press in order to reach subscribers in distant States punctually. We can but hope that the best men may have been elected. It is impossible that every one can be satisfied with the result, but those who have been disappointed may safely console themselves with the thought that the men elected are not worse, but probably a great deal better, than they have been painted during the past few weeks. They deserve a fair trial, and to have their conduct judged impartially, and not in the light of prejudice. The mud that has been flying around lately should not be flung on those whom the votes of the people have placed in positions of honor and responsibility.

The President has Declined to Receive Office-seekers or their advocates for the future. A notice issued last week informs all whom it may concern that persons desiring to see him on strictly public business unconnected with the offices will be received on Monday, Wednesday, and Friday mornings; and on the afternoons of the same days he will meet those who call to pay their respects. He says that for nearly eight months a large share of his time has been devoted to the hearing of applications for office and the determination of appointments. Much of the time thus spent has undoubtedly subserved the public good; some of it has been sacrificed to the indulgence of people in their natural insistence upon useless interviews, and some of it has been unjustifiably wasted. The public welfare and a due regard for the claims of those whose interest in the Government are entirely disconnected with office-holding imperatively demand that in the future the time of the President should be differently occupied, and he confidently expects that all good citizens will acquiesce in the propriety and reasonableness of the new plan. It looks as if the President's patience was exhausted.

The Hon. L. D. Thomas Resigned Last Week his place on the Civil Service Commission. He is the last of the commissioners appointed by President Arthur. It appears that he tendered his resignation several months ago, but at the request of President Cleveland he continued his services until now. In the course of his letter of resignation he said: "While thus asking re-

lease from so honorable a trust, I desire to record my gratification of the proved practicability and remedial effectiveness of the reform procedure.

It has been my pleasure within the last two months to visit quite a number of the States and Territories of the Union, and it was my good fortune to meet with many of their citizens. It is gratifying to know that the people confide in the unequivocal intention of the President to sustain the merit system in the civil service. With the precise details of the new procedure their acquaintance was not so intimate. To this they are fast succeeding, and the result will be cordial approval." The President's reply was courteous and appreciative. He said: "I congratulate you upon the fact that in the office which you relinquish you have been able, by sincere and earnest work and by a steady devotion to the cause which you have had in charge, to do so much in the interest of good government and improved political methods." The ridicule cast upon Civil Service Reform during this campaign should not deceive the public. It is a great issue, and it has come to stay.

Ferdinand Ward, of the Late Firm of Grant & Ward, was sentenced on Saturday last to State's prison for a term of ten years, with hard labor. The evidence and the speeches of counsel occupied Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday of last week. The case was given to the jury, and they retired to consider their verdict at half past seven on Wednesday night. At midnight they returned and announced that they had found the prisoner guilty. Sentence was deferred until Saturday to give the defence time to move for a new trial. The principal witness against Ward was James D. Fish, the ex-President of the Marine Bank, who is also serving a term of ten years in State's prison for wrecking that bank. He testified that he directed the certification of Ward's cheque for \$71,800 on receiving an assurance from Ward that a cheque of Ward's for \$75,000 on the First National Bank, which was held by the Marine Bank, would be duly paid on presentation. That is to say, that he obtained the certification by false pretences, as at that time his balance at the First National Bank was below \$300. This was the specific charge selected for trial by counsel for the people from among many others that have been brought against Ward. No light was shed at the trial on the interesting question of what became of the vast sums which disappeared in the Grant & Ward business. It does not appear that Ward secured much for himself. It is suspected that the ill-gotten plunder was shared by several persons who are yet to be tried, and it may be hoped that Ward will assist in bringing the guilty men who used him as their tool to justice, even if it is impossible to make them disgorge. There are several wealthy men in Wall Street who deserve to be in the Penitentiary, and if they can be sent there the public will enjoy greater financial safety.

The Death of General George B. McClellan, at his home at Orange, N. J., on Thursday last, removes another conspicuous figure associated with the war. He was in his usual health until three days before he died, and even the day before, his physician did not consider the symptoms of heart disease, which had developed, an indication of immediate danger. He was considered better on Wednesday, but a sudden relapse occurred late in the day, and early on Thursday morning he died. He was fifty-nine years old, having been born at Philadelphia on December 30, 1826. Probably no name among the generals of the war excites, even at this day, so wide a divergence in public opinion as his does. The vicissitudes of his career were remarkable. On August 20th, 1861, the whole North went wild with enthusiasm over his appointment to the supreme command of the Union armies; ten months later his retirement was made necessary by popular denunciation. Two years later he was the candidate of his party for the presidency in opposition to President Lincoln, and the public passions for and against him were in-

flamed to the highest pitch. Again in 1877 was before the public as a candidate for the Governorship of New Jersey. He was elected and held the office until 1881. He was personally beloved by a multitude of friends, and even his enemies could not deny that his was a lot and noble character. Whether those months' inaction, and his failure to follow up his successes, were necessary, is a matter still in dispute. It is certain, however, that the work of organization he performed contributed materially to the ultimate success of the Union armies. Dr. Talmage, who knew him personally, paid a high tribute to his Christian character in his Friday evening talk, as "an open friend of Christ and a communicant of the Presbyterian Church."

The Deaths from Small-Pox in Montreal on Friday, October 30th, were 38 in the city and 13 in the suburbs. This makes a mortality of 13 in the week among the Catholics alone in the city of 273; Cote St. Louis, 38; St. Jean Baptist 13; St. Cuneogone, 20; St. Henri, 7; Cote St. Paul, 1; St. Gabriel, 1, and St. Charles, 1. Total for the week, 354, being an increase of 31 over the previous week. If the city alone the increase was only 20. A young man who returned from Montreal about a fortnight since his father's residence at St. Joseph de Levis has been taken with small-pox. Great alarm prevails in consequence on the Levis side of the river.

The Trial of Mr. Stead and the Other Defendants in the Armstrong case was continued from day to day last week. The bias of the judge in favor of the prosecution, was evinced on several occasions. Mr. Stead's speech in his own defence is described as a masterly analysis of the case. On Friday the judge who is trying the case, Mr. Justice Lopes, replying to a question from the jury as to when the case would end, said they might as well ask the date of the Day of Judgment. Though the allusion was somewhat flippant, it is encouraging to infer from it that Mr. Lopes has not forgotten that there will be a Day of Judgment, though he does not know the date.

The Hope that the International Conference will solve the Bulgarian difficulty appears to be abandoned by the European courts. The plenipotentiaries will meet, but their instructions will render them powerless to agree unless some of them can in the course of the discussion hit upon a compromise satisfactory to all parties. If the Conference fails the whole question will be relegated to Turkey. The European press correspondents say that the probabilities are that Turkey, unless driven by self-defence to fight the rebellious States, will remain inactive and allow the Balkan mine to continue being charged with political dynamite until the inevitable explosion rends Europe.

The Declaration that Home Rule for Ireland has been accepted as a principle by Mr. Chamberlain and the Radicals has aroused curiosity as to the details of their scheme. No formal statement of their conception of the idea of Irish self-rule has been formulated, but the Irish correspondent of the New York Herald cables to that journal last week the views of a prominent Nationalist leader who is an intimate friend of Mr. Parnell. That politician said: "What we want is to have the power in our own country to make the laws which affect the Irish people alone. We do not ask for that power as an independent nation. We do not want an army or navy, nor do we wish to exercise the power outside of our own country. What we want is to rule Ireland as Canada and Australia rule themselves, remaining side by side with the empire." It is probable that on that basis an agreement may be reached. The chief difficulty will arise on the question whether Ireland may regulate her own tariff.

Wanted as Evangelists at Mission Stations of the Gospel Army in Canada and America, men or women who can sing or give gospel addresses. Write to the President, Rev. M. Baxter, Post Office, Toronto, Canada.

Mrs. Baxter is Holding Meetings at Nashville, Tenn., from November 4th to November 11th. Thence she will proceed to Baltimore, Md., to assist in Dr. Cullis's Convention on Holiness and Divine Healing, which commences November 12th, in the Madison Avenue Methodist Episcopal Church. Miss Carrie F. Judd, of Buffalo, and the Revs. John Cookman, D.D., and A. B. Simpson, of New York, are also expected to attend the Convention. Similar conventions are announced to be held at Pittsburgh, Pa., commencing November 18th, and at Chicago on November 24th. A brief sketch of the convention at Buffalo, N. Y., last week, appears on page 709.

A Union Christian Convention was Held last week at Newburg, N. Y., conducted by Messrs. Moody and Sankey. It is stated that fully three thousand persons were present at each of the services. On Saturday Rev. W. M. Hay Aitken, who has been conducting a mission at St. George's Church, assisted in the proceedings of the Convention. Mr. George C. Stebbins conducted the choir of two hundred and forty voices. Overflow meetings were held at the First Presbyterian Church when the Columbia Rink, in which the chief meetings were held, was crowded.

Mr. William Noble, the Gospel Temperance evangelist, is holding meetings at Chelsea, Mass., which are crowded nightly. On November 22d he has arranged to commence a fourteen-days' mission at Louisville, Ky., under the auspices of the Women's Christian Temperance Union, in which the ministers of the city will co-operate. Last week he assisted at the Convention of the N. W. C. T. U., which was held in Philadelphia. At the conclusion of his address an intoxicated Englishman, who said he was a physician, sent a note to Miss Frances E. Willard, who presided, asking her to request the delegates to pray for him, as he was in despair, and was contemplating suicide. *A letter from Mr. Samuel Morley* has been received, heartily commending Mr. Noble to the good will of American Christians. Mr. Morley says: "He has the best wishes of those who have known his work in London. His efforts on behalf of gospel temperance have been of exceeding value. His gift of ready speech and religious earnestness have many times stirred and stimulated large audiences with the best results." Letters for him addressed to this office will be forwarded.

A Reception to Archdeacon Farrar was Tendered on October 29th by the National Temperance Society and the Church Temperance Society acting in concert. Among the gentlemen on the platform were Mr. John B. Gough, who said he came two hundred miles on purpose to attend the meeting, Cyrus W. Field, General Clinton B. Fisk, Chief-Justice Noah Davis, and Dr. Howard Crosby. Dr. Theodore Cuyler pronounced the address of welcome, assuring the distinguished guest that "the generous regard he has ever shown for our country, as well as his noble services for humanity, have already given him, while living, a wider Westminster Abbey in the great American heart." Archdeacon Farrar said he was convinced that the use of alcohol was not a necessity. Nations had lived and flourished without it, but the field of history, from the disgraceful scene of the patriarch in his tent down to the newspaper annals of to-day, proved it to be a curse interminable in its malignity. Dr. Farrar said he was present in the House of Commons when Gladstone declared that the evils wrought by intoxicating drink were more continuous than the three great historic scourges—war, famine, and pestilence—combined. The utterance was not original with Gladstone, but with a brewer in the House of Commons, who knew what he was talking about; but Gladstone had accepted and indorsed it. It was discouraging, the speaker said, that with all the effort that had been made, the temperance people seemed to be as far as ever from efficacious legislation, so great was the power of a callous public selfishness and the

resistance of interested wealth. But when the people once rose in their might to speak, it would be in a voice that must be listened to. Judge Noah Davis said that in New York the fault was not with the excise laws, but with the commissioners who failed to enforce them.

A Chinese Lady Missionary will Shortly Proceed to her native land to engage in Christian work. It is announced that Miss Kin Yai Mo, M.D., a Chinese lady of twenty-one, has this year graduated at the head of her class in the New York Woman's Medical College. Her father was a Presbyterian convert and mission minister, and she has been carefully educated for mission work.

A Telegraph Operator's Sleep Having Been the cause of a recent railroad accident, the subject of automatic signals has attracted renewed attention. A correspondent of a New York daily journal, in strongly urging the adoption of an automatic signal system, describes a series of experiments which he witnessed a short time ago at Syracuse, N. Y. The automatic signal he saw notified the engineer of a train coming toward a given section, whether there was a train on that section, whether there was a switch open on that section, and, still more, it also notified any one about to cross the railroad on the country road where the exhibition was made whether there was a train coming. Should such a system come into operation, it would fail of its purpose unless engineers and people having to cross the track understood the signals and knew what each was intended to indicate. As their own safety would depend on this knowledge, it is probable they would be at some pains to acquire it. A similar effort should be made at this time to understand the import of current events. In the prophecies of the Old and New Testaments certain occurrences were described as being premonitory of the close of this dispensation. These events are now occurring, and though many of the Lord's watchmen sleep, every one should understand and take warning (Matt. 24 : 33).

An Obstinate Englishman in a New York jail was referred to by Judge Arnoux in court last week. The judge said that in Ludlow Street Prison was a wealthy Englishman who has been there for seven years. He was formerly a captain in the British Army, but before the war he was a prosperous planter in the South. His cotton was destroyed by the Union troops, and when the British-American Claims Commission sat he presented a claim for two million dollars. He was awarded \$297,000. His lawyers claimed one quarter of that sum for their services. The Englishman, thinking the charge exorbitant, refused to pay, and they sued him for it. The court ordered him to pay one half of the award into court to await the issue of the suit, but he refused to do that, and was sent to jail for contempt of court. There he has remained ever since. Judge Arnoux said that he had a good defence, and if he would submit to the court and purge himself of his contempt he might be released. He, however, continues obstinate, and is still in prison. As the court is little likely to humble itself to the prisoner, and the prisoner is too stubborn to humble himself to the court, the prospect of his release is gloomy. Sensible men regard such obstinacy as madness, but it is very common in spiritual matters, where the consequences are infinitely more serious. Christ explicitly charged the impatient with this sin (John 5 : 40).

A Romantic Marriage Took Place in Brooklyn, N. Y., last week. The essential facts in connection with it are taken from a detailed statement communicated to the press by the family lawyer, who is well known in the city. In the summer of 1885 a wealthy widow lady residing in Brooklyn died and left an eccentric will. She bequeathed the whole of her property, valued at \$80,000, in trust to her young companion, a charming French lady, who, some years before, had answered her advertisement for a reader and pianist. The young lady was, en-

joined to search for the testator's only son, who ran away from home in 1871. It was the widow's wish that if the son could be found he and the young French lady should marry and divide her estate equally. If either of the two refused to marry, the party refusing was to have one fourth of the estate, and the other party the remaining three fourths. The search for the runaway, which the widow had prosecuted without success, was resumed, and this summer he was discovered in Mexico. He returned to Brooklyn six weeks ago, but the nature of his mother's will was concealed from him. The lawyer, however, introduced him to the French lady, who was a total stranger to him. They became attached to each other, and before the young man was informed of his mother's arrangement he asked her to marry him. Then he learned that he was unconsciously fulfilling his mother's wishes. As he was an undutiful son, it is possible that unconscious obedience was the only kind of obedience he would render. God has often made use of ungodly men as instruments to carry out His purposes. They do His will while they imagine they are following their own volition (Isa. 10 : 6, 7).

A Negro's Forgotten Note Caused Him a severe disappointment at Newman, Ga., recently. An old colored man was seen entering the town with a dilapidated wagon containing five bales of cotton, on which his wife was seated with her knitting. His business was to sell the cotton, and with the proceeds buy clothing and provisions for the season. During the past year the old man had been living upon goods purchased on credit, for which he had given his note for \$200. Seven and a half cents was the best offer the old man received for some time, but at length a young man came up and offered him eight cents, which offer the negro gladly accepted. His wife went off to a millinery store to buy her outfit, and the two men went to have the cotton weighed and figured up. The account came to \$195, and the old man held out his hand for the money. Instead of the currency he expected, his own note for \$200 was produced, with a request for the \$5 to balance. His disappointment was painful to witness. He shed tears, and it required no little talking to convince him that he was not entitled to any recompense for his year's hard work beside "that bit o' paper." The same mistake is made by people who think to put themselves right with God by reforming their lives and turning over a new leaf. It is only when they see the sins of the past blotted out by the blood of Jesus that they enter into peace and safety (Heb. 9 : 14).

A Clergyman in a Horse-Car Received an equivocal compliment recently from one of the passengers. Dr. Howard Crosby, the earnest worker in the cause of virtue in New York, says that a few days ago he boarded a Fourth Avenue car with two ladies. A drunken man entered shortly afterward, and became boisterous. The two men between whom the toper seated himself reproved him, swore at him, and threatened to throw him off the car. That treatment did not improve the drunkard's temper, and the prospect of a lively disturbance was promising. Dr. Crosby motioned to the men to cease tantalizing the fellow, and went and sat by him himself, talking kindly to him. The drunkard became calm under the doctor's influence, and travelled for a mile without causing any annoyance. He had reached his destination by that time, and wanted to get off. The clergyman signalled the conductor, the car stopped, and the man rose. He stood glaring for a moment at his tormentors, and then putting his hand on the clergyman's shoulder, he said, patronizingly: "You sh a good feller, you ish. Guess you know how 'tish yourself." The left-handed compliment raised a general laugh at Dr. Crosby's expense, which he bore with his usual good-humor. Unjust as the drunken man's inference was in this case, it was not unnatural. The fallen are generally more sure of sympathy from those who, if they have not fallen themselves, know the power of temptation (Heb. 4 : 15).

FIRST THINGS FIRST.

An Address by C. H. Spurgeon,

DELIVERED AT THE MONTHLY MEETING OF THE LONDON BANKS' PRAYER UNION, THE RIGHT HON. THE LORD MAYOR, M.P., IN THE CHAIR.

Hap-Hazard Lives—The Relation of Religion to Life—What Religion is—Warning against Anxiety—It is Needless—Useless—Heathenish—A Wise Anxiety—The Kingdom of God—A Shipwrecked Mother's Telegram—Seeking Righteousness—The Religion for Amusements—The Order of Life—Religion First—In Order of Time—In Preference—A Cant Phrase—In Intensity—The Result Promised—A Life Saved by a Broken Leg—A Man Self-Buried.

MY LORD MAYOR AND GENTLEMEN: I was asked to give an address to the members of the Banks' Prayer Union, and to others occupied in banking; but I beg to warn you all that an address from me is very like a sermon. I am so in the habit of preaching that almost of necessity my talk drops into sermon form. I have heard a story of a painter of sign-boards in Harp Alley in the olden times which illustrates the force of habit. An innkeeper selected an angel as the sign of his house, and asked this knight of the brush to produce one; but the painter replied, "You had better have a lion. I have been painting lions so long that they are more in my line than angels." Mine host answered that there were three or four lions of different colors in the street already, and that he must have an angel. "Well," said our artist, "if you must have an angel, you shall have an angel; but it will be dreadfully like a lion." Thus it comes to pass that when I am compelled to give an address it is extremely like a sermon. I pray you have patience with me, now that I have confessed my weakness.

A MAP OF LIFE.

Possibly I address myself to some who have hitherto lived at hap-hazard, and if so, I invite them to a more hopeful method of living. To have a great many aims and objects is much the same thing as having no aim at all for if a man shoots at many things he will hit none, or none worth the hitting. It is a grand thing to know what we are living for, and to live for a worthy object with the undivided energy of our being. Shall we, when the end comes, have made a success of life? Has our object been a right one, and has it been wisely pursued? Are the results of our conduct such as we shall wish them to have been when the conflict of this mortal life is over? These questions deserve consideration at once.

Another question arises out of them—*What position should religion occupy in reference to a man's life?* That is a question which naturally arises in the arranging of life; for, whatever we choose to think of it, there is such a thing as religion in the world, and there is within us some yearning after spiritual things. What position should religion occupy in your life and mine? The answer must depend very much upon another question—What is religion, and what does religion itself demand? What are the requirements of the great God, and of the soul, and of eternity? This question has suggested to me the text upon which I shall speak this afternoon:

"Seek ye first the kingdom of God, and His righteousness; and all these things shall be added unto you."—Matthew 6:33.

I shall not trespass beyond the appointed time. However prosy I may be during the time allotted to me, I shall stop when the hour is complete. Here is an account of

WHAT TRUE RELIGION IS.

According to the words of Christ Jesus our Lord, it is "the kingdom of God and His righteousness." Just now I read to you a portion of Scripture, Matthew 6:24-34; and I read it to you that you might note that our text occurs in the midst of a warning against undue anxiety. Undue anxiety is very common among city men, and it is not rare anywhere. Certain of us are nervous, timid, doubtful, and prone to

fear. As to the sun, they observe with pleasing despondency that he has spots. His light they hardly notice, but they do note upon his spots with amiable horror. Minds of this sort

find poisons in trees, deaths in the running brooks, Digres in stones, and ill in everything.

I suppose they cannot help it; yet Christian men *must* help it; for the Lord's precept is plain and binding: "Be not therefore anxious."

Fretful anxiety is forbidden to the Christian. In the first place, it is needless. "Behold the fowls of the air," said Christ: "they sow not, neither do they reap, nor gather into barns; yet yet your heavenly Father feedeth them. Are ye not much better than they?" If you have a Father in heaven to care for you, are you not put to shame by every little bird that sits upon the bough and sings, though it has not two grains of barley in all the world? God takes charge of the fowls of the air, and thus they live exempt from care; why do not we?

FOOLISH ANXIETY.

Our Lord also taught that such anxiety is useless as well as needless; for, with all our care, we cannot add a cubit to our stature. Can we do anything else by fretful care? What if the farmer deplores that there is no rain? Do his fears unstop the bottles of heaven? Or if the merchant sighs because the wind detains his laden ship, will his complainings turn the gale to another quarter? We do not better ourselves a bit by all our fret and fume. It were infinitely wiser to do our best, and then cast our care upon our God. Prudence is wisdom, for it adapts means to ends; but anxiety is folly, for it groans and worries, and accomplishes nothing.

Besides, according to our Saviour, anxiety about carnal things is heathenish: "After all these things do the Gentiles seek." They have no God and no providence, and therefore they try to be a providence to themselves. I was going through these streets one day, driven by a friend in a four-wheeled chair, and he, being a good driver, must needs drive into narrow places, where it seemed to me that we should be crushed by the vans and omnibuses. I shrank back, in my timidity, and expressed my unwise alarms so freely that, with a smile he laid the reins in my hand, and said: "If you cannot restrain, would you like to drive yourself?" From that ambition I was wholly free, and I assured him that he might drive as he liked rather than make me the chauffeur. Surely, the great God might well put the same proposal to those who are complaining of his providence. If we cannot trust *Him*, could we manage better ourselves?

WISE ANXIETY.

It is plain that within us there is a propensity to be anxious. Can we not utilize it? Can we not turn it to account? I think so. Some are naturally thoughtful and careful; can they not transform this tendency into a benefit? We have a tendency to be anxious. Very well, let us be anxious; but let our anxiety run in the right direction. Here is a mental heat; let us apply it to some useful purpose. Our text sets before us the true sphere of Christian carefulness: "Seek ye first the kingdom of God, and His righteousness." Seek *that* with all your care; seek *that* with all your energy. Be anxious about *that*. Let your whole mind run in that direction with eagerness and thought. You cannot be too careful or too energetic when God and righteousness are concerned.

In our text there is a description of true religion; what is it? "*The kingdom of God.*" God has a kingdom in this world, but it is too much neglected and forgotten of men. The first thing to be done by us is to enter that kingdom. We can only enter into this kingdom of God by being born again of His Spirit; for "except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God." In that new birth we learn to submit ourselves to the Lord Jesus Christ, and to find in Him eternal life. Our next business should be to spread that kingdom—to try to bring others under the dominion of Christ. It is a

great joy to the Christian minister to have about him a people who are missionaries in their daily lives. With great joy have I listened to some poor girl who has confessed her faith in Christ, and when has added, very timidly: "There is another girl waiting outside who would like to speak to you." She works with me in a warehouse in the city, and I spoke to her, and she sought Jesus, and I believe she is converted. I fear that many men of position are less diligent in winning souls than the poor workers they employ. Should it be so? He lives most and lives best who is the means of imparting spiritual life to others. May not some of you at the last come to a lonely end from lack of usefulness? We heard not long ago, of the shipwreck from which a mother was washed on shore but found all her children drowned. She telegraphed to her husband two words. The first was very pleasant to his eye: "*Saved.*" The next was full of misery: "*Saved alone.*" Ah! me! would you or I like to have it so—"*Saved alone?*" God forbid. When we reach heaven-gate may we be able to say, "Here am I, and the children that thou hast given me."

This is the meaning of that first given me—"Seek the kingdom of God. The reign of our Lord is to be our main object if we would lead a well-ordered, useful, happy, and honored life.

FROM SARCASM TO PURITY.

Our text has a second word: "Seek first the kingdom of God, and His righteousness," by which I understand the practical part of true religion. By the phrase "His righteousness," I understand that power in the world which is always working, in some form or other, for that which is good, and true, and pure. Everything in this world which is holy, and honest, and of good repute, may count upon the Christian as its friend, for it is a part of God's righteousness. Does drunkenness eat out the very life of our nation? Do you want men of temperance to battle with this evil? The Christian man cries, "Write down my name." If the horrible sin of the period is to be denounced and punished, we may not shrink from the loathsome conflict. Let each man in his own position labor after purity; and, as God shall help us, we may yet sweep these streets of their infamies, and deliver our youth from pollution. Every Christian man should say of every struggle for better things, "I am in it, cost what it may." Hosts of your professors of religion forget to seek God's righteousness, and seem to suppose that their principal business is to save their own souls—poor little souls that they are! Their religion is barely sufficient to fill up the vacuum within their own ribs where their hearts should be. This selfishness is not the religion of Jesus. The selfishness of Jesus is unselfish: it enlists a man as a crusader against everything that is unrighteous. We are

KNIGHTS OF THE RED CROSS,

and our bloodless battles are against all things that degrade our fellowmen, whether they be causes social, political, or religious. We fight for everything that is good, true, and just. True religion is diffusive and extensive in its operations. I see people drawing lines continually, and saying: "So far is religious, and so far is secular." What do you mean? The sphere of Christianity is co-extensive with daily life. I am not to say, "I serve God when I stand in the pulpit," for that might imply that I wished to *serve the devil when my sermon was over*. We are not only to be devout at church, and pious at prayer-meetings, but to be devout, and godly everywhere. Religion must not be like a piece of mediæval armor, to be hung upon the wall, or only worn on state occasions. No; it is a garment for the house, the shop, the bank.

"But," says one, "are we not to have amusements?" Yes, such amusements as you can take in the fear of God. Do whatever Jesus would have done. This is liberty enough for one who aspires to be like Jesus. There is happiness enough in things which are pure and right; and if not, we will not do evil to find more. We find

pleasure enough without hunting for it in the purlieus of sin. It is not slavery that I set before you when I say that we are first of all to seek the kingdom of God, and His righteousness: there is a present recompense which justifies the choice; and as for the eternal future, it pleads for it with voice of thunder.

THE TRUE ORDER.

It is time that I changed the subject and dwelt upon a further theme. Here is an account of the proper position of true religion: "Seek ye first the kingdom of God, and His righteousness." Let the word "first" indicate to you the order of time. True godliness is as good for this life as for the next. If I had to die like a dog I would still wish to be a Christian. Place religion first in the order of time. Begin each week by carefully consecrating the first day to rest and holy worship. Begin each day by giving the dew of the morning to communion with heaven. Begin your married life by seeking the blessing of the great Father, and choosing for a partner one that will agree with you in the fear of God. In opening a new business sanctify the venture with the supplications of godly friends, and in all fresh enterprises be guided of the Lord. If we begin, continue, and end with God, our way will be strewn with blessings.

THE COST.

Seek also the kingdom of God first in order of preference. If it should ever become a choice between God and Mammon, never hesitate. If wealth and righteousness run counter to each other, let the gold perish, but hold thou fast to righteousness. Follow Christ, however dear it cost thee. Blessed is that man who never deliberates, because his mind is made up rather to "suffer affliction with the people of God than to enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season." "Well," cries one, "but, you know, we must live." I am not sure about that. There are occasions when it would be better not to live. An old heraldic motto says, "Better death than false of faith." I am, however, quite clear about another necessity—we must die; and we had better take that "must" into consideration, and not quite so often repeat the cant phrase, "We must live."

Let godliness be first in intensity. It is to be feared that many give their force to their worldly pursuits and their feebleness to their religion. They are "all there" during banking hours; but they are not "all there" at the hour of prayer. Alas! the comparative sizes of the Bible and the ledger are frequently symbolical; a neat little Bible is buried under a huge ledger. I claim for things divine a different place; let that be first which is first; throw your whole soul into the love and service of the Lord. "Is your father a Christian?" said a Sunday-school teacher to a child. The girl answered, "Yes, I believe that father is a Christian, but he has not worked much at it lately." No doubt there are many of that sort. Their religion has taken a holiday, and they themselves have gone up to a sluggard's bed. Let them be aroused, for it is high time to awake out of sleep. Seek the kingdom of God and His righteousness first, by giving to true religion a sovereignty over your lives. The helm by which life is steered should be in the hand of God. To glorify God and promote righteousness should be our master passion. This Aaron's rod should swallow up all other rods. Be first a man of God, after that a banker, or a merchant, or a working-man. Then the secondary character would rise in excellence and nobility.

THE PROMISE.

I may honestly claim five minutes more to complete the hour allotted to this service, and I will spend it by taking account of the promise here made to those who "seek first the kingdom of God, and His righteousness." Does any one demand, "What will become of our business if we place godliness first?" The answer is in the text: "All these things shall be added unto you." A young man beginning life, resolving that he will do everything in the fear of God, and that as God helps him he will do

nothing that is contrary to the mind of the Lord Jesus Christ—shall he prosper? He shall get on so far as this: he shall have bread to eat, and raiment to put on—all that is needful for this life "shall be added to him." They that serve God shall not have to complain of His deserting them. In the reign of Queen Elizabeth a certain merchant of London was desired by Her Majesty to go abroad for her upon affairs of state. He pleaded that his own business would suffer; whereupon Her Majesty replied, "Sir, if you will mind my business I will mind your business." Rest you assured that God will care for you if you make His service your delight.

MR. GILPIN'S BROKEN LEG.

We do not know what is best for us. It is sometimes very much better for us to suffer loss and disappointment than to obtain gain and prosperity. When that eminent servant of God, Mr. Gilpin, was arrested to be brought up to London to be tried for preaching the Gospel, his captors made mirth of his frequent remark, "Everything is for the best." When he fell from his horse and broke his leg they were specially merry about it; but the good man quietly remarked, "I have no doubt but that even this painful accident will prove to be a blessing." And so it was; for, as he could not travel quickly, the journey was prolonged, and he arrived at London some days later than had been expected. When they reached as far as Highgate they heard the bells ringing merrily in the city down below. They asked the meaning, and were told, "Queen Mary is dead, and there will be no more burnings of Protestants." "Ah!" said Gilpin, "you see it is all for the best." It is a blessing to break a leg, if thereby life is saved. How often our calamities are our preservatives!

"All these things shall be added unto you," and the measure of the addition shall be arranged by infallible wisdom. Temporal things shall come to you in such proportion as you would yourself desire them if you were able to know all things and to form a judgment according to infinite wisdom. Would you not prefer a lot selected by the Lord to one chosen by yourself? Do you not joyfully sing, with the Psalmist, "Thou shalt choose mine inheritance for me?"

SELF-BURIED.

The wording of the text, "All these things shall be added unto you," reminds me that the acquisition of property often decreases a man rather than adds to him. Have you not seen a man become visibly smaller as his riches grew greater? It is a wretched sight, which has often pained me. I have distinctly seen a man become "the architect of his own fortune" and the destroyer of himself. He has built up a palatial estate upon the ruins of his own manhood. It is a pity when a man bricks himself up with his growing gains. See you that hole in the wall? The man stands in it and greedily cries for bricks and mortar. Golden bricks and silver mortar he must have. They bring him the materials. He cries eagerly for more. He cannot be content unless he builds himself in. The wall which shuts him out from his fellow-men, and from the light of peace and true joy, rises higher and higher month by month, and year by year. His sympathies and charities are bricked up, for the wall is more than breast-high. Still he pines for more metallic material. At last he is built in, buried beneath his own gatherings, lost to all manhood through his accumulations. You see his house; you see his carriage and his horses; you see his broadcloth and his broad acres; but you cannot see the man. Heart, soul, aspiration, spirituality—it is all gone, and nothing remains but a vault of greed and care, to be itself buried under a monument bearing these words, "He died worth a million."

A far more desirable idea is for a man to rise above his possessions, elevating life upon stepping-stones of these dead gains; building with them a pedestal, above which the inner manhood rises.

This is what God intends to do in providence to the man who serves Him heartily; He will add to him the things of this life. Do not slice pieces out of your manhood, and then hope to fill up the vacancies with bank-notes. He who loses manliness or godliness to gain gold is a great cheater of himself. Keep yourselves entire for God and for His Christ, and let all other matters be additions, not subtractions. Live above the world. Its goods will come to you when you do not bid high for them. If you hunt the butterfly of wealth too eagerly you may spoil it by the stroke with which you secure it. Men and brethren, let us so live that it will be safe for God to add to us the blessings of the life that now is; but that can only be done with safety when we have learned to keep the world under our feet.

[The prayers of the readers of this Journal are requested for the blessing of God upon its Editors, and those whose sermons, articles, or labors for Christ are printed in it; and that its circulation may be used by the Holy Spirit for the conversion of many sinners and the quickening of God's people. Dr. Talmage and Mr. Spurgeon especially request prayer every Sunday morning on behalf of their labors.]

THREE LEADERS IN THE SOCIAL PURITY CRUSADE.

(See *Portraits* on page 716.)

MRS. JOSEPHINE E. BUTLER,

whose earnestness and devotedness have made her name known throughout Christendom, has taken a prominent part in the work of the campaign inaugurated by the *Pall Mall Gazette*. She has recently issued an appeal to the voters of the country, urging them to elect members of Parliament of good moral character, pledged to legislate for the protection of the weak and the punishment of vicious seducers of all ranks. She says: "I hope the day is past in which it could be said or believed that it was possible for a man who was corrupt in his private life and character to be a useful, just, or beneficent ruler. When women who, like myself, having done what they could to save a few of the lost, have looked at such men in Parliament, and heard them arguing against any proposed modicum of protection for little girls, they have felt sick with anger and sorrow in their knowledge of facts of which they could not speak, because none would have believed or heeded their words. We have listened to cynical arguments in favor of the protection of male vice from men in the House of Commons whose illegitimate children and cast-off paramours we have sheltered and nursed in their disease, and poverty, and desertion, and the victims of whose cruelty we have labored hard to restore to hope and a new life. Sometimes, after looking down from the ladies' gallery there, or vainly arguing with some hardened sinner in the lobby, we have returned to our almost hopeless work among their victims, and have been driven in a moment of darkness to ask, 'Is there indeed a God in heaven?'"

"I have seen a good mother, wild with grief, kneeling by the dead body of her young daughter in my own house, where my husband and I had received the dying outcast, and heard that mother shriek the name of the man, the gentleman, the 'honorable member for —' who had ruined her child. 'If that man could but see her now!' she cried. 'O God, keep me from thoughts of revenge and blood.'"

"It is a matter of regret to thousands of women that they are unable, at this critical moment, to bring any direct influence to bear in the creation of the new Parliament; and all the more do they earnestly pray that the electors—those among them at least who fear God and love justice—will take full advantage of the present wave of public feeling in favor of righteousness which has been promoted, in God's providence. We do hope better things of a new Parliament than we have realized in the past."

REV. HUGH PRICE HUGHES,

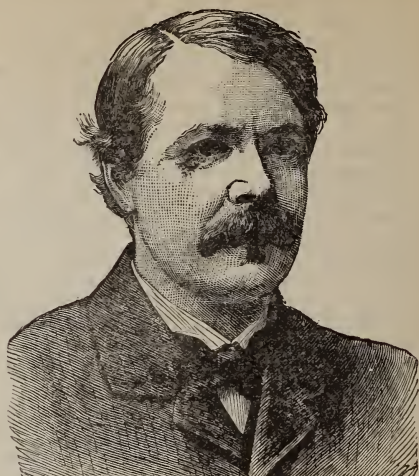
whose portrait also appears on the next page, is a Wesleyan clergyman who is taking an active



Mrs. Josephine E. Butler.



Rev. Hugh P. Hughes, M.A.



Professor James Stuart, M.P.

part in the movement, as he has previously done in the temperance and other movements, tending to social reform. He was one of the first belonging to his denomination to adopt the blue ribbon, and continues to wear it.

PROFESSOR STUART, M.P., occupies the Chair of Mechanics and Applied Science in Cambridge University. He succeeded the late Mr. Fawcett in the representation of the borough of Hackney in Parliament, and will, it is hoped, be re-elected this year. It is well known at Cambridge and Hackney, that Professor Stuart is a most strenuous advocate for Social Purity, and has a strong antipathy to everything of an immoral character, wherever it exists. From the outset of the current "crusade" he has thrown the weight of his great name and his magnificent oratorical power upon the side of the sufferers, and, while using his influence in Parliament to promote increased stringency of law, he has exerted himself among the young men in the University in which he is a Professor to raise the moral tone of the class from which the wrong-doers come.

NEW BOOKS. SUNDAY READING

for the Young for 1886 will be the delight of many a nursery during the coming year. It is full of short, bright stories of a pure, elevating character, many of which are directly illustrative of Scripture narrative, and others are based on the great events of modern history, with a religious tendency, such as the "Peck of Troubles," describing the adventures of a child in the Indian mutiny. But the great feature of the book which will endear it to the little ones is the pictures, which are really excellent. The engraving, for example, of Moses in the bulrushes [p. 199], is an exquisite work of art. There are two hundred and fifty illustrations in all, the majority being full-page engravings. Pp. 412. Price, \$1.25. Published by E. & J. B. Young & Co., Cooper Union, New York.

CHRIST AND CHRISTIANITY, by Philip Schaff. "The time has now fully come," says Dr. Schaff, "for America to produce her own distinctive theology, not indeed in selfish and conceited isolation, but in organic union with the Catholic theology of evangelical Christendom throughout the world." American theology should mark a new era in the progressive development of the Church—a development not of the divine truth itself, which is perfect and unchangeable, but of the human apprehension and application of the truth as it is in Christ and His gospel; for all legitimate and normal progress in theology and

religion is simply a growth in Christ." Dr. Schaff mentions among the favorable conditions under which America would undertake the work the existence of the voluntary principle of self-support and self-government, the fact that she has access to and appreciates the treasure houses of

European theology, the commingling of denominations which she sees within her borders, and the example recently set her in the union of the Old and New School of the Presbyterian Church. The direction which Dr. Schaff would have this development to take may be inferred from his remark that "Christ is far higher and deeper and broader than all Christologies. No single mind, no church or sect, has ever exhausted the fulness of His divine-human personality. Every age must grapple anew with the great mystery of godliness, and make it alive and fruitful for its own intellectual and spiritual benefit." Reviewing the various doctrines adopted by the different sections of the church from the time when Christ put the question, "But whom say ye that I am?" to the present day, Dr. Schaff proceeds to examine the theories recently propounded in explanation of this central and fundamental doctrine of the unity of the two natures in Christ. He cites with a detail wearisome to any but theological students the hair-splitting refinements of the leaders in the German schools, in which he naturally takes a deep interest. The second portion of his work Dr. Schaff devotes to polemical and Irenical studies, and the third to moral and social studies. The last section deals with the question of slavery, the Sabbath, religious freedom, and the discord and concord of Christendom. There is an immense fund of encyclopædic information in this work, which will be very valuable to theological students. The lay reader will be apt to charge it with the fault that characterizes so many works by German theologians, of being bewildering rather than enlightening. That in spite of his metaphysical refinements Dr. Schaff clearly apprehends the root of the whole matter is, however, evident from his closing words: "Neither immersion nor pouring—neither Lutheranism nor Calvinism nor Arminianism—neither Romanism nor Protestantism nor any other ism availeth anything but a new creature. And as many as walk according to this rule peace be on them, and mercy, and upon the Israel of God." Pp. 310. Price, \$2.50. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons.

CHRISTIAN THOUGHT.

The valuable bi-monthly magazine edited by Rev. Charles F. Deems, D.D., LL.D., maintains in its current number the high reputation it has attained. It opens with the Anniversary Address which Dr. Deems delivered last summer at the close of the fifth year of the work of the American Institute of Christian Philosophy, as its President. It is a satisfactory exhibit of the high aims of that organization. "Primeval Man," the second paper, is by George D. Arm-

strong, D.D., Norfolk, Va., and is an outline survey of a wide field. The writer claims, however, that "no important fact bearing on the question at issue has been intentionally omitted." And in common with an increasing number of those who have undertaken the same task in a candid spirit, he comes to the conclusion "that no sufficient reason, either scientific or historical, has as yet been given for abandoning what has been hitherto the almost universal faith, not of Christian peoples alone, but of the more enlightened heathen also, as manifested in their traditions—that man was created some six or seven thousand years ago, and that he commenced his course as a civilized being, believing in the one only living and true God." The remaining papers are "Ethics and Religion," by Rev. William De W. Hyde, President of Bowdoin College, and a history of "The Summer Schools of 1885," by the Secretary of the Institute. Price 40 cents; \$2 a year. Published at 4 Winthrop Place, N. Y.

THE DAWNING

and the Day Spring are two little books specially prepared for children. They are by Mrs. Valentine. The Dawning is a series of familiar talks on the Old Testament, narrating in easy language, with simple comments and explanations, the chief events of the Pentateuch, and very briefly of the books of Joshua, Judges, and the Kings. *The Day Spring* deals on the same principle with the gospels. Mrs. Valentine has evidently had much to do with little children, and knows what will interest them. She seems to follow with clear insight the course their thoughts naturally take and to anticipate the questions that an intelligent child would ask. When following, as she frequently does, the language of Scripture, she is careful by a foot-note to explain every word that might puzzle the young mind, and by simple comment to point out obvious lessons. Each volume contains a large number of illustrations. Pp. 340 and 342. Price in cloth binding, 75 cents each. Published by Frederick Warne & Co., 20 Lafayette Place, New York.

A DYING SAILOR-BOY'S MESSAGE.

(See illustration on page 717.)

A CUSTOM-HOUSE cutter cruising off the coast of Kinsale, Ireland, one winter evening, sighted a vessel, bark-rigged, bearing the name "Florence Barton." Not a soul was to be seen on board, and the vessel was drifting helpless on the incoming tide toward the shore. The master of the cutter hailed her, but without response. At length a black face showed itself for a moment, and made a signal of distress. When the cutter came alongside, the colored man, who had

shown himself, and was apparently the cook, called out that every man on board was dead or dying of fever. Some of the crew of the cutter went on board and navigated the ship to the mouth of the harbor, where she was anchored until a report was sent to the harbor-master. Two surgeons were sent out with the marines who went to take charge of the ship, and they found it as the cook had stated. Not one of the crew was able to do duty, all being down in various stages of the disease. The vessel was laden with palm oil, and was on her way from the coast of Africa.

The news spread rapidly through the port of Kinsale, and two clergymen, one of whom was the Rev. Duncan Craig, vicar of Kinsale, resolved to go on board the fever-stricken ship to administer spiritual advice to the dying crew. It was an heroic act, but where souls are in peril the ministers of Christ know their duty, and do it. It was a horrible experience; the smell from the dead bodies was intolerable, and among them were the dying men. Lighted by a coastguardsman with a lantern, Mr. Craig and his brother minister went from cot to cot, telling the dying men of Him who saved the thief on the cross in His last agony.

At last Mr. Craig came to a cot in which a lad was lying, still dressed in his uniform and with his hands on his head. He had evidently remained on duty until the very last, and, when finally forced to break down, was too weak for anything but to fling himself dressed as he was on his mattress.

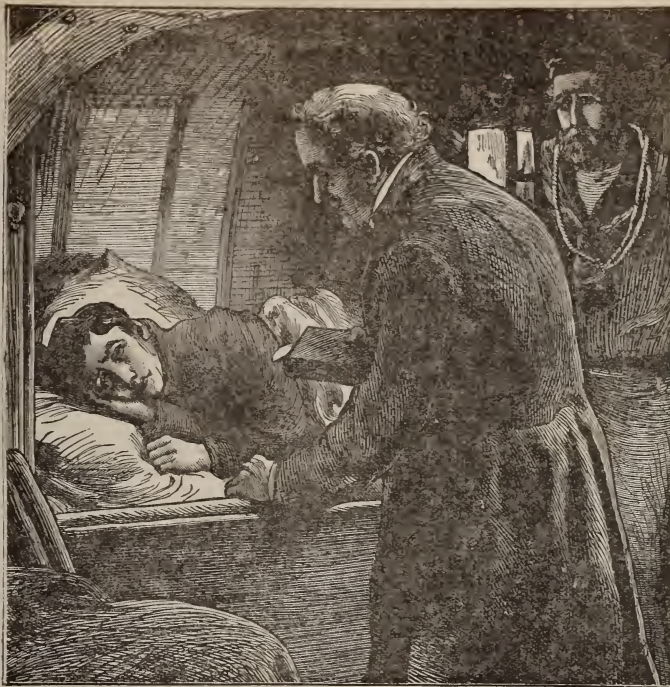
"My poor boy," said Mr. Craig, "you are dying."

The glazing eyes closed once and reopened. "Yes sir," he said, "I know it—I could not stand any longer—I held on as long as I could—Will you write to my mother? She is a good woman—Tell her I kept my promise—She knows—Send her my Bible—It's in my locker there—I read it every day—I'm going to Jesus." The words came slowly and with labored breathing. Mr. Craig bent down and whispered, "'Rock of Ages cleft for me.'" And the boy added the next line, "Let me hide myself in thee."

"You are at peace, my boy?" asked the clergyman.

"Yes, sir; I'm not afraid—Jesus is sure to see after me—Don't forget my mother—She'll be glad to know—It'll comfort her—You'll find her address in the locker—It's coming now—Good-by, sir." He slightly turned, looked upward, and was gone.

In the locker his Bible was found, as had said, and it bore marks of frequent perusal. It was duly forwarded to his mother, and with it a record of his dying words. In her acknowledgment of its receipt the mother said that her boy was the child of many prayers, and her knowledge that God had answered them so filled her heart with joy that she could not mourn for his death. She believed that few days remained for her on earth, and she was looking forward to a joyful meeting with her son in heaven. Mr. Craig, who relates this incident, says that in the whole course of his ministry, during which he witnessed many strange scenes, he never saw one



Rev. Duncan Craig Visits a Dying Sailor Boy.

that more forcibly impressed him with the value of the Gospel for the dying and the bereaved.

THE SILVER LINING.

A SERIAL STORY.

(Continued from page 703.)

A Friend in Need.

FRANK ARNOLD sat in his office on that rainy morning unconscious of his wife's accident. She would be home presently, he knew, but the fact did not affect him pleasantly or otherwise. His brow was knit, and as he sat at his desk, abstractedly trifling with a paper-knife and a few pens, he was lost in thought. Before him was the blank-book in which he kept a record of his chemical experiments, and he intended continuing the work this morning, but as yet he had not written a line. He was wrestling with another kind of problem which just now was a more urgent matter. Twenty dollars was all that stood between him and absolute destitution. It is true that an application to his father would bring him relief, but that application he could not bring himself to make. His decision to emigrate was not approved by Dr. Arnold, and Frank, having persisted in opposition to his father's wishes, could not ask assistance from him without virtually confessing that he had been wrong and his father right. This was a humiliation which Frank would not make if he could avoid it.

"What a miserable hole for a man to be in," thought the disappointed man. Then followed the natural sequence, "What a fool I have been!" The morose fit, which of late had been upon him frequently, took possession of him. He wished he had never seen Clare, wished he had not married her before Crowther died, and as he pitied and blamed himself he uttered a muttered malediction on the old man. Even Clare, innocent as she was of fault in this matter, did not escape Frank's ire. It was owing to her that he was in poverty and difficulty, he said to

himself, and he almost hated her as he pitied himself. Like most men who have been snared by their own cupidity, he was disposed to blame every one who had been connected with his disaster. Men of energy and resource, when confronted with difficulty, concentrate their attention upon the difficulty and the means of surmounting it. Weak men make an effort to do it, and, finding themselves unequal to the task, fall to repining and resentment against others. Frank was weak—the problem of ways and means had passed from his mind, and he was dwelling bitterly on the thought that he was an ill-used man. The scheme he had adopted to render life easy for himself had ended in fastening a burden upon his shoulders. In trying to escape from the duty of maintaining himself he had become involved in the duty of providing for another in addition to himself. In trying to escape humiliation at home he had come to America, where it was harder to make his way. Like a school-boy shirking his lessons, he had received chastisement and an imposition harder than the original lesson. All Frank's self-communings ended in this way—irritation, remorse, vexation, but no progress.

He was aroused by the sound of a carriage stopping before his door, and an inquiry for Dr. Arnold. He looked up eagerly, hoping that a patient had summoned him at last. A young man, tall and handsome and frank of manner, stood before him. Frank listened as the stranger told him briefly of Clare's accident, and then went to help her to alight.

"I will not stay now," said the stranger, when Clare had been safely brought in; "but I am very anxious about Mrs. Arnold's injury. She is kind enough to acquit me of blame, but I cannot forget that if I had not appeared so suddenly she would not have fallen. Permit me to call this evening to inquire for her." He laid his card on the table and was gone. Frank glanced at it hastily, read the name, "Mr. George Greville," and went to examine Clare's injured limb.

True to his promise, Mr. Greville called in the evening, and Frank received him alone. It was only a sprain, he said. They were generally very painful, but it would be well in a few days. There was not much cordiality in his manner, but the stranger seemed oppressed by his own responsibility, and anxious to show friendly feeling.

"I am an Englishman, Dr. Arnold," he said, "and I infer from your accent that I may claim you as a compatriot. I wish we had been thrown together by some happier incident. I am only a stranger in the city, and should be glad to make your acquaintance."

The isolation in which Frank Arnold had spent the last few months, and the gloom that weighed upon him, combined to render him susceptible to this ingenuous offer. He had made not a single friend in America, possibly because his proud, reserved manner repelled advances; but the easy friendliness of the stranger leaped the barriers, and he cordially extended his hand, with an expression that had in it just a perceptible touch of gratitude. The two men sat down

together, and were soon engrossed with a conversation on English topics.

"I am an idle dog," said Mr. Greville, when, near upon midnight, he rose to leave: "I should regard it as a privilege if you would let me drop in upon you occasionally in the evening. It is many months since I spent so pleasant a time. I have some very good friends here, but I enjoy talking with some one who knows the old scenes and the old people at home."

"I shall welcome you very gladly, Mr. Greville," Frank said, "whenever you care to come. I have not had a single twinge of the horrors of exile to-night, thanks to you."

"And you will let me know if I come at an inconvenient time. You physicians are busy men, I know, and I must not keep you from your patients."

"Oh, you need not have any apprehension of that kind in my case," said Frank, laughing. "I could give you a whole day without imperiling anybody's life. The fact is that I have no patients yet. I am almost ashamed to confess it. I hope I shall do better after a while, but so far the land has been barren of fees."

"And you are naturally disappointed. I ought to be able to help you in that. I have no sick friends, but some of them surely must have some one belonging to them who gets sick occasionally, or fancies himself sick, which is the same thing for your purpose. I will introduce you, and I shall not come upon you for commission."

After this first interview Mr. Greville became a frequent visitor at the physician's quarters. His hearty, genial manner, his inexhaustible flow of high spirits, and his evident good-will, brightened the little rooms on which the grim spectre of poverty was laying its ghastly fingers. He did more than this, too. So persistently did he talk of the skillful young doctor that in a few weeks Frank Arnold had three patients whom he treated so successfully that he was installed as the family physician. But the money anxiety was not dispelled. The poor little store was quite exhausted, and a few articles of jewelry had disappeared from Frank's dressing-case to replenish it. When and how the struggle was to end he did not know, and his gloom deepened.

"What a glorious evening," said Mr. Greville, as he entered the little office one balmy summer day. "What do you say to a stroll through the park? It is a sin to be in-doors in such weather."

Frank assented at once, and the two gentlemen sauntered through the streets toward the Fifth Avenue entrance. It was at the worst crisis through which the young physician had passed. The exchequer was quite empty, and on the morrow something else would have to be disposed of for bare necessities. The knowledge of the fact had weighed on Frank all day, making him more than usually morose. He was the victim of these fits, sustaining all the weight of them. It was particularly painful for her, because of late there had come into Frank's sullenness a suggestion of reproach which she was quick to recognize.

Only an hour before Mr. Greville's entrance Frank had used an expression that left no doubt in her mind that her husband had married her solely for her prospective fortune and had never really loved her. She gave him one startled, shocked look, as if he had struck her, and hurried away to her room, that she might weep alone. Once there her agitation seemed as if it would rend her heart. "Why had he ever professed to love her? Why had he not heeded her warning that she was not sure of her guardian's fortune? It was a cruel injustice to reproach her as the cause of his exile and embarrassment." Clare sat and rocked herself, sobbing as she thought this, and her resentment under the undeserved blame seemed like a flood carrying her away from her husband's side. For the first time since her marriage she felt something like anger toward Frank. She heard Mr. Greville's voice, heard the door close behind them, and then she dressed hurriedly and went

out. She cared not where she went. Utterly lonely and miserable, she passed through the streets, and walked for over an hour, as if flying to some refuge, having in her mind all the time the crushing consciousness that in all the world there was no refuge open to her.

Meanwhile the two friends had penetrated to the shady recesses of the park, and, having flung themselves on a seat, lighted their cigars.

"How are you getting on, Arnold?" asked Mr. Greville. "How is the practice? Beginning to look prosperous?"

"No, it is not," Frank said, gloomily. "It is about low-water mark with me, I think. I begin to fear I shall never succeed. I was thinking to-day of applying for a place as car-driver. I believe those fellows are happier than I am."

"You would only waste your time, my dear fellow. You could not get the place without influence. Better try something else. But seriously, is it so bad as that?"

Frank produced two half-dollars from his pocket, and adjusting them with careful nicety on the palm of his hand, said: "There, Greville, that is all my worldly wealth. I have not another cent in the world, and just now I don't know where to get more."

"You are not serious, Arnold?" Mr. Greville said, looking searchingly in his friend's face. "Now I look at you, I believe you are. Why did you not tell me before? You are not too proud to accept help from a friend, are you? I should be delighted if you would let me come to your relief. I do not spend near all my income. My good father, who died three years ago, left me all his fortune, as he had no other child, and I have enough and to spare. If you will accept a hundred dollars or more you are welcome to it. You can regard it as a loan to be paid back when you have hosts of patients and have no time to give to idle gossips like me."

"You are very kind, Greville, you are quite a Good Samaritan. I have always had a poor opinion of a man who accepts money obligations from his friends, but I never knew till now how dire a strait a man may be fixed in. I must get money in some way, and I think I would rather owe it to you than to any one else. I should like you to know my story."

"There is nothing I should like better," said Greville.

"Then I will tell you the whole thing, and you will see that I have had enough disappointment to account for misanthropical sentiments that may have surprised you at times." So Frank related the incidents with which the reader is acquainted, ending with the inquiry: "Did you ever know a man's life so utterly wrecked?"

"I should not admit that," said Greville. "It might have been much worse. Matrimony and finance often end badly when they get mixed. Don't forget that you might have married some vulgar, repulsive woman in like circumstances. I cannot imagine your doing so, but when a man is eager for a fortune he shuts his eyes to the imperfections of the lady. Now, you have a wife of whom any man might be proud. She is beautiful, accomplished, and lovable. Of course missing the fortune is vexatious; but I should not consider the marriage a mistake."

"It was a most unhappy mistake," said Frank. "Mrs. Arnold is singularly unfitted for a poor man's wife. I feel as though I had taken an expensive child and was responsible for her welfare."

Mr. Greville shrank from the man who could so speak of a lady who, to him, seemed all that a man could desire in a wife. The very helplessness dependence at which Frank hinted constituted a charm in his eyes. "Well," he said, "tastes differ; for my part, I could never be attracted by those strong-minded women who know everything and can manage their husband's business as well as his domestic affairs. The simple, child-like dependence which seems to have veiled you would nerve me to ambitious effort. I

should like my wife, if I ever have one, to be utterly and completely dependent upon me for every joy in her life."

"You see I have had experience and you have not. If you were in my position, battling for the means of life, you would feel that a helpless burden on your shoulders placed you at a disadvantage."

"Possibly," said Greville, rising, "but I cannot imagine it. Let us walk through this avenue; it will bring us out on my side of the park, and you can come into my quarters, and I will write you a cheque. The sooner you get out of that impecunious position the better."

For the first time in their acquaintance a perceptible chill had fallen upon the intercourse of the two men. Mr. Greville, who was an open-handed, unselfish man, was almost disgusted with the physician's blunt depreciation of his wife, while Frank resented the implied censure upon himself which Greville had uttered, and attributed it to the arrogance which is apt to be engendered by pecuniary obligations. The impulse on both sides, however, was only momentary, and when Greville wrote a cheque for five hundred dollars and handed it to his friend, Frank grasped his hand with hearty and sincere gratitude, and Greville, warmed by the pleasure of acting generously, returned the grasp with as much cordiality. "After all," he thought, "money difficulties change and warp a man's nature. He sees everything for the time in a jaundiced light, and seems a worse man than he really is." The conviction that Mrs. Arnold was not appreciated by her husband, however, remained in his mind as an unpleasant fact which was not forgotten.

The sense of obligation sat more lightly on Frank Arnold's mind than might have been expected. The embarrassment of the past few weeks had been so bitter that relief in any shape was acceptable, and only in a tinge of deference in his manner when Mr. Greville was with him could a close observer have detected any sign that Frank was conscious of obligation. Mr. Greville was as cordial and genial as before, just as much interested in his friend's fortunes, and as eager as ever to promote them. He redoubled his efforts after Frank's confidence, and succeeded in getting him introduced in circles which directly and indirectly would be profitable. No mention was made in their subsequent intercourse of Frank's relations with his wife; both men felt that the subject was a dangerous one, which it was well to avoid. Mr. Greville, however, had not forgotten the feeling expressed by his friend, and, as he saw more of Mrs. Arnold, his own conviction that Frank was unjust was confirmed. Perhaps he was more observant than before, or it may be that Frank, having explained his position, was less guarded in his manner to his wife, but to Mr. Greville it seemed almost unnatural. It was toleration rather than respect or love that Frank displayed when she was present. And she had evidently suffered deeply. The sympathetic observer noticed that all merriment had left her, and, in place of the girlish playfulness that used to characterize her, there was depression and sadness. His sympathy was drawn out toward her, and he endeavored whenever, on rare occasions, she entered the room during his visits, to show by his deference and interest in her remarks that he entertained kindly feeling toward her. It was a dangerous position for a young man to take whose passions were not controlled by strong religious principle.

One evening, near the close of the Indian summer, the danger reached a crisis. It was a beautiful night. The moon was at the full, and all nature, robed in the rich tints of autumn, seemed to invite her lovers to look upon her glory. Greville went home about ten o'clock, but looking around as he stood at his door, he was attracted by the beauty of the scene, and turned away from his close rooms for a stroll. He sauntered into Fifty-ninth Street, and walked slowly westward from Fifth Avenue under the trees that bound the park on that side. The

aristocratic residents had not returned from the watering-places, the houses on the south side were still closed, and the street was deserted. Not entirely, however. On the lowest step of a high stoop, clear in the bright moonlight, he saw a woman sitting. Her shoulders were bent forward, her face buried in her hands, as if in an agony of grief. Greville was passing on, thinking that it was some outcast of the streets overcome by liquor, when something familiar about the figure arrested his attention. He crossed over, and looked at the woman. As his shadow fell upon her she raised her face, all tear-stained, and recognition was mutual. "Mr. Greville," was all she could say; while Greville, with a look of tenderness and deep compassion, exclaimed: "Surely it is Mrs. Arnold."

(To be continued.)

NINEVEH SPARED.

S. S. Lesson for Nov. 15, Jonah 3. Golden Text, Neh. 9 : 17. By Mrs. M. Baxter.

Jonah Held to the Duty—His Readiness to go to Nineveh—His Preaching Effectual—Effect of the Royal Example—A Day of Humiliation Proclaimed—Jonah's Chagrin—His Reputation as a Prophet Depreciated—Charges God with Going Back on Him—The Lesson of the Gourd—God's Messengers Should be Neither Rebellious nor Officious.

ALL the trial and discipline, the almost death and burial through which Jonah had passed, did not excuse him from the renunciation of his will to which God called him. Once upon the dry land again, "the word of the Lord came unto Jonah the second time, saying, Arise, go unto Nineveh, that great city, and preach unto it the preaching that I bid thee." There was no longer any resistance. "Jonah arose, and went unto Nineveh, according to the word of the Lord." But did not the very same hindrances exist as did before? Yes, truly. How, then, was that now possible which before had seemed so impossible? Jonah had seen something more of God, and in proportion Jonah was something less in his own eyes.

"Now Nineveh was an exceeding great city of three days' journey," *i. e.*, about a hundred English miles.* Lands and gardens belonging to the houses were comprised within the city. Jonah fulfilled his mission in a very simple way. Alone, without any announcement, he, a single pedestrian, entered one of the approaches to the city, and cried aloud: "Yet forty days, and Nineveh shall be overthrown."† But how could he know that the people would take any notice of him? How did he know he should not be apprehended as a brawler, or confined as a lunatic? Simply by this:

GOD HAD SENT HIM;

he was not going a warfare on his own charges, and God was responsible for making the people believe and receive his message. Oh, how simple and easy is a life of faith in the living God; fear, anxiety, burden cannot find a place where He is fully trusted! When He makes His will clearly known to us we have not to make it possible by our human contrivances—if He calls His children to impossibilities, to bring the utterly unspiritual to understand spiritual things, and those who seem to have no conscience to understand integrity, then He is pledged to bring it about. The same God who commanded Jonah to preach Himself worked on the hearts and consciences of the people of Nineveh. Jonah did not need to use any compulsion, or to conjure up any powerful arguments in order to bring the people to a right mind. God was teaching Jonah that he was but an instrument, nothing in himself; to be used or not, as God willed. But God did a mighty work. Then arose such an awakening as was unprecedented in the his-

tory of nations: "So the people of Nineveh believed God, and proclaimed a fast, and put on sackcloth, from the greatest of them even to the least of them. For word came unto the King of Nineveh, and he arose from his throne, and he laid his robe from him, and covered himself with sackcloth, and sat in ashes." It was the example of the king which led the people to humble themselves; had he simply commanded them to do it they would have done it only as a form. Oh that in our days there were seen this kind of national repentance for and turning from sin, this

NATIONAL ACKNOWLEDGMENT OF GOD!

The King was not ashamed to take the thing to heart, and to let all the people know that his conscience was aroused, and that he felt himself responsible. "And he caused it to be proclaimed and published through Nineveh by the decree of the king and his nobles, saying, Let neither man nor beast, herd nor flock, taste anything; let them not feed, nor drink water; but let man and beast be covered with sackcloth, and cry mightily unto God: yea, let them turn every one from his evil way, and from the violence that is in their hands. Who can tell if God will turn and repent, and turn away from His fierce anger, that we perish not?" Here is a heathen king as amenable to God as the heathen mariners were in the ship when Jonah took passage to Tarshish: the sailors had been praying men, and the King of Nineveh became a preacher of righteousness. And the instrument which God used was the imperfect, self-sufficient, selfish prophet Jonah! It was a sight which pleased God. He "saw their works, that they turned from their evil way; and God repented of the evil, that He had said that He would do unto them; and He did it not."

God was pleased, but

JONAH WAS DISPLEASED.

He had become again the instrument owned of God, a mighty awakening had followed his few words, and Jonah was again beginning to hold up his head. But now God turned from His purpose, and by doing so falsified the very words which had been used to create so great an impression: what would the people think? Would they not think he was a false prophet, a mere adventurer? In the intensity of his mortified pride Jonah became "very angry." Happily he let out the bitterness of his soul to God; he prayed unto the Lord, and said: "I pray Thee, O Lord, was not this my saying, when I was yet in my country? Therefore I fled before unto Tarshish: for I knew that Thou art a gracious God, and merciful, slow to anger, and of great kindness, and repentest Thee of the evil. Therefore now, O Lord, take, I beseech Thee, my life from me; for it is better for me to die than to live."

What did Jonah want? Is it conceivable that he should have preferred the destruction of Nineveh so long as he had his own will, and so long as his reputation as a true prophet was intact? Is it conceivable that any child of God could possess such a heart, could so idolize self, could be so heartless and ruthlessly cruel with regard to others? We are apt to think that God uses most those who are most Christlike. This is not always the case. At the very time when Jonah, in his despicable self-will, had fled from the presence of the Lord, and even at the very time when he showed not the slightest consideration for the lives of those in the ship, God made him, in spite of himself, the means of their conversion. They learned that God was good at the very time when they learned how bad a man of God could be. Their recollection of Jonah could never be very flattering to him. We have often remarked by what imperfect and un-Christlike instruments God often works, "that the excellency of the power may be of God, and not of man" (1 Cor. 4 : 7). But God has no purpose to leave His children thus unholy and imperfect. When men like Jonah make an idol of their reputation He breaks down that reputation in every conceivable way; when men set up their self-will He crosses that

will in every way until it is renounced forever and continuously. Poor Jonah! had the crew of the ship been asked

JONAH'S CHARACTER.

they would have said: "He fears God, and does not fear death; but he is the most heartless, selfish, sulky man we ever met." Had the men of Nineveh been asked his character, they would have said: "There is wonderful power in his preaching, but all he says does not come to pass." Were any child in one of our Sunday-schools asked, What kind of man was Jonah? they would probably answer: "Jonah was the selfish prophet, who got sulky with God, and cared more about the shadow of a gourd for his own comfort than he did about the lives of a hundred and twenty thousand persons." But oh, how tender is our God! Jonah, even in his evil temper, spoke to God, and God, knowing how thoroughly ill-humored he was, nevertheless spoke back to him, "Dost thou well to be angry?" Jonah did not care to prolong his communion with God when it turned on this point. So he "went out of the city, and sat on the east side of the city, and there made him a booth, and sat under it in the shadow; still he might see what would become of the city."

God did not leave him alone here; He "prepared a gourd, and made it to come up over Jonah, that it might be a shadow over his head, to deliver him from his grief." This touched Jonah's heart: this was something that appealed to self; his comfort and convenience were involved in this. "Jonah was exceeding glad of the gourd." It must have seemed strange to the people of Nineveh that Jonah was not "exceeding glad" of their deliverance; but sympathy with others did not occur to the heart of this mean, selfish man. Joy or sorrow with him always had its rise in what affected himself. God's dealings with him were not at an end; He "prepared a worm when the morning rose the next day, and it smote the gourd that it withered." At the same time God prepared a sultry east wind, and the sun beat on the head of Jonah. It was one of those days of almost insupportable heat, and the shade he had so rejoiced in was gone. It did not take much

TO PUT JONAH OUT OF TEMPER;

he was an ungracious, unpleasing man, and he was fertile in finding reasons why he should be uncomfortable and make everybody else so; he got thoroughly out of temper, and wanted to die. This was an old story with Jonah. And God said to him, "Dost thou well to be angry for the gourd?" And he said *even to God*, "I do well to be angry, even unto death." Then God set the truth before him, and surely if anything could take the conceit out of him this would. "Thou hast had pity on the gourd, for the which thou hast not labored, neither madest it grow; which came up in a night, and perished in a night; and should not I spare Nineveh, that great city, wherein are more than sixscore thousand persons that cannot discern between their right hand and their left hand; and also much cattle?" We do not know the sequel, but the teaching is clear enough. God can use even those whom He is obliged to humble; but how much more blessed is it when His prophets work willingly and consciously with Him, as Elijah and Elisha did, than when, like Jonah, they take their own way, and have to be thwarted at every step! But God is faithful even to His rebellious Jonahs, and He will not sacrifice His work to the self-will or self-interest of man.

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* Layard, who thoroughly explored it, says its area was about two hundred and forty miles. It was from eighteen to twenty miles long and from twelve to fourteen wide.—Ed.

† Jonah appears to have exceeded his commission in fixing a limit of forty days. We do not read that he was authorized to do that or to prophesy its overthrow at all. Hence his chagrin when God did not fulfil the prediction (see Jonah 4 : 1-3).—Ed.

SUNLIGHT IN THE HEART.

There is sunlight on the hilltop,
There is sunlight on the sea,
And the golden beams are sleeping
On the soft and verdant lea.
But a richer light is filling
All the chambers of my heart,
For Thou art there, my Father,
And 'tis sunlight where Thou art.

Thou hast whispered Thy forgiveness,
In the secret of my soul;
"Be of good comfort, daughter,
For I have made thee whole."
Thy "Father's name is broken,"
And loosed my captive wing;
And shall the bird be silent
Which Thou hast taught to sing?

In the dust I leave my sackcloth
As a thing of other days.
For Thou hast girded me with gladness,
And Thou rehest me with praise.
And to that home of glory
Thy hand hath won for me,
In heart and mind a-sending,
My spirit follows Thee.

Choose Thou for me, my portion,
My hither and my sweet.
The cup Thy hand doth mix me,
I will drink it at Thy feet.
While I'm waiting for that moment,
The brightest and the best,
When Thou shalt stoop to lift me
From Thy footstool to Thy breast.

Oh, ye who sit in darkness,
Ever mourning for your lot,
Open the windows of your soul,
Let the warm sunlight in.
In every ray was purchased for you,
By the matchless love of One
Who suffered in the shadow,
That you might see the sun.

Lord Jesus, Thou hast brought me,
And all life, my all is Thine;
Let the lamp Thy love has lighted,
To Thy love and to Thy grace,
A beacon amid the darkness,
Pointing upward where Thou art.
The smile of which Thy goodness
Is the sunlight of my heart.

—Selected.

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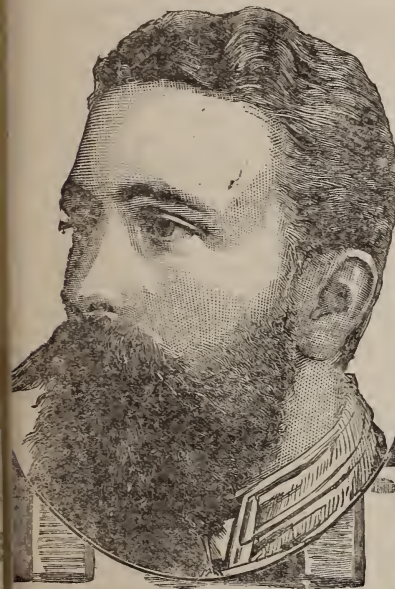
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PRINCE ALEXANDER OF BULGARIA—THE RUSSIAN CZAR—Scene during the Roumelian Revolution.

PRINCE ALEXANDER OF BULGARIA.

THE comparatively unimportant potentate whose portrait appears on the first page, who has suddenly sprung into prominence during the past few weeks and has set all Europe by the ears, is *only twenty-eight years of age*, having been born April 5th, 1857. Seven years ago he was utterly unknown beyond the circle which takes an interest in the gang of petty royalties and princelets which swarm about Germany. He is one of the Battenberg crowd, a brother of that Prince Henry who recently married the youngest daughter of the Queen of England. His father was Prince Alexander of Hesse, whose sister was the late Empress of Russia. He is therefore a first cousin of the present Czar of Russia.

It was a curious arrangement that placed him on the throne of Bulgaria. The Treaty of Berlin, signed in 1878, cut down the possessions of Turkey in Europe from 138,264 square miles to 62,028 square miles. It was a better arrangement for her than that wrung from her at the sword's point by her victorious enemy, Russia; but the Sultan might well be excused for thinking it was bad enough. Mr. Disraeli came to his rescue and delivered him from the penalty Russia had exacted from him; but Mr. Disraeli concerned himself chiefly in seeing that Russia did not get the plunder rather than in seeing that the Sultan was not plundered at all. Turkey was required to surrender a strip of territory on her southern borders to Greece, and to cease to govern a large tract of territory on her north, extending from the Black Sea on the east to the Adriatic on the west. This latter strip was divided by lines running from north to south. On the west was Bosnia; the next partition was Servia; and the third, which reached to the borders of the Black Sea, was divided into two, the northern half being Bulgaria, and the southern half Roumelia, the dividing line between the two being the Balkan Mountains, which run from east to west. Bulgaria had an area of 24,360 square miles, with a population of 2,000,000—that is, a little smaller than West Virginia, and about three times the population of that State. Roumelia had an area of 13,500 square miles, and a population of 850,000—that is, with the area of Maryland and the population of Philadelphia.

As to government, both countries were to pay a yearly tribute to Turkey, but were to manage their own affairs. Roumelia was to have a governor appointed by Turkey, and Bulgaria was to elect her own executive, subject to the veto of the great Powers. She chose Prince Alexander, prompted thereto, doubtless, by Russia, who had her generals and soldiers in all the great towns of Bulgaria. Much discontent was manifested at the time in Roumelia, but the English statesman's object in giving the executive in Turkish hands was to give Turkey the power of protecting the passes of the Balkans, through which a Russian army might advance to Constantinople if they were held by a weak Power, or a Power friendly to Russia.

Prince Alexander was in a delicate position. He was the nominee of Russia, and his election was favored by that Power because he was expected to be a puppet in the hands of Russia. He soon found, however, that his new subjects had no mind to see their land turned into a Russian province. He was in difficulty from the beginning, and had to decide whether he would offend Russia or brave the danger of losing his throne through Russian animosity and intrigue, or offending his people and braving the danger of their rising in rebellion and deposing him. For some time his course was a vacillating one. He took away the constitution, and attempted to govern as an absolute monarch; then he restored the constitution and coquetted with Russia. Finally, finding his people prepared to stand by him, he shook himself clear of Russia and identified himself with the national desire for independence in fact as well as in name.

Meanwhile the people on both sides the Balkans were in a seething condition. Roumelia was

discontented by being under a Turkish governor-general, and Bulgaria was dissatisfied with the knowledge of her own weakness, and with the consciousness that on the other side of the Balkans was a people identified with her in race, language and religion, yet separated from her by a capricious paper barrier. Russia, for reasons of her own, sent agents through both countries to foster the discontent. She hoped to induce the two peoples to unite, but to make Roumelia jealous of accepting the ruler of her sister kingdom, and to demand a new king over the united kingdom, whom the Czar had ready for them in the person of his brother-in-law. But the Prince outwitted the Czar. He had the confidence of his people, and precipitated the revolution before the projects of Russia were ripe. Roumelia rose on September 18th, declared for union with Bulgaria, and proclaimed the Prince ruler over the united kingdom.

A distinguished Bulgarian prelate, and a most intelligent observer, said recently: "This has been purely the work of the people, and no government or statesman had any hand in it. It is not palatable to Russia, which we regret, because we are truly grateful to Russia for what she has done for us. Let us hope that she will not prove resentful, and, above all, avenge herself on our Prince, who has taken the heart of the Bulgarian people into his hand, where it rests in love and confidence. Besides, how deplorable would be the precedent which sanctioned the setting up of a new Prince over us, whenever our national action might not meet the unanimous approval of the Powers. We accepted the Prince that was given us. He has learned to understand us, and we have learned to love him. None has any right to take him from us." We have yet to see what action the Powers will take.

As we have already pointed out, the students of prophecy have formed the opinion that, sooner or later, such a union is likely to take place. It is in the line of the combination which European nations must occupy in the closing years of this dispensation, when the Roman earth will be divided into ten kingdoms, and Turkey will have wasted away. It cannot be definitely stated from the symbolic language of prophecy that this particular union will stand, but that some such change as this will be effected is beyond doubt.

THE REVOLUTION.

ON the morning of September 18th the Turkish Governor-General of Roumelia, Gavril Pasha, had finished his breakfast in his residence at Philippopolis, the capital, and rung the bell for the table to be cleared, when, instead of servants, there entered six soldiers headed by a colonel, who informed him he was a prisoner. The governor, who meanwhile had observed through a window that his garden was also filled with soldiers, remarked, "This is sudden," but offered no resistance, beyond expressing a wish to hand in a written protest, which he was not allowed to do. He was placed under guard but treated with respect, and was soon removed outside the city.

Shortly after his deposition the Roumelian militia, which happened to be enrolled for manoeuvres, assembled outside the palace, and a popular Pan-Bulgarian agitator, M. Stransky, read to them a proclamation inviting them to do homage to Prince Alexander, of Battenberg, the ruler of Northern Bulgaria. To this they joyfully responded, with great excitement. All day long people carried flags through the streets, and cried, "Long Live the Union," and at night crowds collected in the square before the palace, ratified the morning's proclamation, and vowed to sacrifice their lives in defence of the Union. The emblems of Turkish rule were pulled down, telegraphic communication between Philippopolis and Adrianople cut, some miles of the connecting railway destroyed, the railway bridge at Mustapha blown up, the population armed with lances, militia regiments despatched to the chief positions of the frontier toward Turkey, and a

message sent to Prince Alexander at Varna inviting him to come and assume the sovereignty. This the message found him quite prepared to do, and he promptly issued a manifesto accepting the title of Prince of the Two Bulgaria, and, accompanied by his Prime Minister, went to Philippopolis. (His entry into the city shown in the picture on the first page.)

Philippopolis, the capital of Eastern Roumelia, lies on the river Maritza, between the Rhodope and the Kutchuk (Lesser) Balkan range. It stands on five *tépés*, or hills, the largest of which is three hundred and fifty feet high. The streets are narrow and badly paved, with the exception of a new road which leads from the centre of the town to the railway station. Her good modern houses have been constructed. Not, however, that there is any lack of public buildings in the town, there being a Konak, or Governor's Palace, thirty-seven places of worship, a home for orphans, three hospitals, spirit distillery, barracks to accommodate three thousand men, and stabling for five hundred horses, seven public baths, and several schools and colleges. The "Gymnase," or University, is a particularly fine building. The streets are well lighted with petroleum lamps, and an English company has now begun the erection of water-works.

The population numbers nearly thirty-five thousand—nearly one half are Bulgarians. The climate is very changeable, and the heat during the summer drives away the population to the hills, whereas in the winter months the cold is intense, a fine warm and bright day being frequently followed by snow, covering the ground three to four feet deep.

The character of the Bulgarians is suspicious, cunning and selfish; they are nevertheless a intelligent and thrifty race, possessing a great deal of ambition. They generally dislike foreigners. They are inhospitable, and social intercourse is almost unknown to them. March charity balls are, nevertheless, given in winter which are well attended. The Bulgarian language is spoken, although nearly all Bulgarians are acquainted with the Turkish and Greek languages.

THE CZAR OF RUSSIA.

ALEXANDER ALEXANDROVICH (*whose portrait appears on the first page*), who succeeded to imperial rule in the great Muscovite Empire at the assassination of his father, in March, 1881, was born on March 10th, 1845, and has consequently entered his forty-first year. He was married in November, 1866, to Maria Dagmar, daughter of the King of Denmark, sister to the Princess of Wales and to the King of Greece. She is known since assuming the Greek faith as Maria Feodorovna.

Like most Crown Princes during the lives of their fathers, the actual occupants of throne Alexander Alexandrovich, ever since he attained his majority, passed for a Liberal in politics, and is even believed to have coquetted, lately as 1879, with the more advanced Pan-Slavistic organizations, which were not lacking in points of contact with the associations formed for the promotion of a revolutionary movement in Russia.

When, however, it became evident to the imperial family and all loyal Russians that the chief aim of the nihilistic conspiracy was the assassination of the late Czar Alexander, the reason is believed that his son, the present Emperor, broke off all communications with every secret society in and out of Russia, and identified himself unreservedly with the line of action adopted by his father's advisers for the restoration of order and tranquillity to the Russian realms.

The Emperor is said to be a strong, determined man, though his nerves have been severely shaken by the continual peril of assassination which the first three years of his reign we passed. His face has none of that pathetic melancholy peculiar to his father's. His expression is active, keen, and somewhat severe. H

anners are quick, decided, and occasionally brusque. He is not quite so tall as other members of his family, being a little under six feet in eight, but his frame is large, thick-set and muscular. He is the first Emperor since Peter who has married elsewhere than in Germany. The *Herald* correspondent says: "That the czar has been no carpet soldier is evident from the marks of frost-bites on the third and fourth fingers of his left hand and a slight scar on his temple, where a bullet grazed his head in one of the battles in the Turkish war. He is very popular in Copenhagen, where he and the Princess Dagmar, as she is still fondly called by the aunts, walk about the town together in the most unceremonious manner, and are always ready to take their part in any popular entertainment during the long visits which they periodically pay at her father's court. It also speaks well for him that he is supposed to require no extra amusement there, but to be perfectly happy, leading a simple life with his wife and children, roaming about in the park, and spending quiet evenings in the castle."

The Emperor receives the numerous deputations that wait upon him with a stern dignity which, though accompanied in most cases by a certain kindness of manner, always leaves the conviction that Alexander III. feels himself an autocrat, and is determined to yield none of his prerogatives, but to impress on all who approach him that they are in the presence of an absolute, though kindly master. This species of self-assurance was a trait in the character of the Emperor in his very earliest days.

THE CONVENTION AT PHILADELPHIA.*

On October 20th, at Kemuel, the Faith Rest, 7 South Twelfth Street, Philadelphia, was held the second conference that has taken place that city of believers in Christ's redemption of both soul and body. It should be understood that their principles are wholly distinct from the magnetic healers, the believers in the occult, and the spiritualistic laying-on of hands, which they repudiate as of the Evil One. It is worthy of note that the very first conference of this kind ever held in America, apart from those of Dr. Cullis, was held in Philadelphia, in June, 1882.

The Kemuel Home, in which the first session was held, was opened November 3d, 1884, by Mrs. Sarah G. Beck, of Germantown, who called and Mrs. Clift from Washington to assist. The work has been greatly blessed; many have been helped to a better spiritual life, and have been marvelously and instantly healed in answer to prayer. On the walls of the chapel of the Home are appropriate Scriptures, and several articles of special interest, intrinsic or from association. Prominent among the latter is a fine piece of sculpture representing the head of the Saviour, with the motto, "It is shed." Besides its merits as a work of art, it is pleasing from the fact that it was presented to the Home by the artist whose work it is, and is presented it as a thank-offering after being almost entirely recovered of severe lung fever the spring. He has been well ever since, and his work of art, which is an original conception, stands there as a mark of his thankfulness. The meeting was called to order by Dr. Clift, who suggested as a motto or key-note for the conference the significant words of the evangelist (Matt. 17:8): "And they saw no man save us only." After singing and prayer Mrs. Clift spoke. For over an hour the audience listened intently while she urged them to take their sorrows, griefs, trials, cares, burdens, and sicknesses of soul and body, definitely, and forever to the Lord, and let Him carry them away. Having once done this, they were not to repeat the prayer and ask a

second time for the same thing, because "He had that matter now in hand," and whatever He undertook never failed. The Government was upon His shoulders.

The conference reassembled on the following day at 3 P.M., the house being densely crowded, even the aisles and stairways being thronged with eager listeners. Mr. G. W. McCalla, editor of *Words of Faith*, presided. It was a meeting for consecration, at which an address was given by Miss Carrie F. Judd, of Buffalo, N. Y., whose little book, "The Prayer of Faith," has had an immense circulation here and in England, and has been translated into French, German, Italian, Swedish and Spanish. Miss Judd's subject was Christian Consecration. Her address was followed by testimonies from the audience.

At the evening session, held in the Western Methodist Church, on Twentieth Street, below Walnut, Captain R. Kelso Carter presided and made a lengthy address. Rev. A. B. Simpson, of New York, followed, calling attention to the wonderful beneficence that flowed from the life of Christ. He reminded his hearers that their lives, as well as their prayers, should be full of sweetness and perfume, like the "garden enclosed" [Canticles 4: 12-16], that was full of spices and pleasant fruits and living waters.

The morning session of the following day was held, as all subsequent sessions had to be, owing to the large number attending, in the large Institute Hall, on Eighteenth and Chestnut streets. Dr. Clift presided. A number of requests for prayer were presented, some for spiritual blessings, and others for healing of a variety of diseases. Miss Judd then spoke of the faith necessary for the recovery of the body, and cited several cases which she had herself witnessed of complete restoration to health of persons grievously afflicted, some of whom had been sufferers for many years. Mrs. Baxter dwelt upon the miracles recorded in the New Testament. In conclusion, she gave an account of a young lady who was taken to Bethshan some time ago suffering from a complication of dangerous diseases, and who for thirteen years had been unable to sit up. She told how "she was entirely cured through the intercession of God and her faith in Him." The Rev. A. B. Simpson said "there was no contention with natural healing on the part of those who believed in divine healing," but he considered the former treatment necessarily human, and therefore limited. "Natural means for the body were well enough as far as they went, but they were not God's ways for His own children."

At the afternoon session Rev. D. D. Smith, of Wilmington, Del., presided. A number of those present gave their testimony regarding divine healing as exemplified in their own lives. They told of the various bodily ailments to which they had once been subject, and of the cures which they believed had been wrought by divine agency. After the session about twenty persons were anointed under the direction of Rev. A. B. Simpson, Mrs. Baxter and others.

Captain R. Kelso Carter presided over the evening exercises, which were opened with prayer by Dr. Clift. Rev. John Cookman, of New York, referred to the higher Christian life, which, he said, could be followed in this world, and gave personal testimony to prove the divine healing power. Rev. Mr. Simpson made the closing remarks, and narrated some of his experiences.

The testimony meeting on the third day of the conference was deeply interesting. For more than an hour one after another rose from among the crowd in the auditorium and briefly testified to their personal restoration to health from painful and apparently mortal sickness. On a rising testimony being called for more than one hundred and fifty responded, and when it was asked that those would rise who had suffered from organic or incurable disease and been healed by the Master without medicine or surgical appliances, seventy persons stood up.

An anointing service was held in the evening,

at which forty sufferers presented themselves for the ceremony. The service was especially solemn and impressive, silent as the grave, save when broken by the notes of the consecration hymn or the voice of the "prayer of faith" offered immediately after Mr. Simpson applied a forefinger dipped in oil to the forehead of each person, and each one had the hands of some "believer" "in these things" on his head, according to James 5: 14-16, and Mark 16: 18: "They shall lay hands on the sick" (failing, Bangs's trans.), "and they shall recover."

Among prominent "believers" who laid on hands in this service were: Rev. D. D. Smith, Dr. Clements, of the Episcopal Church; Rev. John Cookman, of New York; Rev. R. C. Oliver, of South Carolina; Rev. Mr. Stahl and Rev. Philip Haendreges, of Philadelphia; and Rev. C. M. Mytinger, of Washington, D. C., of the Methodist Episcopal Church; Rev. Mr. Johns, of the Presbyterian Church in Philadelphia; Rev. A. Frank, Mennonite; Captain Carter, G. W. McCalla, Dr. and Mrs. Clift, and Mrs. Beck.

On the fourth day of the Convention Rev. D. D. Smith presided. Mrs. Baxter opened the morning session by reading a number of letters asking the prayers of believers for the writers and their friends, some of whom were in spiritual difficulty, and others desired physical healing. Mrs. Baxter then spoke of the "living water" of life referred to in the Bible, and compared it to "God's precious gift of the Holy Ghost, a gift that all believers might possess." She dwelt on the doctrine of "receiving by faith" and the change which the Holy Spirit could create in human beings; and she warned her hearers against wrong spiritual pride and ostentation in prayer. It was especially enjoined that, in the midst of earnest Christian work, there should be perfect repose and trust in the Lord. In conclusion she spoke of a class of persons who, although they attended holiness meetings and other religious gatherings, never did anything practical for Christianity. Rev. D. D. Smith spoke on the true spirit of Christian work as exemplified in the life of John the Baptist.

At the afternoon session Mr. G. W. McCalla spoke on the necessity of implicit and unquestioning surrender to God, without which faith alone was not effective in divine healing or in the "higher life." At the conclusion of his address testimonies were given by members of the audience, and forty sick persons were anointed.

At the evening session a letter was read asking if there was any case on record of a blind person having received sight through divine healing. Several cases of the kind were cited. Rev. R. C. Oliver said that he had preached the Gospel for twenty-four years before his eyes had been opened to the fact that Christ had redeemed his body from sickness, as He had redeemed his soul from the power and guilt of sin. He could therefore sympathize with ministers who were unable to accept the doctrine of divine healing, and deplored the tendency to denounce them which was sometimes manifested by those who had received it. Mr. C. B. Stillwell spoke on special prayer, and said that there could be no doubt in the minds of observant Christians that God did answer it. He was himself a living illustration of the fact, as he owed his conversion to God's answer of a sister's prayer on his behalf.

All the meetings were pervaded by a spirit of reverence and consecrated enthusiasm. Their effect has passed beyond them. Many persons have since visited Kemuel to testify that they were healed of various diseases, and others, at prayer-meetings and religious gatherings in the churches of the city, have given thanks for spiritual blessings received during the Convention. Another remarkable result is the interest aroused in the doctrine of divine healing among the clergymen and physicians of the city. Large numbers of members of both professions were present at the Convention, and paid close attention to the proceedings.

We are indebted for this report of the proceedings of the Convention to the kindness and thoughtfulness of our esteemed friend, Joseph W. Clift, M.D., who is known among the churches of the United States as the "beloved physician." He has saved us from the disappointment we felt on receiving the report of another gentleman contented himself with the rather vague statement: "We splendid meetings."

political excitement, and he left it in ruins that men might learn what a fickle thing is man favor. "But the mercy of the Lord is from everlasting to everlasting to them that fear him, and His righteousness unto the children's children of such as keep his covenant, and to those who remember His commandments to do them." This moment "seek Him that maketh the seven stars and Orion."

LOVE AND WARNING.

Again, Amos saw, as we must see, that the God who made these two beacons of the Oriental night sky must be a God of love and kindly warning. The Pleiades rising in mid-sky said to all the herdsmen and shepherds and husbandmen, "Come out and enjoy the mild weather and cultivate your gardens and fields." Orion coming in winter warned them to prepare for empest. All navigation was regulated by these two constellations. The one said to shipmaster and crew, "Hoist sail for the sea, and gather merchandise from other lands." But Orion was the storm-signal, and said: "Reef sail, make things snug, or put into harbor, for the hurricanes are getting their wings out." As the Pleiades were the sweet evangelists of the spring, Orion was the warning prophet of the winter.

Oh, now I get the best view of God I ever had! There are two kinds of sermons I never want to preach—the one that presents God so kind, so indulgent, so lenient, so imbecile that men may look what they will against Him, and fracture His very law, and put the cry of their impertinence and rebellion under His throne, and while they are spitting in His face and stabbing at His heart, He takes them up in His arms and kisses their infuriated brow and cheek, saying, "Of such is the kingdom of heaven." The other kind of sermon I never want to preach is the one that represents God as all fire and torture and hundercloud, and with red-hot pitchfork tossing the human race into paroxysms of infinite agony. The sermon that I am now preaching believes in a God of loving, kindly warning, the God of spring and winter, the God of the Pleiades and Orion.

You must remember that the winter is just as important as the spring. Let one winter pass without frost to kill vegetation and ice to bind the rivers and snow to enrich our fields, and then you will have to enlarge your hospitals and your cemeteries. "A green Christmas makes a fat graveyard," was the old proverb. Storms to purify the air. Thermometer at ten degrees above zero to tone up the system. December and January just as important as May and June. I tell you we need the storms of life as much as we do the sunshine. There are more men ruined by prosperity than by adversity. If we had our own way in life, before this we would have been impersonations of selfishness and worldliness and disgusting sin, and puffed up until we would have been like Julius Caesar, who was made by sycophants to believe that he was divine, and the freckles on his face were as the stars of the firmament.

HELPFUL STORMS.

One of the swiftest Transatlantic voyages made last summer by the Etruria was because she had a stormy wind abaft, chasing her from New York to Liverpool. But to those going in opposite direction, the storm was a buffeting and a hindrance. It is a bad thing to have a storm ahead pushing us back; but if we are God's children and aiming toward heaven, the storms of life will only chase us the sooner into the harbor. I am so glad to believe that the monsoons, and typhoons, and mists, and siroccos of land and sea are not unchained maniacs let loose upon the earth, but under divine supervision! I am so glad that the God of the Seven Stars is also the God of Orion! It was out of Dante's suffering came the sublime Divina Commedia, and out of John Milton's blindness came Paradise Lost, and out of miserable infidel attack came the Bridgewater Treatise in favor of Christianity, and out of David's exile came the songs of consolation, and out of the sufferings of Christ came the possibility of the

world's redemption, and out of your bereavement, your persecution, your poverties, your misfortunes, may yet come an eternal heaven.

THE BECKONING WORLDS.

Oh, what a mercy it is that in the text and all up and down the Bible God induces us to look out toward other worlds! Bible astronomy in Genesis, in Joshua, in Job, in the Psalms, in the prophets, major and minor, in St. John's apocalypse, practically saying, "Worlds! worlds! worlds! Get ready for them!" We have a nice little world here that we stick to, as though losing that we lose all. We are afraid of falling off this little raft of a world. We are afraid that some meteoric inconoclast will some night smash it, and we want everything to revolve around it, and are disappointed when we find that it revolves around the sun instead of the sun revolving around it. What a fuss we make about this little bit of a world, its existence only a short time between two spasms, the paroxysm by which it was hurled from chaos into order and the paroxysm of its demolition!

And I am glad that so many texts call us to look off to other worlds, many of them larger and grander and more resplendent. "Look there," says Job, "at Mazaroth and Arcturus and his sons!" "Look there," says St. John, "at the moon under Christ's feet!" "Look there," says Joshua, "at the sun standing still above Gibeon!" "Look there," says Moses, "at the sparkling firmament!" "Look there," says Amos, the herdsman, "at the Seven Stars and Orion!" Don't let us be so sad about those who shove off from this world under Christly pilotage. Don't let us be so agitated about our own going off this little barge or sloop or canal boat of a world to get on some Great Eastern of the heavens. Don't let us persist in wanting to stay in this barn, this shed, this outhouse of a world, when all the King's palaces already occupied by many of our best friends are swinging wide open their gates to let us in.

When I read, "In my Father's house are many mansions," I do not know but that each world is a room, and as many rooms as there are worlds, stellar stairs, stellar galleries, stellar hallways, stellar windows, stellar domes. How our departed friends must pity us shut up in these cramped apartments, tired if we walk fifteen miles, when they some morning, by one stroke of wing, can make circuit of the whole stellar system and be back in time for matins! Perhaps yonder twinkling constellation is the residence of the martyrs; that group of twelve luminaries is the celestial home of the Apostles. Perhaps that steep of light is the dwelling-place of angels cherubic, seraphic, archangelic. A mansion with as many rooms as worlds, and all their windows illuminated for festivity.

Oh, how this widens and lifts and stimulates our expectation! How little it makes the present, and how stupendous it makes the future! How it consoles us about our pious dead, that instead of being boxed up and under the ground have the range of as many rooms as there are worlds and welcome everywhere, for it is the father's house, in which there are many mansions! Oh, Lord God of the seven stars and Orion, how can I endure the transport, the ecstasy, of such a vision! I must obey my text and seek Him. I will seek him. I seek Him now, for I call to mind that it is not the material universe that is most valuable, but the spiritual, and that each of us has a soul worth more than all the worlds which the inspired herdsman saw from his booth on the hills of Tekoa.

A EUROPEAN PAGODA.

I had studied it before, but the cathedral of Cologne, Germany, never impressed me as it did this summer. It is admittedly the grandest Gothic structure in the world, its foundation laid in 1248, only two or three years ago completed. More than six hundred years in building. All Europe taxed for its construction. Its chapel of the Magi with precious stones enough to purchase a kingdom. Its chapel of St. Agnes with masterpieces of painting. Its spire spring-

ing five hundred and eleven feet into the heavens. Its stained glass the chorus of all rich colors. Statue encircling the pillars and encircling all. Statues above statues, until sculpture can do no more, but faints and falls back against carved stalls and down on pavements over which the kings and queens of the earth have walked to confession. Nave and aisles and transept and portals combining the splendors of sunrise. Interlaced, interfoliated, intercolumned grandeur. As I stood outside, looking at the double range of flying buttresses and the forest of pinnacles, higher and higher and higher, until I almost reeled from dizziness, I exclaimed: "Great odology in stone! Frozen prayer of many nations!"

But while standing there I saw a poor man enter and put down his pack and kneel beside his burden on the hard floor of that cathedral. And tears of deep emotion came into my eyes, as I said to myself: "There is a soul worth more than all the material surroundings. That man will live after the last pinnacle has fallen, and not one stone of all that cathedral glory shall remain uncrumbled. He is now a Lazarus in rags and poverty and weariness, but immortal, and a son of the Lord God Almighty; and the prayer he now offers, though amid many superstitions, I believe God will hear; and among the Apostles whose sculptured forms stand in the surrounding niches he will at last be lifted, and into the presence of that Christ whose sufferings are represented by the crucifix before which he bows; and be raised in due time out of all his poverties into the glorious home built for him and built for us by Him who maketh the seven stars and Orion."

Christian Work in Cincinnati is a Matter for which prayer is specially desired. We gladly comply with a request received from that city to publish the following: "The Christian people of Cincinnati, represented by the members of the Noon-day Prayer-Meeting Committee of that city, send forth to the Christian world, a request for their prayers for Cincinnati, its ministers and people. Several evangelists will occupy the field, and supplement the work of the pastors during the coming fall and winter. Let every child of God breathe a prayer to heaven for divine favor upon this city and its special work."

A Letter to President Cleveland from Mrs. Helen Hunt Jackson ("H. H.") was given to the press recently. It derives a melancholy interest from the fact that it was written only four days before her death, and when opened by the President on his return from the Adirondack the earnest and gifted writer's career of usefulness was closed. It ran as follows: "DEAR SIR: From my death-bed I send you message of heartfelt thanks for what you have already done for the Indians. I ask you to read my 'Century of Dishonor.' I am dying happier for the belief I have that it is your hand that is destined to strike the first steady blow toward lifting this burden of infamy from our country and righting the wrongs of the Indian race."

A New Religious Organization was incorporated recently, and its certificates filed in the County Clerk's office in New York by the Rev. Charles F. Deems, D.D., LL.D., George L. Taylor, the Revs. Dr. R. S. McArthur, A. F. Schaffner, S. H. Virgin, William T. Wylie, and Owen O. Schimmel. It is called *The Christian Giving Society*, and its objects are: "To impress upon individuals the practical adoption of proportionate giving, as enjoined in the Scriptures (every one according to his means); to awaken the conscience of the Church and the leading Christians to adopt the principles and methods pointed out by the Head of the Church for the support and spread of the Gospel; to secure a more general discussion of the questions of Christian giving; to furnish tracts, sermons, books, and such other helps as may be useful; to awaken interest and impart instruction on this question, and to look up and enlist all who are in sympathy with the effort."

THE REVOCATION OF THE EDICT OF NANTES.

(See Illustration on page 732.)

THIS event forms a conspicuous landmark in the history of Protestantism in France, and its bi-centenary was fittingly celebrated last month all over Christendom by the descendants of the original Huguenots. It may be mentioned that the Edict was originally granted by the French King Henry, in 1598, for the protection of the Protestant followers of John Calvin, Theodore Beza and William Farel. It was granted twenty-seven years after the terrible massacre, of St. Bartholomew, which took place on August 24th, 1572, when six thousand persons were murdered in Paris alone, and the number of Protestants slain throughout the kingdom is moderately estimated at nearly ten times the number.

It was eighty-seven years afterward, in 1685, that this Edict was revoked, and the lives and property of the Huguenots were again at the mercy of their Roman Catholic foes. Louis XIV., the king who revoked the Edict, was the grandson of King Henry, who granted it. He was a narrow-minded, bigoted king, and before the final act of revocation took place he showed his hatred of Protestantism and his impatience of the restraints which the Edict imposed upon him.

Louvois, the chief minister, the king's confessor, the Pere la Chaise, and the ambitious, bigoted, resolute Madame de Maintenon, stimulated the king to a series of measures that have made his name infamous to all time. The "dragonnades" in particular are mainly due to Louvois. Regiments of dragoons were marched into Huguenot districts; the inhabitants were summoned to recant. If they refused the soldiers were quartered upon them, to be withdrawn from those who embraced the Romanist creed. The dragoons thus domiciled in Protestant homes were encouraged to commit almost every kind of cruel outrage. Women and children were the special objects of brutality. No family was safe from molestation. Numberless scenes, like that of a family surprised, depicted in the illustration on page 732, were witnessed, and finally the Edict was revoked formally.

In October, 1685, appeared a declaration in which Louis said the object of the Edict of Nantes had been to bring the Huguenots into the Church; that this was what he himself had all along been aiming at; that heaven had blessed his recent efforts by bringing over the best of the Protestants to the Catholic religion—and that now, since the old arrangement ceased to be useful, he thought it right, in order to efface the remembrance of past troubles, utterly to revoke the Edict of Nantes and every other ordinance which had subsequently been enacted in favor of the Huguenots.

Thousands of the most conscientious and capable inhabitants of France left her shores, openly or secretly, establishing themselves in the cities of free Europe. French communities were established in Switzerland, the Rhine provinces, in Holland, Denmark, even in Russia, while one noble band

CAME TO AMERICA,

and, after enduring terrible privations, succeeded in establishing the town on Long Island Sound which they named New Rochelle. Robert Hale Bartow says: "Nothing could have been more depressing at the outset than the privations which these sufferers for conscience' sake were compelled to endure. They put up frail tents or booths as a temporary shelter, and then began the erection of a house to protect them from the rigors of an approaching winter. Having excavated a cellar of sufficient depth, they walled up its sides with stones, and then built upon the stone foundation a log-house of considerable size, one story high, and constructed above it a large garret, which was used for sleeping apartments. The thatched roof of the building was made by interlacing the long sea-grass that grows so abundantly in the salt marshes of Long Island Sound with the poles forming the frame-

work of the roof, the dried sea-grass being bound to the poles with strong cords.

"In this rude dwelling the exiles passed their first winter, and on the Sabbath religious services were held in the house. During the winter a clearing was made in the dense forest, and in the spring agriculture with rude implements and the construction of additional dwellings were begun. The women worked as industriously as the men, and, in addition to their ordinary domestic duties, spun the cloth worn as clothing. But the whole country was then a howling wilderness that resounded with the war-whoop of the Indians by day and the cry of panthers at night." It was not until 1687 that a permanent settlement was made, from which grew New Rochelle.

A century later the streets of Paris ran with noble blood, which would never have been shed if France had not driven out of her borders the pious men and women whose influence would have prevented the excesses of the Reign of Terror.

ANECDOTES RELATED AT THE EVANGELISTIC MEETINGS IN SCOTLAND.

The Sins of His Youth.—At a recent meeting an evangelist said: "I know a man who is very ill; I do not suppose he will ever get better. I have visited him several times, and referring to his spiritual state, he observed: 'I feel my old sins, the sins of my youth, all coming up. I believe I am a worse sinner than ever I was.' Ah, dear friends, I think Jesus is coming nearer to that man, although he knows it not. The more we see of Christ, the more do we loathe ourselves. What a mercy it is to know that the sins of all who look to Him are blotted out and forgiven."

"While There's Life There's Hope."—A Christian worker narrated the following: "I remember when speaking recently to a man in an evangelistic meeting about his soul's welfare, he said to me: 'It is too late now; it is too late now; there is no use my trying to be a Christian. Habits are formed within me from which I cannot break away, though I would; it is of no use, it is too late.' My friend, I said, 'had the thief on the cross pleaded all these excuses instead of taking Jesus at His word, he would not have been in Paradise to-day.' God blessed these few words uttered in weakness, and the man went away rejoicing in the Lord."

A Successful Barn Service.—At a noon prayer-meeting, lately, a gentleman from the audience told the following incident: "About sixteen years I lived in the North of Ireland, and one day I had to walk four miles to a town to which I was going. On my way a very heavy storm came on, and I had to seek shelter at a farm-house. A Christian family dwelt there, and they kindly asked me to remain with them over the night. I did so, and on the following morning they asked me to stay that day also with them, and have a Gospel meeting in the barn. Accordingly I agreed, although I was not accustomed to address meetings. My courteous friends let it be known all round the district that there was to be a meeting in their barn at such an hour; and at the time appointed the barn was packed to the door. I delivered my simple address, and shortly afterward left that place. Last summer I happened to be again in that district, after a lapse of sixteen years, and was told that at that one meeting, held in the barn, very many had been led to a saving knowledge of the truth as it is in Jesus. God says: 'My Word shall not return unto Me void.'"

Jennie's Bridal Day.—On One Occasion I went to see a young girl about seventeen years of age, and when I looked at her I knew that she was dying. 'Well, Jennie, I said, 'are you getting any stronger yet?' 'Oh, no, sir, I shall never be stronger.' 'You may live for some time yet, Jennie, I said, in an encouraging tone. 'No sir, I shall not live long now,' and with a look of despair in her face she said: 'Oh, I wish you would show me the way of salvation.' She was alone, and I thought that this was a good op-

portunity of speaking to Jennie about her soul. I spoke to her long and earnestly about Christ. Then kneeling in prayer, I besought the Bridegroom to claim His bride and take her at once into His own possession. When I had concluded, she said: 'I am the bride of my King and I soon shall be in the presence of my King. When he shall draw near we were sitting by the bed. There were a few moments of complacency, and we thought that she was gone. I lifted a hymn-book and began softly to sing a hymn beginning with

'My Jesus, I love Thee, I know Thou art mine. I sang the hymn throughout until I came to the last verse,

'In mansions of glory and endless delight
'I'll ever adore Thee in heaven so bright;
'I'll sing with the glittering crown on my brow;
'If ever I loved Thee—'

I paused, I knew not why; I looked at the face of the girl whom I thought was already gone and opening her eyes once more, she clearly and distinctly finished the verse—

'My Jesus, 'tis now!'

She closed her eyes, her spirit had gone to with the Saviour whom she loved so well."

A Letter from an Aged Infidel.—The Rev. James Newby related: "One night in a tea meeting in which I was taking part we received an anonymous letter to the following effect:

'Pray for an old infidel who does not believe God, and has done all he could to break down the faith of others.' We tried to find about the letter, but no one could tell us anything about it. In the prayer-meeting on Saturday evening, an old man stood up and acknowledged himself to be the writer of it. He said that he had come to the meeting as an out-and-out infidel, and had read all the great infidel books. He had spent much of his life in inculcating these principles into the minds of others. But what he had heard and seen began to move him, until at last he felt himself a helpless sinner. He now rose to tell us that Christ had his rebel heart by him subdued, and he was here, a brand plucked from the burning, to testify to the truth he had so long sought to destroy. This man came on with us the next day to our open-air meeting and confessed his new faith. He became a great help and a blessing to the whole place, no using his talents on the side of Christ."

A Sea Captain's Terrible Despair.—Mr. Dunn told the following incident: "I was passing through a street in South Shields when a Bible woman came up to me, and said: 'Mr. Dunn, wish you would visit a sea captain in the next street who is dying.' I promised to do so, but when I knocked at the door, it was answered by his wife, a very nice, gentle-looking creature; told her for what purpose I had come, and she said: 'I am sorry, but you cannot come in; I will not see any one.' But, I said, 'the Bible-woman has sent me: is your husband not dying?' 'Yes, he is dying, but he told me on no account to admit a Bible-woman, a minister, a missionary, or an evangelist.' I must see him, I replied, and walked past her into the house. I entered the dying man's bed-chamber but as I did so, he lifted up his hand as if to waive me off, and as I approached his bed, he cried: 'Don't come near me; don't come near me; I am lost; I am lost; it is all settled.' But, I interposed, 'Jesus came to seek and to save the lost.' Young man, go away, go away, for it is all settled, he shrieked. 'I must say a word,' I answered, 'God is very near heaven is very near; and the Spirit is very near.' But is there not a verse in the Bible that says: 'My Spirit shall not always strive with man?' 'Yes, I said, 'you will find that verse in Genesis.' 'Well, I could take you to the spot where the Spirit ceased to strive with me. It spoke to me for many, many long years. In the storm, in the church, and in the street, I paid no attention to it, and one night, that awful night, I can recall it now, the Spirit was

living with me as I walked along the street; got fairly out of temper, and standing, I said: 'I'll settle it,' and walking over to a bar across the road, I entered, and drank about a gill of 'andy. From that time the Spirit of God ceased to strive with me. I am not dead, but I am lost, lost forever.' And in that state, so far as man may judge, he passed away. Oh, friends, aware of resisting God's Spirit!"

Setting the Starlings Free.—"I Was Once availing out the Duntocher road, when I met two boys. Stopping them, I asked: 'Where are you been, boys?' 'We have been away ridding-catching, and we have got a starling each.' Let me see them, boys.' The boys held up their hands to let me see the birds. I looked at them, and said: 'Boys, I really think you ought to let these birds away; they will not live with you, because they are too old; had they been young ones they might have lived.' But the boys had no such intention, telling me they could let them take their chance. 'Well, boys, will you tell me what I will do; I will buy them of you. Set a good price upon them, and do not be afraid of asking too much.' They went off a little way to consult how much they would ask, and soon the one who had gained most success came forward, and said: 'We want threepence for each of them, sir.' I handed the boy his threepence, saying: 'Now open your hand.' 'I will do it,' said the boy, looking rather afraid, still keeping his fingers closed upon the bird. 'Yes,' I said, 'you are bound to do it; the bird is mine; I paid the price for it.' The boy opened his hand, and in a moment the little prisoner was gone. I did the same thing to the other boy, who also was afraid to let go the bird, but it was also set free. Dear friends, although we are shut up in Satan's prison, Jesus has bought us, for He has paid the price which the law justly demanded, and He has set us free if we will only ask Him."

WHY WE EXPECT THE SECOND ADVENT.

By Rev. S. H. Kellogg, D.D.*

THE question is often asked, What are the doctrines of the Pre-millennialists, and in what respect do they differ from the views of other Christians? A clear and unequivocal answer may be of use to the young Christian inquirer.

Pre-millennialists, agreeing that the Scripturesarrant the expectation of a future age of triumphant righteousness upon the earth, maintain that the Second Advent will not follow, but introduce that period, and that until that time of "the wheat" merely, but "the tares" also, the children of the wicked one," must continue to grow.† They therefore expect no universal triumph of holiness till Christ returns. Which of these two is the Scriptural doctrine as to the order of events? Does the Millennium ring in Christ, or does Christ, by His personal return, bring in the Millennium?

This is the simple question fundamental to his whole discussion. To this all others are secondary and subordinate. This question should not, as often, be confounded with other and mistaken or irrelevant issues. The question is not, for example, whether Christ shall visibly return to this earth. That is agreed on both sides. It is not whether the Holy Ghost as the power, with present instrumentalities, convert the whole world before and apart from the visible appearance of Christ. That, again, is agreed on both sides.

The question is not as to what God can do, or as to what He has revealed that He intends to do. Neither is the question whether man, in that future age of righteousness, will be saved in any other way than by the regeneration of the spirit and faith in an atoning Saviour. Both sides heartily agree that in all dispensations there has been, and ever will be, but one way of salvation.

The question, again, is not as to the duty of preaching the Gospel among all nations, nor the certainty that this will be done before the Lord's return. Both parties agree on both these points. Pre-millennialists, no less than others, are found in the forefront of the home and foreign evangelism of the day. The difference of understanding is not as to these points, but as to the divine purpose in this universal preaching. Neither is it the question whether this preaching shall be successful or not. Both sides agree that it must be successful for all that God intends to accomplish by it.

Both, moreover, believe that it is the purpose of God to gather out of the world in the present age, by means of this preaching, "an exceeding great multitude which no man can number."* The question, we repeat, is simply this: Whether the universal triumph of Christ's kingdom, which the prophets predict in such glowing terms, is to be expected before Christ's personal Advent, or only after it. That the latter, and not the former, is the teaching of the Scriptures, we believe, for reasons such as the following:

A MODERN DOCTRINE.

1. Because the former is a modern opinion, while the latter is the primitive doctrine. The now fashionable theory of a Millennium of prevailing righteousness on earth before the Second Advent is a novelty unknown to the Church before the Reformation. On the other hand, Pre-millennialism was the general faith of the Church in the age immediately succeeding the apostles.

2. In the first place, and negatively, we cannot find in the Bible a single declaration that the predicted age of Gospel triumph will come before the Advent. The assertion of this doctrine rests, at the best, only on human inference from the Scriptures, and on no direct teaching of the Word to that effect. Silence is not always proof; but in this case the silence of the Scripture affords a very weighty presumption against the truth of the doctrine in question.

3. The presumption against the doctrine of a conversion of the world before the Advent is made the stronger by the fact that the predicted subjugation of the nations to the Lord is never held up in the New Testament as a motive to the extension of the Gospel. If the conversion of all nations is to be the direct result of our evangelistic efforts, it were certainly most fitting that it should be continually held up as one of the strongest motives to press forward with the work. The first preachers had even more need of this encouragement than we have in these days of peace and quietness and much profession of Christ, yet the Lord never once gave it to them.

4. But not only are the Scriptures silent as to a Millennial age of holiness before the Advent, under circumstances when, if this were God's truth, they might by all means be expected to speak, but they categorically teach what should utterly forbid any Christian to cherish such an expectation. In the first place, they teach that the time of the Advent is so utterly uncertain that no man has a right to be sure that the Advent may not, so far as he knows, occur in his day. "Watch, for ye know not when the time is" is the sum of the Lord's teaching on this subject. Not once, but again and again, are we charged that we remember this uncertainty of the time. We are told that, when the Lord comes it will be like "a snare," like "the lightning," like "the thief at night." How can such teaching be reconciled with the doctrine that a Millennium must yet begin and end before the Lord can possibly appear?

OPPOSED TO A COMMAND.

5. And this brings us to another argument against this doctrine of a Post-millennial Advent. If believed with confidence, it makes it impossible to obey the Lord's command to watch for His return. Just at this point the controversy comes to have a practical bearing.

While we are none of us required to have a certain theory of prophecy, with all the events of the future mapped out in their order, we are required to obey the commandments of the Lord. Of these commands no one is more emphasized than just this, that because the time of His return is so utterly uncertain, we should be ever on the watch for Him. But how can any man who really believes with confidence that a thousand years of universally prevailing righteousness are yet before the Church this side the Second Advent obey this commandment?

6. The doctrine of a Millennial age of righteousness before the Advent is also directly contradicted by the uniform teachings of the New Testament as to the character and history of this present age or dispensation. We have in the Gospels and Epistles many passages which professedly describe the condition of the world between the First and Second Advents. These descriptions are distinct and uniform in their representations. They all agree in representing the condition of the world during the absence of the Lord as marked by the dominance of moral evil.

7. The argument becomes yet more conclusive when we note still more specific predictions touching the course of things from the apostolic age to the Second Advent. On the one hand, it is predicted that the Gospel should be preached "for a witness" to all nations, and that "then"—most significantly it does not say "when all the nations have accepted the Gospel"—but "then," when the world-wide witness shall be complete, "the end shall come."

From the above considerations we are compelled to conclude that the numerous prophecies in the Old Testament of a reign of righteousness on earth cannot possibly refer to a period of time before the Advent of the Lord, but must find their fulfilment after that event.

That in our endeavors to adjust these prophecies in their mutual relations, and frame to ourselves a consistent and clear picture of the precise nature and order of events which shall succeed the Advent, we shall meet with difficulties, and that some of these may even be beyond our power as yet to solve, those who have most studied these questions will be the most ready to admit. But this is only what, in dealing with subjects of this nature, we might reasonably expect, and even though many questions may be asked which we cannot answer, difficulties urged which we cannot explain, it will by no means follow that the arguments adduced above are nullified. Great as the difficulties may be on the hypothesis for which we have argued, yet if to be rid of these we set aside the plain Scriptures cited, and affirm in the face of them an age of universal holiness before the Advent, we find ourselves involved in difficulties greater far.

NOT FANATICISM.

In any case it is not too much to say that, in view of the facts, for an intelligent Christian to treat the Pre-millennial doctrine with contempt and regard a belief in it as indicating a lack of sound and sober judgment, still more, to seek to charge that belief with inevitable tendencies to fanaticism, confounding Millennialism with Millism and like extravagancies, after the fashion of many, is only to evince a degree of ignorance or intensity of prejudice which does little credit to the head or heart of him who makes such imputations. One thing, at least, is certain: We are all bound, whether private Christians or ministers, to conform our thinking and teaching to the model given by our Lord and His apostles. But if we do this we shall never be able to talk as if the Church were sure of centuries of peace and righteousness before the Lord's return.

We shall all do well to remember how the Apostle Paul warned Timothy that the last days should be "perilous times," with much of the form of godliness, joined with denial of its power, and then solemnly added the too oft-forgotten words: "If thou put the brethren in remembrance of these things, thou shalt be a good minister of Jesus Christ."

* From his new book entitled "Are Pre-millennialists Right?" p. 8. Paper cover, 25 cents. Published by F. H. Revell, 148 Madison Street, Chicago, Ill.
† See Matt. 13: 30.

* There is the more need to notice these affirmations, that as regards every point named Pre-millennialists are often charged with holding views which they, in the persons of all their representative men, utterly repudiate.

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CURRENT EVENTS.

The President's Proclamation, in which he designates Thursday, November 26th, as Thanksgiving Day, reminds citizens that there have many reasons for observing the annual custom. In the course of his proclamation he says: "On that day let all secular business be suspended, and let the people assemble in their usual places of worship, and, with prayer and songs of praise, devoutly testify their gratitude to the Giver of every good and perfect gift for all that He has done for us in the year that has passed; for our preservation as a united nation and for our deliverance from the shock and danger of political convulsion; for the blessings of peace and for our safety and quiet while wars and rumors of wars have agitated and afflicted other nations of the earth; for our security against the scourge of pestilence, which in other lands has claimed its dead by thousands and filled the streets with mourners; for plenteous crops which reward the labor of the husbandman and increase our nation's wealth; and for the contentment throughout our borders which follows in the train of prosperity and abundance. . . . And let us by no means forget while we give thanks and enjoy the comforts which have crowned our lives that truly grateful hearts are inclined to deeds of charity, and that a kind and thoughtful remembrance of the poor will double the pleasures of our condition and render our praise and thanksgiving more acceptable in the sight of the Lord."

The Treasury Report Issued Last Week shows a reduction of the public debt during the month of October of \$13,000,000. This is, however, mainly in the changes effected in the form of the currency outstanding. The Secretary of the Treasury finds that the calling in of the one and two-dollar bills has succeeded in forcing the silver dollars into circulation. For the first time in many months the Treasury has paid out more than was coined. Its stock on hand was decreased by nearly \$1,800,000. These, with those coined during the month, increase the amount in circulation by \$4,000,000. But the coins have not gained in popularity.

The Election in New York State, which, as the President's own State, attracted more than usual interest this year, resulted in a Democratic victory. Mr. David B. Hill was elected Governor by a plurality of 11,351. The exact vote for all the sixty counties had not been made up at the time of writing, but it appears that the Democratic vote was less by 62,000 than it was last year, the Republican vote less by 72,000, and the Prohibition vote had increased. A significant feature of the result is that the Republicans made important gains in the Legislature. They made a net gain of two Senators and four Assemblymen, and will have a majority of ten in the Senate and twenty-six in the House, or thirty-six on joint ballot. Many explanations have been offered to account for the Republican defeat. Many of them are mere conjectures. It is evident, however, that the support of the Independents, or Mugwumps, as they are called, is not of itself sufficient to insure Republican success. It was supposed that they held the balance of power in the State. The Democrats lost

them this year, but they gained Blaine's Irishmen and the vote that went to Butler last year, which more than compensated.

Among the Important Results of the Election in the country was the Republican victory in Pennsylvania. It was a very significant fact that Colonel Quay was elected, and it is matched with the election of a man named Mouatt to the Common Council in Philadelphia. If the Republicans can win with such candidates, that State ought to be considered safe for the party. In Virginia the Mahone party was decisively defeated, and it is supposed that it will be impossible to re-elect him to the Senate. It is noticeable that Republican newspapers in the North do not grieve over the result, and some of them openly rejoice. In Massachusetts the Republicans elected their Governor, and in Iowa they elected their Governor, and carried both Houses of the Legislature.

Two Civil Service Commissioners were appointed by the President last week. They are Mr. Alfred P. Edgerton, of Indiana, and Mr. William L. Trenholm, of South Carolina. Mr. Eaton has accepted a temporary appointment with them in order to aid them by his experience in their new duties. Both the new commissioners are highly spoken of in their respective sections as men of sterling character and capacity. They are heartily in sympathy with the reform principles. As the majority of the Board will now be Democratic, it may be hoped that the journals of that party will be less volatile and virulent in their abuse of the system.

The War on Polygamy is being Prosecuted with vigor. Several more convictions under the Edmunds law have been secured, and the Presidents and bishops are concealing themselves from the officers of the law. The report of the Utah Commission proposes to extend the provisions of the law in the direction of increased stringency. It suggests that the penalty of six months' imprisonment at present exacted for conviction of unlawful cohabitation shall be made at least two years for the first offence and three years for the second. It is also proposed to hereafter exclude any person from settling on the public lands who refuses to take an oath that he is obeying and will continue to obey the laws against polygamy.

The Startling Disclosure was Made Last week that Boston, Mass., is infected with the vices which have made London notorious through the civilized world. On November 5th an orphan girl, fourteen years of age, appeared in the Municipal Court, and testified that she had been decoyed into a house of ill-fame in that city, and kept there against her will for two months. Her clothes were taken from her, and when she clothed herself in a sheet and tried to make her escape by jumping through a window she was caught and carried back, and beaten until she was nearly dead. The matron of the Tombs, who examined her after her rescue, reported that her body still bore the marks of fearful bruises. The girl ended her testimony with the pitiful words "Oh, sir, there are others there who were taken there just as I was. Can't you save them?"

The Trial of Mr. Stead, the Editor of the Pall Mall Gazette, was concluded on Saturday last. The jury found him and Mrs. Jarrett guilty, and acquitted Mr. Bramwell Booth and Mr. Jacques. Sentence was deferred, and all the defendants were put upon their trial on another indictment in the same case. The bias of the judge was apparent throughout his charge to the jury. Dr. Ridding, the Bishop of Southwell, has published a letter, in which he eloquently and forcibly expresses his sympathy with Mr. Stead and his appreciation of the effects of his work. It is remarkable that it is the most godly men in the country who are supporting Mr. Stead, while the abuse and denunciation he suffers come from men whose efforts in the cause of morality have not been conspicuous. The New York Times says very truly that "the people who will rejoice most in his conviction are those who ought to be in his place, since they have done from

vicious propensities what he has done, at least in part, as we think, from public spirit." It is significant that in this city the journals which have most persistently assailed him are the New York Herald and the Evening Post.

The Political Campaign in England is Not at fever heat. No such excitement has been aroused during the past half century. The Liberal prospects declined during the past week owing to a manifesto issued by some influential Liberal peers declaring their opposition to a candidates who are advocating the disendowment of the Church. This is an open avowal of the split in the Liberal party, as nearly all the advanced Liberal candidates of the Chamberlain type are pledged to the measure. The Conservatives are making capital out of the difficulty, and will gain to their support many Churchmen who have hitherto voted with the Liberal party.

The Irish Agitation is Expected to be a important factor in the future government of Great Britain. In several English constituencies there are large numbers of Irishmen, and some they hold the balance of power. A convention of Irishmen was recently held in Glasgow to decide on a course of action, in order that a solid Irish vote might be cast in those constituencies. The delegates pledged themselves on behalf of the Irish people whom they represented in England and Scotland "to have no tralficking with English political parties, to stand aloof from their struggles, to tolerate in their ranks no man who allied himself with either party, and then, when the hour of battle came to receive the word of command from the man who was selected as chief of the Irish race throughout the world." This will give Mr. Parnell an opportunity to deal with individual members on the basis of Irish support in return for pledges to vote for home rule. The number of men who will sit in the new Parliament absolutely pledged to obey Mr. Parnell will, it is now stated, be eighty-six. Two candidates rejected at his desire are making vigorous protests in the newspapers against his dictation.

An Important Movement in the Bulgarian difficulty took place last week when the Czar of Russia decreed Prince Alexander's dishonorable dismissal from the Russian army. That is regarded as a bold and unequivocal intimation of the attitude Russia will take in the impending struggle. It is expected that it will be the prelude to an occupation of the country by Russian troops, in which case Austria and Germany could not honorably avoid a conflict. Should England, France, and Italy join the two powers the struggle may be averted for the time, as Russia would in that case find herself in antagonism to all Europe.

The Emperor of Germany, while Visiting a chapel in Berlin, on October 26th, received an address from his chaplain. In the course of his reply the venerable Emperor uttered these pregnant words: "As for what you have said about me personally, I accept it with all modesty as a man whose days are now numbered. In my life, time heaven has covered me with blessings and mercies, especially in my old age; but the home paid me I lay at the throne of the Highest, from whom we derive strength to execute all the best things that can be done on earth. Within the last few years, before the eyes of all of you, things have happened by which Prussia has been raised higher than ever we expected. You have all been witnesses of the great work accomplished, which will continue to endure if its foundations remain in purity of religion and progress in every good deed. In my old days I can call heaven to witness that I have ever looked upon religion as the sole foundation on which everything reposes, and as the highest of my good people."

Wanted as Evangelists at Mission Stations of the Gospel Army in Canada and the United States, men or women who can sing and give Gospel addresses. Write to the President, Rev. M. Baxter, Post Office, Toronto, Canada.

Mrs. M. Baxter Conducted Two Services in the Congregational church, Ashtabula, O., on Sunday, November 1st, which, in spite of very stormy weather, were well attended. On Monday, November 6th, she conducted a holiness meeting at Cleveland, O., and has since been giving addresses on "The Christian Life" and "Divine Healing" at Nashville, Tenn. Mrs. Baxter will take part in Dr. Cullis's convention at Baltimore, commencing November 13th, and from there will go on to Pittsburg for the convention to be held there, and on November 24th will take part in the convention at Chicago.

Mr. William Noble's Meetings in Chelsea, Mass., last week were densely crowded, and much good was done. We are informed that God's blessing on the work is signally manifested, and some very remarkable conversions have occurred beside the ordinary temperance successes. A happy feature of the work in that city is that the pastors have united in organizing the work, and have taken an active part in it. The Baptist, Congregational, and Universalist churches have been placed at Mr. Noble's disposal, and he has spoken in each, besides the meetings in Hawthorn Hall. This week Mr. Noble is speaking every night in Watertown, N. Y., after which he goes to Louisville, Ky.

The New Hebrew-Christian Church in New York, which was dedicated about a month ago, held its first baptismal service on Sunday evening, November 1st. The young Israelite who was baptized was one of more than ordinary intelligence, and well read in the traditions of his fathers. He gave an interesting account of his first hearing of the Gospel and of the struggle his mind had undergone with the hatred of Christ, which is so common among his people. Rev. Jacob Freshman, who baptized him, preached a suitable sermon to the large audience, most of whom were Israelites. His text was, "And the remnant of Jacob shall be in the midst of many people as a dew from the Lord, as the showers upon the grass, that tarrieth not for man, nor waiteth for the sons of men" (Micah 5:7).

Mr. Moody Closed the Christian Convention at Newburg on Monday, November 2d. The rink was densely crowded. During the services nearly \$5000 was subscribed toward paying off the debt of \$10,000 remaining upon the building of the Newburg Young Men's Christian Association. It is estimated that as many as fifteen thousand persons attended the meetings, thousands coming from out of town. Pastors of all the Christian churches of the city and members of all gave Mr. Moody the heartiest encouragement and practical assistance during the convention. On November 4th Mr. Moody commenced a series of services at Reading, Pa.

The New York Medical Missionary Society opened its new house at 118 East Forty-fifth Street on November 4th. The society was instituted in 1881, with the motto, "To heal the sick and to preach the Gospel." It aims to fit young men, regardless of race or evangelical sect, for medical mission work at home and abroad. It has now four dispensaries, and since its organization has given medical attendance to thirty thousand of the sick poor. It is supported by voluntary contributions, and the sole limit to its usefulness is the measure of its funds. Most of its students attend the New York Medical School, but receive practical training at the dispensaries. Dr. George W. Dowkott is the Medical Superintendent, and Alfred C. Post, M.D., LL.D., President. On its Managing and Advisory Boards are many of the most prominent physicians, business men, and clergymen in New York. Dr. Dowkott, the devoted superintendent, writes us that Dr. Summers, who is now laboring in Africa in conjunction with Bishop Taylor, and who was educated at the mission, has gone on a pioneer journey to Melange, having only twenty native carriers as his companions. Miss Dr. Myers, another of the students, who is now married to one of the missionaries, reports that her medical knowledge is of great assistance in missionary

work. The highest officer in Angola recently sent a special messenger forty miles seeking her assistance.

The Monument to Major Andre which Cyrus Field erected at Tappan, N. Y., was destroyed by some lawless persons with dynamite on the night of November 3d. The explosion shook the neighborhood for miles around, and broke nearly every window in the village. On inspection the shaft was found to be overturned and the base shattered into a thousand fragments. This is the third and most successful attempt to demolish it that has been made since its erection. Mr. Field visited the monument only a few days before the explosion. On that occasion a farmer warned him that it was likely to be destroyed, as he had seen suspicious characters prowling around it at night. *The Times* says that the philanthropic financier asked the farmer to be kind enough to shoot them if he saw them there again, but the farmer failed to comply with the request. It is said that Mr. Field will not restore the monument, lest it should be destroyed again. But if André is the kind of man he is desirous to honor, there is no reason why he should not erect a monument to him in England, where it would be safe. Here men count their country's enemies as their own. They admit André's good qualities, but they cannot forget that his notoriety is due to the act of treachery in which he was an unconscious instrument, and they are not disposed to do him honor. Christian people are not so sensitive in their allegiance. They often aid in raising to office and honor, the enemies of their King. That was not David's spirit (Ps. 139: 21, 22).

A Diver's Hairbreadth Escape is Described in a despatch from Salem, Mass., on November 2d. He was engaged in inspecting a sunken sloop off Baker's Island, when suddenly his supply of air was cut off. He was at that time in the hold of the sunken ship, and his lines, which connected with his boat on the surface, did not work easily. He gave them a sharp pull as a signal for more air, but got no reply and no more air. Again he gave the signal, but got no reply. Then he realized that something on the sunken ship had rolled on his life-line, cutting off all his communication with the surface. It was hardly a second before he felt his eyes begin to protrude, and then there was a sharp pain, as though a knife was drawn across his forehead, and the top of his head felt as though it was pulled off. Then he lost consciousness. Providentially his assistants in the boat above became alarmed at his silence, and having signalled to him and received no answer, hauled him up in time to save his life. Sometimes an experience of which this incident is typical happens to the Christian. While engaged in the world's business its weight of cares is permitted to interrupt his communion with on High, whence the source of his spiritual life is derived. Often he is rescued from spiritual death by some sharp trial, by which God recalls him to his allegiance (Hos. 5: 15).

The Efficacy of Charms in Curing Disease, is the subject of a long and interesting communication to the press by a gentleman who recently visited a town in Pennsylvania in which are a large number of farmers of English birth. He states that nearly all of them are believers in the efficacy of charms against all the ills of life. One old resident of the settlement carries in his pocket constantly an immense tooth from a human jaw. It is carried as a preventive of toothache. *The charmed ring* is another remedy in much esteem in the settlement as a cure for epilepsy. The visitor saw one that had just been made by a jeweller at Honesdale, Pa., for a girl subject to epileptic fits. She had begged nine copper coins from nine young men about her own age, and sent the coins to the jeweller, who was directed to cut a piece out of each coin and construct a ring out of the pieces to fit her middle finger, and return the mutilated coins to the girl. This was said to be a sure cure. Educated people laugh at these charms, but it is undeniable that some people who use them are

cured. How they are cured we do not know, and shall not know until we understand how the mind influences the body. But if the power of faith is so efficacious even when exercised in a ridiculous nostrum, we need not wonder at the change of heart and life that follows it when exercised in Him to whom is given all power in heaven and in earth (Mark 9: 23).

A Man Died in a Shed at Port Jervis, N. Y., on November 3d, after his wife and mother had both refused to receive him into their houses. He had been drinking heavily, and while intoxicated he fell down some stone steps, fractured his skull, and became unconscious. A physician saw him, and ordered that he be taken home at once. He was placed on a mattress in a wagon, and driven to his house. His wife refused to let him be carried into the house. The unconscious man was then driven to his mother's house. She also refused to receive him. Still unconscious, he was then taken to the poor authorities. They would not have anything to do with his case. He was then driven back to the saloon. The proprietor consented to let the wagon bearing the unconscious man be driven in under his shed, where he died. It appears that the wife and mother did not believe he was injured, but thought he was only drunk, and they knew that when in that condition he was always violent and abusive. The patience of the two women must have been severely tried before they acted as they did. Happily for us, the long suffering of God exceeds that of any human being; but even that has its limits (Prov. 1: 24-28).

A Celestial Plant Unknown to Botanists was exhibited recently in a railroad car between Rochester and Syracuse, N. Y. One of the passengers was noticed carrying a flower-pot, which contained an extraordinary plant. It attracted the attention, among others, of a botanist, who inquired from the owner what its origin was. He said that he had passed many years in the employ of the Hudson's Bay Company, and while so engaged he had taken a great interest in the cosmic dust which falls on the snow and ice in British America. This dust he had gathered wherever he found it, storing it carefully in a bottle. At the end of several years he had gathered the small quantity which the pot contained. He planted a pea in the celestial mould, and left it for a year, locked up in a strong box. At the end of the year he found, sprung from the star dust, the plant which attracted the attention of the botanist. Stirring up the dust with his finger, he further found the pea he had planted dry and unspouted. The plant had sprung from some other seed, and the owner believed that it was a seed fallen, as the dust had fallen, from the celestial spaces. There are around us spiritual growths which, like this plant, had their origin away from this world. The graces of the Christian life never spring from any seed that education can sow. They grow here, but their origin came from God (John 3: 8).

A Curious Accident to a Ship Occurred in the Brooklyn docks recently. On her return from India, two weeks ago, the ship *Gryle* landed her cargo at the Empire stores, and was then sent to the dry dock to have her bottom scraped. To avoid the expense of taking in ballast to keep her steady while crossing the river, some large timbers, weighing thousands of pounds each, were hired and slung on each side of the ship. Weighted with these she arrived safely at the dock but before entering it a sailor slacked the ropes that held the ballast logs on the port side, and they fell into the water. Instantly the weight of the logs on the starboard side dragged her over on her beam-ends, and her spars collided with the side of the dock, and were broken. Had the accident occurred in mid-stream she would have filled and sunk. As it was, she was righted with much difficulty. Something like this has happened to our human nature. It is dragged down into moral wreck by qualities which the Creator intended for its safety. It is only by regeneration, when the Holy Spirit is imparted, that they fulfil their design (Rom. 6: 19).

THE NOBLEMAN'S FAITH.

A New Sermon by Pastor C. H. Spurgeon.

"There was a certain nobleman, whose son was sick at Capernaum. When he heard that Jesus was come out of Judæa into Galilee, he went unto Him, and besought Him that He would come down, and heal his son: for he was at the point of death," etc.—JOHN 4:46-53.

Affliction as a Black Horse—Mercy its Rider—Children Leading Their Parents—I. The Spark of Faith—Based on Report—For a Natural Blessing—Limits the Lord's Power—Prays in the Right Spirit—II. The Fire of Faith—True as Far as it Went—Had a Programme Arranged—Persistence and Intensity—III. The Flame of Faith—took Christ at His Word—Obeyed—IV. The Conflagration of Faith—The Pearls of Faith—Full Belief—A Saved Household.

This narrative illustrates the rise and progress of faith in the soul. The same living Christ is here, and His help we as greatly need as ever did this nobleman. May we seek it as He sought it, and find it as He found it!

Observe, then, at the commencement, that trouble first of all led this courtly personage to Jesus. Had he been without trial, he might have lived forgetful of his God and Saviour; but sorrow came to his house, and it was God's anger in disguise. It may be, dear friend, that you are in trouble this morning; and, if so, I pray that affliction may be

THE BLACK HORSE

upon which mercy shall ride to your door. It is a sad, sad thing with some men that, the better the Lord deals with them in providence, the worse return they make. On the other hand, there are hearts that turn to the Lord when He smites them.

The particular form of trial which visited this nobleman was the sickness of his child. A little son he had, whom he dearly loved, and he was down with a deadly fever. The father appears to have been a naturally kind and affectionate person. His servants evidently took a great interest in him, and in the domestic affliction which grieved him; for you observe with what eagerness they came to meet him, to tell him of the recovery of his child. The father's heart was sadly wounded because his dear boy was at the point of death. No doubt he had tried all the remedies known to the times, had sent for every physician that could be found within miles of Capernaum; and now, having heard of one Jesus of Nazareth, who at Cana had turned water into wine, and at Jerusalem had done many mighty works, he resorts to Him with eager petition and desperate hope. He might never have thought of seeking Jesus if it had not been for that dear dying boy.

How often does it happen that children, though they are not angels, yet are used to do better work than angels could accomplish; for they sweetly lead their parents to God and heaven! They twine themselves about our hearts, and then, if we see them sicken, and mark their pains, our sympathetic hearts are wrung with anguish, and we cry, "O God, spare my child! Lord, have mercy upon my little one!" The first prayers that come from many hearts are, under God, fetched forth by grief for little ones most dearly loved. Is it not written, "And a little child shall lead me"? It was so with this man; he was brought to Jesus by trouble; brought to Jesus by anxiety about a child.

I. I want you carefully to mark

THE SPARK OF FAITH.

all the while saying—I am going to look and see if I have such a spark of faith; and if I find it, I will prize it much, and pray the Holy Spirit to breathe softly upon it, that it may rise to something more permanent and powerful. The faith of this nobleman rested, at the first, entirely upon the report of others. He lived at Capernaum, down there by the sea, and among the news-mongers it was common talk that there had arisen a great Prophet who was working great wonders. He himself had never seen Jesus, nor

heard Him speak; but he believed the report of others, and he was right in doing so, for they were credible persons. Well, faith often begins in that way. Men believe the report which is brought to them by well-known persons who have experienced the power of divine love, and thus at first, like the Samaritans, they believe because of the woman's report. In future time, they will come to believe because of having heard, and seen, and tasted, and handled, for themselves; but the beginning is good. This faith which comes of a report by others is a spark of true fire. Take care of it, May God grant you grace so to pray about it, that that spark may increase into a flame!

A NARROW RANGE.

Observe that this faith was such a little faith that it only concerned the healing of the sick child. The nobleman did not know that he needed healing in his own heart; he did not perceive his own ignorance of Jesus, and his own blindness to the Messiah; he did not perhaps know that he needed to be born again; neither did he understand that the Saviour could give him spiritual life and light. He had little knowledge of the Saviour's spiritual power, and thus his faith had a very narrow range. What he did believe was that the Lord Jesus, if He would come to his house, could prevent his child from dying of the fever. He had reached as far as that, and such faith as he had, he turned to practical use at once.

Friend, you do not as yet know how great my Lord is, and what wonderful things He doeth for those who put their trust in Him; but you are saying, "Surely He could help me this morning in my present trial, and deliver me out of my present difficulty." So far, so good. Use what faith you have. Bring before the Lord the trial of the hour. Let me encourage you to do so. If you cannot come to Him for heavenly things, you may, for the present, begin with the sorrows and trials of earth; if you cannot come to Him for an eternal blessing, you may come to Him for a passing favor, and He is ready to hear you. Though your prayer should only be about worldly things, and be nothing more than a merely natural prayer, yet pray it, for "He heareth the young ravens when they cry," and they do not pray spiritual prayers.

LIMITED TO PRESENCE.

The nobleman's faith was so feeble that he limited the power of Jesus to His local presence. Hence his prayer was, "Sir, come down ere my child die." If he could but induce the Lord Jesus to enter the room where the sick child lay, he believed that He would speak to the fever, and the fever would be allayed; but he had no idea that the Lord Jesus Christ could work at the distance of twenty-five miles; he had no notion that the word of the Lord could operate apart from His presence. Still, it was better to have that limited faith than to have none at all.

I notice that this man's faith taught him how to pray in the right spirit. Notice the argument he used; he besought Him that He would come down and heal his son, for he was at the point of death. He urged no merit, but pleaded the misery of the case. He did not plead that the boy was of noble birth—that would have been very bad pleading with Jesus; nor did he urge that he was a lovely child—that would have been a sorry argument; but he pleaded that he was at the point of death. His extremity was his reason for urgency; the child was at death's door, therefore his father begs that mercy's door may open. When you, my friend, are taught by grace to pray aright, you will urge those facts which reveal your own danger and distress, and not those which would make you appear rich and righteous. You cannot ask the Lord to bless you because of any desert or merit you have, for you have no trace of any such thing; but you will be wise to plead your necessities. Cry, "O God, have mercy upon me, for I need mercy!" State your child's case, and say, "For he is at the point of death." This is the key which opens the door of mercy.

II. Thus have we seen faith in the spark: we will now look at

THE FIRE OF FAITH.

struggling to maintain itself, and gradually increasing. Let us see how the fire smoulders, and the heap begins to smoke, and thus betrays the inner fire. This man's faith was true as far as it went. That is a great thing to say. He stood before the Saviour resolved not to go away from Him; his only hope for his child's life was in this great Prophet of Nazareth, and therefore he did not intend to leave Him till his request was granted. He does not at first get the answer that he wants, but he perseveres, and pleads on. His faith was true as far as it went; but it was hindered by a desire for signs and wonders. Our Lord therefore gently chided him, saying, "Except ye see signs and wonders, ye will not believe." Now I know that many of you believe that the Lord Jesus can save, but you have fixed in your mind the way in which He must do it. You have been reading certain religious biographies, and you find that such a man was driven to despair, had horrible thoughts, and so on; therefore you settle it in your minds that you must have similar horrors, or you will be lost. You lay it down as

A PROGRAMME.

that you must be saved in that way, or not at all. Is this right? Is this wise? Do you mean to dictate to the Lord? His Gospel is not, "Suffer to much horror and despair, and live;" but, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved." He comes to many, and calls them effectually by the soft whispers of His love; they do but trust Him, and they enter into immediate rest. Why should it not be so with you? Why should you keep yourself out of comfort by laying down a programme, and demanding that the free Spirit should pay attention to it? *Let Him save you as He wills.* Away with foolish prejudices!

Yet this is to be said of the nobleman's faith: it could endure a rebuff. Think of the Master only saying to this poor anguished father, "Except ye see signs and wonders, ye will not believe." It was sadly true, but it sounded honestly sharp. This man answered our Lord by still greater importunity. He would not go away, not he. Oh, dear heart, may you have such faith in Christ that, though He should rebuke you, you will not leave Him! Jesus is your only hope; therefore do not turn away from Him. Imitate Bunyan when he spake words to this effect: "I was driven to such straits that I must of necessity go to Jesus; and if He had met me with a drawn sword in His hand, I would sooner have thrown myself upon the edge of His sword than have gone away from Him; for I knew Him to be my last hope." O soul, cling to thy Lord, come what may!

Then see how passionately this man pleaded. He cried, "Sir, come down ere my child die," as much as if he had said, "Lord, do not question me just now about my faith. O my Lord, I pray thee do not think of me at all, but heal my dear child, or he will be dead! He was at the point of death when I left him, do hasten down and save him." Limited was that faith, for he still asks Christ to come down, and seems to think it essential that our Lord should make a journey to Capernaum to work the cure; but note how intense, how eager, how persevering was his pleading. If his faith failed in breadth, it excelled in force. Dear anxious friend, keep close to the example now before us. Pray, and pray again; hold on, and hold out; cry on, and cry out; never cease till the Lord of love grants you an answer of peace.

III. We come to a higher stage, and watch

THE FLAME OF FAITH.

The spark increased as a smouldering fire, and now the fire reveals itself in flame. Observe that Jesus said to the petitioner, "Go thy way, thy son liveth." And the man truly believed, and went his way.

Here note that he believed the word of Jesus over the head of all his former prejudices. He had thought only that Christ could heal if He

came down to Capernaum; but now he believes, though Jesus remains where He is, and only speaks the word. Friend, wilt thou, at this moment, believe the Lord Jesus Christ on His bare word? Without laying down any rules as to how He will save thee, wilt thou trust Him? Thou hast prescribed dark convictions, or vivid dreams, or strange sensations; wilt thou cease from such folly? Dost thou not know that he that believeth in Him hath everlasting life? Wilt thou have done with thy nonsense about "Come down, and save me," or "Make me feel this, and I will believe thee"? Wilt thou believe in Him now, despite all thy former thoughts, and pretensions, and desires, and just say, "I will trust my soul with Christ, believing that He can save me"? Thou shalt be saved as surely as thou dost thus trust.

FAITH IN ACTION.

The next thing this man did to prove the sincerity of his faith was that he at once obeyed Christ. Jesus said to him, "Go thy way;" that is, "Go home"—thy son liveth." If the man had not believed the word he would have lingered there, and kept on pleading, and looking for favorable signs; but as he has believed, he is satisfied with the word of the Lord, and goes his way without another word. "Thy son liveth" is enough for him. Many of you have said, when you have heard the Gospel preached, "You tell us to believe in Christ; but we will continue in prayer." That is not what the Gospel commands you. If you believe in Him, you will go your way in peace; you will believe that He has saved you, and act as if you knew it to be true. You will joy and rejoice in the fact that you are saved. You will not stop to cavil, and to question, and to follow after all kinds of religious experiences and feelings; but you will exclaim, "He tells me to believe Him, and I believe Him. He says, 'He that believeth on Me hath everlasting life,' and I do believe in Him, and therefore I have everlasting life. I may not feel any peculiar emotion, but I have eternal life. Whether I see my salvation or not, I am saved."

Still, I am bound to say concerning this man's faith at this stage, that it still fell somewhat short of what it might have been. It was a great thing for him to have come so far; but he had farther yet to go. He expected less than he might have expected, and therefore, when he saw his servants, he asked them when the dear child began to amend. He was overjoyed when they virtually said, "He never did begin to amend; the fever left him all at once; at the seventh hour he recovered." You see he expected a gradual restoration. He looked for the ordinary course of nature; but here was a miraculous work. He received far more than he reckoned on. How little we know of Christ, and how little we believe in Him even when we do trust Him! We measure His boundless treasure by our scanty purses. Yet the faith that saves is not always full-grown; there is room for us to believe more, and to expect more, of our blessed Lord. Oh, that we would do so!

IV. So far the nobleman's faith has grown, but now we shall see it become

THE CONFLAGRATION OF FAITH.

As he went home, his servants met him with good news. In the quietude of his faith he was exceedingly delighted when they said, "Thy son liveth!" The message came upon him like the echo of the word of Jesus. The repetition must have astonished him. I often notice about the preaching of the Word, how the sentences strike you as to their very words when God blesses them. People say to me, "You said, sir, the self-same thing that we were talking of when we were on the road; you described our cases even to our thoughts, and you mentioned certain expressions which had been used in our conversation; surely God was speaking through you." Yes, it is often so; Christ's own Word finds many echoes from the mouths of His commissioned servants. The Lord's Providence rules words as well as deeds, and makes men say the right words without their knowing why they say them.

Now the nobleman's faith is confirmed by the answer to his prayers. His experience has come in to the aid of his faith. He believes in a more assured sense than he did before. He has proved the truth of the Lord's word, and therefore he knows and is persuaded that He is Lord and God. The faith of a sinner coming to Christ is one thing; the faith of a man who has come to Christ, and has obtained the blessing, is another and stronger matter. The first faith, the simpler faith, is that which saves; but the further faith is that which brings comfort, and joy, and strength into the spirit.

CONFIRMATION.

"My prayer is heard," said he; and then he spoke to the servants, and after inquiry his faith was sustained by each detail. The more he studied the case the more wonderful it became. The details were singularly confirmatory of his confidence, and by their means he rose to a clearer and firmer faith. Brethren, how many such confirmations some of us have had! Doubters attempt to argue with us about the simplicities of the Gospel; and they want to fight with us upon their own ground of mere speculative reasoning. Dear sir, this is hardly fair to us. Our own ground is of quite another kind. We are not strangers to the business of faith, but adepts in it; and you ought to allow something for our personal experience of the faithfulness of the Lord our God. We have a thousand treasured memories of happy details which we cannot tell you. We do not call you swine, but at the same time we dare not throw our pearls before you. Certain things are so inter-twisted with our lives that we are anchored by them. "Coincidences," you say. Ah, well! say what you please, to us they are other than to you! Our soul has cried out, time after time, "This is the finger of God." A man who has been helped out of a very severe trouble cannot forget his deliverer. Do you reply, "You were fortunate to get out of it"? Oh, sir, this seems a very cold-blooded remark!

A POTENT ARGUMENT.

At the same moment that Christ said, "Thy son liveth," the nobleman's son did live; the same word that Jesus used to the father was used also by the servants who had been thirty miles away; and therefore the father felt that something more than human had crossed his path. Do you wonder at it? Besides, that dear boy, whom he found sound and well, was a potent argument. You could not argue the happy father out of a faith which had brought him such joy. The child was at the point of death till faith received the word of the Lord Jesus, and then the fever fled. The father must believe; would you have him doubt?

Strengthened in his faith by his experience, after having believed the bare word of Jesus, the good man now sees that word fulfilled, and he believes in Jesus in the fullest sense; believes for everything; for his body, and for his soul; for all that he is, and for all that he has. From that day forth he becomes a disciple of the Lord Jesus. He follows Him, not as a Healer only, nor as a Prophet only, nor as a Saviour only, but as his Lord and his God. His hope, his trust, and his confidence are fixed upon Jesus as the true Messiah.

What follows is so natural, and yet so joyous, that I pray it may be true to all of you; his family also believe. Happy household! There was a grand baptism soon after, when they all went to confess their faith in Jesus. Not only was the child cured, but the whole household was cured. The father did not know, when he went pleading about his boy, that he himself needed to be saved; the mother, also, probably thought only of her son; but now salvation has come to the whole family, and the fever of sin and unbelief is gone away with the other fever. May the Lord work such a wonder as that in all our houses! If any of you are groaning under a burden of grief, I trust you will be so relieved that, when you tell your wife of it, she will believe in Jesus too. May the dear child of your care believe in Jesus while yet a child; and may

all who belong to your domestic circle also belong to the divine Lord! Grant, at this time, thy servant's desire, O Lord Jesus, for Thy glory's sake! Amen.

NEW BOOKS.

A LAYMAN'S STUDY OF THE ENGLISH BIBLE, by Francis Bowen, LL.D., is a deeply interesting work, full of suggestive and original thought. Dr. Bowen approaches the subject, as its title indicates, as a layman, not as a philologist or a theologian. He does not depreciate the aspects to which those two classes direct their attention, but he believes that, examined purely from a literary point of view, without regard to its other claims, the Bible ranks far above all other books as a study for the philosopher, the historian, and the poet. More than that; it has as a book exerted a more powerful influence over the course of human affairs among civilized nations than all other books put together. Dealing first with its language and literary style, he places it first among English classics, pointing out what seems to be forgotten in these days, that the language in the main is Tyndale's. From that aspect Dr. Bowen proceeds to examine the narratives of the Old Testament and the Parables of our Lord, the exquisite beauty of which in their English dress he dwells on with critical pleasure. Chapters on the philosophy and the poetry of the Bible and the Character and Institutions of Moses complete the book. We believe that the most experienced Christian who has made the Bible his life study will see new beauties in his beloved book under Dr. Bowen's guidance, while to the intelligent young student his work will be an introduction to its study which will stimulate his interest and incite his admiration. Pp. 145; price, \$1. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons.

"MARVELS OF ANIMAL LIFE," by Charles Frederick Holder, is a work that will be a genuine surprise to dwellers in cities. Mr. Holder has been a close as well as an enterprising observer. The stories he tells in this book of the habits of animals and fishes show how much nearer they come to the possession of reason than the majority of people suppose. He tells us that many of the observations he has chronicled were made during a long residence upon a coral reef, some while swimming under water, and others are the memories of many practical collecting tours in various localities in search of specimens. "The chapters relate to widely different subjects; they describe the strange forms of animal life found in various parts of the world, all showing such striking evidence of design in their structure and ways as to convince the sceptical that they are the marvellous productions of the Great Maker." The following is a list of the subjects of the chapters: The Nest-builders of the Sea, Living Homes, Dry Land Fishes, Meteors of the Sea, Parental Care Among Animals, An Ocean Swordsman, Finny Light-Bearers, Old Friends, Is There a Sea Serpent? Animal Electricians, Our Common Snakes, Animal Mimics, Lost Races, The Ink Bearers, The King of Crabs, The Tiger of the Sea, Living Lights, Wonders of the Air, Animal Traps and Trappers, The White Whalers. As this list shows, it is not a beaten highway that Mr. Holder travels on in this work. There are over thirty full-page illustrations in it, rendering his descriptions of the creatures clear and vivid to his readers. Pp. 240; price, \$2. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons.

"THE BLOOD COVENANT,"

by H. Clay Trumbull, D.D. How much we have still to learn of the deep meaning of the Bible after all these centuries of study will be realized by every reader of Dr. Trumbull's lectures. What is the blood covenant, the primitive rite which underlies that mysterious symbolism of circumcision which was the token of the covenant with Abraham? Not one person in a hundred knows. Dr. Trumbull has with immense labor searched mythologies and books of travel for light upon this question, with surprising results. In the course of his inquiries he met an



Troops Disturbing a Huguenot Family in Paris Before the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes. (See page 726.)

intelligent Syrian who witnessed in a village at the base of the mountains of Lebanon the consummation of a blood covenant. "It was two young men who were to enter into this covenant. They had known each other and been intimate for years; but now they were to become brother-friends in the covenant of blood. Their relatives and neighbors were called together, in the open place before the village fountain, to witness the sealing compact. The young men publicly announced their purpose and their reasons for it. Their declarations were written down, in duplicate—one paper for each friend—and signed by themselves and by several witnesses. One of the friends took a sharp lancet and opened a vein in the other's arm. Into the opening thus made he inserted a quill, through which he sucked the living blood. The lancet-blade was carefully wiped on one of the duplicate covenant-papers, and then it was taken by the other friend," who did likewise. The covenant papers were folded small, and each friend wore one suspended about his neck or bound on the arm, in token of the indissoluble relation. This rite in other forms Dr. Trumbull traces among the Indians; Stanley found it in Africa; it exists in India, and seems in some shape to appear among all primitive peoples. We have not space here to indicate its various Scriptural applications, though they are exceedingly instructive. Dr. Trumbull's book must speak for itself, as, indeed, it is well able to do. It has an excellent topical and a Scriptural index. Pp. 30; price, \$2. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons.

THE PASSENGER'S CHALLENGE.

(See illustration on page 733.)

"TOM," said a sailor to his messmate, as they were keeping watch together one evening on an outward-bound ship, "have you seen that lubber that came aboard yesterday?"

"Which do you mean?"

"Oh, a seedy-looking fellow with check

pants. Looks as if he hadn't been sober for a year."

"No; I haven't seen anybody like that on board."

"Well, he is game for you. I heard the party that came aboard with him telling the captain a yarn about him. Wanted the captain to stop his grog all through the voyage. He seems to be a bad egg. He's broke his wife's heart, the party said, and her friends have subscribed and sent him out to Australia to get rid of him. Now, you're always wanting to convert some of us, so you'd better try to work it on him. He seems the sort of lubber that wants converting. You couldn't make him worse, anyway."

The next day after the conversation the man Jack called the whiskey-lubber came on deck. He might have been good-looking once, for he had regular features, and his broad forehead showed that he was not without natural capacity. But he looked a miserable creature: his eyes were bleary, and the corners of his mouth drawn downward, as if he was out of temper. His hair was uncombed, his beard neglected, and his dress dirty and slovenly. Tom saw him, but he knew that as a common sailor he ought not to open a conversation with him. However, the miserable creature was dull and wanted to talk to some one, and, as it happened, he fastened himself on Jack, and was soon talking glibly. A loud laugh from Jack attracted attention, and one after another of the sailors made an excuse to come around and listen to the fun. The passenger was bestowing his curses on things in general, and the ship and the sea in particular. He had no intention of amusing anybody, but the ingenuity and lurid force of his oaths interested men who were not novices in blasphemy.

"Here, Tom," Jack called out, "come and talk to this gentleman; he says you Methodists are a lot of hypocrites," and Jack qualified the reproachful word with the curse the stranger

uttered. To the passenger he said, by way of introduction, as Tom came up, "This is our amateur chaplain, sir."

"Oh, you are one of the Psalm-singers, are you?" he said to Tom. "Well, you are either a fool or a knave. You are either too stupid to know that the Bible is a lie, or you do know it and won't own to it."

Tom saw the three sailors were listening and were interested in the debate that the stranger invited. He had not sought the controversy, but as it was forced upon him he would not shrink from it. "I haven't much learning," he said, "but I'm not reckoned a fool by those who know me. I believe the Bible, and I know it's true. I'm no knave, either. I don't expect to make anything by my religion—not in the way you mean."

"Then you are a deluded man—a dupe. Now see here; I know the Bible, and I'll show you it can't be true." He was a glib talker, and he poured out with some adroitness a hash of Ingersoll and Tom Paine. He ended with: "You can't show me a prophecy in the book that came true, that was not written after the event."

Tom saw that he was no match in an argument for the stranger; and though he was not shaken for a moment in his faith, he could not rebut the scientific reasoning that was hurled at him. But he could not be silent under the challenge, even though he had to follow Solomon's prescription for a man wise in his own conceits (Prov. 26: 5), and answer a fool according to his folly. "I'll take you there, sir," he said. "I can find you such a prophecy,"

"Oo, you can? Then you are a wonderful man. Let me see it. Here's a fair issue; now, you men," turning to the three sailors who were listening, "shall be the jury. You shall say whether of us two is right. Come, produce your passage."

Tom had already pulled out a New Testament from his hip-pocket and was turning over the

leaves. Presently he found the place he wanted, and handed his antagonist the book, pointing with his big forefinger to the passage 11 Peter 3: 3. The three sailors bent over and read the passage with the stranger: "There shall come in the last days scoffers, walking after their own lusts." "You're one, you know, sir," was Tom's brief but concise application.

The man looked up with a baffled face, while the sailors joined in a laugh and a "Well done, Tom."

"That is not a fair argument," said the man; "that is abuse, not reasoning."

"Why, you don't mean to deny that you're a scoffer," said Tom; "and as for abuse, isn't that what you've been giving us all the time?"

The stranger rose, saying it was no use talking to a man so obtuse, and shuffled off to see if he could obtain a drink. He sulked for several days afterward, but no more infidel talk was heard from him. After a time Tom succeeded in breaking through his reserve, and had several earnest talks with him privately. He refused to argue, but dwelt on the love of the Saviour to the lost, and succeeded in getting a promise from the man that he would give the New Testament a fair reading without prejudice, and Tom told him that he would pray for a blessing upon it.

THE SILVER LINING.

A SERIAL STORY.

(Continued from page 719.)

The Foreign Mail.

"A LETTER from New York, papa," cried Kate Arnold, holding up an envelope addressed in her brother Frank's well-known hand. "I am all impatience. Do sit down and read it."

"Do you know what Shakespeare says about impatience, my dear?" said Dr. Arnold, taking the letter from her. "Yours is an undisciplined mind. I am afraid; you will never rise to that sublimity of soul which—"

"May I take the letter first and the lecture afterward, papa?"

"Bacon, in common with other philosophers, teaches us that patience—"

"Papa, why will you tantalize me so? All that Bacon ever wrote would not interest me like the contents of that letter. Mamma, do you take the letter, and let papa go and collect his quotations for his lecture on patience. You will read it to me, will you not? I am so anxious to know how Frank and Clare are getting on. There has not been a word from them since they settled, except that long description of the city. And the Australian mail is in, too, so that we shall surely have a letter from Helen this afternoon. This will be quite a red-letter day."

"You mean a foreign-letter day," said Dr. Arnold. "It is as I am so often telling you, Kate; the female mind is so entirely weak, so given to hyperbole, so inexact, so incapable of expressing the few and puny thoughts that it gives birth to, that until a lady has attained the years of your mother and has had the advantage of long association with a master mind, she is really unfit for intellectual society. You remember that St. Paul insisted on their keeping silence in the church, and if they wanted to



An Accepted Challenge.

know anything they should ask their husbands at home.

"Then I come now, papa. On apostolic principles, I want to know what is in that letter, and having no husband at home—for which I am duly grateful—I ask my father. Papa, do stop teasing, and instead of giving me information about the philosophers that I do not want, be sensible and give me the information that I do want."

"You mean, be indulgent and kind, Kate. If I were sensible and a wise father I should gird myself for the almost hopeless task of developing the thing you call your mind, and refrain from gratifying your curiosity, which is a sign of its inherent weakness."

"If I may be allowed to interrupt the skirmish," said Mrs. Arnold, "I would say that if you two want to show your wisdom you could not do it in a better way than by adjourning your debate and sitting down to breakfast."

"That is a very practical remark, my dear. As you wish it, we will see what Frank has to say about the medical system and mode of treatment in America. If there is anything in the letter apart from professional information I will communicate it." Dr. Arnold quietly proceeded with his breakfast, and having opened his letter, read it as he sipped his coffee.

He had no pleasant news to communicate, Frank wrote. He was weary, disappointed, and sick at heart. He was meeting with little success, and was crushed and humiliated by an absurd act on the part of his wife, which caused him more vexation than anything that had ever happened to him. She had unaccountably disappeared, and he could not find a trace of her. Whether she had committed suicide, or was making some ridiculous attempt to earn her living, or had returned to England, he could not conjecture. She was gone, and though he had searched diligently, there was no clue to her fate. It was due to her, Frank said, to admit

that he was not wholly blameless in the matter. He respected her for the wonderful skill she had displayed in her economical management of the little household, but disappointment and pecuniary embarrassment had tried his temper and rendered him at times irritable and impatient. Clare was a mere child in some things, and so sensitive that a hasty word distressed her needlessly. One evening, two weeks before the date of his letter, he was more than usually nervous, and had unfortunately used an expression which Clare interpreted as a reproach. She burst into tears, and declared that she would not be a burden on any man's shoulders. She grew hysterical, and he had endeavored to soothe her; but that night, during his temporary absence, she dressed herself in her poorest garments, and leaving her watch and a few articles of jewelry behind her, she went out, and he had not seen or heard of her since. He was still seeking her, but, not wishing to cause scandal, he was not asking police assistance.

"It is bad news," said Dr. Arnold gloomily. "I am afraid Frank is not acting wisely or kindly." And he handed the letter to his wife. Kate rose, and leaning on her mother's shoulder, read the distressing communication.

"You will send him some money, dear, will you not?" said Mrs. Arnold, appealingly. "We cannot help him in his worst trouble, but we may relieve his material wants. The poor boy must be very miserable. It is cruel of Clare to have deserted him in his difficulties."

"We will not judge her unheard, my dear," said Dr. Arnold. "We do not know how much she suffered. Frank's admission implies a great deal, coming from him. Depend upon it, she was driven to distraction before she took that rash step. I will send him some money, however, and we will hope that good will come out of evil."

Mrs. Arnold and Kate, however, with the natural disposition of women, which is so puzzling to the masculine mind, could spare none of their sweetness and mercy for their missing sister. They judged her harshly, as women invariably do judge a woman who departs from the strict line of duty, and were ready to accept any explanation which exculpated Frank at Clare's expense. When Dr. Arnold had sallied forth to visit his patients the two ladies discussed the subject together, and were so engrossed in it that when, a short time later, Helen's letter from Australia was brought in, they were almost startled, as by an incongruous arrival. Helen's letter was to her sister, so Kate escaped a repetition of the morning's ordeal, even if Dr. Arnold's depression had not precluded him from inflicting it.

Helen Arnold's letter was full of loving expressions, which evidently came from a full heart longing to be once again among the dear ones from whom she was separated. Goodness and mercy, Helen said, accompanied herself and her companion on their strange mission. Among their fellow-voyagers was an intelligent and refined lady, who was returning to Australia under sorrowful circumstances. She left it the happy

wife of a prosperous settler, a large wool-exporter, and was returning a widow to a desolate home. Mrs. Raymond's sorrowful face attracted Helen's gentle sympathy, and before the vessel was a week at sea the good Christian girl possessed the widow's confidence. She was wealthy, for her husband was the owner of an immense tract of land and flocks of sheep, which in no other country are gathered in such numbers. All this had been bequeathed to her by her husband, with the desire that she would not dispose of it, but leave it as it then was, under the management of his nephew, Leslie, whom he had adopted as his son. Mrs. Raymond's visit to her native land had been occasioned by the illness of her aged mother, whose last hours she had soothed, and it was on the very day that she laid her to rest in the English cemetery that she received the intelligence of her husband's sudden death.

Thus doubly bereaved, Helen's Christian sympathy was precious indeed, and by the time the vessel approached its destination the widow clung to her as to a daughter, and begged pitifully that the two girls would make their home with her during their visit. She dreaded the loneliness of the home where she had been intensely happy, and where in every room there would be agonizing reminders of him whose love had been her joy and delight. It was there that the two girls went on their arrival, and there Ralph came to woo and win the girl whom his sister had chosen for him.

It was not an easy task, for Jean was sensitively conscious that her lover might feel that her coming out to him had given her a claim upon him which he must discharge, and she exacted from him a devotion such as no lover was ever before required to render, and put his sincerity to tests which excited Helen's surprise by their ingenuity. Jean was resolved that Ralph Arnold should never marry her on any other ground than that he loved her for herself, and would have wooed her if there had been no question of duty or obligation in the case. But she had been convinced, not unwillingly and, they were married.

It was a pleasant home in one of the suburbs of Melbourne which Ralph had prepared for his bride. The first few weeks after the marriage were fully occupied in seeing all that was to be seen of the city and unpacking the well-filled boxes and cases which had come from England. Their contents many times brought tears into Helen's and Jean's eyes, for they reminded them of the loving hearts and hands which had packed them, and it seemed to them that they had been supplied with everything that heart could wish for.

At the same time there was much to charm them in the new home. They were astonished and delighted with much that they saw—with the width of the streets, the regularity with which they had been planned, and the fineness of many of the buildings—for they were hardly prepared to find a city of so few years' standing with so much that was really magnificent about it. They were particularly charmed with the numerous gardens scattered about the city, and Helen was deeply interested in the Botanical Gardens, which promised her many an afternoon of study, as her father had from childhood encouraged her love for trees and plants. Though the gardens seemed to her wanting in the picturesque, shrubs having been allowed too much to supplant the culture of flowers, still they contained many remarkable and rare specimens, and Helen found in Mrs. Raymond a friend who was as much a lover of them as herself.

Jean had a great desire to visit the gold country, and with some of her old impetuosity at last persuaded Ralph to take them to Ballarat, about a hundred miles away. Leslie Raymond, between whom and Ralph Arnold a close friendship had sprung up during the latter's visits to Mrs. Raymond's house in the character of a lover, was of the party, and they set off early one morning in bright spirits. Jean had heard marvellous tales of the gold-fields, and when she

at last found herself walking through the well-ordered, well-built gold town, she was almost disappointed, so different was it from all the ideas she had formed. She greatly longed to go down a mine, to see for herself the gold lying in its natural bed; but Ralph insisted that she must content herself with making her own observations at the mouth of the mine, while he and Leslie descended.

Jean and Helen watched the two as they entered the iron cage till they could see them no longer, and set themselves during their absence to observe the process of separating the gold from the earth, which they saw accomplished on a platform above the machinery. The gold, mixed with mud and soil, was placed in a trough, while water was allowed to pass through it, causing the mud and refuse to run off, while the weight of the gold made it sink to the bottom.

Three times Jean and Helen saw this process repeated, till at last the specks of gold were lying in little heaps—wonderfully little heaps. Jean thought, after all the labor that had been expended on them. She was very glad when at last her husband and Leslie were seen ascending to the top, and determined it should be the last time she would ever propose visiting a mine.

They had been lowered more than four hundred feet, and then found themselves in an underground passage, high enough to permit of a truck being drawn by a horse, where they came upon the men busy at their work. Holding up a light, Ralph said he was able to see the specks of gold glittering in the soil.

The next morning was spent in visiting the public gardens and various places of interest, and they found it difficult to believe that twenty years before there was scarcely a sign of this wonderful town. They reached home the next evening tired and weary, but having enjoyed the trip immensely.

It was easy to read between the lines of Helen's letter, carefully as her modesty would try to conceal the fact, that there were many ready to admire her. Her easy manners, combined with a certain degree of dignity, had evidently made her shine in Melbourne society with a grace quite her own. But sister and mother, as they detected this, were sure that her's was a heart that would not easily be won, that would wait to find a kindred spirit, with ideas refined and noble as her own. Nevertheless there was a suspicious fullness of detail in her references to Leslie Raymond which prepared the readers for a confession that might come at no distant date.

Glad and joyful as the letter was, both the ladies felt that there was pain for them in the inference that they drew from it. They said but little about it to each other, but Mrs. Arnold retired to her own room shortly after they had read it with an anxious face. Left alone, Kate read the letter again, and this time the tears fell heavily. Would she be left alone? she asked herself. Was it possible that of all the five young people who had once made the physician's house bright with merriment and youthful gaiety she would be the only one left? Grace was gone, her young life crushed in that terrible shipwreck; Ralph was at the Antipodes; Frank's hopeful career was among the quicksands in America, and now it seemed as if Helen, her most cherished companion, would be taken from her side. It was no wonder that the beautiful, gentle girl wept as she thought of it, and her heart sank. But with Kate, happily, tears had but one issue. It was natural for her to turn in sorrow to the true and only real Source of consolation, and, as on that Sunday morning months ago when her sense of desolation first fell upon her, she bent her knees in prayer. There came upon her as she knelt silently the same calm courage and peaceful trust which had filled her heart before. Spiritually she placed her hand in that of her Saviour, and looking up to Him in confidence, she asked Him to lead her and sustain her, and though her lot might be solitary and her duty difficult, she was content if only He would guide her

steps and help her to live for Him and for those who would be dependent upon her for light and joy.

In her own room Mrs. Arnold, too, was looking to the same Source of peaceful rest. Her prayer was, first of all, for her children. Oh! for God's protecting care over them—for her newly-married boy that God would be the Guide of his life and would bless his home; for her daughter that she might be kept from danger, and that if a new relationship was opening before her that God would guide her wisely, and give her the insight and prudence she would need. For that dearest of all—the wandering sheep of the fold, always the one nearest to a mother's heart—what could she ask? He was in trouble, and knew not the faith that filled her soul, a ship drifting about without a rudder and in spiritual darkness; how his hapless condition wrung her heart with pity! For him she had no prayer but the one that thousands of mothers have uttered since this world began—not that he might be delivered out of his troubles, but that his troubles might lead him to the Saviour. It is not surprising that in one church at least the intercession of saints has been incorporated in its creed. As Mrs. Arnold pleaded for her boy it seemed as though such earnest, agonizing intercession must be effectual, and that he must be the better for it. Surely a man for whom such prayers were offered must have his path to the light opened. Mrs. Arnold wrestled until she was faint and physically exhausted, and then came to her the feeling that she had placed him in the hands of a loving Father, and all would yet be well.

As the family gathered for their evening meal it was not on its two most sensitive members that the agitations of the day lay most heavily. Dr. Arnold looked more distressed than either his wife or daughter. The weight of care which he rolled away while he concentrated his thoughts on the duties of his profession rolled back upon him with heavier pressure, now that no patient was looking up in his face for the words of comfort and encouragement. There was no badinage with Kate, no playful fencing between the two, no cheering words for his wife; nothing on that grave, thoughtful face but gloom and despondency. Well was it for him that at his own fireside there were two loved ones who, looking at the heavy cloud that hung over the home, had looked above it and had seen that it had a silver lining.

(To be continued.)

HEZEKIAH'S GOOD REIGN.

S. S. Lesson for Nov. 22, 2 Kings 18: 1-12. Golden Text, ver. 3. By Mrs. M. Baxter.

Pernicious Parental Example—A Good Beginning—Declaration of Principle—The Right Eliminating the Wrong—A Day of Humiliation—Praise Following—An Invitation to Israel—The Purification—The Brazen Serpent Destroyed—A Common Mistake—The Reformation Spreads.

God's next chosen witness among His people was not a prophet, but a king. Hezekiah had no advantages in his own family; his father, Ahaz, was the most notoriously wicked of all the kings of Judah; he had established in Judah the worship of the golden calves, had added to it Baal-worship, and even introduced some of the Assyrian idolatry. How Hezekiah had come to know the Lord in these unfavorable circumstances we know not. But this we know, that the heart of our God is so tender that wherever there is special need, as there must have been in the case of Hezekiah, when in his early youth he stood out a witness for God in his father's court, there special grace is vouchsafed.

Hezekiah began well. "He in the first year of his reign, in the first month, opened the doors of the house of the Lord, and repaired them." (II Chron. 29: 3). He did not wait to secure the good-will of his people, but, standing fast in all the will of God, and having God on his side, he went forward, and lost no time in

re-establishing the worship of God in Jerusalem. He did not begin by attempting to overthrow idolatry, but by bringing in the truth and letting it overcome the evil; he attacked nobody, judged nobody, but began by letting all his people see that

HE WAS ON THE LORD'S SIDE, and that he believed the Lord was on his side. Having thus taken the lead in his own royal person, he called upon the Levites to do their part, to begin first at home by sanctifying themselves, and then to sanctify the house of the Lord God of their fathers, and to carry the filthiness out of the holy place. In his words to the Levites Hezekiah showed how completely he understood the situation from God's standpoint, how the neglect of God by the last generation had brought all the trouble upon Judah which his people were now suffering, and he said, "Now it is in mine heart to make a covenant with the Lord God of Israel, that His fierce wrath may turn away from us. My sons, be not now negligent; for the Lord hath chosen you to stand before Him, to serve Him, and that ye should minister unto Him, and to burn incense." How could such an appeal be fruitless? The Levites who had any spiritual life would be encouraged to make a stand in common with their young king, and those whose hearts were in the world would be more inclined to turn to the Lord when they saw that they could no longer hold their own in the way which they had been pursuing. The king made a thorough work of it. Having aroused the Levites, they in their turn influenced the priests, and a thorough cleansing of the temple was effected in the course of little more than a fortnight. On the sixteenth day of the first month of his reign, the Levites brought the glad news that the work was done, the temple cleansed and sanctified, as well as the altar and all the vessels thereof.

Then the king began with the civil governors; he rose early and gathered the rulers of the city, and went up to the house of the Lord. And they brought seven bullocks, and seven rams, and seven lambs, and seven he-goats, for a sin offering for the kingdom, and for the sanctuary, and for Judah, and he commanded the priests, and the sons of Aaron, to offer them on the altar of the Lord." This was a confession of sin in which king, rulers, priests, Levites, and the common people, all were represented, and took their share in the humiliation. It was an

ACKNOWLEDGMENT OF NATIONAL SIN, and the offering was typical of atonement for the nation, and of a national consecration to God, "the king commanded that the burnt offering and the sin offering should be made for all Israel." Cleansing, atonement, and consecration accomplished, praise next followed. It was the natural outcome of real consecration, the evidence of faith that the consecration was accepted; "the song of the Lord began." This was no mere form; "they sang praises with gladness, and they bowed their heads and worshipped." Then King Hezekiah, who was acting as the true father of his people, young as he was, made an appeal to his subjects that they should bring thank offerings into the house of the Lord. There was an instant and hearty response; so much so that "the priests were too few," so that the Levites had to "help them till the work was ended, and until the other priests had sanctified themselves; for the Levites were more upright in heart to sanctify themselves than the priests. So Hezekiah rejoiced, and all the people, that God had prepared the people, for the thing was done suddenly." One fortnight and two days had elapsed since Hezekiah came to the throne, and the tide of religious feeling was changed throughout all his kingdom, the votaries of idolatry were no longer in the ascendancy, and his bold, vigorous, uncompromising service to his God had been successful. True, the idol shrines still existed, and, no doubt, idolatrous worship was still extant, but court patronage was withheld from it, and without, as yet, dealing it one blow, its power had begun to decline.

Having gone thus far, Hezekiah took counsel, and his princes and all the congregation to keep the passover. God had enlarged their hearts, they knew that many in Israel had been converted in the days of Elijah and Elisha, and probably later many had been blessed through Jonah and Amos. Many were now living whom Isaiah, Nahum, Micah, and Joel had taught the way of the Lord, and the king desired that the people of Israel, as well as of Judah, should share in this great passover celebration. Since the days of David and Solomon the two kingdoms had never united to keep the feast of the passover, and the heart of Hezekiah beat high with hope that the glorious work already and so quickly accomplished in Judah might as fully go forward in Israel too. The heart of the reformer was truly that of an evangelist; he reminded the children of Israel of their sin, and of the consequent chastisement which had fallen upon them, and then appealed to them in a brotherly way to yield themselves to the Lord, and to enter into His sanctuary and serve Him. He then reminded them of the promises which God had made (Lev. 26:40-42), that if they should turn to the Lord He would bring them again into His land. It must have been at no small expense and trouble that this proclamation was made, but Hezekiah thought nothing too much to do for the God whom he loved and served.

INVITES ISRAEL TO UNITE.

"So the posts passed from city to city, through the country of Ephraim and Manasseh, even unto Zebulun." Hosea was now king of Israel, the very last king who reigned over the ten tribes; there was no favorable response on his part; he is not even mentioned in the history. And his people as a whole laughed the messengers of Hezekiah and their message to scorn. But even in Israel there was a "little flock" who, "humbled themselves and came to Jerusalem." In Judah, which had been but one month previous sunk in idolatry, "the hand of God was to give them one heart to do the commandment of the king, and of the princes by the word of the Lord." After all, it was not so much Hezekiah as the Lord Himself who did the glorious work in Judah; the king was indeed an honored instrument, but the Lord was doing His own work. The young king's fond dream of an international passover was only partially fulfilled. But God made it a largely representative one, and the cream of God's children from both kingdoms were present.

Now was the moment for striking the blow at the prevalent idolatry; the people had found something better; the living God had become a reality to them, and they were beginning to hate what was unreal and untrue. It needed little persuasion, with the king at their head, to overthrow idolatry; "they arose and took away the altars that were in Jerusalem, and all the altars for incense they took away and cast them into the brook Kidron (II Chron. 30:1-14)." And Hezekiah brake in pieces the brazen serpent that Moses had made; for unto those days the children of Israel did burn incense to it; and he

NEBRUSHTAN

[a piece of brass]. God had commanded Moses to make the serpent of brass as a test of His people's faith, but never as an object to be worshipped. Just as the elements we use in the Lord's Supper, which were never intended to be worshipped as they are in the Romish Church and among the ritualists in the Protestant Episcopal Church. Oh how the heart of man turns aside from God to any other thing or person! Oh how many there are who almost defy a man of God whom He has used for blessing to them! How many look on prayer as though it were something in itself, and regard the prayers of people whom they think good with a kind of superstitious reverence, not seeing God in the matter at all! How many look upon the oil, in anointing for healing, as though it were something in itself, other than a simple symbol and test of faith! Nebrushtan, Nebrushtan, is the cry

of faith. It was not the brazen serpent which healed the bitten Israelite, it was "Jehovah Kopheka, the Lord that healeth thee." It is not the prayers in which virtue lies, but it is He to whom they are addressed; it is not the elements in the Lord's Supper which are to us anything in themselves, but it is the broken body and shed blood which they symbolize. It is not the preacher, the messenger of God who is the fount of blessing, it is the Word of the living God which proceeds from the Holy Ghost in him. Hezekiah respected no ancient custom, no "vain conversation received by tradition from [his] fathers" (I Pet. 1:18); with an unsparring hand he brake in pieces this relic of antiquity that it might no more be a stumbling-block to his people.

It was just in the freshness of their new zeal that the people celebrated the passover. Of form there was some lack; the priests and the Levites were shamed into their duty and sanctified themselves; many from the land of Israel were not sanctified, but all was done in the spirit more than in the letter; the king prayed for them, "And the Lord hearkened to Hezekiah and healed the people." The king took a prominent part throughout, praying, exhorting, comforting. So glorious was the impression made upon the people, so happy were they in their return to their God, that "they took counsel to keep other seven days with gladness. The work of reformation went on; those who had been blessed at Jerusalem went out into all the cities of Judah and effected such a revolution that throughout the whole land of Judah images, groves, high places, and altars were exterminated; they utterly destroyed them all. And finally, when the king had re-established the priests and Levites in their courses, he commanded that the portion of the priests and Levites be given unto them. When the hearts of people are fully won to the Lord, there is no necessity to beseech and urge them to give their money for His service; they cannot help it; they look upon all which they have as His.

In all this history we see the divine way of doing things. It was not impulsive zeal which actuated the young king; he was

A YIELDED INSTRUMENT

ready to the hand of God, and as such could be used not simply as Jehu was, an instrument of destruction who dealt out death with unscrupulous hand; not simply as Jonah was, when he was driven unwillingly to do the behest of his God; Hezekiah was a willing instrument, entering into and carrying out the mind of God. "He trusted in the Lord God of Israel, so that after him was none like him among all the kings of Judah, nor any that were before him. For he clave to the Lord, and departed not from following Him, but kept His commandments which the Lord commanded Moses." Thus, trusting in the Lord, He led him to do all this just in His own way, by the incoming of good to destroy the reign of evil, using no force or compulsion, but reckoning upon the Lord, who can change the hearts of men. "And the Lord was with him;" this was his power, and the real secret of his strength and wisdom; "And he prospered whithersoever he went forth and he rebelled against the king of Assyria and served him not."

Six years of his reign passed by and Hoshea, king of Israel, whose people had mocked at the loving messages of Hezekiah, was taken captive by Sennacherib, King of Assyria, and the people who had despised the message of God were taken captive away from their own land; a warning indeed to those who hold back from a movement of the Spirit of God.

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The Late General GEORGE B. McCLELLAN.—Born Dec. 3, 1826. Died Oct. 29, 1885.

THE LATE GENERAL GEORGE B. McCLELLAN.

Birth and Early Life—Career at West Point—Service in Mexico—Capture of a Mexican Giant—Three Busy Years—Sent to the Crimea—Leaves the Army—Outbreak of War—Made a Major-General—The West Virginia Campaign—Commander-in-Chief—Popular Rejoicing—Military Character—A Disastrous Campaign—Antietam—Deposed—The Presidential Candidacy—Travels in Europe—Governor of New Jersey—Death—Dr. Talmage's Tribute.

The late General George Brinton McClellan, whose portrait appears on the first page of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD this week, was born in Philadelphia, Pa., on December 3d, 1826. He was consequently nearly fifty-nine years old when his sudden death occurred, on Thursday, October 29th, last. The McClellan family is of Scottish descent, and some of its members have achieved distinction in the British service. Old citizens of Philadelphia describe the General's parents as people of high intellectual ability. His father, Dr. George McClellan, was an eminent physician and the founder of Jefferson College, and his mother, whose maiden name was Elizabeth Brinton, from which came the General's second name, was a lady remarkable for refinement and culture. The boy acquired the rudiments of his education at home, and was afterward sent to a preparatory school, from which, at the age of fourteen, he proceeded to the University of Pennsylvania. He remained there two years, and though he showed no unusual precocity, he passed his examinations creditably. As he evinced a strong predilection for a military life, his father secured for him an entrance to the Military Academy at West Point. It was there that his brilliant genius as an engineer manifested itself. Though he was under twenty years of age when he graduated, in June, 1846, he was second in a class of fifty-nine, and was first in engineering and geology. It is a curious coincidence that among his classmates was his distinguished foe, who was afterward known as General "Stonewall" Jackson.

THE MEXICAN WAR.

He was ordered to Mexico immediately after his graduation, where, as lieutenant of sappers, miners, and pontoniers, he performed valuable service and won the respect of his fellow-officers by his courage and ability. For gallantry at Vera Cruz, where he was attached to General Worth's division, he was highly commended in official reports; at Cerro Gordo and the City of Mexico he was connected with General Twiggs' division, and was specially commended for gallant conduct; at Contreras and Churubusco he won the brevet of first lieutenant, and at Molino del Rey was offered the additional brevet of captain, which he declined. The offer, however, being subsequently tendered for "gallant and meritorious conduct at Chapultepec," was accepted, and in May, 1848, he assumed command of the company in which he had previously been a subordinate officer.

Among other incidents which occurred during his service in Mexico is one mentioned by the New York Herald, which created no little amusement at the time. When about twelve miles from Puebla the young lieutenant was out reconnoitering unattended, when he observed a tall engineer officer of the Mexican army near by. The discovery was, however, not made a moment too soon, as the Mexican had espied the lieutenant and was advancing toward him. A mutual demand for surrender was made, and a hand-to-hand scuffle commenced, resulting in McClellan collaring his gigantic opponent and taking him to camp.

ENGINEERING SERVICES.

When peace was proclaimed the young Captain returned to West Point, where he was appointed an instructor. During his engagement in that capacity he prepared a manual of bayonet exercise, mainly translated from the French, which became an army text-book. During the following three years McClellan led a life of ceaseless activity. He superintended the construction of Fort Delaware, went with Captain

R. B. Marcy on his survey expedition of the Red River, surveyed the rivers and harbors of Texas, and assisted Governor Isaac I. Stevens, of Washington Territory, in laying out the route of a railroad to the Pacific. So highly were his services appreciated that, in 1853, though he was only twenty-seven years old, he was given a commission in the United States Cavalry, and with two other officers was sent to the Crimea to study the art of war in the field. The war between Russia, on the one side, and England, France, Turkey, and Sardinia, on the other, was then in progress, and the young officer set himself earnestly to his undertaking. His book, entitled "The Armies of Europe," which was published on his return, displayed considerable literary ability, and proved that he had brought to his task remarkable intelligence and quick perception.

QUITS THE ARMY.

There appeared to be little opportunity for promotion in the army when, in 1857, his book finished and published, McClellan settled down for service at home. Just at that time an offer was made to him which the peculiar bent of his mind led him to regard favorably. It was that of the post of chief engineer of the Illinois Central Railroad. Little thinking at that time of the stupendous struggle which was destined to convulse the country only four years later, he resigned his commission and accepted the offered position. A short time afterward he was made vice-president of the road. He took up his residence at Chicago and married Miss Ellen Marcy, a daughter of his old friend and colleague, General R. B. Marcy. Subsequently he exchanged his position for the Presidency of the Ohio and Mississippi Road.

THE OUTBREAK OF THE WAR

called McClellan from peaceful pursuits to the service of his country. Like every man who had received a military education, he recognized in the attack on Fort Sumter a call to arms. He promptly tendered his services, and Governor Dennison, of Ohio, summoned him to Columbus to organize the volunteers who responded to his call. His reputation, his early experience, and his observation of European warfare rendered him conspicuous at a time when military talent and knowledge was in urgent demand. On May 10th, 1861, the rank of Major-General was conferred upon him, and he was given the command of the Department of the Ohio, which included that State and Indiana and Illinois. His promptitude in organizing the forces and moving at once on the Southern forces in West Virginia attracted the attention of the whole North, and when news came that he had won the engagement of Rich Mountain and compelled General Pegram to surrender, while in the more momentous battle of Bull Run the Union arms had been ignominiously defeated, there went up a loud popular cry for his promotion to the supreme command.

AT THE ZENITH.

On August 20th he was placed in charge of the Division of the Potomac, and two months later, when the venerable General Scott retired, he was raised to the post of Commander-in-Chief of the Armies of the United States. The appointment received the hearty indorsement of the people. Confidence was restored. He was dubbed the Young Napoleon, houses and public buildings were illuminated, and there was general rejoicing. It was expected that victory would be speedy and decisive. What were the thoughts in the mind of the man of thirty-five thus suddenly raised to the command of 152,000 soldiers, who can say? That he was conscious of his tremendous responsibility is certain, and it is also true that he knew far better than the men who were shouting in his praise and predicting his triumph what were the difficulties in his path. To the Northern States the army on the Potomac seemed a magnificent and well-nigh irresistible force; to McClellan, who had watched the battles of trained and well-disciplined armies in the Crimea, it probably seemed a mere mob, more intelligent than the European

soldiers, but still on that very account more susceptible to panic, and without the stolid insensibility of the true fighting animal.

We have no sympathy with the sneers and contemptuous epithets hurled at McClellan by that dullest of all writers, Benson J. Lossing, LL.D., in what he calls his "history." Neither do we believe that posterity will indorse the judgment of McClellan's enthusiastic admirers, who regarded him as a general of first-class ability. We believe that he was a prudent and humane man—a man who knew that he had a gigantic task before him, and believed that it would be a foolish as well as a cruel thing to commence it until he had in his hands a force of a quantity and quality to render success certain. That he overestimated the forces opposed to him he himself subsequently discovered. But it is also true that the irresponsible writers and speakers of those days, who were shrieking "Or to Richmond!" underestimated them, as we learned afterward on many a field.

McClellan's standard of excellence was a high one, and before he had raised his army to his ideal the impatience of the people could be no longer restrained. All was "quiet on the Potomac" and "the Army of the Potomac was safe," but the people wanted victory, and could not endure the delay. A bolder, more reckless general would in like circumstances have made a dash at any risk and at any cost; but McClellan waited until he could be absolutely sure of victory. A bolder general at that time might have overwhelmed the Confederacy, and we know now that on several occasions McClellan would have won victories had he advanced boldly; but who shall say, remembering the length of time and the terrific labor that a far larger army than McClellan ever had was ultimately obliged to give to the task, that he would have succeeded had he been more impetuous? In McClellan's mental make-up the element of caution occupied a prominent and a predominating place. His tendency in the face of alternatives was to choose the one that was safe rather than the one that was dangerous—to forego a possible advantage if risk was certain and success doubtful. Those who were with him respected him for his care over the army, and many of them admired and loved him. But his critics, and the people who had hoped great things of him were impatient, and a cry of enraged disappointment was heard throughout the land.

McClellan was not idle during the time that "all was quiet on the Potomac." Were those days of seemingly useless parades, of drills and discipline lost time? We think that was not General Grant's opinion. During the long and desperate struggle that he led, every day proved that McClellan's work was bearing fruit. The weapon which General Grant wielded derived much of its temper and adaptation from the labor McClellan had expended upon it. Whether a blunter, a less highly-finished weapon would have done the work is a question for the critics. Certain it is that while McClellan was preparing to strike, a storm of popular discontent arose, before which he was carried away. President Lincoln interposed and insisted on a forward movement. Then there was a dispute about the character of the movement, and the President was overruled. There is no more unsatisfactory episode in the war than that campaign of the Peninsula. McClellan did not approve of the movement on principle, regarding it as forcing his hand before he was ready, while the President and Mr. Stanton did not approve of its details, which were of McClellan's arranging. The movement, therefore, as a whole, had the approval of no one, and it was not surprising that it was disastrous to the Union armies. It was so slow that the enemy had time to mass his troops before Richmond, and present so formidable a front that a general so cautious as McClellan shrank from the risk of attacking it. His offensive campaign speedily became defensive, and though he showed masterly skill in covering his retreat and saving his army, his reputation in the country was ruined.

DEPOSED.

President, however, still believed in him, while relieving him of his command and sending him with the duty of defending the capital. The retreat of his army into Washington, closely pursued by the Confederates brought once more under his command, and on November 2d he was formally reinstated. Then followed the battle of South Mountain, on September 14th, and Antietam, on September 17th, which McClellan led the retreating and demoralized Union troops to victory over the South which had harassed their long march. Here again McClellan failed to satisfy the country. It was expected that Antietam would be followed by a crushing and decisive blow which would annihilate the Southern forces. Nothing was done. Either because the Northern army was exhausted by its victory, or because of the force of circumstances, or because of the inaction and timidity of McClellan, the Confederates were permitted to retreat unmolested, and the victory was barren of results. This sealed McClellan's fate. He was relieved from duty, Burnside was placed in supreme command. A characteristic explanation of why he did not follow Lee's army was given in a report widely published, and is as follows: "The army, however, brought with it grave responsibilities; whether to renew the attack on the South or to defer it even with the risk of the army's retirement was the question before me. At a night of anxious deliberation, and a full and careful survey of the situation and condition of the army, and the strength and position of the South, I concluded that the success of an attack on the 18th was not certain. I am aware of the fact that under ordinary circumstances a general expected to risk a battle if he has a reasonable prospect of success. At that moment—Northern loss, Washington menaced, Maryland—the national cause could afford to run the risk of defeat. One battle lost, and almost the whole had been lost. Lee's army might have marched as it pleased to Washington, Philadelphia, and New York."

RETIREMENT.

There is something very dignified and pathetic in the farewell letter which he penned to the South only a few days after their victory and his personal humiliation. He wrote, November 7th, 1862: "OFFICERS AND SOLDIERS OF THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC: An order of the President devolves upon Major-General Lee the command of this army. In part from me I cannot express the love and affection I bear you. As an army you have been under my care. In you I have never had a doubt or coldness. The battles you have fought under my command will proudly live in the nation's history. The glory you have won, our mutual perils and fatigues, the loss of our comrades fallen in battle and by sea, the broken forms of those whose wounds sickness have disabled—the strongest associations which can exist among men—unite us by an indissoluble tie. We shall ever be united in supporting the Constitution of our country and the nationality of its people."

"GEORGE B. MCCLELLAN,

"Major-General, United States Army," at a considerable portion of his command and of his deposition with regret is well known, and it is significant that it was those who knew him best who loved him most. Here is testimony printed about that time in Washington, from one who watched him closely. It is of a tender, respectful admiration: "When I am on the march he is ever among the men with a kind and cheerful word for every man—a pleasant look or kind salute, or a grasp of the hand for every officer or private with whom he is brought on speaking terms; and in a fight he is always at the head of the column, in the thickest of the danger, encouraging his soldiers by cheering word and fearless deed. He takes soldiers far beyond the rest, asking no better food and no more luxurious bed than the newest recruited

private under his command. If he sees a man without proper shoes or clothing he has that man with his captain sent to his own quarters, where the man is served with the garments he needs, and the captain receives a reprimand that leads him to look more closely after the comfort of his men in future." It is easy to understand how such a man would be loved, but it must be admitted that a large number of his warmest friends acquiesced in the popular verdict, and believed that under the leadership of a man so cautious and so indecisive, victory would never be achieved. While respecting him and loving him as a man, they had little confidence in him as a general.

NOMINATED FOR THE PRESIDENCY.

General McClellan was never afterward invited to take part in the war. He retired to Trenton, N. J., where for two years he led a quiet and unostentatious life. In the fall of 1864 he received from the Democratic party, to which he belonged, the highest mark of their esteem it was in their power to tender him. They made him their candidate for the Presidency. Of his motives for accepting the nomination, his pastor, Dr. John R. Paxton, of the Presbyterian Church, who, by the way, was a soldier in the war, gives a reasonable explanation. He said, when asked since the General's death what could have induced him to become a candidate in opposition to a man whom he respected so highly as he did Mr. Lincoln: "It was this: McClellan felt that he had been wronged before the whole country. He believed that he was in the right, and if he should be elected President it would be a public vindication of his career as Commander of the Army of the Potomac, and a rebuke to those who removed him." His name awakened great enthusiasm among the people, his enemies even conceding his sterling qualities. He conducted the political campaign in a manner which did him great honor. He never descended to personalities, but was always dignified and discreet. But the election in November did not justify the hopes of the Democratic party. McClellan received 1,810,754 of the popular vote, and Mr. Lincoln 2,223,035.

Shortly after the election, General McClellan went to Europe for rest and change. He returned in 1868, and resumed his profession as a civil engineer. He had charge of the construction of the Stevens floating battery at Hoboken, N. J., and was superintendent of the construction of the railway bridge over the Hudson at Poughkeepsie. He also served as Chief Engineer of the Department of Docks in this city, resigning in 1872.

In 1877, General McClellan was the Democratic candidate for Governor of New Jersey, and was elected by about 12,000 majority. Since the expiration of his term as Governor he held no public office.

DEATH.

On Wednesday, October 28th, the General drove out as usual, saw a number of his friends, and appeared in his usual health. He returned home and spent a pleasant evening, but on retiring to rest he was seized on the stairs with severe neuralgia of the heart. Such remedies as medical skill suggested were tried, and the pain was alleviated for the moment only to return with increased violence. For four hours the strong constitution endured the severe torment. Just before the end, the terrible oppression seemed lifted from his chest, he breathed freely once more, and said to those about his bedside: "I feel more comfortable now." But a few minutes later he was past all pain.

PERSONAL CHARACTERISTICS.

The following verbal portrait of the General, drawn by one who knew him well, appeared in the New York World: "General McClellan was a man of most distinguished bearing. Although small in stature—the 'Little Mac' of army days—and unbounded popularity with his soldiers—he was a marked figure in any company. A splendid head poised on stalwart shoulders, a classic, and even noble face, a brilliant eye, a most frank and animated expression when in conversation,

but the face in repose full of thoughtful dignity—these personal characteristics gave him an individuality that ranked him first in almost any assembly. While abroad he was received with hospitality at the courts and other distinguished circles of every capital of Europe he visited.

"General McClellan was a most charming conversationalist. Few men of his generation have had such wide and such close acquaintance with foreign and American politics, with literature, ancient and modern; with art, with religious controversy, with history, and military affairs, as he. He had a delightful manner, unassuming to a degree, and gracious, and a peculiar quality of humor. As a raconteur he was perhaps unrivalled by any American. His retentive memory was full of reminiscences, personal, and acquired from extensive reading. He had, besides, that quality which a great Frenchman has declared to be at once the rarest and most excellent in man or woman—he was an eloquent listener."

General McClellan was a deeply religious man, although his religion was conspicuously unobtrusive. He had family prayers every morning and evening. Referring to his death in the course of his Friday evening talk, on October 30th, Dr. Talmage said: "The old hero yesterday broke earthly ranks and went up to the Lord of Hosts, and in the land of eternal justice will meet many of those whose dying moments he soled with sympathetic words at Chickahominy. How sudden his going. Spending the evening at his fireside in health, at three o'clock the following morning exchanging words. But he was fully ready. For many years he had been an open friend of Christ and a communicant in our own denomination. 'I heard a voice from heaven saying, Write, Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord from henceforth: Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labors; and their works do follow them.'"

The Trustees of the Peabody Fund Report

hopefully of their work in the South. In two years the number of white children enrolled in the schools has increased by 297,185, and the number of colored children by 199,331. Mr. Curry, the general agent of the board, says that he has observed with extreme pleasure "the subsidence and disappearance of passions and prejudices engendered by the war, the growth of fraternity and helpfulness, and steady progress in Southern industrial development."

The White Cross Movement will receive an impetus, it may be hoped, from the meeting held in Association Hall, New York, recently. An enthusiastic band of young men listened to a paper on the organization of the White Cross Army, and the movement to promote purity of life, after which the Rev. M. Clampitt, of St. Bartholomew's Church, spoke of what had been done for manly purity in Glasgow, where sixty-five hundred men have enrolled their names for this cause; effective work has been done also in Dublin, Liverpool, and other places throughout Great Britain. There were places in this city, he said, as in all the large cities, where vice was fashionable, and into which men walked who had pews in the churches. The way to crush the evil, was for men to band together and make the vice as prominent as drunkenness. President Hoppin, President Webster, of the White Cross Army, Mornay Williamson, and John McCanoughy, Secretary of the Army, urged methods of extending the movement. It was decided to give the widest circulation to documents explaining what is needed, in the hope of helping outside organization, and on November 20th there will be a large meeting in Association Hall, to appoint a Working Committee and to devise practical methods of combating the evil in the city. The army numbers five hundred members. An effort will be made to increase the membership to fifteen hundred by the time of the November meeting.

BRAWN AND MUSCLE.

Dr. Talmage's Sermon, Preached Last Sunday Morning, November 15, 1885.

"And Samson went down to Timnath."—JUDGES 14:1.

The Hebrew Hercules—His Exploits—The Philistine Plot—The Giant Overcome—The Lessons of the Narrative—I. Physical Power—Not Always an Index of Moral Power—Religion in Gymnastics—Responsibility in Physical Strength—Strength in Weakness—Spiritual Giants—II. Evil of Misguided Strength—The Damage it Does—III. A Giant Slain of a Woman—The Impurities of Modern Society—The Time for Plain Speaking—The Hellish Doctrine of Free Love—IV. Physical Power Must Expire—V. The Account Rendered.

THERE are two sides to the character of Samson. The one phase of his life, if followed into the particulars, would administer to the grotesque and the mirthful; but there is a phase of his character fraught with lessons of solemn and eternal import. To these graver lessons we devote our morning sermon.

This giant no doubt in early life gave evidences of what he was to be. It is almost always so. There were two Napoleons—the boy Napoleon and the man Napoleon—but both alike; two Howards—the boy Howard and the man Howard—but both alike; two Samsons—the boy Samson and the man Samson—but both alike. This giant was no doubt the hero of the playground, and nothing could stand before his exhibitions of youthful prowess. At eighteen years of age he was betrothed to the daughter of a Philistine. Going down toward Timnath a lion came out upon him, and although this young giant was weaponless, he seized the monster by the long mane and shook him as a hungry hound shakes a March hare, and made his bones crack, and left him by the wayside bleeding under the smiting of his fist and the grinding heft of his heel.

There he stands, looming up above other men, a mountain of flesh; his arms bunched with muscle that can lift the gate of a city, taking an attitude defiant of everything. His hair had never been cut, and it rolled down in seven great plaits over his shoulders, adding to his bulk, fierceness and terror. The Philistines want to conquer him, and therefore they must find out where the secret of his strength lies.

THE PHILISTINE PLOT.

There is a dissolute woman living in the valley of Sorek by the name of Delilah. They appoint her the agent in the case. The Philistines are secreted in the same building, and then Delilah goes to work and coaxes Samson to tell what is the secret of his strength. "Well," he says, "if you should take seven green withes such as they fasten wild beasts with and put them around me I should be perfectly powerless." So she binds him with the seven green withes. Then she claps her hands and says: "They come—the Philistines!" and he walks out as though there were no impediment. She coaxes him again, and says: "Now tell me the secret of this great strength," and he replies: "If you should take some ropes that have never been used and tie me with them I should be just like other men." She ties him with the ropes, claps her hands, and shouts: "They come—the Philistines!" He walks out as easily as he did before—not a single obstruction. She coaxes him again, and he says: "Now, if you should take these seven long plaits of hair, and by this house-loom weave them into a web, I could not get away." So the house-loom is rolled up, and the shuttle flies backward and forward, and the long plaits of hair are woven into a web. Then she claps her hands, and says: "They come—the Philistines!" He walks out as easily as he did before, dragging a part of the loom with him.

OVERCOME.

But after awhile she persuades him to tell the truth. He says: "If you should take a razor or shears and cut off this long hair, I should be powerless and in the hands of my enemies."

Samson sleeps, and that she may not wake him up during the process of shearing, help is called in. You know that the barbers of the East have such a skillful way of manipulating the head to this very day that, instead of waking up a sleeping man, they will put a man wide awake sound asleep. I hear the blades of the shears grinding against each other, and I see the long locks falling off. The shears or razor accomplishes what green withes and new ropes and house-loom could not do. Suddenly she claps her hands, and says: "The Philistines be upon thee, Samson!" He rouses up with a struggle, but his strength is all gone. He is in the hands of his enemies.

I hear the groan of the giant as they take his eyes out, and then I see him staggering on in his blindness, feeling his way as he goes on toward Gaza. The prison door is open, and the giant is thrust in. He sits down and puts his hands on the mill-crank, which, with exhausting horizontal motion, goes day after day, week after week, month after month—work, work, work! The consternation of the world in captivity, his locks shorn, his eyes punctured, grinding corn in Gaza!

MORAL WEAKNESS.

I. First of all, behold in this giant of the text that physical power is not always an index of moral power. He was a huge man—the lion found it out, and the three thousand men whom he slew found it out; yet he was the subject of petty revenges and out-gianted by low passion. I am far from throwing any discredit upon physical stamina. There are those who seem to have great admiration for delicacy and sickliness of constitution. I never could see any glory in weak nerves or sick headache. Whatever effort in our day is made to make the men and women more robust should have the favor of every good citizen as well as of every Christian. Gymnastics may be positively religious.

Good people sometimes ascribe to a wicked heart what they ought to ascribe to a slow liver. The body and the soul are such near neighbors that they often catch each other's diseases. Those who never saw a sick day, and who, like Hercules, show the giant in the cradle, have more to answer for than those who are the subjects of life-long infirmities. He who can lift twice as much as you can, and walk twice as far, and work twice as long, will have a double account to meet in the judgment.

RESPONSIBILITY INVOLVED.

How often it is that you do not find physical energy indicative of spiritual power. If a clear head is worth more than one dizzy with perpetual vertigo—if muscles with the play of health in them are worth more than those drawn up in chronic "rheumatics"—if an eye quick to catch passing objects is better than one with vision dim and uncertain—then God will require of us efficiency just in proportion to what He has given us. Physical energy ought to be a type of moral power. We ought to have as good digestion of truth as we have capacity to assimilate food. Our spiritual hearing ought to be as good as our physical hearing. Our spiritual taste ought to be as clear as our tongue. Samsons in body, we ought to be giants in moral power.

But while you find a great many men who realize that they ought to use their money aright, and use their intelligence aright, how few men you find aware of the fact that they ought to use their physical organism aright. With every thump of the heart there is something saying, "Work! work!" and, lest we should complain that we have no tools to work with, God gives us our hands and feet, with every knuckle, and with every joint, and with every muscle saying to us, "Lay hold and do something."

But how often it is that men with physical strength do not serve Christ. They are like a ship full manned and full rigged, capable of vast tonnage, able to endure all stress of weather, yet swinging idly at the docks, when these men ought to be crossing and recrossing the great

ocean of human suffering and sin with G supplies of mercy. How often it is that physical strength is used in doing positive damage in luxurious ease, when, with sleeves rolled and bronzed bosom, fearless of the shafts of position, it ought to be laying hold with al might, and tugging away trying to lift up sunken wreck of a world.

STRENGTH IN WEAKNESS.

It is a most shameful fact that much of business of the Church and of the world is done by those comparatively invalid—Richard Baxter, by reason of his diseases, all his sitting in the door of the tomb, yet writing more than a hundred volumes, and sending out influence for God that will endure as long as "Saints' Everlasting Rest." Edward Pay never knowing a well day; yet how he preached and how he wrote, helping thousands of souls like himself to swim in a sea of gloom and Robert M'Cheyne, a walking skeleton, you know what he did in Dundee, and how shook Scotland with zeal for God. P. Doddridge, advised by his friends because of illness not to enter the ministry, yet you know what he did for the "rise and progress of religion" in the Church and in the world.

Wilberforce was told by his doctors that he could not live a fortnight, yet at that very time entering upon philanthropic enterprises that mandated the greatest endurance and persistence. Robert Hall, suffering excruciations, so often in his pulpit while preaching he would stop and lie down on a sofa, then getting again to preach about heaven until the glory of the celestial city dropped on the multitude doing more work, perhaps, than almost any man in his day.

Oh, how often it is that men with great physical endurance are not as great in moral spiritual stature. While there are achievements for those who are bent all their days with success—achievements of patience, achievement of prayer, achievements of self-denial, achievements of Christian endurance—I call upon men of health to-day, men of muscle, men of men of physical power, to devote themselves to the Lord. Giants in body, you ought to be giants in soul.

STRENGTH MISGUIDED.

II. Behold also in the story of my text illustration of the fact of the damage that strength can do if it be misguided. It seems to me that this man spent a great deal of his time in doing evil—this Samson of my text. To pay a which he had lost by the guessing of his ribs he robs and kills thirty people. He was only gigantic in strength, but gigantic in chief, and a type of those men in all ages of world who, powerful in body or mind, or faculty of social position and wealth, have their strength for iniquitous purposes.

It is not the small, weak men of the day who do the damage. These small men who swear and loafing about your stores and shops and banking-houses, assailing Christ the Bible and the Church—they do not do damage. They have no influence. They vermin that you crush with your foot. But the giants of the day, the misguided giants in physical power, or giants in meanness, or giants in social position, or giant wealth, who do the damage.

The men with sharp pens that stab and throw their poison all through our literature; the men who use the power of wealth to sanction iniquity, and bribe justice, and in truth and honor bow to their golden sceptre.

MISGUIDED GIANTS.

Look out for them! In the middle and the latter part of the last century no doubt there were thousands of men in Paris and Edinburgh, London who hated God and blasphemed the name of the Almighty; but they did but little mischief—they were small men, insignificant men. Yet there were giants in those days.

Who can calculate the soul-havoc of a Rousseau, going on with a very enthusiasm of equity, with fiery imagination seizing upon

impulsive natures of his day? or David e, who employed his life as a spider em- its summer, in spinning out silken webs to the unwary? or Voltaire, the most learned of his day, marshalling a great host of scep- and leading them out in the dark land of elity? or Gibbon, who showed an uncom- bled grudge against religion in his history of the most fascinating periods of the t's existence—the decline and fall of the an Empire—a book in which, with all the idors of his genius, he magnified the errors ristian disciples, while with a sparseness of e that never can be forgiven he treated of Christian heroes of whom the world was not hy?

men of stout physical health men of great stature, men of high social position, men eat power of any sort. I want you to under- your power, and I want you to know that power devoted to God will be a crown on you typical of a crown in heaven; but aided, bedragged in sin, administrative of God will thunder against you with His con- nation in the day when millionaire and pau- master and slave, king and subject, shall side by side in the judgment, and money- and judicial ermine, and royal robe shall ven with the lightnings.

FOOLED BY A WOMAN.

hold, also, how a giant may be slain of a an. Delilah started the train of circum- that pulled down the temple of Dagon t Samson's ears. And tens of thousands of s have gone down to death and hell through same impure fascinations. It seems to me it is high time that pulpit and platform and ing-press speak out against the impurities odern society. Fastidiousness and Prudery "Better not speak—you will rouse up ad- criticism; you will make worse what you to make better; better deal in glittering ralities; the subject is too delicate for polite " But there comes a voice from heaven powering the mincing sentimentalities of ay, saying: "Cry aloud, spare not, lift up oice like a trumpet, and show my people transgressions and the house of Jacob their

ie trouble is that when people write or k upon this theme they are apt to cover it h the graces of belles-lettres, so that the e is made attractive instead of repulsive. Byron in "Don Juan" adorns this crime it smiles like a May queen. Michelet, the French writer, covers it up with bewitch- hetic until it glows like the rising sun, t ought to be made loathsome as a small- hospital. There are to-day influences ad which if unresisted by the pulpit and the ing-press will turn New York and Brooklyn Sodom and Gomorrah, fit only for the s of fire and brimstone that whelmed the s of the plain.

A CRUSADE NEEDED.

ou who are seated in your Christian homes, passed by moral and religious restraints, do realize the gulf of iniquity that bounds you e north and the south and the east and the e. While I speak there are tens of thousands en and women going over the awful plunge n impure life; and while I cry to God for y upon their souls, I call upon you to mar- in the defence of your homes, your Church your nation. There is a banqueting hall you have never heard described. You know bout the feast of Ahasuerus, where a thou- lords sat. You know all about Belshazzar's usual, where the blood of the murdered king ted into the faces of the banqueters. You know of the scene of riot and wassail when e was set before Esopus one dish of food cost \$100,000. But I speak now of a dif- it banqueting-hall. Its roof is fretted with Its floors is tessellated with fire. Its chal- are chased with fire. Its song is a song of Its walls are buttresses of fire. Solomon s to it when he says: "Her guests are in lepths of hell."

Our American communities are suffering from the gospel of Free Loveism, which, fifteen or twenty years ago, was preached on the platform and in some of the churches of this country. I charge upon Free Loveism that it has blighted innumerable homes, and that it has sent innumerable souls to ruin. Free Loveism is bestial; it is worse—it is infernal. It has furnished this land with about one thousand divorces annually. In one county in the State of Indiana it furnished eleven divorces in one day before dinner. It has roused up elopements, North, South, East, and West. You can hardly take up a paper but you read of an elopement. As far as I can understand the doctrine of Free Loveism it is this: that every man ought to have some- body else's wife, and every wife somebody else's husband. They do not like our Christian or- ganization of society, and I wish they would all elope, the wretches of one sex taking the wretches of the other, and start to-morrow morning for the great Sahara Desert, until the simoon shall sweep seven feet of sand all over them, and not one passing caravan for the next five hundred years bring back one miserable bone of their carcasses. Free Loveism! It is the double-distilled extract of *nux vomica*, rats- bane and adder's tongue. Never until society goes back to the old Bible and hears its eulogy of purity and its anathema of uncleanness— never until then will this evil be extirpated.

IV. Behold also in this giant of the text and in the giant of our own century that great PHYSICAL POWER MUST CRUMBLE and expire. The Samson of the text long ago went away. He fought the lion. He fought the Philistines. He could fight anything, but *Death was too much for him*. He may have required a longer grave and a broader grave; but the tomb nevertheless was his terminus.

If, then, we are to be compelled to go out of this world, where are we to go to? This body and soul must soon part. What shall be the destiny of the former I know—dust to dust. But what shall be the destiny of the latter? Shall it rise into the companionship of the white-robed, whose sins Christ has slain? or will it go down among the unbelieving, who tried to gain the world and save their souls, but were swindled out of both? Blessed be God, we have a Champion. He is so styled in the Bible: A Champion who has conquered death and hell, and He is ready to fight all our battles from the first to the last. "Who is this that cometh from Edom, with dyed garments from Bozrah, mighty to save?" If we follow in the wake of that Champion death has no power and the grave no victory. The worst man trusting in Him shall have his dying pangs alleviated and his future illumined.

THE ACCOUNTING.

V. In the light of this subject I want to call your attention to a fact which may not have been rightly considered by five men in this house, and that is the fact that we must be brought into judgment for the employment of our physical organism. Shoulder, brain, hand, foot—we must answer in judgment for the use we have made of them. Have they been used for the elevation of society or for its depression? In proportion as our arm is strong and our step elastic will our account at last be intensified. Thousands of sermons are preached to invalids. I preach this sermon this morning to stout men and healthful women. We must *give to God an account* for the right use of this physical organism.

These invalids have comparatively little to account for, perhaps. They could not lift twenty pounds. They could not walk half a mile without sitting down to rest. In the preparation of this subject I have said to myself, How shall I account to God in judgment for the use of a body which never knew one moment of real sickness? Rising up in judgment, standing beside the men and the women who had only little physical energy, and yet consumed that energy in a *conflagration of religious enthusiasm*, how will we feel abashed!

Oh, men of the strong arm and the stout heart, what use are you making of your physical forces? Will you be able to stand the test of that day when we must answer for the use of every talent, whether it were a physical energy, or a mental acumen, or a spiritual power?

HARK! IT THUNDERS.

The day approaches, and I see one who in this world was an invalid, and as she stands before the throne of God to answer she says, "I was sick all my days. I had but very little strength, but I did as well as I could in being kind to those who were more sick and more suffering." And Christ will say, "Well done, faithful servant."

And then a little child will stand before the throne, and she will say, "On earth I had a curvature of the spine, and I was very weak, and I was very sick; but I used to go out and gather flowers out of the wild wood and bring them to my sick mother, and she was comforted when she saw the sweet flowers out of the wild wood. I didn't do much, but I did something." And Christ shall say, as He takes her up in His arm and kisses her, "Well done, well done, faithful servant; enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

What, then, will be said to us—we to whom the Lord gave physical strength and continuous health? Hark! it thunders again.

THE JUDGMENT! THE JUDGMENT!

I said to an old Scotch minister, who was one of the best friends I ever had, "Doctor, did you every know Robert Pollock, the Scotch poet, who wrote 'The Course of Time'?" "Oh, yes," he replied, "I knew him well; I was his classmate." And then the doctor went on to tell me how that the writing of "The Course of Time" exhausted the health of Robert Pollock, and he expired. It seems as if no man could have such a glimpse of the day for which all other days were made as Robert Pollock had, and long survive that glimpse. In the description of that day he says, among other things:

Begin the woe, ye woods, and tell it to the doleful winds.

And doleful winds wail to the howling hills,
And howling hills mourn to the dismal vales,
And dismal vales sigh to the sorrowing brooks,
And sorrowing brooks weep to the weeping stream,
And weeping stream awake the groaning deep;
Ye heavens, great archway of the universe, put sack- cloth on;

And ocean, robe thyself in garb of widowhood,
And gather all thy waves into a groan, and utter it,
Long, loud, deep, piercing, dolorous, immense.
The occasion asks it, Nature dies, and angels come to lay her in her grave.

What Robert Pollock saw in poetic dream, and I will see in positive reality the judg- ment! the judgment!

HINDOOS AT THE GANGES.

(See illustration on page 748.)

A RECENT visitor to the mission field in India thus describes what he saw during his stay at Benares: "The banks of the sacred river Ganges present a spectacle which arouses in the heart of the Christian an intense and all-absorbing desire for the spread of the Gospel among those benighted and superstitious worshippers. They are so devout and so earnest that one can but think how sad a thing it is that they do not know the true God, and offer to Him the worship they give to their idols."

"The banks of the river are steep, and lined the whole length with ghats, temples, and long flights of stone steps. Booths and awnings were so arranged as to afford every facility for bathing. All classes of men, women and children were plunging in the waters of the sacred river, and worshipping their little idols at the same time that they performed their ablutions. Small white flowers were sprinkled by thousands upon the bosom of the river and in front of the little shrines on the banks. No Hindoo may eat or go about his daily avocation until he has first bathed in the sacred stream and worshipped at the shrine of his particular deity."

A MIDNIGHT STRUGGLE BY A LAKESIDE.

IN a letter from a Christian worker in the French capital the following thrilling incident is recorded: One dark night this summer, a woman, with a loaded revolver in her hand, was pacing up and down the lakeside, close to a town in Switzerland. The midnight darkness around was not more deep and drear than the despair which filled her soul. Again and again she tried to summon courage to fire the fatal shot; but again and again an invisible hand seemed to stay the hand of the would-be suicide.

God was answering prayer. In an upper room in the neighboring town, all through that night another woman was upon her knees pleading for the salvation of that poor sin-crushed soul who was thus trembling upon the border of the abyss. She had come forward in the meeting that evening under the deepest conviction, and this officer had spoken to her, but she had failed to find peace. There was evidently something awful upon her mind, which she felt she ought to confess, but she resisted, and at the close left with a look of despair. But our sister's heart felt drawn out in agonizing prayer for her in such a remarkable manner that she could not think of sleep, but pleaded, hour after hour, until she received the witness of the Spirit that her prayer was answered.

Little did she realize why the spirit of prayer had thus come upon her, and that out in the dark night yonder, the devil, seeing his prey about to escape him, was urging her to suicide.

But the Prince of Darkness was defeated by the power of prayer, and, as the watcher rose from her knees, the poor lost creature stole back into the town, resolved to confess all and commit her sin-stained soul to the Saviour whose wondrous love she had heard in that meeting.

Having found the officer's lodgings, she told her all with tears of deepest contrition. "I am a murderer," said she. Then she went on to tell how that in her native town in another country, years ago, she had committed the awful crime. A young man had asked her to marry him, but her mother having for a long time opposed and prevented their union, he suggested to her one day that she should put poison in her mother's food. She consented, and he procured her the poison. The sight of her mother's dying agonies and the thought of her guilt, were so dreadful that she fainted away. After the funeral she left home, the mental torture became so great that she attempted to commit suicide by discharging a revolver in her mouth. The wound was not fatal, though one of her eyes was destroyed, and she lay long in the hospital in the greatest agony of body and soul.

She had refused to marry the young man, thinking (being a Catholic) that this might in some way atone for her crime; but its awful memory haunted her, day and night, from place to place, for years, until, passing through the town of —, she was attracted by curiosity into our hall. There, in the light of the Spirit, she realized that there were pardon and peace, even for her; but in that light the awfulness of her deed came also before her as never before, and she saw that she must confess it. But death seemed preferable. Then followed that awful night in which she went again to destroy herself; but the invisible hand had brought her back from the shadow of death, and now, as she cried to God, acknowledging her sin, the Salvation Sister of Mercy pointed her to the Lamb of God who taketh away the sins of the world, and her soul found peace in believing.

When her father received her letter of confession, he came a long journey by rail to see her. He refused to believe the story of her crime, saying she had been "hallucinated," by the Salvation Army. He took her to —, hoping that the change would drive away the "mania." In the train her heart became so filled with gratitude to God for His pardoning love, and for having allowed her to see her father again, that she fell upon her knees in the carriage and prayed, and praised God aloud. Her father tried

angrily to make her rise, saying that this was all "hallucination," but she continued to praise God out of a full heart, and to pray for her father.

Three months have passed, during which she has been a bright, rejoicing Christian. She is in a good situation, and I have heard to-day from the officer of the corps that she has been remarkably used of God in a rescue case within the past few days.

IN EUROPEAN PRISONS.

Mr. Charles Cook's Evangelistic Tour.

MR. CHARLES COOK, the modern John Howard, whose portrait appeared in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD on September 15th, 1881, with some account of his Gospel work in prisons, supplies the following brief notes of his present tour:

HUNGARY.

We have had a splendid and successful journey through this country. Everywhere our books were received with grateful thanks, and every facility afforded us for distributing the Word of God among the prisoners. From Buda Pesth to Vienna, on our homeward journey, we were able to throw out of the carriage windows Testaments and Gospels to the signalmen along the line, who were much surprised and delighted at so unexpected a gift.

AUSTRIA.

Very different did we find this country to the above. Three persons are known to me who have been arrested for simply giving away tracts, yet we did not hesitate to distribute New Testaments, giving them to all who came across our path, even in some cases to policemen.

Greatly to my surprise, and beyond my expectations, I have, even here, been permitted to supply the prisoners with Bibles and Testaments, and have received written and stamped acknowledgments of the same. Crossing the Semmering Railway—the first mountain railway ever constructed—we came down to Graz, the capital of Styria, and here again we were soon hard at work distributing the Word of Life. In the large convict prison here we found an Englishman under a sentence of eighteen years. Happily, we had English Testaments in our bag, and he also was supplied with the precious volumes.

A long day's journey down to Trieste, and we were soon gazing on the beautiful Adriatic, with Venice only about a journey of seven hours' distance on the other side.

ITALY.

Who shall describe Venice? This unique city with its three hundred and sixty bridges and its silent waterways; its magnificent buildings, and its awful prisons?

It is six years since I was last here. Then I saw the Prison of the Inquisition, now I have seen them all. The State Prison in the Ducal Palace is still used, but not the lower cells beneath—those which were used to confine the prisoners who were doomed to cross the Bridge of Sighs and meet their death in the dungeons of the Old Palace. The cells here we found tolerably clean and well ventilated, but on visiting another part of the city, and inspecting the prisons there, we found room for complaint, for the poor wretches were exposed to the persecution of countless mosquitoes, who seemed to delight in the foul air of the overcrowded prisons. It is October, and yet I have been bitten and worried beyond measure by the mosquitoes in the bedroom of the hotel—a room as large as a small mission hall. I shudder to think what these prisoners must endure in the heat of summer, for the walls of their cells were bespattered with the blood of these insects, which they had killed by hundreds. No work was provided for them, and, worse still, no books were supplied. In signing the Visitors' book I took care to call the attention of the authorities to the need of cleansing the prisons, etc.

MILAN.

Here we found two large prisons. Captain Watson (of Dublin), whom we had met at Venice, accompanied me in my visits here, as my companion, Mr. Clark, gave signs of severe ill-

ness. In both of these places we supplied numerous Bibles, Testaments, and portions.

At Venice, in the station, we gave away hundred portions before the train left the station, and through all the stations in Italy we were enabled to do similar work. Except having a bad eye through getting something, while throwing the books out of the window of the train, my own health is good, but Clark is very unwell.

SWITZERLAND.

I have been obliged to give up the idea of reaching Constantinople this journey. We had so much to do in other places, while lution in some of the parts through which we must have gone, with other circumstances, hindered; besides which, the health of friend, and time and means prevent for the present.

Across the Italian Lakes, through the Gothard Tunnel to Fluelen on the Lake of Lucerne, and we are once more in Switzerland. Passing through Strassburg we re-enter

BELGIUM.

and presently Brussels is reached. Ten cities visited in six weeks, with thousands of copies of the Word distributed, and our work is nearly done.

ANECDOTES RELATED AT THE EVANGELISTIC MEETINGS IN SCOTLAND.

Sad Scene at a Grave.—At a recent meeting a minister observed: "I knew a man whose wife suddenly died, and, indeed, I think he the real cause of her death. He mourned her loss greatly, and as he stood weeping over her open grave, I thought it would have been good thing if he had given a little of his tenderness and his sorrow to the poor woman whose life fluttered in her breast; it might have been her way smoother and her end happier. O that you your friends while you have them, your repenting tears will profit but little to those whom you have wronged have done to another world."

Duncan's Wise Decision.—An Evangelist related: "One night I spoke to a young man in the meeting, and found him very anxious to know of the love of Jesus in dying for us and put before him some precious promises of God. He was eager and willing to be to Jesus, and remarked, 'I believe it is my mother that have made me so.' He was grieved when he spoke of his mother, and quired, 'Might I ask what those words were?' Tears sprang to the eyes of the young man; he replied, 'When mother was dying she came to her and said, 'Duncan, will you come?' These were her last words, and have been ringing in my ears ever since.' 'I can,' I said, 'will you follow Jesus, and then will follow your mother.' He calmly responded, 'From this night I will follow Jesus, and my mother in heaven.'"

George's Fifteen Jewels.—Mr. Ferrie said, "Mr. Moody used to tell a touching story of a boy who was dying. The one whom God was instrumental in bringing him to Christ can visit him, and found the little fellow in tears. 'Why do you weep?' she asked, kindly. 'Cause I am dying and I have never led soul to Jesus,' was the reply. 'George,' said, 'you might be the means of leading a soul to Jesus still. You cannot go into the pit and preach; you cannot go to the street and tell them of Jesus; but still there is thing left that you might do; you can I George, for your unconverted companion. 'Would that be doing something for Jesus?' eagerly asked. 'Yes, George. Would name some of your friends who as you know not trusting Jesus?' Slowly the dying boy repeated fifteen names, while his Christian friend wrote them down on a slip of paper, and handing it to the boy, she said, 'George, do read over these fifteen names one by one and pray over each one as you read. George gladly agreed to do so, and faithfully kept his promise until Jesus called him home."

Shortly afterward a great revival occurred in the place, and the first to be brought to the Lord were the fifteen companions whom Georgie had so faithfully prayed for, and each one of them became an earnest worker for Jesus. No matter how weak or how humble you may be, only be willing to honor Christ, and God will use you."

A Lion Changed into a Lamb.—A Friend recently confessed at a testimony meeting as follows: "I was drawn from the lowest depths of human degradation. I was a terror to my wife and children who ran and hid themselves when I entered the house. But all the time I thought I was very respectable; I was a professing member of a church in Scotland, but my whole mind was taken up by political matters. One day a friend came to a number of us and asked, 'What think ye of Christ?' I had never thought much of Him, but I went home with these words in my ears. I now began to see a little of the love of Jesus for sinners. Completely overburdened with a sense of sin, and wishful to turn from it, I went home one day and threw myself upon my knees, and cried to the Lord to have mercy upon my soul, and, glory be unto Him, the intolerable burden was taken away, and He took me as I was,

"Weary, worn, and sad,
I found in Him a resting place,
And He has made me glad."

Oh, friends, accept the Lord now, for He will assuredly have mercy upon you. 'He waits to be gracious.' Open your heart to Him, and let Him in."

A Safe Place for a Prodigal Son.—Mr. Stuart remarked: "I was very much struck in learning lately what an American lady said not long ago. A relative came to visit her, and while they were at tea they heard a noise in the lobby. She quietly left the table, and found that her son, who was a prodigal, had come home the worse for drink. She composedly gave orders that he should be taken to his own room, and then returned to her guest, and calmly talked of different subjects as if nothing had occurred to disturb her peace of mind. Her friend was very much impressed with this, and inquired how she could be so undisturbed about her son. She answered: 'Ah, sir, he nearly broke my heart. I was bearing the burden too long, the load became too heavy, and I put my boy into God's hands, and since then my burden has gone, and I am willing to wait the Lord's time.' The next morning the young man came in to breakfast not a little put out, and their visitor said to him, 'Do you know that you are in a terrible position? You are in the Lord's hands.' Who said that?" asked the young man, rather surprised. "Your mother said it; she has given you into the Lord's hands." These words proved to be the means of this young man's conversion to Christ, and he has since lived nobly for Jesus."

A Warm Welcome Home.—Mr. Fraser narrated: "I read some time ago of a bad but much-beloved youth, who went away from home to a foreign land. With a wasted life and ruined health he subsequently came home to die. It was a beautiful moonlight night as he walked through the wood near his father's house, and wretched and forlorn he stood at the gate of the manse—his father was a minister—fearful of knocking. In the stillness of the night he could hear that they were at family worship, and tears started to his eyes as he heard his father's voice raised in supplication for him. He did not wait until they were finished; he knocked gently at the door, and his father, now an aged man, with silvery locks, opened the door. At once he recognized his son, although he was so greatly changed, clad in the garments of a foreign land and marred by the sin of a wretched and misspent life. But the joyful father overlooked them all; it was enough, his son had returned, and the old man put his arms around him, and clasped him in a tender embrace. Not a word of reproach was uttered by that father for all the miserable past. Once more he bent his knee at the family altar.

The tender love of his father touched the son's heart; he repented, and accepted Christ as his Saviour, and although he died soon afterward, he gave modest, but most satisfactory testimony that he was truly redeemed by God's grace."

THE PARALLELS OF PROPHECY.
By Elizabeth Sapsworth.
Two Outline Visions of Daniel—God's Cipher—The Key to It—Consecutive Order—The Image of Gold—Correspondence with the Four Beasts—The Vision of the Dragon in the Apocalypse—The Ram and the He-Goat.

THESE are in the Book of Daniel two symbolic outline visions of the historical sequence of events, extending through the times of the Gentiles to the establishment of the kingdom of Christ. The writings of this prophet are the key to the method of interpretation to be followed in the kindred, but still more highly figurative, Book of the Apocalypse. Prophecy being history foretold, the page of history is where we may expect to discover its fulfilment. The page of prophecy may be called

GOD'S CIPHER;
its partial fulfilment in history is His key to that cipher, by means of which we may not merely translate past chapters of its wonderful unfoldings, but may even hope to gain some sure light upon those not fulfilled as yet. It must also be remembered that prophecy partakes both of the literal and the figurative. Many believe that it must be accepted as all the one or the other, though no greater mistake can be made. A chief difficulty in this kind of interpretation lies in the just discrimination between the two. Some portions must be understood exactly as they are read, while, woven in the same passage, are, perhaps, some purely symbolic; and the facts, historical or otherwise, that may be imagined as appropriately described by such, have to be ascertained by careful analysis and adjustment of both. What do these symbols mean, and how far is the passage symbolic, and how far literal, is the one question! If we are able to decide satisfactorily with regard to those looking back upon the past, we gain the clue to the nature of events still future.

Another important point in interpretation is the consecutive and orderly arrangement of the events predicted. In outline only, with some portions more fully described than others, Daniel and John alike appear to give

THE ORDER OF HISTORY
from the time in which they themselves wrote, but John is more comprehensive and more lucid than Daniel, giving fuller details of events to come than did the Old Testament seer. They both, however, close at the same point—the possession of the kingdom by the saints. Here, indeed, John goes further than his great predecessor, for the radiance of the Gospel, bringing "life and immortality to light," had dawned upon his day. It is this consistent, comprehensive, magnificent outline which, though none can dovetail it in every part, commends itself as stamped with a divine origin, and as sealed with the signet of Truth.

The first vision in the Book of Daniel—
"THE IMAGE OF GOLD"
and silver, of brass and iron mixed with clay," seen by Nebuchadnezzar in his dream—stands in the forefront for examination. It is the simplest of all in its construction and meaning, and deals only with primary events. There can be little question as to its main reference. It gives a very distinct outline of the four great, earthly, universal monarchies of Babylon, Medo-Persia, Greece, and Rome; the chief point worthy of note being this, that between Rome and the fifth universal kingdom, which is, undoubtedly, Christ's, *there is no other*. A second thing also must be marked in the interpretation given by Daniel—viz., that it is in the "days of the kings," or the Roman Empire split up, as represented by the ten toes, "the God of heaven" sets up His kingdom; proving, that whatever may be signified by its establishment, the refer-

ence is not to its planting by our Lord at the period of the First Advent, which took place long previously in the days of the undivided empire.

THE NEXT OUTLINE VISION
is one seen by the prophet himself, representing the same period of time and course of events, but under different symbols and with much more fullness. In the first year of the reign of Belshazzar, he beholds four beasts coming up out of the sea, corresponding to the four metals of which the image was composed. The first is like a lion, shorn of its wings, denoting the Babylonian Empire, whose power was already on the wane; the second resembles a bear, "devouring much flesh," or the Medo-Persian monarchy, so cruel in its conquests; the third is a winged, four-headed leopard, a graphic symbol of the founding of the Grecian kingdom by means of the rapid victories of Alexander the Great, the four heads at once recalling its division, soon after his death, into those four dynasties of which the Seleucidæ of Syria, and the Ptolemies of Egypt, are the only two belonging to Scripture story. Then arises the fourth beast, "great and terrible," whose appearance and actions so disturbed the prophet as to lead him to ask for and obtain added information respecting it, which, however, left him scarcely less troubled and perplexed. This beast corresponds with the great red dragon of Rev. 12:3, and with the beast rising up out of the sea, in Rev. 13:1, which was like

A BEAR, A LEOPARD, AND A LION,
in one. The seven heads of John's dragon and beast are wanting in Daniel, though the ten horns, akin to the ten toes of the image, are in all three. This omission of the number of the heads by Daniel (for it by no means follows that the seven *were* invisible to him), is probably due to the fact that he was only giving the bare outline of the Roman Empire, as symbolized by this fourth beast, where it coincided with the three preceding ones as a universal power; but when, from verse eight of the seventh chapter, he not only refers to events of a totally different nature, but to those belonging to the same period as the Apocalyptic predictions, then we discover the symbols of both prophets to be identical. This later vision concludes at the same point as the former one—the giving of the kingdom to the saints—but with many additional particulars. There is the slaying of the beast, or the final overthrow of the latest form of Roman dominion; there is the setting of the judgment, the opening of the books and the giving of the kingdom to the "One like unto the Son of Man." There is, besides, the first appearance of that much controverted date, "the time, times, and dividing of times," distinctly associated with what takes place during the continuance of the ten kings, or kingdoms.

Two years after this vision, in the third of Belshazzar's reign, Daniel has another, not complete, like the two previous ones, including the whole of the times of the Gentiles, but taking up, under

FRESH SYMBOLS,
the second and third of the four great universal empires. The figures are a ram with two horns for the Medo-Persian power, and a he-goat, so swift in its rapid progress as seeming scarcely to touch the ground in its pursuit and destruction of the ram. The notable horn between its eyes brings Alexander the Great again before us, as the founder of the Grecian dominion, and its first king; and in the upspringing of the four other horns, after the breaking of this one, we have again represented the four-fold division of his kingdom after his death. The particular value of this prophecy is that the interpretation is given, showing most clearly that the solution of all prophetic symbols is to be found in the page of history, while the three united visions teach us that the same historical events may be prefigured in different ways and under different signs, prominence being given sometimes to one series of events and sometimes to others.

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CURRENT EVENTS.

The First Assistant Postmaster-General's Report submitted last week affords gratifying indications of the progress made during the past year. It appears that the number of Post Offices established during the year was 2121, and the number discontinued 886, making the whole number of Post Offices at the end of the fiscal year 51,252, a net increase of 1235 during the year. The mileage increase during the past year was only 4007 miles. The increase in the number of pieces of mail matter handled, exclusive of registered matter, was 428,397,500. There was a total distribution of 4,948,059,400 pieces. Under the head of the free delivery system the report states that the number of free delivery offices at the close of the year was 178, an increase of 19. The service has now been extended to nearly all cities having a population of 20,000 inhabitants or returning \$20,000 gross receipts per annum, and its further extension must, under the law, await the growth of cities to the requirements above noted, or the qualifications must be lowered by legislation. The First Assistant Postmaster-General says that in view of the success of this system, in his judgment, it warrants the recommendation that authority be conferred by legislation for its extension to places of 10,000 inhabitants having a gross revenue of \$10,000.

The President's View of the Indian Question was explained by him on November 10th to the Committee appointed at the recent conference at Lake Mohonk, New York, to present to him the result of their deliberations on the Indian grievances. The Hon. Erastus Brooks, Rev. Lyman Abbott, Mr. M. E. Gates, and General Fish spoke, and each advocated the abolition of the present system of Indian reservations, and favored the adoption of a policy in regard to them similar to that so successfully employed in the case of the colored population. The President pointed out the difficulties involved in the plan suggested, and said that while it might not be well for the cause to disturb the Indians in their present homes, he believed that the reservations would ultimately be given to them in severalty, and the Indians thrown on their own resources. The President reminded the Committee that the cause which they advocated would require years to consummate, but intimated that he hoped to be able to make a beginning in the right direction during the remaining years of his administration.

The City of Galveston, Tex., Was the Scene of an appalling conflagration on November 13th. About an hour after midnight a small fire was noticed in a car-repairing shop. Unhappily a gale was blowing at the time at the rate of thirty miles an hour, which carried the flames across the avenue. Before the firemen could get to work two whole blocks were on fire in a district in which almost every building is composed of Texas pine, a very inflammable wood. A vivid description of the scene is given by the correspondent of the New York Times, who says: "The wind blew the tongues of flame from house to house, making them roar with the noise

of a thousand furnaces in full blast, and as they leaped across the streets the light was so intense that the whole city from the Gulf of Mexico to Galveston Bay was lighted up as brilliantly as though the sun were shining in full glory. The sleeping inhabitants jumped from their beds and rushed affrighted into the streets. Men, women and children half clad, and some of them shrieking pitifully, rushed about in the piercing north wind, and the city of Galveston presented a scene of desolation and confusion such as was never witnessed here before. The alarm bells were rung vigorously, and this added to the din made by the roaring of the flames and the shouts of men and shrieks of women, and a reign of terror began which lasted all night, and which none who participated in it will be likely to forget during their lives. By 9:30 o'clock the firemen had the fire under full control. But forty solid blocks of buildings had been destroyed before this was effected, and of these over four hundred houses were the dwelling places of the poor, the shelter of one thousand families, who found themselves thrown homeless on the streets, most of them with the loss of all that they possessed. The burned district covers just one hundred acres, including streets. It is remarkable that in so enormous a fire there appear to have been no deaths. Amid so much that is distressing in the occurrence this is a matter for thankfulness.

The Office of Chief Weigher in the New York Custom House, which for many weeks has been a subject of interest throughout the country altogether out of proportion to its intrinsic importance, was filled last week. When General Grant's protégé, Captain Bacon, was removed and Collector Hedden disgraced himself by appointing in his place a run-seller, who acted as chief mourner at the funeral of a pugilist and gambler who was killed in a saloon battle, there was general indignation. There was also some curiosity as to how the President, whose Civil Service Reform promises were thus outraged, would view the appointment. The saloon-keeper was suspended, and a competitive examination of candidates was held. Last week appeared the announcement that the appointment was given to the candidate at the head of the list, who is one of the assistant weighers, and was a soldier in the war, one of the veterans of the famous Sixty-ninth Regiment.

A Vigorous Warning Against Sunday Newspapers is contained in a pastoral letter issued last week to the members of his church by Dr. Howard Crosby. He says that he has seen with great sorrow that Christian families take the Sunday newspaper, and members of the Church even buy it from the stands. He adds: "There is no influence more insidiously seductive than this for the demoralization of our Christian households. Its air of respectability, the brief notice of some religious event in a corner of the sheet, the fact carefully proclaimed that the paper is not made upon Sunday, all furnish easy excuses to the conscience for harboring and encouraging that which unfits the mind for serious thought, which draws it away from God's Word, and which thus nullifies all the sacred influences of the Lord's day." All the New York dailies are now issued on Sundays as on other days. The Tribune, which, a few years ago, was not printed on Sunday, has now fallen into rank with the others, and, like them, boasts of the efforts it is making to get it into the hands of readers in the suburbs early on that day.

The Sentence on Mr. Stead, the Editor of the Pall Mall Gazette, was pronounced on November 10th. He was condemned to three months' imprisonment; his sub-editor, Mr. Jacques, to one month; Mrs. Jarrett, the woman who assisted in the investigation, to six months; and Louise Mourey, the French midwife, to six months, with hard labor. It was a refinement of cruelty which shows the malignant nature of the judge to punish Mr. Stead's agents more severely than Mr. Stead himself. The judge

doubtless calculated that an honorable man, such as Mr. Stead has proved himself, could be made to suffer more acutely through the sufferings of others than through his own person. The prisoners were marched off to the penitentiary. Meanwhile the wealthy and aristocratic sinners whose villanies Mr. Stead exposed are at liberty. Whether the English people will tamely witness the scandal and make no protest remains to be seen. The American people, however, must be on their guard against being deceived by the statement that the sentence is approved by the English public, which is made by some prominent journals, of which the New York Herald is the leader. The statement is not true. The proprietor of the Herald has probably been misled by his friends in England, who might be expected to approve of the sentence; but if the editor of the Herald would inquire of his brother-clergymen in England he would learn that a very different opinion prevails in religious circles.

England has Another Little War on Her hands. The barbarous King of Burmah, a State lying on the eastern frontiers of India, has for a long time past been committing outrages on British subjects, and in other ways manifesting his antagonism to his powerful neighbor. He is apparently a brutal madman, whose ferocities have made him the terror of his own subjects. On November 13th, after several weeks had been spent in a fruitless attempt to obtain satisfaction from the king, Lord Dufferin ordered the advance of the British forces into Burmah.

The Political Campaign in Great Britain increases in interest as it proceeds. Mr. Gladstone received an imposing ovation in Edinburgh last week, where he went to deliver a campaign speech. He deprecated the agitation for the disestablishment of the Church, which he regarded as a question for the distant future, and indirectly censured his colleague, Mr. Chamberlain, for dragging it to the front. He said the questions requiring the attention of the Liberal party were the reform of the Land laws, the reform of the procedure of Parliament, the completion of the Reform bill, and the settlement of the imperial relation toward Ireland. He was laboring for Liberal unity and was preaching unity to the best of his ability, but he hoped the Liberal party would split before it sacrificed conscience. It is evident, however, that the Church question will be the most prominent in the struggle, and it will determine, in the English and Scotch constituencies, a larger number of votes than any other.

War Between Servia and Bulgaria was Formally declared on November 14th. As is usual where two armies have been glaring at each other for some time across a frontier, each charges the other with being the aggressor. That question, however, is not important, as the attitude of the two governments is well understood. King Milan placed himself promptly at the head of the Servian army and marched into Bulgarian territory. Three skirmishes took place during the day, in which the Servians were successful. The reports which the cable brings agree in representing the Servian army as in numbers and discipline superior to the Bulgarians. The attention of Europe, however, is mainly occupied with the attitude of the great Powers, which this conflict may draw into armed antagonism. It is believed that Servia would not have moved without the consent, if not at the suggestion of Austria, while Russia, though not disposed to go to the help of the Bulgarians while Alexander is on the throne, would be promptly in the field in their defence if they would get rid of him and accept a king more amenable to Russian influence. The situation is ominous, and every development will be watched with anxious interest.

Wanted as Evangelists at Mission Stations of the Gospel Army, in Canada and the United States, men and women who can sing and give Gospel addresses. Write to the President, Rev. M. Baxter, Post Office, Toronto, Canada.

Four Dollars Have Been Received Since Our last acknowledgment for the fund for supplying colored ministers in the South with the *CHRISTIAN HERALD*: From Smiths Falls, Canada, \$1; from "a Friend," \$2; from Independence, Iowa, \$1. We sincerely thank our friends who are continuing these contributions. Every dollar received carries to some study spiritual help every week for a year. Some of those studies are rather sparsely supplied, and the paper, with its two sermons every week and other interesting matter, is a very welcome and useful visitor there, the influence of which is felt in the pulpit and in the Church.

Mrs. M. Baxter Conducted Meetings in Nash-ville, Tenn., on Wednesday, November 4th to Tuesday, November 10th. The audiences were large, and all classes and denominations were represented. Personal holiness and divine healing are subjects which are arousing much attention among the Christians at Nashville just now, and Mrs. Baxter's addresses were listened to with eager attention. The newspapers of the city devoted much of their space to the meetings, and to letters from those who attended them, and were concerned in the discussions that arose. Two very marvellous cases of healing of well-known persons in the city contributed to impress the doctrines taught on the minds of the people. In a note received from Mrs. Baxter she requests us to state that all requests for prayer she has received have "been placed in the Lord's hands" at the prayer-meetings in connection with her work. Time will not allow her to answer the many letters which every mail brings her.

Christian Conventions on Holiness and Di-vine healing will be held at Pittsburgh, Pa., on November 24th and 25th; in Chicago, Ill., on December 1st to 3d; and Detroit, Mich., December 3d and 4th. The Pittsburgh meetings will be held in the Third Presbyterian Church on Sixth Avenue; the Chicago meetings in the First Methodist-Episcopal Church, corner of Clark and Washington streets. Rev. A. B. Simpson, Rev. John E. Cookman, D.D., New York; Mrs. M. Baxter, Mrs. E. E. Stroud Smith, Liverpool, England; Miss Carrie F. Judd, Buffalo, N. Y., with other Christian workers and teachers, are expected to take part in the services.

Messrs. Mateer and Parker, Mr. C. H. Spur-geon's evangelists, have been laboring during the past two weeks at Kingston, N. Y., following Mr. Moody's work there. On Sunday, November 1st, the Rink, in which the meetings are held, was thronged almost to suffocation. Above three thousand people were present. On week days meetings were held in the Reformed Dutch Church and the Presbyterian Church, both of which were crowded. These successful evangelists are this week at Oneonta, N. Y., where they are holding meetings which will continue through next week. Afterward they have accepted invitations in Western States which will occupy them for several weeks.

A Mission to University Students Has Been commenced by Mr. J. E. K. Studd, formerly chief of the Cricket Club at the Cambridge University, England. Mr. Studd has undertaken this mission at the suggestion of Mr. Moody. He began by a visit to Princeton, Monday, November 2d, where he spent three days. His reputation as an athlete attracted large audiences, in which were many who do not ordinarily attend such services, and his earnestness and thorough sympathy with student feelings made a deep impression. Dr. McCosh spoke of his visit with great interest.

The Bowery Mission and Young Men's Home, New York, held its fifth anniversary at the rooms, 36 Bowery, on Sunday, November 8th. There was a large attendance. Some original hymns by Miss Fanny Crosby were sung, with others, wonderful testimonies were given by men who had found deliverance from degrading sins, and brief addresses were made by clergymen and laymen. A contemporary justly remarks of this effort: "This unpretending, persistent, evan-

gelical work, in the very heart and face of the lowest life of this great city, has been blessed from its beginning, and deserves the earnest prayers and co-operation of those who believe that Jesus Christ is able to save them to the uttermost that come unto God by Him."

Two Tell-tale Fences in Maine Afforded amusement to a party of travellers in that State recently. One was a fence leading across a graveyard, and was the relic of a fierce theological controversy which was waged some half a century ago. The controversy gave rise to feuds between old friends and neighbors, and stirred up strife in families. The bitterness not only invaded the home, the shop, the store, the lawyer's office, the doctor's den, the church, and the parsonage, but actually got into the cemetery. A fence was built across it to separate the graves. Another singular fence was observed by the party when driving through a town in Sagadahoc County. This fence divided the walk leading to the front door of a neat house. The fence ran up to the door over the steps. They were informed that the man who set it up has cut the property in two as literally as he can. He extended the fence idea by building a wall in the front entry, which cuts his half of the house off from the other half. These fences cause amusement by their rarity. The Church has been very busy of late years pulling down its fences, and so far as they separated the Lord's servants from united action in the Lord's service, the work has been a good one; but when we see Christian people at the theatre, or dancing at midnight, with worldlings, we doubt whether one fence too many has not been removed (II Cor. 6: 17).

A Tragedy at Niagara Falls Occurred on No-vember 8th. Shortly after noon on that day two men in a small rowboat were observed by some boys on the Canadian shore of the Niagara River near the Rapids, just above the Falls. Apparently they were unconscious of their danger at the time. They were close to the shore, but again headed out into the river. When they were warned by those on shore of their danger they paid no heed, but steered more down stream than ever. When in the Rapids their boat was seen to break. A man who was rowing on the river above the Rapids saw them, but could not go to them. Clinging to their broken boat, they were swept over the Horseshoe Fall in full view of many spectators. Soon after going over a piece of the boat and a coat which was recognized as belonging to one of the men were picked up below the Falls. The sleeve of the coat was turned inside out and badly torn. No trace of the bodies was seen. The tragedy has the same characteristics as those that have marked others at that fatal spot; those in danger are unconcerned and pay no heed to warnings until they cannot be saved, by their own efforts or those of others. It is so with those approaching the moral rapids. They do not realize their danger, and they scoff at warning until, on the current of the gambling passion, or the appetite for liquor or opium, or some other seductive stream of sin, they are carried to destruction (Prov. 29: 1).

The Identification of Chinamen Has Exer-cised the ingenuity of the Government officials since the enactment of the law prohibiting the admission of any who have not been here before. It is suspected that Chinamen sell their certificates authorizing their return, and strangers gain admission by them. Various plans have been suggested to prevent this evasion of the law. The new scheme is to take impressions of the top of the outgoing Chinaman's thumbs. The thumb is first pressed lightly on an inkpad, and then on a piece of white paper. The resulting impression is characteristic to a remarkable extent. It is said that no two thumbs give similar impressions, and that right and left thumbs are always markedly different. It is, indeed, asserted that the lines of the thumbs present more distinct varieties than can be found in any other part of the body, and that identification by means of such impressions is practi-

cally infallible. If this is true the Chinaman will find it more difficult to escape the vigilance of the officials. The custom is believed to be a very ancient one. The writer of the Book of Job probably had in mind some variety of it when he said, "Thou settest a print upon the heels of my feet" (Job 13: 27). It was a warning needed by men in his day as ours, that God is cognizant of every step they take.

The Curse of Good Luck has Been Realized by a tradesman in New York. Last week a dealer in hair was taken to the Jefferson Market Police Court and committed to an institution for dipsomania. The proceedings were taken by his wife. It was said that the man had won \$15,000 in a lottery, and his great fortune proved a curse to him. Before that he was a sober, industrious man, but after he obtained the money he became an habitual drunkard. He lost all control of himself when he started on a carouse. His friends knew that unless he was checked he would continue in his course for months, and it was deemed best to put him under restraint. He would have been better off, even from a worldly standpoint, if he had never won the prize. He is not the first by many to whom worldly success has been a fatal boon. The ordeal of prosperity is a fierce one, though every one is ready to undergo it. There are many who, when their eyes are clearer than they are now, will thank God that He withheld from them their desire for affluence (Mark 8: 36).

A Medical Martyr's Death is Reported From Lima, Peru. The *Star and Herald* says: "A young medical student in Lima, studying for his final examination, selected as the subject of his dissertation a report on the disease, indigenous to Peru, known as Verrugas or Oroya fever. To form a perfect diagnosis of the disease he caused himself to be inoculated with virus from a Verrugas pustule, and then awaited the result. He soon exhibited all the symptoms of Oroya fever, and was confident that his experiment would prove valuable to the medical profession. Unfortunately his strength was not sufficient to withstand the virulence of the fever, and two weeks later, after suffering excruciating agony, he died. The remains were followed to the grave by the scientific and medical notabilities of Lima, who declare that the student was a martyr to science, and that his name must be associated with those of Pasteur, Jenner and Ferran." The saddest feature of this incident is that the self-sacrifice appears to have been useless. No benefit accrues to science or the world from the young man's death. It is not so with the sacrifice which was made on Calvary. By it the captives of Satan are delivered, and by His stripes we are healed (Isa. 53: 5).

A Speech at a Fair is Never a Success, says Senator Cullom, of Illinois, who explained his presence at the recent State Fair to a reporter of the *Chicago Tribune*. The Senator said he attended to tie on the blue ribbons and not to make a speech. He said: "The last time I tried to make a speech at a fair was at Lincoln. There were two rings near the stand. One was for cattle and the other for the horses before the races. I had got fairly started when some fellow led a couple of horses into the ring. The crowd began to leave me, and in five minutes every soul in the crowd except the man who presided had left me. He looked as if he wanted to go, too, so we followed the crowd over to the ring. The remainder of that speech is still undelivered. No, a Governor, a Senator, or even a President, is out of place making a speech at a fair. When I hear of friends who have not learned this great lesson I always pity them, for I know the fate of their oratorical efforts, however brilliant they may be." The Senator realized that men are not easily drawn from business or pleasure to listen to a political speech, though he naturally regarded politics as more important than either. Preachers have reason to make a like complaint, though their message transcends in importance every other subject of consideration (Matt. 22: 5).

THE TRUE ANTIDOTE.

A New Sermon by Pastor C. H. Spurgeon.

"And that from a child thou hast known the holy scriptures, which are able to make thee wise unto salvation through faith which is in Christ Jesus."—II TIMOTHY 3:15.

Times Repeating Themselves—Tried Remedies—The Work in Timothy—It Commenced with Early Instruction—Lord Shaftesbury's Nurse—The Subject of the Teaching—The Curse of the Present Day—II. Quickened by Saving Faith—III. Becomes a Solid Character—Religious Ostriches—The Bomb Proof Shelter—IV. It Produces Usefulness.

How very remarkably the times repeat themselves! The warning which Paul gave concerning his own times is quite as needful for this present age. Again darkness thickens, and the mists hang heavily around our footsteps. Evil men and seducers wax worse and worse, and very many have turned away their ears from the truth to hearken to fables. Nor do we wonder that it is so. History must repeat itself so long as we have the same human nature to deal with, the same sins to ensnare mankind, the same truth to be trifled with, and the same devil to stir men up to the same mischief.

But, brethren, when the same evils come, we must apply to them the same remedies. Let us not talk of inventing wise measures for the present distress in the spiritual world, but let us use the great remedy which was so effectual in Paul's day. Paul taught young Timothy the Gospel himself: he made him not only hear his doctrine, but see his practice. We cannot force truth upon men, but we can make our own teaching clear and decided, and make our lives consistent therewith.

TRUTH AND HOLINESS

are the surest antidotes to error and unrighteousness. The apostle said to Timothy, "Continue thou in the things which thou hast learned and hast been assured of, knowing of whom thou hast learned them."

He then dwelt upon another potent remedy which had been of great service to the young preacher—namely, the knowing of the Holy Scriptures from his earliest childhood. This was to young Timothy one of his best safeguards. His early training held him like an anchor, and saved him from the dreadful drift of the age. Happy young man, of whom the apostle could say, "From a child thou hast known the Holy Scriptures, which are able to make thee wise unto salvation through faith which is in Christ Jesus!"

There is no cure after all for midnight but the rising sun: no hope remains for a dark world but in that light which lighteneth ever man. Shine forth, O Sun of Righteousness, and mist, and cloud, and darkness must disappear. Brethren, keep to the apostolic plans, and rest assured of apostolic success. Preach Christ; preach the Word in season and out of season; and teach the children. One of God's chief methods for preserving His fields from tares, is to sow them early with wheat. Upon that I am going to speak this morning as the Holy Spirit shall help me.

I. The work of God's grace in Timothy commenced with

EARLY INSTRUCTION

—"From a child thou hast known the Holy Scriptures." Note the time for instruction. The expression, "from a child," might be better understood if we read it, "from a very child;" or, as the Revised Version has it, "from a babe." It does not mean a well-grown child, or youth, but a child just rising out of infancy. From a very child Timothy had known the sacred writings. This expression is, no doubt, used to show that we cannot begin too early to imbue the minds of our children with scriptural knowledge. Babies receive impressions long before we are aware of the fact. During the first months of a child's life it learns more than we imagine. It soon learns the love of its mother, and its own dependence; and if the mother be wise, it learns the meaning of obedience and the

necessity of yielding its will to a higher will. This may be the key-note of its whole future life. If it learn obedience and submission early, it may save a thousand tears from the child's eyes, and as many from the mother's heart. A special vantage-ground is lost when even babyhood is left uncultured.

THE BEST PRIMER.

The Holy Scripture may be learned by children as soon as they are capable of understanding anything. It is a very remarkable fact, which I have heard asserted by many teachers, that children will learn to read out of the Bible better than from any other book. I scarcely know why: it may, perhaps, be on account of the simplicity of the language; but I believe it is so. A Biblical fact will often be grasped when an incident of common history is forgotten. There is an adaptation in the Bible for human beings of all ages, and therefore it has a fitness for children. We make a mistake when we think that we must begin with something else and lead up to the Scriptures. The Bible is the book for the peep of day. Parts of it are above a child's mind, for they are above the comprehension of the most advanced among us. There are depths in it wherein Leviathan may swim; but there are also brooks in which a lamb may wade. Wise teachers know how to lead their little ones into the green pastures beside the still waters.

I was noticing, in the life of that man of God whose loss presses very heavily upon many of our hearts—namely, the Earl of Shaftesbury, that his first religious impressions were produced by a humble woman. The impressions which made him Shaftesbury—the man of God, and the friend of man—were received in the nursery. Little Lord Ashley had

A GODLY NURSE

who spoke to him of the things of God. He tells us that she died before he was seven years of age; clear proof that early in life his heart had been able to receive the seal of the Spirit of God, and to receive it by humble instrumentalities. Blessed among women was she whose name we know not, but who wrought incalculable service for God and man by her holy teaching of the chosen child. Young nurses, note this.

Give us the first seven years of a child, with God's grace, and we may defy the world, the flesh, and the devil to ruin that immortal soul. Those first years, while yet the clay is soft and plastic, go far to decide the form of the vessel. Do not say that your office, you who teach the young, is in the least degree inferior to ours, whose main business is with older folks. No, you have the first of them, and your impressions, as they come first, will endure last; oh that they may be good, and only good! Among the thoughts that come to an old man before he enters heaven, the most plentiful are those that aforesaid visited him when he sat upon his mother's knee. That which made Dr. Guthrie ask for a "bairn's hymn" when he was dying is but an instinct of our nature, which leads us to complete the circle by folding together the ends of life. Childlike things are dearest to old age.

It is well to note the admirable selection of instructors. We are not at a loss to tell who instructed youthful Timothy. In the first chapter of this epistle Paul says, "When I call to remembrance the unfeigned faith that is in thee, which dwelt first in thy grandmother Lois, and thy mother Eunice; and I am persuaded that in thee also." No doubt grandmother Lois and mother Eunice united in teaching the little one. Who should teach the children but the parents? Those who think that a woman detained at home by her little family is doing nothing, think the reverse of what is true. Scarcely can the godly mother quit her home for a place of worship; but dream not that she is lost to the work of the Church; far from it, she is doing the best possible service for her Lord. Mothers, the godly training of your offspring is your first and most pressing duty. Christian women, by teaching children the Holy Scriptures, are as

much fulfilling their part for the Lord, as Moses in judging Israel, or Solomon in building the temple.

Nowadays, since the world has in it, alas! so few of Christian mothers and grandmothers, the Church has thought it wise to supplement the instruction of home by teaching held under her fostering wing. Those children who have no such parents the Church takes under her maternal care. I regard this as a very blessed institution. I am thankful for the many of our brothers and sisters who give their Sabbath-days, and many of them a considerable part of their week evenings also, to the teaching of other people's children, who somehow grow to be very much their own. They endeavor to perform the duties of fathers and mothers, for God's sake, to those children who are neglected by their own parents; and therein they do well. Let no Christian parents fall into the delusion that the Sunday-school is intended to ease them of their parental duties. The first and most natural condition of things is for Christian parents to train up their own children in the nurture and admonition of the Lord.

THE STANDARD.

Note the subject of the instruction. "From a child thou hast known the Holy Scriptures:" he was led to treat the book of God with great reverence. Especially is this feeling of reverence needed nowadays. I meet with men who hold strange views, but I do not care one half so much about their views, nor about the strangeness of them, as I do about a certain something which I spy out at the back of this novel thinking. When I find that, if I prove their views to be unscriptural, I have nevertheless proved nothing to them, for they do not care about Scripture, then I have found out a principle far more dangerous than mere doctrinal blundering. This indifference to Scripture is the great curse of the Church at this hour. We can be tolerant of divergent opinions, so long as we perceive an honest intent to follow the Statute-book. But if it comes to this, that the Book itself is of small authority to you, then we have no need of further parley; we are in different camps, and the sooner we recognize this, the better for all parties concerned.

Once more upon this point: it appears that young Timothy was so taught as a child that the teaching was effectual. "Thou hast known the Holy Scriptures," says Paul. It is a good deal to say of a child that he has "known the Holy Scriptures." You may say, "I have taught the children the Scriptures," but that they have known them is quite another thing. The opinion that children cannot receive the whole truth of the Gospel is a great mistake; for their child-condition is a help rather than a hindrance; older folk must become as little children before they can enter the kingdom. Do lay a good groundwork with the children. Let not Sunday-school work be slurred, nor done in a slovenly manner. Let the children know the Holy Scripture. Let the Scriptures be consulted rather than any human book.

II. Our second head was to be that this work was quickened by

A SAVING FAITH.

The Scriptures do not save, but they are able to make a man wise unto salvation. Children may know the Scriptures, and yet not be children of God. Faith in Jesus Christ is that grace which brings immediate salvation. Many dear children are called of God so early that they cannot precisely tell when they were converted; but they were converted; they must at some time or other have passed from death to life. You could not have told this morning, by observation, the moment when the sun rose, but it did rise; and there was a time when it was below the horizon, and another time when it had risen above it. The moment, whether we see it or not, in which a child is really saved, is when he believes in the Lord Jesus Christ. I mention this, simple as it is, because I want all teachers to feel that if their children do not as yet know all the doctrines of the Bible, and if there be

certain higher or deeper truths which their minds have not yet grasped, still children are saved as soon as they are wise unto salvation through faith which is in Christ Jesus.

Notice, that by this faith in Christ Jesus we continue and advance in salvation. The moment we believe in Christ we are saved; but we are not at once as wise as we may be, and hope to be. We may be, as it were, saved unintelligently; I mean, of course, comparatively so; but it is desirable that we should be able to give a reason for the hope that is in us, and so be wise unto salvation. By faith children become little disciples, and by faith they go on to become more proficient. How are we to go on to wisdom? Not by quitting the way of faith, but by keeping to that same faith in Christ Jesus by which we began to learn. In the school of grace faith is the great faculty by which we make advances in wisdom. Keep therefore close to the practice of faith, from which so many are turning aside.

A PRACTICAL DIFFERENCE.

Observe, that the text gives us a plain intimation that by faith knowledge is turned into wisdom. Exceedingly practical is the difference between knowledge and wisdom. See it in the text, "From a child thou hast known;" but it is faith, faith alone, that turns that knowledge into wisdom; and thus the Holy Scriptures are "able to make wise unto salvation." "Knowledge is power," but wisdom is the application of that power to practical ends. Knowledge may be bullion, but wisdom is the minted gold, fit for circulation among men. You can give your children knowledge without their having faith; but they must have faith given them of the Holy Ghost before that knowledge can become wisdom. Oh, teachers, pray for your dear children, that God would give them faith in Christ Jesus, that so the knowledge which you have given them may turn to wisdom! Go as far as you can go with the teaching; but ever cry mightily unto the Lord, that His Holy Spirit may work regeneration, create faith, impart wisdom, and give salvation.

III. Time fails me; I cannot dwell as I would upon other points; but I beg you to notice, in the third place, that sound instruction in Holy Scripture, when quickened by a living faith, creates

A SOLID CHARACTER.

The man who from a child has known the Holy Scriptures, when he obtains faith in Christ will be grounded and settled upon the abiding principles of the unchanging word of God. I wish it were so with the bulk of those who profess and call themselves Christians. In these days we are surrounded by unsettled minds, "ever learning, but never coming to a knowledge of the truth." These are carried about by every wind of doctrine. What numbers of professors I have known who go into one place of worship and hear one form of doctrine and apparently approve it because the preacher is "a clever man!" They hear an opposite teaching, and they are equally at home, because again it is "a clever man!" They join with a church, and you ask them, "Do you agree with the views of that community?" They neither know nor care what those views may be; one doctrine is as good as another to them. Their spiritual appetite can enjoy soap as well as butter; they can digest bricks as well as bread. These

RELIGIOUS OSTRICHES

have a marvellous power of swallowing everything; they have no spiritual discernment, no appreciation of truth. They follow any "clever" person, and in this prove that they are not the sheep of our Lord's pasture, of whom it is written, "A stranger will they not follow; for they know not the voice of strangers." The true believer's great reason for his faith is, "It is written." Christ our Master met the tempter in the wilderness with, "It is written." Though He was Himself inspired, yet His teaching was full of the Old Testament; He was always quoting the words of the Inspired Book, and therein setting us an example. If you and I would con-

tend with Satan, and with an evil world, so as to overcome in the conflict, we must take care to take our stand squarely and firmly upon the Scriptures. We are bomb-proof when we shelter beneath the Word of the Lord.

INDEPENDENCE.

Those who know the Scriptures, and so believe in Jesus, are pillars upon a personal acquaintance with the foundations of their faith.

From a child thou hast known the Holy Scriptures; they were not treated with an ignorant reverence, but with an intelligent homage. How much I desire that each one of you may be a personal student of the Holy Scriptures! We need to know them for ourselves. Personally grasping them as a revelation to himself, the godly man loves them, studies them, feels them, lives upon them, and so knows them. By this means he becomes independent of other men. Paul is to die. Poor Timothy! Yes, it will be "poor Timothy!" if he carries his faith in Paul's bosom, and has none in his own heart. But Timothy's Bible is not going to die. Timothy's knowledge of Scripture is not going to be taken from him; nor is the Holy Spirit about to depart from him.

Look at some of our churches: while a well-instructed Gospel minister leads the way, the brethren abide in their steadfastness. The good man dies, and where is the church? No doubt, those who are instructed in the Scriptures remain in their places, but the more ignorant are scattered like chaff. There are numbers now in this part of London wandering about, who were once zealous for the faith, but are now almost indifferent to it. I will not mention names, but I could do so readily enough—I mean the names of esteemed brethren who gathered an earnest following about them; but they are gone, and with their going, numbers of their followers have gone, too. I fear there could not have been a sound knowledge of the Word, or these people would have survived the great loss of their teacher.

IV. Now, lastly. As this early teaching creates a fine solid character, so will it

PRODUCE GREAT USEFULNESS.

I will say nothing more than just this. Thus Timothy became above all others a choice companion for Paul, one upon whom Paul looked with love, and remembered with joy. Companions for apostles are only to be produced in the school of Holy Scripture. Those who have communed with Moses, and David, and the prophets are fit to associate with an apostle. It is something to produce out of a child a comrade for a veteran servant of the living God. Let a man of God get side by side with a youth who knows the Scriptures, and he feels, "This is fit company for me." Paul, worn with years of persecution, strokes his gray beard, and his eyes light up with joy as he looks on that young Timothy. What is there about him more than about any other? Why, only that he knows the Scriptures, and they have made him wise unto salvation.

There were, no doubt, fine young fellows to be found who gloried in preferring the advanced thought of philosophers to the stereotyped teachings of Holy Scripture; but had they begun to talk to the apostle upon their new theories, Paul would have dismissed them with words of warning. He knew nothing of them or of their "other gospel," except that they troubled him and the churches. Without a scriptural training a convert has no grit, no backbone, and no soul in him. But when Paul looked on a gracious youth who knew the Scriptures, and held fast to them, he thanked God, and took courage.

Timothy became, also, a great champion for the faith. He came forward, and in the midst of all those who were preaching false doctrine he stood firm to the end; steadfast, unmovable, courageous, because as a child he had known the Scriptures. Oh, teachers, see what you may do! In your schools sit our future evangelists. In that infant class sits an apostle to some distant land. There may come under your train-

ing hand, my sister, a future father in Israel. There shall come under your teaching, my brother, those that are to bear the banners of the Lord in the thick of the fray. The ages look to you each time your class assemblies. Oh, that God may help you to do your part well! We pray with one heart and one soul that the Lord Jesus Christ may be with our Sunday-schools from this day and till He cometh. Amen and Amen.

[The prayers of the readers of this Journal are requested for the blessing of God upon its Editors, and those whose sermons, articles, or labors for Christ are printed in it; and that its circulation may be used by the Holy Spirit for the conversion of many sinners and the quickening of God's people. Dr. Talmage and Mr. Spurgeon especially request prayer every Sunday morning on behalf of their labors.]

NEW BOOKS.

THE SABBATH:

Its Permanence, Promise, and Defence, by W. W. Everts, D.D., is a work which in these days of Sabbath desecration ought to be useful. His aim appears to be to brace up Christian thought on the subject rather than to convince the general public of the value of the Sabbath. It may be, and we are sorry to see indications that there is need for this effort. There is a laxity among Christians as to the day which did not exist in the last generation. The daily papers are read in Christian homes on Sunday as on other days, and there is a tendency to secularize the day not in engaging in business, but in making it a day of recreation. It is to this danger that Dr. Everts directs his attention, and it may be hoped that his arguments will have a good influence, in reminding his readers that the Sabbath is a divine institution which cannot be desecrated without God's displeasure. The other danger to which the day is exposed, that of godless men who are trying to introduce the Parisian Sunday into America, will not be met by this book. Dr. Everts relies on the old grounds of defence, which are powerless against those antagonists. It is useless talking about what God enjoined in Eden to men who regard the whole account of the creation and the fall as a myth. If, however, Dr. Everts can quicken the Christian conscience of the nation on the subject, and induce Christian people to keep the day as it should be kept, a great and important step will be gained. Then we may hope that men with more practical sense and tact than he appears to have will engage in the defence of the day against its worldly foes, taking the more effective, though lower ground, that the observance of the Sabbath is necessary to the well-being of society and the prosperity of the nation. Thus Dr. Everts's book may do good indirectly, and may have a beneficial influence. He is thoroughly in earnest, though he does not seem to have kept himself abreast of the current of modern thought. Pp. 278; price, \$1. Published by E. B. Treat, 771 Broadway, New York.

STONES FOR THE TEMPLE.

Poems by Mrs. Harriet Warner Re Qua. It was with a feeling of utter weariness that we opened this little volume of poems. So much miserable stuff which the writers call poetry has passed through our hands of late, that it was with reluctance that we read a line of Mrs. Re Qua's book. But after perusing the first two poems, it was difficult to close the book while a single stanza remained unread. It is long since poetry so sweet, clear, and true has been offered to the American public. The poems are evidently the product of one who has suffered much, and who has learned in suffering lessons which are learned in no other way. The consolation which she received of the Master she distributes in tuneful language to her fellow-believers, and we think no Christian, and especially none who are passing through trial, can read her work without thankfulness and profit, as well as pleasure. Rather than use the space at our disposal for further comment, we devote it to a few



Hindoo Rites at the Ganges. (See page 741.)



The Blood Redemption in Africa.

extracts, which will show better than any words of ours the spirit and character of the book.

Of a bereaved father and mother she writes an exquisite sketch, of which this is the last stanza:

"And not in vain
Were they afflicted: on their vision rose
The unsullied splendor; clouds and rain
Had brought forth fruit celestial; deepest woes
The choicest clusters. For Christ fed them still,
And cheered them with His brightness evermore;
Till every longing merged into His will;
And all the way they praised, seeing He went be-
fore."

Here are three beautiful stanzas from the poem "In His Footsteps":

"Sometimes the snow of a drifting cloud
Comes sifted among the flowers,
But my dearest treasures it cannot enshroud,
And the sun-rays stoop to the heads that are bowed
Till snow turns to freshening showers.

"The way is rough, is often rough,
And over the mountains high;
But I sing as I climb o'er each frowning bluff,
The shining summit I'm sure enough,
Is nearer the throne-lit sky."

"And it may be there, it may be there;
I shall catch a passing gleam
Of the garnished towers of the city fair:
Or the sapphire arch of the gateway where
The glorified go in."

In a poem on the late General Gordon are these graceful lines:

"Oh! it was wonderful that he should choose
To dwell among the poor, and vile, and lost,
All things repulsive; where was all to lose,
And naught to gain; save, at extremest cost,
A few dark souls—jewels the Lord might see—
Whose sight is not as ours: whose love is broad—
Which, purged from ignorance and infamy,
Might glorify the living Father, God.

"'Twas wonderful, because so like his Lord!
He had won honors but to cast them down,
Uncared for, at His feet, whose smallest word
Was more to him than any regal crown.
And still he chose the cross, and loneliness;
With just a sigh sometimes for full release;
'I fear not death,' he said, 'This weariness
Were only so exchange for perfect peace.'"

There are over seventy of these charming poems in this little volume of 217 pages. They will shed light on many a dark way and point

many a sufferer to the Source of consolation. We do not know who is the publisher, but *Mrs. Ke Quæ's* address is *Aurora, Ill.*

THE BLOOD REDEMPTION.

(See illustration on this page.)

AN English traveller in Africa relates that during his journey he found a wretched captive, who had been taken in war by a savage tribe and was condemned to a barbarous death. The traveller was filled with pity for the man, who had more intelligence than most of his countrymen, and he offered many bribes for his redemption. "Man of the pale face," said Libe, the chief of the tribe, in his native tongue, "Libe has ivory and gold, and oxen and slaves, and when he wants more he calls out his warriors, and rushes on the neighboring tribes, as the river-horse crashes through the reeds, and bears off all that he will. Libe needs not thy spoils, oh white face! Libe seeks not gold, but blood!" and at a sign from the chief one of his followers flung another dart at the wretched Garra.

The traveller saw the sign, and by an instinctive impulse threw himself forward with uplifted arm, as if to stay the murderous weapon. It struck that uplifted arm, pierced through the young man's sleeve, and hung quivering in his flesh!

An exclamation burst from the lips of Libe when he saw that the Englishman was struck. Not only had he, in his dealings with the natives, won, by his conduct, their esteem, but there was a wholesome fear among the coast-tribes of the power of England. Libe, who would have thought little of sweeping hundreds of his dark fellow-countrymen from the face of the earth, feared the vengeance of the pale-faces.

The traveller read dismay on the countenance of the savage, and instantly followed up his advantage. "Thou dost not seek gold, but blood," he cried; "see, here it flows before thee, and for it account must be given!" He drew out the dart from his arm, and large drops fell on the ground.

"Oh, son of the ocean, Libe meant it not; Libe's heart is heavy," began the chief.

"Have I not bought the slave?" the wounded Englishman exclaimed, pointing to the Garra with his bleeding arm; "his life shall be thy fine; give him up, and there yet shall be peace between the white men and their dark brothers."

"Be it so," answered Libe, glad to escape so easily from the consequences which he dreaded; "thou hast bought him, he is thine; and Libe

will send for the great medicine-man to see to the white man's hurt."

It was some little time before Libe and his wild train could be induced to depart. When at length Libe and his party dashed down the bank, and began passing the river on their homeward way, the poor redeemed slave uttered a wild cry of joy, and crawling up to his deliverer embraced his knees, and covered his feet with kisses! "Garra, the slave of the son of pity, the blood-bought, always a faithful slave!" murmured the grateful savage.

Happily the Englishman was able to tell the poor creature of Him whose blood was shed for the redemption of the world and to lead him to the Saviour.

MATTIE'S SOLEMN QUESTION.

By Mary S. Brennan.

(See illustration on page 749.)

"Is grandma going to see Aunt Polly too?" "Yes, darling," said Mrs. Greely to her little daughter. They were seated in the train, just leaving the station, and the mother had promised Mattie a visit to a beloved relative whose charming home offered many pleasant attractions to them both. In the seat opposite sat a stranger, apparently a weary traveller, whose face lost its care-worn expression in its interested study of the little girl. At last, leaning forward, he said:

"Little girl, do you like to ride in the cars?" Mattie looked shyly, and then said: "Yes, sir, I do; but I am glad, because I am going to see my auntie and cousins. Have you any cousins?"

"Yes, little one, I have; but they are far away on the other side of the ocean, and I cannot go to see them," said he.

"Don't you feel lonely without them?" "Yes, I do sometimes. But I must attend to business, you know. It is such a long journey to where they live."

"Is it nice where your auntie and cousins live?" said Mattie.

"Yes, it is beautiful. When I was a boy I used to like going there better than anything. In the autumn we went nutting, and those that gathered most would be crowned king or queen of the day; and in the summer we went to the seashore and gathered shells and made necklaces of them. Then in the evenings it was such fun listening to auntie's stories around the fire."

"You didn't wear a necklace, did you?" said

Mattie, looking at the stranger's swarthy neck.

"No; but my girl cousins did—they had all the shells. But what do you think they did? When I was going such a long way off they had ever such a pretty knife made of them for me to cut paper with. Look, isn't it pretty?"

"Is that really pearl?" asked Mattie, "like mamma sings about—the 'pearly gates,' you know?"

"You must ask mamma that; I don't know anything about it."

"Not know about the pearly gates! Don't you know about heaven and Jesus? Didn't your mamma tell you?"

"Yes, she did, my dear; but I'm afraid I've forgotten. It is a long while ago, and I've no mamma now—she is dead."

"Then she is gone through the pearly gates. Mamma says so. All the good people who love the Lord Jesus go in. You must love Jesus, and then you will go in too."

"That is if I am good, you mean?"

"Well, you are, ain't you? If you aren't you will have to ask the Lord Jesus to make you good. Mamma says He will if people ask Him. I ask Him every night when I go to bed. Then you'll see your mamma again."

"You are quite a little theologian, my dear," said the stranger, who was evidently embarrassed by the turn the conversation had taken.

"I don't know what that is," said Mattie.

"Well, you will some day, I expect, and I hope you will feel as sure then as you do now."

"Shall I ask Jesus to make you good? I will if you like; mamma says He hears me pray."

"Do, my dear. I should like you to do so. Here, let me give you my little knife to remind you of it."

Mattie looked longingly at the knife, but was not sure if she should accept it, but at a whisper from her mother she took it timidly. "I will give you a kiss for it," she said.

There were tears in the man's eyes as he received the salute, and as he rose shortly afterward to leave the car he stooped and gave the child another kiss, saying, as he did so, "You won't forget?"

"No," said Mattie. "I'll pray for you every night."

It was many years afterward, and Mattie had grown a tall young lady, when Mrs. Greely's ill health necessitated a voyage to Europe. During her residence there she attended a series of revival services conducted by an evangelist whose name was honored among all the churches as one of the most successful among the Lord's servants. On taking her seat she was troubled by an uneasy sense that the preacher's face was familiar to her, but where and when she had seen him she could not remember. Before the sermon was over she was enlightened.

"Little things," said the preacher, "that seem of no account when they occur are often used by the Lord to change an entire character. My own experience is an illustration. One day, many years ago, I was travelling on an American railroad, a careless, impenitent sinner. A little child, a bright, winsome little girl, talked to me about my mother, and reminded me that I should see her again if I loved the Lord Jesus. The dear little thing promised to pray for me,



Mattie Receives a Gift.

I believe that under God I owe my conversion to that child's prayers, for I had no rest afterward day nor night until I had given myself to the Lord. I have never seen her from that day to this; I do not even know her name; but wherever she may be I pray God to bless her with His choicest blessings.

THE SILVER LINING.

A SERIAL STORY.

(Continued from page 734.)

An Unpleasant Complication.

FRANK ARNOLD's statement of his trouble, which added a deeper furrow to those on his father's brow and sent his mother and sister to their knees in intercession for him, was substantially true. He had done his utmost, as he said, to find his wife, but without avail. His utmost, however, was little likely to be successful in such a city as New York unless he had the aid of experts. Those he did not employ. He had not the funds to pay private detectives, and to the city police he would not apply. He told himself that it would be painful to Clare, that she would probably return in a short time, and would feel humiliated if she heard that the police had been seeking her. But Frank Arnold, had he listened to his conscience, would have been aware that his motives were not wholly or chiefly of that unselfish character. It was for himself that he was caring, and his imagination was busy with the scandal which would gather about his name if the actual facts were disclosed. He shrank, as weak men do shrink, from the questions he would have to answer and the censure he might have to meet if his wife's flight were discovered. He waited anxiously and uneasily for Clare's return as the best and most probable solution of the difficulty.

The hours of the first day of her absence were very dreary ones to the lonely man. He had a few patients to visit, but he delayed making the calls, hoping that Clare would arrive before he set out. Her temper, he believed, would have subsided before morning; but she did not come. His professional visits paid, he returned to his

face. Greville noticed the look and interpreted it correctly. He was pleased, for his mission was that of a peacemaker, and he inferred that the look betokened a frame of mind amenable to peaceful influences.

"You are alone, Arnold," he said; "come out, like a sensible fellow, and breathe the fresh air. You look seedy; if you were not a doctor I should advise you to get some one to give you a tonic. Come, Doctor, write yourself the prescription in proper gibberish: 'Take of fresh air quantum suff,' and then go and do it."

"No," said Arnold; "my wife is out, and I must wait for her. When she returns I think I will lie down. That is my best remedy for such a headache as I have to-night."

Both men stood just within the room; Arnold, with a lack of hospitality unusual with him, neglecting to invite his visitor to be seated. He evidently did not desire his company that evening, and Greville would at another time have been quick to take the hint. To-night, however, he had come hoping that Frank would confide in him, and then, by a little judicious tact, be led to express such a strong desire for his wife's return as, when conveyed to Clare, she would accept. Greville had the wholesome dread of interfering in a quarrel between husband and wife, but if mediation would bring these two together he would gladly be made useful in that way. "I'll invite myself to do you the honor of staying and smoking a cigar with you pending Mrs. Arnold's arrival," he said at length.

"Don't think me inhospitable," said Frank. "I could not bear smoke to-night, and I am expecting Mrs. Arnold every minute. I am suffering intensely, and must be quiet."

"He is a silly fellow," was Greville's comment as, after expressing the sympathy politely demanded, he strode away from the physician's door. "Well, I cannot force my good offices on him. If he had told me honestly about his trouble I might have helped him, but if I introduced the subject I should be powerless for any good. Volunteered advice never helped a man yet. I must wait for another opportunity.

quiet rooms expecting that his wife would be awaiting him, but there was no sign of her. By turns he was irritated and alarmed. At one moment he fretted at the thought that Clare was adding, by her absurd conduct, to the burden of his anxieties, which were already heavy. It was cruel, he said, that she should misbehave after the trouble that the marriage had brought upon him. The least she could have done was to cheer and comfort him under his disappointment. Had Clare appeared at such moments he would have met her with reproaches. At other times he thought of her with dread. What if she had committed suicide! The thought appalled him, and he involuntarily shivered and dreaded to look in his newspaper, lest he should see that her body had been found in the river.

A ring at the bell, as the evening was closing in, brought him to his feet with a start. Clare was so fully in his thoughts that he opened the door in the full expectation of seeing her. But it was only Greville, and Frank met him with disappointment plainly written on his

In the mean time something must be done to save the lady from annoyance."

Bending his steps in the direction of Broadway he entered a store in which some water-color drawings were exposed for sale.

"Ah! Monsieur d'Angleterre," said the proprietor, with a polite obeisance. "Good-morning, good-morning. I am charmed to receive you. Come see these beautiful drawings. No one has had the privilege yet. You will buy the best. Have your choice."

"No, no, to-day, M. Bonhomme. I am on other business; but you will not lose. I wish you to oblige me by doing a little commission with delicacy; you understand? A little confidential negotiation. I should like you to go to this address," handing him a card, "and see the lady and tell her that you will buy water-color sketches from her. Tell her that your English customer mentioned her. Ask her to oblige you by having a pair ready in two days, and pay her twenty dollars in advance for them. She will need materials, and those you can send to her when she asks you, but you must not charge her for them. She is a very unsophisticated lady who thinks she can earn a living by her pictures. We know better than that, do we not, Bonhomme? But I know her family, and I want to spare her the humiliation of going around to try to obtain employment. It is a little family difficulty that will soon be arranged, and it is best to trust a discreet gentleman like you than to let things be talked of."

The Frenchman's small eyes twinkled under the judicious compliment, and he pointed off the rich Englishman's instructions with nods and gestures intended to express perfect comprehension.

"Yes, certainly," he was honored by the confidence of Monsieur, and would not fail to be silent on the delicate business. He would wait on Madame to-morrow morning. Some bills passed from Greville's pocket to the picture-dealer, and the arrangement was complete.

"It is better so," Greville muttered, as he left the Frenchman's store. "She will go home in a few days, and all this will be forgotten. It would have been horrible to think of a lady going the round of the dealers on so childish an errand. There will be no need for me to see her again until I can carry her some message of good-will from her husband." The big, good-tempered Englishman chuckled over his clever stratagem, by which he was to play providence to this estranged couple, and bring them together again in peace. The little difficulty would do neither of them any harm, he thought, "and as for that fellow," with a nod in Frank's direction, "it will do him good to be alone and anxious. He will appreciate his wife better afterward."

Nothing could have given clearer evidence of Clare's childlike nature than this idea that the little amateur skill in drawing which she possessed could be made available for a livelihood. But on that night when Mr. Greville found her sitting on that stoop weeping, she spoke of it with confidence that amused him, with his knowledge of the world's ways. He knew but little of the hardships of those who try to earn a living, having had no occasion to earn a cent in his life; but he knew enough from his observation of other people's ways to be assured that Clare's idea was chimerical. So he refrained from disheartening her, and promised her that he would use his influence to secure her employment. That was after he failed to induce her to return home, which naturally he endeavored to do first of all. Clare put her hand timidly on his proffered arm, but quickly withdrew it when he turned in the direction of her husband's domicile.

"No," she said, "it is useless to urge me, Mr. Greville. I cannot return. Dr. Arnold has spoken words that I cannot forget or forgive. If I could I should not respect myself. I must support myself for the future."

"But, my dear Mrs. Arnold, you cannot do that, I assure you. It is a difficult matter. You

have no marketable talents, unless you become a school-teacher, and even that profession needs influence to make it productive."

Then Clare told him timidly that her drawing-master at the boarding-school where she had been educated had assured her that her sketches were saleable, and showed artistic skill of a high order.

It was useless to argue with her in her present agitation, and a party of tipsy revellers strolling up Fifth Avenue, singing as they pursued their belated way, reminded Greville that to be out so late alone with his friend's wife was in itself a compromising matter for her. As the shortest, and therefore the best way out of the difficulty, he took her to a respectable hotel where he was known, and installed her there for the present. He then walked rapidly to his own bachelor home, a few blocks distant, to consider the problem thus thrust before him, and to solve it if possible. Greville had a strong faith in the old-fashioned notion of "sleeping on" a difficult question, and accordingly, having considered it in all its points without seeing a solution, he fell asleep, to take it up in the morning. His visit to Frank and his arrangement with the picture dealer were the result of his morning cogitations.

It is a curious result of temporary expedients adopted to postpone the solution of a difficulty, that they seem invariably to add fresh complications which render the original problem doubly difficult. This fact Mr. Greville discovered in a few days. His solicitude about Clare's reputation precluded him from calling upon her. He sent her his card with an intimation that he should hold himself at her disposal if she needed help in any way, and received in reply a note informing him that, happily, she had arranged with the picture-dealer he had kindly sent to her, and had hopes of meeting her wants quite easily. She added that she had seen no reason to change her resolution to support herself. Greville made several attempts to meet Frank Arnold, but had not found him at home. He reflected that every day rendered an explanation with that gentleman increasingly embarrassing as he would have to account for his protracted silence on a subject on which Arnold would naturally be anxious. Altogether, Mr. Greville did not think so exultingly of his smart scheme as he did on the day of its inception.

It became necessary to see the French picture-dealer again. However careful of her funds Clare might be, the twenty dollars she had received would soon be exhausted at the hotel to which Mr. Greville had introduced her. He therefore called and secured the two pictures Clare had already produced, and instructed the man to negotiate for a second pair. But it was with no sense of exultation that he quitted the store on this occasion. He chafed under the consciousness that he was in a false position, from which it would be difficult to extricate himself. He resolved that he would see Dr. Arnold without delay, though he might wait for hours for the opportunity. It was now two weeks since Clare's flight, and if anything could be done to bring about a reconciliation, it must be done immediately. Accordingly that night he was again at Dr. Arnold's office. On former evenings since his last visit he found it closed, and there was no response to his ringing of the bell. But Frank would certainly return at some time, and Greville was determined to see him before he slept. With dogged resolution he paced the blocks on each side of the office for two hours, "till no light shone from the window at which he looked eagerly at every turn in his sentinel-like walk. He was just about to turn once more when he came face to face with the man he sought."

"Why, Arnold, where have you been all this time? I have been to see you often, and have departed sorrowing."

"I have been spending my evenings at the club lately. But I was thinking of looking you up. I want to speak to you. Could you spare time to come in now?"

"Certainly. I am a night-bird. I do not

mind being out late as I have no wife to give me a certain lecture when I return."

"Neither have I now," said Frank, as he opened the door and admitted his guest. "That is why I wanted to see you." He lighted the gas as he spoke, and then Greville saw with surprise a marked change in his appearance. He had clearly been drinking, and, though perfectly sober, there was a lurid light in his eyes that told with what oil he was trimming his lamp.

"Explain the mysterious announcement, Sir Oracle," he said; "I am all attention."

Frank related the circumstances of Clare's disappearance and his efforts to find her. He admitted the fact of their "little tiff," and added, "I should have told you when you came the other evening, but I fancied that the last time we spoke of Mrs. Arnold you were disposed to lecture me on my manner toward her, as if you thought she was not appreciated at her proper value. I was not in the mood to hear a lecture then. Nor am I now, for that matter." Again Greville noted the angry light in Frank's eyes as he raised them from the carpet on which he kept them fixed during his recital.

"You will hear no lecture from me, my dear fellow. I hope Mrs. Arnold will return to you, and all will be well. It is only a little angry resentment, I suppose, that will pass away, and when she comes back you will give her a loving welcome."

"That will depend on whether she satisfactorily explains her absence. It is not a light matter for a man to condone."

"I think you need not doubt Mrs. Arnold's being able to explain her absence honorably. She has always seemed to me an extremely pure-minded lady."

"I wanted to inform you of the circumstances," said Frank, haughtily, "as you are almost the only gentleman who has visited us in the character of a friend, but I do not need to be informed of my wife's merits by a third party. I have decided to remain here another week, and then, if the mystery is not cleared up, I shall return to England. It is due to you to tell you of my intention, as you were kind enough to assist me with money. I will let you have my address in England before I leave, if I should go, and will remit you from there." Frank rose as he said this with some assumption of dignity, and Greville took the hint and silently departed.

Making all necessary allowances for Arnold's condition, there was yet enough in the interview to cause Greville uneasiness. It was imperative that Mrs. Arnold should be made acquainted with her husband's intention, and the necessity of a speedy return to him. Yet Greville shrank from urging it, fearing that her reception would be by no means a cordial one. Yet it must be done, and the next day he wrote and dispatched a letter to her couched in language as earnest and emphatic as he could use.

Three days passed, and having received no reply Greville began to hope that his advice had been taken. On the fourth day, however, he was astonished, on returning home from his customary walk, to find Mrs. Arnold awaiting him. It was easy to see that she was utterly unconscious that she was committing any indiscretion in visiting him, and the sad, innocent, child-like eyes which looked with perfect frankness into his, silenced the words that rose to his lips.

"I received your letter, Mr. Greville," Clare said, "and I thank you so much for your good will. I have tried several times to write you, but I could not make it clear to you in a letter that I appreciated your advice, while I must act contrary to it. Do let me tell you the reason of my leaving home."

Greville placed a luxurious arm-chair for her, and stood leaning against the mantel to listen.

"You were so kind to me on that sad night when I left my husband," Clare said, "and were so sympathetic that—"

There was a slight noise in the hall, the heavy tapestry portiere was lifted, and Frank Arnold walked into the room. He uttered a few words

of apology when he saw a lady there, and was retreating, when, in a mirror before him, he saw reflected the face of his wife.

(To be continued.)

HEZEKIAH'S PRAYER ANSWERED.

S. S. Lesson for Nov. 29, 11. Kings 20: 1-17. Golden Text, James 5: 14-16. By Mrs. M. Baxter.

Hezekiah's Accumulated Troubles—Assailed by Enemies—Sick unto Death—His Self-Righteous Prayer—Heard Nevertheless—Healing Promised—The Word before the Remedy—Remedies as a Test of Faith—A Sign Asked for—The Uses of Adversity—The Trial of Prosperity—Arrival of Foreign Ministers—An Opportunity Missed—The Punishment Decreed—A Mitigation.

KING HEZEKIAH was no exception to the general rule that God's children are a tried people. "In those days," we are told, "Hezekiah was sick unto death." What days are we reading of? Those very days in which Sennacherib, king of Assyria, had surrounded Jerusalem with his armies, and his general, Rabshakeh, had reproached and blasphemed the Lord God of Israel. Jerusalem seemed within an inch of her ruin; but Hezekiah and Isaiah united together in the prayer of faith: "For this cause Hezekiah the king, and the prophet Isaiah the son of Amoz prayed and cried to heaven. And the Lord sent an angel, which cut off all the mighty men of valor, and the leaders and captains in the camp of the king of Assyria. So he returned with shame of face to his own land" (II Chron. 32: 20, 21). It was in those days, probably previous to this time of deliverance, that Hezekiah was sick unto death. It is an old proverb that troubles never come alone; and surely the king was oppressed to the utmost when he saw his country ruined, his capital besieged, and his own body fast fading away by sickness, almost unto death.

There is little doubt that he was suffering from a malignant carbuncle. His prayer (Isa. 38) expresses great physical suffering, which enhanced the oppression which came upon him from all sides. And there is no doubt that his soul also was brought into great bondage, for he cried, "I am oppressed; undertake for me." To add to his trouble, Isaiah the prophet the son of Amoz came to him and said, "Thus saith the Lord, Set thine house in order; for thou shalt die, and not live." To die under such circumstances, when the enemy without was blaspheming his God and turning Him into contempt; that he who believed in the Lord as his Healer should die under the power of sickness; that he who had served the Lord so faithfully should succumb just at this moment, was almost more than he could bear. He could almost have said, with the psalmist, "All Thy waves and Thy billows are gone over me." Hezekiah turned his face to the wall, and prayed unto the Lord, saying, "Remember now, O Lord, I beseech Thee, how I have walked before Thee in truth and with a perfect heart, and have done that which is good in Thy sight." This would be a strange prayer under the Gospel; and if this had been all we might well have wondered that he was heard. But Hezekiah did not rest here. He speaks of going softly all his years in the bitterness of his soul; he speaks of God casting all his sins behind his back. That self-righteous prayer must have been quickly corrected by the grace of God. "It came to pass, afore Isaiah was gone out into the middle part of the city, that the word of the Lord came to him, saying, Turn again, and say to Hezekiah the prince of My people, Thus saith the Lord, the God of David thy father, I have heard thy prayer, I have seen thy tears: behold,

I WILL HEAL THEE:

on the third day thou shalt go up into the house of the Lord; and I will add unto thy days fifteen years; and I will deliver thee and this city out of the hand of the king of Assyria; and I will defend this city for mine own sake, and for my servant David's sake" (Rev. Ver.)—not

for the sake of Hezekiah's truth or perfect heart. Here was the Lord's distinct declaration of healing, which came in answer to his prayer, and came by a message from the Lord through His prophet. "He sent His word, and healed them" (Ps. 107: 20). It was subsequently to this that Isaiah said, "Take a cake of figs. And they took and laid it on the boil, and he recovered."

The word of the Lord came first. The remedy, which in this case the Lord prescribed, came afterward. But Hezekiah trusted so little in this remedy, that even after it had been applied he said, "What shall be the sign that the Lord will heal me, and that I shall go up into the house of the Lord the third day?" There is no doubt that in the old dispensation the Lord's healing came almost always directly from His hand, without the intervention of any kind of means. It is perfectly true that when the sinful Israelites were bitten by the serpents, and when Moses was directed to make a serpent of brass, they were told to look to the serpent of brass and live; and yet we never find in times succeeding that, when any one was bitten by a serpent, the same thing was repeated, as if that were a specific for the bite of a serpent. It was simply a test of their faith. If it had been a specific, then Paul, when the viper fastened on his hand in the island of Melita, would have wanted a serpent of brass to be made, in order that his hand might be healed. Again, in the case of the man born blind, when he was sent to the Pool of Siloam to wash, his eyes covered with clay which Jesus had made. The clay was by no means a specific for birth-blindness, but simply a test of the man's faith. Just so, when we are directed to call for the elders of the Church, and that they shall anoint with oil in the name of the Lord; the application of oil is not remedial, but is only a test of our faith.

Hezekiah trusted so little in the remedy that he said, "What shall be the sign that the Lord will heal me, and that I shall go up into the house of the Lord the third day?" And Isaiah said, This sign shalt thou have of the Lord, that the Lord will do the thing that He hath spoken: shall the shadow go forward ten degrees, or go back ten degrees? And Hezekiah answered, It is a light thing for the shadow to go down ten degrees; nay, but let the shadow return backward ten degrees. And Isaiah the prophet cried unto the Lord; and He brought the shadow ten degrees backward, by which it had gone down in the dial of Ahaz. The very necessity which Hezekiah felt for a sign showed a want of faith in the Lord's promise. "I will heal thee," and an equal want of faith in the remedy which had been applied. And perhaps we see here one reason why the Lord permitted trial to come so crushingly upon him just at this time. Hezekiah had been so faithful, so prosperous, and so respected up to this time that the Lord would not suffer him to be puffed up, and he allowed even the good king's faith to fail, that he might see there was no good thing in him, but that he must rely upon the Lord his God for everything; and perhaps in those words, "I am oppressed; undertake for me" (Isa. 38: 14), there was a deeper cry of need than is at first apparent. Probably spirit, soul, and body were crying out to God under the oppression; and surely spirit, soul, and body reaped the glorious benefit of the new life which God Himself poured in. When Hezekiah sang his song of praise, he said,

"The living, the living, he shall praise Thee, as I do this day: the father to the children shall make known Thy truth. The Lord was ready to save me: therefore we will sing my songs to the stringed instruments all the days of our life in the house of the Lord."

After having tried him in this way of extreme suffering, the Lord tried him again by prosperity. "At that time Berodach-baladan, the son of Baladan, king of Babylon, sent letters and a present unto Hezekiah: for he had heard that Hezekiah had been sick. And Hezekiah hearkened unto them, and shewed them all the house of his precious things; . . . there was nothing

in his house, nor in all his dominion, that Hezekiah shewed them not."

NOTHING EXCEPT HIS GOD!

Nothing except the greatness and the power of the God of his salvation. But not one of these messengers from Babylon heard Hezekiah praise God. Although he had made profession in his song that he would sing songs to the stringed instruments *all the days of his life*, these messengers of Babylon heard only the praises of his temporal possessions. Hezekiah, who had begun his life as an evangelist-king, who had instituted the worship of God when the honor of God was fallen in the dust; Hezekiah, who had abolished idolatry, and who had gathered together nobles and priests and Levites, and had led the worship of God in the presence of all his people, was now the one to leave God out of his reckoning when he shewed the precious things of his possession to those heathen people. It was Hezekiah who so neglected the good of souls; it was Hezekiah who lost his opportunity. "But Hezekiah rendered not again according to the benefit done unto him; for his heart was lifted up: therefore there was wrath upon him, and upon Judah and Jerusalem" (II Chron. 32: 25).

Isaiah the prophet, God's special witness in Hezekiah's days, came, and said unto him, "What said these men? and from whence came they unto thee? And Hezekiah said, They are come from a far country, even from Babylon. And he said, What have they seen in thine house? And Hezekiah answered, All the things that are in mine house have they seen: there is nothing among my treasures that I have not shewed them. What a poor account to send in to God! Here was the man of all others to whom God had confided the testimony of Him in that age of the world, and when he had the opportunity of showing the word of the living God and speaking of His answers to prayer, and telling these messengers of His faithfulness and His holiness and His truth, all he had to show them was gold and silver, furniture and garments, buildings and lands, but nothing that would last for eternity.

Wrath was upon him from before the Lord. And then Isaiah declared unto the king that all which was in his house, all which had been laid up in store, should be carried away to Babylon. Hezekiah received the rebuke, and "humbled himself for the pride of his heart, both he and the inhabitants of Jerusalem, so that the wrath of the Lord came not upon them in the days of Hezekiah" (II Chron. 32: 26).

These last words give us the clue to the whole of God's dealings with Hezekiah in this history. It was not ruthlessly that God allowed affliction to come, but Hezekiah must be made to know what was in his heart. "Thou shalt remember all the way which the Lord thy God led thee these forty years in the wilderness, to humble thee, and to prove thee, to know what was in thine heart, whether thou wouldest keep His commandments or no" (Deut. 8: 2). The Lord must show us what is in our hearts, that we may learn to lose all confidence in ourselves and trust in Him alone. And although from this time Hezekiah would be a humbler man, and one who thought less of himself than ever before—a man far less remarkable than in his younger days, yet he was a man better fitted for the society of his God forever and forever.

The Prophetic News and Israel's Watchman. London may be had from the office of this journal, 63 Bible House, New York, price, six cents, including postage. Annual subscription, seventy cents. The following articles among others are contained in the number for November:

The Eastern, or Turkish, Question. By the Rev. A. C. Tris, of Howard City, Kan.
The Period and Phenomena of the Seventh Vial.
Preparation for the Second Coming of Christ. B. E. Cornwall, Ed.

The Fifth Universal Monarchy. By Elizabeth Sapaworth. Spiritualism the Work of Demons. By the Rev. Miles Grant, of Chicago.

Israel's Restoration in Part. By Rev. Capel Molyneux, B.A.
The Duration of Gentile Power and Ezekiel's Vision.
The Condition of the Jews.
Passing Events Viewed from a Prophetic Standpoint.
Bound volumes containing the monthly numbers for 1884, or 1885 may be had, price, \$1.

MY MOTHER'S PRAYER.
"Her children rise up, and call her blessed." Prov. xxi. 26.

As I wandered 'round the homestead,
Many a dear familiar spot
Brought within my recollection
Scenes I'd seemingly forgot;
There, the orchard-meadow, yonder—
Here, the deep, old-fashioned well,
With its old moss-covered bucket,
Sent a thrill no tongue can tell.

Though the house was wild with strangers,
All remained the same within;
Just as when a child I rambled
Up and down, and out and in:
To the garret dark ascending—
Once a source of childish dread—
Peering through the attic cobwebs,
Lo! saw my trundle bed.

Quick I drew it from the rubbish,
Covered o'er with dust so long;
When, behold, I heard in fancy
Strains of one familiar song,
Often sang by my dear mother
To me in that trundle bed:
"Hush, my dear, be still and slumber!
Holy angels guard thy bed!"

While I listen to the music
Stealing on in gentle strain,
I am carried back to childhood—
I am now a child again.
'Tis the hour of my retiring,
At the dusky eventide;
Near my trundle bed I'm kneeling,
As of yore, by mother's side.

Hands are on my head so loving,
As they were in childhood's days;
I, with weary tones, am trying
To repeat the words she says:
'Tis a prayer in language simple
As a mother's lip can frame,
'Father, Thine who art in heaven,
Hallow d, who art Thy name."

Prayer is over: to my pillow
With a "good-night" kiss, I creep,
Scarcely waking while I whisper,
Now I lay me down to sleep,
Thou my mother, o'er me bending,
Prays in earnest words, mild;
'Hear my prayer, O heavenly Father,
Bless, oh bless my precious child!"

Yet I am but only dreaming;
Ne'er I'll be a child again;
Many years have passed dear mother
At the quiet graveside again;
But her blessed angel spirit
Dally hovers o'er my head,
Cying me from earth to heaven,
Even from my trundle bed.

—Selected.

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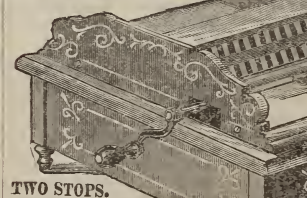
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THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 26, 1885.

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The Prison-Gate Workers—Story of an Amoy Pastor.
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The New Lord Mayor of London and the Sheriffs—The Lord Mayor's Indian Guests.

THE LORD MAYOR OF LONDON.

THERE is no city in the world outside our own borders in which the American people take so much interest as the British metropolis. In spite of the antipathies of our grandfathers, in spite of the unpleasantness during the war of secession, in spite of all that the Irish element of our population has done to arouse hostility toward England, there is no nation in the world to which we feel so closely akin. The Atlantic cable, and the increased swiftness of ocean travel has developed this feeling perceptibly during the past seven years. Distinguished visitors from England, too, have come here uttering sentiments of good-will, have assisted us in our religious and philanthropic movements, and have shown their liberalism by studying our institutions, the superiority of which to their own they doubtless have recognized, if they have not always admitted. On the other hand, a hearty welcome has been accorded to Americans visiting England. Messrs. Moody and Sankey are as dear to English hearts as they are to those of their own countrymen, and the greatest in the land have sat as disciples at their feet. Mr. James Russell Lowell received as much honor of another kind. Wherever he went he was heartily welcomed, and his retirement called forth expressions of regret from press and platform. It is therefore natural that we should take a deep interest in the affairs of London; and the portrait of its new chief magistrate and his two colleagues, which appear on the first page will be welcome to our readers.

THE EX-MAYOR,

who retired from office on November 9th, was a man whom the new official will find it difficult to surpass in public esteem. Lord Mayor Fowler was a distinguished example of the possibility of a Christian man becoming eminent in public life. He is a man of profound piety, and he was not afraid in his high position to let it be known that he held his religion dearer to him than worldly honors. He was always ready to assist any religious or philanthropic society by presiding at its meetings, and he went farther still, for, on September 27th, he preached in a large Congregational church in London a good Gospel sermon.

THE LORD MAYOR'S SERMON

was in aid of a fund for establishing a city mission, but it was not of that chiefly that he spoke. He realized that the great end of a sermon is to bring sinners to the cross, and it was to that mainly that he directed his effort. One who heard the sermon writes: "The Lord Mayor almost literally filled the pulpit, for he is a gentleman of the traditional aldermanic presence. He took his text from Micah 6:8: 'He hath showed thee, O man, what is good; and what doth the Lord require of thee but to do justly, and to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God?' The chapter had been read earlier in the evening. The prophet, said the speaker, had alluded to Balaam, and he was an instance of a man who knew what was right, but did it not. Still, his evil deeds had been overruled for good. There were but two classes of people, the speaker maintained, in God's sight—those who believed in Him, who had accepted God's great salvation, and those who had not. To the first class he did not intend to speak that evening—that he should leave for ministers of the Gospel; probably there were many present who could speak better than he could on such subjects, and to such persons; but he did wish to offer the message of the Gospel to those who had not accepted the overtures of mercy.

"Some persons might urge they were good moral people. That was all very well; but it was not sufficient. If it were possible that they could live to the end of their lives without sinning again, still that would not atone for the sins that they had committed in the past. Every one had sinned and come short of the glory of God. Christ had atoned for sin. He had borne the punishment, and there was no other name given under heaven among men whereby men could be saved. Every one wished

to be happy; every one wished to stand on the right hand of God at the last great day. Faith in Christ was the way to this.

After speaking in this strain for a short time, the Lord Mayor said, concerning the object of the collection there that evening, it was for a mission in that neighborhood. "The tendency of people to come out from the centre and reside in the suburbs was becoming very marked, and these people must be looked after. The poor must be reached and helped, and their souls must be saved. No doubt it was right to answer the calls of the heathen for the Gospel; but the wants of those at our own doors must not be neglected. The Lord Mayor then again made an earnest appeal to those who had not yet come to Christ."

The rule in the London municipality is rotation in office, and accordingly an election was held on September 29th, and on November 9th the new Lord Mayor,

ALDERMAN STAPLES,

commenced his civic reign. Mr. Alderman Staples is the eldest son of the late Mr. John Staples, of Belmont, who was also a prosperous merchant in the city of London, but spent the latter years of his life in a rural retreat in Wiltshire. In 1842, Mr. Staples, in conjunction with his brother (Mr. T. H. Staples), entered upon business in London, in which they were united until 1864. Mr. Staples was then elected to the Court of Common Council as one of the representatives of the ward known as Aldersgate, and speedily achieved a civic reputation. On January 26th, 1877, he was unanimously chosen alderman. He served the office of sheriff in conjunction with the late Mr. Alderman Notgate, who was Lord Mayor last year, but who died early in his year of office. During his shrievalty he represented the corporation at the ceremony of laying the first stone of the deep sea harbor at Boulogne, by M. de Freycinet, the then Minister of Works. He accompanied the Governor and Deputy-Governor of the Irish Society, to Londonderry, to take part in the proceedings on New Year's Day, 1878, to celebrate the free opening of the bridge, a result produced by the assistance of the society, added to the voluntary contributions of the inhabitants. He has given a large part of his valuable time to the business of the city in various capacities, and has been for some years a member of several of the most important city committees. He has also found time for literary pursuits, is a Fellow of the Society of Antiquaries, and is the author of an interesting historical work entitled "Notes on the Church of St. Botolph, Aldersgate."

The new Lord Mayor seems to have a passion for work, for, besides his high office, he is one of the members for the city at the Metropolitan Board of Works, and at the General Assessment Sessions. He is a governor of the United Westminster Schools, an almoner of Christ's Hospital, and is also Chairman of the Visiting Justices for Holloway Prison.

It strikes an American citizen as remarkable that one of the first things a Lord Mayor of London does after his election, is to go in state to church with the aldermen, sheriffs, and city officers, to hear a special sermon. Doubtless this is only a form in many cases, but even as a form it has a healthy significance as a public acknowledgment on the part of the highest official of the city that the welfare of the city and the prosperity of his government is dependent on the will of the Most High. The sermon on the occasion of Lord Mayor Staples's election was preached by Dr. Forest, an eminent Episcopal clergyman, who chose as his text the words: "Where the Spirit of the Lord is, there is liberty" (II Cor. 3:17), and having spoken of liberty in relation to the individual and the Church, the doctor proceeded to speak of it in relation to national life, and said:

"The love of liberty, I need not tell you, is innate in man—part of his original birthright. It is not more natural for a bird to fly whither its wishes urge or its necessities require than it is for man to be free. Hence the treasures that

have been spent for liberty, the struggles undergone for it, the blood that has been shed for it. True Christianity has ever proved itself the friend of freedom—where the Spirit of the Lord is, there is liberty—and repudiation of that religion has more than once led a nation into bitter bondage, as was the case in France."

Having referred to the secularism of the day, the preacher went on to say: "Our presence here to-day is in itself a protest against the views to which I have adverted, for we are met to invoke the solemn sanction of religion in connection with the duty of electing a chief magistrate for the ensuing year. Of that high office, its various duties and weighty responsibilities, and of the history and traditions of the Corporation, some of the representatives of which I have the honor to address, of all that it has done and is doing in the cause of civil and religious freedom, in upholding our ancient throne, maintaining our noble Constitution, and in furtherance of the interests of charity and philanthropy; of this I need not remind you."

The next ceremony to be observed was the attendance of the Lord Mayor-elect at the bar of the House of Lords to receive the royal indorsement of his election. There, in the customary time-honored phrase, the Lord High Chancellor conveyed to him the assurance that her Majesty had been pleased to confirm the choice of the Livery. The civic party having been conducted to the Princes' Chamber, the recorder introduced the Lord Mayor-elect to the Queen's representative, remarking that probably none of his predecessors had entered upon the duties of the Mayoralty with a longer or more varied experience of municipal functions.

After pronouncing the Queen's approval, the Lord Chancellor remarked that Mr. Alderman Staples was the successor of a long line of distinguished men in the commercial world, and he was distinguished by a great variety of circumstances from those who had preceded him. A graceful compliment as to his antiquarian research was followed by the remark that he was conspicuously one of those who had sought to obtain in modern times the best use of the property and interests of the city companies in fostering and taking care of those technical arts by which the great city of London had been distinguished. Furthermore, he had been desirous of maintaining the principles of municipal government. The ceremony terminated by the quaint observance of the circulation of the loving cup.

THE INAUGURAL CEREMONY,

on November 9th, was somewhat of a disappointment to the show-loving Londoners. Former Lord Mayors have exercised their ingenuity in finding novelties to render the procession delightful to the crowds which collect to see the Lord Mayor go to receive the seals of office. It is the show-day of the year, and there is always an immense crowd to witness the spectacle. This year there were fewer novelties than usual. The Lord Mayor contented himself with the production of a number of wagons displaying old London workshops to illustrate former methods of working up gold and silver into service plate, watch-cases, etc., and other industries. These were the only novelties, in addition to the ordinary display of gorgeous liveries, men in armor, etc.

America came near having a melancholy interest in the show, in the loss of one of her heroes, who was for a moment in imminent danger of death. In the Strand is the American Exchange, the favorite resort of American visitors in London. It was, as usual, decorated for the occasion, and was filled with members of the American colony. A band on the balcony played American airs during the passage of the procession. Lieutenant Greely, of the United States Army, was among the throng, and sat on the edge of the balcony. At one time, as he was leaning over to watch a row in the street between some costers and the police, he lost his balance, and would have fallen headlong to the pavement but for another American, appropri-

tely named Clench, who grabbed the trousers of the Arctic hero and pulled him up to a place of safety. It would have been a grotesque, as well as a sad thing, if the brave lieutenant had escaped the horrors of Cape Sabine to perish in London pagant.

The day was closed with the usual banquet, at which the Lord Mayor entertained the Cabinet Ministers and a distinguished circle of guests.

THE LONDON SHERIFFS.

MR. THOMAS CLARKE (*whose portrait is given on our front page*) was born at Holbeach, Lincolnshire, in 1843, and belongs to a family long settled in that neighborhood. He was educated locally at Holbeach Grammar School under Mr. Charles Webb. He is an architect and surveyor. His father, who was also in that profession, gave considerable care to his education. His method of training was severe but wholesome, as he made him begin at the bottom, and keep the same hours for labor and meals as an ordinary workman. He thus acquired a thorough knowledge of the method of constructing buildings, of the prices of materials, and of the methods adopted in renovating, building, and improving properties of all kinds. He put this knowledge to practical use when he entered upon his profession in London at the age of twenty-one. He at first devoted attention to suburban property, but the chief source of his prosperity was in the sagacity he displayed in buying and remodelling ancient and dilapidated buildings in the heart of the city. Several old thoroughfares rendered familiar by name to Americans in the pages of Dickens are among these; notably Chancery Lane, the abode of Mr. Snagsby, and Lincoln's Inn fields, where Mr. Tulkinghorn lived.

Mr. David Evans (*whose portrait also appears on our front page*) was born at Llantrissant, Glamorganshire, in 1849, and resided for some years at that place; but he has since lived upon an estate near London, which he purchased from Sir John Reid, Bart. He is a member of a prosperous firm of merchants in the city of London.

THE LORD MAYOR'S EAST INDIAN VISITORS.

THE group of natives represented in the picture on the first page were recently seen at the official residence of the Lord Mayor, where they tended on the invitation of that functionary. They were taken to London to occupy a model village erected in the suburbs of London in connection with the Albert Palace, where they exhibited their arts and customs to the delight of visitors. The party numbered forty-five in all, and included snake-charmers, nautch girls, and crobats, musicians, spinners, weavers, dyers, dressmakers, printers, embroiderers, potters, brass-workers, jewellers, carvers, inlaid box makers, musical instrument makers, model figure makers, and cooks. No less than twenty-four distinct castes are represented. The ages of the party vary from fifty-two to nine, and there are among them two nautch girls, one aged sixteen, a native of Delhi; and the other, aged twenty, from the Carnatic.

The arrival of the natives, in their picturesque dresses and turbans, caused much commotion in the city, and a large crowd assembled outside the Mansion House to see them. The party having made their salaams to the Lord Mayor and the Lady Mayoress, who had invited a numerous company to see them, Sir Edward Lee, the manager of the Albert Palace, made a brief statement as to the objects of the authorities of that institution in bringing the native Indians to this country, and the Lord Mayor replied, observing that anything which tended to increase the interest which English people ought to feel in their fellow-subjects in India, and cement the bonds between them, could not fail to be of importance and value. The snake-charmers with their weird music then went through an interesting performance with several cobras, and some wonderful conjuring feats followed, the proceed-

ings concluding with the singing of the nautch girls. At its close the natives partook of fruit and sweetmeats.

PRISON GATE WORKERS.

To Christian men who have time on their hands, and especially to such as have also money to spare, the following narrative is commended as an example of one of the ways in which they may render valuable service to the Master:

As the man who has done wrong steps forth from the portal of the gloomy building in which he has served out the punishment imposed on him as the penalty of his crime, he finds awaiting him old and hardened companions in sin. They know too well his day of discharge, and they are there to see that he does not escape them. Left to these, left to himself, the poor fellow has no resource but to follow the old pursuits. Here and there one, with bitter repenting, may endeavor to break the chain; he soon finds no one will employ a convicted thief, while all the time tempters are at his side whispering how easy it is "to prig." In such case, isolated and unhelped, he is indeed lost.

Some English Christians, considering these things, have arranged to make an effort at this propitious moment for the rescue of such men, and haunt the gates of the London prisons to catch them. As the liberated prisoner steps forth he meets friends—close by the gate an earnest company—the prison gate workers. Inside the gate one of their number is engaged passing down the line, as the men about to be liberated stand mute in Indian file, giving to each an invitation to breakfast and a few words of warning and comfort. Then as the men pass slowly out, the workers outside urge them to come to the Mission Room, and thus escape temptation. To a new-comer, an inexperienced worker, it is a painful and saddening sight as one after another the men and boys pass out to freedom.

"All out!" is at length announced; and crossing the street we find in the Mission Room some twenty or thirty assembled. Breakfast is served, and enjoyed heartily, by men long inured to hard prison fare. After breakfast the Secretary of the St. Giles's Christian Mission, or some of his helpers, address the men in plain, direct, straightforward words of Gospel entreaty. Temperance is insisted upon—for drink is the great snare of such, and the folly and stupidity, in the long run, of wrong-doing are forcibly pointed out, and the Gospel of God's grace lovingly proclaimed to them. There the unhappy men listen to plain words that nowhere else and in no other circumstances would they bear.

But this is only preliminary. A day's work among lost men means much more. Many of these accept cards for the Home in Brooke Street, many of them plead for "a show." Well, let us go down to the Brooke Street rendezvous and see what is doing. Entering the new Home, passing through the waiting-room (crowded with applicants hoping against hope), the class-room and hall, we reach, on the second floor, the audience-chamber. Here Mr. Wheatley interviews the men. His first endeavors are to make sure the applicant is really desirous of well-doing; for, unless it be so, it is useless to waste time and money, when so many others are pressing forward. Long experience and considerable natural shrewdness have made him very expert in getting at the true state of the case. When, however, sincere repentance is manifested, sharpness vanishes, and he is tender and loving in seeking to lead the men to the one and only way of escape, in Christ.

Meanwhile the convicts have arrived; for day by day a number of "long-term men," those who have committed some crime of sufficient gravity to demand penal servitude, are discharged in the Home. These men are committed to the care of the mission, their allowance is paid over to the mission, by it to be disbursed on their behalf.

Here we have the "regular" burglar, one who has been five times in prison, has spent the most of his life within the prison walls, and appears

to have come to the conclusion that "the way of transgressors is hard." "Give me a chance, sir; I've never had one; I was trained for a thief. Try me. God help me, I mean to drop it." He is pointed clearly and directly to the only source of strength, and advised to unite himself with the praying company (of reformed men) who meet in the Home to wait on God.

So on through a long list—even in the course of this one morning what sad revelations of the folly and bitterness of sin! Blasted lives, homes broken up, wives broken-hearted, children starving, fair fame and name gone through yielding to temptation. Criminals all of them. But are they to remain so? A helping hand, a loving word, a little real practical aid, just at the right moment, and these men, as many before have done, become steady, honest, God-fearing, godly men. Round the mission are gathered many such even now in good positions in London, and letters have been received from others in distant lands, who are seeking to serve and honor God, and, moreover, are doing all they can to save those fallen as they once were. They know, as do few others, the peculiar difficulties besetting a man who has been convicted of crime.

The results of this one day's work among lost men are registered in heaven, for souls have been born again, lost ones have been found, runaway husbands restored, wandering boys brought back, and the ranks of crime distinctly thinned by the operations of the day.

If all this work costs money—and money it does cost—who shall say it is not money spent to the best and most remunerative purposes? A Christian gentleman, of considerable experience in police and prison matters, remarked the other day, "I don't know any way in which a hundred pounds a day could be more profitably spent than in such rescue work. The work is an untold benefit to the nation as well as to the men themselves."

The Radical Programme in England has struck terror into the landholding class. It was formulated last week in Mr. Chamberlain's bold announcement at Hull of a platform calling for the abolition of primogeniture, for graded taxation, for free education, for a *restitution to communities of common land filched in past times by nobles*, and for almost socialistic land reforms. In other speeches he is to deal with other questions, but what he has already said appalls even the average Liberal. The opinion grows that the Whigs must sharply and publicly dissent, and the fears of a violent disruption of the party increase.

The Evangelical Alliance have Issued their usual invitation for the annual week of united and universal prayer, at the commencement of the year, January 3d-10th. In their circular the Committee say: "Never was a time, perhaps, when God's people had more need, with prayer and supplication and thanksgiving, to spread forth their hands toward heaven. We live in wonderful days. Men go to and fro, and knowledge increases everywhere. It is to be said that while the lightning encompasses the earth with its belt of fire, and while men have frequent and almost instantaneous communications with each other in far-off regions of the globe, Christians make but feeble use of that more wonderful power of prayer, by which they communicate with heaven? Hitherto the Divine blessing has rested remarkably upon the universal Week of Prayer. God in His mercy grant that our fervent and united prayers may, in the chain of His marvellous providence, prepare the way for the conversion of the nations, for the more speedy manifestation of the kingdom of His dear Son, and for the creation of all things anew in Christ." Sermons will be preached on January 3d and 10th, while the respective topics of prayer and exhortation for the intervening days will be Praise and Thanksgiving, Humiliation and Confession, the Church and the Family, Home and Foreign Missions, Nations and Governments, the Christian Life.

HISSED OFF THE STAGE.

Dr. Talmage's Sermon, Preached Last Sunday Morning, November 22, 1885.

Men shall clap their hands at him, and shall hiss him out of his place."—JOB. 27: 23.

A Dramatic Allusion—The World's Stage—Every Man has a Part—Often Badly Prepared—Time Wasted in Criticising—Many Failures—Dissipation a Common Cause—The Pins in a Drinking Cup—Dr. Sax's Discovery—Where the Snakes Come from—The Drunken Butler in the Tempest—The Failure of the Indolent—A King Burned to Death by his Physician—The Failure of the Selfish—The Millionaire's Death and Burial—The Clapping and Hissing—A Consecrated Home—The Exit—A World's Applause.

This allusion seems to be dramatic. The Bible more than once makes such allusion. Paul says: "We are made a theatre (or spectacle) to angels and to men." The theatre is so old that no one can fix the date of its birth. Archilochus, Simonides, and Solon, who wrote for it dithyrambs, lived about six or seven hundred years before Christ. It is evident from the text that some of the habits of

THE THEATRE-GOERS

were known in Job's time, because in the text he describes an actor hissed off the stage. The impersonator comes on the boards, and either through lack of study of the part he is to take or inaptness, or other incapacity, the spectators are offended, and express their disapprobation and disgust first by over-applause, attempting by great clapping of hands to drown out what he says, and that failing, to stop the performer they put their tongue against their teeth, and make terrific sibilation until he disappears behind the curtain. "Men shall clap their hands at him, and shall hiss him out of his place."

EVERY MAN HAS A PART.

My text suggests that each one of us is put on the stage of this world to take some part. McCullough, the actor recently buried, was no more certainly appointed on any occasion to appear as Spartacus, or Edwin Forrest as King Lear, or Charlotte Cushman as Meg Merrilies, or John Kemble as Macbeth, or Cooke as Richard III., or Kean as Othello, than you and I are expected to take some especial and particular part in the great drama of human and immortal life. Through what hardship and suffering and discipline these artists went year after year that they might be perfected in their parts, you have often read. But we, put on the stage of this life to represent charity and faith and humility and helpfulness—what little preparation we have made, although we have three galleries of spectators—earth and heaven and hell! Have we not been more attentive to the part taken by others than to the part taken by ourselves, and while we needed to be looking at home and concentrating on our own duty, we have been criticising the other performers, and saying, "That was too high," or "too low," or "too feeble," or "too extravagant," or "too tame," or "too demonstrative," while we were making ourselves a dead failure and preparing to be ignominiously hissed off the stage?

Each one is assigned a place, no supernumeraries hanging around the drama of life to take this or that or the other part, as he may be called upon. No one can take our place. We can take no other place. Aye, it is not the impersonation of another; we ourselves are the real Merchant of Venice or the real Shylock; the real filial Cordelia or the real cruel Regan; the real Portia or the real Lady Macbeth. The tragedian of the playhouse, at the close of the third scene of the fifth act, takes off the attire of Gonzalo or Edward Mortimer or Henry V., and resigns the character in which for three hours he appeared. But we never put off our character, and no change of apparel can make us any one else than that which we eternally are.

MANY FAILURES.

Many make a failure of their part in the drama of life through dissipation. They have enough intellectual equipment and good address and

geniality unbounded. But they have a wine-closet that contains all the forces for their social and business and moral overthrow. So far back as 959 King Edgar of England made a law that the drink-cup should have pins fastened at a certain point in the side, so that the indulger might be reminded to stop before he got to the bottom. But there are no pins projecting from the sides of the modern wine-cup or beer-mug, and the first point at which millions stop is at the gravelly bottom of their own grave.

AN IMPORTANT DISCOVERY.

Dr. Sax, of France, has recently discovered something which all drinkers ought to know. He has found out that alcohol in every shape, whether of wine or brandy or beer, contains parasitic life called bacillus putomanie. By a powerful microscope these living things are discovered, and when you take strong drink you take them into the stomach, and then into your blood, and getting into the crimson canals of life they go into every tissue of your body, and your entire organism is taken possession of by these noxious infinitesimals. When in delirium tremens a man sees every form of reptilian life, it is only these parasites of the brain in exaggerated size. It is not a hallucination that the victim is suffering from. He only sees in the room what is actually crawling and rioting in his own brain. Every time you take strong drink you swallow these maggots, and every time the imbibor of alcohol in any shape feels vertigo or rheumatism or nausea, it is only the jubilee of these maggots. Efforts are being made for the discovery of some germicide that can kill the parasites of alcoholism, but the only thing that will ever extirpate them is abstinence from alcohol and teetotal abstinence, to which I would before God swear all these young men and old.

A DREADFUL CROP.

America is a fruitful country, and we raise large crops of wheat and corn and oats, but the largest crop we raise in this country is the crop of drunkards. With sickle made out of the sharp edges of the broken glass of bottle and demijohn they are cut down, and there are whole swathes of them, whole winnows of them, and it takes all the hospitals and penitentiaries and grave-yards and cemeteries to hold this harvest of hell. Some of you are going down under this evil, and the never-dying worm of alcoholism has wound around you one of its coils, and by next New Year's Day it will have another coil around you, and it will after a while put a coil around your tongue and a coil around your brain and a coil around your lung and a coil around your foot and a coil around your heart; and some day this never-dying worm will with one spring tighten all the coils at once, and in the last twist of that awful convulsion you will cry out, "Oh, my God!" and be gone.

The greatest of dramatists, in the tragedy of the Tempest, sends staggering across the stage Stephano, the drunken butler; but across the stage of human life strong drink sends kingly and queenly and princely natures staggering forward against the footlights of conspicuity, and then staggering back into failure, till the world is impatient for their disappearance, and human and diabolic voices join in hissing them off the stage.

THE FAILURE OF THE INDOLENT.

Many also make a failure in the drama of life through indolence. They are always making calculation how little they can do for the compensation they get. There are more lazy ministers, lawyers, doctors, merchants, artists, and farmers than have ever been counted upon. Community is full of laggards and shirkers. I can tell it from the way they crawl along the street, from their tardiness in meeting engagements, from the lethargies that seem to hang the foot when they lift it, to the hand when they put it out, to the words when they speak.

Two young men in a store. In the morning the one goes to his post the last minute or one minute behind. The other is ten minutes be-

fore the time, and has his hat and coat hung up, and is at his post waiting for duty. The one is ever and anon in the afternoon looking at his watch to see if it is not most time to shut up. The other stays half an hour after he might go, and when asked why, says he wanted to look over some entries he had made, to be sure he was right, or to put up some goods that had been left out of place. The one is very punctilious about doing work not exactly belonging to him. The other is glad to help the other clerks in their work. The first will be a prolonged nothing, and he will be poorer at sixty than at twenty. The other will be a merchant prince.

THE AMBITIOUS.

Indolence is the cause of more failures in all occupations than you have ever suspected. People are too lazy to do what they can do, and want to undertake that which they cannot do. In the drama of life they don't want to be a common soldier carrying a halberd across the stage or a falconer or a mere attendant, and so lounge about the scenes till they shall be called to be a Macready or a Junius Brutus Booth. They say, "Give me the part of Timon of Athens rather than that of Flavius, his steward." "Let me be Cymbeline, the king, rather than Pisano, the servant." After a while they, by some accident of prosperity or circumstances, get in the place for which they have no qualification. And very soon, if the man be a merchant, he is going around asking his creditors to compromise for ten cents on the dollar. Or, if a clergyman, he is making tirades against the ingratitude of churches. Or, if an attorney, by unskillful management he loses a case in which widows and orphans are robbed of their portion. Or, if a physician, he by malpractice gives his patient rapid transit from this world to the next, as the clumsy surgeon of Charles II., King of Navarre, having sewed up the feeble limbs of the king in a sheet saturated with inflammable material, and having no knife to cut the thread, took a candle to burn off the thread, and the bandages took fire and consumed the king.

Our incompetent friend would have made a splendid horse doctor, but he wanted to be professor of anatomy in a university. He could have sold enough confectionery to have supported his family, but he wanted to have a sugar refinery like the Havemeyers. He could have mended shoes, but he wanted to mend the Constitution of the United States. Toward the end of life these people are out of patience, out of money, out of friends, out of everything. They go to the poorhouse or keep out of it by running in debt to all the grocery and dry-goods stores that will trust them. People begin to wonder when the curtain will drop on the scene. After a while, leaving nothing but their commitments to pay their doctor, undertaker, and Gabriel Grubb, the grave-digger, they disappear. Exeunt! Hissed off the stage!

THE FAILURE OF THE SELFISH.

Others fail in the drama of life through demonstrated selfishness. They make all the rivers empty into the sea, all the roads of emolument end at their door, and they gather all the plumes of honor for their brow. They help no one, encourage no one, rescue no one. "How big a pile of money can I get?" "How much of the world can I absorb?" are the chief questions. They feel about the common people as the Turks felt toward the Asapi or common soldiers, considering them of no use except to fill up the ditches with their dead bodies while the other troops walked over them to take the fort. After a while this prince of worldly success is sick. The only interest society has in his illness is the effect that his possible decease may have on the money markets. After a while he dies. Great newspaper capitals announce how he started with nothing and ended with everything. Although for sake of appearance some people put handkerchief to the eye, there is

NOT ONE GENUINE TEAR

shed between Central Park and the Battery or between Brooklyn Heights and Brooklyn Hill. The heirs sit up all night while he lies in state,

discussing what the old fellow has probably done with his money. It takes all the lively stables within two miles to furnish funeral equipage, and all the mourning stores are kept busy in selling weeds of grief. The stonemasons send in obsequies for a monument. The minister at the bequests reads of the Resurrection, which makes the hearers fear that if the unscrupulous inancier does come up in the general rising he will try to get a corner on tombstones and graveyard fences. All good men are glad that the moral nuisance has been removed. The Wall Street speculators are glad, because there is more room for themselves. The heirs are glad, because they get possession of the long-delayed inheritance. Dropping every feather of all his lumes, every certificate of all his stock, every bond of all his investments, every dollar of all his fortune, he departs, and all the rolling of Dead March in Saul, and all the pageantry of its interment, and all the exquisiteness of sarcophagus, and all the extravagance of epitaphology cannot hide the fact that my text has come gain to tremendous fulfilment: "Men shall lap their hands at him, and shall hiss him out of his place."

APPLAUSE FIRST.

You see the clapping comes before the hiss, the world cheers before it damns. So, it is said, the deadly asp tickles before it stings. *Going up* is he? Hurrah! Stand back and let his galloping horses dash by, a whirlwind of plated harness and tinkling headgear and rched neck. Drink deep of his Madeira and cognac. Boast of how well you know him. All rats off as he passes. Bask for days and years in the sunlight of his prosperity. *Going down* is he? Pretend to be nearsighted, so that you cannot see him as he walks past. When men ask you if you know him, halt and hesitate, as though you were trying to call up a dim memory, and say: "Well, y-e-e-s; yes, I believe I once did know him, but have not seen him for long while."

Cross a different ferry from the one where you used to meet him, lest he ask for financial help. When you started life he spoke a good word for you at the bank. Talk down his credit, now that his fortunes are collapsing. He put his name in two of your notes; tell him that you have changed your mind about such things, and that you never indorse. After a while his matters come to a dead halt, and an assignment or suspension or sheriff's sale takes place. You say, "He ought to have stopped sooner. Just as I expected. He made too big a splash in the world. Glad the balloon has burst." Ha! ha! Applause when he went up, sibilant derision when he came down. "Men shall clap their hands at him, and hiss him out of his place." So high up amid the crags the eagle flutters lust into the eyes of the roebuck, and then with eyes blinded it goes tumbling over the precipice, he great antlers crashing on the rocks.

Now, compare some of these goings out of life with the departure of men and women who in he drama of life took the part that God assigned them, and then went away honored of men, and applauded of the Lord Almighty.

A CONSECRATED HOME.

It is about fifty years ago that in a comparatively small apartment of the city a newly-married pair set up a home. The first guest that was invited in that residence was the Lord Jesus Christ, and the Bible given the bride on the day of her espousals was the guide of that household. Days of sunshine were followed by days of shadow. Did you ever know a home that for fifty years had no vicissitude?

Years passed on, and there were in that home ilarities, but they were good and healthful; and sorrows, but they were comforted. Marriages are bright as orange blossoms could make them, and burials in which all hearts were riven. They have a family lot in the cemetery, but all the place is illuminated with stories of resurrection and reunion. The children of the household that lived have grown up, and they are all Christians, the father and mother leading the way,

and the children followed. What care the mother took of wardrobe and education and character, and manners! How hard she sometimes worked! When the head of the household was unfortunate in business she sewed until her fingers were numb and bleeding at the tips. And what close calculation of economies, and what ingenuity in refitting the garments of the elder children for the younger! And only God kept account of that mother's sideaches and headaches and heartaches and the tremulous prayers by the side of the sick child's cradle, and by the couch of this one fully grown. The neighbors often noticed how tired she looked, and old acquaintances hardly knew her in the street; but without complaint she waited and toiled and endured, and accomplished all these years.

AN EXIT.

The children are out in the world, an honor to themselves and their parents. After a while the mother's last sickness comes. Children and grandchildren, summoned from afar, come softly into the room one by one, for she is too weak to see more than one at a time. She runs her dying fingers lovingly through their hair, and tells them not to cry, and that she is going now, but they will all meet again in a little while, in a better world, and then kisses them good-by and "God bless and keep you, my dear child!" The day of the obsequies comes, and the officiating clergyman tells the story of wifely and motherly endurance, and many hearts on earth and in heaven echo the sentiment; and as she is carried off the stage of this mortal life there are cries of "Faithful unto death; she hath done what she could," while overpowering all the voices of earth and heaven is the plaudit of the God who watched her from first to last, saying: "Well done, good and faithful servant; thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will make thee ruler over many things. Enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

But what became of the father of that household? He started out as a young man in business and had small income, and having got a little ahead sickness in the family swept it all away. He went through all the business panics of forty years, met many losses, and suffered many betrayals, but kept right on trusting in God, whether business was good or poor, setting his children a good example, giving them the best of counsel; and never a prayer did he offer for all those years but they were mentioned in it. He is old now, and realizes it cannot be long before he must quit all these scenes; but he is going to leave his children an inheritance of prayer and Christian principles which all the defalcations of earth can never touch; and as

HE GOES OUT OF THE WORLD

the Church of God blesses him, and the poor ring his door-bell to see if he is any better, and his grave is surrounded by a multitude who went on foot and stood there before the procession of carriages came up, and some say there will be no one to take his place, and others say, "Who will pity me now?" and others remark, "He shall behold in everlasting remembrance." And as the drama of his life closes all the vociferations and bravos and encores that ever shook the amphitheatres and the Drury Lanes and the Covent Gardens and the Haymarkets and the Coliseums of earthly spectacle were tame and feeble compared with the long, loud thunders of approval that shall break from the cloud of witnesses in the piled-up gallery of the heavens. Choose ye between the life that shall close by being hissed off the stage and the life that shall close amid the acclamations supernal and archangelic.

SHAKESPEARE'S WILL.

Oh, men and women on the stage of life, many of you in the first act of the drama, and others in the second, and some of you in the third, and a few in the fourth, and here and there one in the fifth, but all of you between entrance and exit, I quote to you as the peroration of this sermon the most suggestive passage

that Shakespeare ever wrote, although you never heard it recited. The author has often been claimed as infidel and atheistic, so the quotation shall be not only religiously helpful to ourselves, but grandly vindicatory of the great dramatist. I quote from his last will and testament: "In the name of God, Amen. I, William Shakespeare, of Stratford-upon-Avon, in the county of Warwick, gentleman, in perfect health and memory (God be praised!), do make this my last will and testament in manner and form following. First, I commend my soul into the hands of God, my Creator, hoping and assuredly believing through the only merits of Jesus Christ, my Saviour, to be made partaker of life everlasting." Then follow the bequests and the signature: "By me, William Shakespeare." "Witnesses to the publishing hereof, F. Collins, Jesse Shaw, John Robinson, Hamnet Sadler, Robert Whatcott."

MILITARY-HOSPITAL NURSES.

(See illustration on page 764.)

A SYCOPHANTIC writer in an English journal announces that Queen Victoria has "generously" conferred the decoration of the Royal Red Cross on eleven ladies who served in the hospitals during the recent campaign in Egypt. The statement in associating the word generosity with her Majesty's action must not be taken as implying that the Queen has changed the disposition of a lifetime. These decorations are paid for out of the national treasury, and as the ladies had fairly earned some public recognition of their services, there was no generosity exercised by any one in letting them have a reward specially provided for just such services as they had rendered.

The decorated ladies are depicted in the scene of their labors. The military hospitals during a war are frequently located in public buildings, but sometimes they are wooden structures, erected at convenient localities expressly for the purpose. When an army is in the field there is a hospital tent provided. During the Red Cross Conference, in August of last year, a model hospital tent like that in our illustration was exhibited.

The ladies of the Red Cross Society who act as nurses are specially trained for their duties. Many of them belong to families of high social position, who prefer to give their lives to useful service rather than to spend them in idle frivolity. Their courage cannot be too highly commended. Many of our readers know by painful experience what are the hardships of a campaign, and can easily understand how much courage and devotion a lady must possess who voluntarily endures them. In Egypt they were exceptionally severe, owing to the climate and the horrors of travelling in the desert. There was besides in that campaign a serious element of danger. The blunders of General Wolseley and the vacillating policy of Mr. Gladstone made the campaign a series of disasters; and as surprises and wholesale slaughter were continually occurring, it was quite within the bounds of possibility that the ladies might fall into the hands of the ruthless Mahdi. All honor, then, to them for giving up home comforts and venturing their lives that they might alleviate the pain and comfort the sorrows of the brave soldiers of the army. They deserve that their names should live in history and should be remembered whenever the war is spoken of. We gladly do our share toward giving them the immortality of honor by publishing their names. They are: the Misses M. C. Jerrard, H. King, S. Ireland, J. M. C. Barker, S. F. Hart, M. C. F. K. Cole, R. M. Burleigh, L. Parsons, A. Hind, C. L. Byam, and R. Williams. As they live in a country where a bit of metal and a few inches of ribbon are considered a "generous" reward for services like theirs, we may hope that their motives for undergoing the hardships were Christian motives, and that they serve Him who promised that even a cup of cold water given in His name should not miss its reward.

GOD HEALED ME.

MISS LIZZIE FAY, of No. 480 North College Street, Nashville, Tenn., gives the following account of her healing:

"It was last March. Miss G—— seemed to come like an angel, and I seemed to get well from that minute. It was not a sudden cure, as with Bessie Rich. I grew better by degrees, though it seemed very fast after lying in bed as helpless as any baby, and all full of such terrible pains, for nineteen months and seven days.

"I was struck down with meningitis one night, the 22d of August, 1883. When it was gone they found my spine was affected and I had lost the use of my lower limbs. Then I just lay there and got worse and worse. At last the doctors gave me medicine every fifteen minutes for days and days, and I kept growing weaker.

"I was a Catholic, and I never thought of missing a service when I was well, and I prayed during my illness; but I did not know that I was without faith. I had heard of faith healing and of Bessie's cure, and I sent for Miss G——. She came one day at twelve o'clock and stayed till twenty minutes to two in the afternoon. She asked me some questions, mostly about my religious feelings, and then explained to me, by reading from the Bible and talking, what divine healing is. And then she asked me whether I was willing to give up the doctors and the medicine, and just trust and have faith. I said, 'Oh, yes; I will give up all, and I believe I can then get well.' Then she said she would not say what day I should get out of bed; it would come to me, and I should know what to do. Then she and the lady with her prayed, and afterward we all three prayed. Then she went away, and has never entered the house since. It was not necessary. She had taught me how to have faith.

"The very next day, when my mother was in the yard and only my little sister was in the room with me, I said I believed I could walk. My sister said I must not try, but I did. I walked across the room and then the porch, and then I called to mother, who could hardly believe her eyes. Every day after that I walked, sometimes two minutes, and then more, and finally, on the fifteenth of the month, I went across the street and paid three calls. The neighbors were all thunderstruck, for they had said, 'Lizzie never can get well no such way as that.' It has just changed our family completely. Mother kind o' laughed when I told her I was going to try the faith cure; but she never laughs about it now. Neither do the doctors nor the neighbors.

"When I first tried to walk I just felt like I wanted to go, and I did go. It made me kind o' tired, but I never had any pains from it—and just to think I had never been out of pain all those months! I gained a little every day after the fifteenth, and got stronger and stronger, and I am stronger now than during the summer. In fact, I am picking up in flesh and strength all the time. My doctors said if I didn't get well by faith I wouldn't get well at all.

"Bessie Rich lives on Goat Hill, over northwest from here. She is a little girl about thirteen. I think her cure was more remarkable than mine, because it was all of a sudden. Bessie never had the use of her back like other children. They had to nurse her for years. Then she took to her bed, and lay there without putting her feet to the floor and perfectly helpless for six months, till they sent for Miss G——. She went there and talked to Bessie one day, and that very night Bessie got out of bed and danced about the house for joy, and the next morning she got up and made the beds and swept the house. She's been well ever since—hasn't an ache or a pain. I often met her up-town. The doctors had every one said her case was a peculiar one, and was incurable.

"I believe this thing is from God. So many say, 'She did it.' Why, I don't believe for one minute she did it herself. You could do it just as well as she did it by prayer; of course, without faith in God we can't be healed that way. Many people have come here to see me, of all

kinds. From up-town, from round the neighborhood, from the country—everybody that ever heard of me. They ask me all sorts of questions; some believe it and some don't. But everybody seems to take a deal of interest. People stop me on the street, and they all want to know whether I really believe it was in answer to my prayers. I tell 'em it was, for of course it was.

"I haven't taken a dose of medicine since March 2d, and I am happy as the day is long. I am contented with most anything I can get, now that I have got back my health, and I don't believe anybody could doubt me now."

THE FIRST RESURRECTION.

By Rev. T. C. Desbarres, of Toronto.*

The Place in Prophetic Chronology—Indicated by the Apostle Paul—How to Attain the Highest Honor—The Next Great Event—The Church Prepared—Presented—The First Sheaf—The Order.

THE Apostle Paul in his Epistle to the Colossians reminds them at that time that the Gospel had come to them as to all the world. The purpose of God, so far as they knew, had a fulfilment, so that He might at any moment appear. There was a divine reason for this. We see it in the frequent exhortation of our Lord to His disciples to watch for His Coming, for the day and the hour knoweth no man (Matt. 24: 36), and in the words of the apostle to wait (1 Thess. 1: 10), to watch (1 Thess. 5: 10), to look for (Phil. 3: 20), and to love (1 Tim. 8). The waiting, watching, looking, loving attitude would bring them within the sphere of the highest honor. Wherever there was a lack of this there would be an experience of loss. To speak of Jesus then as coming again is to speak of resurrection, rapture and glory.

Our Lord seized the opportunity that presented itself upon the death of Lazarus to associate His Coming with the resurrection and rapture of believers in these remarkable words: "I am the resurrection, and the life: he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live: and whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die" (John 11: 25). "I am the resurrection," referred to the dead in Christ, "I am the life" to the living in Him at His Coming. From a survey of the events that have taken place we conclude that

THE NEXT GREAT EVENT

in the history of our world is the Coming or presence of the Lord. As the living Head has passed into glory, all the members must be glorified before any purpose of God or blessing can come to any nation or people.

To the First Epistle of the Thessalonians I would now direct your attention. In the fourth chapter, from the fourteenth verse and onward, we have the Word of the Lord: "For if we believe that Jesus died and rose again, even so them also which sleep through Jesus will God bring with Him. For this we say unto you by the word of the Lord, that we which are alive and remain unto the coming of the Lord shall not prevent them which are asleep. For the Lord Himself shall descend from heaven with a shout, with the voice of the archangel, and with the trump of God: and the dead in Christ shall rise first: Then we which are alive and remain shall be caught up together with them in the clouds, to meet the Lord in the air: and so shall we ever be with the Lord." As this is the first epistle that the apostle wrote, we would naturally suppose that, as the early believers were on the tip-toe of expectation for their Coming Lord, the Holy Ghost would move the apostle to give this doctrine a prominent place in his teaching, and so we learn that this and the following Epistle are luminous with truth upon this subject, the First Epistle making prominent *His coming for His people*, the Second *His coming with them*. In the sixteenth verse we read: "For the Lord Himself shall descend from heaven with a shout." This is the first notice of His presence

in the air to resurrect the dead and rapture the living saints. And who are the living saints? Do they embrace every believer? the one who is watching for His Coming, and the one who scarcely gives or ever gave the subject thought?

Let the Epistle speak for itself. Glance at the first chapter: "Remembering without ceasing your work of faith, and labor of love, and patience of hope in our Lord Jesus Christ. . . . Knowing, brethren beloved, your election o' God. For our Gospel came unto you by word only, but also in power, and in the Holy Ghost, and in much assurance." Was not the completeness of the Christian character exhibited in these saints? There was "the work o' faith, and labor of love, and patience of hope." These people had "turned from idols to serve the living and true God, and to wait for His Son from heaven."

In the last verse of the second chapter the apostle speaks of them in joyous triumph "For what is our hope, or joy, or crown o' rejoicing? Are not even ye in the presence o' our Lord Jesus Christ at His Coming? For ye are our glory and joy." At the closing verse of the third chapter we have

THE PRESENTATION.

But what precedes it? The intense desire o' the part of the apostle that they might not be lacking in anything in view of it. "To the end that the Lord may stablish their hearts, unblameable in holiness before God, even our Father, at the Coming of our Lord Jesus Christ with all His saints." In the last chapter we are furnished with a remarkable exhortation: "Let us, who are of the day, be sober, putting on the breastplate of faith and love; and for a helmet the hope of salvation. For God hath not appointed us to wrath, but to obtain salvation by our Lord Jesus Christ, who died for us, that whether we wake or sleep, we should live together with Him."

If these words mean anything they mean (as the imagery was drawn from the Roman soldiery) that, as no soldier was regarded as fully equipped for the battle without his helmet on, so no Christian soldier, though he had on the breastplate of faith and love, could come up to the standard of the Great Captain unless armed with the helmet of the hope of salvation. The crowning glory of the defensive armor would be "the blessed hope."

Come with me to the fifteenth chapter o' First Corinthians. Here we have a treatise o' the resurrection of the just. Let me fasten your attention upon the twenty-second verse.

"As in Adam all die, even so in Christ shall all be made alive." But each one in his own order each one in Christ, in His own band, cohort company, regiment. Christ the firstfruits afterward they that are Christ's at His presence. It is evident, if we examine this passage closely that Christ is not spoken of here as a cohort o' regiment, and those that follow as another cohort or regiment. He is simply set forth as the sheaf of the great harvest. The harvest is to be gathered at and during His presence. The order is clear: Christ the firstfruits—that is past; afterward the next event in order—"They that are Christ's at His presence."

There is a beginning and a close of this presence. The beginning may take place at any moment. While I speak the Lord may descend from heaven with a shout, and gather to Himself the dead in Christ, and rapture with them the living watchful company. Cast your eyes upon the fifty-first verse: "Behold, I shew you a mystery; we shall not all sleep, but we shall all be changed, in a moment, in the twinkling o' an eye, at the last trump." (Why at the last trump? Does not the word "last" imply a previous sounding?) "When this corruptible shall have put on incorruption, and this mortal shall have put on immortality, then shall be brought to pass the saying that is written, Death is swallowed up in victory."

The order is the same here as in the fourth chapter of the Epistle to the Thessalonians, and

* From "I Come Quickly," published by S. R. Briggs, Toronto.

in the eleventh of John. It is the closing scene of the presence, as related to the first resurrection. The apostle quotes from the twenty-fifth chapter of Isaiah, eighth verse, not as an accommodation, but as a fulfilment. He carries us back to the very spot where there was a prophecy of this wondrous gathering. The Holy Ghost speaking by the apostle, and the Holy Ghost speaking by Isaiah, has His eye upon one and the same event. Let us glance at the passage: "He will swallow up death in victory; and the Lord God will wipe away tears from off all faces; and the rebuke of His people shall He take away from off all the earth: for the Lord hath spoken it." And shall not this period be distinguished as a period of rejoicing? And what event is to precede and be almost synchronous with this? The resurrection and rapture spoken of by the apostle, "Death will then be swallowed up in victory." In very truth the harvest will all be gathered in, the first resurrection will have closed.

THE STORY OF AN AMOY PASTOR.

At the last meeting of the Presbytery of Amoy the Rev. Ng Ho-seng—*or*, as he was commonly called, Chia—was ordained to the pastorate of a large church in Amoy, China, which was formerly under the charge of an American missionary. With the Presbyterian mission this newly ordained pastor has had most tender and intimate relations. He was received into the church in 1861 by Dr. Douglas, and for some years he was a faithful and valued servant in one of the mission families. With some of the older missionaries he took a most active part in stirring up the native Christians to the privilege of supporting Gospel ordinances and extending the knowledge of Christ among his countrymen. His history is strange. It shows some of the horrors of Chinese life, and remarkably illustrates God's grace in overruling evil for good.

He was born in the neighborhood of Foochow. When a lad of twelve or thirteen years of age he and several other boys were enticed away from their homes to go and see a theatrical play, then said to be performing across the river not very far off. The abductor thus got them into the boat, which he had prepared for the purpose, and conveyed them away from Foochow in a southerly direction, selling them one by one as he could find buyers willing to give what he regarded as sufficient prices. They were not bought to be slaves, but to be adopted as sons. This kind of merchandise (and of kidnapping, too) is not at all uncommon. For a generation or more there has been such wholesale murdering of female infants in some parts of this region that at present the price of girls is greatly enhanced, and it is said that there is more danger now of girls being abducted than boys. They are sold as slave girls, or for a worse purpose.

Chia was sold to a man at Chin-chew, the capital of the department to which Amoy belongs. This was long before missionary work commenced at Chin-chew. He was purchased by a man of the surname Ng, hence the reason why he is now called by that name. His purchaser had no family, neither wife nor children. Doubtless he purchased this lad to have some one to take care of him in his old age, and also to worship his spirit after death.

His adopted father had a brother at Amoy. Chia occasionally spent some time at Amoy assisting this man. On a New Year's, when almost every one has leisure, and when Chia was nearly twenty years of age, in strolling about he came within sound of the Gospel. The Holy Spirit fastened the Word in his heart, and in due time he was received into the Christian Church.

It was not till Chia was nearly thirty years of age, after he had been a Christian some nine or ten years and had been away for some sixteen years, that he was able to return on a visit to his native place. He found his father and mother and two sisters still living. His brothers had died, but two more had been born since his

abduction. None of the family recognized him except his mother. She burst into tears as soon as she saw him. His kidnapper was also still living, but Chia did not expose him, thinking it would not probably lead to any beneficial result, and only cause serious trouble in the place. As far as his own case was concerned, he was full of gratitude to God, who had overruled his abduction to his salvation. He always speaks of his abduction as God's great kindness to him. His father was employed in a mandarin's office, an employment usually most demoralizing, to which his younger brothers have succeeded, to which he too would probably have succeeded had he not been abducted.

He has two or three times since then visited Foochow, and has labored faithfully, I think, and prayed earnestly for the salvation of his parents and sisters and brothers. His father died last year without leaving much ground for hope concerning him. His mother and the rest of the family still live.

Ng Ho-seng, a few years after his conversion, married a young woman connected with one of the mission churches. They have evidently been blessings to each other, as the Christian character of both has steadily developed. They have five children, the eldest of whom is now in the Middle School, and is a lad of much promise. He was received to the ordinance of the Lord's Supper in the church at Chioh-be some months ago. Ng Ho-seng has been connected with the Presbyterian mission, as student and helper, about eighteen years.

ANECDOTES RELATED AT THE EVANGELISTIC MEETINGS IN SCOTLAND.

Large-Type Christians.—At a recent Meeting Mr. Rodger observed: "One day going down the street I noticed a placard posted up on the corner of a building by some one who was advertising large-type Bibles for the old. The most prominent word, which could be seen a good distance off, was the word 'Christian,' standing out in very large type, and the rest of the print could not be read until you came very near. And as I looked at it I thought, 'That is just what every Christian ought to be, standing out prominently from the world; for this is what the world needs to-day, large-type Christians.'"

Lost on Mont Blanc.—Mr. Johnston Related: "In the year 1870 eleven men ascended Mont Blanc. Darkness came down upon them and they lost their way. When the morning dawned the whole party had perished and were found five steps from a place of shelter. Oh, how near they were! Five steps would have saved them. Friends, you are lost, but one step will save you; will you not take it ere the night falls and you perish?"

Lending a Pair of Spectacles.—A Devoted evangelist observed: "I had the privilege lately of addressing the Cowdaddens Gospel Meeting. In the after-meeting I spoke to a man who had come in on his way from his work. I asked him what led him to come in, and he at once said, 'Well, as I was returning home, I stood for a minute to hear the singing in the open air, when one of the workers offered me a share of his hymn-book, and I told him I could not see for want of my glasses, and he replied, 'Oh, but I will lend you my glasses.' That kind act brought me into the Church.' He went away saved and rejoicing in the Lord."

A Tea-Meeting Instead of Suicide.—Mr. Stuart related: "A man came into our Gospel meeting the other night and told us how he had been battling against the accursed drink for many years, but was getting no better. A short time ago he determined to end his miserable existence, and with this purpose he went into a drug-store and bought as much laudanum as the druggist would give him. But now he remembered that it was the Lord's day, and his conscience would not allow him to commit so vile an act on the Sabbath. The following day, with the laudanum in his possession, sufficient to poison three men, he walked into the country by the side of the canal, fully determined on ac-

complishing his purpose. Still the restraining hand of God was with him, and kept him from committing this sin. While retracing his steps homeward one of our lady workers met him, and stepping forward offered him a ticket for a tea-meeting, which he accepted. He came to the meeting, where God was pleased to meet with him. The next night he came back, and came out clearly for Christ. He was drawn by the love of Jesus, for he repeated several times, 'I never thought the Lord Jesus loved me so much.' Now he is rejoicing in salvation."

A Young Lady's Fear Dispelled.—Mr. Jack said: "I will tell you how a young lady to whom I spoke in a meeting came out of darkness into the marvellous light of God. As I sat down by her side she seemed to be under deep conviction of sin, for I saw that she was trembling much, and when I spoke to her she exclaimed, 'Oh, tell me, tell me how I am to be saved, for I am such a sinner I am afraid that Jesus cannot save me.' 'Jesus came not to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance,' I answered. As I told her the sweet and simple story of the cross she listened, and believed; and as she gave herself to Jesus a calm, quiet look took the place of the troubled expression, and now she is rejoicing in the fulness of Christ's precious love."

Why the Man Did Not Stand.—Mr. Wilson said: "I lately called upon a man in my neighborhood, and found him just recovering from a course of drinking. He had signed the pledge some time previous, and had faithfully kept it for six weeks. He was an habitual drinker before, and now, when he had abstained for six weeks, what was the reason of his fall? When he thought he was strong enough he had taken his eyes off Jesus and looked to himself to be kept, neglecting a prayer for the help he needed, and the great enemy of souls soon destroyed the good seed that had been sown. But, thank God, with tears he has confessed his sin to Jesus, who has said, 'Him that cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out,' and is again reconciled to the Father through the infinitely compassionate Saviour."

What an Infidel Tract Did for Mr. Studd.—Mr. Oatts observed: "When Mr. Stanley Smith and Mr. Studd were here lately Mr. Studd told me something of his own private history. He said that when living at home he came across an infidel tract, and the infidel was speaking on that verse, 'What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?' And the writer went on to say that if he believed that verse, as many Christians say they do, that he would give up everything for the Lord, that it would be his first thought in the morning and his last thought at night; and he made some more remarks about this very impressive verse, and Mr. Studd said that it made so powerful an impression upon his mind that he resolved to give up all for Christ, and from that day to this he has closely followed Christ, and is to-day in China declaring the glad tidings of the Gospel."

Prayer Answered for Soldiers.—Mrs. Baxter said: "I was on one occasion speaking with a lady friend of mine, who exclaimed, 'Oh, I wish I could do something for the poor soldiers in the hospital. I have been there, and I spoke to one soldier who was very anxious about the spiritual condition of his comrades.' There were four of us present, and we knelt down and put these soldiers into the hands of the Lord. This was in October, and we took no further thought about them until Christmas, two months later, when the Lord put it into my friend's heart to invite a hundred soldiers to a tea-meeting, for it was in a garrison town. After tea we invited testimony. Many of the men rose and told how they were brought to the Lord, and most of them said that it was within the last two months that they had been led to give their hearts to Jesus. Friends, we do not need to make vain repetitions to the Lord, but let your requests be made known unto Him, and leave them there, believing that He will answer in His own good time and way."

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CURRENT EVENTS.

The Observance of Thanksgiving-Day, which will be witnessed throughout the land to-day, is a national acknowledgment of the source of all our many blessings. Though many will spend it as any other legal holiday, and without any regard for the purpose for which it was set apart, it is the duty of Christians to show by their example that they are sincere and intelligent in its observance. No nation on earth has the abundant cause we have for thankfulness, and we know that all our blessings come from one beneficent Hand. In addition to the material blessings of the year, there is to-day another reason for humble thanksgiving. In all our churches there is noticeable a quickening of spiritual life and an earnest desire to win souls for Christ. While we thank God for this, let us pray that it may go on and increase, and that He will guide it and give it success.

President Cleveland's Policy in the Matter of appointments does not, it has been frequently stated, receive the approval of his party. An appointment made in New York State last week by the Governor appears to confirm that opinion. He made the rum seller, Sterling, whom President Cleveland suspended from the office of chief weigher in the Custom House, a Port Warden. Whether Sterling is fit for the office is not a question of national importance, but the appointment is significant in view of the fact that the Governor's first appointment after his election was of a man who has been somewhat conspicuously snubbed by the President. The citizens whose motive in voting for Hill was to indorse President Cleveland's administration will be puzzled by the effect of their indorsement. Those who voted for Hill because they believed he was a fit man for Governor will, of course, be satisfied, as all intelligent citizens of the State knew the kind of man he was when they voted for him. The Democratic party will evidently have to decide whether the President or the Governor is the true representative of their principles. Their decision will have an important influence on the next Presidential election.

An Effort to Secularize the Lord's Day in New York is being made by Mr. S. P. Putnam and his friends of the American Secular Union, who have sent out for signature five thousand petitions, asking for the opening of the museums on Sundays. What support the movement will have has not yet appeared. Two important utterances have, however, been made. One of them, published in the New York Times, is from Mr. R. Hoe, of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, who, says that journal, looks at the matter from both standpoints, that of the religious as well as the secular. "We have not," he said, "been formally advised of what is the general public desire, but in a general way know that it is desired to have the museums open on Sundays. Now, if this can be done to the intellectual profit of the masses, without offending the solid religious elements that sustain our museums by their voluntary contributions, it would seem desirable." Mr. Hoe's "religious standpoint" is peculiar. To us it seems to be somewhat secular, as it is concerned not with religious

principle, but with the contributions of religious people. We imagine that Mr. Hoe can satisfy himself on that point without much difficulty. Another influential voice is that of Mr. Henry Clews, who does discuss the question on the basis of principle. He says: "By all means let the museums be thrown open—wide open to the public on Sundays. The old notion that in order to secure salvation one should attend religious service thrice on Sunday no longer prevails. Open museums on Sundays would be loadstones which would draw a popular attendance, the benefits to whose members can scarcely be estimated." Mr. Clews is as hazy as to his history as he is as to his grammar, or perhaps he would have told us when it was that "the old notion" prevailed that salvation might be secured by attending three services on Sunday. He is, perhaps, right in thinking that the museums would be "loadstones which would draw a popular attendance," but the benefits that the people attending would gain are more easily estimated than he supposes. It is the injuries they would sustain that it would be difficult to estimate.

An Interesting and Valuable Report was issued last week by Col. W. F. Switzer, Chief of the Bureau of Statistics. It shows that there was last year a decrease in the value of our imports of merchandise of \$90,000,000 as compared with the previous year. The decrease occurred mainly in the values of imports of sugar and molasses, silks, wools, and manufactures of silk and wool and iron and steel, and manufactures of iron and steel. Among the exports of our manufactured products which show the most rapid development since 1866 are agricultural implements, clocks and watches, manufactures of cotton, manufactures of iron and steel, including locomotives, sewing machines, tools, and hardware. Great Britain not only takes about sixty per cent of our agricultural and unmanufactured products, but also a large share of our manufactures. Colonel Switzer says there has been since 1860 a marked decline in the percentage of imports of manufactured articles, and a corresponding increase in the percentage of imports of crude or partially manufactured articles. This is a significant fact, showing a steady growth in the demand for crude articles to be used as materials in the various processes of home manufacture.

A Battle between the Servians and the Bulgarians took place on November 18th, at Slivnitsa, in which the Servians were defeated. King Milan, of Servia, sent his army into Bulgaria in four columns, which he intended to unite at Slivnitsa, and crush the Bulgarians. Prince Alexander, however, adopted the tactics of the first Napoleon. He kept his own army in one column, and attacked the first column of the Servians which arrived, before it could effect a junction with any other column, and almost annihilated it. Then wheeling rapidly he attacked a second column, and drove it back. He is receiving assistance in officers and money from Berlin, in spite of the protest Austria is making against it. In spite of his success, however, the European press believes that if the great powers do not interfere he will be beaten in the end.

Mr. Stead has been Visited in Prison.—His warder was present at the interview, and the visitor was not allowed to shake hands with the prisoner. Mr. Stead was in prison garb, consisting of a Glengarry cap, loose-fitting yellow collarless jacket, stamped on the left breast with "Circle R 2, Stroke 8;" baggy, coarse yellow trousers, bearing the government broad arrow, and oversided, patched boots. *His hair was cropped short.* Mr. Stead appeared to be suffering severely from cold, his hands being tucked in his capacious sleeves for warmth. Mr. Stead is allowed a Bible in his cell, but the light is not sufficient to enable him to read it. His breakfast consists of thin porridge and brown bread, dinner of suet pudding, and supper of porridge and brown bread. He sees nobody between 6 P.M. and 6 A.M. Mr.

Stead's daily task is to pick one pound of oakum. The ordinary prisoners have to pick three pounds. The publication of these facts was promptly followed by government action. The Secretary of the Home Department sent orders to the prison to cease treating Mr. Stead as a common thief, and to give him the position of a first-class misdemeanant; that is, treatment such as prisoners waiting trial receive in our prisons. A fact which will carry weight is that among those who subscribed to a fund for the defence of Mr. Stead were the names of Samuel Morley, M. P., who gave \$1000; Samuel Smith, M. P., who gave \$1000; the Bishop of London, \$250, and Frank Crossley, \$750, while smaller sums were given by Rev. C. H. Spurgeon, Rev. Newman Hall, Cardinal Manning, Canon Liddon, Canon Butler, and Rev. E. R. Conder, D.D.

The British Elections are being Held this week. There is much anxiety as to the result, both in England and on the Continent. An impression prevails in Austria, Germany, and Russia that if Lord Salisbury obtains a majority England will be a factor in European affairs; while if Mr. Gladstone is raised to office by the election no fear need be entertained of English interference. Mr. Gladstone's speeches to the electors in Scotland have been as eloquent as on former occasions, but have failed to produce their usual effect. He has made no definite statement of policy on any of the questions awaiting settlement. The subject of the disestablishment of the English Church, which is the one about which there is most excitement, he refuses to deal with, and deprecates its discussion as inopportune. It is, however, the question which his opponents force to the front.

The Irishmen in Great Britain have Received their instructions from the leaders of their party in Parliament. A manifesto signed by Healy, Justin McCarthy, and other confidential friends of Mr. Parnell cautions them against voting for the supporters of Mr. Gladstone, who has done more to benefit Ireland than any living statesman. Irishmen who obey the manifesto will, therefore, if they vote at all, vote for Conservatives, who have opposed every measure for the relief of Irish grievances. The concluding paragraph of the manifesto is a specimen of its style and the violence of its language. It runs as follows: "We feel bound to advise that no confidence be placed in the Liberal or Radical party, and, as far as possible, to prevent the government of the empire from falling into the hands of a party so perfidious, treacherous, and incompetent. The Irish Nationalists should not vote for a Liberal or Radical except in some few cases in which courageous fealty to the Irish cause in the last Parliament has given guarantee that the candidate did not belong to the servile, cowardly, and unprincipled herd who would break every pledge, and violate every principle in obedience to the call of the whip or a mandate of a caucus." The exceptions are Messrs. John Morley, Joseph Cowen, Henry Labouchere, Thomas Burt, and Samuel Storer.

The German Reichstag was Opened on November 19th. The emperor in the course of his speech, said: "The Pope's mediation is expected to settle the Carolines question in a manner corresponding to the friendly relations existing between Spain and Germany." He stated that the foreign relations of Germany are peaceful and friendly with all nations. The emperor confidently hopes that the Balkan conflict will not disturb the peace of Europe, and trusts that the signers of the Berlin Treaty will succeed in securing respect for the treaty among the peoples whom it rendered independent. It is, however, an ominous circumstance that in spite of these pacific assurances, the speech points out the necessity of increasing the grants for the army and navy.

Wanted as Evangelists at Mission Stations of the Gospel Army in Canada and the United States, men and women who can sing and give Gospel addresses. Write to the President, Rev. M. Baxter, Post Office, Toronto, Canada.

The Convention Held in Madison Avenue Methodist Episcopal Church, Baltimore, from November 12th to 18th, and conducted by Dr. Cullis, was well attended. The testimonies to blessing received were very numerous at the morning, afternoon, and sometimes at the evening meetings. Mr. Daniel Updegraff, the Quaker evangelist, was much used of God, both in his clear, forcible preaching and also in his inimitable after-meetings. Dr. Cookman, of New York, preached to an overflowing congregation on Sunday, November 15th, on which day six pulpits were supplied by the delegates to the Convention. Dr. Cullis leads a convention with the utmost care and simplicity, and his teaching is full of power and point, which only the Spirit of God could give him. He held a service for anointing of the sick on Monday, November 16th, when one hundred and twenty persons presented themselves to the Lord for healing. Captain Keiso Carter and Mrs. M. Baxter were also among the speakers. Mrs. K. Carter conducted the singing. The convention at Pittsburgh, commenced November 24th, and that at Chicago will open on December 1st. There will be also a convention at Detroit, Mich., on December 3d and 4th. Mrs. M. Baxter will take part in all these.

A Grand Reception to Mr. William Noble was tendered him in Brooklyn, N. Y., on November 17th. The meeting was held in Dr. Cuyler's church on Lafayette Avenue. The large building was crowded, and many well-known temperance workers took part in the meeting. In the course of his address of welcome Dr. Cuyler said that in behalf of the cause he extended a hearty welcome to Mr. William Noble, the great advocate of temperance. His temperance labors were known all over England. *His name there was as a household word.* It was therefore a pleasure as well as a duty to give a cordial welcome to the man who had done so much—had worked such a wonderful revolution in morals and habits in the east end of London, enlisting the active sympathy of the highest classes of that land as well as the commonalty. Brother Noble was doing a grand work. He had set on foot against every odds a movement that is affecting for good the happiness of five millions of people. It were useless at this time to enter largely into the history of his labors. They were such as all good men might rejoice in and heartily commend. A desire was expressed to have Mr. Noble hold a lengthened mission in Brooklyn, if his arrangements will admit of it. The following day Mr. Noble went to Jamaica, L. I., where large meetings were held on that day and Thursday. On Friday he started for Louisville, Ky., where he will remain for fourteen days, holding union services. His address, while in that city, is 410 West Breckinridge Street.

Special Meetings for Young Men will be conducted by Mr. D. L. Moody in the large hall of the Brooklyn Young Men's Christian Association, from the 9th to the 15th of December. It is earnestly hoped that at this time when temptations assail young men with unprecedented violence, drawing them to scepticism, unbelief and vicious indulgences, Christians will pray for God's blessing on these meetings.

The Local Option Campaign in Atlanta, Ga., which closed yesterday, has been one of the most vigorous ever known in the Southern States. So persistent and thorough has been the temperance work in Georgia, that now there are out of the one hundred and thirty-seven counties in the State only fifteen in which liquor can be sold. Those fifteen are, of course, the counties in which are the large cities. In the rural counties the temperance workers met with but little organized opposition. It has been otherwise at Atlanta, which is the first stronghold of the city class attacked. There the liquor interest, led by Senator Brown's son, has made a resolute stand. A poll to decide the question was ordered under the Local Option Act for November 25th, and for more than ten days there has been the most active effort

made by both sides. Senator Colquitt and District-Attorney Hill have been among the most earnest of the temperance workers. The result will be looked for with deep interest, as it will have an important bearing on other cities.

By Crawling through Flames an Engineer succeeded in saving his life last week. On November 17th the tug-boat Whitney took fire while in the lower bay of New York. It was not discovered for some time, and when at last the alarm was given the flames held possession of the boat. The captain, who was at the wheel, headed for the beach, calling aloud to the cook, fireman, and deck-hands, who were in their berths. They got out, and managed to lower a boat, into which they sprang. But the engineer was in the engine-room, and his egress was cut off by the hottest of the fire, which burned right in front of the door. He at first gave himself up for lost, but finally resolved to crawl through the flames, as he might as well die that way as be burned to death where he was. He came through with his mustache and whiskers burned off and his clothes on fire. He sprang into the water, and was dragged into the boat and carried to the hospital, where he is recovering from his burns. Many a man has had as dreadful an experience in escaping from sin. Quite recently a New York physician said to a patient who announced his intention of abandoning a sinful habit: "It will be like crawling through hell." Such men, however, know that unless they make the attempt they will meet a worse doom, and Christ's almighty power may be had to support them (Matt. 1:21).

A Wedding Ceremony above the Clouds was solemnized in Colorado on November 12th. A despatch from Silverton, Col., says that on that day a lady from Lake City was married to a gentleman from Animas Forks, and the ceremony took place on the summit of the divide, at an altitude of over thirteen thousand feet, the party being on snowshoes. The groom and the minister arrived first at the designated meeting point, but they did not have long to wait, for the bride and her brothers were soon observed nearing the spot, trudging along cheerily. The bride seemed less fatigued than any other member of the party. After a short rest the clergyman performed the wedding ceremony with as much impressiveness as if it had taken place in a church. At its conclusion the party descended the mountain to the home of the bride, where a banquet was to be held. The bride had enjoyed the realization of her romantic idea, and for the prosaic duties of her new life she had to descend from above the clouds to the ordinary world. That is inevitable for all who climb, and it may be wished that Christians would remember the fact. There are joys and delights on the mountain-top, and, as Peter said on the Mount of Transfiguration, it is good to be there; but its best use is to give strength for the performance of the duties waiting in the valley (Heb. 8:5).

The Legal Standing of a Dog has been the subject of litigation in the Supreme Court of New York State for three years. Seven years ago the plaintiff bought a diminutive Skye-terrier, but lost it after about a year. Subsequently he claimed that it was in the possession of the defendant. There was a lawsuit about the identity of the dog. Then there was another suit about the purchase of the beast. Finally the plaintiff, exasperated by the opposition he encountered in recovery of his pet, sued for damages, and the case was appealed twice. On the last appeal the question was raised whether a dog, being in the eyes of the law a wild beast, could be regarded as property in the sense on which an action for damages for its detention could be sustained. Judge Brady, in giving the decision of the Appellate Court last week, settled the position of a dog in law by declaring that property in a dog, notwithstanding ancient laws, was clearly established. So it may be presumed that the plaintiff will recover his dog and damages for its detention. The spiritual property in men has been long settled,

but in comparatively few cases has it been realized. In one sense men are free, but Satan still claims many of them as his own, and they serve him, though they belong to God by original right, and Christ has redeemed them with His own blood. Satan is a thief, and those who remain in his service connive with him in defrauding God (Rom. 6:16-18).

Pouring Oil on the Waves has Saved Several vessels from shipwreck recently. The North Atlantic Pilot Chart for November strongly urges sea-captains to take with them on their voyages a supply of oil for the purpose, and cites several instances of its utility. Among them is a statement made by Captain E. L. Arey, of the schooner Cheney, who says that in a severe hurricane recently, "the wind having carried away the mainsail, the vessel was shipping large quantities of water, the sea being very irregular, nearly every one breaking. Finding it necessary to do something to save the ship and crew, I took a small canvas bag, and turned about five gallons of linseed oil into it, and hung it over the starboard quarter. The wash of the sea caused a little of the oil to leak out and smooth the surface, so that for ten hours no water broke aboard. The waves were seen to break on the edge of the oil-covered spot. I consider that the oil used during the last and heaviest part of the hurricane saved vessel and crew." The Christian has often witnessed something like this in his experience. The waves that looked threatening at a distance were broken before they reached him. The influences of the Holy Spirit, who in the Bible is often compared to oil, produce a calm around him (Ps. 107:28-30).

A Novel Lawsuit has Been Commenced in Texas by a widow who sues a prominent citizen of Wharton for damages for the assassination of her husband. It is believed that this is the first time the United States Courts have ever been appealed to on such grounds. The killing was the result of an old feud between two families. The man whose death is the basis of the suit shot one of his enemies in the public street, and was placed on trial for the crime. The judge held him in \$50,000 bonds, and he was going out to look for bondsmen when a brother of the man he had shot met him and killed him. The avenging brother was tried and acquitted, and it is he that the widow is now suing for damages, which she fixes at \$100,000. If the widow wins her case the defendant will realize that crime has a double aspect—besides being an offence against the State, it is a wrong to the individual. Criminals usually remember the former but forget the latter. Sin, too, has this double aspect, but the sinner reverses the error. If his fellow-men acquit him he forgets his state before God, until he is awakened by the Holy Spirit (Luke 16:15).

How a Lady Received a Fortune of Fifty thousand dollars is told in a despatch from Kingston, N. Y., dated November 16th. It states a young lady who is now a dressmaker at Highland, Ulster County, was about a year ago employed in New York City. One day she saw an old lady in distress in the city. She had lost her pocketbook, and was wholly without money. The young lady lent her a small sum, and seeing she was infirm and nervous, she guided her across the street and put her on her way to her destination. The old lady was grateful, and begged her friend to give her her name and address. They were given, and the young lady forgot all about the circumstance. A few days ago, however, she was reminded of it by receiving a letter from a lawyer in Buffalo, N. Y., who informed her that the old lady was dead, and she had bequeathed to her young friend who assisted her in New York the sum of \$50,000. So it appears that people who follow the example of the good Samaritan sometimes receive a reward in this life; but such cases are rare, and those who expect them are likely to be disappointed. Those who do good to others for Christ's sake are, however, sure of the reward promised (Luke 6:35).

JUBILATE.

A New Sermon by Pastor C. H. Spurgeon.

"Then sang Moses and the children of Israel this song unto the Lord, and spake, saying, I will sing unto the Lord, for He hath triumphed gloriously: the horse and his rider hath He thrown into the sea. The Lord is my strength and song, and He is become my salvation: He is my God, and I will prepare Him an habitation; my father's God, and I will exalt Him."—EXODUS 15: 1, 2.

The First Song on Record.—To be Sung at the Last.—Full of Significance.—I. The Time of Singing It.—The Moment of Realized Salvation.—Of Distinct Consecration.—At All Times.—II. The Tone of It.—Enthusiastic.—Congregational.—Personal.—Positive.—III. The First Clauses of the Song.—All of God.—The God of the Fathers.—To be Exalted.

THIS is the first song unto the Lord which is recorded in Holy Scripture. In Jacob's blessing of his children there are verses which may be regarded as songs; but they are mere fragments, and can scarcely be said to be sung unto the Lord. There are other couplets in the Book of Genesis, but this is the first connected song upon record. I should think that Abraham often sang unto the Lord; but we have no record of it. We can hardly doubt but that Isaac had his quiet psalm, as Enoch had, and Noah, and others who called upon the name of the Lord; but none of these hymns are left to us. This is the very first of those sacred songs preserved in Scripture, and in some respects it is first in merit as well as in time. At any rate, its august occasion lifts it into the highest place among patriotic hymns.

THE FIRST AND LAST SONG.

The song of Moses appears to have been chanted by an exceeding great multitude. Miriam, the prophetess, took her timbrel and led the strain, all the daughters of Israel going forth with her with their timbrels and dances, and the whole multitude of the people taking up the strain. Never had the shores of the Red Sea, or any other sea, heard such a song. We saw just now, in our reading in the fifteenth chapter of Revelation, that the Song of Moses, the servant of God and of the Lamb, will be sung toward the close of this dispensation, when those who have gotten the victory over the beast and his image shall stand on the sea of glass, having the harps of God. Before the seven last plagues shall be poured out upon the earth, and God shall overthrow the hosts of Antichrist once for all, then shall this song be heard, sung, not by the Israelitish nation, but by that higher Israel who have escaped by the grace of God from the power of the spiritual Pharaoh, and have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb. How sweetly will they together take up the song, "Sing unto the Lord, for He hath triumphed gloriously! Great and marvellous are thy works, Lord God Almighty."

It is obvious, then, from the plentiful allusions to this song in Holy Scripture, that it is full of deep spiritual significance. It teaches us not only to praise God concerning the literal overthrow of Egypt, but to praise Him concerning the overthrow of all the powers of evil, and the final deliverance of all the chosen. It is God's intent that from the day of Moses downward, even to the hour when flames of fire shall lick up the works of men, and the heavens themselves shall be dissolved with fervent heat, that this shall be the song of the chosen people everywhere, "Sing unto the Lord, for He hath triumphed gloriously."

I. It will be instructive to notice

THE TIME OF THE SINGING

of this song. To everything there is a season, and a time for every purpose under heaven; there is a time of the singing of birds, and there is a time for the singing of saints. "Then sang Moses."

It was first of all at the moment of realized salvation. "The Lord saved Israel that day out of the hand of the Egyptians; and Israel saw the Egyptians dead upon the seashore; and Israel saw that great work which the Lord did upon

the Egyptians; and the people feared the Lord, and believed the Lord, and His servant Moses. Then sang Moses and the children of Israel this song unto the Lord." There was no singing in Egypt; sighing, and crying, and groaning, and lamentation abounded there, till the Lord said, "I have surely heard the cry of My people." The hour of their complete deliverance had not yet fully come. They marched on steadily, but they had hardly reached the time for timbrels. When they had crossed the sea, and the waters thereof rolled between them and the house of their bondage, "Then sang Moses and the children of Israel this song unto the Lord." Their previous lives had been one long-drawn sigh, or one discord of anguish and fear and woe; but when their slavery was altogether a thing of the past, then sang Moses. The depths have covered the Egyptian host; there is not one of them left; "Then sang Moses and the children of Israel this song unto the Lord."

THE SONG OF VICTORY.

You will have noticed, perhaps, in reading the previous chapter, that Moses had said to the people (14: 14): "The Lord shall fight for you, and ye shall hold your peace." But now that God has fought for them, they are not commanded to hold their peace any longer. The battle is fought, and the victory is won, and "Then sang Moses and the children of Israel this song unto the Lord." How could they help it? Surely "if these should hold their peace, the stones would immediately cry out." What does that teach us, brothers and sisters, but that we cannot sing in the land of bondage while under the dominion of sin and Satan? How shall we sing the Lord's song in that strange land? We do not even sing in the first moments of our spiritual life, when our question is how to escape destruction through the sprinkling of the blood. When we doubt our salvation we suspend our singing; but when we realize it, when we get a grip of it, when we see clearly the great work that God has done for us, then we sing unto the Lord who hath for us also triumphed gloriously. I say again, how can we help singing? How can our joy of heart any longer be pent up? It must pour itself forth in floods of harmony, in tunes of realized salvation. So is it also in times of

DISTINCT CONSECRATION.

You may not see this at first, but I would remind you that the apostle assures us that all Israel were "baptized unto Moses in the cloud and in the sea." When Pharaoh and his hosts had been destroyed, Israel stood for the first time, as a nation separated from Egypt. The Red Sea was a most effectual division; Israel became a distinct people, a race redeemed from among men. "Then sang Moses and the children of Israel this song unto the Lord." Oh you that hope that you are Christians, but have never yet taken the distinct step to avow yourselves to be wholly the Lord's; Oh you that have never come clean away from Egypt, and made the waters to roll between you and a guilty world—you have delayed a joy which I trust you may no longer miss, lest that dreadful text be fulfilled in you, "Whosoever shall be ashamed of Me and of My words in this adulterous and sinful generation; of him also shall the Son of man be ashamed, when He cometh in the glory of His Father with the holy angels." "Then," in the day of realized salvation, "then," in the day of distinct consecration, they sang this song unto the Lord.

Brethren, it was also a day of the manifest display of God's power. Our hearts are heavy; at least, mine is so, when God seems to put His right hand into His bosom and not to vindicate His own cause. I am most sad because I see error prevalent everywhere; falsehood reigns, and Jannes and Jambres withstand Moses, and the prince of this world disdainfully demands, "Who is Jehovah?" But when we hear of conversions, when we see God blessing the work of the Sabbath-school, when we hear of sinners turning to Christ and seeking mercy, when we notice the children of God diligent in service,

when we see the work of the Lord wrought with vigor, then is our heart exceeding glad, and then, like Moses and the children of Israel, we sing unto the Lord. How can we be silent when God's arm is made bare?

But this song may be sung at all times throughout the life of faith. I want to put it to the people of God here whether it is good to save up our songs for special occasions of great joy, or for times when we have something visible to sing about. Should not the believer sing by faith as well as live by faith? Do you not think that the song of Moses and the children of Israel at the Red Sea was, after all, a poor affair as far as faith is concerned? The bulk of the Israelites had very little faith indeed; and loud as was the song, there was more noise than faith in it; for within a day or two they began to murmur against God. Sing in fine weather! Any bird can do that. Praising God when all goes well is common-place work. Everybody marks the nightingale above all other birds because she singeth when the other minstrels of the wood are silent and asleep; and thus doth faith praise God under the cloud. Songs in the day are from man, but God Himself giveth songs in the night. Oh come, let us sing unto the Lord under the clouds; let us pour forth His praises in the fires! Let us praise Him under depressions; let us magnify Him when our heart is heavy. Faith believes in God when there is nothing to support her but the bare promise.

Thus we have spoken upon the time for singing. That time is NOW, I think. Let your hearts begin to ring all their bells, and let not their sweet chimes cease for ever more.

II. Notice, secondly,

THE TONE

of this song. "Then sang Moses and the children of Israel this song unto the Lord."

Note, first, that the tone is *enthusiastic*. There is not a dull line, there is not a dreary sentence, all through; it is full of force, life, power; it is Luther's Old Hundredth psalm, and more; it rises to a height of intense enthusiasm which cannot be excelled. The words are, "I will sing unto the Lord, for He hath triumphed gloriously;" and the singers endeavor to sing gloriously, too.

The tone is also *congregational*, being intended for every Israelite to join in. Though Moses began by saying, "I will sing unto the Lord," yet Miriam concluded with, "Sing ye to the Lord, for He hath triumphed gloriously." This is a hymn for every child of God, for all that have come out of Egypt. Should not there be praise from every one of you? You in the back settlements, you that bear the mark of Egypt's lash, and smart from wounds still unhealed; you that remember well the task-master, and the iron furnace; yet sing ye unto the Lord. From Egypt lately come, sing ye unto the Lord! There should be sent up unto God by His Church a perfectly unanimous harmony of praise. "Oh that men would praise the Lord for His goodness!" Let all the redeemed of the Lord say so. "Oh come, let us sing unto the Lord; let us make a joyful noise to the rock of our salvation." Let the song be enthusiastic and unanimous.

Yet please to notice how very *distinctly personal* it is. It is strikingly so. "I will sing unto the Lord, for He hath triumphed gloriously. The Lord is my strength and song, and He is become my salvation; He is my God, and I will prepare Him an habitation; my father's God, and I will exalt Him." Do not lose yourself in the throng. It is no egotism to resolve that if nobody else will sing, you will say with David, "I will sing unto the Lord as long as I live." The fact is, that unanimity cannot become fact if each mind is not active in praise. We cannot have a perfect accord unless each child of God feels that he must make his own distinct music melodious in the ears of the Most High.

Note, again, the tone of this song is *exceeding confident*. There is not a shadow of doubt in

it; it is all the way through most positive in its ascriptions of praise. The lip does not quiver, the mind does not waver. It begins, "I will sing unto the Lord, for He hath triumphed gloriously." It declares a fact, about which there can be no doubt; "the horse and his rider hath He thrown into the sea" and it goes on to make statements which are not qualified with hopes, and desires, and "ifs," and "buts," but are bold assertions which cannot be challenged. "The Lord is my strength and my song, and He is become my salvation." That is the kind of singing. I do not mind occasionally singing with Cowper, when he is down in the dumps; for some of his dreary hymns admirably express the experience of the weaker members of the family; but I would not always keep to the minor key. Oh, no! let us sing songs of joy and victory. Doubts and fears ill become the children of God.

THE SONG OF JOY.

Note, too, all through, that this song is immeasurably joyous. The Israelites were slaves enjoying new liberty; children let out to play. How merrily did they disport themselves! They did not know how to be glad enough. Let us give to God our unlimited joy. David said, "God is my exceeding joy." I know of no greater word than that word "exceeding;" because, however far you go, if your joy is "exceeding," it is above the highest; and however brave the description, if your joy be "exceeding," it surpasses all language. Believers ought to be unutterably happy. Men redeemed with the precious blood of Christ ought habitually to be almost too happy to live; men that are children of God, and heirs of the covenant, and are soon to be where Jesus is in the ineffable splendor of Jehovah's light, ought to feel their soul overflowing with delight. Yet I must say, however enthusiastic that song was, and however full of joy it was, it was only such a song as was due unto the Lord. But, brethren, the tribes of Israel did not even then praise the Lord half as He should be praised. If all the angels in heaven had left their seats and descended to the Red Sea shore, and if cherubim and seraphim had joined the lofty song, it had not been more than meet for the occasion. So to-day, if we could arouse all on earth, and all in heaven, as well as all that is within us, to bless and magnify the Lord, the song would not be equal to the majesty of the divine goodness; it would be but a faint expression of what God deserveth from each one of us. Therefore, let us sing unto the Lord, for He hath triumphed gloriously.

"Sound the loud timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea!
Jehovah has triumph'd, his people are free.
Sing—for the pride of the tyrant is broken,
His chariots, his horsemen, all splendid and brave,
How vain was their boasting! The Lord hath but spoken,
And chariots and horsemen are sunk in the wave."

III. We are to dwell for a few minutes upon the first clauses of this song. "The Lord is my strength and song, and He is become my salvation; He is my God, and I will prepare Him an habitation; my father's God, and I will exalt Him." Notice, the song is

ALL OF GOD;

there is not a word about Moses. Read this song through, and neither Moses, nor Aaron, nor Miriam are in it; God is all in all: "I will sing unto Jehovah." That is blessed praise when self lies with the Egyptians at the bottom of the sea, and when everything that is in us that is commendable is traced to the grace of God, and the Lord is magnified for it. Oh for the glorification of Jesus, and none but Jesus! Brothers, we spoil our music by diverting our thoughts to man. Let us forget men, forget earth, forget time, forget self, forget this mortal life, and only think of our God.

Take up the first note: "The Lord is my strength." What a noble utterance! Poor Israel had no strength! She had cried out by reason of her sore bondage, making bricks without straw. Poor Israel was weakness itself! but

Jehovah drew near in power. The Lord is my strength when I have no strength of my own. By the strength of the Lord, Israel came forth with a high hand and an outstretched arm. Thus the Lord is our strength when we are at the extremity of weakness.

The Lord was also Israel's strength against strength. Pharaoh was exceeding mighty. The kings of the earth trembled at the neighing of his warhorse; the rattling of his chariots made the very heavens to resound; but God was more than a match for him. When strength comes out against God's people, God meets it with His omnipotence. It is well to say, "The Lord is my strength" when we are weak, and the enemy is strong; but we must mind that we say the same when we are strong, and our enemies are routed.

THE SONG INSPIRED.

The next is, "The Lord is my song," that is to say, the Lord is the giver of our songs; He breathes the music into the hearts of His people; He is the creator of their joy. The Lord is also the subject of their songs; they sing of Him and of all that He does on their behalf. The Lord is, moreover, the object of their song; they sing unto the Lord. Their praise is meant for Him alone. "The Lord is my strength and song, and He is become my salvation." I look for nothing but what is in Thee, and if Thou givest Thyself to me, Thou hast given me a perfect salvation, salvation from bondage, salvation from worldliness, salvation from death and hell, salvation into light, and liberty, and love, and joy, salvation that shall culminate in eternal glory. A full salvation is God to His people.

Next "He is my God." Perhaps this is the most joyous note of all. "He is become my salvation"—this is very sweet; "He is my God"—this is the sweetest of all. "He is my God," I choose Him to be my God, but I choose Him of necessity; I can do no other. Where else can be my God? In the Revised Version it is, "This is my God," and a very proper translation, too; as if Israel saw what God did at the Red Sea, and then exclaimed, "This is my God." This God of justice, this God of vengeance and power, is my God. Beloved, choose Jehovah to be your God; whom else can you choose? Let your hearts cling to Him.

A HABITATION OF PRAISE.

Note, once more, that as Moses said, "He is my strength, my song, my salvation, my God," now he adds, "He is my praise." The text in the Old Version is, "I will prepare Him an habitation." This jars a little on my ear; it rather sinks the majesty of the infinite for Israel to think of Jehovah as One for whom she could prepare a habitation. The Revised Version of the Old Testament, which is infinitely superior to the Revised Version of the New Testament, renders it: "This is my God: I will praise Him." The fact is, there are two words so nearly alike that it is hard to tell which is correct—"habitation" or "praise." Some of the oldest versions of all have it, "He is my praise." I never like meddling with the Old Version, however; so we will take them both, and make sure that we do not miss the meaning. Doth not the Lord inhabit the praises of Israel? Let us build our God a house of praises; let us lay the deep foundations in love, set up the pillars with gratitude, and roof in the whole with joyous hallelujahs. The thought of care comes before me in the Authorized Version: "I will prepare Him an habitation," as if Israel said, "I will take pains to praise God, I will do it intelligently, and with my best powers; He shall have the best I can give to Him."

The verse closes with, "He is my father's God, and I will exalt Him." How can we exalt Him who is already high above all thought? We cannot make God really greater, but we can make Him greater in the estimation of our fellow-men. Perhaps I have groaned too much over my trials; perhaps I have been too depressed and heavy in spirit; but from this day I will exalt my Lord, and sound forth His praises. If He will permit me, I will make the

glory of the Lord the one object of my being." Come, ye young men and maidens, ye old men and fathers, let us praise the Lord on the high-sounding cymbals, and spend the rest of our days in crying, "Sing ye unto the Lord, for He hath triumphed gloriously." Amen.

NEW BOOKS.

"THE WONDERS OF THE HEAVENS,"

by Camille Flammarion, translated from the French by Mrs. Norman Lockyer, presents the romantic side of astronomy. It has five divisions: the first, introductory; the second is devoted to the sidereal world; the third to the planetary system; the fourth to the moon and the astronomical influences on our own world; the fifth to the general consideration resulting from the preceding divisions. The author's aim is to interest and instruct those who have not acquired scientific knowledge. Everything is stated in the simplest language attainable, and scientific terms are generally avoided. The reading of this book cannot be called a study of astronomy; it is rather a pleasant talk with one who understands the subject and is attempting to fascinate some learner with a sketch of the beauties and marvels to which the science will introduce him. Pp. 289; price, \$1. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

"CITY COUSINS,"

by Mrs. W. J. Hays, is a story for children conveying in an attractive style lessons that children have much need to learn. It contains much of adventure, and will certainly be popular among the young folks. Mrs. Hays has evidently watched children closely, and perhaps retains some vivid recollections of her own youth. Her little folks talk naturally, and act on impulses which always weigh with the juvenile mind. Amy's sorrows and Belle's mistakes are very common ones, as the child readers will realize. As they follow the story, and see how much trouble results from enterprises undertaken without parental guidance, they may perhaps be less disposed to venture on thorny paths themselves. It is a good, healthy story. Pp. 217; price, \$1. Published by Thomas Whitaker, 2 Bible House, New York.

"MOVEMENTS OF RELIGIOUS THOUGHT

During the Nineteenth Century," St. Giles Lectures, by John Tulloch, D.D., LL.D. This work is professedly historical, and it is evident that Principal Tulloch has done his utmost to make it so. We can imagine that the effort was one of great difficulty, and the critical reader will notice in several places that the lecturer has not wholly succeeded. He has too strong convictions of his own, too keen an insight in theological differences, to speak with perfect impartiality of the different religious teachers whose portraits he places on his canvas. Perhaps it was well that this personality was not entirely suppressed. Wherever it appears it is wholesome. The one feature which predominates, and which surely breathes the spirit of Christ, is the tendency to see in every movement, and in the men who originated and led it, the good motive which animated them. There is a disposition among theologians, as among politicians, to condemn those who differ from them as something worse than fools—as men who are morally wrong. There is nothing of this in Principal Tulloch's teaching. He recognizes in the circumstances that surrounded these leaders a tendency to error which they set themselves to oppose. They were themselves carried by the force of their own energy into the opposite error, and a new movement was required to correct that. Thus constant movement, or, rather, a succession of movements, none of them wholly commendable, took place, each of which, with all its imperfections and defects, was better than the stagnation which is the dreariest of all states. It is with the first sixty years of the century that Principal Tulloch deals, leaving the last quarter of a century, the key-note of which is the word evolution, to other hands. Those sixty years have seen the rise of Coleridge, of Hampden and Arnold, of Pusey and Newman,



The Decorated Red Cross Nurses in a Military Hospital. (See page 757.)

of Carlyle, of John Stuart Mill, Grote and Lewes, of F. D. Maurice, and Kingsley, and of F. W. Robertson and Bishop Ewing. Of all these and their respective disciples Principal Tulloch writes reverently, but with discrimination, noting in each case the elements both of strength and weakness which they evinced. The survey is deeply interesting and instructive. Dr. Tulloch's concluding words show the spirit in which his work has been performed, and which we can but wish to see more prevalent: "The truth can only be seen by a large vision. What we perhaps all need most to learn is not satisfaction with our opinions—that is easily acquired by most—but the capacity of looking beyond our own horizon; of searching for deeper foundations of our ordinary beliefs and a more sympathetic appreciation of the beliefs of others. While cherishing, therefore, what we ourselves feel to be true, let us keep our minds open to all truth, and especially to the teaching of Him who is the Way, the Truth, and the Life." Pp. 338; price, \$1.50. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

THE SEETHING NATIONALITIES.

In the course of his Friday evening talk, on November 20th, Dr. Talmage said: "A New England paper of this morning in its editorial says: 'Altogether it looks as though the blood Dr. Talmage saw on the European moon last summer was not due to any inflammation of the optic nerve.' You see that my sanguinary anticipations are being realized. At last the European war opens. The clouds have been gathering for a year, but within the past week the lightning bolts have sped. As the clash between Forts Moultrie and Sumter plunged this American Continent into the strife which had for forty years been fomenting, so the battle between Serbia and Bulgaria this week begins the slaughter European. Serbia victorious in one battle and defeated in the next, and so the shuttle will swing to and fro, weaving the deep scarlet robe of Continental suffering that shall wrap Turkey, and Russia, and Germany, and England, and France, and other nationalities in its horrid folds. They may hold as many

conferences as they please, and may make new treaties and re-establish old ones, and the Lord Salisbury, and the Bismarcks, and Russian and Turkish diplomatists, with unpronounceable names, may put their ingenuity together, but there is so much bad blood over there that nothing but the phlebotomy of the sword can let it out.

"The war-dance of nations has begun, but he who attempts to foretell when it will close would be a rash prophet. What a pity it is that nearly nineteen hundred years after the song of peace and good-will was chanted about Bethlehem the world has nothing to prescribe for the settlement of international strife but wholesale cut-throatery!

"The fact that this transatlantic armageddon will rouse our American commerce and augment the tidal wave of financial prosperity already setting in, and put hard times behind all classes of our population, cannot keep merciful and right-minded people from deploring a contest which is to fill Europe with the groan of hospitals and the piercing cry of widowhood and orphanage. No doubt Europe will want all the bayonets we can manufacture, and all our harvests, because they will have no time either to plough or sow or reap, and our factories that run only half the time will run day and night, and all our unemployed people will be called into service, at large wages, and we shall have all the commercial prosperities that we had during our civil war, without any of the carnage. Still it is at a sickening cost to others, and that is a fiendish spirit which would be gleeful at foreign desolations, though they resulted in the reconstruction of our national finance. It never pays for one Continent to deride another, because our own turn might come next.

"Many of the European nations rejoiced at our internecine strife of 1861. We were for four years the butt of foreign aristocracies. They cried out in the words of Lord John Russell: 'See the bubble-bursting nationality.' They said, 'Going to pieces as we prophesied; have stuck together longer than we expected; what a farce Republican and Democratic form of government!' Multitudes in Europe got rich on

our misfortunes. The more we writhed under our calamities the better they liked it. But our Government did not go to pieces, and it is stronger now than it was before the war.

"Now, the turn of our transatlantic neighbors has come, and they are going to be in an awful plight. But let us be more Christian toward them than they were toward us, and instead of exulting over their disaster, let us be sympathetic and pray for their speedy deliverance. The settlement of that quarrel is far beyond the capacity of human politics, and only the God of nations can guide or arrest it. Alas that ever since Cain slew Abel the blood of contest has trickled down the cheek of the world!

"All statistics fail to give any idea of the waste of life and treasure. When Napoleon's army marched up toward Moscow they burned every house for one hundred and fifty miles. The exorbitant and exhausting taxes of Great Britain and the United States are for the most part resultant from conflicts. When we complain about our taxes we charge the fault upon this administration or that administration, upon this line of policy or that line of policy, but it is a simple fact that to-day we are paying for the shot and the shell, and the ambulances, and the exploded fortresses, and the broken bones, and the digging of the grave-trenches, and for four years of national martyrdom. Edmund Burke estimated that the nations of this world had expended \$35,000,000,000 in war. But he did his ciphering before our great American and European wars were plunged into. Careful statistics estimate that thirty-five times the present population of the earth have fallen in battle, and yet the grave-trenches are not satisfied, and yet, through the jealousies of potentates and under the inspiration of Satan, the arch enemy of mankind, the widest and most terrific war of the centuries seems this moment opening."

A SUCCESSFUL TUTOR IN AN ATTIC.

(See illustration on page 765.)

A PARTY of clergymen were discussing methods of preaching, theological books, and the best system of training for efficient work in the Master's service. The conversation had lasted

for a long time, when one of them, turning to one of the most successful preachers in the party, said:

"We have not heard your views yet. How have you found the Princeton system work?"

"Excellently," said the clergyman addressed. "But such success as God has blessed me with, did not, I think, come through my college training at all, useful and necessary as that was."

"You had a private tutor, then, I presume?"

"Yes, and the strangest tutor you can imagine. When I was converted I was a clerk in a dry-goods store. I soon began to centre my hopes on ministerial labor, but the way was not open then. I wanted to do something for the Lord at once, but it seemed to me that my wisest course was to spend all the time at my disposal in study. Accordingly my evenings were given up to Latin and Greek, which, as I had no instructor, I found rather severe study. On Sundays between services I used to study the Bible in English, and try to plan sermons on any text that impressed me. That way of life answered for a time, but by and by I found my mind getting sluggish. I did not assimilate the mental nourishment I took in. I was troubled, and went to my pastor for advice."

"Get some work to do, young man," he said. "Teach in the Sunday-school, visit the poor and the sick."

"But the time," I replied. "I have so little, and I am so ignorant."

"You could not spend it in a better way. Don't be afraid. You will learn more in that way than the books can ever teach you."

"I took his advice, and found he was right. I had a class in the Sunday-school, and those lads, with their original questions, set me thinking, and I visited among the poor, and soon learned what religion is to them. But my most profitable visits were to an aged woman. Many an hour I have spent in her little room, which was so small that there was barely room to turn around in it. She had scarcely any education, but she could read, and she had one of the most original and vigorous understandings I have met with. She had very little to do and much time for meditation, for an infirmity in her feet prevented her getting about. She had spent days, I found, sometimes over a single passage, trying to understand its full meaning. That woman was taught of the Spirit. On my first visit to her I read and prayed with her, supposing she was like others of her class. When I had finished she asked me, to my surprise, what I thought was the meaning of the passage I had read. I told her, and she differed with me. I thought she was wrong, and said so. 'Well, young man,' she said, 'you think it over again and pray about it.' I did so, and I found she was right. After that our positions were changed. I no longer went to her as a teacher but as a learner, and I went often. Those seasons were times of intellectual activity, for I had preconceived notions of my own, and was driven to my defences. But the old woman was generally right, and she knew more of the mind of the Spirit than my study of the Greek had ever given me. She is dead now, but she lived to



The Training for a Clergyman.

see me commence my ministry, and to openly acknowledge, as I do to-day, that to her, under God, I owe the most precious part of such knowledge as I possess."

THE SILVER LINING.

A SERIAL STORY.

(Continued from page 751.)

Entangled.

WHEN Frank Arnold saw and recognized the startled face reflected in the mirror, he turned and confronted Mr. Greville with a look in which astonishment, scorn, and indignation were blended. It was inevitable that he should misunderstand his wife's presence there. As we have seen, her visit was caused by Mr. Greville's loyalty to his friend, and his desire to restore that friend's domestic happiness; but Frank regarded it as a proof that Greville had been plotting a foul wrong against him. At his best, Frank was prone to act on impulse and to be guided by appearances, and at this time he was not at his best. His mind was irritated by his long experience of money embarrassment, his uneasiness about Clare, and by dissipation. He was, moreover, conscious that he was a blunderer, and that from the time of his marriage he had done nothing but make mistakes. He had taken upon himself to regulate his own life, neither seeking wisdom from God nor taking counsel with his godly parents, and he was fooled and thwarted at every step. Some men in recognizing the fact would have turned to God, confessed their failure and their incapacity, and besought Him to lead them in the future. But Frank was not one of those; he became sullen and morose, and in that mood was ready to put the worst construction on what he saw.

For the moment embarrassment held Greville tongue-tied. Though conscious of the purity of his motives, he was aware that appearances were against him, and that neither the angry man

before him nor the public would credit him with innocence in the face of the facts. Nor was Clare able to speak. She glanced timidly at her husband's face, saw the look there which she knew too well, and covered her own face with her hands.

Frank was the first to break the silence. "So," he said, "this is the explanation of the mystery. You are a dastard, and she—well, I shall not quarrel with you; but retribution will surely overtake you both. You will not escape."

"Arnold, Arnold," said Greville, as the indignant man turned toward the door, "you are making a deplorable mistake. There has been no treachery to you. Your wife has never been here before, and she is here now only because I have been trying to effect a reconciliation between you, and have urged her to return to your roof."

"And," said Frank, sneeringly, "you found her reluctant to do so? That shows that she has a clearer notion of the decencies of society than you have, or perhaps she prefers the protection of a wealthy man to the bond of wedlock with a poor man. Spare your explanations. I have been blind, but I am not so obtuse as to allow you to blindfold me now that my eyes are

opened. I came to give you my address in England, little suspecting that I should interrupt a private conversation. There is the address; in a short time you shall hear from me from there, and that will close our account."

Frank hurried away in spite of Greville's efforts to detain him, leaving the two misunderstood persons helplessly gazing at each other.

"What does he mean?" said Clare at length. She had mixed so little with the world that even her husband's coarse words failed to convey to her the knowledge of her position.

"Your husband has drawn a wrong inference from your being in my room, Mrs. Arnold. He supposes that, from improper motives, I have lured you away from home, and am even now insincere in urging you to return. You know how false is his presumption, but appearances were certainly against me."

"Oh! how can he think so badly of you?" Clare said, her eyes filling with tears. "And I have been the cause of your being wrongfully suspected! Oh! call him back and let me tell him how kind you have been, and how honorable."

"I am afraid it would be useless, Mrs. Arnold. Dr. Arnold would give no credence to anything that either you or I could say. Unhappily, guilty people in similar cases have been so in the habit of declaring their innocence that people who are really innocent are not believed."

"Oh! I am so sorry," said Clare. "I ought not to have come. I am making you a sad return for your kindness to me. I can never forgive myself. Tell me what I can do."

"I fear there is nothing in your power. But, for your own sake, I would avoid any further ground for scandal, so, if you will allow me, I will escort you to your hotel. I must think this matter out, and try to find some way of convincing your husband of his mistake."

Clare scarcely heard his last words. She was weeping bitterly. Not on her own account, for

she had no conception of her own painful situation, but because another was suffering through her indiscretion. Neither under the care of her widowed father, nor at the boarding-school, nor during her residence with her guardian had she learned how sensitive to the breath of scandal is a woman's character, nor how merciless is the world toward a woman whom it judges, rightly or wrongly. But she was grateful, and it grieved her that the man who had befriended her should have cause to regret his kindness.

Greville vainly tried to calm her sufficiently to permit of her return, but his soothing words had a dangerous effect. Clare was deeply agitated, and when, at last, she rose to go, her head swam, she staggered blindly, and would have fallen, had not Mr. Greville caught her and bore her to a lounge. The deathly pallor of her face alarmed him for a moment, and he was about to summon medical assistance, but, reflecting that it was probably only a fainting fit, he refrained. It was a novel and by no means a pleasant situation for the young man, and he stood looking at the death-like form before him in bewilderment. Something must be done, however. A college reminiscence crossed his mind. He remembered that an undergraduate fainted on one occasion in the University boat after a hard-winner race. They bathed his face and hands with cold water and he recovered. In a moment he was at his icewater cooler, and was saturating handkerchiefs to lay on Mrs. Arnold's brow, while with others he moistened her hot hands. A faint tinge of color in the pallid lips rewarded his efforts, and he patiently awaited returning consciousness.

As he stood watching her and renewing the moist handkerchiefs, he could not help feeling increased resentment against Frank Arnold. He was not an impressionable man, but no one could have gazed on Clare's face, as she lay there insensible, without admiration. Her golden hair had escaped from the comb and lay disordered on the pillow, giving a warmth of color to the pale, delicate complexion of her face and throat. He noticed, too, for the first time, that she was not wearing any of the rich dresses in which he had been accustomed to see her, but was attired in a robe which, as even his inexperienced eyes told him, was common, and had seen service. Evidently, in her flight, Clare had cast off her valuable belongings under an impatience of indebtedness to her husband. The tiny foot that peeped from the hem of her dress was covered by a shoe much worn, and but for her beauty and graceful carriage she would have passed for a woman of the poorest class. A man must be very hard and cruel, Mr. Greville thought, who could so wound a wife that she would humiliate herself as Mrs. Arnold had done. In his sympathy he forgot his own annoyance, and when Clare opened her eyes and tried to utter an apology for her weakness, he spoke to her with more than his usual deference and respect.

As soon as she was sufficiently recovered for him to leave her, Greville summoned a hack and sent her back to her hotel, and then sat down to think of some plan for the future. He was so strangely situated, so utterly unaccustomed to deal with a social problem like this, that he grew more perplexed every moment, and finally resolved to seek assistance from some more experienced mind. Rapidly running over the list of his acquaintances, he determined to consult an aged lawyer whom he had frequently met at his club—a man of considerable experience, whose vigorous mental powers had more than once vanquished him in political discussion. He seized his hat, and hurried to the club, where, as he knew, his friend was generally to be found at that hour.

"You seem to have drawn a hornet's nest about your ears," said the lawyer, when he had heard Greville's narrative from beginning to end. "I think there would be no difficulty in getting substantial damages from you if this doctor decided to carry his grievances into court, and if he shot you, I doubt if a jury would

not acquit him. The web that a man generally gets caught in when he interferes in a matrimonial quarrel has twisted around your feet with a vengeance. There is nothing to do but to await developments. We do not permit duelling in New York, so, if your friend wants to fight, we can have him locked up. If he brings suit you must be defended. There will be plenty of time."

"Yes, I am not distressed by the dread of his vengeance, but I should like to know what is my wisest course with respect to the lady. She cannot support herself; honor forbids my supporting her, and yet she cannot be left to starve."

"My dear fellow, she would not starve. A beautiful woman is always sure of a livelihood. Let her alone; she will drop into her proper niche. She has no claim on you. You have already done more than you were required to do by the laws of friendship."

"No, she has no claim," Greville admitted, "but she is utterly friendless and helpless; I should like to aid her in some way that would compromise neither her nor myself. The only niche that awaits her if no one helps her, is one from which I would save her if possible."

"You Englishmen are Quixotic in your notions of friendship. I doubt if you will be successful any way. But some way might be found, perhaps. Give me a night to think of it."

"I will come to your office to-morrow. I am anxious to get the thing off my mind," said Greville, nervously.

As he was leaving the club, feeling thoroughly uncomfortable and anxious, he was greeted by another friend, who was walking rapidly down the avenue. He was a clergyman, the chaplain of a Masonic lodge with which Greville had connected himself.

"How are you, Greville?" he asked. "You look worried. The imperturbability of an Englishman is disturbed. That is unusual. What potent cause has moved you?"

The impulse to confide in the good clergyman was irresistible. Possibly he might find in him the most efficient friend he could secure for Mrs. Arnold, in whose future he was more deeply interested since he had been hurt by the cynical predictions of the lawyer.

"It is a long story," he said, "but I will tell it to you gladly, if you will listen."

"With pleasure, if you will walk with me. I am going to see a sick member of my church, and am walking off the effects of a long day at my desk."

Again Greville related the incidents of the past few weeks.

"It is a difficult case," said the clergyman. "I do not see how I can help you."

"I do not need help, my friend; that is, personally. What I am concerned about is that this lady has to face the world, with a reputation unjustly tarnished, and without any means of living. She is as ignorant as a child of the ways of the world, and if cast on her own resources will be subject, especially in this city, to temptations which I fancy she has not the tact nor the principle to avoid."

"I will see her if you like. I appreciate your thoughtfulness. It is best, as matters stand, that your connection with her should be severed. It is a pretty heavy burden for me to take from your shoulders, but I think it is a Christian duty. Give me her address, and a line of introduction, and I will visit her and let you know the result. Can your pocket-book bear another call upon it, if that should prove necessary?"

"Certainly; but money must go from me to her indirectly, if at all, or she will be injured irretrievably."

"I see that," said the clergyman. "This is my destination, so I will say good-night, and shall expect to receive my credentials to-morrow."

Mr. Greville at last felt relieved of the weight of anxiety which had oppressed him for many days. He could, he was sure, have enlisted no

better friend for Clare than this devoted clergyman. He was a stranger to religious influences, yet somehow the conviction that a religious man could be of more use in this complication than another, was fixed. The fact struck him as being significant. How was it that the kindly feelings of his own heart, which appeared Quixotic to the man of the world, were recognized and appreciated by the clergyman? The inference could not be avoided that Christianity was in accord with benevolence, and was, in fact, a higher development of it. The clergyman's readiness to take up a burden which did not belong to him, to engage in a labor that must involve time and trouble at the request of a comparative stranger, who had done no more than show him that there was an opportunity of doing good, was in itself a phenomenon worthy of consideration.

"I have been a useless fellow all my life," he said to himself, "yet I must have had many opportunities of being useful in the world. No one yet has ever been the better for me or my money. I am a mere loafer, while this clergyman fills a place in the world that it would be a public calamity to have vacant. I wonder if religion is really the key to a useful and happy life? I will make a friend of this clergyman if possible."

He had strolled by this time to a considerable distance from home, and without paying any heed to the direction. Looking at the lamp on the next corner he found that he was far from the west side of the city, and fully three miles from his abode. His thoughts were busy, and he shrank from entering a public conveyance. He decided on walking home, hoping that physical weariness might induce the sound sleep from which he might awake mentally refreshed. His inveterate habit of smoking, however, must be indulged, and his cigar-case was empty. He stepped into the first cigar-store he saw, to purchase a fresh supply. He was vexed at finding that he had no small bills, and after vainly searching his well-filled pocket-book he offered the proprietor a twenty-dollar bill. The change was given him more readily than he expected, and lighting his cigar he strode out on his long walk, his mind busy with the train of thought his new idea of religious life called up.

Meanwhile a few miles away Frank Arnold was spending the night in a disreputable resort, utterly reckless, excited by liquor, and half mad with resentment at his fancied wrong. As the hours passed he drank more deeply and wandered from place to place in a delirious frenzy. His household goods were to be sold on the next day, his passage to England secured, and in twenty-four hours he would be on board a ship that was to sail at sunrise of the second day. Where he wandered, how he got through the night he did not know, but the morning found him sleeping uneasily in a chair in a low hotel in a strange neighborhood.

He was roused by a dirty waiter, and ordered to leave the place. Frank would have resisted with drunken pugnacity, but he was quickly hurried out with scant ceremony, and, boarding a car, arrived at his home with soiled clothes, rumpled linen, and all the marks of his night's debauch upon him. He went straight to bed, and slept long and heavily. He was awakened by the broker who came to purchase his furniture, and that bargain concluded, he packed his clothing and such articles as he intended to take with him and removed to an hotel near the docks. A few hours later he went on board, and retired to his stateroom to be away from the noise and bustle of the deck.

The time for sailing was near at hand when he heard his name called, and a man whom he supposed to be the steward entered his cabin.

"Your name is Dr. Frank Arnold?"

"Yes; what do you want?"

The man threw back his coat, exposing a policeman's shield, and claimed him as his prisoner.

"What charge have you against me?" Frank asked.

"I expect it will be murder by this time," said the officer. "You know a Mr. Greville?"

"Yes," said Frank.

"He was found in the street badly wounded yesterday morning, and is believed to be dying. A friend of his—a lawyer—has given information against you, so I must trouble you to come with me." The man dexterously slipped a handcuff on Frank's wrist and conducted him to the Tombs.

(To be continued.)

THE SINFUL NATION.

S. S. Lesson for Dec. 6, Isaiah 1: 1-18. Golden Text, Verse 18. By Mrs. M. Baxter.

The Preaching Prophet—No Miracles Worked—God's Complaint Against Israel—The English People Similarly Guilty—The Nation Photographed—Insincerity in Worship—The Privileges on the Worshipper's Side—The Invitation—God's Living Words.

ISAIAH was one of the Lord's *teaching* prophets—not one who was used of God in the working of miracles as Elijah and Elisha were, but one who preached the living, burning Word of God—and was no doubt used very much in the way of preaching during his long life in the days of Uzziah, Jotham, Ahaz, and Hezekiah, kings of Judah. Even in our day how many precious souls are awakened, consoled, and sanctified through God's Word in Isaiah! The prophet had open eyes. He saw things in the light of God, just as Elisha did when he saw the mountain of Dotham filled with horses and chariots of fire round about him. Isaiah could see things in the spiritual world which were hidden from the eyes of those who lived around him.

Isaiah's first words are very significant: "Hear, O heavens, and give ear, O earth: for the Lord hath spoken." Were there no human beings with spirits fitted to understand the Word of God that the dumb and deaf creation should be called upon to hearken? Truly the people of God were deaf, or their ears dull of hearing that the Word of the Lord should call for such auditors! Isaiah's first message runs thus: "The Lord hath spoken; I have nourished and brought up children, and they have rebelled against Me: the ox knoweth his owner, and the ass his master's crib: but

ISRAEL DOETH NOT KNOW, My people doeth not consider." God's complaint here is not so much against the open vices which are recognized as crimes by all men. He does not speak so much of theft, murder, adultery, blasphemy, but that His people do not know Him. He is their Owner, but they do not know Him even as the ox or the ass know their masters. He was in the world, and the world was made by Him, and the world knew Him not. He came unto His own, and His own received Him not (John 1: 10, 11).

"Israel doeth not know, my people doeth not consider." Surely this is not peculiar to Israel! If we look at the masses of the people in the streets day by day, if we read the newspapers of our time, and the leading political and social magazines, we see and hear very little to remind us of God. When an epidemic breaks out in our own or other lands, discussions are raised by medical and scientific men as to its cause, and how the evil is to be met; but we seldom hear mention of the hand of God, the first cause in all these things. We hear of terrible famines in India, in China, in Syria, and elsewhere. Again, man consuls with man as to the best measures to be taken, but the famine and the cholera sweep away their thousands before men are brought to say "the hand of the Lord is in this." People do not consider, or, in their consideration they leave out God, the first Cause, the primary Mover in all things which are done upon the face of the earth.

God calls His people "A sinful nation, a people laden with iniquity, a seed of evildoers, children that are corrupters:" but again His great complaint is: "They have forsaken the Lord, they have provoked the Holy One of Israel unto anger, they are gone away backward." Again

and again He reverts to the same thing—the want of knowing God, the want of taking God into their reckoning. And yet how tender is His Word!

"WHY SHOULD YE BE STRICKEN ANY MORE?" As though His heart were yearning to heal His wounded children. He thus photographs the state of the nation in His eyes: "The whole head is sick, and the whole heart faint. From the sole of the foot even unto the head there is no soundness in it; but wounds, and bruises, and putrefying sores: they have not been closed, neither bound up, neither mollified with ointment." What a picture of disease! What a picture of want of soundness! Yet so God sees every country where He Himself is not recognized as the prime Mover. So God sees a church where the pastor, where doctrine, where ritual is preferred to His living presence. So God sees a soul where Jesus Himself is not; where He is not known, where He is not considered.

After speaking of the desolation of Israel and Judah, God goes definitely into His relations with His people. "To what purpose is the multitude of your sacrifices unto Me? saith the Lord." Oh how well it would be for every professor in church to ask himself this question:

TO WHAT PURPOSE

is this prayer which I have offered? To what purpose is this hymn which I have sung? What do I expect it to accomplish? Is God a party to the transaction, or must I count Him out? Is it a something which I do under a sense of duty, or am I really transacting business with the Most High? Shall I have tangible proof that this transaction is acknowledged on the other side, and that my God Himself is pledged to undertake for me? How stands it between God and me? There are many who think that if they pray to God and go through the service in some place of worship on Sunday morning, they are laying God under an obligation; they seem to think they are conferring a favor upon Him, and that in some way or other He will benefit. Oh how unworthy is this thought! How we need to know God and to see the true relations between Creator and creature, in order that we may know our true place before Him! That God, who upholds the universe, should ever deign to listen to a single prayer from one of His sinful, insignificant creatures is indeed a wonder; and surely the forcing upon Him of prayers which are utterly unreal, which are spoken more to satisfy our own consciences or to maintain our respectability, than to obtain any face to face communion with God, must be a grievous mockery in His sight. When we repeat, again and again, that we are sinners, and ask, again and again, for mercy, without having any real consciousness of our sins, or any real appreciation of what mercy means, all this must be a sad, unmeaning farce in the sight of our Holy God. If that sin has brought His Son to the cross, if that mercy has cost Jesus His life, surely God cannot think lightly of it! And it behoves us, as His creatures, to set God's value on Christ's redemption, it behoves us to be real in our prayers and real in our praises. God's description of the utter rottenness of Judah applies too terribly to modern Christianity, even Protestant Christianity; there is

NO SOUNDNESS

in it as a whole, no reality, no substance. The little flock of true believers are but an exception; but oh, how blessed is the promise of the Lord to those who will turn to Him, "I will turn My hand upon thee, and purely purge away thy dross, and take away all thy tin." We read in this chapter of offerings made to God of which He says, "They are a trouble unto Me, I am weary to bear them." We read of many prayers of which He says, "I will not hear." We read of the calling of assemblies of which He says, "I cannot away with, it is iniquity, even the solemn meeting." We read of oblations which God calls "vain oblations, an abomination unto Me." Oh, if the veil were dropped and we could for one single Sunday of our lives

see, as God sees, the offering of worship which goes up to Him from countless churches, and how much of it is a trouble to Him, how much of it He is weary to bear, surely there would be a reformation, and man would flee from his unreality to seek real terms with God.

He says, "Wash ye, make you clean; put away the evil of your doings from before Mine eyes; cease to do evil; learn to do well; seek judgment, relieve the oppressed, judge the fatherless, plead for the widow. Come now, and let us reason together." Let us have something to do with one another. Let us come to a fair understanding. "Come now," saith the Lord, for He does not want to put it off. "Come now." He does not first say that we must get rid of sin. Here is His part of the reasoning: "Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool." And here we see the reason of the command, "Wash ye, make you clean." Oh how impossible this would be if God did not undertake the washing, for surely nothing but the blood of Jesus Christ could cleanse us from all sin; but He says to the poor, guilty, defiled one, who comes to Him, "Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow." There is the pledge of God that it shall be so. All the sinner has to do is to come face to face with God, to have something really to do with God, to come just as he is, into a reasoning attitude with God. He has to say to God what is on his heart, to hear what God has to say to him, to believe that God hears what he says, and to receive God's answer in return. Once the channel of communication open, once communion with God established, and the heart is won. Oh, if this invitation of God's were received, no sinner would remain unsaved, no backslider unreconciled, no believing soul longer unsanctified. When God speaks of sin He always brings forgiveness side by side with it. He always shows the way of purification.

Should there be any reading these words who know that they are without God and without hope in the world, let me ask you God's question: "Why will ye be stricken any more when such a way of salvation lies open to you?" Don't seek peace through sermons, or through meetings, or even through your own prayers, but be determined to have an interview with God. Don't do all the talking yourself; let God have His say, and as you leave space for Him to speak He will do so, and you will hear the voice of God and live. "Hear, and your soul shall live" (Isa. 55: 3). God's words are living words; as He spake the world into being, the light, the night and day, and the animal world into existence, so His Word can speak forgiveness, or cleansing, or deliverance into your soul. The Holy Spirit, who alone can make God's Word real to you, is in the world as in the very atmosphere, watching His opportunity to rush into and fill every vacant space in a heart turned toward God. All on God's side is for you, working out your deliverance. But He waits your response to this "Come now." It is the one great thought of the heart of God toward man to make him one with Himself, and the first step toward this is for man to hearken, to accept God's first advances. He will not force Himself on any single soul, but He calls to each one, "Come."

The Prophetic News and Israel's Watchman (London) may be had from the office of this journal, 63 Bible House, New York, price, six cents, including postage. Annual subscription, seventy cents. The following articles among others are contained in the number for November:

The Eastern, or Turkish, Question. By the Rev. A. C. Tris, of Howard City, Kan.
The Period and Phenomena of the Seventh Vial.
Preparation for the Second Coming of Christ. By E. S. Cornwall, Esq.
The Fifth Universal Monarchy. By Elizabeth Sapworth.
Spiritualism in the Work of Demons. By the Rev. Miles Grant, of Chicago.
Israel's Restoration in Part. By Rev. Capel Molyneux, B.A.
The Duration of Gentile Power and Ezekiel's Vision.
The Condition of the Jews.
Passing Events Viewed from a Prophetic Standpoint.
Bound volumes, containing the monthly numbers for 1884 or 1883 may be had, price, \$1.

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JOHN POUNDS, the Pioneer of Ragged Schools—Scenes in his Life.

JOHN POUNDS.

The Pioneer of Ragged Schools.

His Portrait—Crippled in Boyhood—Apprenticed to a Bootmaker—His House and Shop—A Visit to his School—A Bull-Dog Punished by his Cat—A Day in the Country—A Bitter Winter—The Place of Honor at a Tea Meeting—New Year's Day, 1839—A Fatal Errand of Mercy—Fall and Death—His Monument.

THE Ragged-School movement, which has now grown to vast proportions and has been the means of doing good to an extent that can never be fully estimated, had its origin in the devotion of the singular man whose picture appears on the first page. It may be inferred from the portrait that John Pounds was not of prepossessing appearance. That, however, does not affect his place in history. Many of the men whom the world will never forget, whose names are never mentioned without reverence and gratitude, have been men destitute of personal beauty. A notable instance was Socrates, whose ugliness is said to have been repulsive. It is the work that men do that counts, and the world can afford to forget whether God, who gave them the power to do it, gave them also an attractive exterior. Many a miserable child had reason to thank God that John Pounds lived, and for the love for the poor and neglected that filled his heart. And since he died other men have taken up his work and carried it forward to a state of efficiency of which the poor cobbler never dreamed. He little knew how potent a force he was starting; he had no thought of fame, but he simply did what he could; and his name will be had in everlasting remembrance.

John Pounds was born in the English seaport of Portsmouth, in 1767, and died in 1839, at the age of seventy-two years. His life was humble and unostentatious from beginning to end. Neither wealth nor power ever came to him. It is, however, a remarkable fact that, notwithstanding the immense value of the movement which he originated, and the universality of its adoption, so few details of his history should be on record. Only one really reliable biography is in existence, and that is a meagre one; enough, however, is given to make the picture of the man's simple, childlike character very vivid.

THE PORTRAIT.

Of which the picture on the first page is a copy, which is the only one in existence, has a singular history, which is thus set forth by the Rev. Henry Hawkes, the author of the biography mentioned:

"Mr. Thomas Sheppard, a boot and shoemaker of High Street, a member of my flock, called upon me one morning and said: 'There is a young man of the name of Sheaf, a journeyman shoemaker, living in Landport, who has a taste for drawing and painting; he has done several Scripture pieces which seem to me very creditable and promising for so young an artist, entirely self-taught.' He asked me if I would go and look at them. 'For it may cheer and encourage him,' he said, 'to see that some take an interest in his efforts.' I willingly consented; and we went in the afternoon. The young man showed us several oil-paintings that he had done. The subjects were all from Scripture.

"Shortly after Mr. Sheppard called on me again, and said, 'I have advised Sheaf to try something local in its interest, as more likely to help him forward, and bring him more into notice with his fellow-townsmen.' There's

THE OLD COBBLER

in St. Mary's Street," I said, "sitting at work on his bench, in the midst of his school; try that." And I took him to see the old man, with his host of little scholars about him, all so busy and happy. He took the hint, and has done the picture. And I want you to go and give us your opinion of it.' We went immediately. It was an oil-painting. On first seeing the picture I felt, 'There's the old cobbler! done to the life!' The general form and ap-

pearance of the old man were well given. He was sitting on his bench, with a shoe in his hand, mending. A boy was standing beside him on his right reading. Other boys were near him on the same side, some sitting, some standing, at their lessons. On the other side several little girls were sitting close to the old man, one with her arms round the neck of another. His cat was brushing against him, as if pleased with all that was going on. Bird-cages were hanging on the wall, all characteristic. And we heartily congratulated the young man on his success."

It appears that John Pounds's father was a carpenter in Portsmouth Dockyard. For some reason not difficult to guess he gave his son but a scanty education. At the early age of twelve John was apprenticed in the Dockyard. One day while at his work he missed his footing and fell headlong over the parapet into the dry dock (see illustration), and was picked up a mass of broken bones, and carried home on a stretcher. It seemed impossible that the lad could live, but live he did. He lay utterly helpless for months, hovering between life and death, but he gained strength and eventually was able to get around. The shock, however, to his nervous and physical strength frustrated all hope of his ever being able to work at such a trade as a ship carpenter, and he was accordingly set to learn the art of shoemaking.

As Dr. Kitto might have been a mason to the end of his days but for his fall, so John Pounds might have been a ship carpenter and nothing else, had not his so-called "misfortune" sent him to a sedentary occupation and given him opportunity to labor for God among the poor. Possibly John realized this fact in his simple way. A friend observed to him one day, "Ah, Johnny, that was a bad job for you, that fall into the dock." "I see not know that, Lemmon," said John. "I was a lively young chap then; full o' fun, up to every dodge, and who's know but I've been like many another young chap—gay and thoughtless? But they broken bones quieted me a bit. An' I've rubbed on very well, I has, thank the dear Lord!"

THE COBBLER'S SHOP.

a picture of which appears on the first page, was humble enough. It still stands in St. Mary's Street, Portsmouth. There he began the good work which has made his name famous. The upper part of the building is just as it was in his lifetime. The house is little more than six feet wide, and the height from the ground to the top of the wall, covering two stories, is only thirteen feet. The shop is not quite five yards from front to back, and is only about six feet high from floor to ceiling. And in that little place the good old man gathered about him thirty or forty children at a time, made them as happy as he could, and kept them busy at their lessons.

A VISITOR

who had the privilege of seeing the good man at his double work of cobbling and teaching thus describes the spectacle:

"As I stood looking at the old man, through his little open window, at his work cobbling, it was with very mingled feelings. A tallish boy was standing beside him reading, while the old man went on mending his shoe. He looked rough and self-neglected. He had no hat or coat on. His shirt was open at the collar and chest; the sleeves were rolled back above the elbows. There was a repulsive coarseness about his features. His voice was harsh and loud as he spoke to the children. What he said, and his manner of saying it, all would have given me the impression of coarse vulgarity if I had not heard so much good of him. But there was something about him which, the more I looked at him and observed his manner of doing things, impressed me with something superior through all. His head was large and manly. His features were strongly marked, and, with his deeply furrowed countenance, bespoke deep thought and feeling. A large pair of spectacles rested on his broad open forehead. His long arms, though somewhat spare, were muscular

and sinewy. His hands were large, and full vigor. When he saw me he called out.

"HERE, LIZZY, COME AND READ for the gentleman." And a nice little girl, with clean, bright face, and neatly dressed, came and climbed up the old man's knee, and put her little arm round his dark, rough neck, and I gave her a kiss, and she looked very happy. The cat came with her, brushing against his leather apron, as if pleased with all that was going on. "Now, Lizzy, here's the sixth chapter of the Gospel according to Matthew; it's what o' Saviour's saying to the multitude as He sits 't the mountain side." And Liz read the chapter through with a clear, pleasant voice, and with scarcely any hesitations, and as if she felt. All the other children were still and listen as if they were interested in what she was reading. "That'll do, Lizzy." And he gave her another kiss. "Now go to puss and the young birds in the corner." And she jumped off her knee merrily, and puss went with her to the basket and the young birds in the farther corner.

"The man seemed to have a deep love for anything that was helpless and needed care. He had a number of birds that he was tending, but his cat was the treasure of which he was most proud. He was fond of talking to the animal, and related with much glee how it had successfully defended the birds from a vicious dog. He said,

"THAT'S MY CAT, SIR.

There's ne'er another cat in all the neighborhood round can come up to my cat. She a-nestling my young birds for me. She takes 'em and brings 'em up as if they's her own kittens. And she's not let any other cat or dog come near 'em. One day a butcher's lad come by, and sees my cat and the birds, and he brins his big bull-dog and sets him on to the little things. I says to him, 'You's not a-going do that 'ere?' 'But I bes though,' he say 'You's best not.' I says, 'I se not be answerable for the consequences.' 'There 'tis,' he says. 'In withy!' An' just as his big bull-dog's a-plunging in all among my poor little things—they's all so frightened, poor things!—my cat springs on dog's back, and begins a-clawing back of his head. Dog bobs down his head again. An' so they goes on, till dog bolts down street with my cat on his back. But it's all the lad's fault. He's not do it again in a hurry."

AN EXCURSION.

John Pounds's great delight was to get a day in the country with some of his scholars. The very little ones could not go, for he often to them some miles before they returned. Before they started he would prepare them a good breakfast, that they might be in a fit condition for a long day's ramble.

"Six o'clock in the morning was the hour of meeting, and breakfast was always ready. I time was lost over the meal. The dirty little street Arabs, cleaned up for the occasion, seldom had so good a meal, and John's provisions were quickly divided. 'Now, are ye all served he said, looking round upon them. 'Yes, M' Pounds!' they all replied. The old man gazed his hand, and all was still. And he said solemnly: 'Bless the Lord for His goodness. After a little pause they began, and all went to work in right good earnest."

A personal friend relates that the provision which they were to take with them for the day he had packed up in several bags, and observed "One bag is always much the largest. This carries himself. And very often in such rambles, when any of the younger ones begin to get tired and can't well keep up with the rest, he takes them up on his back, first one, and then another, and carries them. Whatever interests them interests him, and they can't help seeing that he is interested in it, and that he takes pleasure in telling them all about it. His kindness and patience among those poor children seem inexhaustible. Nothing seems to wear him while he is doing all he can for them."

"His strong hazel stick has a hook at the end

fecting more particularly the property of the Church, a belief arose that the end of the world was at hand. On that occasion Pope Gregory the Great thus expressed himself: "We know of the Word of Almighty God that the end of the present world is now at hand, and that the sign of the saints is about to commence. And now that the end of the world is approaching, many things will take place which have not happened before. For there will be atmospheric changes, terrors from heaven, deranged seasons, wars, famines, pestilences, and earthquakes in divers places." There is not a word about the personality of the Lord Jesus in that speech, and even by "saints" he meant a very different thing from what we do.

At the end of the tenth century there was a severe panic. Then it was not the commencement of the reign of the saints that was spoken of, but the end of it.

THE THOUSAND YEARS

are reckoned from the date of the Nativity, and Christ and His saints had been reigning through the apostles, the fathers, and the Church of Rome. Well, if men could believe that they could believe anything! But it was, nevertheless, the logical result of the Church's attempt to assume that the Christian hope had been realized, and to account for the anomalous position Christians had been taking up—ruling when they should have been witnessing against the World-Power. The Church is still making the same mistake of entangling itself with the World-Power. It is not satisfied with praying to God and petitioning the Legislature for its requirements, but it is constantly

THREATENING ADMINISTRATIONS

with the exercise of a casting vote between parties. Thus "coercion" is still the watchword. Under such a principle Christians become partakers of the deeds of what Christ is coming to destroy.

This coercion is a thing hateful to God. Peter was told to put up his sword. The same admonition then given to Peter is repeated in Rev. 13:10, to the saints in the latter days: "He that kilth with the sword must be killed with the sword—here is the patience and the faith of the saints." The use of the sword is the coarse form of coercion, perhaps, but the use of the suffrage, the effective weapon in the present day, implies the same principle. But if we want to have a clear understanding of

THE FAILURES OF THE CHURCH

corporate, and the principle underlying them, we must examine the epistles to the Churches in Revelation, chapters 2 and 3, which give in symbol the Prophetic History of Christendom, from apostolic times down to the Lord's coming. In the earlier period the Church was commended for hating the deeds of the Nicolaitanes (Rev. 2:6), which the Lord also hates. But when the Church in the time of Constantine began to ride upon the World-Power, she is charged with having within her "them that hold the doctrine of the Nicolaitanes," and, as if the more strongly to emphasize His condemnation of that doctrine, He repeats the words "which I hate." Who or what the Nicolaitanes are is a matter of opinion. But the meaning of the word is clear enough. It is derived from *nikao*, to conquer, and people, and it would thus appear that those who held this doctrine advocated "the subjugation of the peoples," i.e., a general coercion of political adversaries. Verily are the people bent to the will of the Church corporate!

The word "Laodicea," on the other hand, means "the people's rights," being derived from *laos*, "people," and *dike*, "right, law." Thus the last stage becomes worse than the first, and the Lord declines to own such a body altogether, casting it from Him in utter disgust (Rev. 3:16). Here the people are not coerced by the Church, as in the Nicolaitan stage, but they are coercing the Church, and the Church itself is perfectly satisfied with such coercion, even to the extent of giving its own voice to that of the people.

The unholy alliance will be continued until the end. We shall yet see the Church seated on the beast and allied with spiritualism and error of all kinds. She will utterly lose her spirituality, and even those who courted her will cast her off. It is the duty of those whom God has chosen to watch always, to keep clear of the World-Power, and to centre their hopes and their love on Him who will soon come to call those who wait for Him out of the world—the bride to meet the Bridegroom.

ANECDOTES RELATED AT THE EVANGELISTIC MEETINGS IN SCOTLAND.

A Philosopher Spinning Tops.—At a recent meeting Mr. Sloan remarked: "A scientific man was once seated in his room with a number of tops spinning around him. A friend came in and found him so engaged, and asked what he meant by this childish play, and he answered: 'I have to enter the kingdom of science, as we have to enter into the kingdom of heaven, as a little child. I have to spin these tops to get at the truth of science.'"

A Triumphant Pleader.—A Christian Worker said: "I knew a woman who made up her mind to pray for twenty persons. Daily she held them up in her faithful intercessions before the Lord, naming each one as she prayed for them; and on Sunday, as they came into the church, she lifted up her heart in prayer to God on their behalf, that they might be led to Christ through the preaching of the Gospel. She lived to see all those twenty persons yield themselves to the Saviour who shed His blood for them."

A Piece of Good News.—The Rev. Mr. Brown remarked: "The other day a friend came to me and said, 'Mr. Brown, I have got a piece of joy for you.' 'What is it?' I asked, 'for I am always glad to hear good news.' 'The other day, when I was in the country, I was called to see a woman who was dying. I asked her if she were trusting Jesus, and a joyful smile lit up her face as she told me how she first came to know and love the Saviour. She said that it was when listening to a sermon from you, in your own church, that she first realized her lost condition, and before you had finished she gave herself to Jesus.' I could not have heard better news."

A Whiskey-Seller's Refusal to Trust an Old Customer.—The value of a glass of spirits led to the poor fellow's conversion, as related by Mr. Jack, who said: "I spoke to a man in our meeting one night, and asked him how it was that he was there instead of at the rum-shop. The man replied: 'On my way home from my work to-night I entered a saloon I was in the habit of frequenting, and asked the keeper to give me a glass of whiskey, and I would pay him when I got my wages; but he surlily replied, 'No, no; come back when you have got your money, and I will give you as much whiskey as you wish.' I turned from the door resolving never to enter it again, though I had spent a lot of money there. I went home very much cast down, and could not take my supper, for I was so filled with the thought of the man refusing me one glass of whiskey, when he had got so much of my hard-earned money. I came out of my house, and eventually entered the Gospel meeting, scarcely knowing what impelled me, for it was not my habit, as you know, and now, blessed be God! I go away with Christ as my Saviour.' The rum-seller will probably never know how much good he has unwittingly done."

Saved From a Watery Grave.—Mr. Morrison related: "I am a living monument of the grace of God, and gladly testify how the Lord saved me. When very young I went to sea. I well remember how my dear mother took me aside and talked to me of the salvation of my soul before I left her. But when on board ship I soon forgot all my mother's early teaching and went fast down in the paths of sin. When we got to Wellington, New Zealand, there was a cry of 'A man overboard! A man overboard!' We got a small boat lowered, and a few of us went

down into it, but almost immediately we were all thrown out into the water. Most of the men struggled until they got on board ship, but I was eager to save the man who had fallen overboard, for he was my companion. I swam about trying to find him, but soon found myself being carried away by the tide. I tried to swim against it for some time, but I had to give it up, and let myself be carried out to sea. I thought, 'Now I am going somewhere, but I know not where, into some great unknown future.' A feeling of intense anguish came over me, and I cried: 'O God, save me.' Just then I saw a small boat far out in the water. I shouted as well as I could; my cry was heard, and help came to me just when I was feeling I could hold out no longer. A strong man put out his hand and caught me by the hair, and lifted me into the boat. Every one was eager to see me when I came on board, but no one spoke to me about the salvation of my soul. I became very restless, and unlike myself, and so my mates began to say one to another, 'Did you see Jack! I think he has gone wrong in his mind since he was saved from drowning.' At length, by studying God's Word, I found the simple way of salvation. It is now seventeen years ago, and since then I have had the joy of witnessing for Jesus in various parts of the world."

"Drawn from the Mouth of Hell."—Mr. McKinnon related the following personal testimony: "I was strangely drawn from the mouth of hell and placed upon the Rock of Ages. Like many others, I was always going to turn over a new leaf, but it was always blacker than the former. I often said to myself, 'If I am going to continue in this course of sin I do not know what will become of me, my father and brother both fill drunkards' graves, and it is likely that I will fill one too.' I had the fear of death continually hanging over me; every night as I lay down I was afraid of waking in hell. I stood one evening at the corner of a street, stupefied by drink, and heard a band of Christians singing, 'Nothing but the blood of Jesus.' One of the workers came forward and asked me if I would go with them into the meeting. This at first I refused to do, but after some urging I went, and found myself for the first time in a church. A gentleman spoke to me in the after meeting, and I there and then closed with Christ. It is now eight months since then, and from that time to this God has given me grace to testify of His keeping power. When I feel myself being tempted, I cry, 'Lord, help me,' and He has never once failed to come to the rescue."

Last Entries in a Lady's Diary.—Mr. Sandlands said: "I recently heard of a lady living in the country who became very much concerned about her soul, and as time passed on she grew more and more restless about the settlement of this great matter between herself and God. The gaieties of the world seemed to fascinate her. I cannot give up all these enjoyments, for the world is very pleasant, but something must be done to ease this troubled conscience," she thought. Ah, she did not know then how soon she would be called to give an account of the deeds done in the body. It would have been well with her had she listened to the voice of that gentle Saviour ere it was too late, but, like many others, she preferred the world. Troubled and restless, she retired to rest, and not making her appearance at the usual hour on the following morning they tapped at her door, and getting no response they entered, and found her stretched upon her bed—dead. What were the world and its pleasures to her now? Her diary lay open on the dressing-table, and she had entered two things in it on the previous night. The first ran thus: 'I will give up the world and take Christ this night six months.' And then, as if she had repented of what she had done, she wrote underneath it: 'I will accept Christ as my Saviour this night month.' She did not seem to have realized the truth of these words: 'Behold, now is the accepted time; behold, now is the day of salvation.'"

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CURRENT EVENTS.

The Sudden Death of the Vice-President, on November 25th, caused a general gloom throughout the land, and in no place so profound as in Indianapolis, where he was best known. Mr. Hendricks was a genial, amiable man, and made friends wherever he was, even with gentlemen opposed to him in politics. When the news of his death was circulated in his own city people would not believe it, and his house and the street in which he lived was crowded with sympathizing friends anxious to be convinced that the report was false. It was only the day before that Mr. Hendricks attended a reception and appeared in his usual health. The next morning he complained of pains in his stomach, but they yielded to medical treatment. In the afternoon he said that he was free from pain, and Mrs. Hendricks and his nephew, who had watched by him during his attack, left him for a few moments. When Mrs. Hendricks returned to the sick room she found her husband dead. His death was caused by paralysis of the heart. He had frequently expressed a wish that he might not die of a long, lingering illness, and his wish was granted. His friends state that he was a man of sterling Christian character. He was in his sixty-seventh year, having been born at Zanesville, O., on September 7th, 1819. He was elected to Congress in 1851, and in 1862 was elected to the United States Senate by the Indiana Legislature. In 1872 he was elected Governor of the State. He was a strong candidate for the Democratic Presidential nomination in 1875, but accepted the second place on the ticket when Mr. Tilden was nominated. After the election he resumed his law practice, from which he was again called last year by his nomination to his old place on the Presidential ticket. As Vice-President, he has presided in the Senate with dignity, but it has been frequently asserted that his views were not in harmony with those of the President on the subject of the appointments.

President Cleveland has been Strongly Urged both by Democrats and Republicans to absent himself from the Vice-President's funeral. The fact of the advice being given directs public attention again to the subject of the succession to the Presidency as it was directed in 1881. It is felt that Mr. Cleveland ought at this time to avoid any unusual risk to his life, even by a rail-

road journey, and exposing his person in a public procession, where some crank might try to emulate Guiteau. There is the more ground for the apprehension because there is now neither a President *pro tem* of the Senate nor a Speaker of the House to succeed him if he should die. When the Senate meets it will immediately proceed to the election of a President, but during that interval there will naturally be some anxiety about the President's life. The new President of the Senate will be a Republican, and the nation now sees how culpable was the negligence of the last House in failing to act upon the bill providing for the Presidential succession which passed the Senate.

New Proceedings in the Grant & Ward Failure were commenced on November 23d by the indictment of William S. Warner and J. H. Work by the United States Grand Jury. It will be remembered that during the investigation of the affairs of the defunct firm, and again during the trial of Ferdinand Ward, the names of Warner and Work frequently came up as recipients of large sums of money. Apparently these sums were paid as profits on special partnerships or as interest on loans; but the Grand Jury appears to suspect that there was a guilty knowledge on the part of Warner and Work. The result has been their indictment, which is practically one of conspiracy. It charges Ferdinand Ward with misapplying various sums of money—the funds of the Marine National Bank—for the benefit of Warner, Work, and himself. It is expected that Ward will appear as a witness and testify against the other defendants.

The Exciting Poll in Fulton County, Georgia, on November 25th, terminated in a Prohibition victory. By a majority of 228 in a total vote of over 9000 the county declared for Prohibition. The contest was a very severe one, and both sides worked in earnest. The county has twelve precincts, of which two are in Atlanta. The county precincts were known to be in favor of Prohibition, and the real struggle occurred over the two in the city. Of those North Atlanta gave a Prohibition majority of 11 in a vote of 2500. South Atlanta voted for liquor by a majority of 331 in a vote of 3500. The opponents of Prohibition threaten to carry the case into the courts, where, owing to a technicality in the law, it may be possible to reverse the result of the poll.

The Election of a United States Senator in Ohio is giving rise to some anxiety. The Republicans in the Ohio Legislature have a majority over the Democrats of only three on joint ballot. If, therefore, a combination should be effected by the Democrats which would secure only three votes, the candidate of the combination would be elected. Though Mr. Sherman commands the support of a large majority of the Republicans, there are rumors that a few would not be sorry to see him retired from the Senate. The friends of the Senator are therefore apprehensive. One influential journal, in the course of an article advocating his re-election, is very emphatic. It says: "If any two Republicans vote with the Democrats for Senator they will go down to posterity in more infamy than Booth and Guiteau. In fact, we would not insure their safe exit from this city." As Mr. Sherman has shown great concern about political intimidation in the South, the Southerners have now an opportunity of reciprocating his interest.

The Death of the King of Spain Occurred on Wednesday, November 25th. The king has for some time been in failing health, which was not improved by his anxiety about the dispute with Germany over the Caroline Islands and his recent tour through the cholera-infected districts. He became alarmingly ill on November 23d, and his physicians declared that he was suffering from consumption accelerated by dysentery. He does not appear to have rallied, and a series of spasmodic fits precipitated the end. He was but twenty-eight years of age, and has reigned eleven years. The sudden decline in Spanish securities, which took place when his death was announced, indicates the general apprehension

that the immediate future of Spain will be troubled one. The heir to the throne, if a posthumous son is born, is a little girl now on five years old. It is unlikely that the Queen, who is appointed regent, will be able to hold in check the intrigues of the Carlists and Republicans.

The Collapse of the Servian Invasion of Bulgaria was announced last week. There have been so many predictions of King Milan's success that the news occasions some surprise. The reports indicate that the Servian Army was led by incapable officers, and that the King himself committed fatal blunders. Prince Alexander displayed good generalship and personal valor. He led his small, compact body of troops to battle in person, and was always in the hottest of the fight. On November 24th he succeeded in driving the Servian invaders across the frontier, and pursued them. He was, however, stopped in his career of conquest by the threat of Austrian intervention. An armistice has now been arranged. Intimations are made that if the Prince will place himself under Austrian protection Austria will defend him against the machinations of Russia. The unexpected turn matters have taken in the disturbed provinces has not allayed European anxieties.

The Barbarous King of Burmah, again, whom the British have sent an expedition, probably by this time paying the price of his temerity. His subjects regard him with terror and hatred, and are welcoming the British forces. There have been two engagements with the Burmese troops, in which the British won an easy victory in each case. The Burmese fled to the jungle, and were not pursued. General Prendergast, who commands the British expedition, expected to reach Mandalay, the capital of Burmah, on Saturday last.

The British Elections Held Last Week decided the fate of rather less than one half the members of the House of Commons. Under the Act passed by the last Parliament the new House will consist of 670 members. Of these 295 were elected last week. They were 141 Liberals, 135 Conservatives, and 19 Parnellites. This apparently gives the victory to the Liberals; but when the results are analyzed it is evident that they have been practically defeated. The Conservatives have gained 80 seats which were formerly held by Liberals, while the Liberal gain is only 36, which makes a net loss of 44. There are 375 members to be elected this week, and it is chiefly the counties that have to vote. The members already elected are chosen by the towns. The counties hitherto have generally elected Conservatives, but this year the agricultural laborers will vote for the first time and it is possible that in many districts their votes will be sufficient to elect Liberals instead of Conservatives.

Mr. Parnell's Prospects were Decidedly Improved by the elections held last week. Mr. Gladstone and his colleagues expected an overwhelming majority over Conservatives and Parnellites combined. It now appears that if the Liberals have a plurality it will be very small and Mr. Parnell, with seventy or eighty followers, can, by casting a solid vote, decide every question. If that result is achieved the Irish leader may make a bargain for his alliance which will be a measure of Home Rule for Ireland. One remarkable result of the election already held is that, with the exceptions of Mr. Chamberlain and Mr. Labouchere, Radicals, and Mr. Bradlaugh, the infidel, the advanced Liberal have been generally defeated at the polls, and such Liberals as have been elected are the moderate men who acknowledge the leadership of the Marquis of Hartington. Various reasons have been assigned for the Liberal reverses, but it is evident that one of the most potent was the order issued by Mr. Parnell for Irishmen everywhere to vote against Liberal candidates. Another cause that has operated is the belief that the Liberals intended to disestablish the English Church. That has doubtless driven many churchmen into the Conservative camp.

Mrs. Baxter is this Week Attending the Convention on Holiness and Divine Healing, at Chicago. The meetings commenced on December 1st. Thence she goes to Detroit, Michigan to take part in the convention to be held in that city. Much interest is being awakened on the subject by these conventions among both Christians and worldlings. It is impossible to close the eyes to facts, which are patent to hundreds of people, who see friends whom they know to be afflicted, and to have been so in some cases for many years, rising from their beds of sickness and going about their business and praising God. We observed from two reports of the Convention held last week in Pittsburg, Pa., which are published in Pittsburg journals, that there is a disposition to attribute these cures to spiritualism. People who do so forget the conclusive argument our Saviour Himself used to such objectors in His day (Matt. 12: 25-28). Mrs. Baxter, in common with a large number of Christians, attributes spiritualism to Satan. We understand that a manifest blessing attended the meetings Mr. Baxter conducted last week at Mount Pleasant, Ohio.

The Advent Mission Commenced in New York last Sunday. Special services are being held every night in twenty-two Protestant Episcopal churches of the city, and a mid-day service is held every day in Trinity Church, at which Rev. W. M. Hay Aitken preaches. The Revs. Francis Pigou, D.D., E. Walpole Warren, R. Bolton Ransford, and James Stephen have come from England to take part in the mission, and will preach at the various churches. Clergymen also have come from Canada, St. Louis, Mo., Philadelphia, Pa., and other cities to assist. A spirit of prayer and an earnest seeking for God's blessing has been awakened among the churches.

Ben Hogan, the Converted Pugilist, has been conducting meetings in Omaha during the past month. The Omaha *Daily Bee* says that the Buckingham, in which the meetings were held, was filled to overflowing every night. The pastors of the city attended and took part in the meetings. A notable feature of them was the attendance of so many roughs and drinking men. Among these classes Hogan is well-known, and there is much curiosity to see how the change worked in him is affecting him. He tells out with force and candor how he was saved, and his words are listened to with breathless attention. Since Jerry McAuley died no one seems to have the power to reach the lowest depths of society that Ben Hogan has received.

A Special Meeting for Young Men only was held on November 24th, in the rooms of the Young Men's Christian Association, of New York. Mr. Ira D. Sankey sang several solos. The meeting was under the auspices of the White Cross Army. The eminent physician, Dr. D. B. St. John Roosa, whose experience in the city qualifies him to speak authoritatively of the prevalence of vice among both sexes of our citizens, made an earnest appeal for the spread of knowledge on the subject that our young people might be warned of the physical consequences of sexual vice. He said that there should not be any false shame about talking to men about personal purity. There was no danger of educating young men into sin by telling them what they ought to avoid. Frankness and sincerity were effective weapons to use against the peculiar vices that were undermining society. In illustrating the far-reaching effects of vice, Mr. Moray Williams said that it was a matter of record that this State had expended more than \$1,300,000 to support four generations of the descendants of one fallen woman. The Rev. S. H. Virgin, of Harlem, alluded to the *Pall Mall Gazette* revelations in London, and said that if a truthful exposé of the extent of vice and licentiousness in New York should be made by some reputable newspaper, a story would be told that would blanch the cheeks and curdle the blood of Christian men and women. Cards bearing the pledges of the White Cross Army were distributed among the audience, and several of

them were returned to the platform bearing signatures of persons who desired to be enrolled in the ranks of the Army.

An Accident Occurred on the Brooklyn Bridge on November 23d. A train which left the Brooklyn side about nine o'clock in the morning ran into the train ahead of it, which was stationary at the foot of the first ascent, and wrecked the rear platform and broke the windows. As the cars of both trains were full, it was providential that not more than three people were hurt, two of them being cut by the broken glass. The fault was with the forward train. Only two of its three cars were attached to the cable. It had run easily down the incline, but on arriving at the ascent the dead weight of the car which had missed the cable was thrown on the grip of the cars that had caught it, and the strain was too great. It appears that every car must grasp the cable with its own grip, and this can only be done at one part of the journey, where the cable is momentarily lifted within reach of the apparatus under the car. At that point the grip must be closed, or the car cannot be drawn over the bridge. In several particulars this typifies spiritual experience. The downward path for any man is easy: his own momentum will carry him on; but for the upward path he needs help. This he must grasp for himself; his connection with those who have grasped it cannot serve for him. And it is a solemn fact, not sufficiently realized, that there comes to every man one moment in his life when he must accept the offer of the Gospel or miss it forever (1 Chron. 28: 9).

A Night in the Saltpetre Caverns of Kentucky was inadvertently spent by a young explorer last week. A college student started on November 23d, with a party of ladies and gentlemen, to examine the famous saltpetre cave, which has never been thoroughly explored. They entered the cave about three o'clock, and the student led the way. In some manner the distance between himself and his party increased until they lost track of him, and he found himself alone in the gloomy place, with only two inches of candle left. The party tried to find him, but could not. They shouted, but the cavern walls held their voices like a pocket, and after seeking for over two hours, they were compelled to return without him. The news of the affair spread through the town, where the young man was well known. A crowd gathered, and a party of one hundred volunteers offered to search the cavern for him. The search was long and wearisome, but it was continued for four hours, when the missing man was found, sitting all alone in the dark. He was escorted to his home by a torchlight procession, amid the cheers of the citizens. Would that the same diligence were displayed in seeking for souls lost in the dark caverns of sin and unbelief! (Isa. 6: 8.)

A Reformed Four-Footed Inebriate Resides at Auburn, N. Y. A saloon-keeper in that town owns a handsome jet black dog, who has done duty since puppyhood as watchman of his premises on State Street. One hot summer day, when water could not be obtained about the saloon, the dog drank from a pan which stood under the beer faucet to catch the drippings. Unhappily for him he liked it, and from that time substituted beer as his beverage for the water to which he was accustomed. He grew sleepy, morose, and uncertain in his temper. Several plans were tried to wean the dog from his bad habits, which spoiled him for his business of watching at night, but without success. In one way or other the dog managed to get beer, and his case was considered hopeless. A new dog was bought and employed at night in the saloon with the inebriate. What passed in the latter's canine mind cannot be known, but he showed that he was jealous of the new-comer, and drove him away. A day or two passed, and to the surprise of all who knew him, the dog was seen drinking water, and a pan of beer being purposely left in his way, he avoided it. He redoubled his vigilance in his duties, and for six

months has adhered strictly to total abstinence. The reformation has caused much amusement among the frequenters of the saloon. The dog's example may be commended to any who, through liquor or any other sinful indulgence, are unfitting themselves for the performance of duty (1 Thess. 5: 7, 8).

A Suicide's Last Letter, Published Last Week, displays a very perverted understanding, as well as bad morals. The man was a German immigrant, who came to New York two years ago with \$800 to commence business. He was unsuccessful, and fell into poverty. A fellow-countryman befriended him, took him to a boarding-house, and arranged to support him until he could find employment. But a situation could not be obtained, and the man grew despondent. Finally, on Thanksgiving Day, he was found dead in his room, with an empty morphine bottle by his side. On the table was a letter addressed to his benefactor, in which he said: "I am taking morphine, which it may be is bitter, but it cures all evil." It was a rash assertion. When he wrote it he had not tested its power. It removed him from the particular evil he was enduring, but it introduced him to evils for which there is no remedy. The only panacea which cures all evil is the one God reveals in the person of His Son (Isa. 53: 4, 5).

A Sermon Led to a Romantic Reunion in South Carolina two weeks ago. Special services were being held at Rock Hill by Bishop Moore, of the African Methodist Episcopal Church. The venerable bishop, who was born in Virginia more than seventy years ago, and in his boyhood was known as Benjamin Clawson, described as an illustration of some point in his sermon how his escape from slavery was effected. On November 21st, a few days after the bishop related the incident, an aged negress called upon him and said that her brother Benjamin was saved in just the way he had described. A comparison of notes convinced them that they were brother and sister. It is sixty-two years since they were separated. They must have often met since the war, but neither of them suspected the relationship until the preaching of this sermon. The circumstances of this case were peculiar, but a similar discovery of wider import is often made in listening to a sermon. A hearer to whom it is blessed is received into the family of God, and through Christ finds he has many brethren (Matt. 23: 8).

A Marriage at a Jail Window was Solemnized in Virginia on November 14th. The moon shone softly just before midnight on the lonely jail of Chatham Hill, Va. A carriage was driven under a certain window in the gloomy pile of buildings. A prisoner was looking out through the bars, and recognized the carriage and its inmates. They were three—a young lady, her brother, and a clergyman. The identity of the prisoner was tested, and then the young lady was assisted to her brother's shoulders, on which she stood, steadying herself by a firm grasp on the bars of the prison window. The lady and the prisoner joined hands, and the minister, standing up in the carriage, asked the usual questions, and pronounced the pair man and wife. The bride's party then drove off, leaving the bridegroom in his solitary cell. The motive for this singular proceeding was to relieve the lady from the pain of having to testify against the prisoner on his trial. A man was lying in hospital at the point of death from injuries inflicted by the prisoner, while avenging an insult offered to the lady, to whom he was engaged. If the injured man dies, as was expected, she will be the only witness whose testimony could convict the murderer, and now, as his wife, she will not be required to give it. All she could do for him was to help him to evade justice. She could not purge him from guilt. The Christian's position is very different. He not only escapes punishment, but is justified, because the penalty he has incurred has been borne by his Saviour (Rom. 8: 33, 34).

THE WAGE AND THE GIFT.

A New Sermon by Pastor C. H. Spurgeon.

"For the wages of sin is death; but the gift of God is eternal life through Jesus Christ our Lord."
—ROMANS 6: 23.

A Christian Proverb—I. The Wages of Sin—Death its Natural Result—The Awful Moral Death—Sins that Murder—Often Insidious—Paid in Instalments—As Ultimate Wage—Is Earned—Folly to Go on Working for it—Restored by Miracle—II. The Gift—Eternal Life—Imparted by Grace—A Wonderful Gift—Not Mere Existence—Unending—To be Received—Abiding in it—The Dry Bones.

IN the fifth chapter of this Epistle Paul had shown at considerable length our justification from sin through the righteousness of Jesus Christ our Saviour. Our apostle goes on to speak of our sanctification in Christ; that as by the righteousness of Christ we have been delivered from the guilt and penalty of sin, so by the power and life of Christ in us we are delivered from the dominion of sin, so as not to live any longer therein. His object is to show that true servants of God cannot live in sin; that, by reason of our newness of life in Christ, it is not possible that we should continue to yield our members instruments unto iniquity. While he is driving at this argument our apostle incidentally lets fall the text, which may be regarded as

A CHRISTIAN PROVERB,

a golden sentence, a divine statement of truth worthy to be written across the sky. Here you have both the essence of the Gospel and a statement of that misery from which the Gospel delivers all who believe. "The wages of sin is death; but the gift of God is eternal life through Jesus Christ our Lord."

I. First, death is

THE WAGES

of sin. The apostle has in his mind's eye the figure of a soldier receiving his pay. Sin, the captain, pays his hired soldiers a dreadful wage. The original word signifies "rations," or some translate it "stipend." It means the payment which soldiers receive. Now that which sin, the grim captain, pays to those who are under him, is comprehended in this terrible term "death." It is a word as full as it is short. A legion of terrors are found around this "king of terrors." Death is the rations which sin pays to those who enlist beneath its banner.

To set forth this terrible fact I shall make a few observations. First, death is the natural result of all sin. When man acts according to God's order he lives; but when he breaks his Maker's laws he wrecks himself, and does that which causes death. The Lord warned Adam thus: "In the day that thou eatest thereof thou shalt surely die." Dying does not mean ceasing to exist, for Adam did not cease to exist, nor do those who die. The term "death" conveys to me no such idea as that of ceasing to exist.

A LINGERING DEATH.

The further a man goes in lust and iniquity the more dead he becomes to purity and holiness; he loses the power to appreciate the beauties of virtue, or to be disgusted with the abominations of vice. Our nature at the very outset has lost that delicacy of perception which comes of healthy life; and as men proceed in unchastity, or injustice, or unbelief, or sin of any kind, they enter deeper and deeper into that awful moral death which is the sure wage of sin. You can sin yourself into an utter deadness of conscience, and that is the first wage of your service of sin.

As there is through sin a death to God, so is there a death to all spiritual things. "The natural man receiveth not the things of the Spirit of God, for they are foolishness unto him: neither can he know them, because they are spiritually discerned." The man doth not perceive and discern spiritual things, for he is dead to them. Talk to him of the sorrows of the spiritual life—he has never felt them, and he despises them as mean cant. Speak to him of the joys of the spiritual life, and you will soon

discover that you are casting your pearls before wine: he has never sought such joys; he does not believe in them, and he thinks you a fanatic for talking such nonsense. He is as dead to spiritual realities as a mole is blind to astronomy, or a stone is dead to music.

Inasmuch as in holy and spiritual things dwells the highest happiness of our manhood, this man becomes an unhappy being; at first by deprivation of the joy which spiritual life brings with it, and afterward by suffering the inevitable misery of spiritual death. God has justly appointed that if a man will not be conformed to God he shall not taste of happiness; and if a man will follow after that which is evil, that evil shall of necessity bring with it sorrow and unrest (Rom. 2: 9). Since sin as naturally brings spiritual death upon men as fire brings burning, death is spoken of as the wages of sin.

MURDEROUS SINS.

I would observe, next, that the killing power of some sins is manifest to all observers; for it operates upon the body and the mind as well as upon the spirit. This spiritual death of which I speak may not strike some of you with fear; you may think it a small matter, though to me I do confess that hell, however painted, is never so terrible a thing as the death which fills it. Some sins are murderous to a degree which is clear to all. For instance, if a man takes to drunkenness, or if he indulges in lasciviousness, it is manifest even to the unspiritual that the wages of sin is death. See how by many diseases and deliriums the drunkard destroys himself; he has only to drink hard enough, and his grave will be digged. The horrors which attend upon the filthy lusts of the flesh I will not dare to mention; but many a body rotting above ground shall be my silent witness.

All know, or ought to know, the mischief which is occasioned to men and women by the violation of that law which commands us to be pure. I spoke the other day to an aged brother who feels the result of natural decay, but is in all other respects sound and healthy, and I congratulated him upon retaining so much vigor at such an age. "Yes," he replied, "I owe it to the grace of God that I never abused myself in my younger days, and hence I have a store of strength in my old age." How many, on the contrary, feel the sins of their youth in their bone and in their flesh.

INSIDIOUS POISON.

Now, this tendency is in every case the same—"the wages of sin is death" everywhere to every one. It is so not only where you can see it operating upon the body, but where you cannot see it. I may perhaps startle you when I say that the wages of sin is death even in the man who has eternal life. Sin has the same deadly character to one as to the other, only an antidote is found. You, my Christian brother, cannot fall into sin without its being poison to you, as well as to anybody else; in fact, to you it is more evidently poison than to those hardened to it. If you sin it destroys your joy, your power in prayer, your confidence toward God. If a man takes poison, if it does not absolutely kill him, it injures him, and thus proves its killing tendency. In certain places the air is pestilential, and though a very healthy man may pass through them and seem none the worse, yet this does not disprove the general deadly tendency of the malarious district, nor does it even prove that the healthy person is not secretly but really injured by having been there. Evils caused by sin may be too deep to be at once visible, just as the most serious of diseases have their periods of incubation, during which the person affected has no idea of the ill which is hatching within him. Sin is in itself an unmitigated evil, a root which beareth wormwood. Sin is death.

Now, observe that this death, this wage of sin, is in part received by men now as soldiers receive their rations, day by day. It is a terrible thing that they do so receive it. I would that men here who are not converted would recollect where they now are—they are "dead in trespasses and sins." Oh, men, you are not

merely sick, but you are "dead in your sins"! You are already dead to the highest spiritual enjoyments, and can never know them except by passing from death unto life.

But, then, a Roman soldier did not enlist merely for his rations; his chief pay often lay in the share of the booty which he received at the end of the war. He expected to share in his captain's triumph and to be a partaker in the spoil. Death is the ultimate wage of sin. The death which is here intended is the

ETERNAL LOSS

and wreckage of the soul, the destruction of all about it that is worth having, the drifting of the guilty being forever upon the full tide of those evil tendencies which caused his sin, and were further increased by sin. When all comes to all, this is where sin will drive you; it will perpetuate itself, and so forever kill the soul to God, and goodness, and joy, and hope. You will enter upon a world in which the highest enjoyments which even God Himself can provide for men will be revealed, but they will be hidden from your eyes because you will be utterly incapable of knowing, appreciating, and enjoying them. Till your last moments you chose sin, and through eternity you will still choose it; for this death is the reward of your sin.

As our Saviour taught, that future death includes within itself the fire which never shall be quenched, the worm that never dieth, the outer darkness, the weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth, and the departure into everlasting fire which begins with a curse from the lip of love. Alienation from God is death, and can never be otherwise. The Holy Ghost, speaking of the ungodly, saith, "In flaming fire taking vengeance on them that know not God, and that obey not the Gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ: who shall be punished with everlasting destruction from the presence of the Lord, and from the glory of His power." This will be the ultimatum of sin. As surely as rivers run into the sea, so surely must sin run into death; there is no help for it.

IT IS EARNED.

I shall not longer dwell upon it, the subject is so distressing to me, save that I must add a few solemn words. The misery of the misery of sin is that it is earned. Every pang that shall fall upon the ungodly either in this life or in the life to come will have this for its sting—that I was duly earned. The sinner may well say, "I worked for this; I laid myself out to earn this; I now feel the misery of what I willfully did." Death is the result of being out of gear with God. But the sinner puts himself into that condition. The worm which gnaws at the heart of the lost soul is its own willful hate of God and love of evil. Oh, lovers of sin, you are under the power of this death—this worse than death! You are dead to God, and dead to holiness, and dead to love, and dead to true happiness; and you have brought this death upon yourself, every part and particle of it. You have chosen that which has made you a wreck and a ruin, and that in the teeth of many warnings and admonitions. It must be so that "the wages of sin is death," and the terror of that death is that it comes as a wage.

AN APPEAL TO EXPERIENCE.

Note, next—and I speak with the truest compassion—that it will be the folly of follies to go on working for such a wage. Hitherto they that have worked for sin have found no profit in it. What fruit have you had, any of you, in the things whereof you have cause to be ashamed? Has sin ever brought you any real benefit? Come, now, and let us reason together—up till now has doing wrong ever worked for your health or your happiness? Are you the better for hate, or greed, or lust, or drink? Has sin ever developed your inner self into anything worth calling life? You know it has not. It has rather destroyed you than improved you, and you know it. Why, then, will you go further in sin? Have you not learned enough already of the deadly nature of evil? Why will you press further into this barren region, which will

become more and more a howling wilderness to you as you advance into it? Why will you go where it will be more and more difficult to return?

One thought more ere I leave this point, and that is, it must certainly be a miracle of miracles if any sinner here does not remain forever beneath the power of sin. Sin has this mischief about it, that it strikes a man with spiritual paralysis; and how can such a palsied one ward off a further blow? It makes the man dead; and to what purpose do we appeal to him that is dead? I have tried to describe what a dreadful thing it is to be dead to God, and purity, and happiness; but the dead man does not know or care for these things. Our preaching may well be called foolishness, since it is addressed to ears that cannot, or, rather, will not, hear. Only one power is capable of affording you the help you need; and that power worketh through the Lord Jesus, who is at this moment mighty to save.

II. And now I am glad to pass into liberty and joy while I speak on the second subject, Eternal life is

THE GIFT

of God. Note well the change: death is a *wage*, but life is a *gift*. Sin brings its natural consequences with it; but eternal life is not the purchase of human merit, but the free gift of the love of God. The abounding goodness of the Most High alone grants life to those who are dead by sin. It is with clear intent to teach us the doctrine of the grace of God that the apostle altered the word here from wages to gift. Naturally he would have said, "The wages of sin is death, but the wages of righteousness is eternal life." But he wished to show us that life comes upon quite a different principle from that upon which death comes. In salvation all is of free gift; in damnation everything is of justice and desert. When a man is lost he has earned it; when a man is saved it is given him.

Let us notice, first, that eternal life is imparted by grace through faith. When it first enters the soul it comes as God's free gift. The dead cannot earn life; the very supposition is absurd. Eternal life enjoyed on earth comes to us as a gift. "What!" saith one, "do you mean to say that eternal life comes into the soul here?" I say yes, here, or else never. Eternal life must be our possession now; for if we die without it it will never be our possession in the world to come, which is not the state of probation, but of fixed and settled reward.

NEW LIFE.

If any man here could have been literally dead, and then could have been made to live, what a wonderful experience his would have been! We should go a long way to hear the story of a man who had been dead and then was made alive again. But I tell you his experience, if he could tell it, would not be any more wonderful than our experience as quickened from death in sin; for we have suffered the pains that come through the entrance of life into the soul, and we know the joys which afterward come of it. We have seen the light that life brings to the spiritual eye; we have felt the emotions that life brings to the quickened heart; we have known the joys which life, and only life, can bring to the entire man. We can tell you something about these things; but if you want to know them to the full you must feel them for yourselves. "Ye must be born again." We bear our witness that eternal life within our spirit is not of our earning, but the gift of God.

Beloved, observe gratefully what a wonderful gift this is—"the gift of God"—the gift which Jesus bestows upon every believer; for "to as many as received Him, to them gave He power to become the sons of God, even to as many as believed on His name; which were born, not of blood, nor of the will of the flesh, nor of the will of man, but of God." How express is our Lord's statement: "He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life; and he that believeth not the Son shall not see life; but the wrath of

God abideth on him!" This does not mean mere existence, as some vainly talk. There never was a greater blunder than to confound life with existence, or death with non-existence; these are two totally different and distinct ideas. The life of man means the existence of man as he ought to exist—in union with God, and consequently in holiness, purity, health, and happiness. Man, as God intended him to be, is man enjoying life; man, as sin makes him, is man abiding in death.

DEATHLESS LIFE.

Moreover, we have life eternal, too, never ending. Whatever else may end, this never can. It can neither be killed by temptation, nor destroyed by trial, nor quenched by death, nor worn out by the ages. The gift of the eternal God is eternal life. Those who talk about a man having everlasting life and losing it do not know the force of language. If a man has eternal life it is eternal, and cannot therefore end or be lost. If it be everlasting, it is "everlasting;" to lose it would prove that it was not everlasting. No, if you have eternal life you can never perish; if God has bestowed it upon you it will not be recalled, "for the gifts and calling of God are without repentance." This eternal life is evidently a free gift; for how could any man obtain it in any other way? It is too precious to be bought, too divine to be made by man. If it had to be earned how could you have earned it? It has come to us as a free gift; it could not come in any other way.

Thus I have set forth this doctrine, and I desire to apply it by adding a little more of practical importance. First, let us come at this time, one and all, and receive this divine life as a gift in Christ Jesus. If any of you have been working for it by going about to establish your own righteousness, I beseech you to end the foolish labor by submitting yourselves to the righteousness of God. If you have been trying to feel so much, or to pray so much, or to mourn so much, forbear from thus offering a price, and come and receive life as a free gift from your God. Pull down the idol of your pride, and humbly sue for pardoning grace on the plea of mercy. Believe and live.

CONSECRATED LIFE.

Beloved, have we accepted that free gift of eternal life? Let us abide in it. Let us never be tempted to try the law of merit; let us never attempt to live by our earnings. No doubt eternal life is a reward in one sense, but it is always a reward of grace, not a reward of debt. Finally, are we now abiding in eternal life, trusting in the Son of God, and clinging to his skirts? then let us live to His glory. Do we know that because He lives we shall live also? If so, let us show by our gratitude how greatly we prize this gift. We dwell in a world where death is everywhere manifesting itself in various forms of corruption; therefore let us see from what the Lord has delivered us. Let no man boast in his heart that he is not subject to the vile influences which hold the world in its corruption. Let no pride because of our new life ever cross our spirit. Chase every such thought as that away with detestation. If our life be of grace there is no room for boasting, but much space for soul-humbling.

As for others, let us anxiously ask the question—"Can these dry bones live?" Then let us be obedient to the heavenly vision when the divine Word saith to us, "Son of man, prophesy upon these bones." We must cherish the faith which will enable us to do this. Moreover, a sight of the universal death of unrepented nature should drive us to prayer, so that we cry, "Come from the four winds, O breath, and breathe upon these slain, that they may live." This prayer being offered, we should live in hopeful expectancy that the Lord will open the graves of His people and cause them to come forth and live by His Spirit. Oh, for grace to prophesy believingly upon these bones, and say, "O ye dry bones, hear the word of the Lord. Thus saith the Lord God unto these bones, Behold I will cause breath to enter into you, and

ye shall live." Beloved, we shall yet see them stand up an exceeding great army, quickened of the Lord our God. "I am the resurrection and the life," saith Jesus; and so He is even at this hour. O God, save this congregation, to the praise of the glory of Thy grace, wherein Thou hast made us to live, and to be accepted in Thy Well-beloved Son. Amen and Amen.

[The prayers of the readers of this Journal are requested for the blessing of God upon its Editors, and those whose sermons, articles, or labors for Christ are printed in it; and that its circulation may be used by the Holy Spirit for the conversion of many sinners and the quickening of God's people. Dr. Talmage and Mr. Surgeon especially request prayer every Sunday morning on behalf of their labors.]

NEW BOOKS.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE:

a Volume of Sermons by Rev. John De Witt, D.D., Professor of History in Lane Theological Seminary. Thoughtful Christians who are weary of the sermons which are now popular—sermons in which grace of language, poetic expression, and what may be called rhetorical fireworks are employed to conceal the lack of thought—will find in Dr. De Witt's book a mine of treasure. Avoiding, on the one hand, the mistake of writing a moral essay, and using a text out of the Bible as a mere peg to hang it on for pulpit exhibition, and, on the other hand, the puerility of the preacher who finds in his text teaching which its author never intended it to convey, he points out the significance of the text, and shows what inferences the acceptance of its teaching involves. The sermon on "The Completion of Man in Christ" is a specimen of this useful style of preaching. It opens with a description of the condition of the early Christians, whose minds were full of Oriental speculations. To them the doubt would be natural whether Christ was the ultimate revelation of God to man, or merely the latest and loftiest of a series of beings in whom the Spirit of God existed, but who would be superseded by a still higher and clearer manifestation when men were able to bear it. These speculations the Apostle Paul set aside by the authoritative statement, "Ye are complete in Him." Taking this statement as a basis which can neither be proved nor disproved, but is to be accepted by faith like a prophecy, the preacher considers what is a completed man, what is his future state, the perpetuity of his personality, and the harmonizing of his powers, which at present are in conflict with each other. The final and practical inference is that the man who desires to become a completed man, to reach the highest attainable development, finds in Christ the way to that end.

The sermons on Christian Casuistry and Sanctification of the Secular Life present kindred thoughts in special application. The volume contains twenty-seven sermons in all, each of which is full of practical thought, shedding light on the Christian life in its various aspects. The tone of the work is elevated, and in reading it the Christian sees what he ought to be, and how it is possible to reach every day a higher stage in growth—one nearer to the ideal life of which this world has seen but one example in all the centuries of its existence. Christian people who have accepted Christ as a Saviour from eternal punishment as they take out an insurance policy against fire, and are content with safety without having holiness of life, will be dissatisfied with Dr. De Witt's teaching. So will Christians who know so little of themselves, and have so low a standard as to believe that they are already perfect. But those who, like the Apostle Paul, are continually striving to attain, will find in it much to help and encourage them. Pp. 420; price, \$2.50. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons.

RUDDER GRANGE,

by Frank R. Stockton. It is said that Artemus Ward once had the Right Hon. John Bright for an auditor, and that the statesman listened to



Ferdinand Schiverea, the New York Evangelist. (See page 774.)



The Fisherman's Welcome.

the American humorist from the beginning to the end of his lecture without a laugh, or even a smile. The statement may be a libel, but if it is true Mr. Bright ought to read "Rudder Grange," and if he gets through that without laughing his case might be considered hopeless. For pure, wholesome fun and genuine humor it has few equals. It relates the adventures of a young man and his wife in search of a summer home. It is the first place selected that gives the name to the book. It was nothing less than a disused canal boat drawn well up on the beach and divided into convenient rooms by a village carpenter. The lady puts down matting, papers the walls, and makes the place so home-like that many a worse abiding-place for the summer can be imagined. As the gentleman must be able to tell his city friends the name of his country residence, it was called Rudder Grange, the boat having an unusually large rudder, which was afterward used as an ironing-board. But Rudder Grange came to grief by a most amusing accident, and another residence had to be found. The original plans devised and the amusing results are described in Frank Stockton's inimitable style, and illustrated with clever pictures. Pp. 322; price, \$2. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons.

A PREACHING TOUR IN AMERICA.

By the Rev. M. Baxter.

THE weather up to the present time—nearly the close of November—is unusually mild in Toronto, the thermometer averaging thirty-five degrees. Other years the ground is generally covered with snow at this season.

I had good audiences in the Albert Hall, in Yonge Street, Toronto, which holds several hundred people, and gave six lectures there. A Free-thinker named Watts had the hall filled for a number of Sundays a few months ago, which shows that there are some hundreds of sceptically inclined people in Toronto, although it is sometimes called a city of churches.

The Rev. Dr. Wild, who is the Talmage of Toronto, had his church crowded, as usual, with more than two thousand people, on Sunday night, November 22d, and gave, as pre-

viously advertised, a discourse examining the prophetic views set forth by me and embodied in my book, "Forty Coming Wonders," which had been presented to him.

He agreed, in the main, with the broad outlines of those views and with the general interpretation of the Prophetic Image in Daniel 2, but differed as regards the destiny of Great Britain, which he predicts to escape most of the calamities that will befall other nations, and to ride through the coming storm prosperously. He includes the British among the descendants of the lost Ten Tribes of Israel who are to inherit Palestine, and to stand unshaken while other nations are tottering to their fall. This sermon, entitled "Britain and 1893," will be published in January's *Prophetic News*. Two or three years will probably show whether he is correct in his idea that Britain is not to be included in the confederacy of the ten nations prefigured by the ten horns and ten toes.

It is a pity that Toronto itself does not enjoy more of the security and safety which Dr. Wild predicts for the Anglo-Israelites. The *Toronto Mail* says there have been twelve highway robberies within a fortnight within its streets after dark, and that the police keep cases secret. This week's *Mail* gives two more cases, and it seems evident that in Toronto robbers are out every night to waylay any beyond the reach of assistance. In another part of Canada a few days ago there was the highway robbery of a stage-coach.

The Rev. C. H. Mead, a Methodist minister from the Southern States, has been delivering a dozen discourses in Toronto, chiefly Gospel temperance addresses. They are carefully prepared, every word tells, and full of humorous and pathetic passages, something like Gough's lectures.

The Rev. Mr. Savage, an independent and venerable Methodist minister, has been holding revival meetings in the Agnes Street Methodist Church with a band of six evangelists, called *Savage's Band*, who are a superior style of "Army" evangelists, sustaining a relation to the Methodist Church something like the Church Army does to the Church of England. He has about a dozen bands, each consisting of several

evangelists, and they are constantly holding missions of fourteen days each in various Methodist churches.

THE FISHERMAN'S RETURN.

(See illustration on this page.)

NIGHT in a fishing village. A dark, stormy night. Neither moon nor star shed its light on the sea. The wind howled like a fierce monster, threatening destruction to all in its path. Only a few yards outward from the shore could the eye penetrate, but that was enough to tell any who looked at it what it must be out at sea. The foam was tossed high, and the wind carried it, with the spray, in the faces of the watchers. Gigantic waves rose and fell with a crash, and now and again some huge piece of broken wood was seen rising and falling, tossed about like a straw, and was flung contemptuously on the beach. God pity any caught afloat on such a night.

And there were many afloat whose homes were in that village. Women with pale faces were watching and praying and waiting for them with sinking hearts. Every roar of the tempest pierced their ears like a knife, for the elements seemed ruthless, and in their grasp were lives more precious to the watchers than the world. A few, unable to bear the in-door warmth and comfort while the loved ones were out in the storm, wrapped themselves in cloaks and went out into the darkness.

One woman there was who at another time would have been first among that group, lay stretched on a bed of sickness. Two children lay sleeping peacefully in a cot near to her, while a third only a few hours old nestled by her side. As she heard that awful roaring her heart beat wildly, as if in response to it. But the fisherman's wife had been a fisherman's daughter, and more than once in such a storm as this she had watched all night by the side of a godly mother. She had learned by deep sympathy the passages of God's Word applicable to her case, and as she lay there alone with her sleeping children she said: "The floods have lifted up their voice; the floods lift up their waves. The Lord on high is mightier than the noise of many waters, yea, than the mighty waves of the sea."

That thought quieted her, and she dwelt upon it. It was a glad consciousness that the words were true which filled her heart. "I will hear, I will hear," said the woman aloud, reminding herself that He who is mightier than the waves had promised to hear those who "cry unto the Lord in their trouble, and to bring them out of their distresses" (Ps. 97 : 28). She needed no one to urge her to use the privilege, and all that night she cried unto God and communed with Him.

The morning broke at last, a glad, bright, peaceful morning. The fierce strife of the night was over, and the face of nature shone as calmly as if it had never been disturbed by a ruffle. The two children were up now and were at the window watching for "father." The mother lay still. She could not sleep yet, but she was calm, for she was trusting in the Lord. A joyous cry broke from the lips of the children simultaneously and they darted away. There was no need to ask the cause. "Father" was coming. In a few minutes the stalwart fisherman entered with his merry children. "Then are they glad," said the wife, as she received her husband's kiss, and "so He bringeth them to their desired haven" (Ps. 97 : 30).

THE LORD'S PRAYER AT THE DOOR OF A MOSQUE.

(See Illustration on this page.)

MORE than twelve hundred years ago a man of striking appearance stood up in the great Temple of Mecca and looked around at the prostrate worshippers. He was a man of education, one who had thought and studied much, and was above everything a seeker after truth. There were three hundred and sixty-five idols in that temple, and in the wall of the temple there was and still is the famous black stone said to have been once white, but blackened by the kisses of generations—the stone that was believed to be one of the stones of Paradise. On all these the man turned his back, and in that great congregation cried out: "Lord, if I knew in what way Thou didst will to be adored and served I would obey Thy will; but I know it not." About three years before that day he, with three companions, after a long and earnest study, came to the conclusion that the idols the nation worshipped were powerless for good or evil, were insensate blocks of matter, and all who worshipped them were fools and sinners. But what was truth? The four students resolved to give their lives to the search. Around them, beside the vast majority of Pagans, were Jews, and men who held a debased and corrupted Christianity. Three of the students became Christians. The fourth it was who uttered that pathetic cry in the temple. Of his subsequent history nothing is known, but the fact shows that at that time there was a longing in the minds of thinking men for a revelation of the true God.

Another scene a few years later in the same city. A man of forty years of age, well known as a man of high principle and unimpeachable integrity, whose uncle was the high-priest of that temple of three hundred and sixty-five idols,



The Lord's Prayer at the Door of a Mosque.

lay upon the ground, while around him were a group of zealots stoning him. They thought he was dead and left him. After a little time he moved, rose painfully, and crawled away and hid himself in a cave. The crime for which he had been punished was that he had proclaimed that there was but one God, the God of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, who had granted the world successive revelations of Himself through Adam, Noah, Moses, Jesus of Nazareth, and, lastly and more perfectly, through himself, the speaker, Mahommed, and that no further revelation would be granted until the end of the world, when Jesus would again appear in glory to take vengeance on unbelievers.

The progress of the new religion was, at first, slow. In five years only fifty converts were made, and the preacher was still in continual peril of his life. But in the year 622 Mahommed fled from Mecca to Medina, and there two powerful tribes adopted his creed and made themselves its apostles, propagating it with fire and sword. Now its adherents number one hundred and seventy-five million people, and five times a day at the cry of the Muezzin they prostrate themselves in prayer, declaring that there is no God but their God, and Mahommed is His prophet.

The deep, firm faith of these people is marvelous. One incident related by a Christian missionary who labored in Bombay shows their calm confidence. He relates that on a certain Saturday people were seen crowding into the city. There was to be a great prayer-meeting of Mahommedans in the parade-ground outside the fort. Rain was needed. Almost every hope of saving the crops was gone. The price of rice was steadily rising, and the poor were face to face with starvation. The Hindoos had met, and, having spent large sums on the Brahmins, held a grand service, hoping for a shower, but the rain came not. The Parsees also had held prayer-meetings, large and small, when there really did seem a chance of rain, but

none came. The heavens were as brass when the Mahommedans gathered, but of all the fifteen thousand prostrate worshippers there were apparently none who did not feel assured that rain would come. They remained fasting and praying for three days, and on the third day the rain fell in torrents.

The incident depicted in the illustration is related by Mr. Hay in his "Western Barbary," and shows that much of the prejudice against Christianity now existing among Mahommedans is the result of ignorance. He says that while travelling with a companion who could speak Arabic, they found themselves among a crowd of Mahommedans who were coming out of a mosque, and who cursed them as "infidel dogs." Mr. Hay's friend, addressing a venerable man, apparently a priest, said, "Who taught you that we are disbelievers? Hear my daily prayer, and judge for yourselves." He then repeated the Lord's Prayer. All stood amazed and silent, till the priest exclaimed, "May God curse me if ever I curse against those who hold such belief! Nay, more, that prayer shall be my prayer till my hour be come. I pray thee, O Nazarene, repeat the prayer, that it may be remembered and written among us in letters of gold."

THE SILVER LINING.

A SILVER STORY.

(Continued from page 779.)

Friendless in a Great City.

IN the Tombs of New York, Frank Arnold sat, dazed, bewildered, speechless. In all the great city there was not a single creature he could call his friend. No one to whom he could send for help, no one from whom he could ask advice. Of the evidence against him he knew nothing, and he was conscious that whatever it might be he was but ill-prepared to rebut it. He was utterly unable to account for his movements on the night on which the crime had been committed. That he had taken much liquor early in the evening he knew, and he remembered where he had taken it. Later scenes flitted before his memory in a bewildering procession, blending one into the other in inextricable confusion. There was nothing clear until the moment of his waking up in his own rooms late in the morning, and his interview with the broker.

If at that time his early religious training had come into his mind, he would have called upon God for deliverance. It was strange that he did not do so. Both his father and his mother had told him of God's mercy and longsuffering. In his youth he was accustomed to pray, but long years had passed since he bent his knees in prayer. He was utterly miserable and could not think coherently, and no thought of the unfailing Refuge for the miserable entered his mind. In spite of the terrible charge hanging over him, in spite of impending danger and the necessity for prompt exertion, he could do nothing, think of no plan, make no decision. Giving himself up to his languid mood, he flung himself down and actually went to sleep.

Several hours later he awoke, and struggled to a dread consciousness of his miserable plight. Burying his face in his hands, he tried again to

think out his proper course. It was useless, he knew, to hope for justice unless he had the funds to retain a lawyer for his defence. Innocent he most assuredly was. Though he was oblivious of the events of the night, a conflict like that in which Greville had been struck down could not have taken place without leaving some mark on his memory. Besides, even in a drunken frenzy, he would not have attacked the man. He was a scoundrel, Frank thought, but he bore him less ill-will than might have been expected. Indeed, in furnishing him with an excuse for deserting Clare and returning to his old haunts, Greville had unwittingly done him a service. No; he was sure that under no circumstances would he have done him personal violence.

His own conviction of his innocence, as Frank well knew, would, however, count for nothing in court, and it was easy to see from the newspaper, and from the policeman's words, that the case was considered strong against him. Circumstantial evidence has convicted many an innocent man, and as Frank Arnold went over the points of the case as he sat in his gloomy cell, he saw that he was in grave danger. There was the motive for the crime. That was admitted. An alibi he could not prove. He was absent from home when the crime was committed. He was away all night. He returned early in the morning with disordered dress, and doubtless some one had seen him, and noticed his bloodshot eyes and disreputable appearance, and would testify in court. Then he went on board a ship going to sail, and had gone before the time that was necessary, and retired to the seclusion of his room when other passengers were on deck. A clever lawyer such as Greville's friends might retain could make out of this it would be hard to meet. Frank saw in imagination the trial, heard the verdict of "Guilty," and then in that very courtyard that he could see from the window of his cell he must die an ignominious death. He groaned at the spectacle his imagination painted. He must appeal to his father; none else could save him. He signalled for a warden, and explaining his situation, begged that his money might be used in sending a cable message to England. In less than an hour that message, with its terrible weight of woe, was being flashed under the Atlantic to the peaceful English home.

In the hospital, to which Mr. Greville had been carried in the ambulance summoned by the policeman who found him, the injured man lay unconscious. To an ordinary spectator he looked as one dead. The surgeons, however, knew that life was not quite extinct. A fearful injury on the head was the chief source of danger, but there were other wounds that might prove serious. His appearance indicated that he had fought with his assailant, for his clothing was torn, and his left arm was severely bruised, as if it had warded off a blow. The blow on the head had probably been inflicted at the close of the encounter, and it had been delivered with such force as to fracture the skull, a piece of which was still pressing upon the brain. A skillful operator would attempt to raise this, but the operation would be performed later, and was likely to be fatal. Letters found in his pocket gave the clue to his identification, and a message sent to his club resulted in a visit from the lawyer whom he had consulted on that fatal night. The lawyer promptly arrived at the conclusion that Frank Arnold was the guilty man, and with his assistance the police ran the young physician to earth.

Greville, however, was unable to make any statement. He had not spoken a word since he was carried into the hospital, and even if he lived, which was doubtful—"He had about one chance in a thousand," said the young surgeon whom the lawyer consulted—it would be many days before it would be safe to speak to him about the midnight struggle in which he had fallen.

In the hotel where Clare had found a home, a consultation was taking place. There the news-

paper accounts of the murderous assault were read and discussed. The proprietor was not a hard man, but he was keenly alive to possibilities affecting his interests. His knowledge of Mr. Greville was slight, but sufficient to satisfy him that there would be no danger of loss on account of any guest he had introduced. That Mrs. Arnold was a lady his experienced eye told him. That she was extremely poor he could also see. He relied upon Mr. Greville to reimburse him if she failed to pay, and was sure that he was safe. This murder, or attempted murder, however, changed the aspect of his security, and rendered his guest a less desirable occupant of his rooms. He consulted with his clerk, and it was decided to get rid of the lady with as much promptitude as was compatible with civility.

The decision could not be otherwise than embarrassing to Mrs. Arnold. She was unable to understand that the plausible excuse, politely conveyed to her, was an excuse only, and she simply regretted that she must leave, without imagining the real reason that caused her disturbance. She paid her small account, and sat still, sadly gazing at the small sum that remained to her. She wished that she could find out the French picture-dealer who had been so kind to her, but she had never asked his address. That, however, she could get from Mr. Greville, and she must do so at once. She wished she could consult him also as to a place of residence, but the sudden demand for her rooms rendered that impossible. She must write to him, of course. In some way, she could not even yet understand why, her visit to his rooms had caused him trouble, and she would never go there again. But there would be no harm in writing. But first of all she must find a refuge, and, dressing herself quickly for her walk, she sallied forth, homeless in the great city.

During the next few hours Clare gained her first experience of the hardness and coldness of the world. She thought, as a matter of course, that she had only to make her choice of the hotels, and was concerned only that she might find one that was quiet and respectable. Her first application, however, surprised her. She had no luggage. Her few personal effects were so few that they were easily carried in her hand, and their character was obvious to the experienced eyes of any hotel clerk. A lady of remarkable beauty, shabbily clad, and carrying her own parcel, was not a desirable guest in a hotel such as that to which Clare applied. The clerk surveyed her from head to foot, and then told her almost rudely that the hotel was full. There was something in the look with which he regarded her that led even so unsuspicious a lady as Clare to comprehend that the man was deceiving her, and she went out with a sense of difficulty and unhappiness in her heart. At other hotels she was treated in a similar manner, and her desolation became painful. How she wished that she could see Mr. Greville and obtain his assistance! No hint of the crime with which the city was ringing had reached her ears, and she looked anxiously before her, hoping that she might see the only friend from whom she might expect kindness in her extremity.

As Clare emerged from an hotel, where she had experienced rudeness more revolting to her, because it was accompanied by undisguised admiration for her beauty, the tears rose to her eyes. She turned into a quiet street, away from the crowded thoroughfare, and wept silently as she went. She was tired and faint, but she knew that she must not give way. Some refuge must be found, and that at once. She was ready to accept almost any place now, if she could only rest. Her tears had been a relief to her overburdened heart, and she quickly retraced her steps to the avenue.

Her eye was attracted by a restaurant, in front of which a sign informed the public that tables were "reserved for ladies." Time and money could ill be spared then, but Clare was fearful lest she should faint in the street. She entered, and took the seat the colored waiter

offered her. The man was civil and respectful, and Clare appreciated it after her experience, as she had never appreciated such a manner before. A cup of tea and a light repast revived her, and as the waiter handed her a check she took courage to ask his help in her quest. "No, miss," the man said, "there's no hotels as I know of, but I'll ask the boss."

The boss, who was sitting at the receipt of custom, alternately studying the evening paper and admiring the light emitted by the diamond on his finger, turned around as his waiter explained the lady's difficulty, and cast a sharp glance at the lady in question. He was not a man whose appearance would encourage a lady to seek his advice. A wolfish light shone in his small, deeply-set eyes; his bloated, pimpled visage told of orgies in which he had been an active participant, while the pound-weight of watch-chain and jewelry he carried, intimated that he knew of some good things in politics that are commonly described as "the inside track."

The man rose from his seat and went to Clare's table with an ogreish grin, which on his face, did duty for a smile. A hotel did the lady want? Had she tried the Rossmore, the St. Cloud? Clare did not know. She had been to several that, were full, but she was a stranger in the city, and had not noticed their names.

"A stranger! English, I think," said the man.

Clare admitted the fact.

"I presume you will find all the hotels full just now. How would you like to go to a private boarding-house?"

Clare had no objection. The man's manner was annoying; his words were respectful, but his smile and his bearing were insultingly familiar. But some place must be found for this night, and to-morrow she could write to Mr. Greville and get his advice. Yes, if the man could tell her a boarding-house that was quiet and respectable she would be glad.

He would do so with pleasure. A friend of his own would accommodate her he was sure, if she had room; a most worthy lady. One of his men should take her there. The recommendation was not encouraging, but inexperienced as Clare was, and bewildered and perplexed as she was, she reluctantly agreed. The colored waiter received his direction, and Clare followed him with weary footsteps.

It was growing dusk, but Clare noticed that the street to which the man conducted her was apparently made up of respectable high-stoop houses. There were few pedestrians on the sidewalks, but here and there a colored man leaned against a railing talking to a lady whose dress indicated that she must be the mistress of the establishment. Clare's guide stopped at one of the houses midway between the avenues and rang the bell. It was answered by a stout lady in a morning wrapper, whose not over-clean fingers sparkled with more rings than Clare had ever seen on a human hand before.

The negro explained his business, and was particular to mention that he came at Mr. Esler's order. Clare quailed before the keen look with which the woman turned to her. "Do you want board?" she asked, briefly.

"I am a stranger," Clare timidly answered. "I have been staying at a hotel, but the rooms were needed, and I have not had time to consult my friends about my future movements. I should be glad if you could accommodate me for a day or two."

"Yes, I guess I can do that. Mr. Esler will come around to-night or to-morrow, I guess, and then we can arrange about the board."

"If Mr. Esler is the restaurant-keeper, he can have nothing to do with my arrangements," Clare said, decisively. "He is a perfect stranger to me. I went to his restaurant for a cup of tea this evening, and he was kind enough to tell me of your house, and to send his man to show me the way; but I do not know him."

"Oh! that will be all right," said the woman. "I know him very well, and I guess he will come

around. You will like to go to your room at once, won't you? There's company in the parlor," she added, in explanation of a burst of laughter that came ringing from behind the closed door. "You can go, you know," she said to the colored man, who stood still, evidently expecting some tip from Clare, whose inexperience kept her ignorant of his expectation. She gladly followed her hostess upstairs, while her guide slowly took his departure.

"The deah Lord forgive me for my share in that biz," the man said, as he descended the stoop. "Poor thing, I believe she's as innocent as a baby. Eh! but you are a bad un, you are," apostrophizing the lady of the morning wrapper and the rings. "And he's wuss, I do believe. The Lord'll give you your part in the place whar is weepin' and gnashin' o' teeth." And the good fellow went his way, sadly oppressed with the wickedness of the world which he witnessed daily and hourly.

(To be continued.)

THE SUFFERING SAVIOUR.

S. S. Lesson for Dec. 13, Isa. 53. Divine Text, ver. 6. By Mrs. M. Baxter.

A God-Incurring World—The Divine Altruism—What Christ Purchased—The Right of Deliverance—The Cost of the Revelation—A Finished Work—Waiting Acceptance—The Endless Unity—Achieved by Infinite Humiliation—Assured Results—The Glorious Message.

"Who hath believed our report? And to whom is the arm of the Lord revealed?" "The arm of the Lord"—surely this is significant of His mighty, almighty power—yet here the picture is of weakness, suffering, shame, contempt; yet that very suffering, weakness, shame, contempt, even death itself bringing to a lost world death out of life, strength out of weakness, glory out of shame and contempt, triumph out of suffering! Yet who hath believed? The world in general is acting just as though the Son of God had never come down into this world and died for our sins; just as though God had nothing to say in the affairs of our nations, churches, families, or our own souls. To the unregenerate eye of man Jesus is "a root out of a dry ground. He hath no form nor comeliness; and when we see Him, there is no beauty that we should desire Him. He was despised, and rejected of men; a Man of sorrows and acquainted with sickness, and as one from whom men hide their face. He was despised, and we esteemed Him not" (Rev. Ver.). There is

NOTHING IN JESUS WHICH RESPONDS

to the self-principle which governs most human hearts; nothing to make men pleased with themselves; nothing which could make them boast of Him from a human point of view. "All seek their own" (Phil. 2: 21), but Jesus did not; men insist upon having their own way, Jesus came down from heaven not to do His own will, but the will of the Father which had sent Him; men stand upon their rights and assert themselves; Jesus, on the contrary, emptied Himself, and was meek and lowly of heart. The current of His life ran exactly counter to that of man, and condemned it. But man accepts no such condemnation: strong in his self-conceit, he prizes himself, and condemns, despises, rejects his Saviour!

Yet the fact is that, despite all that man is, all that man thinks, the Son of God has suffered for him, and in so doing has revealed the arm of omnipotence as in no other way. "Surely He hath borne our sicknesses (Rev. Ver.) and carried our sorrows. . . . He was wounded for our transgressions. He was bruised for our iniquities: the chastisement of our peace was upon Him. . . . the Lord hath laid on Him the iniquity of us all." The suffering Saviour bent His neck to the stroke and bore all—sickness, sorrow, sin. Our sickness, our sorrow, our sin. And why? That we should be saved from sickness, saved from sorrow, saved from sin. "With His stripes we are healed"—in spirit, in soul, in body—from all the consequences of the fall, which He bore in His own person on the

cross. What has the arm of the Lord accomplished?

THE RIGHT OF DELIVERANCE

from all which He bore, the glorious right of salvation for every man, because every man is redeemed by the blood of the Son of God; the glorious right to rise above and be conqueror of every sorrow, because He has borne them all; the glorious right to healing from every sickness, because Himself has borne it. And thus to the believing soul "the arm of the Lord," in His redemption work, keeps Satan at bay. We could never satisfy our consciences that we deserved pardon, but God gives it us "not by works of righteousness that we have done" (Tit. 3: 5), but because He for us "became obedient unto death, even the death of the cross" (Phil. 2: 8); we could never bring ourselves to believe that we were worthy to be healed by the direct intervention of God, but His bearing of our sicknesses makes it a greater presumption on our part to doubt Him and our simple blood-bought privilege to accept as the fruit of His sufferings healing of the body as well as full salvation for the soul.

But in order thus

TO REVEAL HIS ARM

in redemption, oh, how infinitely did our blessed Lord suffer! "He was oppressed, yet He humbled Himself, and opened not His mouth; as a lamb led to the slaughter, and as a sheep that before her shearers is dumb; yea, He opened not His mouth." He took the place of the guilty who had no answer to give, that He might ever after be the true and faithful Witness at God's right hand that the question of sin, of sorrow, of sickness, was forever settled on the cross. Now His blood "speaketh better things than that of Abel" (Heb. 12: 24). Jesus is witness that the work of our redemption is a finished work, not a work to be finished by something which takes place in us, but finished already on the cross. The work of our salvation is done; it has not to be done, and Jesus our heaven, the risen Jesus, is His own Witness that it is so. Our part is to receive an accomplished salvation, an accomplished healing, already wrought out. The question has become a question between Satan and Jesus, not between Satan and us; sin and all its consequences are now to be referred to Him; He alone can pardon who has purchased the right to do it. He alone can deliver from the power of sin, "for in that He Himself hath suffered being tempted, He is able to succour them that are tempted" (Heb. 2: 18); He alone is given of God as Jehovah our Healer, for He alone has taken our infirmities and borne our sicknesses.

And oh, how touching are the words, "Although He had done no violence, neither was any deceit in His mouth, yet it pleased the Lord to bruise Him. He hath made Him sick" (Rev. Ver.). Before it could please the Lord so to deal with His Son, what incomprehensible love must He have conceived to unworthy man, for whom all this was! But God created man, to be one with Him throughout an endless eternity "That they all may be one; as Thou, Father, art in Me and I in Thee, that they also may be one in us." Man redeemed, sanctified, purified unto Himself, is destined to be the bride of the Lamb. For His bride Jesus was willing thus to suffer; for His bride the Father was pleased to bruise Him, soul and body; for His bride the Father was pleased to make Him sick. Thus suffering, "He poured out His soul unto death," first in Gethsemane, and then upon the cross. "He was numbered with the transgressors" "who knew no sin" (II Cor. 5: 21); He "bare the sins of many" who Himself "had done no violence, neither was any deceit in His mouth." All which was most repellent to the Holy Son of God was laid on Him, for no other way could He be "made sin for us," no other way could He take our infirmities and bear our sicknesses, no other way could He justly deliver us. And now,

WHAT SHALL BE THE RESULT

of His sufferings? "When Thou shalt make

His soul an offering for sin, He shall see His seed, He shall prolong His days, and the pleasure of the Lord shall prosper in His hand." Thank God, although so few believe the report, to so few is the arm of the Lord revealed; yet the pleasure of the Lord shall prosper; Jesus shall have the victory: a people for His name shall be gathered out of the nations. Although the suffering Lord was cut off out of the land of the living; although none can declare His generation; yet He shall see His seed, He shall prolong His days. Death never conquered Jesus: He arose from the dead, and prolongs His days throughout an endless eternity. With no earthly generation, yet Jesus has a resurrection seed, a race of descendants who live out of death in the power of His resurrection. He is the first-fruits, the first-born among many brethren, and every believer in Him who takes the place of death, crucified with Christ, who denies himself and acknowledges, "Nevertheless I live, yet not I, but Christ liveth in me"—every such believer is one of the seed of Christ which have come out of His death: Christ must prevail.

"He shall see of the travail of His soul, and shall be satisfied." All the righteous vengeance of God against sin has been satisfied, the holiness of God has been vindicated, there remains no more to be done. Not one particle of propitiation is left owing, not one particle of sickness which Jesus has borne; all is complete, it is finished. But who hath believed it? Who sees the revelation of Almightiness in this redemption work of Jesus? We which have believed do enter into rest. Every soul which believes fully in the work of Jesus for soul and body is at rest about soul and body. Knowing that Jesus has undertaken, and that Jesus has accomplished a full, perfect salvation for his entire being, he revels in the blessed knowledge that God has taken all in hand, that God is true to His Word, and that He cannot fail.

Such are the glorious tidings which we have to tell to a lost world; such is the message which we have for the drunkard and the harlot, the self-righteous professor, or the worldling; such are the glad tidings which we have to carry to the sick bed and to the house of sorrow; such is the word which God gives us for the heathen—Christ a perfect, present, sufficient, and living Saviour; Christ enough, and enough just now, for every need. And this Jesus! Do we need to be told it is

OUR DUTY TO LOVE HIM?

Can we live an hour of our lives without being reminded of Him? Is there a breath of temptation crossing our souls? He has been tempted just there, and is able to succour us just on that point, and our hearts thrill with the tenderness of such love. Does a pain shoot across our brow or make a limb start? Jesus bore that very pain for us, that He might fulfil the Word of God in healing it (Matt. 8: 16, 17). Have we some consciousness of sin revealed by the Holy Ghost where we had least suspected it? Jesus has met that sin upon the cross, has broken its power, overcome, and we may enter into His victory. How can we but love Him!

Yet who believes, who takes for granted that God is glorified in thus fully meeting the needs of His children? Dear reader, do you believe it? If so, tell others what a Saviour you have found; be ready, whenever God opens your way, to speak good of the Lord, and tell all He does for His trusting children. So shall you make the once suffering Saviour to be a rejoicing Saviour over you. "My son, if thine heart be wise, My heart shall rejoice, even Mine" (Prov. 23: 15).

Volume VII of the Christian Herald, containing the Numbers for 1884, with complete index, bound in cloth, may be had from this office; price 3s., including postage. A few volumes of 1883 and 1884 are also for sale. We have none prior to 1883. Try Reader: God's Dealings with Soul and Body. Edited by Mrs. M. Baxter, a magazine devoted to holiness and healing, published in London on the first and fifteenth of every month. Copies are sent to subscribers in America direct from Bethshan as soon as printed. Annual subscription, including postage, twenty-five cents. Subscriptions for 1885 should be sent to Mrs. M. Baxter, 10, Drayton Park, Highbury, London, England, or to the office of The Christian Herald, 65 Bible House, New York, whence they will be forwarded to London.

"FOR MY SAKE."

Three little words, but full of tenderest meaning;
Three little words the heart can scarcely hold;
Three little words, but on their import dwelling
What wealth of love do they unfold!

"For my sake" cheer the suffering, help the needy:
On earth this was my work, I give it thee;
If thou wouldst follow thy Master's footsteps,
Take thou my cross, and learn of me.

"For my sake" let the harsh word be unuttered
That trembles on the swift impetuous tongue;
"For my sake" check the quick rebellions feeling
Which rises when thy brother does thee wrong.

"For my sake" press thou with patience onward,
Although the race be hard, the battle long;
Within my Father's house are many mansions,
There thou shalt rest, and join the victor's song.

And if in coming days the world revile thee,
If "for my sake" thou suffer pain and loss,
Bear on, faint heart, thy Master went before thee,
They only wear His crown who share His cross.

—Selected.

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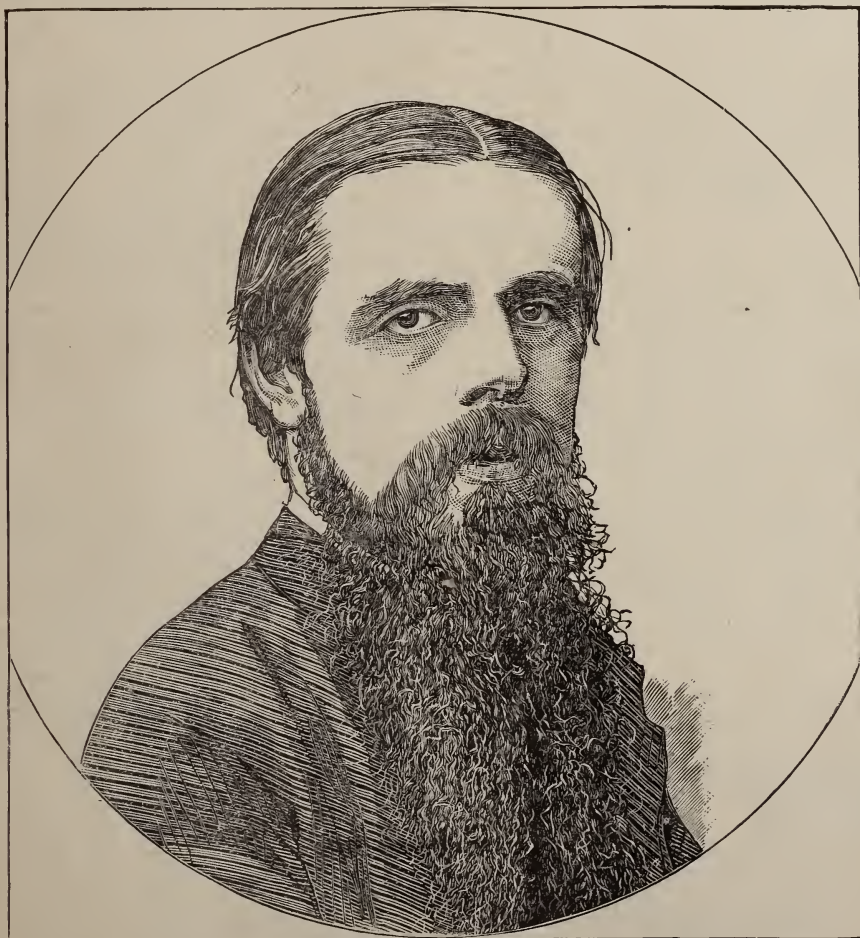
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THE REV. W. HAY M. H. AITKEN,
The Eloquent Mission Preacher.

The Advent Mission in New York—An Indictment of Twenty Counts—The Mission Preachers from England—Mr. Aitken's Department—His Early Life—Self-Education—Early Conversion—The Youthful Evangelist—At College—Dangers of the University—Curacy at Mildmay Park—Twelve Days' Mission in London—Removal to Liverpool—Remarkable Blessing at Leeds in 1875—Association with Mr. Moody—Resignation of his Living and Devotion to Evangelistic Work—Character of his Teaching.

The revival services now being held in the Protestant Episcopal churches of New York, in which the distinguished clergyman whose portrait appears on the first page is taking so conspicuous a part, are in some degree a novelty in that communion in America. There have been, it is true, in former years isolated efforts of this kind, but we believe this is the first time that an organized movement on so extended a scale has ever been arranged. The Protestant Episcopal Church here has been distinguished chiefly by the reverential and orderly character of its services and by the simple grandeur of its ritual. Its work, taken as a whole, has not been so aggressive as that of other churches, though large numbers of its clergy have labored earnestly in the cause of evangelical Christianity. It is probable, too, that in its communion there is a larger proportion, than in any other Protestant Church, of members who are resting satisfied with an observance of forms without seeking a living, personal union with the Saviour. A consciousness of this fact, and a deep concern for the large masses of people lying outside all church influence, has long weighed on the hearts of the earnest clergymen of the city, and of this consciousness the present Advent Mission is the outcome.

THE CALL.

issued by the committee of arrangements is a deeply significant document. It indicates close and accurate observation, and a perception of the evils and dangers of our nineteenth-century life, which is the first step toward intelligent action. Assistant Bishop Potter, Dr. Satterlee, Rev. W. R. Rainsford, and other clergymen who have labored for this end are practical men, anxious above all things that men should know Christ as the Saviour from sin and the hope of the world. They have proved this by the succinct list of considerations which they have drawn up, and which, if justification for the special effort they are making were needed, furnishes that justification. As members of other churches also may profitably make these considerations their concern, and be stimulated to labor for the removal of the evils specified, we give the formidable list in full. Of the twenty counts there is not one that is not in operation, nor one that the Christian Church can safely ignore. This is the list, and it is a sad one:

1. A large class of well-to-do and refined people who have ceased to be or never have been church-goers.
2. Formal communicants.
3. The irreligion of the young men of our well-to-do families.
4. The evils in the life of men and women in fashionable society.
5. The feeble recognition on the part of masters and mistresses of the need of church attendance by their servants, resulting largely from a want of care for the spiritual welfare of servants.
6. The evils of class churches.
7. The evils which come from the instability of church connection.
8. The lack of opportunity for private prayer, consequent upon the condition of our tenement and boarding-houses, and the fact that few churches are constantly open.
9. The want of definite, positive instruction in religious duties, and in what practical Christian living consists.
10. The lack of personal spiritual ministry to the rich.
11. The drain upon the minds, souls, and bodies of two classes: (1) Of those who give themselves up to

the demands of society life; (2) of those laden down with too much work—unfitting both classes for a healthful Christian life. Among the causes of this drain we specify: (a) Late hours; (b) stores open late Saturday nights; (c) no Saturday half-holidays.

12. The religious deprivation suffered by the large and rapidly increasing portion of the population called to labor at night, in connection with the homeless and the vicious classes abroad under cover of darkness.

13. The wrongs inflicted by employers upon their employes.

14. The lust of wealth, issuing in the manifold evils of unscrupulous competition; overwork, underpay, scamped work and mutual enmity and discontent between employer and employe.

15. The immorality and irreligion caused by the unrighteous denial to a large and increasing class of one day's rest in seven.

16. The prevalence of the sins of intemperance and impurity.

17. The special religious difficulties caused by the constant flow of immigrants.

18. The hindrance to the growth of the Christian life caused by our luxuriousness and selfishness.

19. The ostentatious display by church-goers of all classes.

20. The want of public spirit in its bearing upon both Church and State.

Reflecting on these evils, recognizing the responsibility of individual Christians and Christian churches for their existence, and earnestly desiring their removal, the clergymen are engaging in this effort to arouse the members of their churches to personal consecration and to vigorous effort of an aggressive kind. While engaging strenuously in the work themselves, they have accepted assistance from the English churches, and several clergymen like-minded with themselves, who have done good service across the Atlantic, have come over to render aid. Prominent among these is the eloquent preacher who is now lecturing every day at noon in Old Trinity Church, at the head of Wall Street, to crowded congregations. We are this week enabled to give his portrait and a sketch of his useful life.

William Hay M'Dowall Hunter Aitken was born in 1841. His father, the Rev. Robert Aitken, was an earnest evangelical clergyman, who died in 1873, more than seventy years old. Mr. Aitken, Sr., at the time of his son's birth was the incumbent of St. John's Church, Liverpool, England, but he afterward removed to Cornwall, where for twenty-four years he labored in a district about which, perhaps, the best thing that can be said is, that it never failed to furnish a field for hard and continuous effort.

The duties and responsibilities of a Christian parent were to Mr. Aitken, Sr., no unmeaning form of words. He wanted his boy to become a man of God—a man who should be useful to the world—and that desire he ranked far above worldly distinctions or worldly prosperity. It is the custom in England to send boys intended for the clerical profession to a great public school such as Eton, Harrow, or Rugby preparatory to entering one of the universities. But this Christian minister dreaded the influence of a public school on his son. He was anxious that he should be kept "pure and unspotted from the world," and therefore he decided that, though he might get a better classical and mathematical education at school, yet it would better conduce to his spiritual health and training that he should spend his early years in the old parsonage at his father's side.

On one occasion a friend managed to obtain a presentation for him to Merchant Taylors' School, a thing that most parents would have greatly prized. He put the paper into the fire, and only told his son of it some weeks afterward. But even in the matter of scholarship and secular learning, the boy's being thus thrown somewhat early on his own resources, and being left to acquire knowledge for himself and for its own sake, may not have been wholly disadvantageous to him, for at least it had the compensating value of inspiring habits of industry and self-help, and may have tended to develop and foster a certain independence and originality of thought.

He seems to have been very early impressed by the power of divine truth, and to have begun to evangelize even as a boy. Before he reached his sixteenth year he was engaged in Sunday school teaching and in conducting cottage meetings.

HIS FIRST MISSION.

When he was seventeen he went on a visit to his uncle, the well-known Scotch evangelist, the late Mr. Hay M'Dowall Grant, of Arndilly. He was to deliver addresses in the neighboring town of Elgin, and so great was the interest awakened there that his uncle determined that he should accompany and assist him in a tour which he proposed making in the extreme north of Scotland, as a substitute for Mr. Brownlow North who was unable to fulfil an engagement in that locality.

It was during this tour that Mr. Aitken first discovered that God had permitted him in some degree to inherit the evangelizing gifts of his father. In the town of Thurso, a thousand flocked to the meetings, and on one occasion not less than four thousand persons were addressed by this youthful preacher and his uncle. Unquestionably this early success exercised an important influence upon his subsequent career in more ways than one. It indicated to him the work for which he was most suited, and at the same time stimulated him to prepare himself for it. The memory of this wonderful manifestation of divine power served him in good stead in many a dark hour of intellectual doubt and conflict in his subsequent career.

After reading for a few months with a private tutor, he matriculated at Wadham College, Oxford, at the close of the year 1859. Though he found himself somewhat backward in the elements of a classical education, he surprised his tutors by announcing his intention of reading for classical honors; and owing to his natural aptitude for mental philosophy, and especially for logic, he succeeded in obtaining a second class on the list of classical honors. During the whole of his university course Mr. Aitken continued his evangelizing work, conducting a mission service regularly twice a week in a room in the suburbs of Oxford.

No thoughtful man can pass through Oxford in our day without having the foundations of his faith severely tested, and Mr. Aitken has often referred in his sermons to the severe intellectual conflict through which he passed at this time. One text, he has often said, was

HIS SHEET ANCHOR

in these days of trial—"Lord, to whom shall we go? Thou hast the words of eternal life." This was what he felt his soul demanded, and he could find it nowhere else. He has often since expressed his belief that he was especially prepared by this severe discipline to be the better able to sympathize with and help those who are passing through a similar ordeal.

After taking his college degree in 1865, Mr. Aitken found himself perplexed by the offer of no less than sixteen different curacies, while two or three Oxford professors urgently pressed him to come into residence, and seek to get a fellowship, which he had good prospects of obtaining. The event which finally decided his choice was the visit of the widely-beloved Rev. W. Pennefather, Vicar of St. Jude's, Mildmay Park, London, to Pendeen, to persuade him to become his curate—a step which was recommended also by his father. During his subsequent curacy with Mr. Pennefather

AT MILD MAY PARK.

he was in sole charge of the large iron hall in which Mr. Pennefather held his Conferences before the erection of his present Conference Hall. In this Mr. Aitken formed a regular congregation and carried on a continuous mission work.

In the year 1867 he married a young lady (Miss Barnes) who had long been a close and devoted friend of his incumbent, and who had proved in every way a helpmeet worthy of him. Mr. Aitken has often been heard to say that in his parish he considered his wife's work more successful and satisfactory than his own, and

certainly her self-denial in surrendering so much of her husband's society for the sake of the Lord's work argues a devotion to that work not inferior to that of her husband. Deep and true was the affection that existed between the Rev. W. Pennefather and his curate, and to his lot it fell, when that saintly man was called to his rest, to commit his remains to their last resting-place.

In the year 1869 the celebrated

TWELVE DAYS' MISSION

took place in London. It proposed to embrace men of all parties, but, as a decidedly High Church tone was given to it by its originators, Mr. Pennefather was censured by some persons for permitting his curate to take part in it. The sequel has, however, more than justified the fondest hopes that Mr. Aitken and other evangelical preachers who took part in the movement entertained, and indeed this mission may almost be looked back upon as the date of a new era in the history of the English Church.

In reference to his curacy with the Rev. W. Pennefather at Mildmay Park, Mr. Aitken has said: "As I look back to the five years during which I was connected with him in the ministry, I regard it as no small privilege that for eighteen months I lived under his roof and saw him, as a personal friend alone could see him, as a man who walked with God."

In 1871, Mr. Aitken was appointed by Messrs. Horsfall Bros. to the charge of Christ Church, Everton, near Liverpool, where he remained for four and a half years. During this period, while endeavoring to be faithful to the home duties of his position, he so mapped out his time as to give a considerable portion of every year to mission work.

MISSION AT LEEDS.

Perhaps the most remarkable blessing that has ever rested on his labors was at the populous manufacturing town of Leeds, in the year 1875. Beginning with small things, his services went on swelling, until at last the great *Victoria Town Hall* could not contain the thousands that flocked to the services. In the middle of the day the hall would be filled with some three thousand people, and at night anxious souls might be numbered by hundreds. About the same time Mr. Aitken energetically co-operated

WITH MR. MOODY AT LIVERPOOL.

to whom he continued to act as a sort of lieutenant during his stay in England. Mr. Moody's influence and suggestion, combined with the precarious state of his wife's health, decided Mr. Aitken to leave Liverpool and give himself up entirely to evangelizing work. Indeed, he clearly felt that the double strain of parochial and mission work was wearing him out before his time. He resigned his Liverpool parish in the autumn of 1875, and settled at Holmside, near Derby, where his home still is. During the subsequent two years he conducted meetings, which were very largely attended, in churches in the towns of Huddersfield, Sheffield, Hull, Manchester (cathedral), Blackburn, Nottingham, Hertford, Doncaster, Halifax, Birmingham, Newcastle, Southsea, besides several visits to London.

While Mr. Aitken is very definite in his evangelical views of elementary truth, he has an intense *repugnance to party spirit*, and has never taken a prominent part in controversy. At the same time, with a sincere desire to be liberal and charitable, Mr. Aitken combines a hearty opposition to all priestly pretension, and, above all, *of the tyranny of the confessional*. His preaching is characterized by simple statements of Gospel truth, delivered with intense earnestness, genuine pathos, forcible illustration, and a yearning desire to commend the truth to every man's conscience in the sight of God.

INCIDENTS IN GOSPEL WORK.

By Messrs. Mater and Parker.

"HOW A BAD TEMPER WAS CURED."

DURING the special meetings we conducted at Ansonia, Conn., on the Sunday afternoon the minister asked a worker to speak to a young lady who was anxious about her soul. The worker took her into the inquiry room and

asked her what was the difficulty. "I'm trying to be saved," she said, "but I have such a bad temper, and when anything goes wrong at home I lose my temper and get angry." "But you can't conquer your temper any more than you can fly. That's the wrong way about it. But Jesus can, if you come to Him." Then looking at her earnestly, he asked, "Have you been converted yet? You know in Matthew it says, 'Verily, I say unto you, except ye be converted ye shall in no wise enter the kingdom of God.'" "No," was the reply, "I haven't been converted yet. I want to be, but father and mother are not Christians, and so there's no one at home to help me," and at that she burst out weeping. After some explanation of the Gospel she at length exclaimed, "Well, I will trust in Jesus!" And at once a happy expression came over her face, and she left the room in a better temper than ever she had been in her life. I saw that young convert several times at the meetings afterward, and she always wore that sweet-tempered expression. The Lord had cured her bad temper.

AN UNEXPECTED SUMMONS.

On the last Friday evening of Mr. Moody's visit to Kingston, N. Y., a young man about twenty-four years of age arrived at Kingston Hotel, took supper, and went to hear Mr. Moody at the Rink. The sermon was a powerful one to men on "Whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap." He returned at night in good health apparently, and was assigned to room No. 40. He retired, and was not seen again till Sunday morning between eight and nine o'clock in the morning, when he was found dead in his bed. It was thought he was going away early Saturday morning, to return Saturday night, and so when the room was found locked on Saturday it was thought he had taken the key with him. Sunday morning, when the boy made his rounds, it was thought strange, and an investigation was made. By looking through the window over the door it was seen that he was lying in bed, and as they couldn't awaken him they broke open the door. Then it was he was found dead. We don't know whether he was prepared or not, but if he was not he will always look back with deep regret to that night in this world when he might have been saved.

A DRUNKARD DELIVERED.

At the meetings in the Rink, Kingston, N. Y., a drunkard rose for prayer. It seems that he had signed the pledge at the Y. M. C. A., and had kept it for two years. He had made that his religion, and was trusting in it as a good hope of salvation, but at the meetings he was awakened to see that "pledge signing" alone wouldn't save him. He came round to the First Reformed Dutch Church when the meetings were removed there, and came forward again as an inquirer one afternoon, and sobbing like a child he knelt down and gave himself to the Saviour. At once he felt what he had never felt before, even during his reformed days—the peace of God which passeth all understanding. Not many days after he stood up boldly in the testimony meeting to tell what the Lord had done for his soul.

A COMMERCIAL TRAVELLER AND HIS FAMILY CONVERTED.

A commercial traveller came to our meetings and was under deep concern for his soul. I never saw a man under deeper anxiety. He cried and groaned and sighed as if his heart would break. I found it difficult to get him to look away from himself and his feelings to Christ. As soon as he was saved he became anxious about his wife, and wrote me a letter asking me to call and see her. I just had time in the morning of the day we left to run round. His wife came into the sitting-room looking very anxious. We all three knelt down and prayed, and before long she found Christ. Then I found there was the servant in the house also seeking Christ, and I asked her to come in, too, and she was also prayed for; and before I left all three were rejoicing in a new-found Saviour. Christ had come unexpectedly to that

household, and had changed it into a Bethany where Jesus delighted to dwell. That is what we want nowadays, to have whole households like that of the Philippian jailer converted to Christ. May God grant it!

AMERICAN SPIRITUALISTS IN INDIA.

WHILE American and English Christians are concerned about the benighted condition of the Asiatic peoples, and to a limited extent are trying to publish to them the glad tidings of the Gospel, missionaries of another kind, as our readers are aware, have gone forth to them from our shores. It is not for us to utter any malediction on Colonel Olcott, Mme. Blavatsky, and their colleagues; we would rather pray that God would show them the error of their ways. But what they are doing in India is certainly similar to the work of some false teachers in bygone days, of whom the inspired apostle wrote (Gal. 1:8): "Though we or an angel from heaven preach any other Gospel unto you than that which we have preached unto you, let him be accursed." The following extract from a report of one of Colonel Olcott's meetings furnished to the *Indian Witness* shows the character of the rubbish that teacher is proclaiming:

"The President of the Jabalpur Branch in a short speech informed the audience that *Colonel Olcott had saved him from becoming a Christian*, and had met his every spiritual want. If I am rightly informed, the gentleman has been successively an orthodox Hindu, a Brahmo, and an Atheist. The President further declared to the audience that Colonel Olcott was a second Christ and the saviour of India, and that blasphemous assertion was allowed to go unrebuked by Colonel Olcott.

"It is impossible to give in detail all that Colonel Olcott said, and I very much question if the majority of his hearers understood what he was driving at in his attempt to explain Hindu philosophy, except that he meant to exalt Hinduism in the name of its philosophy. Some very flattering things were said to the audience about the old Rishis and Munis, which very naturally called for applause. A short epitome of Hindu philosophy was attempted, which showed most clearly, what the lecturer did not deny, that his views on that subject had been chiefly gleaned from English and German writers. A very superficial knowledge of the subject was sufficient to observe this; for had he been more conversant with vernacular writers he would never have made so many assertions of facts which have no existence but in the brain of a spiritualist.

"The lecturer attempted to show that idolatry was not so absurd after all. The idols, he told us, were dedicated by men of pure caste and pure lives—that Hindu philosophy recognizes in man something equivalent to *mind* which is common to all, and intelligence, or understanding, which belongs only to the spiritually minded and to those who can perceive the benefit of these things. Furthermore, the Pun-dit, when he dedicates an idol, puts into it life and power, and by the force of his *buddhi* can see a light in the idol which is fully manifest to his spiritual understanding! American spiritualism was here brought into requisition to show that this could be done by men.

"The summing up of his address was perhaps the most ingenious part of it all. Modern science, we were told, had made great strides of late in the material world, and was waiting for some handmaid to develop and interpret its resources and reveal to it the spiritual side. This Hindu philosophy supplies, it was stated, for it contains the potentialities of all knowledge on every subject. It was sad, however, to find that most, yea, nearly all the Pun-dits of modern days had lost this secret teaching; but fortunately a movement had taken place in America which was reviving this spiritual capacity and would bring to mind the teaching of Hindu philosophy on this subject. These two forces were one, and it was their province conjointly to show to modern science how to interpret its own results."

A FAVORED NATION.

Dr. Talmage's Sermon Preached on Thanksgiving Day, November 26, 1885.*

[THE Brooklyn Tabernacle always appears to its best advantage on Thanksgiving morning. Under the broad roof of the church were gathered on Nov. 26th the products of all parts of the country. There was the large corn from the harvest-fields of the far West, palm-trees from South Carolina, silver and copper and gold ore from Colorado, tastefully displayed in baskets around the edges of the platform, corn from New Jersey, sugar from Louisiana, rice from the Southern States, grapes from the Pacific coast, and bananas from Florida. The pastor's reading-desk was one large sheaf of golden grain, and as Dr. Talmage rose behind this to give out the hymn the scene was very picturesque.]

"Thou hast increased the nation, O Lord, thou hast increased the nation."—ISA. 26 : 12.

The Overshadowing Cloud—Reliable Facts—Life from Two Standpoints—A Time to be Happy—Blessings Everywhere—in the City—Good Work Done—More still to Do—in the Nation—Inexhaustible Wealth—The Opening Door—How Wealth may be a Curse—The Improvement in Society—Reminiscences of Old Times—A Memorable Day—The Muster Out—A Thrilling Spectacle.

As sometimes in the summer noon when all the harvest-fields are flooded with light the air is suddenly darkened and you look up to find that it is the wing of hawk or eagle flying over the plain, so these sheaves of Northern wheat and Southern rice gathered in this Thanksgiving service are suddenly shadowed with the black wing of Death. Our beloved Vice-President, Thomas A. Hendricks, has departed. But it would be unwise to make this occasion sombre and funeral, and so I adjourn until my lecture to-morrow night the tribute to my warm personal friend, Thomas A. Hendricks. For surely if the departed Governor, who had by his own proclamation again and again called the people to thanksgiving, were allowed to speak, he would charge the officiating clergy to-day to stir the gladness and joy and gratitude of the people by recital of our national blessings, and in no wise be hindered by personal griefs.

THE REAL FACTS.

The optimists and pessimists and grain merchants and fruit-dealers and dry-goods men and farmers have told us such diverse stories about the real condition of this country that I was in a great fog on the subject, so that last week I appealed to the headquarters at Washington for accurate information, and I have now not the surmises or the guesses to present, but the facts received yesterday by letter from the United States Department of Agriculture, and I hereby publicly acknowledge my indebtedness to those obliging and skillful officials, especially Mr. Nesbit and Mr. Dodge.

As a firm foundation on which to build your thanksgivings to-day observe:

Fact the first: That the wheat crop of the country yields this year 350,000,000 bushels. And add to that the surplus which we had over from last year and you will find that America owns more wheat to-day than ever before since the world stood. All grain this year will make an aggregate of 3,000,000 bushels more than ever.

Fact the second: The corn crop exceeds all its predecessors in absolute quantity. Though not as much per acre, yet more acres have yielded, and so the corn-bin of the nation is better filled to-day than ever before.

Fact the third: Unmanufactured cotton exported this year is valued at \$201,962,588, being \$5,000,000 more sent to other countries this year than last, the exports of cotton this year 29,000,000 pounds more than last.

Fact the fourth: The tobacco crop is so luxuriant that we exported 27,000,000 pounds more this year than last year. A well-known and

popular weed that is good for many things to-bacco is—to kill moths in wardrobes, and tick in sheep, and to strangle all kinds of vermin, and to fumigate pestiferous places—and is death on all other malodors by its own superior power of stench, an article so useful to others that I wish we could export the entire crop.

Fact the fifth: The sugar crop is so large that we have sent abroad this year 176,500,000 pounds more than last. In 1884 we exported 76,000,000 pounds, receiving for it \$5,400,000, while this year we sent abroad 252,500,000 pounds, getting for them \$16,000,000. I put the \$16,000,000 of this year against the \$5,000,000 of last year, and the 252,000,000 pounds of this year against the 76,000,000 pounds of last year.

TWO STANDPOINTS.

The so-called bears in the grain-market and all the other markets are such persistent, chronic, and hemispheric liars that the great masses of the people have no idea, until now I tell them, of what God is doing for this country. We had a bad winter, it was said. Yes. We had a bad spring, it was said. Yes. We had a bad summer. Yes. But we had a good God, and notwithstanding all the deluges, and all the droughts, and all the frosts, and all the insects, and all the political excitements, Republican, Democratic, and Mugwumpian, the lap of the nation is filled with blessing.

Shall we then render to-day a jeremiad or a grand march? It will all depend upon the way you look at things. There are two ways of putting things.

Raindrop the first: Always chill and wet, tossed by the wind, devoured by the sea.

Raindrop the second: "Aha! the sun kissed me, the flowers caught me, the fields blessed me."

Brook the first: "Alas, me! struck of the rock, dashed of the mill-wheel."

Brook the second: "I sang the miller to sleep, ground the grist; oh, this gay somersault over the wheel!"

Horse the first: "Pull, pull, pull. This tugging in traces and holding back in the breeching, and standing at a post with a sharp wind hanging icicles from my nostrils."

Horse the second: gives a horse laugh: "Useful life I have been permitted to live. See that corn! I helped break the sod and run out the furrows, and on a starlight night I filled the ravines and mountains with the voices of tinkling bells and the laugh of the sleigh-riding party. Then to have the children throw in an extra quart at my winnowing, and to have Jane pat me on the nose, and say: 'Poor Charlie!' To bound along with arched neck and flaming eye and clattering hoof; what an exhilaration."

Bird the first: "Weary of emigration; no one to pay me for song. Only here to be shot at."

Bird the second: "I have banqueted of a thousand wheat-fields; cup of lily to drink out of, aisle of forest to walk in, Mount Washington under foot and a continent at a glance."

Different ways of putting things.

MAKE ALL HAPPY.

Give us full organ to-day. Pull out all the glad stops, and while we pray and while we sing let us make a joyful noise unto the Rock of our salvation. Gather your families together. Let your children be arrayed in their brightest robes. In the morning let the temples of God ring with hosannas, and in the night let your homes be filled with congratulation, laughter and song. Turn on all the lights, bracket, chandelier, and candelabra. Throw another armful of firewood on the hearth and let the fire blaze out cheerily. When you and I are gone and our children go out and look at the place where we sleep, may they be enabled to say: "There rest the father and mother who knew how to make their children happy on Thanksgiving Day."

On such a time as this shall we not render thanksgiving to God? What a wonderful change! It was not a great while ago when governments forbade religious assemblages; now they invoke them. The father, the hus-

band, and the brother sit now at the end of the pew through custom—a custom established in the dark ages of persecution, when it was necessary for the male members of the family to sit at the head of the church pew, armed for defence of those who could not defend themselves. Now, on Thanksgiving Day we meet in churches at the call of secular authority.

THE CITY.

I find great cause of congratulation in our municipal prospects. Our present Mayor retires from office with the kind wishes of our citizens, and our new Mayor will enter with the moral support of all good people of all parties. Municipal reform is a perpetual work, and every few years there need to be official brooms to sweep clean the city halls. For lack of it you know how about fifteen years ago New York suffered. Never since God corrected the politics of Sodom by burying the city in brimstone were there greater outrages enacted on earth than in these clusters of cities under the disguise of municipal government. Frauds about parks, about pavements, about station-houses, about pipes, about city halls, about aqueducts, about courts, about elections—frauds about everything. Fraudulent men applied for contracts of fraudulent officials, who wrote the contracts upon paper they had stolen, and then went home over pavements every stone of which had been put down in dishonesty, and in carriages every spoke and rivet of which were the evidences of their crime. Fraudulent election inspectors sat around fraudulent ballot-boxes and took fraudulent votes and made fraudulent returns, and sent to our State Legislatures men fit only for the idiot asylum or the penitentiary.

Things went on until the decent people in all our cities were for ten years under sadder depression. The newspapers did not dare speak out for fear they would lose the public printing. The pulpits did not dare to speak out because there were prominent men in the churches who had one hand on the spoils and the other on the throat of the clergy, telling them they had better be prudent and keep quiet. Matters were beyond all human redemption, and no statesmanship, no human skill could ever have met the crisis. But the Lord Almighty rose up and He put it into the hearts of the best men of both parties to band together and lay their hands to the work. The monstrosities were exposed, the vagabonds of fraud were arrested, and the work extended from New York until Brooklyn and Philadelphia and Boston and Chicago and all the cities felt the moral earthquake.

But every few years the work needs to be done over again in all our cities. Our Brooklyn city government costs too much and our taxes are infamous. Do you say that the city has enlarged and therefore it costs more to govern it? Yes, it has mightily enlarged, but the taxable property has also mightily increased, and it ought not to cost as much to govern a city with 600,000 inhabitants as when it held 300,000, because there are more now to bear the burden. There is something wrong in the neighborhood of the City Hall. May the incoming administration discover and extirpate it. For the brightening prospects in all our cities we may this day appropriately lift the Jubilate.

THE NATION.

I have much also to congratulate you upon in the condition and prospects of the nation. We have the most thorough feeling of amity in this country that we have ever had. The hatred between North and South is not only healed, but the scars are gone. The oldest man in this house never saw such brotherhood as to-day. Is it not a pity that the North and South have nothing to quarrel about? What a dismal failure the campaign orators made in the last Presidential election to stir up the old feuds. We were for a great many years before the war and some years after the war under the delusion that we were at peace in this country, but there never has been any peace until within the past ten years.

* Dr. Talmage preached last Sunday morning at Columbus, O., in the First Congregational Church, of which the Rev. Washington Gladden is pastor.

BYGONE TROUBLES.

Even at the time that Brooks was cudgelling umner and chains were stretched around Boston Court House to keep fugitives from escaping from the hands of the Marshal, and all our northern cities were in riot and bloodshed, but the relation of black men to their owners, we were under the delusion that we were at peace. Monstrous absurdity. It was war perpetual. Pennsylvania Hall burned on account of this political agitation in the city of Philadelphia—was that peace? The printing press of the Alton *Observer* thrown into the river—was that peace? In 1820, when the air was hot with sectional imprecation about the admission of Missouri as a slave State—was that peace? The burning of a college in New Hampshire in 1835 because colored youth were admitted—was that peace? South Carolina nullification—was that peace? Presbyterian and Methodist churches North and South split with a fracture that harked all Christendom on account of political agitation—was that peace? No; all billingsgate and scorn and vituperation and hatred and renege and blasphemy on both sides were exhausted. It was war of tongue, war of pen, war of trade, war of Church, war bitter, furious, consuming, relentless.

Thank God, that time has gone by. We have come to a new state of feeling and brotherhood such as we have never enjoyed, and our Congress, instead of spending nine tenths of its time tasting the public treasury, discussing sectional difficulties as it used, it will give nine tenths of its time to the discussion of the agricultural, the mining, the manufacturing, the commercial, the literary, and the moral interests of this nation. We are not to be thankful to God for this state of feeling? He has not dealt so with any other nation. Praise Him all ye people!

COMMERCIAL PROMISE.

I find further cause of congratulation in the development of our national resources. Our wisest men in all departments of merchandise say that business is looking up and that our greatest prosperities are yet to come. It is the inevitable law of nature, which is also the law of God, that the material resources of this country must in the future produce material wealth. We will hear the anvil ring with a surdier low. You will see the furnaces glow with a cracker fire. You will see the wheel-blow strike with a swifter dash. America has not yet been fully discovered. Various Americas have been found, but there are better ones perhaps to come. Columbus found only the shell of this country. Agassiz came along and discovered the siluriferous America. Silliman came and discovered geological America. Longfellow came and discovered poetic America. But there are other Americas yet to be found. Our resources are not all been tested. We have a land capable of supporting three thousand six hundred millions of people!

We have just begun to open the outside door of this great underground vault in which nature holds its treasures, the copper, the zinc, the coal, the iron, the gold, the silver. If you have ever crossed the mountains to California you are had some idea of it. The rail trains have only just begun to bring the harvests of the West down to our seaboard. The American seamen have only just begun to cast their net in the right side of the ship. The dry-docks are just begun to set the keels and clamp the bars of our trading vessels.

What populations, what enterprises, what wealth, what civilization, what an advance from the time when under King Edward a man was set to death for burning coal and from the time when the House of Commons forbade the use of hat was called the noxious fuels, and these days, when the long trains rush down from the mines and fill our coal-bins and gorge the furnaces of our ocean steamers. One hundred and fifty thousand square miles of coal-fields. Two beds of coal, one reaching from Illinois, down through Missouri, into Iowa, and the other from Pennsylvania down into Alabama, while

side by side with these great coal-fields are the mines of iron; these two great giants, these two Titans of the earth, iron and coal, insuring perpetual wealth to the nation, standing side by side to help each other, the iron to excavate and pry up the coal, and the coal to smelt and forge and mould the iron—800,000 tons of iron sent forth from the mines in one year in this country; 32,000,000 tons of coal sent out from the mines of this country in a year. And all this only a prophecy of a larger yield when we shall come on with larger trains and more miners and stronger machinery to develop and to gather up, to transfer and to employ all this treasure. Make this calculation for yourselves, if you can make it: If England's coal-field, thirty-two miles long by eight miles wide, can keep, as it does, 17,600,000 spindles at work in that small island, what may we not expect of our national industries when these 160,000 square miles of coal shall unite with 160,000 square miles of iron, both stretching themselves up to full height and strength, two black, world-shaking giants.

SANCTIFIED WEALTH.

Lift up thine eyes, oh nation of God's right hand, at the glorious prospects. Build larger your barns for the harvests. Dig deeper the vats for the spoil of the vineyards, enlarge the warehouses for the merchandise. Multiply galleries of art for the pictures and statues. Advance, oh nation of God's right hand. But remember that national wealth, if unsanctified, is sumptuous waste, is ruin, is debauchery, is magnificent woe, is splendid rottenness, is gilded death. Woe to us for the wine-vats if drunkenness wallows in them. Woe to us for the harvests if greed scatters them. Woe to us for the merchandise if avarice swallows it. Woe to us for the cities if misrule walks there. Woe to the land if God-defying crime debauches it. Our only safety is in more Bibles, more churches, more free schools, more consecrated men, more pure printing-presses, more of the glorious Gospel of the Son of God, that corrects all wrongs and is the source of all blessedness.

IMPROVED MORALS.

I congratulate you also on the fact that the manners and customs of society are improving. This is going to be a better world to live in. Take it all in all, it has vastly improved. I know that there are people who long for the good old times. They say, "Just think of the pride of people at this day!" "Just look at the ladies' hats!" Why, there is nothing in the ladies' hats of to-day to equal the coal-scuttle hats a hundred years ago. They say, "Just look at the way people dress their hair!" Why, the extremest style of to-day will never equal the top-knots which our great-grandmothers rolled up with high combs that we would have thought would have made our great-grandfathers die of laughter. The hair was lifted into a pyramid a foot high. On the top of that tower lay a rosebud. Shoes of bespangled white kid and heels two or three inches high. Grandfather went out to meet her on the floor with coat of sky-blue silk and vest of white satin embroidered with gold lace, lace ruffles around his wrists and his hair falling in a queue. Oh, you modern hair-dressers, stand aghast at the locks of our ancestry!

They say our ministers are all askew, but just think of our clergymen entering the pulpit with their hair fixed up in the shape of one of the ancient bishops. The great George Washington has his horse's hoofs blackened when about to appear on a parade, and writes to Europe ordering sent for the use of himself and family one silver-laced hat, one pair of silver shoe-buckles, a coat made of fashionable silk, one pair of gold sleeve-buttons, six pairs of kid gloves, one dozen most-fashionable cambric handkerchiefs, besides ruffles and tucker.

I once said to my father, an aged man: "Are people so much worse now than they used to be?" He made no answer for a minute, for the old people do not like to confess much to the boys. But after awhile his eye twinkled and he

said: "Well, De Witt, the fact is that people were never any better than they ought to be."

ANCIENT DISSIPATIONS.

Talk about dissipations, ye who ever have seen the old-fashioned sideboard. Did not I have an old relative who always, when visitors came, used to go up-stairs and take a drink, through economical habits, not offering anything to the visitors? Many of the fancy drinks of to-day were unknown to them; but their hard cider, mint julep, methuegin, hot toddy and lemonade, in which the lemon was not at all prominent, sometimes made lively work for the broad-brimmed hats and silver knee-buckles. Talk of dissipating parties of to-day and keeping of late hours. Why, did they not have their bees and sausage-stuffings and tea-parties and dances that for heartiness and uproar truly eclipsed all the waltzes, lancers, and redows and breakdowns of the nineteenth century? And they never went home till morning. And as to old-time courtships, oh, my! Washington Irving describes them.

Talk about the dishonesties of to-day! Why, fifty years ago the Governor of New York State had to disband the Legislature because of its utter corruption. Think of Aaron Burr, Vice-President of the United States and coming within one vote of being President. Think of the ministry having in it such men as Dean Swift and Sterne, their genius only equalled by their nastiness. Why, society was so much worse than it now is that I don't see how our fathers and mothers could have been induced to stay in it, although on our account I am glad they consented.

ANCIENT WARS.

"But," say the deprecators of our time, "just think of the awful wars we have in these days, one half of the nation rising up to kill the other half." Why, there has been no war in modern times so ghastly as in the olden. Think of Austerlitz, where 30,000 fell; of Fontenoy, where 100,000 fell; of Chalons, where 300,000 fell; of Marius's fight, in which 200,000 fell, and the tragedy at Herat, where Gengis Khan massacred 1,600,000; of Neishahr, where he slew 1,747,000, and the 18,000,000 this monster had slain in fourteen years as he went forth to do as he declared, to exterminate the entire Chinese nation and make the empire a pasture for cattle. Think of the death-throes of the 5,000,000 men sacrificed in one campaign of Xerxes. Think of the 130,000 that perished in the siege of Ostend, of the 300,000 dead at Acre, of 1,100,000 dead at Jerusalem, of 1,816,000 dead at Troy. What may become of the threatening conflict on the other side the sea I know not, but up until this present time there has been no war compared with the wars of the ancients.

UNLIMITED RESOURCES.

This Thanksgiving morning finds this land above all others in a position to be grateful. What are we coming to in abundance when I tell you that only a part of this continent yields anything? Now that the Northern Pacific Railroad is through, all our resources are to be multiplied infinitely. Mr. Dalrymple, in the Dakota Territory, has a farm of 40,000 acres; in harvest time he has 150 reapers and binders going at the same time. The different divisions of his farm are connected by telephone, thirty steam threshing-machines, men in corps like an army, his farm one year yielding 432,000 bushels of wheat—900 car-loads; the Grandon farm, 25,000 acres; the Case farm, 15,000 acres; the Cheney, 15,000 acres; the Williams farm, 15,000 acres; the product of all these regions only limited by the means of transportation to market. Our land enriched by a vast multitude of foreigners who come here, not the tramps or the tatterdemalions of other lands, but tens of thousands of them their best citizens. Let us this morning thank God for the prospects opening before this nation.

Oh, wheel into the ranks, all ye people, North, South, East, West—all decades, all centuries, all milleniums. Forward, the whole line! Huzza! Huzza!

WHY MR. STEAD IS IN PRISON.

At a large meeting held in Exeter Hall, London, to express sympathy with the editor of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, whom a wicked Government has incarcerated, a speech was delivered by Mrs. Josephine Butler, whose efforts to reclaim fallen women have been much blessed of God. The following extracts from that speech, which, be it remembered, are the utterance of a Christian lady, may do something toward correcting the misrepresentations still being made in the New York daily papers:

"It will not be thought foreign to the purpose of this meeting if I speak briefly of the events of the last fortnight. That fortnight has seemed to me in some sense the culminating climax of my life-work. For years I have been striving on behalf of the foully oppressed victims of lust. I see two mighty principles warring together in our nation. At present we may well say, 'This is the hour and power of darkness.' Outwardly we have had a great check; the enemy has gained a great victory. For seventeen years past I have been conscious to a great degree of the existence of the very crimes recently revealed, but I and my fellow-workers have found that

THE GREATEST OBSTACLE

to action regarding this immorality was general incredulity. The utter incredulity of good Christian people has been a greater hindrance than the wickedness of wicked people. Even now, what is our great obstacle? Incredulity. In all these years I have been asking God that this great barrier might be thrown down. At last the blow was struck. Our friend Mr. Stead, whom I have known for nine years, and known to be a good and true man, was trained by God for this great work; in agony of spirit, and in all the fury of a righteous man, indignant at the vile crimes committed against the weak and innocent, he rose and drew aside, with a rude hand if you like, the curtain from these odious crimes.

"You may believe it or not, as you please, but I think we are living on the top of an inferno, walking about on a volcano which may burst at any moment and destroy us. And it seems to me impossible that God, looking on that hell raging beneath us, can bless us. Mr. Stead tore aside the curtain and revealed the abyss of crime and misery. In doing so he has overstepped the law; our zeal—I say 'our,' for I do not hesitate to admit I have been with him all through—our zeal for law was so great, our pity for the innocents ruined, wronged, betrayed, was greater than we could bear, and, like Jehu, we drove furiously. In so doing we may have done those things we ought not to have done, and left undone those things we ought to have done. But we did not ask your advice, and we do not ask your pardon. I believe it is true that in all times of great reform there have been zealous reformers who have overstepped the bounds of law and prudence. But this very fact has been overruled to bring the whole question into public knowledge.

"There has been a great outcry in the papers. Of course there was a good deal of journalistic jealousy, but the great motive, I believe, has been the determination to silence, to check, to frighten the persons who had dared to draw aside such a curtain and reveal such crimes. It is, of course, extremely inconvenient for many persons to have the light of public knowledge and a public opinion thrown upon their deeds. It does not suit them that anything should be known of these transactions; hence

THE CONSPIRACY

which exists among them to compel silence and to discredit the revelations already made. They waited to take breath, then searched out one little fault, one slip, and down they came with the whole resources of the Treasury behind them. And all this that we may be checked, frightened, silenced, and these things shut up and hidden. Then you know very well what would follow. The vile deeds, now somewhat checked, would go on again. Let us pray God

this day that however painful it may be to a certain section of society, the great electric searching light shall fall upon every corner of this inferno. The one whose hand drew aside that curtain is in a prison cell. We have heard the verdict of the jury, but the verdict of the nation has yet to be given. Let us pray that the verdict given in a few weeks' time may be one of stern justice and purity, in accordance with God's will.

"But I ask you to pray not so much for these as for the nation. The nation, especially in the north, is judging the matter on the broad lines of right and wrong. I want to say that I know that 'Minotaur' described in the *Pall Mall Gazette*—and there are others like him. I do not know if the time may not come when their names will be known; it is not yet, and I will not mention any names. I could give the names of such men who systematically destroy and ravish the children of the poor. I have some in my own Home ruined by this man, turned into a mass of discese, some of them possessed as by fiends. The Government has turned its machinery of police and law against us who exposed these things, not against those who commit them. The new law is being put in force, not by the Government, but by private people. The police know these men as well as we do, but they prosecute those who go forth in the name of God to draw aside the veil and unmask this terrible evil. Let us go to God that He may overrule all things for good."

The evil for the prevention of which Mr. Stead risked his reputation and his life is not an invention of his imagination. Far from exaggerating it, he has not told a tithe of it, as the Secretary of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children has publicly testified. While the English Government spent an enormous sum of money in prosecuting the man who exposed the abomination, it has still done nothing to set the law in motion against the real criminals.

Sympathy with Mr. Stead is general in Christian and virtuous circles. Crowded indignation meetings have been held in London and the provincial towns. At one held in a church at Paddington the Rev. Dr. Clifford spoke of having seen Mr. Stead in Coldbath Fields Prison, and of his cheerfulness and buoyancy of spirit, and a resolution was carried by a large and enthusiastic audience expressing sympathy with Mr. Stead, and "earnestly protesting against the action of the Government in prosecuting him and leaving the real criminals untouched, such as procurers, procuresses, and others, who, according to Lord Dalhousie, "have been at work, to the knowledge of the police, ever since 1875."

At a crowded meeting held in Crispin Hall Street a speaker's declaration that Mr. Stead is a martyr to the sacred cause of social purity was responded to by the crowded audience rising and giving three hearty cheers for Mr. Stead. An indignation meeting was announced, and a petition for a free pardon is to be adopted. The principal and students of the Lancashire Congregational College, Manchester, have expressed their hearty sympathy with Mr. Stead in the painful position in which he is now placed through legal action of which they strongly disapprove. One hundred and seventy-five *Oxford Undergraduates* have also signed a memorial of sympathy with Mr. Stead, as have also one hundred and forty-eight prominent ladies of Ulster.

Mr. Stead is a member of the *Congregational Church* at Wimbledon. As the result of this adverse verdict in the trial Mr. Stead deemed it wise to submit to the church his readiness to resign the membership, if so the church wished. Since the verdict was passed an opportunity has been afforded him of addressing the congregation from the pulpit, to which he was invited by the minister. He made a statement concerning his position, of the general work he has undertaken, and particularly the motives by which he had been inspired throughout. A crowded congregation listened most attentively, and in the result it was cordially determined not to enter-

tain the idea of Mr. Stead's withdrawal. *Mr. Stead is a Sunday-school teacher in connection with the same church.*

ANECDOTES RELATED AT THE EVANGELISTIC MEETINGS IN SCOTLAND.

The Decision of Two Young Men.—Mr. Mabon related at a recent meeting: "One night last week two young men, on their way to a luncheon, were attracted by our open-air meetings in Partick. They stood and listened to the singing, and at the close they entered the church, and were spoken to in the after-meeting, when both decided for the Lord. When parting they said, 'God helping us, we will live for Jesus.' Let those who work for the Divine Master take fresh courage from every new illustration of God's power and willingness to save, and go on in their labor of love."

When Christ Becomes Ours.—I was speaking to a young girl in a meeting the other night, whom I found very anxious. She could not understand how she was going to take the gift of God. I opened my Bible and read, 'The gift of God is eternal life through Jesus Christ our Lord.' I then took from my pocket a small book, and said, 'I am going to give you this book; do you believe it?' 'Yes, sir, I do,' she readily answered. I handed her the book, and she took it. 'Now,' I said, 'is the book yours?' 'Yes, sir,' was the reply. 'When did the book become yours?' 'Just when I took it.' 'And that is just when Christ becomes yours, when you take Him.' By God's grace her eyes were opened that night, and she took Jesus just as easily and as really as she had taken the book."

The Princess of Wales and an Irish Match-seller.—"I heard a beautiful and touching story of a poor woman in Dublin. The Prince and Princess of Wales were expected to pass through a certain street in Dublin, when they visited that country lately. All were full of expectancy to see them. This old woman to whom I have referred was standing among the crowd. She was selling matches and a careworn look was upon her face, as if all hope was gone out of her life. As the Prince and Princess drove past, the gentle heart of the latter was moved to pity, and she gave the poor woman a bow and a smile all to herself. In a moment the careworn look vanished from her face, and, full of gratitude she knelt down and prayed, 'May the Lord leave the crown on your head until it is as white as mine, and not take it off until He has placed one of His own making upon you.'"

A Farmer's Error Corrected.—The Rev. Mr. Harding related: "On one occasion a minister was preaching from the text, 'The blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from all sin.' After he had returned from the service the son of the farmer with whom he was residing said: 'I do not believe that doctrine you were preaching to-night.' The minister thanked him for his frank statement, and asked him what he did not believe about it, for he thought it was a very remarkable thing. And the young man went on to say that he did not believe we could be kept from all sin, and it was impossible we could be kept from falling. 'Do you believe that the Lord is all-powerful?' asked the minister. 'Yes, I do,' was the immediate reply. 'Well, if the Lord has power to keep us for one minute, surely He has power to keep us for five minutes, and if He has power to keep us for five minutes, surely He is able to keep us for months and for years—just as long as we trust Him.' Mr. Harding says the young man was convinced by the argument, though he could never have seen an example of men being so kept."

An Aged Lady's Dream of Heaven.—Mr. M'Farlane remarked: "I heard of two elderly ladies who lived together in a splendid house. There was a great difference between those two ladies in the manner in which they regarded the things of God, while the other one cared for the things of this life. She went out to the gayeties of the world and would not listen to her pious sister's advice and warnings against it. One night she had a dream. She

thought she was in a beautiful palace; she could not bear the sight, for she knew it was no place for her, and crouched into the farther corner of her room, and watched the happy dancers and listened to the sweet music and singing. A pure and spotless one approached her, saying, 'Won't you come and join us in the dance and in the song?' But she crept farther back as he replied, 'I know not the words of the song or the measure of the dance.' In a moment a beautiful figure entered and she knew it was Jesus. He came forward to her and kindly said, 'Why don't you join the others in the song and in the dance?' And she fearfully answered as before. A sad expression came over the countenance of the Saviour as He turned and asked, 'What is this woman doing here? Take her and cast her into everlasting darkness.' She woke and resolved at once to become a Christian. Dear friends, I think this is a true picture of what an unconverted soul would be if admitted into heaven. God is merciful, too merciful to let a soul in its unchanged state enter a place of spotless purity, for it would indeed be an ungrateful place for such. Unless a man be born again, he cannot enter the kingdom of God.'

A Soldier's Courage Among Comrades.—At a recent meeting, at which testimony was invited from those present, a tall, fine young man quietly rose and said: 'I am a soldier in the army of Queen Victoria. It is only a few months since I was led by the Holy Spirit to know my need of Jesus as a Saviour, and became a Christian. As soon as I enlisted under the banner of King Jesus I felt that I ought to testify of my newly-found hope before my comrades. That seemed a very hard thing to do, and it was some time before I could make up my mind to attempt it. But I thought that a soldier of the cross should at least be as brave as a soldier of the Queen, and so with a prayer to God for help I just stood up before my comrades and told them what Christ had done for me. One of the men—a desperately wicked fellow—threw a cribbage-board at me, and others jeered; but God stood by me, and from that time my fear vanished, and God has graciously led me in leading some of my fellow-soldiers to the same precious Saviour whom I had found.'

Unhappy in an Emperor's Palace.—Miss Sismondi said: 'I remember reading about an Emperor of Austria whose life, by some means, was saved by a very humble peasant man. The Emperor was full of gratitude, and at once had the peasant brought into his palace. He was treated with the utmost kindness, and seated at the Emperor's table. But one day he was surprised to hear the peasant say to him, Oh, sire, would you be so kind as to send me back to my own village?' 'Why? What is the matter that you wish to be out of the palace, and go back into that dirty little village?' 'Oh, sire,' the peasant replied, 'the palace is very grand, and very beautiful, and every one has been very kind, and you have been like a father to me, but I am not happy. I was not born to it, sire. There are many things that I cannot understand. They talk of pictures and music, and they speak a language that I know nothing of. Well, I think it was something of that kind that made Jesus say to Nicodemus, 'Ye must be born again.' This peasant's state is precisely the condition of an unconverted person. Friends, do you think those who are not washed in the blood of Jesus would be happy in heaven? No, rather think any place would be a welcome change.'

An Old Soldier's Pipe Put Out.—The Rev. Dr. Wardman related: 'An old soldier in London, who was a perfect slave to strong drink, was one day passing through Regent's Park, and heard an evangelist preaching Christ, with the result that he was led to the Saviour. After this he had a great fear of passing a rum-shop, for the temptation to enter was sometimes very strong upon him. One day light was given him to seek the Lord to take away the love of and dependence on drink. He took the Lord for his Helper,

and all love for strong drink passed away from him. But still he was the slave of his pipe. He thought he could not break the chain of this habit, and often argued with himself that smoking was no sin. One day, while walking along the road with his pipe in his mouth, he met a fellow-Christian. The pipe was quickly taken from his mouth, for he was ashamed to be seen smoking in the street, and then the thought occurred to him, 'You are ashamed of a fellow-creature seeing you smoking, and still you do not feel ashamed before God.' Completely humbled, he went to the Lord and confessed his fault, and put the smoking into His hands. He became an earnest preacher for the Lord, and soon afterward the doctor told him that if he did not give up preaching the excitement would kill him, for they said it would prove too much for his weakened body. He came to us in great distress, and told us of this, and concluded by saying, 'Oh, I cannot give up preaching for the Lord.' We asked him to take the Lord as his Healer. He did so, and now he has found Jesus as the Healer of the body as well as his soul. Now he is telling his simple story, and a great many are coming to the Lord through his testimony.'

THE SULTAN'S COMMISSION.

By J. P. Weethee.*

The Problem of Turkey's Existence—Its Relation to British and Russian Policy—The Trustee of Europe—Cannot Fail till Her Mission is Accomplished—Still Formidable—Her Fiduciary Importance—The Balance of Power—Why Turkey is Uplifted.

MUCH has been said and written relative to England and Russia as touching the Empire of Turkey in Europe, and as regards the policy and intent of each of those empires. What will England do for the Ottoman Empire? What are the designs of Russia? Into whose hands will Turkey fall? What is to be done with the Jews? Such problems, with many others of a kindred nature have their solution in the Bible. To its inspired records we must turn.

Since the reign of Peter the Great the ultimate designs of Russia have been apparent. Why she has not fully succeeded may not be so clear. Her want of entire success must be attributed to a power behind her throne. Often, during centuries of struggle, when about to seize her coveted prize, a sudden change, unforeseen and adverse, held her hand and wrested her prey from her grasp. Name this Providence, or chance, or what you may, it has chained Russia to a radius whose length has never extended to the Ottoman seat of empire.

It is often said of distinguished persons, such as Luther, Washington, Columbus, and Napoleon I., that they were immortal till their mission was accomplished. So with empires. God's mission is the sure pledge and limit of their national existence. Beyond their specific work their lives do not extend.

The continued existence of the Ottoman Empire is evidence that Jehovah has not terminated its mission. For reasons apparent to the close student of prophecy, the king of the Slavonian race has been kept north of the belt of empires that have scattered Judah and Israel. The immutable purpose of Jehovah still binds the Russian bear to his empire of the north.

That the Ottoman power, as a nation, is on the decline cannot be seriously questioned. Within a few years Turkey has been shorn of nearly one half of her European territory. Every struggle between the Sultan and Russia results in diminishing his absolute power to oppose the steady encroachments of the great northern autocrat. While, as a nation, the Ottoman Empire is declining, her official and military strength is unimpaired. By many this allegation may be denied. We are free to say, however, that in our opinion the Russian armies would to-day find it as difficult to enter Constantinople as it was three centuries ago. To the close observer the reasons are obvious.

(1) Her physical defences are formidable and are being strengthened. By land and sea the Sultan is fortifying. He is accomplishing all that money and human skill can do. The following item tends to establish this position: 'Herr Krupp is to supply the Porte with a large number of guns. The order is for seven very heavy guns, each similar to the one already mounted at the Dardanelles; twenty-two smaller guns, and four hundred field pieces and mountain guns. Four of the large guns are to defend the Bosphorus, and three the Dardanelles. The others are intended for various fortifications along the coasts, and to bring up the artillery department of the army to a high standard.'

(2) The Ottoman Empire has in itself two elements of great strength. (a) Its position by nature. Constantinople, at the eastern terminus of the 'Great Sea,' is, by its peculiar location, a second Gibraltar, 'the fortified rock of Andalusia.' (b) That empire has the support of the Mohammedan world. These elements are the two strong pillars of her throne.

(3) The chief strength of the Ottoman Empire is fiduciary. Its tenure of office, as custodian of the middle gate of one of the great eastern thoroughfares, is its great element of strength. The land that made the Turkish Empire custodian, in 1453, has held that power in office till 1885, and will hold her there till its mission is accomplished. It is true of nations as of persons, that they are immortal till their work is accomplished. The last four centuries have demonstrated the certainty of this position relative to Turkey.

When the Turk first entered upon the duties of his office as gate-keeper, he had sufficient inherent strength to hold his office and execute its peculiar work. The great Northern despot fully tested this point by centuries of experience. Providence was always in the way, since the Ottoman had been placed there by divine appointment. Nor can that officer be removed by any other authority.

In our opinion, Turkish rule at Constantinople is not dependent upon the extent of her territory. Turkey may be denuded and robbed of her national possessions, and yet be officially invincible. The Ottoman, in her European career, has had a remarkable experience. For many years her power was in itself absolute and invincible. As it began to wane a new element of power began its course in Western Europe called 'balance of power.' The Western nations, France and England, looking eastward, became jealous of Russia. And seeing the results of Russian occupation of Constantinople, resolved to hinder such a dangerous result. Turkey was therefore sustained against her northern foe. This balance of power has made strong the Ottoman weakness, and Russia for two centuries or more has been denied the occupation of the old Greek capital.

If the Ottoman Empire should fall, it would become a Russian province, and the interests of England and of the Jews would be exposed to the attacks of the ancient enemy of God and of His people (Ezek. 38). It is certainly contrary to the purpose of Jehovah to the Jews, that Palestine should now fall into the hands of the Russian autocrat. That land is yet to be occupied by the Jews, and until it is so occupied it must be controlled either by a government friendly to the Jews or by a government itself controlled by another Power which is friendly to God's chosen people. In our opinion, the British Empire cannot afford to have the Ottoman Empire broken down, nor does it appear to be the will of Jehovah that it should yet utterly fall.

The official strength of the Turkish Empire is therefore equal to Jehovah's purpose. No power but that of God can eject him from his office.

These thoughts are suggested by passing events. Let us examine the signs, and read them in the light of prophecy. Let us not look for the fall of the Turkish Empire till its work is accomplished.

* Part of an article contributed by him to the *Restitution*.



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A Favor would be conferred on the Manager and office-staff of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD if subscribers whose terms expire at the end of the year would so far oblige them as to remit their renewals at once, instead of waiting for the new year. During the first few weeks of January there is always a very heavy influx of letters, which, in spite of special arrangements to deal with them, involves liability to mistake in making up the new lists. It would therefore be a convenience, facilitating the work and reducing the chances of delay and disappointment, if such of our subscribers as can conveniently do so would send in their subscriptions now. Those who send a new name with their own, as many are doing, are doubly welcome.

CURRENT EVENTS.

The Funeral of Vice-President Hendricks on December 1st was a scene such as Indianapolis has never before witnessed. The city was crowded with distinguished guests, who went to testify to the gravity of the national loss. Secretaries Bayard, Whitney, Lamar and Endicott, and Postmaster-General Vilas, represented the national Administration. Senator Edmunds and twelve other Senators attended as a deputation from the Senate, and eleven Congressmen represented the House. Ex-President Hayes and the Governors of Indiana, Illinois, Kentucky and Ohio were also there, with other distinguished men. The crowd on the streets numbered fully one hundred thousand, and it is believed that fully as many joined in the procession to view the remains. In other cities the Federal buildings were draped, guns were fired, bells tolled, the courts adjourned, and the flags were at half mast. Speakers and preachers everywhere, even those opposed to Mr. Hendricks in politics, spoke of the deceased with respect, and honored his personal good qualities.

The Republican Senatorial Caucus Nominated General Logan as its candidate for the Presidency *pro tem* of the Senate. This was proposed by Senator Edmunds, who based his proposition on the fact that the Republicans of the country had voted for General Logan for the Vice-Presidency. He was then nominated by acclamation. To the surprise of all, however, General Logan declined the honor, as he said the position was not to his taste. This was a curious announcement, when only last year he accepted the candidacy for the Vice-Presidency, which, had he been elected, would have involved the duty of presiding in the Senate. On the following day Senator Sherman was nominated, and accepted the honor. There was an expectation that Senator Edmunds, who was the last President *pro tem*, would have been chosen again, but the idea was not popular. Mr. Edmunds, it appears, has partially lost the confidence of his party by not supporting the candidacy of Blaine with the proper degree of enthusiasm. A suggestion was made that the Republicans show their magnanimity by choosing a Democratic President *pro tem*, so that in the event of Mr. Cleveland's death or disability the decision of the people might be respected.

That, however, appears to have been a sacrifice too high for the Senators. But they have decided to pass the Presidential succession bill again, which is less likely now to be opposed in the House.

The Business of the Post Office Department during the past year has resulted, as was expected, in a loss. Mr. Vilas in his report, issued last week, says the deficiency is \$8,000,000. This arises from both sides of the account. There has been a decrease of receipts and an increase of expenditure. The loss is mainly due to the reduction in the letter rate from three to two cents. The other reduction of the rate for letters weighing over half an ounce and less than one ounce, which is now two cents, instead of six cents, will also involve a loss, but as the change was not made until after the close of the fiscal year, its effect does not appear in the report now issued. It was never intended that the Post Office should yield a surplus, but it is gratifying to notice that during the last two months of the fiscal year there was a steady recovery in the receipts. The number of Post Offices in the Union now is 51,252. There were 2021 new offices opened during the year, and 886 discontinued.

The Entire Naval Department Needs Reorganization, says Mr. Whitney in his report. He is careful not to make imputations on the character and integrity of the officials now in charge or of their predecessors. It is the system which he believes should be reformed. He specifies numerous cases in which it has worked to the prejudice of the nation, and some of them are astonishing. In the bureau of construction and repair \$75,000,000 have been spent since the war, and \$70,000,000 of that amount have been substantially thrown away. Mr. Whitney says we have hardly "a single vessel that has either the necessary armor for protection, speed for escape, or weapons for defence." It is a curious fact that in nearly every country in Europe that has a navy similar complaints are made of money wasted in that department.

The Indian Question is Discussed by General J. D. C. Atkins, the Commissioner of Indian Affairs, in his report, from the same standpoint as that which is now held by the most eminent men of both parties. General Atkins says but one way of solving the problem. He says: "They must abandon tribal relations; they must give up their superstitions; they must forsake their savage habits and learn the arts of civilization; they must learn to labor and must learn to rear their families as white people do, and to know more of their obligations to the Government and to society. In a word, they must learn to work for a living, and they must understand that it is their interest and duty to send their children to school. When the farm and the school have become familiar institutions among the Indians, and reasonable time has intervened for the transition from barbarism or a semi-civilized state to one of civilization, then will the Indian be prepared to take upon himself the higher and more responsible duties and privileges which appertain to American citizenship. There are in the United States, exclusive of Alaska, about 260,000 Indian souls. Of that number there are in the five civilized tribes in the Indian Territory 64,000. There are in New York 4970; in North Carolina 3100; and there are some in Dakota, Nebraska, Kansas, Wisconsin and Minnesota, and a few in California and the Northwest who are civilized, and still others who can lay some claim to civilization. Exclusive of the five civilized tribes, the Indians have in cultivation 248,241 acres of land, an increase of 18,478 acres over last year."

The British Parliamentary Elections Held last week, so far as the results were declared, settled 331 more seats. Of these 172 were filled by Liberals, 108 by Conservatives, and 51 by Parnellites. This turned the tide of Liberal disaster, and hopes were expressed by Mr. Gladstone and others that at the end of the election there would be more Liberals in the House of Commons than Conservatives and Parnellites

combined. There is still a possibility of that result, though the absolute majority, if it should be attained, would be too small to be effective. There were 44 seats still in doubt at the end of the week, of which disinterested observers predict that 18 will go to the Liberals, 12 to the Conservatives, and 14 to the Parnellites. If this estimate is realized the 670 members will consist of 331 Liberals, 255 Conservatives, and 84 Parnellites. This will give the Liberals a plurality over the Conservatives of 76, but against the combined vote they will be in a minority of 8. In that event the Marquis of Salisbury would hold his office at the pleasure of Mr. Parnell, who might at any moment drive him out by casting the Irish vote for Mr. Gladstone.

Political Animosity has been Intensified among Mr. Gladstone's followers by the events of the week. The Marquis of Hartington and Mr. Chamberlain appear to dislike each other more than either of them does the Conservatives. The speeches both have delivered indicate that it will be difficult, if not impossible, for them to act together again in the same cabinet. Under these circumstances the suggestion is made by the Moderate Conservatives for a rearrangement of parties. Lord Randolph Churchill has openly invited the aristocratic Whig leader and his followers to join the Conservatives, with whom they have more in common than with "the Birmingham screw-maker" and his friends. The test question will evidently be that of Irish Home-rule. Should Mr. Gladstone propose, when Parliament meets, a measure that would satisfy Mr. Parnell, he will be carried once more into power by the Irish vote, and he would drive the Marquis of Hartington and other Whig leaders into the Conservative camp. One result of the elections last week, which we notice with regret, is that Sir Wilfrid Lawson, the able Prohibition leader, was defeated. The temperance cause in England will suffer by his exclusion from the House of Commons.

The Bulgarian Complication still Hangs Like an ominous cloud over Europe. It is probable that if left to themselves Bulgaria and Serbia would conclude a peace, but as each power is acting under the tutelage of a greater power hostilities are continued. The European correspondent of the New York Times expresses his conviction that the darkness is now "denser than ever, and distinct flashes of lightning betoken an imminent storm." A week ago Europe hoped that the dawn of peace might follow the existing blackness, but apparently no one now cherishes that confidence. Russia and Austria are confessedly nearer war than at any previous time. The diplomats of both countries, who to the last moment talked platitudes about imperial concord, have suddenly lapsed into a significant silence. An important development of the crisis is the intense desire exhibited by the Russian people for war and the support thus given to the military and aristocratic classes. This was shown by the enthusiasm aroused at a public meeting held last Thursday in St. Petersburg, by General Ignatieff's declaration that Russia was ready to sacrifice everything in an onslaught on Austria. Turkey also is preparing to assist in the coming struggle if it should take place.

The Expulsion of Poles from Germany which has caused much distress and in some cases absolute ruin to the exiles, was defended by Prince Bismarck in the Reichstag on December 1st in a characteristic speech. He said he deemed the expulsion of strangers from Germany a wise measure. The empire was powerless to interfere with the rights of the different federal States comprising the German Empire to expel Poles, but the edict of expulsion complained of was issued by Prussia in the exercise of her rights as one of the federal States. After the Chancellor's statement a proposed interpellation in regard to the expulsion of the Poles was abandoned. There is therefore reason to fear that the example of Prussia will be followed by other German States.

Subscriptions to the Fund for Supplying Colored ministers in the South with THE CHRISTIAN HERALD have been received since our last acknowledgment to the amount of \$9: From Lynn, Mass., \$1; Denbyh, Ont., Canada, \$2; Cincinnati, \$1; a Thanksgiving offering from Norwood, Ia., \$5.

Mrs. Baxter is this Week Conducting Meetings at Oberlin, O. Thence she will go to Freeport, Ill., for a series of services to be held next week. The Conference on Holiness and Divine Healing at Chicago was largely attended, and much interest was aroused on the subject in the city. The testimonies given were singularly clear and convincing, and the questions sent to the platform in response to Mrs. Baxter's invitation, and which she answered, showed that an intelligent interest was being taken in the teaching. The Chicago journals gave full reports of the proceedings, extracts from which we hope to publish next week.

Mr. Noble's Gospel Temperance Meetings at Louisville, Ky., are crowded nightly. An afternoon meeting was held on Sunday, November 29th, in the new Grand Theatre, which was filled in every part, large numbers standing, and a still larger number unable to gain admission. Among those who gave testimony at the conclusion of Mr. Noble's address were three reformed men, two of whom had been tramps and one a thief who had served a term in the penitentiary. At the close of the meeting a large number signed the pledge of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union. Mr. Noble was speaking every night last week in Trinity Methodist Church, corner of Third and Guthrie streets. Every day at noon he led the prayer-meeting at the Holcombe Mission.

The New York Young Women's Christian Association is now erecting a new building on the site of its old quarters, which have become too strait for its operations. Its Bible-class numbers nine hundred members, and last year in its educational classes there were upward of six hundred receiving instruction. A valuable sphere of its operations is the finding employment for young women. Last year no less than twelve hundred and twenty-five found situations through its efforts, and in its industrial department \$1800 were paid out in wages for needlework. While doing so much valuable work want of space was a serious inconvenience. A new building is therefore to be erected, which will be an imposing edifice in the Queen Anne style of architecture, and will cost \$125,000. The corner-stone was laid with appropriate ceremonies on December 1st; the Rev. Drs. O. H. Tiffany, Roderick Terry, John Hall, W. M. Taylor, and the Rev. E. Winchester Donald took part in the proceedings.

The Evils of Roller-Skating Rinks Have Become so serious at Providence, R. I., that the Mayor and Board of Aldermen have decided to discontinue all the licenses. A sudden and remarkable increase of the immorality of the city during the past few months excited attention, and the Mayor commenced an investigation in the hope of detecting the cause. Officers in citizens' clothes were sent to the skating rinks, and it was owing to their reports that the licenses are not to be renewed. Some sad revelations have been made affecting the character of young girls belonging to respectable families. Other cities will do well to be on their guard.

Major George A. Hilton, the Well-Known evangelist of Washington, D. C., has been laboring during the past three weeks around Newtown, Pa. He preached on Sundays in the Presbyterian church in the morning, and the Methodist Episcopal church at night. Evangelistic temperance meetings were held every evening at Newtown, Quakertown, or New Hope. He succeeded during his visit in organizing seven new unions of the W. C. T. U. The Newtown Enterprise closes its enthusiastic account of his visit by saying: "The Major is hard working and unsparing of himself where ever there is an opening to do good, and is withal a thorough Christian gentleman, alike at

home in the pulpit and on the platform. The ladies of the W. C. T. U. of Bucks County did a good work in the cause when they brought him among us. May he be spared to visit us again at some future day."

The Illness of Pastor C. H. Spurgeon is Announced in a cable message from England. In previous years Mr. Spurgeon has found it necessary to take refuge in the South of France from the trying English climate during the most severe weeks of the winter. This year his old enemy, rheumatic gout, did not attack him, and he, believing that his adoption of vegetarianism had vanquished it, prepared for a winter of vigorous work at home. The hope is disappointed. Mr. Spurgeon is again prostrated, as he has been in every former year of late in which he has tried to continue preaching in London through the winter. He asks the prayers of all readers of his sermons.

The Cure for Hydrophobia Discovered by M. Pasteur is to be tested by six children of Newark, N. J., who were bitten by a mad dog on December 2d. The physician who attended them, immediately after they were bitten, apprehends danger from the bite, and strongly urged that they be sent to France at once for treatment by M. Pasteur. He states in a published card that hydrophobia does not usually show itself under two months after the bite, and in two weeks the children may be under the care of the great French chemist. A subscription was promptly raised to pay the expenses of any of the children whose parents were unable to pay, and they are being sent under the care of a New York physician who is anxious to witness the experiment. M. Pasteur has cabled his consent to treat them. The result will be awaited with great public interest. It is to be wished that some physician in this country knew the method of treatment, that it might be applied at once; but the next best thing is that being done, of sending the children without loss of time to the only man in the world who is believed to be able to save them. Men do not act so wisely when the poison of sin is raging within them, though the Saviour stands ready to receive and heal them (John 3:14, 15).

A Ship Steered Without a Helmsman is the latest triumph of American ingenuity. While repairs on the old Government yacht, the Talapoosa, have been in progress, Mr. C. H. Washburn has been fitting to her an apparatus which is intended to enable her to steer herself. Tiller ropes are attached to the end of a piston rod that works in a long cylinder placed athwartships. To operate the tiller compressed air is let into one end or the other of the cylinder, thus throwing the piston from side to side. The valve which allows the compressed air to enter the cylinder is controlled by other valves connected with an electric needle fixed vertically over the compass card. Two movable platinum plates, one on each side of the needle's point, can be placed on the card, so that if the ship deviates from her course on either side one of the plates is brought in contact with the needle, and an electric current is produced which by operating on the compressed-air valves moves the rudder in the required direction. At any time the electrical arrangement can be cut off, and the control of the compressed-air valves transferred to a wheel moved by a helmsman. That change will always be necessary near a coast when a straight course cannot be taken. There are many with weak will power who wish their lives could be so automatically guided. They know the right course and wish to follow it, but are drawn aside by temptation and afterward endure remorse. To all such God offers His almighty help (Ps. 32:8).

A Dreary Night in the Woods was Passed Recently by two business men of New York. They travelled by rail to Suffern, N. Y., whence they set out over the mountains west of that place for a day's hunting, intending to return in time to take the evening train back to the metropolis. Game being rather scarce in the immediate vicinity, they kept going further away, evi-

dently without calculating the distance they travelled, until they found themselves in a very wild region, which they say they believe was "never before traversed by man." Here they succeeded in bringing down a few birds and a couple of squirrels by dusk, and then made a start to the station. They continued to grope through the trees and over rocks until nearly midnight, when they were so fatigued that they could proceed no further. The moon, although partially obscured by clouds, gave light enough to enable them to see how they were situated. They each took turns sleeping an hour at a time, until broad daylight, when they were surprised, as well as pleased, to be found by an old farmer, whose house was not more than a quarter of a mile away, and where they could have taken shelter for the night had they known it. They returned to their homes with little game but much experience. That, however, was worth the annoyance it cost, if it led them to reflect that life is often spent in just that way. Men go off on a quest for wealth, or fame, or some other of the world's prizes, lose their way, and are overtaken by the night of sin and sorrow. For them, too, there is a refuge near at hand, as some discover when they are found and led to it (Ps. 107:4-7).

A Thrilling Scene in a Texas Court was Witnessed on December 3d. An aged preacher named Newton Chance was on trial for a murder committed twenty-two years ago. He was charged with having killed the editor of a local journal, published at Sherman, Tex. The murder caused much excitement at the time, but the culprit could not be found. A man named Young was suspected, and was arrested on suspicion, but, there being no direct evidence against him, he was released without trial. The preacher Chance disappeared about the time of the murder, and suspicion was diverted to him. It was not until this Fall that he was found and placed on trial. The case appeared to be going against him when Young was called to give his testimony. He said: "I killed him because of a statement he published in his paper." The old preacher was acquitted amid demonstrations of joy, and he wept like a child, as the people crowded around to congratulate him. He was saved from execution by the substitution of the guilty man. At the last great trial his position will be reversed. Then he, the guilty one, will be saved from eternal death by the substitution of the Innocent One who has suffered for him (Rom. 5:8, 9).

A Man Suspended Over a Precipice by His Coat was rescued by a young lady last week. On Tuesday, December 1st, a gentleman from Newark, N. J., accompanied by his niece, undertook the ascent of the High Tor, a precipitous mountain, seven hundred feet high, near Haverstraw, N. Y. They ascended safely, but in descending they found that the ground, which was frozen hard when they ascended, was soft and slippery. They therefore diverged a little from the path, not knowing that in doing so they were perilously near the edge of a dangerous precipice. Suddenly the gentleman, who was little ahead, uttered a cry and disappeared. His niece peered over, and was horror-stricken at the depth of the ravine and the sharp rocks below. Her uncle, however, had not fallen clear down. His coat had caught on a stumpy tree, and for the moment it held him suspended. The young lady knew that the coat or the tree might give way, and she set herself to rescue him. Tearing her cloak and dress into strips, she rapidly twisted them into a rope, one end of which she tied securely to a tree, and the other end she flung to him. He grasped it firmly, and drew himself up. Afterward more care was exercised, and the two descended in safety. The lady does not appear to have had any difficulty in persuading the imperilled man to seize the rope. He realized his danger, and saw his only means of escape. Would that impenitent sinners, whose peril is far more terrible, and who have a surer way of escape provided, were as wise! (Heb. 2:3.)

HAGAR AT THE FOUNTAIN.

A New Sermon by Pastor C. H. Spurgeon.

"And she called the name of the Lord that spake unto her, Thou God seest me: for she said, Have I also here looked after Him that seeth me? Wherefore the well was called Beer-lahai-roi."—GENESIS 16:13, 14.

The Wrong and Its Fruit—Sorrow the Invariable Result of a Believer's Sin—Hagar's Flight—Who it was that Found Her—I. Her Remarkable Experience—Self-Outlawed—Found by the Angel—Significant Salutation—Directed to Return—II. Her Acknowledgment—A Son's Conviction in a Theatre—An Assignment Abandoned—IV. Her Worship—V. The Suggestive Memorial.

You know the story of Hagar. I am not going to deal with the allegorical meaning of it; that would be apart from our subject this morning. I shall speak of the incident simply as it stands, and even then I shall not use it strictly as a case of sure conversion, for I am not certain that it was such. God had promised to Abram that he should have a son, and that thus he should be the father of nations; that blessing did not appear likely to come to him, for there were no children born to Sarai, nor did there seem to be the possibility of any. Husband and wife were both old and well stricken in years. No special mention had been made of Sarai in the promise as it then stood; and therefore it was not clear to Abram but what some other might be the mother of the expected seed; and when, in her unbelief, Sarai proposed that her maid should become his secondary wife, Abram hearkened to her. According to the custom of the times, and of Oriental nations, this act was right enough; but as it was not really right in itself, and showed littleness of faith on Abram's part, sorrow soon came of it. Hagar began to behave herself proudly toward her mistress, and her mistress finding herself despised, complained to Abram, and began also to behave harshly toward her.

THE WRONG ELEMENT

would not work in Abram's family; it might do very well for the Canaanites around him; but in a house where God was feared, it was an evil principle, and could not work for peace or holiness. Hagar's high Egyptian spirit, finding herself likely to be famous in the house, would not brook the rule of her mistress, nor could Sarai, the quiet, but queenly matron, put up with the insults of her slave. The mistress became hard and harsh to her handmaid. Wrought into a frenzy, Hagar flies from the tent, and makes the best of her way on the road to Egypt, whence she originally came. But what could a lone woman do in her condition, all alone in the wilderness?

Wearied with her journey, she spies a fountain, and she sits there. It was the likeliest place for any passing traveller to find her, and she sits her down there in her proud despair. Perhaps they will send for her; Abram may repent his yielding to Sarai, and send for her; she will wait there and if nothing comes to her help, she will die rather than return. Do you not see her crouching at the fountain, half mad with pride and vexation, and at the same time stricken with a sullen despair? She knows not what she is to do, neither does any way of hope open before her. Alas, poor Hagar!

SORROW'S VOICE.

But although there was no prayer of hers for God to hear, another voice spake in His ear. The angel who suddenly appeared to her said, "The Lord hath heard thy affliction." That is a very beautiful sentence. Though sorrow and woe ought to be attended with prayer, yet even when supplication is not offered, the heart of God is moved by misery itself. In Hagar's case, the Lord heard her affliction; He looked forth from His glory upon that lone Egyptian woman who was in the deepest distress in which a woman could well be placed, and He came speedily to her help.

We have not much difficulty in deciding who the angel was that appeared to her. We are

sure that this Angel of the Lord was that great messenger of the covenant who was afterward to appear in actual flesh and blood, but who many a time before he was born at Bethlehem anticipated His descent to earth, and visited it in human form. His delights were ever with the sons of men; and so when there was a message to be brought to men, that blessed One, the Second Person of the divine Unity condescended to be the bearer of it.

THE OUTLAW.

I. In speaking of Hagar, I shall first dwell for a little upon her remarkable experience. I pray that to some daughter of sorrow the like experience may come. May your case be mirrored in that of Hagar, as when one seeth his face in a looking-glass. Observe that Hagar had outlawed herself. No doubt she had much to put up with; but she had been insolent and provoking to her mistress, and at last she had in her impatience deliberately quitted the house of Abraham, and left the abode of the chosen family. Whatever that house may have been, it was the best place then upon the earth; it was almost the only spot under heaven where the Lord God was known. Whatever faults she may have perceived there, whatever errors she may have suffered from, she could not but have noticed that there was a great difference between Abraham's tent and the abodes of Egypt. Now she quits her place of privilege, she renounces the high hopes which surrounded her, and in her fierce passion she rushes she cares not whither. The untamable spirit which afterward showed itself in her son Ishmael raged in her bosom.

So, too, have we met with those who have deliberately left the ways of God and the people of God, and all semblance of goodness, because they have thought themselves badly used. They have happened to suffer somewhat, and in the bitterness of their spirit they have resolved to stand no more of it. They vow that they will have nothing to do with God, or with His people; they will turn their backs upon everything that is religious, and they will mix with the world in its most ungodly form. Now their hand is against every man, and every man's hand is against them, and in their high spirit they are prepared to defy the universe to subdue them.

While she was there, in the moment of her desperation, she was found by the angel. His first act was to awaken conviction within her. He said to her, "Hagar, Sarai's maid, whence camest thou? and whither wilt thou go?" This language is singularly

LIKE THE LORD JESUS

Christ's mode of address. The name of the person is mentioned. This forcibly brings to my mind the speech of Our Lord when He said unto the woman, "Mary," and she turned herself, and said unto Him, "Rabboni." He says, "Hagar, Sarai's maid;" His word is a personal word, and she cannot mistake it. Is not this the Lord's way in other cases? Has He not said, "I have called thee by thy name?" He adds her description, and reminds her that whatever else she might be, she was "Sarai's maid." How surprised she must have been!

Then, further to bring her to her right senses, the angel asks her, with touching pathos of tone, "Whence camest thou?" What hast thou left behind thee? What hast thou given up? All thy hopes lie in Abraham's tent, and thou hast left the place. For thee there is a high destiny, and thou art flying from it. Thou art, after all, a favored woman, and thou knowest it not; thou art flying away from that which will be thy blessedness! This is the question of the Holy Spirit to every runaway rebel. O wandering sinner, what art thou quitting? In fleeing from goodness, and God, and hope, and grace, dost thou know what thou art leaving?

Again, He asks her, "Whither wilt thou go?" Her crouching form is before Him; she lifts up her eyes, all red with tears, and she weeps anew as he says, "And whither wilt thou go?" "Wilt thou go into the wilderness further, and

die there of thirst and hunger? Wilt thou go down into Egypt, back to all the cruelties of that benighted land? Whither wilt thou go?" It is thus the Lord meets runaway sinners that are bent upon their own destruction, and He calls to them by name, and says, "Whence camest thou? And whither wilt thou go? What can be the end of such a life as thine? Whither can it carry thee but to destruction?" Some of us heard the warning voice long years ago, and we can never forget it; the call rings in the chambers of our memory even now.

THE HARD DUTY.

When he had wrought conviction in her, the angel who had found Hagar next gave her an exhortation. He said to her, "Return unto thy mistress, and submit thyself under her hands." A hard message, as it seemed to her in her pride, no doubt. "Return," however hard the way; "submit thyself," however humiliating the deed. Hagar is not spared; the angel puts his words very plainly. If it were kindness to say "Return," it is still greater kindness to say severely, but truthfully, "Return to thy mistress." He says also, "Submit thyself under her hands," to show that the submission must be entire and absolute. Put thyself back into thy right place, and then grace can deal with thee. When the covenant Angel deals with any man or woman among us, He will say, "Return, return, return. Repent, and be converted. Turn ye; turn ye, why will ye die?" The Gospel does not spare the sinner the pangs of repentance. You must go back to the place from whence you came, and you must submit yourself, or nothing will go right with you.

THE REWARD.

When the angel of the Lord had thus spoken with Hagar, calling her by her name, and working conviction in her heart, and pointing out her duty, he then added rich promises—promises which to her mind must have been very unexpected and consoling. She was a runaway slave girl, but he says to her, "I will multiply thy seed exceedingly, that it shall not be numbered for multitude, and thou shalt bear a son, and shalt call his name Ishmael." That name signifies, "God heareth me," because the Lord had heard her affliction. The angel went on to tell her what this child should be who would be the joy of her heart. Little does a sinner know what blessings are in store for him, if he repents and submits to the Lord's will.

So you see, Hagar's experience was a very remarkable one, although by no means peculiar to herself. Blessed be God, it has happened to tens of thousands, that where sin abounded, grace did much more abound. When they have run away, and outlawed themselves, grace has followed them, grace has convicted them, grace has admonished them, and grace has made large promises to them.

II. Now, I want you to notice

HER DEVOUT ACKNOWLEDGMENT.

When that which we have described happened to her, she acknowledged the living God. My text says, "She called the name of the Lord that spake unto her, Thou God seest me." *She spake to Him that spake to her;* after this fashion do we all begin our communion with God. Oh, when God speaks to you, you will soon find a tongue to speak to Him.

What did she say? She acknowledged Him to be God. "She called the name of the Lord that spake to her, Thou God seest me." It is one thing to believe there is a God, but it is quite another thing to know it by coming into personal contact with Him. They give you books to prove that there is a God—all well and good; be convinced by them. They tell you to walk abroad and see God in His works. Do so. You cannot better employ yourselves; for God is everywhere. His breath perfumes the flowers, and His pencil paints them. But you will not learn God in this fashion, if you use this method by itself. To go from nature up to nature's God is a long step for broken legs; we are so mangled by our fall that we never take that step without divine help. But, oh, if the Lord

meets with you! If He reveals His own self to your heart! What assurance! What certainty!

Observe, dear friends, that she acknowledged His observant love. You that only know God as one who made the heavens and earth, do not indeed know Him at all. He must be personally a God to you, or He will not be your God at all. To us the true God is the God who seeth us. Doth not His law begin, "I am the Lord thy God, which have brought thee out of the land of Egypt, out of the house of bondage"? His special care is the mark by which we know Him. It was so in Hagar's case; God's watchful care toward her made Him real to her. She knew that He must be God; she could not doubt it, for she had been so strangely found out by Him.

In the presence of that God she felt overpowered and ready to yield. She was so overwhelmed, that no rebellion remained within her. She girds her garments about her, and she makes the best of her way home to the tent of Sarai. That is what I want to happen to many a poor soul this morning in a still fuller and more spiritual sense. Pray, you people of God, that it may be so. If you are here this morning, Mistress Sarah, let me put in a gentle word for your poor maid. If she does come back to you, do not treat her harshly again; do not drive her away again; but receive the runaway and make the best of her. Let the past be buried. Say, "If an angel has appeared to thee, and taught thee to know the Lord, I will gladly receive thee, and show the kindness of God unto thee."

HER AMAZEMENT.

III. Let me now call to your notice the manifest amazement of this woman; for in her glad surprise she uttered a sentence which runs as follows: "Have I also here looked after Him that seeth me?" This is a sentence very hard to be understood; not because it is hard to make out a meaning, but because it is so full of meaning. It reads like an oracle. Expositors will tell you that as many senses may be given to this sentence as there are words in it; and each one of these senses will bear a measure of decent defence. I shall not go into them all, but I think I see clearly that *she was amazed that God should care for her*. "Thou God seest me. Have I also here looked after Him that seeth me?" Does He see me? Do I see Him? If I had loved God when I was in Sarai's tent, I could have understood His following me here. Brethren, it is a great wonder to me this day that ever my God should think of me. Brothers, sisters, do you not share that feeling, each one for yourself? Do you not say, "Why me, my Lord? Why me?" Sit still in holy wonder, and adore and bless the Lord.

A CALL IN A THEATRE.

An old man in the country was a gracious father, and brought up his children in the fear of the Lord; but his son while yet a youth must needs see life in London, and therefore he came to the great city, and plunged into all sorts of sin. He cared nothing for the Sabbath, but even felt glad to escape from the weariness of the meeting-house to which he had been taken from his infancy. It was no design of his ever to find God, but God found him in the most unlikely of all the places in the world—namely, in a low play-house. A scene occurred in which a mutinous sailor was to be banged, and asking for a glass of spirits he was represented as drinking his own health in the words—"Here's to my immortal soul." "Immortal soul," thought the foolish youth, "Immortal soul." He had almost forgotten that he had an immortal soul. It was a shot fired at the centre of the target; it struck him home; he was ready to drop; he sought the open air and a place wherein to weep. The next Sabbath morning found the young scapegrace at a prayer-meeting, seeking his father's God, and before long he found peace through the blood of Jesus, and began preaching the Gospel which he had so grievously abused. God knows how to get at the heart of sinners.

Remember Colonel Gardiner about to commit a foul offence; he made an assignation, and reached the spot an hour too soon, and while he waited he saw, or thought he saw, his Saviour, and heard a voice accusing him of ingratitude. He fled the place of his temptations, sought for pardon, and became eminent as a saint. What a surprise it must be to rebels to be thus seized in the arms of grace and transformed into friends of the King! I ask God that such a surprise may await some who are here to-day. May you also inquire in amazement, "Have I here also looked after Him that seeth me?"

IV. My time has fled, or I should have asked you to notice

HER HUMBLE WORSHIP.

Her humble worship was expressed by her using an expressive name for the angel of the Lord. She worshipped God heartily and intelligently, *according to her knowledge*. She did not use the first word that came to hand, but she spake fitly, thoughtfully, and well. She knew that the Lord was the seeing God, for He had seen her; and so she worshipped Him under that title, "Thou God seest me." We cannot worship "The Unknown God;" at least, such worship lacks eyes and light, and is fitter for owls and bats than for man.

Her worship was *wonderfully personal*. It is not "God sees," but "Thou God seest me;" and it is not, "Has God looked after His creature?" but "Have I here also looked after Him that seeth me?" True religion is always personal, but it becomes wonderfully so when a man is specially arrested by sovereign grace; for then he adores as if he were the only man in the universe, and beholds God as if no other eye throughout all the ages had ever beheld him. Oh, it is wonderful to feel alone with the Lord, while the Lord is searching you through and through.

Remark again, that her worship proved itself deeply true, for it was followed by immediate *practical obedience* to the command of the Lord. Obedience is the best of worship. She returned unto her mistress, and was subject unto her. Oh for grace this morning, if God meets with us, not to tarry a single minute in rebellion, but to return at once to subjection to the Lord! Oh, to cry with Thomas, "My Lord and my God;" and then to live henceforth as in His sight!

V. We will conclude by glancing for an instant at the well which became

THE SUGGESTIVE MEMORIAL

of this special manifestation and singular experience. That well—we do not know what it had been called before—but that Beer, or well, was henceforth called Beer-lahai-roi, or the well of Him that liveth and seeth. Will we not all at this time drink of that well? It was a very happy thought to attach a holy name to a well, so that every traveller might learn of God as he refreshed himself.

Come and drink at this well. The waters are cool and clear. Drink, and live. Did I hear you cry out in anguish, "Nobody cares for me"? Do you say, "Nobody knows me in this terrible city. Here I am in this great London as much deserted as Robinson Crusoe on his lone island"? I know what you mean. London is worse than a wilderness to many; a man may lay himself down and die in these streets, and nobody will care for him. The millions will pass him by; not for want of kindness, but from want of thought. There is no such horrible wilderness as a wilderness of men. Yet, take comfort; the living God sees thee! He seeth not as man seeth, with a mere gaze of cold notice; but His heart goes with His eye.

You have not prayed yet, but He hears your affliction. Oh, begin to pray, and He will speedily deliver! Spread your case before Him, and He will regard your petition. I would encourage you to get alone, if you are in sorrow and sin, and tell it all out before God, and see if He does not deliver you. Some of us have gone to Him in plights as terrible as yours, and we have ordered our cases before Him, and He has

answered us. We can truly say, "He hath delivered us;" and therefore we encourage you to seek His face in like manner. May the Lord bring you to seek Him at once, for His great love's sake, and then to Him shall be glory forever and ever. Amen.

NEW BOOKS.

WONDERS OF ART

and Archæology is the title of a series of highly interesting and instructive books, of which a new volume has just been issued. The department with which it is concerned is that of *Glass-making* in all ages. A moment's thought will enable us to realize how important is the part glass plays in adding to human comfort and knowledge. Not only does it enable us to enjoy light without the cold winds, not only does it supply us with material for ornamenting our homes and making useful articles, but when it is placed in our hands in the telescope and the microscope it enables us to gain a knowledge of the perfection of God's works in creation which we could never have gained without its aid. The history of glass-making is therefore a matter in which every reader will be interested. M. Sauzay, the author of the book, has taken extraordinary pains to collect all the facts accessible on the subject. How wide a field there is for investigation may be inferred from the fact that the discovery of glass is attributed by some to Tubal-Cain, the eighth from Adam; by others to the children of Israel during their sojourn in the desert, and again by Pliny, and others to the ancient Phœnician merchants. The last is the generally accepted account, but M. Sauzay expresses his doubts of its correctness. It is, however, certain that fifteen hundred years before Christ glass-making had attained a wonderful degree of perfection. Articles of glass have been discovered among the ruins of Thebes bearing hieroglyphic inscriptions which prove uncontestedly that they were made before that date. There are also paintings on the ancient tombs from which it is clear that in those early days men were employed in glass-making and glass-blowing, and that they used tools very similar to those now employed in the manufacture. Of some of the ancient articles discovered M. Sauzay gives drawings. He traces the history of the art through succeeding ages in its various forms of window-glass, mirrors, bottles and vases, goblets and drinking-glasses, and optical glasses. The work contains numerous illustrations of some of the triumphs of Venetian art which are very beautiful. Pp. 325; price, \$1. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons.

BEYOND THE GRAVE

is the title of a small work by Dr. Hermann Cremer, Professor of Theology in the University of Greifswald, which is translated by the Rev. Samuel T. Lowrie, D.D., and prefaced by an introductory chapter from the pen of the learned Dr. A. A. Hodge, of Princeton. Christian ministers, parents, and Sunday-school teachers have often realized, when talking with a bereaved child, how little they know about the condition of the departed soul. It is the custom to speak glibly of the pious dead being in heaven, and, though it is seldom bluntly stated, there is a general impression among Christian people that the impenitent are in hell soon after the bodily eyes close in death. The belief is also general, though not so general as it was half a century ago, that throughout the countless ages of eternity the dead remain in the condition into which they enter immediately after quitting this world, save that they are again clothed with a body at the resurrection, and have to undergo a judgment which indorses and confirms the separation and destiny fixed at death. But when some unbeliever challenges these beliefs, or some inquirer seeks to examine the grounds for them, the Christian is often surprised to find how little of direct statement on the subject the Bible contains. It is rather by inference that we have arrived at the belief we hold. The Apostle Paul expressed his own con-



The Burmese Secretary of State.



A Company of King Theebaw's Army.



A Burmese Courtier.

viction that after death he would be "at home with the Lord" (11 Cor. 5 : 8). Jesus assured the dying thief that on that day he would be *with Him* in Paradise (Luke 23 : 43). Beside these two statements there are others in which the same idea is implied, but how much is still left to the imagination! We do not know where heaven is, nor what are its conditions, nor whether the infant of a few days is there with the saint of eighty years old, nor whether, when the soul of Jesus went there while His body lay in the sepulchre, a change was worked on all the disembodied spirits then living there. We have our own ideas about those things, but of actual knowledge we have none. Lazarus, dead four days, comes back at Christ's command, and so far as we know reveals nothing. The son of the widow of Nain is silent. The Bible was not intended to satisfy our curiosity. If we follow its teachings we may say with confidence when we die, "Into thy hands I commit my spirit," and be confident that we have eternal life, and there is no need that we should know more, for we trust God. Yet who can have stood by the side of an open grave and watched a loved form laid there without wishing that he knew where that loved one was at that moment?

The erudite German professor gives us in this book the conclusion at which he has arrived on this subject, and the reasons on which he bases it. Dr. Lowrie, who translates it, gives us his views, which are in some respects different from those of Professor Cremer. Again, Dr. Hodge differs from both, and yet all three recognize the supreme authority of the Bible, and have no knowledge of the subject outside of the Word of God. All are evidently sincere seekers after truth, they search the same quarry, and they arrive at different results. The subject is intensely fascinating, especially to those whose loved ones have but recently crossed the river. To all such this book will be welcome, and while readers whose views are in accord with those of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD will doubtless agree on one or two points with Dr. Hodge rather than with Dr. Cremer, they will find much in the arguments of the latter that will tend to their comfort and edification. Pp. 191; price, 75

cents. Published by *Harper & Brothers*, New York.

BURMAH AND ITS PEOPLE.

(See Illustrations on this page.)

THE country of Burmah, which has attracted public attention lately owing to the British invasion of it, lies between British India and China. Its area is about 170,000 square miles, or three fourths the size of Texas. It contains valuable mines of gold, silver, copper, tin, lead and iron. Its chief export is rice. The population is about four millions, but as the outlying sections of the country are semi-independent this estimate of area and population is little more than nominal. At times the King of Burmah asserts his sway over these outlying sections by making a fierce onslaught on the people, orders a hideous massacre, and retires until another occasion arises to relieve his passion. There is no semblance of government anywhere, save that the will or caprice of the king is supreme. The people are of the Malay race; they profess to be Buddhists, but their religion and morals are of the lowest type. Polygamy and slavery flourish among their institutions.

On Saturday, November 28th, General Prendergast entered the city at the head of fourteen thousand men. The opposition they had encountered on the way had been easily overcome. Several skirmishes had taken place, in which it was evident that the Burmese did not lack personal bravery, though, being badly armed and without discipline, they were unable to oppose trained troops. King Theebaw displayed the cowardice that bullies generally show when confronted with superior power. He professed his readiness to do anything if his life would be spared. He would abdicate, would live in a house designated by the British, and make any other concession required of him. He was sent to Calcutta to talk to Lord Dufferin. The people who were held in terror by the brutal king gave a cordial welcome to the British, whom they regarded as their deliverers.

The illustrations represent two Burmese courtiers in their court dress. One is a Secretary of State. The costume they have to wear at court appears ridiculous to us, but, in fact, it

is not more absurd than the blue and silver livery which the British Premier and his colleagues have to wear when they attend the Queen's court. The centre picture represents a company of the Burmese troops. The elephant is for the accommodation of the colonel. Inferior officers ride on ponies, the soldiers clad in ordinary coats and trousers march alongside, while twenty or thirty bare-legged runners carry the officers' muskets and private luggage. The pictures are taken from sketches made by a European traveller who recently made a visit to King Theebaw's court.

A TALK WITH A SMOKER.

(See Illustration on page 797.)

"A DREADFUL accident that was yesterday," said a portly clergyman, seated in a railroad car, as he produced a package of tracts and handed one to each of his fellow-passengers.

"It was that," said the man opposite to him. "I should say it will cost the company a hundred thousand dollars in compensations and damages. They ought to pay well—it will make them more careful. Five thousand dollars is a pretty small sum for a woman and children to get for the loss of the bread-winner."

"Yes, small enough," assented the clergyman, "and that does not benefit the man killed, who is perhaps the greatest loser. He certainly is if he is cut off before he has made his peace with God, for he loses his soul."

"Ah! that's your business, to persuade folks to invest in something they won't get till they are dead. For my part, I mean to enjoy my life here, and if there's another life after this that may take care of itself."

"There are two ways of enjoying life," said the clergyman. "I have seen men set out to enjoy life by drinking and going to theatres and balls and getting all the vicious and licentious pleasure within their reach, but they don't succeed. No man enjoys life in that way. More than one half his time he is miserable. Now, my idea of enjoying life is to spend it in a way that makes you happy all the time, and that way does not prevent your having happiness after you are dead too. There's no man that knows true peace and comfort and freedom from worry

and anxiety like the Christian. He has a never-failing remedy for care, which is the greatest foe to happiness.

"So I have an unfailing remedy. Look here; I call this 'old never-fail.'" And the man put his hand in his pocket and brought out a short, finely-colored meerschaum pipe. "When I'm dull and worried I fill this with real Virginia, and before I have had many whiffs I'm as happy as a king. I don't care whether school keeps or not."

"That's a poor way of meeting trouble, to let things slide and not to care. It is like the ostrich burying its head in the sand so that it shall not see the hunters. It does not save the bird, and your smoke doesn't save you. The trouble has to be met just the same when you lay your pipe down. Now, when I am in trouble I just put it all in the Lord's hands and do my best. I know it will all come out right."

"I guess you haven't had many troubles. Life's been pretty smooth with you or you would not carry so much fat."

"If you knew my history you would not say that," said the clergyman, joining in the laugh raised by this reference to his sleek appearance.

"I have had more troubles than the majority of men. But they have not hurt me. I have found religion a good thing for this life, and I know it will be a good thing for the life to come. I speak from experience when I recommend it. You cannot say as much for your 'never-fail.'"

"All I say for it is that it suits me. I don't believe in psalm-singing and prayer-meetings and doleful faces. I believe in enjoying life."

"So do I," said the clergyman. "And taking it in the long run, I say that a religious man enjoys it more than the irreligious man. He has to give up some things, but every one that he gives up is an injurious thing any way. Apart from religion he is better without them. You cannot name one pleasure that is denied me that does a man good. You know that a man who spends his night in dissipation is miserable next day. He is not so good a man of business in the morning as he would have been if he had gone to bed sober and at a decent hour. He is poorer in pocket, poorer in health, and poorer in reputation. If you have two men working for you of equal capacity you know that the religious man is more reliable and more trustworthy than the irreligious man. He has more rational enjoyment, does not disgrace his family, and is altogether a better man every way. If there were no life beyond the grave he would be a wiser man than the one who damages his health, wastes his money, and is a nuisance in the world. Besides that, as there is a life beyond the grave, he is prepared for that, too. Come, now, you are a man of forty years, I should say. Suppose a lad comes to you and says, 'I want to make the best of my life; what would you advise me from your experience to do?' Would you advise him to drink and smoke and spend his evenings at the theatre, and with vicious men and women, gambling and rioting?"

"No, I wouldn't if I cared for him."

"No, because it would be a foolish thing for him, whether there is a heaven and hell or not,



"I call this Pipe Old Never-Fail."

And if there is, why, it would be a fatally bad thing for him. A purely selfish man, concerned only for his own interest, ought to be a religious man, if he has any sense. Taken on higher grounds, religion is equally strong. The wicked man is a fool, look at it how you will."

"Well, that's a strong way of putting it, but I think you're right. But here's my station. Good-by. I've heard the best sermon I ever heard, and I'll think it over."

THE SILVER LINING.

A SERIAL STORY.

(Continued from page 793.)

Faithful Friends.

THE days pass slowly and gloomily with the prisoner. It is a monotonous life, dreary and depressing to the last degree. There is no news from the hospital where the injured man lies hovering between life and death. Frank Arnold asks anxiously every day, and learns that Greville is still living, but is not expected to recover. From hints casually dropped, Frank knows that his record is being traced. Efforts are being made to find his wife, and suggestions are made to him that he might furnish a clue. These he disregards, having himself no knowledge of her abode. The warders think him sullen, and form the worst opinions of his guilt. Their suspicion is not unnatural, for Frank is resentful and his answers are surly. They are not fit associates for him, and it seems to him that they are impertinent in trying to force their conversation upon him. So he is unpopular in the prison and at last he is left to himself, and probably misses some little attentions that would have tended to his comfort.

There is one rift, however, in the cloud that hangs over him. His cable message had been answered, and he learned that his father was coming to his aid. In ten days he might be expected, and then at any rate he would not be friendless in his trouble. He knows well at how great a sacrifice his appeal is being met. His father's practice

sees himself as a boy winning distinction at school. He kneels again at his mother's knee and listens to her as she tells him of Jesus, and urges him to make God the guide of his youth. He sees himself leaving home for his studies in London, and feels the grip of his father's hand as with words of wise counsel he warns him against worldliness and sin. Life was bright in these days, but how soon did it become clouded! Prayer neglected, the Bible unread, the church abandoned, spiritual life at a standstill. Then came his yearning for money. He remembers now as he lies in the gloomy prison the first movement of that desire for wealth which had finally taken possession of him. It was not the natural and honorable desire for a well-earned fortune, but the wish that in some easy way he might realize it without the dull plodding labor that his father had given through long years. Then he had heard of Clare and the fortune she might be expected to inherit, and he had hastened to make himself master of it. Fool that he had been! But for that haste to be rich he might now have been happy and untroubled in his native land. He had flung his life away, and he bemoaned his folly.

It is not repentance that the miserable man feels as he lies awake through the long hours. It is only chagrin, disappointment, vexation that he should have so blundered. Repentance might have led to humiliation before God and realization of divine forgiveness through Christ. It is the blunders and the consequences of them that trouble him. That he is a sinner he forgets, and he offers no prayer for pardon. No wonder that light does not break in on his darkness while he dwells on his own sufferings and laments the seed from which they have sprung only because it has brought suffering, and so because it was a sin against God.

These nights grow at last intolerable, a thing to be dreaded, bringing no rest, physical or mental, nothing but torture that seers like to drive him mad. The craving for exercise and

must be neglected, and the discomforts of a voyage endured in responding to his request. No greater proof of his love could such a man as Dr. Arnold give. But Frank needed no proof; he knew that before. Glad as he was of his coming, he did not look forward to it with unalloyed delight. Even to his father he shrank from acknowledging his misdeeds. Perhaps more to his father than to any one else would it be painful to own that he had fallen into dissipation, and yet the confession would have to be made, for how else could he account for his oblivion on the fatal night? He could see in imagination the look of grief that would come over Dr. Arnold's face when he heard the disgraceful story. He could feel in anticipation the pang of humiliation which he would suffer in telling it.

The nights are the most horrible experience Frank has to undergo. In the day there are occurrences to divert his attention. In the night, when all is still, he lies awake dwelling on the events of his life, and tossing restlessly on his cot. Then memory tortures him ruthlessly. If

for liquor, to which during the past few weeks he had become accustomed, drives sleep away, and life becomes a burden that he is every day less able to bear. With great difficulty he succeeded one day in procuring some morphine powders, and then for the first time since the beginning of his imprisonment he gets some sleep. After that his mind is occupied with that one problem, how by stealth and stratagem he can get the drug that will check the maddening activity of his brain. That effort supercedes all thought of his danger, of his trial, and of any steps to secure a delence. It is sleep—oblivion that he craves, and for this he schemes.

It is a wreck of a man, pale, haggard, and leaden-eyed that comes out of his cell to meet Dr. Arnold when that gentleman is ushered into the prison by a warder.

"Father, this is like you," Frank said, as he grasped the doctor's hand. "You are the best father a man ever had."

"My son, my son," was all the father could say, as he looked at the changed face and sunken form of the son he had once regarded with honest pride.

"How is my mother?" Frank asked.

"She is well, but very anxious. She would not be left behind. Both she and Kate are in New York, and they will come to see you to-morrow. They would have come with me now, but I begged them to let me pay this first visit alone. I want you to tell me all the particulars of your case so that I may know how to act. Valuable time is passing, and I gather from your message that nothing has been done yet."

Then Frank told the history of his sojourn in New York. His futile efforts to gain a livelihood by his profession, his loneliness, the uncongeniality of Clare's disposition, his acquaintance with Greville, and finally his wife's departure and the scene in Greville's rooms. The fact of his having fallen under the power of liquor he concealed, but admitted that on that night, excited and reckless, he had resorted to the glass to drown his sorrow.

Dr. Arnold listened attentively. He did not once interrupt the narrative until its conclusion, when he put a few questions to enable him to get a clear perception of the events of the night on which the attack on Greville had been made so far as Frank was able to describe them. It was remarkable that the father never asked his son whether he was guilty of the crime. That he was innocent he appeared to assume, and his confidence affected the prisoner almost to tears.

"Good-by, Frank," he said, "I will stand by you. We will have justice for you, my boy. Do not despond. This mystery will be cleared up, and all will be well."

Frank shook his father's hand convulsively, and then put the request that had not been absent from his mind during all the interview.

"Father, could you not get me some morphia? They will let you bring it to me if you tell them you are a physician."

A quick, penetrating look from the father's eyes rested on the son, and Frank's gaze fell before it. "Be careful, my boy," Dr. Arnold said, "you know what an insidious foe that drug is. It becomes a tyrant before you feel its chains. Well, well, at a time like this perhaps it may be necessary, but be on your guard; it is a good servant, but a bad master. You ought never to exceed a quarter of a grain at a dose. I will get you a couple of grains, and that will last you until I come to-morrow. By the way, too, you would like a little money; I suppose you could use it here?"

"Thanks, father, I should," and Frank eagerly held out his hand for the bills Dr. Arnold was fingering. The two grains of morphia promised by the doctor would be a mere tantalizing of his craving, but with the money he could procure more. A quarter of a grain dose! Why, Frank was taking two grains at a time already, and even that was becoming too little to produce the required quiescence. In a short time Dr. Arnold returned with the promised supply, and gave it to Frank with another warning. Before his

father was a hundred yards from the prison Frank had taken the whole, and had arranged with a warder to procure more. The interview had agitated him, and the prospect of meeting his mother and sister on the next day—of meeting them in a prison—he, of whom they had both been proud, who was to have been so distinguished, he, the promising young physician, to be receiving them in the Tombs; the thought was maddening. Alone in the darkness he dwelt upon it until he was almost beside himself with shame and mortification, and he wished that he was dead. Could he but have realized the intense yearning that filled both their hearts he would have had no dread of the meeting. Pride and selfishness blinded him, as they blind every one who allows them to hold sway in the heart. To be respected, admired, depended upon, was his idea of happiness. To be pitied was hateful to him, and he shrank from it as from insult.

Dr. Arnold made his way to the hotel where his wife and daughter were anxiously awaiting him. As yet they knew nothing of the circumstances which had brought Frank into his deplorable situation. They loved him with tender, passionate love. They longed to be at his side comforting and encouraging him, and it was that they might do this that they had pleaded with tears and with an earnestness that could not be denied to accompany the doctor across the Atlantic. He was reluctant to permit them to make the journey, but while the question was pending a letter arrived from Helen which decided it.

At last she was coming home, but it was under circumstances that portended a permanent separation. The suspicion engendered by her former letter was confirmed. Leslie Raymond, the nephew of the lady whose sorrows Helen had relieved during her outward voyage, and whose gratitude and love for her were unbounded, had asked her to become his wife, and it was clear from Helen's letter that she loved him. By his aunt's desire, and at his own wish, he was coming with Helen to plead his suit with her parents in person, and as an aged lady of their acquaintance was making the journey also, the three would travel in company. It was necessary, however, for business reasons, that Leslie should visit several important agents of the house in America, and they would consequently sail for San Francisco, cross the continent by rail, and resume their sea voyage at New York. This was an additional reason why Kate's desire should be granted, and accordingly the doctor held out no longer, and Kate and her mother were now in New York on their double mission of befriending Frank and welcoming Helen and her suitor. It would be nearly a month before the Australian party could arrive, and in the meantime Frank was the first concern.

"Oh, papa, do come in," said Kate, as she opened the door of their room when the doctor's well-known step was heard on the corridor of the hotel. "We are so anxious to know about poor Frank."

Mrs. Arnold's loving eyes, however, were fixed with an anxious earnestness on her husband's face, on which she read the signs of weariness and exhaustion. "Do not be impatient, Kate," she said. "You are very tired, Ralph, dear. We will hear your story when you have rested and had some tea."

"I think I should be glad to postpone it for half an hour, my love, and then I shall need all your attention, and Kate will have an opportunity of exercising those talents that she boasts of possessing. I must turn myself into a detective for the nonce, and all suggestions will be welcome. Perhaps some may be useful."

"Now, then, for the cabinet council," said Kate, after the doctor, rested and refreshed by his tea, turned his chair from the table. "Have you seen Frank? How does he look? Is he in danger through this horrid charge?"

"Gently, my dear; let me tell the story in my own way, and answer questions afterward." Then the doctor related the narrative to which he had listened in the prison, and ended by ex-

pressing his intention to obtain legal advice on the morrow, and to engage a private detective. "I see nothing else that we can do at present," he said, with a sad, weary sigh.

"Do you not think it would be well for you to see this Mr. Greville, papa?" Kate asked. "If he is able to speak you might learn more from him than any one. Perhaps he is not so bad a man as Frank thinks, and in any case he would not wish an innocent man punished. Of course Frank is innocent. You are quite sure of that, are you not, papa?"

"Yes, I have no doubt of that. And I think your suggestion is good, Kate. I wonder it did not occur to me before. I will go to the hospital the first thing in the morning. I have introductions to two physicians in the city who will doubtless help me to get an interview with him. That is the first thing, and after that we will see about a lawyer and a detective. Now we will ask God's guidance and help, and then try to get a good night's rest."

It would have surprised an unbeliever to listen to the doctor's prayer that night. The calm confidence with which he committed his perplexities into the hands of God, his heartfelt assurance that all things were being arranged and controlled by Him, revealed the rock on which he stood. The nervous worry, the anxious suspense, the uncontrollable restlessness that ordinary men similarly placed would have displayed, had no place in the heart of the man whose trust was stayed on God. He was experiencing the perfect peace promised to all who put their trust in Him. While conscious that he must use the reasoning faculties which God had given him, he knew that he would be wisely led, and was at rest. Heaven is not all to come after death. Some of it is in the peace which reigns there fills the believer's breast and keeps him undisturbed amid the storms of life.

Early the next morning, armed with references given by his friends, Dr. Arnold presented himself at the hospital and begged for a word with the patient.

"As a physician, Dr. Arnold," said the official who received him, "you appreciate the danger of agitating him. His life hangs by a thread. We have refused even to allow him to make a statement to the law officers. I will go with you to his bedside, and, if it is prudent, you shall ask him one question in the interest of justice. At present not a word has been spoken to him about his attack."

It was an anxious moment that Dr. Arnold lived while the hospital surgeon made his examination. "I think you might speak to him, Doctor, if you will be careful," said the surgeon. Dr. Arnold bent down over the sick man's form and said, in the quiet tone of one who was accustomed to the sensitive nerves of the suffering, "Are you able to tell us who it was that struck you? I am Dr. Arnold, the father of your friend, who is suspected."

The injured man was scarcely able to utter a whisper, but he made a strong effort. "Arnold," he said, "no, it was not Arnold. It was a common thief. I saw him clearly, and held him till I lost consciousness. No, it was not Arnold."

"Thank God!" said the father, reverently, and in obedience to a warning touch from the surgeon's hand he drew back from the bed.

"I heard," said the surgeon, "and I will testify if it becomes necessary. But nothing more must be said to him now."

Dr. Arnold was in a hack the next minute, hurrying to the Tombs as rapidly as the driver, impelled by a handsome present from the doctor, could take him. The joyful news he carried seemed too good to be contained in silence, and the glad father was out of the hack and running up the steps of the prison before the vehicle had quite stopped.

"This is a sad business, sir," said the man who had admitted him the night before, and who recognized him immediately.

"Oh, no, not at all," said Dr. Arnold. "My son will be set at liberty almost immediately. I have conclusive evidence that he is innocent."

"Ah! you don't know yet, I see. We sent a message to your hotel half an hour ago. The prisoner is dead. We found him dead this morning, and sent to you at once. The surgeon says he poisoned himself with opium or something of that kind. It's a pity he was in such a hurry. He should have waited to hear your good news."

Dr. Arnold sank into a seat, covered his face with his hands, and prayed to God for strength for himself and those loved ones on whom the blow would fall so heavily.

(To be continued.)

THE GRACIOUS INVITATION.

S. S. Lesson for Dec. 20, Isa. 55. Golden Text, ver. 1. By Mrs. M. Baxter.

To Every One in Need—The Only Condition—The Closed Account—A Futile Effort—The Quest of the Restless—Unsatisfactory Remedies—Vain Struggles after Holiness—The Difficulties of Life—Christ as a Leader—The Obsession of Human Thought—The Source of Life-Power.

"Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters, and he that hath no money; come ye, buy, and eat; yea, come, buy wine and milk without money, and without price." "Every one that thirsteth," every one who has a need, the sinful, the sad, the sick, the oppressed, the burdened, the perplexed, the weary, the weak. The need is the only claim, and

THE ONLY CONDITION

is to come empty. No money, no wisdom, no strength, no character, no reputation, no self-confidence are admitted here; but bankruptcy, despair, foolishness, weakness, nothingness find a welcome. Here is a trade in which the profits are all on the side of the buyer, and he needs no capital whatever. Oh, if every burdened, perplexed soul, sorrowful spirit, oppressed body did but believe this and act upon it, then sin, sickness, sorrow, oppression, would be swept away from the wide world! But He who makes this gracious invitation stands among us and we know Him not; He sounds His wondrous call of grace, and love, and power, and is to us as though He never had spoken such words. There are some, and they number thousands, who have accepted this invitation on some ground or other, and have come into the precious experience of what grace is. "To him that worketh is the reward not reckoned of grace, but of debt. But to him that worketh not, but believeth on Him that justifieth the ungodly, his faith is counted for righteousness" (Rom. 4: 4, 5).

Most touchingly the Lord puts the question to our reason. "Wherefore do ye spend money for that which is not bread? and your labor for that which satisfieth not?" Here is a question which calls for an answer. There is an immense outlay of time, money, strength, on what men call religion; the ritual of Rome and of the Anglican Church, the lifeless services of many of the Nonconformists, the splendid buildings raised in the name of certain churches and sects; then there is the zeal of the Mohammedan and of the followers of Brahma or Buddha; yet what does all this outlay bring in? It is simply substituting something which God cannot accept for the incalculable outlay which He has made in the death of His Son. The price for the world's salvation has been paid, and any attempt on the part of man to pay a fraction of it is but to dishonor and discount God's unspeakable gift. The account is closed, "it is finished."

But the natural heart of man is very independent, and all throughout the world there are men, women, and children, thirsty enough and needy enough, attempting to slake their own thirst and to satisfy their own need. We have not to look far for anxious faces; they crowd the thoroughfares, they fill the shops, pursuing with eagerness "that which is not bread" to an immortal soul, and that which their own countenances witness "satisfieth not." There is but one way out of the difficulty, and that is for

them to come where bread is to be found, and where alone a heart can be satisfied. Doctors prescribe travelling and change of scene for these sad hearts and worn-out nerves; it may distract, but this is not bread, and the weary, hungry look of some of these seekers after rest shows that it

SATISFIETH NOT.

The human heart was created for God, and nothing less than God can fill it; everything else is and has all the misery of a misfit.

But believers in Christ are surely not doing the same thing? Perhaps none are doing it more than they. How many believers there are who thirst to be holy, but instead of coming to Him who alone can make them holy by taking full possession and dwelling in them as their Sanctification, they strain every nerve and make every effort to do for themselves what God only can do for them. They will appoint themselves days of fasting and nights of prayer, they will school themselves to self-denial, they will choose that which is contrary to their tastes that the flesh may be mortified, and after all it is not bread, after all it "satisfieth not" either God or themselves. It leads to a bitter disappointment that God should not reward such earnestness and fill them with His Spirit, and the heart, instead of being satisfied, is more dissatisfied than ever. No wonder when God's child steps into His place and attempts to do His work.

What, then, is God's remedy? "Hearken diligently unto Me." Instead of puzzling out things for yourselves, hearken unto Me. Job spent time, arguments, and no small amount of warmth of feeling in his desperate effort to prove to God, to his friends, and to himself the holiness and uprightness of his heart and of his purposes. But it was only when he came to silence and said, "Behold, Lord, I am vile, what shall I answer Thee? I will lay my hand upon my mouth," that God was free to step in and act. Then He showed Job where his mistake had been, at once healed him, accepted him, exalted him above his criticising friends, and gave him double what he had before. Things are never right between God and man until man becomes the listener, God the speaker, man the receiver, God the Giver. "Hearken diligently unto Me, . . . incline your ear and come unto Me, hear, and your soul shall live." This is the first true step of blessing. A soul is never saved while continuing to cry and struggle and plead; salvation comes from hearing and believing what God has to say. A soul is never sanctified while straining every nerve to become holy, but when listening to and taking in what God says about it, while receiving what He says for true, and resting in God's working in him he sees how completely the work is God's, and he ceases from his own works as God did from His.

One who is in perplexity of circumstances does not get deliverance by his own desperate efforts to extricate himself; the relief which comes from one quarter is balanced by a worse difficulty on another side, because the object for which God permitted the trial has not been accomplished, and God will not let him off until it is done. But let him drop the whole into the hands of God and count Him faithful, submitting his whole will to Him, and he will find the promise sure. "Hearken diligently unto Me, and eat ye that which is good, and let your soul delight itself in fatness; . . . your soul shall live, and I will make with you an everlasting covenant." God loves to see His children happy, but this can never be while Jesus does not hold His true place as "the first and the last" in their lives. "Behold," God says, "I have given Him for a Witness to the people, a Leader and Commander to the people." God's David, His beloved Son, is to lead and to command; none of us are deputed to this work. Therefore "Let the wicked forsake his way, and the unrighteous man his thoughts, and let him return unto the Lord, and He will have mercy upon him; and to our God, for He will abundantly pardon. For My thoughts are not your thoughts, neither

are your ways My ways, saith the Lord. For as the heavens are higher than the earth, so are My ways higher than your ways, and My thoughts than your thoughts."

If this is true how almost insolent it is on our part to obtrude

OUR WAYS AND OUR THOUGHTS

upon God. Naaman thought how Elisha was going to heal him, but he had to renounce his thoughts in favor of God's thoughts before his healing could be effected. The Pharisee stood and gave utterance to his thoughts about himself and called it prayer, but he went down to his house unheard and unblest, because he had not given place to the thoughts of God. "I hate thoughts" (Ps. 110: 113), said the Psalmist, "but Thy law do I love." He had found out that the thoughts of God were higher than his. Man's ways are always to do something which can satisfy his own pride, and recommend him to God. God's ways are to break man down by His wondrous, unspeakable grace, and shame self into nothingness by His love to the unthankful and the unworthy. Man's ways are to mend the old man and bring something good out of our fallen nature. God's ways are to declare that we are crucified with Christ, that we are dead, and that Christ is our life; instead of mending the human, God supersedes it with the divine. Man's thought of sin is always comparative; he compares himself to others to his own advantage, and finds he is not so very bad after all. God's thoughts of sin are always positive; He is "of purer eyes than to behold evil, and cannot look on iniquity" (Hab. 1: 13); and He says, "The soul that sinneth it shall die" (Ezek. 18: 4). Sin and death are inseparably connected in God's plan. Sinful man must die, not be improved. Sinful man is no more to be reckoned on; he must fall back before God, and let God take possession of him and live His own life in him. Such a God's thoughts, such is the message of God's Word. "For as the rain cometh down, and the snow from heaven and melteth not thither, but watereth the earth, and maketh it bring forth and bud, that it may give seed to the sower and bread to the eater; so shall My Word be that cometh forth out of My mouth: it shall not return unto Me void; but it shall accomplish that which I please; and it shall prosper in the thing whereto I sent it." There is

LIFE POWER

in the Word of God; "it shall accomplish." God spake light into being, and life, and order. God speaks salvation into souls, and they are turned from death unto life. He speaks holiness into believers, and they are turned from a restless, struggling life of conflict into one of rest in the present power of God dwelling in them. He speaks health into the sick ones, and reason into the insane. But this can only be when, turning from all else, we come to God alone, leaving all money behind, all idea of buying or meriting, all idea of knowing anything, and are ready to listen to our God. Then He keeps His Word, and it creates the fulfilment of the promise. "For ye shall go out with joy, and be led forth with peace; the mountains and the hills shall break forth before you into singing, and all the trees of the field shall clap their hands." Joy, peace, and then fertility. "Instead of the thorn (the sharp, unkind word) shall come up the fir-tree, and instead of the brier (the captious, criticising spirit) shall come up the myrtle-tree; and it shall be to the Lord for a name for an everlasting sign that shall not be cut off."

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AT JESUS' FEET.

Lord Jesus, life is hard, as thou dost know,
And hours of peace and rest are very rare;
But it is sweet, after the toil is o'er,
To nestle close to thee with thoughts of prayer.
If thou wilt lay thy hand upon my head,
I shall arise refreshed and comforted.

Dear Master, I am tiring at thy feet;
I would not miss a look or loose a word;
The hour is very holy when we meet:
I faint would see and in no time but the Lord;
I long to lay a life, grief, and fear,
And only know and feel that thou art near.

The world's discordant noises ever more
Clang round about my ears and weary me;
There were rough hands, ungentle hearts before
That troubled me; but now I come to thee,
O Jesus! quiet me with tender speech
While up to thee my wistful arms I reach.

In life's bewildering strife and eager rush
To reach the goal of my sweet gentleness;
But in the peace and solace of this hush
Strengthen and soothe me with thy blessedness;
Give to me what thou wilt: here at thy feet,
Where'er it be, I shall be satisfied.

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Vol. VIII. No. 51.

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 17, 1885.

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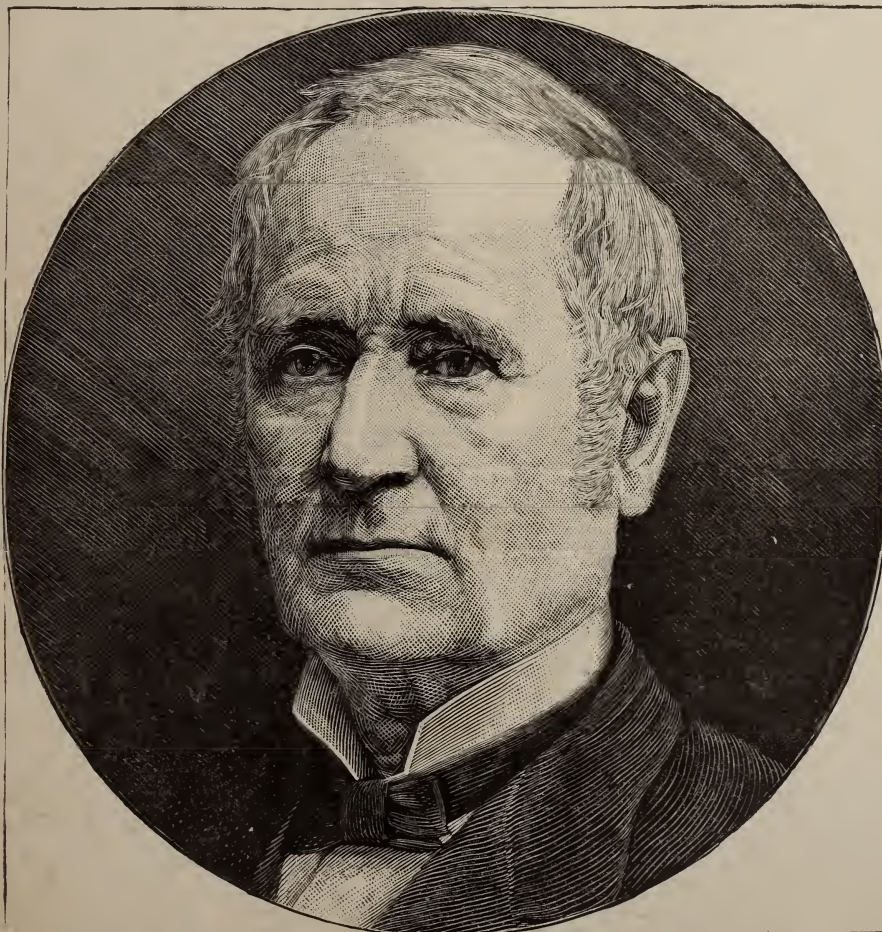
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The Late Hon. THOMAS A. HENDRICKS, Vice-President of the United States. Died Nov. 24, 1885.

THE LATE VICE-PRESIDENT HENDRICKS.

The Significant Unanimity of Regret—Its Cause—Character more Powerful than Genius—Early Life—A Typical Career—At Hanover College—Enters the Legal Profession—Marriage—In the Legislature—The Constitutional Convention—In Congress—Loses his Seat—Appointment by President Pierce—Candidates for the Governorship—Elected to the U. S. Senate—Elected Governor—On the Tilden Ticket—Elected to the Vice-Presidency—His Death.

The nation was startled throughout its length and breadth on the morning of Thanksgiving Day by the announcement that on the night before the Vice-President of the United States had been suddenly struck down by the last enemy. Only a day or two before men were talking about the probability of his receiving the nomination for the Presidency in 1888, and it is little more than a year ago that the Democratic party, considering the advisability of nominating Mr. Tilden, and feeling a doubt lest the aged statesman might not live to complete his term, fortified itself by the reflection that in Mr. Hendricks it would have a Vice-President safe for a long life, and qualified to succeed Mr. Tilden in the Presidential chair. Now the venerable and infirm statesman is alive, and his strong, vigorous colleague lies in the grave. The first reflection called up by the event is that one which every day teaches us—the uncertainty of life.

Other lessons, however, the sad national bereavement is fitted to inculcate. One of the most prominent is suggested by the unanimous expression of regret which came from all sections and all parties when the death of Mr. Hendricks was reported. His political principles were abhorrent to about half the nation, and they were not cordially approved by the whole of the other half. To the Republicans he was an antagonist peculiarly offensive as a thorough representative of Democratic ideas—a man who held and gloried in the doctrines of Jackson and Marcy. To the Democrats of the new school—the school to which President Cleveland belongs—he was an uncongenial colleague, a man who believed in the spoils, a strong advocate of the spoils system, eager to reward party workers with office, and without an atom of sympathy for Civil Service Reform. A large majority of the nation, therefore, was in vigorous opposition to him, yet from all the States, from newspapers of every shade of politics, from public men of every affiliation, there was a chorus of eulogy and lamentation. The secret was in his personal character. He was an honest man. Honest not only in money matters, but in his convictions—a sincere, genuine, upright, conscientious man, who spoke out the thing that was in him whether it was popular or not. He was a man who could be trusted, and such a man is honored whether the world agrees with him or not. Brilliant genius may dazzle the world, may compel its admiration, but its confidence and love can be won only by character. Let young men ambitious to climb to the highest positions on the social ladder consider this fact and be wise.

Another noteworthy fact is that the late Vice-President was a godly man. From his own pastor, and from Dr. Talmage and other clergymen, who knew him well, comes the testimony that throughout his public career, in spite of its absorbing occupations, in spite of its fierce temptations, Mr. Hendricks was an earnest and consistent Christian. Young Christians are often tauntingly warned that religion is a hindrance to worldly advancement, and, moreover, that men capable of rising in the world are superior to it, and that it is fit only for women and incapable men. The career of Mr. Hendricks and the eulogiums with which the world has laid him in his grave disprove the assertion. A godly man can so serve his day and generation without compromising his Christian character that, when he is called away to his reward, his contemporaries mourn his loss, and speak of his departure as a national misfortune. The

fact is significant; it is patent to every observer, and it is a conclusive answer worth a score of arguments to the allegations of scoffers.

EARLY LIFE.

The life just closed was a typical American career. Thomas Andrews Hendricks was not reared in the lap of luxury, as the majority of European statesmen are. The man who was to hold the second highest place in a nation of fifty millions of people spent his boyhood in alternation between the school, which he attended through the winter, and the farm, on which he worked through the summer, handling the rake and the shovel, and following the plough. He was born at Zanesville, Ohio, on September 7th, 1819, and he was therefore but little more than sixty-six years old when he died. He was of Scotch-Irish extraction, as so many of those who have attained distinction in America have been. His father, John Hendricks, was a native of Pennsylvania, a man of sterling Christian character, and an active member of the Presbyterian Church. It was to the careful religious training received from his father that the future Vice-President owed, under God, the formation of his strong Christian principles. Several members of the family had attained distinction. Mr. Hendricks's father was surveyor of his State; his grandfather was for a long time a member of the Pennsylvania Legislature, and his uncle, William Hendricks, was the second Governor of Indiana, and afterward a United States Senator.

In 1820, when the future Vice-President was six months old, the family removed to Indiana and settled at Madison, on the Ohio River. Three years later another move was made to Shelbyville, where the father built a substantial brick house, in which, amid such refinements as could be enjoyed in those days, he reared his family. He was a man of considerable education, and his house was the meeting-place for the Presbyterian clergymen of central Indiana. He was the founder of the Presbyterian Church in Indianapolis, and Thomas was brought up in the faith of that Church. He was sent to the village school, at which he gained sufficient learning to qualify himself for admission to Hanover College, which he entered in 1837 at the age of eighteen. He did not complete his course at Hanover College, leaving at the end of his junior year with the reputation of only "an average student," but with that of an excellent debater, and the foremost man in the college in general information. He chose the profession of the law and attended the law school in Chambersburg, Pa., the president of which was his mother's brother, ex-Judge Alexander Thompson. In 1843 he was admitted to the bar at Shelbyville, where he opened an office.

Clients came slowly, because, as he said, the people of Shelbyville could not understand how one of their "boys" was to be trusted with law cases. He showed ability and perseverance, however, and soon was well established. At the expiration of two years he had so far succeeded as to justify him in taking a wife, and accordingly, on September 25th, 1845, he married Eliza C. Morgan, a lady of superior capacity and of many charms. It was in great part due to her influence and encouragement that Mr. Hendricks entered political life and made so marked a success. Only one son blessed their union, and he died in 1851 at the age of three years.

ENTERS POLITICAL LIFE.

In 1848, Mr. Hendricks, though not twenty-eight years old, was elected to the Indiana Legislature, where, as he said later, he did not feel at all at home. He did not seek a re-election at the end of his term in 1850, but was elected to a State Constitutional Convention called for that year. In the Convention with him was William S. Holman, Schuyler Colfax, and Robert Dale Owen. Mr. Hendricks took a stand in favor of a system of State banks, supporting each other in credit, yet independent in their business transactions. His arguments prevailed, and banks were started in the principal towns of

Indiana, with a central bank in Indianapolis. Private banks of issue were started later, however, and, as Mr. Hendricks had feared, were too weak to stand the strain of a financial storm. They fell in the panic of 1857, and the disaster which he had accurately predicted impressed his fellow-citizens with his foresight and statesmanlike ability.

ELECTED TO CONGRESS.

In 1850 Mr. Hendricks received the nomination of his party for the representation of the Fifth District of Indiana in Congress. The contest was severe, but at the polls Mr. Hendricks was elected by a majority of four thousand over his Whig opponent, Colonel Rush. He was re-elected, but during his second term his conduct brought him into collision with his constituents. He had been elected under a pledge that he would oppose any agitation of the slavery question, and resist any attempts to change the existing settlement of the difficulty. The subject, however, was in stronger hands than his, and during his second term Mr. Douglas proposed the repeal of the *Missouri compromise* in the famous Kansas-Nebraska bill. It is asserted, and apparently with good grounds, that Mr. Hendricks was opposed to the bill, and that he used what influence he possessed as a young member to prevent its passage. What were the arguments which finally overcame his opposition is not known, but it is certain that it was overcome, for Mr. Hendricks was one of the comparatively few Northern Democrats who voted for the bill. That vote sealed his fate in Congress. His popularity in his district sank like a stone. His explanations and defence were treated with scorn, and though he earnestly sought a renomination, it was refused him. He had the mortification of seeing his successful rival elected in his stead by a large majority.

OFFICIAL LIFE.

His term expired in March, 1855, and a few weeks afterward President Pierce made him Commissioner of the General Land Office. It was alleged at the time, and the charge has been revived at various times since, that the appointment was a payment for his vote on the Kansas-Nebraska bill. That it was so in a corrupt sense is doubtless untrue. The whole course of Mr. Hendricks's life is inconsistent with the idea. But it may be, and very likely was, so that the President felt himself under an obligation to make some provision for a Northern Democrat whose support of the Administration had cost him his seat. However that may have been, the nation had a most industrious and painstaking servant in Mr. Hendricks. Every day and every hour of the day during his official career he was at his desk. It is stated that during the four years in which he held office he signed no less than 400,000 land warrants, and settled more than 20,000 disputed land cases, and in very few of those cases was his decision overruled. How difficult was this business may be inferred from the fact that one of the cases—that known as the Hot Springs case—which he decided has been appealed again and again, and is in litigation to this day.

NOMINATED FOR GOVERNOR.

Through the influence of Senator Douglas, Mr. Hendricks continued to hold office under President Buchanan, but when the President and the Senator came to issue on the question of the Kansas Le Compton Constitution his position became one of extreme delicacy, and he finally resigned it in 1859 and returned to his law practice at Shelbyville. The following year he accepted the unanimous nomination of his party for the Governorship. His opponent was Henry S. Lane, whose colleague as Lieutenant-Governor on the Republican ticket was Oliver Morton, who was destined to become the formidable rival Mr. Hendricks had for supremacy in the politics of Indiana. It was the year of Lincoln's election, and in Indiana the rivalry of Douglas and Breckinridge was felt with severe effect. Lane was elected by a majority of 975, and Hendricks resumed his law practice, which he transferred to Indianapolis.

IN THE SENATE.

Mr. Hendricks was a strong party man throughout the war. He was ardently in favor of some compromise which would end the terrible struggle, and he did not conceal his disapproval of the policy of the Administration. His attitude on the all-absorbing question of the day soon brought him into prominence. Lane, his successful rival in the election for the Governorship, was now in the Senate, and had been succeeded in the Governor's chair by Morton. The Legislature was, however, Democratic, and it sent a Democrat to the United States Senate as a colleague for Lane. But the man elected was expelled from that body, and a new election was ordered. Then the Indiana Legislature brought them of the defeated candidate of 1860, and Mr. Hendricks was elected for the term 1863-69. He became virtually the leader of the small band of Democratic Senators, and his tact and urbanity not only kept them united, but won for them some measure of respect. His position was a difficult one, for he had to moderate the zeal of his party and to conciliate the Republican majority while opposing them. It is a slight evidence of his personal suavity and discretion that in spite of his opposition he was personally popular in the Senate. He served on the committees on judiciary, naval affairs, claims, and public lands. He opposed most of the Republican acts of reconstruction, but in 1864, when the Civil War was hottest, he spoke and voted for large appropriations to bring the conflict to a close, and advocated an increase of fifty per cent in the pay of the soldiers because of the depreciation of the currency. He took a prominent part in the debates at the impeachment of President Johnson, being one of the most active champions of the President.

While he was still in the Senate the National Democratic Convention of 1868 was held in New York. The situation was peculiar, for the Western vote was divided between Mr. Hendricks and Mr. George H. Pendleton. It looked at the time as if Pendleton would be the nominee, but he was believed to be a soft-money man, and that fact would naturally injure his candidacy in the East. Mr. Tilden, who was chairman of the New York delegation, accordingly advised the vote of New York for Hendricks, and after that Pendleton lost his place in the race. But there was no break for Hendricks, and in the next ballot Mr. Tilden again gave the New York vote to Sanford E. Church. On the twenty-second ballot Horatio Seymour was nominated, and Mr. Hendricks never afterward came so near a Presidential nomination.

GOVERNOR OF INDIANA.

At the conclusion of his term as Senator, Mr. Hendricks again received the nomination of his party for the Governorship, but after a severe contest he was defeated by about eight hundred votes. He returned to Indianapolis and resumed his law business, but he was not allowed to remain long in retirement. In 1872 he was again nominated for Governor, and at the polls carried the State by over a thousand majority. That this success was a personal one was proved by the fact that he ran far ahead of his ticket, and was almost the only Democrat elected. A month later General Grant carried the State by 22,924. The administration of Governor Hendricks was a successful one, and to the last, even when he was Vice-President of the United States, he was always affectionately spoken of in the State as "the Governor."

The exciting campaign of 1876 still remains a rare subject with both the political parties. Mr. Hendricks accepted the second place on the ticket, and took a deep interest in the struggle. In common with his party, he was firmly convinced of the success of the Democratic ticket, but acquiesced, though with extreme reluctance, in Mr. Tilden's decision to yield the place in submission to the Electoral Commission. In the course of a graceful speech delivered in March, 1877, he declared that it was the judgment of the people that Hayes had not been elected, but, he said, "For all the purposes

of the office he is President of the United States, and you and I will give to his Administration for the good of our country that support which is due to any officer *de facto*." After a brief tour in Europe Mr. Hendricks returned to Indianapolis and resumed his law business, which became very lucrative. His name, however, was again before the National Convention of 1880. This time a divided State was fatal to his chances, and General Hancock was nominated. Mr. Hendricks opened the campaign in behalf of Hancock and English in Marion, Ind., on August 12th, 1880, and worked actively for them during the rest of the campaign.

In 1884 the Democratic National Convention met in Chicago, Mr. Hendricks for the first time attending it as a delegate. He placed the name of Senator McDonald before the Convention as a candidate for the Presidency, but on the second ballot received himself the votes of all the Indiana delegates except his own. Governor Cleveland, however, had more supporters in the Convention than Mr. Hendricks, and received the nomination for President. When the Convention was ready to receive nominations for the Vice-Presidency Mr. Wallace, of Pennsylvania, arose and presented Mr. Hendricks's name. Governor Waller, of Connecticut, Governor Hubbard, of Texas, and other prominent delegates supported the nomination, and upon the roll call every vote of every delegation was cast for him. The enthusiasm of the Convention passed all bounds, and finally all present joined in singing "Old Hundred" as the only means of giving it expression. Mr. Hendricks was notified of his nomination at Saratoga on the 30th of July, and accepted it graciously.

On the 4th of last March Vice-President Hendricks was sworn into office. He occupied his chair as President of the Senate during the session of that body called to take action on President Cleveland's nominations. As is well known, his relations with the President were not cordial. He considered Mr. Cleveland remiss in his duty in not making changes more rapidly in the offices, and personally urged him with some vigor to wholesale dismissals. In this course he was supported by a large and influential section of his party, whose dissatisfaction with President Cleveland is not concealed, and is likely to increase. In talking of the 1888 campaign it has been no uncommon thing to hear of Mr. Hendricks as the future head of the ticket.

DEATH.

Vice-President Hendricks was preparing during the month of November to return to Washington to resume his duties. He had arranged his law and private business and was ready for the journey, when he was attacked by an illness which at first appeared slight. No alarm was felt, and on Wednesday, November 25th, it was expected that he would be well enough to preside at the opening session of the Senate. What occurred that evening was described by Mrs. Hendricks to a personal friend. She said that he was so much better at four o'clock, remarking that he was free from pain, that she left him to see some friends awaiting her in the parlor below. She descended quietly. After conversation, which lasted several moments, she went back, entering the room noiselessly and glancing at him. She was overjoyed at the apparent indications that he was peacefully sleeping. Fearing to awaken him, she moved cautiously about the room, putting various articles in their proper places, occasionally looking at her husband, and still assuring herself that he was gathering rest and strength in sleep. Several moments were thus occupied, and she says now that he was surely dead all that time. Finally she approached the bedside and looked in his face. It struck her then that the expression was a remarkably quiet one. She lowered her ear to his face to detect his breathing, if any. Not the slightest indication could she discover. She then put her hand upon his forehead, and it was cold. She then realized death. When asked if the shock was not overwhelming, she

answered quietly: "No; it must have been the almighty power of God that sustained me. Why I was not stricken down I cannot tell." The Vice-President was buried at Indianapolis on December 1st amid general expressions of public sorrow in which men of all political affiliations participated.

FAITH WORK IN CHINA.

MR. C. H. JUDD, of the China Inland Mission, sends to *Thy Herald* the following account of two remarkable incidents which recently occurred in his work:

"Suicide by opium is a common occurrence in China. The experience of a brother missionary in Nankin is to the effect that five or six persons would come to him daily for medicine as an antidote to opium poisoning. At Nankin a man called upon me for some medicine to counteract an attempted suicide. I went to the house, and saw the man apparently in the jaws of death. He knew the Gospel, but had never believed it. I said, 'Shall I pray for you?' He nodded assent. I knelt, and asked the Lord to heal him. In less than two hours he was out in the streets, quite well and strong.

"I knew a case where God's hand of judgment fell severely upon one who had been healed, but who had turned from following the Lord. He was a Chinaman who met with great opposition from his wife, who did all in her power to turn him from the faith. One night, after persecuting him worse than usual, she fell down, apparently dead. We met in prayer for her, and received from the Lord the assurance that she should not die. She recovered; but, although she professed faith in the Lord, neither she nor her husband ever came fully out on the Lord's side. By and by she denied the faith altogether. Since then her husband's shop has been burned down three times, and when I spoke to him on the last occasion, he said, 'I ought to have come out before this; it is God's hand of judgment upon me.'"

MRS. SPURGEON'S BULLFINCH AND ONYX RING.

DURING an illness of Mrs. Spurgeon, before the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon left her room for a journey he was contemplating, she remarked that she hoped he would not be annoyed with her for telling what had been passing through her mind. She made him, however, promise that he would not try to procure the objects for which she had been longing. She then told him that she had been wishing for a bullfinch and an onyx ring. Of course Mr. Spurgeon expressed his willingness to get both, but she held him to his promise. He had to make a sick call on his way to the station as well as a call at the Metropolitan Tabernacle. Shortly after reaching the sick person's house the mother of the patient asked Mr. Spurgeon if Mrs. Spurgeon would like a bullfinch, that they had one, but that its music was trying to the invalid, and they would gladly part with it to one who would care for it.

He then made his call at the Tabernacle, and after reading a voluminous correspondence, came at last to a letter and a parcel underlying the other letters. The letter was from a lady unknown to him, who had received benefit from the services in the Tabernacle, and as a slight token of her appreciation of these services asked his acceptance of the inclosed onyx ring, necklace and bracelets, for which she had no further use. This intensified his surprise, and he hastened home with what had been so strangely sent, went up to his wife's sick-room, and placed the objects she had longed for before her. She met him with a look of pained reproach, as if he had allowed his regard for her to override his promise; but when he detailed the true circumstances of the case she was filled with tearful surprise, and asked Mr. Spurgeon what he thought of it? His reply was characteristic: "I think you are one of your heavenly Father's spoiled children, and He just gives you whatever you ask for."

UNRECOGNIZED HEROES.

Dr. Talmage's Sermon, Preached in the Jefferson Avenue Presbyterian Church, Detroit, Mich., Last Sunday Morning, Dec. 13, 1885.

"Thou therefore endure hardness."—ii. TIM. 2: 3.

Not Lauded in History—I. Heroes of the Sick-Room—Sickness a Test of Character—II. Heroes of Toil—The Sewing Women—The Army of Laborers—III. Heroes of the Home—Complaining Wives—Neglected Wives—The Drunkard's Wife—Fifty Years' Martyrdom—IV. Heroes of Christian Charity—Privations of Missionaries in the West—Heroes whom God Knows—A Tombstone at Melrose Abbey—The Death of a Scottish Carrier—Excitement in Heaven—Certain Provision for the Believer.

HISTORIANS are not slow to acknowledge the merits of great military chieftains. We have the full-length portraits of the Napoleons, the Cromwells, and the Marshal Neys of the world. History is not written in black ink, but with red ink of human blood. The gods of human ambition did not drink from bowls made out of silver, or gold, or precious stones, but out of the bleached skulls of the fallen. But I am to-day to unroll before you a scroll of heroes that the world has never acknowledged; they who faced no guns, blew no bugle-blast, conquered no cities, chained no captives to their chariot-wheels, and yet, in the great day of eternity, will stand higher than those whose names startled the nations; and seraph and rapt spirit and archangel will tell their deeds to a listening universe. I mean the heroes of common, everyday life.

I. In this roll, in the first place, I find all the HEROES OF THE SICK-ROOM.

When Satan had failed to overcome Job, he said to God, "Put forth Thy hand and touch his bone and his flesh, and he will curse Thee to Thy face." Satan had found out what we have all found out, that sickness is the *greatest test of character*. A man who can stand that can stand anything; to be shut in a room as fast as though it were a Bastille; to be so nervous you cannot endure the tap of a child's foot; to have luxuriant fruit which tempts the appetite of the robust and the healthy, excite our loathing and disgust when it first appears on the platter; to have the rapier of pain strike through the side or across the temples like a razor, or to put the foot into a vice, or to throw the whole body into the blaze of a fever. Yet there have been men and women, but more women than men, who have cheerfully endured this hardness. Through years of exhaustion, rheumatisms, and excruciating neuralgias they have gone, and through bodily distresses that rasped the nerves, and tore the muscles, and paled the cheeks, and stooped the shoulders. By the dim light of the sick-room taper they saw on their wall the picture of that land where the people are never sick. Through the dead silence of the night they heard the chorus of the angels.

Those who suffered on the battle-field, amid shot and shell, were not so much heroes and heroines as those who in the field-hospital and in the asylum had fevers which no ice could cool and no surgery could cure. No shout of comrade to cheer them, but numbness and aching and homesickness—yet willing to suffer, confident in God, hopeful of heaven. Heroes of rheumatism; heroes of neuralgia; heroes of spinal complaint; heroes of sick headache; heroes of life-long invalidism; heroes and heroines; they shall reign forever and forever. Hark! I catch just one note of the eternal anthem: "There shall be no more pain." Bless God for that.

II. In this roll I also find the

HEROES OF TOIL,

who do their work uncomplainingly. It is comparatively easy to lead a regiment into battle when you know that the whole nation will applaud the victory; it is comparatively easy to doctor the sick when you know that your skill will be appreciated by a large company of friends and relatives; it is comparatively easy to address an audience when in the gleaming eyes

and the flushed cheeks you know that your sentiments are adopted; but to do sewing where you expect that the employer will come and thrust his thumb through the work to show how imperfect it is, or to have the whole garment thrown back on you to be done over again; to build a wall and know there will be no one to say you did it well, but only a swearing employer howling across the scaffold; to work until your eyes are dim, and your back aches, and your heart faints, and to know that if you stop before night your children will starve—that is heroism.

SLAIN BY THE NEEDLE.

Ah, the sword has not slain so many as the needle! The great battle-fields of our last war were not Gettysburg and Shiloh and South Mountain. The great battle-fields of the last war were in the arsenals and the shops and the attics, where women made army jackets for a sixpence. They toiled on until they died. They had no funeral eulogium, but in the name of my God, this morning, I enroll their names among those of whom the world was not worthy—heroes of the needle; heroes of the sewing-machine; heroes of the attic; heroes of the cellar; heroes and heroines.

HEROES OF THE HOME.

III. In this roll I also find the heroes who have uncomplainingly endured domestic injustices. There are men who for their toil and anxiety have no sympathy in their homes. Exhausting application to business gets them a livelihood, but an ungrateful wife scatters it. The husband is fretted at from the moment he enters the door until he comes out of it—the exasperations of business life augmented by the exasperations of domestic life. Such men are laughed at, but they have a heart-breaking trouble, and they would have long ago gone into appalling dissipations but for the grace of God. Society to-day is strewn with the wrecks of men who under the north-east storm of domestic infelicity have been driven on the rocks. There are tens of thousands of drunkards in this country to-day made such by their wives. *That is not poetry; that is prose!*

But the wrong is generally in the opposite direction. You would not have to go far to find a wife whose life is a perpetual martyrdom—something heavier than a stroke of the fist, unkind words, staggerings home at night, and constant maltreatment, which have left her only a wreck of what she was on that day when in the midst of a brilliant assemblage the vows were taken and full organ played the wedding-march, and the carriage rolled away with the benediction of the people.

What was the burning of Latimer and Ridley at the stake compared with this? Those men soon became unconscious in the fire, but here is

FIFTY YEARS' MARTYRDOM,

a fifty years' putting to death, yet uncomplaining. No bitter words when rollicking companions at two o'clock in the morning pitch the husband dead drunk on the stoop; no bitter words when wiping from the swollen brow the blood struck out in a midnight carousal, or bending over the battered and bruised form of him who, when he took her from her father's home, promised love and kindness and protection; nothing but sympathy and prayers and forgiveness before it is asked for. No bitter words when the family Bible goes for rum, and the pawnbroker's shop gets the last decent dress.

Some day, desiring to evoke the story of her sorrows, you say, "Well, how are you getting along now?" And rallying her trembling voice, and quieting her quivering lip, she says, "Pretty well, I thank you; pretty well." She never will tell you. In the delirium of her last sickness she may tell all the *secrets of her life-time*, but she will not tell that. Not until the books of eternity are opened on the thrones of judgment will ever be known what she has suffered.

Oh, ye who are twisting a garland for the victor, put it on that pale brow! When she is dead the neighbors will beg linen to make her a shroud, and she will be carried out in a plain box, with no silver plate to tell her years, for

she has lived a thousand years of trial and anguish. The gamblers and the swindlers who destroyed her husband will not come to the funeral. One carriage will be enough for that funeral—one carriage to carry the orphans and the two Christian women who presided over the obsequies. But there is a flash, and a clank of a celestial door, and a shout, "Lift up your head, ye everlasting gates, and let her come in!" And Christ will step forth and say, "Come in! ye suffered with Me on earth, be glorified with Me in heaven." What is the highest throne in heaven? You say, "The Throne of the Lord God Almighty and the Lamb." No doubt about it. What is the next highest throne in heaven? While I speak it seems to me that it will be the throne of the drunkard's wife, if she, with cheerful patience, endured all her earthly torture. Heroes and heroines!

IV. I find also in this roll the

HEROES OF CHRISTIAN CHARITY.

We all admire the George Peabodys and the James Lenoxes of the earth, who give tens and hundreds of thousands of dollars to good objects. But I am speaking this morning of those who, out of their pinched poverty, help others—of such men as those Christian missionaries at the West, who are living on two hundred and fifty dollars a year, that they may proclaim Christ to the people, one of them, writing to the secretary in New York, saying, "I thank you for that twenty-five dollars. Until yesterday we have had no meat in our house for three months. We have suffered terribly. My children have no shoes this winter." And of those people who have only a half loaf of bread, but give a piece of it to others who are more hungry; and of those who have only a scuttle of coal, but help others to fuel; and of those who have only a dollar in their pocket, and give twenty-five cents to somebody else; and of that father who wears a shabby coat, and of that mother who wears a faded dress, that their children may be well apparelled.

You call them paupers, or ragamuffins, or tatterdemalions. I call them heroes and heroines. You and I may not know where they live, or what their name is.

GOD KNOWS;

and they have more angels hovering over them than you and I have, and they will have a higher seat in heaven. They may have only a cup of cold water to give a poor traveller, or may have only picked a splinter from under the nail of a child's finger, or have put only two mites into the treasury, but the Lord knows them. Considering what they had, they did more than we have ever done, and their faded dress will be come a white robe, and the small room will be an eternal mansion, and the old hat will be a coronet of victory, and all the applause of earth and all the shouting of heaven will be drowned out when God rises up to give His reward to those humble workers in His kingdom, and to say to them, "Well done, good and faithful servant."

You have all seen or heard of the ruin of *Melrose Abbey*. I suppose in some respects it is the most exquisite ruin on earth. And yet, looking at it, I was not so impressed—you may set it down to bad taste—but I was not so deeply stirred as I was at a tombstone at the foot of that abbey—the tombstone planted by Walter Scott over the grave of an old man who had served him for a good many years in his house—the inscription most significant, and defy any man to stand there and read it without tears coming into his eyes—the epitaph, "Well done, good and faithful servant." Oh, how our work is over, will it be found that because of anything we have done for God, or the Church, or suffering humanity, that such an inscription is appropriate for us? God grant it!

Who are those who were bravest and deserved the greatest monument—Lord Claverhouse and his soldiers, or John Brown, the Edinburgh carrier, and his wife? Mr. Atkins, the persecuted minister of Jesus Christ in Scotland, was secreted by John Brown and his wife, and Claverhouse

ode up one day with his armed men and shouted in front of the house. John Brown's little girl came out. He said to her, "Well, miss, is Mr. Atkins here?" She made no answer, for she could not betray the minister of the gospel. "Ha!" Claverhouse said, "then you are a chip of the old block, are you? I have something in my pocket for you. It is a nosegay. Some people call it a thumbscrew, but I call it a nosegay." And he got off his horse, and he put it on the little girl's hand, and began to turn it until he bones cracked, and she cried.

A LORD AND A MARTYR.

And they heard the child's cry, and the father and mother came out, and Claverhouse said, "Ha! it seems that you three have laid your holy heads together, determined to die, like all the rest of your hypocritical, canting, snivelling crew; rather than give up good Mr. Atkins, pious Mr. Atkins, you would die. I have a telescope with me that will improve your vision," and he pulled out a pistol. "Now," he said, "you old pragmatist fellow, for the honor and the safety of the king, to say nothing of the glory of God and the good of our souls, I will proceed to blow your brains out."

John Brown fell upon his knees and began to pray. "Ah!" said Claverhouse, "look out, if you are going to pray; steer clear of the king, the council, and Richard Cameron." "O Lord," said John Brown, "since it seems to be thy will that I should leave this world for a world where I can love Thee better and serve Thee more, I put this poor widow woman and these helpless, fatherless children into thy hands. We have been together in peace a good while, but now we must look forth to a better meeting in heaven; and as for these poor creatures, blindfolded and infatuated, that stand before me, convert them before it be too late, and may they who have sat in judgment, in this only place on this blessed morning, upon me, a poor, defenceless fellow-creature—may they, in the last judgment, find that mercy which they have refused to me. Thy most unworthy but faithful servant. Amen."

A BRAVE WIFE.

He rose, and said, "Isabel, the hour has come of which I spoke to you on the morning when I proposed hand and heart to you; and are you willing now, for the love of God, to let me die?" He put her arms around him, and said, "The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away. Blessed be the name of the Lord!" "Stop that snivelling!" said Claverhouse; "I have had enough of it! Soldiers, do your work! Take him! Fire!" And the head of John Brown was scattered on the ground. While the wife was gathering up in her apron the fragments of her husband's head—gathering them up for burial—Claverhouse looked into her face, and said: "Now, my good woman, how do you feel now about your bonnie nian?" "Oh," she said, "I always thought well of him; he has been very good to me; I had no reason for hinking anything but weel of him, and I think better of him now!"

Oh, what a grand thing it will be in the last day to see God pick out His heroes and heroines! Who are those paupers of eternity trudging off from the gate of heaven? Who are they? The Lord Claverhouses and the Herods and the Lord Jeffreyes of the earth. They had sceptres, and they had crowns, and they had hrones, and they lived for their own aggrandizement, and they broke the heart of nations. Heroes of earth, but paupers in eternity. I beat the drums of their eternal despair. Woe! woe! But there is great

EXCITEMENT IN HEAVEN.

Why those long processions? Why the booming of that great bell in the tower? It is coronation day in heaven. Who are those rising on the thrones, with crowns of eternal royalty. They must have been great people on earth, world-renowned people. No. They taught in a ragged school. Taught in a ragged school! Is that all? That is all. Who are those souls waving sceptres of eternal dominion? Why,

they were little children who waited on invalid mothers. That all? That is all. She was called "Little Mary" on earth. She is an empress now.

Who are that great multitude on the highest thrones of heaven? Who are they? Why, they fed the hungry, they clothed the naked, they healed the sick, they comforted the heart-broken. They never found any rest until they put their head down on the pillow of the sepulchre. God watched them. God laughed defiance at the enemies who put their heels hard down on these His dear children; and one day the Lord struck His hand so hard on His thigh that the omnipotent sword rattled on the buckle, as He said: "I am their God, and no weapon formed against them shall prosper." What harm can the world do you when the Lord Almighty with unsheathed sword fights for you?

I preach this sermon this morning for your comfort. Go home to the place just where God has put you, to

PLAY THE HERO

and heroine. Do not envy any man his money, or his applause, or his social position. Do not envy any woman her wardrobe or her exquisite appearance. Be the hero or the heroine. If there be no flour in the house, and you do not know where your children are to get bread, listen, and you will hear something tapping against the window-pane. Go to the window, and you will find it is the beak of a raven; and open the window, and there will fly in the messenger that fed Elijah.

Do you think that the God who grows the cotton of the South will let you freeze for lack of clothes? Do you think that the God who allowed the disciples on Sunday morning to go into the grain-field, and then take the grain and rub it in their hands and eat—do you think God will let you starve? Did you ever hear the experience of that old man: "I have been young, and now am old; yet have I not seen the righteous forsaken, nor his seed begging bread?" Get up out of your discouragement, O troubled soul, O sewing woman, O nian kicked and cuffed by unjust employers, O ye who are hard bested in the battle of life and know not which way to turn, O you bereft one, O you sick one with complaints you have told to no one! Come and get the comfort of this subject. Listen to our great Captain's cheer: "To him that overcoming will I give to eat of the fruit of the tree of life which is in the midst of the paradise of God."

AN IDOL TEMPLE IN NEW YORK.

A GRAPHIC description of an idolatrous ceremony, which took place in New York, on December 4th, at midnight, has been furnished to the *Sun*, by Wong Chinfoo. It is an account of the opening of a new idol temple to the Chinese god, Joss; the temple heretofore in use having become too small for the worshippers. From this report it appears that it is two years since the former temple was dedicated. The Chinese declare that they have clear evidence that their prayers to Joss have been heard and answered; and the prosperity of the worshippers has increased. The experiment of worship has, in a word, been a success, and they have now manifested their gratitude by acquiring a new temple, at a cost of \$2000, and consecrated it to his service. This ceremony took place two weeks ago, in a Christian city!

The duty of selecting a site for the new temple was confided to a committee, which was charged to find a suitable building for a genuine Chinese temple in which to erect a regular altar for sacrificial offerings; all the furniture and ornaments for the temple were to be imported from China. Leon Zoo, an ex-Tauist priest, who some years ago gave up the robes, was made temporary priest. The Tauist creed is the oldest of all Chinese religions. It dates back to Yu Hui Ceen, the famous deist who flourished about three thousand years B.C. The creed is now less popular in China than formerly. Buddhism is now the fashionable faith.

The committee selected the building at 202 Chatham Street, Chatham Square. The entire third floor of that large building was rented, and Chinese carpenters and painters set to work to build a house for Joss. On Friday, December 4th the place was ready to receive its venerated inmate. The Chinese merchants, restaurant-keepers, and laundrymen vied with one another in making offerings to Joss, in the shape of decorations and eatables. The hour fixed for the transfer of the god was half-past twelve midnight. The old temple on Mott Street was thronged. About twelve o'clock the Chinese Consul, in company with Le Fong Gwing, the new Chairman of the Chinese Municipality, entered the crowded sanctuary, followed by twenty Chinese merchants in long silken robes. The room was suffocating with the odor of burning incense and sandal-wood. Flaming red candles, were burning dimly under the gaslights. The priest and people knelt, and asked permission to remove Joss from his old to his new place. The prayer translated in English was as follows:

"O merciful Joss, we, thy servants, have humbly this day prepared a new sanctuary, where thou and thine may eat and drink in peace, and where thy presence will not be profaned by the vile language of foreign devils. We invite thee even now to turn thy steps thither, accompanied by thy humble servants."

Incense and Joss sticks were burned and rice wine was spilled before Joss to refresh him a little before he started out on his journey. At the same time six Chinese musicians inflicted characteristic music upon the neighborhood. Expensive red flannels were then laid upon the floor, thence down-stairs, and down to the sidewalk. Joss was raised by two Chinese merchants acting as temporary priests. The Chinese Consul was the guide of the grand march through Chinatown to the new temple on Chatham Square. Fifty or sixty devotees followed in long strings in the rear, all in long silken robes. After these came the bearers of candles, lanterns, flowers, roasted pigs, fruits, candies, cakes, and endless varieties of Oriental luxuries. The Chinese band of eight pieces brought up the rear. When they got to Chatham Square many passers-by stopped to look at the procession in wild wonderment. When the procession arrived at the door of the temple the process of spreading red flannel upon the staircases began once more. While this was being done the majority of the procession went ahead of Joss and his escorts to be in the rooms ready to receive him. Upon the arrival of their god they knelt in two rows at the entrance of the temple, while Leon Zoo, in a loud voice, cried:

"Welcome, O thou great Spirit who controllest the destiny of all men. Welcome into the house newly-prepared by the hands of thy humble servants. We bow to thee, we bow to thee."

These last words were repeated by all the kneeling Chinamen. Wong Ta Yin, the Consul, still led the way until he reached the very throne, a rather low, dial-shaped seat, when he gravely stood aside to give Joss room. The moment this was done the entire assembly knelt while the priest chanted the regular prayer of the Tau in a musical sing-song sort of a way for nearly thirty minutes. Candles of huge size were lit, and the sacrifices began. The first salutation to Joss upon his new throne was made by the Chinese Consul, who lighted three immense sized Joss sticks of sandal-wood and perfumed compounds which made the room fairly thick with a peculiar Oriental odor. He bowed himself three times before Joss. The priest began his offerings of meats and fruits. At least fifteen roasted pigs, one of which must have weighed more than one hundred and sixty pounds, were offered. Beside these were piles of roasted chickens and lambs, etc.

The ceremonies did not conclude until nearly seven o'clock on Saturday morning. The feasting in honor of the occasion was enjoyed by all the Chinamen of New York.

THE EASTERN QUESTION AND PROPHECY.

By the Rev. H. Grattan Guinness.

Its Sudden Reopening—Failure of the Berlin Conference—The Period of Moslem Supremacy—Its Duration Revealed to Daniel—The Termination in 1889—Found by a Key Already Tested—Eight Bases for the Theory—Palestine to be Trodden Down for a Definite Period—Began in 637—The Measurement of the Prophetic Years—When the 1260 years Ended—The Year 1860 a Momentous One.

THE present sudden re-opening of the Eastern Question, supposed by many to have been settled for a generation at least at the Berlin Conference seven years ago, may be a surprise to those who think that sovereigns and statesmen are the makers of history, but not to those who recognize that the Most High ruleth in the kingdoms of men.

Twenty-five centuries ago God made known to Daniel the period during which Moslem power was to endure, and that period, reckoned from the Mohammedan capture of Jerusalem, closes in *four years from the present date*. Western Europe may band itself together to uphold the independence of the Ottoman Porte as much as it will; it may conclude treaty after treaty with that end in view, but all its attempts are as well be in vain; for the purposes of God must stand, and inspired prophecy assures us that His purpose is that

THE OTTOMAN POWER

in Palestine shall cease, and that, if our interpretation be correct, before the close of this decade.

Is this a rash, presumptuous statement? For three centuries before the end of the temporal power of the Papacy students of prophecy had understood from Scripture, and stated in their expository works, that it would terminate between A.D. 1866 and 1870, as it actually did. The same system of interpretation that led them to the anticipation thus verified by history leads now to the conclusion above stated, that the end of Mohammedan power in Syria is close at hand. The present reopening of the Eastern Question may be, and probably is, the *beginning of the end*, the commencement of the last stage of the long struggle. A further brief postponement of the inevitable may possibly happen, but if it does, the reprieve will be even shorter than that secured by the Berlin Treaty; for there is little room to doubt that A.D. 1889 will witness the complete collapse of Mohammedan power, at any rate in Syria. A statement of the grounds on which this conclusion is based will doubtless prove interesting at this crisis. I will endeavor to give as brief a one as I can, divested of extraneous matter, however strongly corroborative.

BASES OF INTERPRETATION.

And first I must be allowed to recall a few unquestioned Biblical, historic and astronomic facts.

(1) The final restoration of God's ancient people, the Jews, is as largely predicted as is their present dispersion in countless passages of Scripture, such as "He that scattered Israel will gather him" (see also Isa. 11: 11, 12).

(2) Connected with the restoration of the people of Israel is a promise of deliverance of their land from Gentile oppression, and of Jerusalem itself and the temple site from subjection to aliens.

(3) Since the time of its destruction by Titus, Jerusalem has been desolated and Palestine oppressed by two great Gentile Powers, and by two only, the Roman and the Mohammedan. The latter has trodden down Jerusalem in its two successive forms, Saracenic and Ottoman, or Turkish. Jerusalem was destroyed by the Romans in A.D. 70, conquered by the Saracens in A.D. 637, and is trodden down by the Turks to this day.

(4) In Dan. 12: 7-11 chronological limits are assigned to the desolations of Jerusalem. Their duration is fixed by the expression "1290 days."

(5) Nature measures years of different lengths,

and the proportion of the solar year to the lunar year is such that 1260 lunar are 1222½ solar; while 1290 lunar years are 125½ solar.

(6) The original destruction of Solomon's Temple, and the overthrow of Jerusalem in the reign of Zedekiah, took place in the nineteenth year of Nebuchadnezzar, B.C. 587, after a series of victorious attacks on the city, and deportations of Jews to Babylon, extending over the twenty previous years, during the first of which Daniel himself was carried captive.

(7) The Saracenic conquest of Jerusalem, in A.D. 637, was the closing incident of a series of most remarkable campaigns, extending over four years, in the course of which the whole of Northern Syria and Palestine proper fell before the fanatical Moslem hordes, under the leadership of Calad, who was called

"THE SWORD OF GOD."

Damascus fell first, and a great victory was gained over the imperial army of the Eastern Empire at the battle of Aiz-Nadin, July, A.D. 633. From the conquest of Damascus the Saracens advanced on that of Baalbec and Emesa. The subjugation of the plain and vale of Syria occupied two years, A.D. 634-5; the battle of Yermuk, near the Springs of Hermon, in which the Saracens overthrew the great army sent to defend his Syrian Province by Heraclius, the Eastern Roman Emperor, took place in A.D. 636; and then, in the following year, the Siege of Jerusalem commenced, and lasted four months. It yielded at length to the besiegers, and the Caliph Omar, who founded the mosque which bears his name, and still occupies the site of Solomon's Temple, entered the city after having signed the capitulation.

The four years of Mohammedan conquest in Syria, 633 to 637, correspond in duration and character with the four years of the Roman war, which ended with Titus's capture of Jerusalem A.D. 66 to 70. By the Romans the daily sacrifice was taken away; by the Mohammedans the desolation of Jerusalem was completed. The years 633 to 637 witnessed the full establishment in Palestine and in Jerusalem of the final desolating power, the power which still treads down the city of the Great King.

(8) The year A.D. 1860 was a remarkable year in the history of the Jews and of their country. It was the year of the horrible Druze massacre of the Christians in the Lebanon and at Damascus. That massacre was connived at, if not planned, by the Turkish Government. The remonstrances of the European Consuls in the country were treated with neglect and contempt. The Christians were disarmed by the authorities, and left like defenceless sheep to be butchered by their bloodthirsty enemies the Druzes. Thousands of innocent lives and millions of property were sacrificed, and the total apathy and the incompetence of the Turkish Government to maintain order was such that the Great Powers of Europe intervened. Syria was occupied by French troops, and an English fleet anchored at Beyrout. The result was the conclusion of the treaty by which Northern Syria was placed under a Christian governor, and the welfare of its inhabitants secured by

A RESTRICTION OF THE TURKISH POWER,

insisted upon by European compulsion. The year, in short, witnessed a marked though partial deliverance of the Holy Land from Mohammedan oppression; it witnessed the *turn of the tide*. The condition of Palestine and Syria has ever since been improving, and the contrast of what they are to-day and what they were twenty-five years ago is remarkable.

The year 1860 also witnessed the foundation of "The Universal Israelite Alliance," an organization which has now reached its twenty-fifth anniversary, and has reconstituted the Jews, scattered throughout the world, into an organized body, for the first time since their dispersion in the days of Titus. It is a patriotic association for the help and protection of the Jewish people, its aim being to secure in every country Jewish emancipation and liberty, and the intellectual and moral regeneration of the

people. It is an alliance which now has branches not only in every nation, but almost in every city and town in which Jews are resident; and it has given to the scattered people a sense of unity and mutual help to which for long centuries they had been strangers.

It has connected with it numerous schools and educational establishments, especially an agricultural school in Palestine itself, founded under a conviction that only by inducing them to turn their attention to agriculture could the Jews in Palestine be benefited. In 1870 it obtained an imperial firman, by which the Porte leased to it, for an indefinite period, a splendid piece of land in the neighborhood of Jaffa, where an agricultural establishment was founded. Twenty-five thousand vine-trees were planted, and gardens, farm buildings, orange, lemon, and pomegranate plantations have sprung up around this school of practical agriculture, which trains Jewish youth for productive industry in the land of their fathers.

The importance of the Universal Israelite Alliance to the fortunes of the Jewish people cannot well be over-estimated. Its headquarters are in Paris, but its influence is felt and its beneficial action on behalf of the Jews exerted everywhere, from Persia to Morocco. The twenty-five years of its existence have been especially a period of renaissance to the seed of Abraham, who are once more possessed, by its means, of what the French call "solidarité."

(To be concluded.)

BESSY HILDRETH'S CROSS.

It was but a small thing, the repeating of a single verse among a score of others, but to shy Bessy Hildreth it was a real cross. This was the verse: "It is appointed unto men, once to die, but after this the judgment." Heb. 9: 27. She had just come out on the Lord's side, and only the fear of denying her Master could have given her courage to open her lips, in the little Sunday evening prayer meeting. Frightened at her own trembling tones, she shrank closer into the dark corner where she sat, and wished, oh, so fervently, that she had not attempted to speak at all.

Had she not been trying to still the wild beating of her own heart, she would have noticed the startled look that came into a pair of dark eyes just opposite her. Ah, poor little timid Bessy; could you have known that it was this very tremor in your voice that fastened the attention of careless Duncan Forbes on the solemn words you uttered, you would not have longed to recall them or to have vainly wished them unsaid.

Poor light-hearted Duncan had been familiar with the text since childhood, and had it not been for the quivering lips that repeated the words to-night, it would have been unheeded, as were the thirty other verses that had been spoken in his hearing. Hymns were sung, and fervent prayers ascended to heaven, before the meeting closed; but Duncan heard nothing, except the terrifying words, "After this the judgment." In the silence of his own chamber, the voice still rang in his ears, and when he courted sleep, visions of the great white throne passed vividly before him. The morning light brought no sweet peace, neither did the business of the day dispel the gloom that had settled upon his spirits. He read his Bible, and tried to pray, but twenty-one years of sin and folly passed in solemn review before him, appalling him with their magnitude, and utterly choking the petitions already formed in his heart.

Almost in despair he slipped quietly into the prayer-meeting the next Sunday evening, and before its close he startled the little praying band by requesting them to intercede for him at the throne of grace. He stated what had caused his awakening, and humbly asked for aid and direction. Before the close of that memorable meeting he had found rest to his soul. With the love of Jesus fresh in his heart he persuaded others, his dear companions and friends, to seek the one thing needful. Soon souls were anx-

iously inquiring the way heavenward, and a revival, such as the village of Melville had never enjoyed, followed, and, in the end, more than sixty new converts dated their new life to Bessy Hildreth's faithful performance of duty. "In the morning sow thy seed, and in the evening withhold not thine hand, for thou knowest not whether shall prosper."

THE CHICAGO CONFERENCE

ON HOLINESS AND DIVINE HEALING.

THE accounts published daily by the *Chicago Tribune* and the *Times* of the proceedings of the Conference, show that a very deep interest was manifested by the Christian people of the city in the teaching brought before them by the Conference. The meetings were held in the First Methodist Episcopal Church, which was filled by hundreds of attentive listeners. Mrs. Baxter, Miss Carrie F. Judd, Dr. John Cookman, Rev. A. B. Simpson, and other well-known believers took part in the proceedings. The second day of the Conference was the one in which the interest centred, as there was an anointing service, and the doctrines promulgated were submitted to practical test.

The Rev. A. B. Simpson opened the session and explained at some length what divine healing is and what it is not. He showed that it had no connection in any way with spiritualism or "the mind cure," nor did any analogy exist between them. His object, apparently, was to convince that body of believers, which is increasing in number, who admit that the sick are healed, but believe that their healing is the result of an ecstatic condition of mind which operates on the body, and who point as proof of their theory to the very large proportion which the cures of spinal disease hold to the whole number. That is to say, that a sufferer may be healed whose organs are intact, but are sluggish or inert, refusing to perform their proper functions; but that sufferers cannot be cured whose organs are diseased or their substance injured. Mr. Simpson mentioned that, although he had a family of five children, and sickness was not uncommon among them, he never called in a physician or used medicine.

A SERIES OF QUESTIONS

in response to an invitation were written on paper by members of the audience, and passed up to the platform, and Mrs. Baxter read and answered them. Some appeared to be frivolous, but the majority indicated a genuine desire for information. Among them were the following:

Q. If God did not intend men to be healed by medicine and doctors, why did He place so many healing herbs and minerals within the reach of all? A. God has sent these things for sinners, as He did not intend to deprive them of all comfort and hope of relief.

Q. Does all sickness come from Satan? A. It does, and it is to be traced directly or indirectly to sin, not always in the sufferer, however.

Q. Can unbelievers claim healing from the Lord? A. They cannot.

Q. Is not medicine a blessing from God? A. Yes, for unbelievers. Not for believers who have the Great Physician.

Q. Should a sick one dismiss his physician and throw away all medicine? A. I would deal with God honestly, not pretend to rely upon Him while relying on some one else.

Q. Is the Old Testament wholly inspired as well as the New? A. Certainly it is.

Q. Why was not Paul's thorn in the flesh removed? A. How do you know it was not? Paul had no ailing of the flesh. The thorn in the flesh was a messenger from Satan.

Q. Have the eyes of the blind ever been opened by faith? A. I don't know, but I do know that they have been opened by Jesus.

Q. Is it necessary that a person should be anointed with oil in order to be healed? A. It is God's own prescription, and, though some have been healed without oil, it is best to do His way.

Q. Why are people not healed instantaneously, as they were in the time of Christ?

A. There are several reasons. They can not now come into contact with Christ, but have to depend upon the growth of their faith, or upon some one's prayers.

Q. Should a person who has been cured by faith always rely upon God afterward in all cases of illness; as, for instance, in a case of simple cold, should they deny themselves the usual lump of sugar to soften the cough, or take the sugar and call on the Lord only in emergencies? The answer to this was lengthy. God had taken the pains to count the hair of our heads. He knew more about our tonsils than we, and that we must depend upon Him in all things. He is our Great Physician.

Q. Can the insane be healed by the prayers of one person? A. They can. I have known one hundred and fifty persons to be cured of insanity by prayer.

PERSONAL TESTIMONY

was then invited. A large number responded, among whom were the Rev. John Cookman, D.D., and Mrs. Naylor, of New York, Miss Carrie F. Judd, of Buffalo, and others, whose testimony has already been published in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. The following were some of the most striking cases:

Mr. Rollin H. Trumbull, of No. 164 Lake Street, Treasurer of the Marinette Iron Company, stated that four years ago he found his strength leaving him. He had great pains about the heart. His family physician treated him for heart disease, and he was also treated by Dr. Davis. Shortly after that he was thrown out of a buggy, and for two years was upon crutches. Fifteen physicians treated him, but did not help him. Two years ago next January he took his case to the Great Physician. It was then that God had sent Mrs. Smith all the way from England to Evanston, where he resided. About this time he had become interested in the subject of anointing the sick. He asked Mrs. Smith to anoint him. They knelt in prayer, and she poured some oil upon his head. He felt the peace of God within him, and he arose and walked through the house without his crutches. He had never touched his crutches since, and they were still standing in the corner where he left them. On the Thursday following, the Marinette Iron Company, of which he was an officer, held its annual meeting at Marinette, Wis. Some of his brother officers came up to Evanston, Tuesday, to see him about the meeting. They told him they supposed it would be his last meeting. On Wednesday evening he went to Marinette without his crutches, and carrying his satchel in his hand, to the very great astonishment of all his friends. His ankle was then still a little stiff, but in a few days it had resumed its normal functions, and, although he was a large man, his ankle had never been weak since.

Mr. J. R. Webb, of Oak Park, said that two years ago last month he was with a friend at Waukesha. His friend had asked him what he thought of the faith-cure, which Mrs. Smith, of England, was advocating at Waukesha. He replied that he believed that the day of miracles had long been gone. He was suffering with nervous prostration, and had made all necessary ante-mortem preparations. He went to one of Mrs. Smith's readings of the Bible, and then realized for the first time the truth of the Lord's care of the body as well as the soul. He became better, and took a trip South. He became much worse there, and came home. One day he went to a faith-meeting with a number of ladies, and there he was anointed, but at that time he was not cured; he had not enough faith. He had several struggles, and finally he was healed while in his room.

Mrs. Rounds, of Chicago, said that eight years ago she suffered from a complication of diseases, which no physician was able to cure. She finally sought one of her friends and asked her to pray for her. They prayed together in church. After the prayer she felt no better, but walked home in great pain, believing she was cured,

because God had promised it in the Bible. She continued to suffer pain, but continued to work for a week, and was completely healed at the end of the week.

Miss Adeline Goodrich, of Freeport, Ill., a young lady who had been a pupil at the State Normal School, said that while at that institution in 1873 she fell down-stairs and severely injured her spine. The physician who attended her was a good Christian, and, after trying all remedies, he began to talk of appealing to God. She had been sick in the Institution for three years, when she asked to be removed to her home. In order to move her in her invalid chair it was necessary to change the angle at which she reclined just two inches. Several attempts were made, but the pain was so excruciating that the idea was abandoned for some days. Again the doctor spoke of praying God to give her the strength to endure the change, but concluded to pray for her entire cure instead. They finally prayed together. On February 22d, 1877, after being confined to her bed nearly four years, she was reading the story of the palsied one, and as she read the words "Arise, take up thy bed and walk," she felt that her cure had begun. Upon April 5th, 1877, she felt that the Lord had laid His hands upon her. Her physician believed with her. The next day she arose from her bed, and she had not been upon a sick-bed for a day since.

At the request of Mr. Simpson, all those in the audience who had been cured by Divine Power, gave testimony by rising, and one hundred and eighty-five were counted, of whom twenty claimed to have been cured of organic diseases.

AT THE ANOINTING SERVICE

about one hundred and thirty persons presented themselves, some on crutches, some in invalid chairs, and others with their arms in slings. Mr. Simpson addressed them on the solemn character of the ceremony, and the state of mind in which it should be entered upon. He questioned them as to their faith, and answers were given by raising the hand. Then about twenty-five went forward to the altar-rail, the ladies with uncovered heads. They knelt there, and Mr. Simpson prayed that God would accept the consecration thus made of their bodies. He then poured a little oil into the palm of his hand, and with it anointed the forehead of each person kneeling. Behind the row of suppliants stood a number of believers, each having a hand resting on the head of one of the sufferers in front, and praying as the oil was put upon the forehead. A few moments of prayer followed, and the sufferers gave place to another set, and the ceremony was repeated until all the hundred and thirty had been anointed.

The evening session was opened with prayer by the Rev. M. Baxter. An address followed by Rev. A. B. Simpson, after which several evangelists related interesting incidents in their experience. Among the speakers were Mr. Best, of Little Washington, Pa.; Mr. Hutchinson, who has been laboring in Texas; Mr. Kirkland, who has charge of the Canal Street Mission; and Dr. Kittredge, of the Adelphi Theatre Mission. In the course of the evening a remarkable experience was related by Mrs. Baxter. She said: "The Lord sent me to Germany, and yet I could not speak a word of German, and I told the Lord so. He said: 'Will you go and preach in a certain village to-night?' I said: 'Lord, in what language?' He said: 'In German.' Well, I went, and the Lord went, too, and I got a Bible with English on one side and German on the other, and I tried to read the translation to them. Well, they understood me, although, you know, German has such curious twists about it. The funny thing was that when I went into a shop the people could not understand my German, and yet the people to whom I preached could."

Regular weekly services for divine healing are now being held in Chicago, every Saturday, at eleven in the morning, at 15 Washington Street.

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A Favor would be conferred on the Manager and office-staff of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD if subscribers whose terms expire at the end of the year would so far oblige them as to remit their renewals at once, instead of waiting for the new year. During the first few weeks of January there is always a very heavy influx of letters, which, in spite of special arrangements to deal with them, involves liability to mistake in making up the new lists. It would therefore be a convenience, facilitating the work and reducing the chances of delay and disappointment, if such of our subscribers as can conveniently do so would send in their subscriptions now. Those who send a new name with their own, as many are doing, are doubly welcome.

CURRENT EVENTS.

Both Houses of Congress Adjourned on Monday, Dec. 7, as a mark of respect for the memory of Vice-President Hendricks. Before doing so the Senate elected Mr. John Sherman its President *pro tempore*, and the House re-elected Mr. Carlisle Speaker. The Senate chamber was appropriately draped in mourning. It is gratifying to observe that the Senators appeared inclined to get to work on useful legislation, and it may be hoped that this early developed energy will not soon wear itself out. Mr. Hoar introduced his bill regulating the succession in case of a vacancy in the office of President and in that of Vice-President, a measure urgently needed. He also brought in the Bankruptcy Bill, also very important. Mr. Edmunds introduced his bill regulating the counting of the Electoral votes, and an International Copyright Bill. Mr. Blair also introduced a good bill requiring the study in the common schools of physiology, with reference particularly to the effect of "intoxicants and narcotics." All parents and teachers are aware of the urgent need of such teaching.

The President's Message, sent to Congress on December 8th, is encyclopædic in character and bulk. Mr. Cleveland appears to have taken the reports of each department, examined them minutely, formed his own conclusions on each, and embodied information and advice systematically under the various heads in his communication. If there is nothing very original in the document, there is satisfaction in the inference that our national affairs are in such a condition that the executive, who has opportunity for knowing them intimately, has no radical and startling changes to suggest. It is deserving of notice, too, that although it is twenty-five years since a message to Congress has been prepared by a Democratic President, there is so little in it reflecting on Republican administration. The remarks it contains to which a Republican statesman would demur form an inconsiderable part of the whole, and the fact must be consolatory to a large number of people, who feared that the advent to power of a Democrat would seriously reverse our national progress. It would appear from this message that the executive policy under President Cleveland differs in a much less degree than was expected from the policy of his Republican predecessors. In many

instances his recommendations are identical with those of President Arthur. Private citizens will do well to consider this fact, and when they hear either political party denounced by the other to reflect that at heart members of both are patriotic, and neither are so bad as they are represented.

Our Relations with Foreign Countries Are cordial, and the President congratulates Congress on there being no questions of difficulty pending with any government. He referred to the rejection of Mr. Keiley by the Austrian court, and said that he had left the place of minister to Vienna vacant. If he has not a more statesmanlike man than Mr. Keiley to put in it, the President cannot do better than leave it vacant. The commercial treaty with Spain, the convention on the Congo country, and the Nicaragua Canal treaty Mr. Cleveland courteously but firmly condemns; but the Mexican treaty negotiated by General Grant has his approval. He recommends the organization of a commission to settle the fishery disputes with Great Britain, and an extension of the clauses of the extradition treaty with that Power. He is also in favor of International Copyright, and recommends to Congress the examination of the plan suggested on this subject by the Berne Conference. The country is to be congratulated on the fact of such matters being the most prominent in a survey of its foreign relations.

On Home Affairs the President is Explicit. He recommends relief of the burden of the people, believing that they are now unnecessarily heavy. The direction which this relief should take is, he thinks, a *reduction of the customs duties on "the imported necessities of life."* Here, more clearly than in any other part of the message, he antagonizes the Republican policy. He advises the suspension of the coinage of *silver dollars*, and declares that the hoarding of gold has already commenced, in view of the crisis inevitable if the coinage be continued. An emphatic passage is the one dealing with *Civil Service Reform*. The President believes that the Government could not long have borne the strain of a system "which, upon every change of Administration, inspires an immense army of claimants for office to lay siege to the patronage of Government, engrossing the time of public officers with their importunities, spreading abroad the contagion of their disappointment, and filling the air with the tumult of their discontent." And he expresses his conviction that the law now in operation was enacted "none too soon to check the progress of demoralization." *The Mormon Question* is dealt with in a passage unlike any other in the message, and is evidently the work of another hand, which is easily recognized. Though the language is doubtless not his own, we trust that it embodies his own ideas and resolutions. He says: "There should be no relaxation in the firm but just execution of the law now in operation, and I should be glad to approve such further discreet legislation as will rid the country of this blot upon its fair fame." The President also recommends the enactment of a law prohibiting the importation of Mormons.

A Notable Name in the Obituary of the Week is that of Mr. William H. Vanderbilt, who died December 8th. It is believed that he was the richest man in the world, his real and personal estate being worth \$200,000,000. He was sixty-four years of age, and was apparently in good health. While talking with a business friend who called upon him, his utterance became indistinct, he suddenly fell forward, and when lifted up he was dead. The cause of death was cerebral apoplexy. Among the sums bequeathed by him in his will are amounts aggregating a million dollars distributed among religious and philanthropic institutions, as follows: To the Domestic and Foreign Missionary Society of the Protestant-Episcopal Church, \$100,000 for foreign; and \$100,000 for domestic missionary purposes; \$100,000 each to St. Luke's Hospital, the Young Men's Christian Association of the city of New York, the City Mission of the Prot-

estant-Episcopal Church, and the Moravian Church on Staten Island; \$50,000 each is left to the General Theological Seminary of the Protestant-Episcopal Church, to the New York Bible and Common Prayer-Book Society, to the Home for Incurables, to the Protestant-Episcopal Church Missionary Society for Seamen, and to the New York Christian Home for Intemperate men. One half the estate is divided equally between his eldest two sons, and the other half among his widow and his other six children, and a few legacies are left to friends.

The Last of the British Parliamentary Elections has now taken place, and the Liberals claim that they lack only one vote of half the whole number of members elected. They assert that the new House will consist of 334 Liberals and 336 Conservatives and Parnellites combined. The official figures have not been cabled probably, because in the existing relations of parties it is difficult to decide whether some of the members will act with the Liberals or the Conservatives. On Irish questions there would be a marked uncertainty. Many now classed as Mr. Gladstone's supporters would desert him, and vote with the Conservatives if he should propose such a concession for Ireland as Mr. Parnell would approve. The House, at its assembling, will present a novel appearance. Of the 670 members, 332 are new men, who have never sat in Parliament before. Three are *native born Americans*. Some of the new men sent by Irish constituencies are objectionable to the aristocratic members of the House. They include 2 drapers, 3 tavern-keepers, 4 farmers, 2 grocers, 1 carpenter, 1 blacksmith, 1 florist, 1 watchmaker, 1 tailor, 1 dancing saloon-owner, and 1 manager of a dancing-school. Some of the English towns have sent representatives whom the aristocrats dislike quite as much. Among them are a mason, a glassblower, a tailor, a bootmaker, and a laborer. One political organ expresses its fears that such men will not prove "capable to reproduce the ancient glories of Parliament." That is possible; but if they have the power and the courage to tell the legislators what the poor people of the country need, and to insist on their grievances being redressed, the ancient glories may be allowed to rest without reproduction for a time.

Sanguine Expectations are Entertained by Irishmen of the legislative separation of Ireland from Great Britain. Reports cabled to this country by Egan and other Nationalists speak of it as certain. Ten years ago no event seemed more unlikely, but before that time the Rev. M. Baxter and other students of prophecy arrived at the conclusion that the separation must take place before the formation of the ten-kingdomed confederacy. It is evident that never before in this generation have the prospects of Irish autonomy been so hopeful as they now are. That Mr. Gladstone is eager to return to office is proved by several of his recent utterances. It is also proved by figures that he might return immediately if he can devise a compromise which would command the support of his own followers, on the one hand, and Mr. Parnell on the other. It is a significant fact, disproving the assertions English journals have been making for many years, that all Ireland is practically unanimous in desiring separation. We have been told repeatedly that the province of Ulster wholly, and the other three provinces largely, were in favor of the maintenance of the union. At this election about 350,000 votes have been cast in Ireland, of which nearly 250,000 were given to men sworn to obey Parnell. Not more than fifteen members have been elected in all Ireland opposed to him. In view of this fact, Mr. Herbert Gladstone, a son of the ex-Premier, writes to a prominent journal: "Nothing could induce me to countenance a separation; but if five sixths of the Irish people wish to have a Parliament in Dublin for the management of their own local affairs, I say, in the name of justice and wisdom, let them have it." On political matters Mr. Gladstone and his son are generally in accord.

Hostilities in the Balkans were Resumed on December 10th, when the armistice expired. Proposals for peace were sent during the brief respite by Servia to Bulgaria, but were rejected. Counter proposals sent by the Bulgarians were rejected by Servia. Both governments were apparently encouraged to renew the conflict by promises of aid. Rumors were circulated that Austrian officers were volunteering for service in the Servian army, and were followed by a report that Bulgaria had come to an understanding with Russia, and had received assurances of support. On Saturday last the Servian army moved in force against the Bulgarian position, and a long and sanguinary engagement ensued. The Servians claimed a victory.

American Citizens Born in Germany Have for some years been subjected to penalties in visiting their native country, and some of them been compelled to join the army. Efforts have been made at various times to arrive at an agreement between the governments of Washington and Berlin on the question of naturalization, but without success. The subject was mentioned in the President's message last week. In commenting upon it, a Berlin journal uses language which indicates a hostile spirit. It says: "The German Government treats alike, regardless of where naturalized, all Germans who emigrate in order to escape military service and then return to Germany. The Government will not tolerate American or Danish colonies within its territory." The arrangement of this difficulty was one of Mr. Pendleton's most important duties.

Mr. C. H. Spurgeon's Health Has Been Sufficiently restored to permit of his leaving England. A brief cable dispatch states that on Friday he set out for Mentone. As the climate of that place is usually beneficial to him, we may hope to hear soon of his convalescence. The prayers of his American friends are earnestly desired for God's blessing on the means used for his recovery.

Mrs. Baxter is Conducting Meetings in conjunction with Mrs. Stroud Smith at Freeport, Ill. On Sunday, December 6th, Mrs. Baxter preached at Cleveland, O., whence she went to Oberlin, O., to take part in the Conference on Holiness and Divine Healing held in that city last week. The Conference occupied four days, and there was a very marked manifestation of God's blessing. At the last session many persons testified to the spiritual good derived at the meetings.

Messrs. Mateer & Parker, Mr. Spurgeon's evangelists, concluded their mission at Onondaga, N. Y., last week. The manifest blessing of God led to the meetings being continued over three weeks. During their work there upward of three hundred persons professed saving faith in Christ, as the result of God's blessing on the services. The evangelists are now laboring at Mount Vernon, O.

Mr. W. Noble's Gospel Temperance Mission at Louisville, Ky., has been a remarkable success. He spoke twice each day, and besides visited the prison, hospital, and schools, on the invitation of the authorities, and gave Gospel temperance addresses. He also addressed the students in the Baptist College. Last week Mr. Noble conducted a series of meetings in Cadiz, O. The Grand Opera House, in which they were held, was filled to overflowing, and much good was done. This week Mr. Noble is speaking at Dayton, O. Letters and telegrams may be sent to him there until Monday, December 21st.

The Remarkable Appearance of Wall Street last week was described by all the daily journals of New York. At noon on each day it was almost deserted. Usually, at that hour, it is thronged with busy, earnest men, apparently without a moment to lose, hurrying in and out of the Stock Exchange, intent on the buying and selling of shares. Last week the sidewalks and the offices looked as if business was suspended. The visitor had only to walk up the street to Trinity Church, which stands at its head, to learn the cause. Every day, for nearly two hours, the vast building was crowded in every part by

bankers and brokers, listening intently and reverently to the preaching of the Rev. W. Hay Aitken, the English mission preacher, whose portrait and life appeared in this journal last week. Mr. Aitken used very plain words, and presented home truths in a manner that must have surprised the business men. Yet they came again and again, and there is reason to hope that much good was done.

Messrs. Moody and Sankey were Engaged last week in one of the most beneficent works in the sphere of the Christian Church. They held meetings, as announced some weeks ago in these columns, in the rooms of the Young Men's Christian Association, Brooklyn, N. Y., for men only. The large lecture hall was crowded every night, and at the after meetings many decided for Christ. A very hopeful characteristic of the meetings was the large number of young men who eagerly applied for tickets of admission, and attended each meeting. How sorely some of them need to hear the warnings Mr. Moody addressed to them on the subject of social purity every Christian knows who has been brought in contact with young men of this day.

The Passengers on Two Railroad Trains had a hairbreadth escape from death on December 10th. A despatch from St. John's, New Brunswick, says that while the east-bound train on the New Brunswick Railway was passing over the bridge across the north branch of the Oromocto River on Thursday, the bridge gave way, and the engine fell into the river. Providentially the couplings broke, and the cars remained on the track, one hanging over the gap. The engineer escaped with slight injuries, but the fireman is missing, and is supposed to have been drowned. The night express from Boston soon afterward passed over the south branch bridge, and the engineer, learning of the disaster, at once took back his train to Fredericton Junction. All trains west have been cancelled on account of the accident. That is a prudent action, and we can but wish that in the more important matter of the journey of life similar caution were exercised. The broad road on which eternal disaster is inevitable, and on which so many have already fallen, is still crowded with travellers (Matt. 7:13).

A New Police Signal has been Patented by two officers connected with the police department of New Haven, Conn. It is intended to bring a policeman on a beat at a long distance from headquarters into communication with the superintendent. In the central office is a large map of the city, with a number of raised buttons corresponding with the various points where the beats intersect. On pressing a button an electric current passes to a lamp-post at the place in the city indicated on the map. The current releases a balance weight in the lamp-post, which, as it runs down, draws up a small red glass globe just large enough to enclose the gas-flame, and within the lantern. It is the duty of the policeman on the beat who sees the flame so enclosed to go to the nearest police telephone and take the superintendent's instructions. The usefulness of the invention will evidently depend on the alacrity of the policeman in attending to the intimation it is designed to give, that special service is required of them. Such special service is sometimes required of the servants of God, but they fail to recognize the intimation, or, like Jonah, they do not respond to the call, and are guilty of unfaithfulness displeasing to God (Prov. 1:24-26).

The Gift of an Emperor to an American child is described in the *Montgomery (N. Y.) Advertiser*. A little lady, six years old, whose parents reside in that town, was travelling with them last summer in Austria. On August 18th they happened to be at a famous Alpine resort, at which the Emperor of Austria was also staying. That day was the American child's birthday, and as it was also the birthday of the Emperor it was deemed appropriate that she should send him a gift. Accordingly a note of congratulation was despatched, stating that it was from a little American girl on her sixth birthday

to the Emperor on his fifty-fourth, and it was signed simply "Charlotte." The note was accompanied by a small bunch of flowers. Nothing was heard of the modest tribute of regard until eight days afterward, when the Emperor's master of ceremonies called, and in the name of his sovereign presented the child with a beautiful piece of jewelry. It was a four-leaf clover in gold, with a diamond pendant, and on its back was an inscription recording the names of the receiver and the imperial giver. The official told the lady that when the Emperor came across the simple note and bunch of flowers in the files of presents he was so struck with its simplicity that he shed tears, and directed that the child's full name be obtained and herself sought out, in order that his thanks might be returned along with a memento of his esteem. Doubtless she will treasure the gift as long as she lives. It may serve to remind her that He who is King of kings may be approached by a child, and that she can make Him an offering that He will not despise (Ps. 51:17).

Three Ingenious Swindlers were Captured in Chicago on December 10th. It appears that a firm of butterine manufacturers have been puzzled by an anomaly in their business. They held a contract by which another firm supplied them with lard regularly in lots of ten thousand pounds each. The lard did not yield so much as the butterine manufacturers knew that it ought to yield. They therefore ordered their carter to take his load, after it had been weighed out to him, to their own weighers, and have it weighed there before delivering it. They gained no light from this check, for the weight was about correct. They therefore watched the carter, and the swindle was detected. After receiving the load the carter drove to a butcher, and there about three hundred pounds of lard was scooped out, and the butcher and a confederate crawled into the cavity thus made, and the wagon was driven to the weigher's to be weighed a second time. The weight of the men made up for the lard abstracted, and as the wagon went to the butterine factory the men crawled out and walked away. Had they remained and lost their lives in the process of turning the lard into butterine they would have been a fit type of the fate of all swindlers. Every nian who makes dishonest gains gives his soul in exchange (Jer. 17:11).

An Almost Miraculous Escape from Drowning occurred on Lake Michigan on December 4th, during the memorable storm which raged all through that day and the next. Captain Sterling, of the ship *Mercury*, which arrived at Chicago on December 9th, states that about midnight on Friday, while the vessel was laboring heavily in mid-lake, a heavy sea swept the decks, and carried overboard a sailor named John Anderson. It was impossible in such a storm to heave-to, and his shipmates gave him up for lost. A few minutes later the captain, who was at the wheel, was amazed to see the man clinging to the rail. The men ran to him and lifted him on board. Anderson said that the sea which washed him overboard carried him about fifty feet from the vessel in the direction in which she was sailing. When he came upon the crest of the wave he could see the vessel's lights shining faintly through the driving storm, and struck out to get as near them as possible. At this moment another wave swept over him, and as he came to the surface his head struck the side of the schooner. He retained his presence of mind, and began reaching for the fender-ropes, which he knew were hanging over the side. Fortunately he succeeded in grasping the last one on the port side, and having clambered up was helped on board more dead than alive. The truly marvellous escape, uncommon as such a thing is at sea, is very like the Christian's experience in the storms of life. The wave of trouble that sometimes sweeps him away from his Saviour for the moment carries him in the onward direction, and, if he is looking for the light, another trial drives him back to safety (Hosea 5:15).

BUT A STEP.

A New Sermon by Pastor C. H. Spurgeon.

"There is but a step between me and death."—

1 SAMUEL 20 : 3.

David's Danger—Saved by His Knowledge of it—His Assertion—I. True of Every Man—Life is Short—Uncertain—A Death in a Pulpit—Dr. Gill's Providential Journey—Timothy East's Foolish Hearer—II. Especially True of Some—A Scotch Minister's Indifference—III. Suppose It is Not So—A Converted Seaman in a New York Pulpit—A Dying Bricklayer's Answer—IV. Suppose it is So—A Husband's Farewell—A Lady's Death in Church.

THIS was David's description of his own condition. King Saul was seeking to destroy him. The bitter malice of that king would not be satisfied with anything short of the blood of his rival. Jonathan did not know this. He could not believe so badly of his father as that he could wish to kill the champion of Israel, the brave, true-hearted young David, and so he assured David that it could not be so—that he had not heard of any plots against him. But David, who knew better, said, "It is certainly so. Your father seeks my blood, and there is but a step between me and death."

Now, it was by knowing his danger that David escaped. Had he remained as ignorant of his own peril as his friend Jonathan had been, he would have walked into the lion's mouth, and he would have fallen by the hand of Saul. But to be forewarned is to be forearmed; he was therefore able to save his life because he perceived his danger. It is rather

A NOTABLE STATE

of things, is it not, for David to be conscious of danger, and to be telling his friend Jonathan that he is in danger? I do not often meet with the case now. If I am the Jonathan, I have to keep on warning David of his danger, and I find it very difficult to wake up my friend to a sense of that danger. I should like to live to see the day in which David would come to Jonathan—I mean in which men in danger would come to me—and say, "There is but a step between me and death." We love to see care for the soul, and concern about a future state. Whenever God's Holy Spirit is at work we do see it; sinners begin to be aware of their condition, and they come and tell us of their danger, and inquire for the way of escape.

It is the simplest thing in the world to tell the awakened sinner how he may find peace; the difficulty lies in awakening the sinner. To cheer those who are alarmed is such good work that we would sit up all night at it. We can never have too much of it. To bind up the broken in heart when the Master gives us His Gospel, is the most pleasant duty out of heaven. The worst of it is, that we cannot persuade them that they need to be broken in heart, or lead them to feel that they are in peril, but still shutting their eyes to all the truth that will go wildly on, determined not to know. Too many act as if it were folly to look a few days ahead, as if it were a work of supererogation to foresee the evil, a needless sorrow to think of eternity.

I. First, then, there is a sense in which this text is no doubt literally

TRUE OF EVERY MAN.

"There is but a step between me and death"; for life is so short that it is no exaggeration to compare it to a step. Suppose that we should live to threescore years and ten, or even fourscore years, or to be, as some few of our friends are here to-night, even past their fourscore years, yet life will occupy a very short time. Life is long to look forward to; but I appeal to every aged person whether it is not very short to look back upon. I confess to my own experience that a week is now a hardly appreciable space of time to me. There seems to be very little breathing room between one Sunday and another. One has scarcely preached before one has to prepare again some other word with which to address you. As we grow older time very sensibly quickens its pace. I know that this is an exceedingly trite observation, but I

mention it all the more earnestly because the certainty of it should force it home with power upon our minds. You young people look to a month as being quite a period of time, but when you are getting forty, or fifty, or sixty, you will look upon a whole year as no more than a brief interval.

But, in another sense, there is but a step between us and death, namely, that life is so uncertain. How unexpectedly it ends! Strong and hearty men, if I might make a judgment from observation, seem to be among the first to fall. How often have I seen the invalid, who might almost long for death, draw out a long existence of continuous pain; while the man who shook your hand with a powerful grip, and stood erect like a column of iron, is laid low of a sudden and is gone! No man can reckon upon the full term of life; not one among us can be sure of reaching threescore and ten. We cannot be sure that we shall see old age. A bubble is more solid than human life, and a spider's web is as a cable compared with the thread of our existence. There is but a step between us and death.

A PLACE OF MANY GATES.

And this is all the more true when we consider that there are so many gates to the grave. We can die anywhere, at any time, by any means. Not alone abroad are we in danger, but at home in security we are still in peril. I am in my pulpit now, but I am not secure in this citadel from all-besieging death. I remember a dear servant of God in a country town, on a certain Sabbath morning, stood up and repeated as the first hymn of the morning, the sacred song which I gave out just now:

"Father, I long, I faint to see

The place of thine abode;

I'd leave thine earthly courts and flee

Up to thy seat, my God;"

and he fell back and was gone. His wish was granted. He saw the place of God's abode, I do not doubt. There is no safety from death in the pulpit, nor in your own house. Dr. Gill, who was noted for always being in his study, said one day to a friend, "Well, at least, if a man is in his study he is safe." Some one had been killed in the street through a falling chimney-pot or tile, and this gave emphasis to the doctor's pleasantry. But it so happened that, soon after the doctor went to visit a member of his church, and while he was away a stormy wind blew, and blew down a stack of chimneys into his study, into the very place where he would have been sitting if he had not been called away. So he said to his friend, "Verily, I see I must not boast of being safe in my study, for we are secure nowhere." In times of battle men may shelter behind trees or walls, and so escape rifle-shot; but where can you get to escape from the arrows of death? Wherever you be, not alone in the crowded, thronging streets, but up there in your own chamber, or on the edge of your bed, you may slip, you may fall, and suffer fatal injury. At your table you may eat and drink and die. Wherever you are, you may well feel, "There is but a step between me and death."

"Dangers stand thick through all our path

To push us to the tomb;

And fever diseases wait around

To hurry mortals home."

Therefore, I would say, as I leave this point, let nobody here reckon upon life. Let him never postpone what ought to be done at once to some future time.

I do not know whether any brother here recollects old Mr. Timothy East. I knew him well in his old age. He was a man of careful observation and retentive memory, and in his later days he was full of stories which had happened in his pastoral experience; and he used to tell this one: A certain woman was very much attached to his ministry, but still a very foolish woman. She used to sit regularly on the pulpit stairs, and she did so for many years while Timothy East preached the Gospel. One thing seemed to shut her heart against all his appeals. She told a

neighbor that if she had five minutes before she died, she so understood the way of salvation that she would get all right in her time. She told that minister that, and Timothy said to her, "Oh, that will never do. You may not have that five minutes in which to set things right. Be right at once." Singularly enough, one day, as Mr. East went down the street, a child came to him, and said, "Please, sir, come and see grandmother. Come and see grandmother." He turned in, and there was grandmother struck for death. She looked at him with an entreating glance, and said, "I am lost! I am lost!" She died there and then, ere Mr. East could say a word to her about her salvation. Dear friend, I do beseech you not to imitate her folly, but rather say to yourself, "There is but a step between me and death."

SPECIALLY TRUE.

II. But, dear friends, I now turn to further remark that to some this is specially true. Will you bear with me when I remark that to persons who have reached a ripe old age this is most certainly true? "There is but a step between me and death"? It is inevitable in the order of nature that you should not live long. Now, do not object to think about it and talk about it. It is only foolish persons who will not mention death. If you are all right with God, it can be no trouble to you to remember that as your years multiply, there must be so many the fewer in which you are to abide here below.

Those also have but a step between them and death who are touched with some incurable disorder. Some are warned that they have a heart complaint. If that be the case I may fairly say, "There is but a step between you and death." If you are consumptive, and are gradually melting away, you are in like case. What a blessing it is that this form of death gives us notice of its approach, and does not impair the mind, so that a person may calmly seek and find eternal life if that disease has marked him for its own! But there is only a step between the consumptive and death. Those who follow dangerous trades are in a similar condition. The traveller across the deep, the fisherman, the soldier, the miner, and others are frequently at death's door. I need not go into the details of all those various processes by which men earn their bread, which have so much danger about them that there is but a step between those who follow them and death.

Beside this, there are some—and probably some in this congregation—who, whether it be by disease or not, will die in the course of a few weeks. The probabilities, if they are calculated, will show that out of six or seven thousand persons gathered here, there are certainly some, beyond all guesswork, who will never pass into the next year. There is but a step between such and death.

GRAND INDIFFERENCE.

I should like you to be able to think about death. If you do not like to think about it at all, my dear friends, I think that there is something wrong in you, and you ought to take warning from your own dislike. He that is afraid of solemn things has probably solemn reason to be afraid of them. It is greatly wise to talk with our last hours. A man who is going to a certain place should think about the place to which he is going, and make some preparation for it. If he be a wise man he will do so. I should like you to attain to such a state that you could feel as Dr. Watts did. He said to a friend when he was an old man, "I go to my bed each night with perfect indifference as to whether I shall wake up in this world or the next." That is a beautiful state of mind to be in. Or, as the old Scotch minister said when some one asked him, "Is this disease of yours fatal?" and he replied, "I do not know, and I do not wish to know, for I do not think that it can make much difference to me; for if I go to heaven I shall be with God, and if I stop here God will be with me." Oh! is not that a sweet way of putting it? There is not so much difference, after all, between being with God and God's being with us.

III. I am to close by saying first, SUPPOSE IT IS NOT SO.

Young friends, you that are here, suppose it is not true that there is only a step between you and death. Suppose it is not so. There may be some here that will live to a very great age. I may be addressing some persons who will rival Sir Moses Montefiore. Possibly you may. Well, what then? If so, I should recommend you to follow the scriptural advice, "Seek ye first the kingdom of God, and His righteousness." The first thing should come first; the best things should have the best of our thoughts. A prince who had been warned of assassination, gaily exclaimed, "Serious things to-morrow"; but before to-morrow he was slain. Yet had he not been slain, his speech would have been an unwise one; for, however long we live, we ought not to push serious matters into a corner. If we are to live, let us live to noble purpose. It would be a great pity to lose a single year, much less a long life. If you are going to live a hundred years, begin them with God. If you are going to have long life, why not spend it for Him?

A CAPTAIN'S ADVICE.

There was a storm at sea once, and there was a young man on board who was not used to storms, and he fell into a great state of mind. He was not of much use on board the ship through his fears. He crept into a corner and knelt down to pray; but the captain, on coming along, could not stand that. He shouted, "Get up, you coward, say your prayers in fine weather." He did get up, saying to himself, "I only hope that I shall see fine weather to say my prayers in." When he landed, the words the captain said remained in his mind. He said, "That is quite correct, I will say my prayers in fine weather." I would say to you who hope to live a hundred years, say your prayers in fine weather. The young man was so impressed with those words that he went to hear the Gospel, was converted, and became a minister of Christ. One Sunday morning, while he was preaching in one of the most notable pulpits in New York, that captain came into the chapel, and the preacher looked him in the face and said, "Say your prayers in fine weather." The captain was astonished, as he perceived that the very man whom he had addressed as a coward was now preaching from the pulpit, and giving out at the commencement of his sermon the advice which he had given him. I trust the captain took his own medicine. I want to give that advice to all who do not think that they are going to die yet. Say your prayers in fine weather. Begin with God now.

Suppose that it is not true that there is but a step between you and death; nevertheless, while death is at a distance, health and strength furnish the best time for coming to Christ. Do not imagine that when you are ill and near to die, it will be the best time to turn. I remember the striking words of Philip Henry, the father of the famous Matthew Henry. When he was dying, his friends stood round about his bed, and he said, "What a blessing it is, Matthew, that I have not to make my peace with God now! My body is full of pain, and my mind is greatly disturbed by reason of it. Oh!" said he, "if that were undone and had now to be done, how could it be done?" What a mercy when that great transaction is complete!

That having to make our peace with God when we die is a poor business. I do not like the expression. I like far better the language of a poor bricklayer who fell from a scaffold, and was so injured that he was ready to die. The clergyman of the parish came, and said, "My dear man, I am afraid you will die. You had better make your peace with God." To the joy of the clergyman the man said, "Make my peace with God, sir? That was made for me upon Calvary's cross eighteen hundred years ago; and I know it." Ah! that is it—to have a peace that was made by the blood of Christ all those years ago—a peace that never can be broken.

IV. But now

SUPPOSE THAT IT IS SO.

Suppose that it is so, and suppose, as yet, that you have no good hope. Dear friend, there is a word that I would like to drop into your ear. If there is but a step between you and death, yet there is only a step between you and Jesus. There is only a step between you and salvation. God help you to take that step now. You know the description of the way to heaven: "Take the first on the right by the cross, and keep straight on." May you take that step to-night! It is not a step even; it is only a look.

"There is life in a look at the Crucified One."

Why delay it? Since faith in Christ will put you beyond danger, and will put you beyond the dominion of sin, so that you will live a godly life which shall continue to the end, why not believe in Jesus now?

Suppose that it is so, that you are soon to die; then set your house in order. Get everything ready with regard to your temporal affairs. Mind that. A world of sorrow comes through people not having made their wills. Have everything in order. Time the ship when a storm is expected. Be ready, for you are about to die. Now sit loose by all earthly things. You must assuredly part with them soon; do not hold them tightly. Set not your affection upon things on earth, or you will weep when you lose your idols. If you harbor any anger in your heart, turn it out directly, for you are going to die. If there is any quarrel between you and anybody else, go home and settle it. Whether you are going to live or die, I advise you to do that. Hold no ill-will to any one, for you are so soon to die.

A WIFE'S REMORSE.

I remember well the story of a husband who had grieved his wife. I do not know what had happened—some little awkward word or deed. He went out of the house. He had to fell timber that day, and he turned back and said, "Wife, I am very sorry. Let us part good friends. Give me a kiss." Alas, she turned away! All day long she sorrowed, for she loved him well, and she grieved to think that he was gone without that kiss of love. He never came back again alive. Four men brought him home a corpse. She would have given a thousand worlds if they had not parted so. Now, do not part with anybody that you love with any kind of tiffs or quarrellings. End all that, for death is near. If there is but a step between you and death—if the Judge is at the door—go and wind up your little difficulties. You that have family quarrels, wipe them out. You that have got any malice in your heart, turn it out.

Oh, if it is only a step between us and death, then you that are unprepared, it is only a step between you and hell! Escape, I pray you, by the living God. As you love your souls, flee for your lives, and lay hold on Christ.

A DEATH IN CHURCH.

But if you are in Christ, it is only a step between you and heaven. You may well desire that you might take that step right speedily. I shall never forget one summer afternoon, when I was preaching in a village chapel about the joys of heaven, that an elderly lady sitting on my right kept looking to me with intense delight. Some people's eyes greatly help the preacher. A telegraph goes on between us. She seemed to say to me, "Bless God for that. How I am enjoying it!" She kept drinking in the truth, and I poured out more and more precious things about the eternal kingdom and the sight of the Well-beloved, till I saw what I thought was a strange light pass over her face. I went on, and those eyes were still fixed on me. She sat still as a marble figure; and I stopped and said, "Friends, I think that you sister over there is dead." They said that it was even so, and they bore her away. She had gone. While I was telling of heaven, she had gone there; and I remember saying that I wished that it had been my case as well as hers. It was better not, perhaps, for many reasons; but oh, I did envy her!

I am always looking for the day when I shall see her again. I shall know those eyes, I am sure I shall. I shall recollect that face, if in heaven she is anything like what she was here, or bears any marks of identification. I shall not forget that inward fellowship which existed between a soul that stood with wings outspread for glory, and the poor preacher who was trying to talk of that which he knew but little of compared with her. Well, well, it will soon be my turn. Good-night, poor world! It will soon be your turn, and then you shall say, "Good-night." Let us meet in glory. Let us meet in glory, for Jesus Christ's sake. Amen.

NEW BOOKS.

THE BOOK BUYER

has been doing a useful work during the year in keeping the public informed about the new books issued from month to month, and the current criticism of them. By its means people in the country with little leisure for visits to the city have been able to ascertain not only what books are being published, but what is the character of them, and what the great critics think of them. The Christmas number is now published, and it is a worthy consummation of the year's numbers, which is saying a great deal, as many of our readers know. It is profusely illustrated, and contains an excellent portrait of Frank R. Stockton, the author of "Rudder Grange" and other stories. One of the most interesting articles is from the pen of Lieutenant Greely, who graphically describes the first Christmas the explorers spent in the Arctic. With this article are a full-page picture of the settlement of Fort Conger, a picture of Lieutenant Greely's corner in the Fort, and portraits of two queer-looking four-footed pets of the party. Beside this there are articles by Julian Hawthorne, Hamilton Mabie, R. H. Stoddard, Eugene Schuyler, and others, and many engravings of great merit. Pp. 110; price, 10 cents. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons.

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.

The bound volume of this excellent periodical, in which the children of thousands of homes in this country and England have found amusement and instruction every week of the year, is now issued. It contains all the numbers from November 4th, 1884, to October 27th, 1885, and makes an imposing volume. Parents who are concerned for the mental and moral well-being of their children find the necessity for increased vigilance every year in the matter of the literary food which the publishers provide for the young folks. A great deal of it is poison of the worst kind, giving false views of life, and instilling into the child's mind ideas which are certain to bear evil fruit in the life. Crimes are made to wear an attractive guise, and men are held up to admiration who, if such depraved creatures could ever exist ought to fall a prey to the hangman. Boys and girls who read such books are being tutored in the devil's school, and the temptations of life find them ready to fall easy victims. Yet children want books specially prepared for them, and there is a lack of books that will interest them while raising the moral tone. To any parent in search of such a book as a Christmas present to his child this volume may be recommended with confidence. Good, pure stories are there in abundance, scraps of historical information specially interesting to children, directions for the amateur carpenter, advice about keeping live pets, puzzles for the ingenious, excellent poetry, a Post Office Box in which children's letters are received and answered, and, above all, seven hundred excellent illustrations. The reading world is indebted to the publishers for many valuable productions of their press, but for none so useful or so beneficial in far-reaching influence as this powerful antidote to the pernicious publications which are sapping the morals of the rising generation. Pp. 832; price, \$3.50. Published by Harper & Brothers.

MOUNTAIN ADVENTURES

in various parts of the world, selected from the



Milan I., King of Serbia.



Departure of Servian Troops Across the Bulgarian Frontier.

narratives of celebrated travellers; with an introduction and additions by J. T. Headley. There is a fascination, which every one feels more or less, about achievements attended by danger to life and limb, and scarcely any are so thrilling as those of mountain-climbing. Every year, in spite of the numerous accidents that occur, parties are organized to ascend the very mountains on which others have lost their lives. Saussure, who was the first to climb to the summit of Mont Blanc, says that his eyes never rested upon the mountain without his feeling a painful impression. The desire to reach its summit became a mania with him which did not abate until his desire was accomplished. People who have no opportunity for indulging this love of mountain adventure, and people who are too timid to undertake it, will enjoy this collection of narratives. They are told with force and vividness. One shudders in reading such relations as that of Tyndall's of a Rescue from a Crevasse and Clarence King's Climbing a Precipice in the Sierra Nevada. A more pleasant story is that of the climbing of Mount Sinai, and that and the ascents of Lebanon and Ararat are deeply interesting to the Bible student. Mr. Headley's collection covers, as his title indicates, the mountains of both hemispheres, and he has ransacked the libraries of the world for his incidents. Pp. 356; price, \$1. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons.

IMMORTALITY:

a Clerical Symposium on What are the Foundations of the Belief in the Immortality of Man. Like the symposium on Inspiration noticed some months ago in these columns, this is a series of papers which appeared originally in the *Homiletic Magazine*. They are contributed by some of the ablest theologians of the day, some of whom are noted as experts on this subject. Among them are the great preacher, Canon Knox-Little, of the Protestant Episcopal Church; Rev. Edward White, of the Congregational Church, the most prominent advocate of the doctrine of Conditional Immortality; the eminent Jewish Rabbi, Hermann Adler, Principal John Cairns, and Professor Stokes. It is probable that at some time or other every man who has looked upon the face of a dead friend has asked himself the old question propounded by the patriarch, "If a man die shall he live again?" We believe that he will; we know from the Bible that he will, and our inner consciousness affirms that he will; but at times doubts will

arise that it is hard to satisfy. All who have ever felt them should read this book. It is remarkable how men differing so widely from each other, starting from different standpoints, and moving on different lines of thought, arrive at the same conclusion. Pp. 259; price, \$1.50. Published by Thomas Whittaker, 2 Bible House, New York.

PRAYER TOPICS.

The International Committee of Young Men's Christian Associations has recently issued a little book entitled "Prayer Meeting Topics for 1886," containing over three hundred subjects, with appropriate Scripture references. These topic books have been issued regularly every year since 1877, and have proved very helpful and suggestive to the associations, as well as to many pastors and other Christian workers. The books are sold at cost price—five cents per copy—and they can be obtained by addressing the International Committee, Twenty-third Street and Fourth Avenue, New York City.

KING MILAN OF SERBIA.

(See Portrait on this page.)

MILAN OBRENOVITCH, King of Serbia, was born August 10th, 1854, and is therefore now thirty-one years of age. He succeeded to the throne, in 1868, on the death of his predecessor, Michael Obrenovitch, who was assassinated by the Karageorgevitchs, or descendants of Black George, who are the hereditary pretenders to the throne. When Milan was called to the supreme rule Serbia was only a principality, and he was proclaimed as Prince Milan IV. He was then only fourteen years old, and was being educated in Paris. He at once proceeded to Serbia, where a regency composed of three leading statesmen was appointed to govern during his minority. On August 22d, 1872, he was crowned Prince in the Cathedral of Belgrade, at the age of eighteen. He was then under the suzerainty of Turkey, but in 1876 he joined arms with Bosnia and Herzegovina in an effort to throw off the Turkish yoke. Russia, at first secretly, and afterward openly, took part in the struggle, which finally ended in the defeat of Turkey. The English Government under Lord Beaconsfield interfered to prevent the collapse of Turkey, and at the Congress of Berlin a treaty was framed which, among other settlements, declared the independence of Serbia, and defined its boundaries. Prince Milan during the conflict anticipated this result, and had himself pro-

claimed King. He was crowned on March 3d, 1882, by the title of King Milan I.

The King of Serbia is about five feet eleven in height, and very strongly built; he has black hair and eyes and a swarthy complexion; his face is broad, and when his features are at rest he is rather a handsome man. His Majesty appears ill at ease in public, and his eyes dart furtively, like those of an animal expecting the approach of a hunter. This is doubtless due to the fact that his predecessor was assassinated, and that he himself has had one narrow escape from the same death. It was on October 23d, 1882, when, leaving the Cathedral of Belgrade with the Queen, that a lady in the crowd of spectators fired a pistol at him, but missed him. She was a widow, her husband having been executed for taking part in a conspiracy.

King Milan was married on the 17th of October, 1875, to the Princess Natalie, daughter of a Russian colonel. She is the most beautiful of all the royal ladies of Europe; she is above the middle height, with an elegantly moulded form, black eyes and hair, a brunette complexion, almost faultless features, and a manner that wins its way at once to the hearts of all whom Her Majesty endeavors to please. Dressed in a long trailing robe of black velvet, the Queen of Serbia would grace the proudest court in Christendom. Two children have been born to their Majesties; the eldest, born August 14th, 1876, was named Alexander, after the Emperor Alexander II. of Russia, who was godfather to the young Prince; the younger, born two years later, only lived a few days after his birth.

THE SERBIAN INVASION.

(See Illustration on this page.)

The attack of Serbia on Bulgaria last month was one of the most unjustifiable outrages on record. The union achieved between Bulgaria and Roumelia was no injury to Serbia, but immediately it was consummated Serbia became restive. A fit of jealousy at the increased power of its neighbor was fomented by Austria, who had purposes of her own to serve, and had no objection to acting the part of the monkey who used the cat's paw to pick the chestnuts out of the fire. Prince Alexander of Bulgaria endeavored to disarm the hostility of Serbia, and sent an envoy with friendly assurances to Belgrade. The king, however, refused to receive him, and declared war.

The illustration on page 812 depicts the setting out, on November 14th, of the advanced column of the Serbian army on its fratricidal mission. King Milan evidently supposed that, with such an army as he had under his command, he could easily overcome the Bulgarians and secure such a slice of territory as would counter-balance the accession Bulgaria had gained in Roumelia. The event proved that he was mistaken, and that not only he, but all the military critics of Europe had underestimated the prowess of the Bulgarians. Ten days after the Serbian army had set foot in Bulgaria it returned ingloriously with Prince Alexander behind it in hot pursuit. Austria interfered for the protection of her *protégé*, and the Bulgarian victor was obliged to hold his hand while King Milan gathered his troops together to protect himself and his capital from the storm he had provoked.

THE WORN-OUT TAP.

(See Illustration on this page.)

"I WISH I'd got all the good stuff that has run through that," said Caleb Smith to his friend Wilford, holding out as he spoke a tap somewhat the worse for wear, which had been sent to him for repairs.

"You would not have much, then," said Wilford, who had made a snug little fortune in business, and was now making it larger by farming. He was a strong temperance man, though in his younger days he had been a hard drinker. A sharp illness, not unlike delirium tremens, which prostrated him before he was twenty-five, worked his cure, and when he rose from his bed it was with a fixed resolve, from which he never wavered, to taste liquor no more. He was a good-humored man, and when he came into his old business haunts a joke about his total abstinence principles was always in order.

"Not have much!" repeated Smith; "I guess I should. Just look how the metal is eaten away. It took many a hundred dollars worth to do that. You cold-water fellows don't know the cost of it."

"You said you wished you had all the good stuff that had run through it, my lad," said Wilford. "No good stuff ever went through that, unless they ran water through it sometimes to wash it, and that would not make you richer."

There was a laugh in the shop at Caleb's expense when the retort was made, but he was not silenced by that.

"I say it was good stuff," he said; "it sells for good money, and it was genuine, as you can see by the tap. It was brandy did that. Here, smell it; it'll do you good to have a whiff, as you never get a taste."

"And you wish you'd got the stuff, do you? Well, if you had it, and drank it, it's odd to me if your stomach didn't become as porous as that tap. Stuff that'll eat away metal like that will make short work of the coats of the stomach, you may depend."

"Oh, that's your prohibition nonsense! You know as well as I do that lots of men drink it every day, and live to be old men."

"Not in the way you are talking of. A few live in spite of it, but it's a slow poison all the same. Why, Sir William Gull, one of the best physicians across the water, gave his solemn testimony, not long ago, that people are dying every day poisoned by the stuff who don't know it. They die from disease, he says, but it's the



What Wore the Tap Out.

liquor that kills them. If they had not drunk that they would recover from the disease. But you don't need a doctor's opinion when you have got that tap in your hand. Then you add on to that the money it costs, and the money you lose while you're drinking, and the loss of character by the foolish things you do and the wicked things you will do some time or other when you're drunk, and you'll find the bill a big one to foot."

"I don't want a temperance lecture," said Smith. "I was a fool to start you on your hobby."

"No, I guess you don't. You don't like to be shown that you are doing a silly thing. But I don't want to make you angry. What you do is no business of mine; but if I were in your place I'd take that porous valve home and hang it up on the wall where I could see it, and every time I felt like having some rum I would look at it. You know what it would say to you if it could speak."

THE SILVER LINING.

A SERIAL STORY.

(Continued from page 799.)

A Difficult Quest.

IT was difficult for Dr. Arnold and his wife to see a silver lining to the dark cloud which was stretched across their sky by the tragic death of their son. In their inmost hearts they knew that for some wise purpose God had permitted the trial to come upon them, but in the early days of their sorrow they could only trust that it was so. To the eye of sense the calamity was without one mitigating feature. It was possible—and they clung convulsively to the thought—that Frank had not committed suicide. In using the drug medicinally he might have taken more than he knew, and possibly in his mental distraction might have forgotten his fatal potency. But even if that were so they could have no hope, knowing well that except a man be born again he cannot enter the kingdom of God. Unhappily, Frank had given too many evidences that he had not undergone that change for them to cherish delusive hopes, and they mourned for him as David mourned for Absalom.

On Kate Arnold, too, the blow fell heavily, and for a time she also was prostrated by her grief. But she recovered more easily than her parents, and her first thoughts were practical ones. For Frank himself nothing more could be done; but with an intense yearning she longed to do something for his unhappy wife. A vivid recollection was with her of that day at home when she had promised Clare to be a sister to her, and she had an instinctive perception that she must now be in urgent need of sisterly love. The first thing to be done was to find her, and that she alone was unable to accomplish. It was necessary to enlist her father's help, and she had the less reluctance in doing this, because she was convinced that he needed occupation. At home his patients would have diverted his mind from his trouble, but in New York he had nothing to do but sit and brood over it. After several efforts Kate succeeded in arousing him to an interest in his daughter-in-law. He discussed with her the best ways of finding her, and at length he agreed to visit the police headquarters and obtain the help of the department in the quest.

Dr. Arnold was courteously received by the Superintendent of Police, who listened attentively while he explained the object of his visit.

"Have you a picture of the lady?" was his first question.

"We have not one with us, and I have searched carefully through my son's effects, but cannot find one. I suppose he must have destroyed any that he had when the unpleasantness occurred."

"Then the next best thing is to give us the clearest description you can of her, and we will see what can be done. It is possible that some of our men may have track of her. I know that a search was made, because she was wanted to give evidence at your son's trial, but the search would be dropped when he died. It may be, however, that some clues were obtained that it is not too late to follow up. I will have your description of her taken down, and if you will come in again to-morrow, I will let you know what has been done. In the mean time perhaps you may obtain some clue yourself that may help us to her track. This is a large city for a blind hunt."

Dr. Arnold described Clare as well as he was able, but as he well knew there must be many ladies in the city to whom his description would apply as closely as to Clare. He went back to his hotel with a sad heart, realizing how little prospect there was of the search on which Kate had set her heart terminating in success.

"Well, papa," said that young lady as he entered, "has your official friend been able to help us?"

"He is not sanguine, my dear. But he will make inquiries, and I shall see him again to-morrow. The clues we can give him are so very slight. The fact is, that when I was asked to describe the unhappy woman I could not distinctly recall her to my mind. I have a vague idea that she was beautiful, that she had hair very closely resembling your own, and in that other respects she was much like you."

"And that was how you described her? It seems not unlikely that if I should go out without your escort I may receive inconvenient attention from some zealous policeman. You should have taken me with you, papa, as I

wanted you to do. I could have given a clearer description of her than that."

"I wished that you had been there, Kate, when I was answering the questions, or, rather, confessing that I could not answer them. If you are still willing to go, you shall accompany me to-morrow."

"Certainly I am, papa. I am anxious to go. The New York police are not ogres, that one need be nervous at meeting them."

"I do not think you will find it a pleasant experience, Kate," said her mother, who had been silently listening. Her face was very sad, and there were new lines across her forehead and a strained look about her eyes which showed how deeply her son's tragic death had wounded her.

"Do you still think it wise to persist in the search? Frank's wife has been indirectly the cause of all this trouble. Had she been true to him he might have been living now."

"We do not know that she was untrue, dear mother. I firmly believe that she was faithful. I have no grounds for the belief, but I have that impression, and until it is proved otherwise, should we not believe her innocent?"

"I cannot believe any wife innocent who leaves her husband's home and remains away from him in his trouble," said Mrs. Arnold.

"Especially when poor Frank was the husband."

"Papa has spoiled you for exercising the wisdom and impartiality of a judge, mother. Frank and papa were very different. I would be the last to say a word against the poor fellow, but even you must admit that at times he could say things that were very exasperating. You know, too, that in his letter to us he admitted that he had used expressions that his wife had understood as implying that she was a burden to him."

"I know, my dear, I know. Poor Frank had many faults; and he often said that he did not mean. His wife should have borne with him as she promised to do at the altar. Nothing that he could say would justify her in leaving him. I am afraid that if you find her at all, you will see that she has been living a vicious life since she left him. She struck me as being exceedingly shallow, and with little principle or womanly delicacy."

"Even so, mother, I am anxious to find her. If she is lost to virtue she is worth saving. There is the more need to seek diligently in that case; but I saw more of her than you did, and I am persuaded that she is a better woman than you think her. Dear mother, I promised her solemnly that I would be a sister to her. I would keep my promise to the uttermost. If she has become depraved I would try to redeem her."

"Bless you, my dear, and may God prosper you in your compassion. Do not think I am hard because I love my daughter, and would spare her trial and unpleasantness in what, I fear, is a vain undertaking."

"There, Kate," said her father, "now you have your commission signed and may proceed to business. It is your own undertaking. I am of your mother's opinion, that it will end in disappointment; but you shall have all my help. I do not know that I should agree if we were at liberty to return home, but as we have to wait for Helen and this young vagabond who wants to climb over my household-fence and steal one of my lambs, we cannot do better than spend our time in looking for the poor wanderer. You are in command, Kate, and I shall act as your lieutenant. That is an arrangement you have always longed for, I think, as many self-satisfied young ladies do."

"I am thankful for your help, papa. I could do nothing without you. I will forgive you your implied reflection on my humility, and you shall share my glory if we succeed, which is more than many lieutenants are allowed to do."

"Then to-morrow morning we will hold a council of war, and then interview our friend the Chief of Police, and arrange a regular plan of the campaign. Now we will ask God's guidance, and beg Him who sees the end from the begin-

ning, and knows just where the erring woman now is, to bless our effort."

Perhaps at no time is the help of God so earnestly sought and human dependence upon Him so sincerely acknowledged as when in absolute darkness, without any indications to follow, a man enters upon some undertaking of moment. When human sight and reason are at fault we instinctively turn to Him who is omniscient and all-wise. Dr. Arnold had been accustomed all his life to do this, and it was with a faith strengthened by long experience that he turned to God for help. No man could have more contempt than he for the attitude which waits for a voice from heaven, nor for the practice of using the Bible as a charm, to be opened at random, and the first passage that strikes the eye accepted as a special guidance in a particular emergency; but he had a strong faith in prayer and Providence. He held that God endowed men with reason that they might use it, and believed that if they chose to lay it aside and act unreasonably, they were dishonoring their Maker by not using the gifts He had imparted. But that God would lead him through those gifts he did believe, and that night he prayed earnestly that in their effort to seek and save the lost one they might act wisely and be led to use the right means.

"Now, General," he said, playfully, to his daughter, as they met the next morning, "what are the orders for the day?"

"Do you think the hospital doctors would allow us to see Mr. Greville, papa? It is possible we might get some light from him if he is able to talk. The more information we can give to the police the better are our chances of success."

"Wisely said," replied Dr. Arnold, with a mock-military salute. "We will visit the hospital before we wait upon the official. Mamma is suffering from a headache, and will remain in her room until we return to dinner. I will make friends for her with the chambermaid, and then we will rally forth."

Kate was delighted with her father's energetic and cheerful manner, and congratulated herself that already the secondary object which she had in undertaking this search was achieved. She had hoped that in enlisting her father's sympathies and occupying his mind with the difficult problem his sorrow over Frank's untimely end might be relieved. It was far better for him that, even if the search ended in failure, it should be made, rather than, having no occupation, and no patients to visit, he should brood over the sorrow, and suffer useless misery. With Mrs. Arnold nothing could be done directly. Her sorrow was too bitter, and her energies were paralyzed; but if Dr. Arnold's cheerfulness could be restored, his wife could not long resist his influence. It was therefore with encouragement that Kate noticed a resumption in some slight degree of her father's playful badinage with herself.

At the hospital the visitors were cordially received, and were informed that Mr. Greville had so far recovered that an interview of moderate proportions might be had without danger to him.

"I am glad to meet you," the sick man said, as Dr. Arnold and his daughter were taken to his bedside and introduced to him. "I understand you have been to see me before, Dr. Arnold, but I have no recollection of your visit. I must have been too ill to be conscious of it."

"I thank God, Mr. Greville," said the doctor, "that you were not too ill to relieve my terrible anxiety."

"Yes, I have heard of that. Would to God I had been able to do it earlier, it might have saved your son's life. That was truly sad; indeed, it has been a sad affair from the beginning. I have thought much of it since I have been lying here. If I ever get up from this bed I think my life will be a very different one. That very night when I was struck down I was meditating upon it, and I think I saw it in a new light. It has been an idle, useless life hith-

erto, but by God's help it shall be something better in future. But I am running on about myself when, perhaps, I might be doing something to serve you. The doctors muzzle me still, and I must not waste my words on my own affairs when they may be needed for a better use. Can I do anything for you, Dr. Arnold?"

"You are very good; it is possible you may be able to help us. My daughter here has set her heart on finding her sister-in-law. We knew but little of her, for the only time that we saw her was during a brief visit that she paid us with my unhappy son before they sailed for America. But Miss Arnold was drawn to her, and now that she is probably in trouble, she would help her if possible, but we cannot find her."

Dr. Arnold, of course, was acquainted with Frank's belief respecting Mr. Greville's perfidy. He had listened to the story in the Tombs, and every word was graven on his mind, but looking down on that frank, open face, he could not bring himself to believe that he was talking to a vicious man. Whether guilty or innocent, however, Greville probably held in his hand the clue to the mystery, and it was prudent to speak to him without implying his guilt.

"I fear I can do little to aid you and your generous daughter, Dr. Arnold," Mr. Greville said. "I do not know where Mrs. Arnold is. I have tried to have her traced since I have been able to think and talk, but she seems to have disappeared completely. A friend of mine, who is very capable in such matters, has done his utmost on my behalf to discover her, and I am told that the police sought her on other grounds, but did not succeed. I would spare neither labor nor money to find her."

"In the event of your having been successful, Mr. Greville, what would you have done? I do not wish to exercise a curiosity which would be impertinent, but you will understand me when I say that my son informed me of the circumstances in which he last saw Mrs. Arnold."

"I understand you perfectly, Dr. Arnold. Your son made a deplorable mistake. I will tell you all the circumstances some day. I suppose I am a blunderer. At any rate, I blundered in that matter most abominably. Though even now, with my later knowledge, I do not see how I could have acted more wisely than I did. I cannot tell you all now, but I will ask you to take my word for the present that I acted honorably toward your son and his wife, and that when he thought I was injuring him I was really doing my utmost, in a clumsy fashion, to promote his happiness."

"Just one word more, Mr. Greville," said Dr. Arnold, "for I am on my honor as a physician not to overtax your strength, and I see I am approaching the limit. Do you wish me to understand that your relations with my son's unhappy wife were those of an honorable gentleman?"

"Most assuredly, Dr. Arnold," said the sick man, with much emphasis. "Your son wholly misunderstood me, as I think he misunderstood his wife. She was a faithful wife I am sure, and though, perhaps, not very wise, she was innocent of wrong toward him. I can comprehend his doubts, and can excuse him for suspecting evil in circumstances which certainly looked compromising; but, Dr. Arnold, on my honor as a gentleman, he was mistaken. If I can help you to find her I shall be glad. Why, the friend of whom I spoke, who is seeking her on my behalf, is a clergyman."

"Thank you for that assurance, Mr. Greville. You have relieved my mind of a great load. I place the fullest confidence in your statement. My daughter, too, has her own reasons for being obliged to you. She is a self-opinionated young lady, and as she was in a minority of one in the family conclave as a champion of Mrs. Arnold's innocence, you have come to her support in a way that, I am afraid, will tend to increase her self-esteem."

"I do thank you very much, Mr. Greville," said Kate, smiling. "I felt sure I was right, but until now I had more doubts than I confessed."

"I am glad to be able to confirm your faith in your sex, Miss Arnold," said Mr. Greville, "and I wish I could assist you in your search. I can, however, give you the address of the clergyman who has been making inquiries, and he will be able to help you far better than I could."

Dr. Arnold made a note of the address, and then insisted that not another word should be spoken to the sufferer. Promising that he should be kept acquainted with the progress of their quest, the father and daughter went their way with renewed hope and courage.

At that very moment, in a house not many blocks distant, she whom they sought was lying faint and panting, her limbs bruised, and her hair dishevelled, putting forth all her remaining strength to keep from her lips the drugged liquor which a degraded woman, a traitress to her sex, was forcing upon her.

(To be continued.)

POWER BELONGETH UNTO GOD.

S. S. Lesson for Dec. 27, Ps. 62, 5-11. Golden Text, ver. 11. By Mrs. M. Baxter.

Power a Universal Want—Various Kinds of Power—The Christian's Power Outside of Him—The Connection of the Power and Feebleness—The Imparting of the Power—The Power of a Loom—Power for Family Difficulties—For the Use of Spiritual Gifts—For Service—How Power Comes.

"POWER BELONGETH UNTO GOD." If every man believed this the universal cry for power which goes up from the more active, earnest-hearted of the children of God would be turned into songs of thanksgiving, because to them which are called, both Jews and Greeks, Christ [is] "the Power of God and the Wisdom of God." The natural heart of man loves power. Look at the eager politician, the grasping money-maker, the earnest student, the eloquent preacher, even the vain, worldly beauty—that which they all value is *power*. But the child of God, whose life is divine, is strangely divided from all these from the very fact that *their* power is resident in them, it is something which they can feel, dispose of, and master, while the power of the Christian's life is not resident in them, and is not at their disposal or subject to their will. Called to a supernatural life, the life of God manifest in the flesh, the Christian seeks in vain to produce it from human resources, "power belongeth unto God." Before a man can deny or ignore himself, before he can *love*, not simply tolerate his enemies, before he can learn to "resist not evil," a power greater than his natural instincts must be at work; not a power which he possesses, but

A POWER WHICH POSSESSES

him. And this exceeding greatness of God's power is now, at the present moment, "to usward who believe, according to the working of His mighty power, which He wrought in Christ when He raised Him from the dead."

But the question for each of us is, How shall the connection be established between God's power and our feebleness? When Jesus ascended into heaven and directed His apostles to tarry at Jerusalem until they were endued with power from on high, and assured them, "Ye shall receive power after that the Holy Ghost is come upon you" (Luke 24: 49; Acts 1: 8). He never meant that they were to become masters of the Holy Ghost, to use Him how they would. When on the day of Pentecost the power came, they did not command the power, but the power commanded them; they spake as the Spirit gave them utterance, and with one sweep of the sickle three thousand souls were harvested. They only yielded up themselves without reserve, and then the Holy Ghost used them as instruments. Did they *feel* strong? Paul says, "When I am weak then am I strong." . . . I glory in my infirmities [weaknesses]

THAT THE POWER OF CHRIST

may rest upon me" (11 Cor. 12: 9, 10). I once went into a cotton factory, and did so admire the wonderful way in which the looms worked,

the pattern growing moment by moment, as though by magic, there seemed to be such cleverness in those looms and such power. But the weaver strung a little band from one wheel on to another, and the loom stood powerless, the work was stopped. Why? Because the connection with the motive power was cut off. Our strength lies in our connection with the living God by simple faith. And faith itself is nothing we feel, or produce, or manufacture; it is simple letting go all into the hands of Almighty. "My soul, wait thou *only* upon God; for my expectation is from Him." If any power to overcome sin, any power to pray, any power to win souls, were resident in us, we would not say to our souls, "Wait thou *only* upon Him," for our expectation would be in part from ourselves.

Many of us are not prominent workers, and yet how we feel our need of power!

FAMILY DIFFICULTIES

arise; the wife seems possessed by a spirit of contrariness, and no explanation or reasoning will make her see things as they are. Who is to overcome her? God. The power to overcome an obstinate spirit dwells in Him. Then, dear husband, don't be vexed, don't pity yourself, but commit your cause into the safe, faithful hands of the living God, and all will be well. Or is it the husband who has become reckless, and who through speculation is rushing on like a gambler to ruin, and is the Christian wife urging, entreating, arguing, and all in vain? Sister, be still: the power to overcome that man belongeth unto God, not unto you. Put the whole matter into His hands, and He will find means to honor your faith. Only cease to look upon the trial as being between you and your husband, retire from the scene, and by faith let it be a matter between God and your husband, your case abandoned to Him in whom is all power, both in heaven and in earth. Cease to expect anything from your husband, and expect all from God; wait *only* upon Him, and if you catch yourself thinking how hard the trial is for you, and a wounded feeling toward your husband springs up in your heart, take that again to Jesus, and let Him deal with it. He permitted the trial, and He makes all things work together for good to them that love God; it can't be good and evil at the same time, so look up through your tears and praise Him. While the least feeling of resentment remains, you are taking up your own cause, and so keeping it out of the hands of God. There is

ANOTHER WHO CARES

for you more tenderly than you care for yourself and self-pity cuts you off, while it lasts, from the inflow of God's compassion; He cannot mix yours with His, the selfish with the pure. His way of deliverance may be all unexpected, but He leadeth by "a right way." And then He knows how to replace bitterness with love, and make your heart one well-spring of love to the one who injures you. And it is thus in all relations of life between parent and child, brother and brother, sister and sister, master and pupil, mistress and servant, etc.; power, the power to set all the wrong things right, "belongeth unto God."

And thus it is also in the exercise of spiritual gifts; the power to use them is not with the individual. Speaking of the gifts of prophecy, healing, faith, miracles, Paul says: "But all these worketh that one and the selfsame Spirit" (1 Cor. 12: 11). The Worker of these gifts is the Holy Ghost. No man can prophesy except the Holy Ghost makes use of him; no man can heal another except as God the Spirit makes use of him; no man can teach to any purpose except as the Spirit teaches through him; no man can pray to any purpose except as he prays "in the Holy Ghost" (Jude 20). "Power belongeth unto God." If any man possessed healing power in himself apart from the Holy Ghost, and were to heal any of the Lord's sick ones, he might do them the greatest injury, for the body might be healed at the expense of the soul, as the children of Israel were fed with flesh in the

wilderness—"He gave them their request, but sent leanness into their soul" (Ps. 106: 15).

But oh, how many there are who cry to God continually for

POWER FOR SERVICE,

and who imagine that a wonderful feeling of power will come upon them which will compel sinners to bow before them, and to feel the might of the words they utter. But were this idea realized it would be that power belongeth unto them. God loves souls a thousand times more than we do; He does not want to have a regiment of self-conscious, self-satisfied workers, who rejoice in their own zeal and in the to despise those who are not equal to them. No, He wants empty vessels who can rejoice that *He* "so loved the world," that *He* goes out to seek the lost; such as never leave the impression of *themselves* behind them, but always the impression of *Jesus*; such as, when they leave the room, make people feel as though somehow there were less of God in the room.

A great deal of the cry for power is from a desire to satisfy *ourselves* as to our earnestness. "I want to feel that I have the same love for souls as I see you have," said a Christian to one of the Lord's evangelists. "Love for souls," was the answer, "I don't know anything about my love for souls. I know Jesus loved them to the death, and I know if they would let Him, He would save them all." What made the power of the Apostle Paul? Let him answer: "To me to live is Christ." "Not I, but Christ liveth in me." "Christ, the Power of God, and the Wisdom of God." What made Joseph a power in Potiphar's house and in the prison? "The Lord was with Joseph" (Gen. 39: 2, 21). What made Moses bold to stand before Pharaoh? "Certainly I will be with thee" (Ex. 3: 12). What made the timid Gideon a mighty man of valor? "Surely I will be with thee" (Judges 6: 16). What made Elijah bold to ask for the resurrection of the dead and that fire should come down from heaven? "The Lord God of Israel before whom I stand" (1 Kings 17: 1). God gives us no provision of power to hold in ourselves, but He unites our feebleness to His Almightyness and counts both one—"I in them and Thou in Me."

HOW POWER COMES.

But if power, unlimited power, belongeth unto God, and God is "not ashamed to be called our God" (Heb. 11: 16), how can we be cast down about anything? How is it that we are not always praising our glorious God? Surely because we are not occupied with Him but with ourselves. If we were steady in our faith, what might we not claim of blessing for the heathen and for the masses of sinners in our own Christian lands? But God would have us "faithful in that which is least" that we may learn to be faithful in much. If we learn to count on the power of God day by day in every little thing, the Lord will enlarge our horizon and unite us with Him in His purposes of blessing to thousands of souls. Elijah had to claim God's power and rest upon it to feed him by the brook-side; he had to trust the Lord in the widow's house, there alone and unseen to claim and witness the power of the living God, and there was made the instrument of that power before all Israel, and in giving the first deadly blow to the worship of Baal. The Lord bring us into the right relation to His mighty power!

VOLUME VII of the *Christian Herald*, containing the Numbers for 1884, with complete index, bound in cloth, may be had from this office at price \$3, including postage. A few volumes of 1885 and 1886 are also for sale. We have none prior to 1882.

Bethshan Tracts.—The Following Tracts by Mrs. M. Baxter and others, on the subject of Faith-Healing and Holiness, have been received from England, and can be obtained at the following prices: Bethshan: A House for Healing, 3 cts. each; Lessons, 1877-78, in cloth, 3 cts. each; Paul's Thorn, If it is Thy Will, Does Sickness Sanctify? Repeating Prayer, What about the Use of Means, The Apostolic Attitude, all at 15 cts. a dozen; The Law of Liberty, Simple Truths about Faith, God's Purpose in Sickness, The Great Physician, Job's Sickness, God's Side of Prayer, Pastor Rein, Redeemed from All Evil, Health by Grace, all at 20 cts. a dozen. Also the following books by Mrs. M. Baxter: S. S. S. S., 25 cts. paper; Life Lessons, 25 cts. paper; 35 cts. cloth; Practical Lessons, 25 cts. paper; 35 cts. cloth; The Manager, CHRISTIAN HERALD OFFICE, 63 Bible House, New York.

MY CROSS.

It is not heavy, agonizing woe,
Bearing me down with hopeless, crushing weight,
No ray of comfort in the gathering gloom,
A heart bereaved, a low-souled desolate.

It is not sickness, with her withering hand,
Keeping me low upon my knees in pain;
Longing each morning for the weary night,
At night, for weary day to come again.

It is not poverty, with chilling blast,
The spoken eye, the hunger-wasted form;
The dour ones' pelting for lack of bread,
With no safe shelter from the winter's storm.

It is not slander, with her evil tongue;
'Tis not "presumptuous sin" against my God;
Not reputation lost, or friends betrayed;
That such is not my cross I thank thee, Lord.

Mine is a daily cross of petty cares,
Of little duties pressing on my heart,
Of little troubles hard to reconcile,
Of inward struggles, overcome in part.

My feet are weary in their daily rounds,
My heart is weary of its daily care,
My soul is weary of its daily rebel;
I pray for grace my daily cross to bear.

It is not heavy, Lord, yet oft I pine;
It is not heavy, but 'tis ever here;
By day and night each hour my cross I bear,
I dare not lay it down: Thou laidst it there.

I would not lay it down. I only ask
That, taking up my daily cross, I may
Follow my Master, humbly, step by step,
Through clouds and darkness, unto perfect day.
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Vol. VIII. No. 52.

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 24, 1885.

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CONTENTS OF THIS NUMBER.
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 ADONIRAM JUDSON AND GEN-
 ERAL PRENDERGAST.
 WINTER AND HOW TO MEET IT.
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 FOURLSIGNS PRECEDING THE END
 OF THE AGE. By Rev. M. Baxter.
 CURRENT EVENTS: A Temperance
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THE ARAB'S DREAM. A New Ser-
 mon by C. H. Spurgeon.
 PICTURE OF THE JEWISH
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DR. ADONIRAM JUDSON—GEN. PRENDERGAST—Scene in Burmah.

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The name of Burmah, now prominent in the newspapers by reason of the British expedition to that country, has associations very dear to the heart of an American Christian. It was the scene of one of the grandest and noblest lives of self-sacrifice on record in the Christian Church—the land in which Adoniram Judson lived and labored and died.

Adoniram Judson was born on the 9th of August, 1788, at Malden, Mass., where his father was pastor of a Congregational church. He was taught to read by his mother when only three years old, and learned with such facility that he was able to read a chapter of the Bible to his father before the latter was aware that he knew the alphabet. Like a great many able and eminent men whose lives have been devoted to one grand purpose, Adoniram, as a boy, was jovial and excitable, full of spirits, and a leader in fun. When he was fourteen years old he was prostrated for more than a twelvemonth by a serious attack of illness, and on his recovery his thoughts began to be occupied with extravagant schemes of distinguishing himself in the world. In what line he should so distinguish himself he could not then decide.

EARLY SCEPTICISM.

Adoniram entered college at the age of sixteen, and applied himself very closely to his studies, seldom giving himself any respite, even during the holidays. He was ambitious to excel, and a classmate says of him that he has no recollection of his ever failing or even hesitating in recitation. He had a powerful rival in his friend, John Bailey, who was afterward member of Congress from Massachusetts, and that probably added zest to his ambition. It was at the period we are now writing of that French infidelity invaded the New England States and swept over the land like a flood. To doubt every orthodox doctrine, and to examine every belief from a hostile standpoint was then considered by the students the duty of a man of spirit. Young Judson was fascinated by the boldness of the sceptics, and soon began to question the verities of religion. His guide and most intimate friend at this time was young E—, a student in the class above him, a young man of brilliant talents, considerable learning, and ready wit. Under his tutelage Judson made rapid progress in his departure from the faith, and by the end of his college course was a confirmed unbeliever.

After a brief sojourn at home, where his atheistical opinions distressed his godly father, he started out for an excursion. In the course of his travels he found himself one night, as darkness was closing in, in a village in the western part of New York State. He entered the village inn and engaged a bed. The inn was a poor frame structure, and the partitions were thin. Judson was kept awake nearly all night by the groans and cries of a dying man in the next room. At last they ceased, and Judson fell asleep. In the morning he asked after the sufferer. "He is dead," said the hotel-keeper. "Poor fellow, he was a fine young man, just graduated at Providence College." "What was his name?" "Mr. E—," said the hotel-keeper. Judson rushed up-stairs to the room, and there, lying pallid and cold in death, was his own admired college friend. He was horror-stricken, and high above his doubts his conscience cried, "Lost! Lost!"

A FIERCE CONFLICT.

Several weeks of fierce spiritual conflict en-

sued. His perverted reason told the young man that the Bible and Christianity were false. His spiritual perception and his conscience told him that they were true, and warned him that he would reject them at his peril. He resolved to give himself wholly to the settlement of this momentous question, and, that he might get the strongest light available upon it, he went to Andover Theological Seminary and sought the help of the learned professors there. His mental doubts were satisfied, and on December 2d he publicly avowed himself a believer, and on December 28th, 1808, he was received into his father's church.

It was not in the nature of the man to be idle after such an experience. The power that was in him dominated all his being and claimed every power—physical, mental and spiritual—for God. With apostolic fervor the consecration was made, and from that time forward Adoniram Judson lived for one object only, and, holding not his life dear to him, gave himself without reserve to the service of Christ. It is of such ardent natures that heroes are made. What sphere they are in depends on the power that possesses them. Sometimes, like Joan of Arc, they fight in the battle-field to deliver their country, sometimes in political life, like Wilberforce, they fight the battle of the oppressed, sometimes in the Church, like Luther and Wycliffe, they contend for spiritual emancipation; but always they are alike in dedicating themselves, their possessions, their time, and all their powers to the cause they espouse. Adoniram Judson was a soldier of the Cross, and the service most likely to attract him was that of some forlorn hope in which there would be for himself danger and self-sacrifice, and for his Lord all the glory. Such a service Judson recognized in the foreign mission field. Efforts were made to dissuade him. A brilliant position was offered him in the co-pastorate with Dr. Griffin of the largest church in Boston. But all without avail. He would preach the Gospel to the heathen—the pleasant and honorable duties at home were not for such as he.

A MISSIONARY.

In 1810 the path of the aspirant for service in heathen lands was more difficult than it is now. There was no Foreign Mission Board in this country, and in England the cause was in its infancy. Judson and a few other young men, whom his zeal had stirred up, presented themselves at the conference of Congregational ministers then in session at Bradford, Mass., and asked to be sent out on the Lord's service. A committee was appointed to see what could be done toward raising funds, and Judson was deputed to go to England and ascertain whether, if the American fund failed, the London Missionary Society would render aid. He set sail for England without delay, and on his voyage was initiated into the perils of the career he had chosen.

The packet in which he sailed for England was captured by a French privateer, and after severe hardships and wearying delays, including a protracted detention in France, he was allowed to proceed to England in May, 1811. Somebody has described his *personal appearance* at that time: "He was small and exceedingly delicate in figure, with a round, rosy face which gave him the appearance of extreme youthfulness. His hair and eyes were of a dark shade of brown, in his French passport described as chestnut. His voice, however, usually took his listeners by surprise."

Mr. Judson received a promise of support from the London Society in case of failure from the American Board, and returned home in August. But before long it was discovered that foreign aid was not required, for the first difficulties were safely overcome, and the American Board appointed Mr. Judson and his colleagues to labor in some Asiatic field—

INDIA OR BURMAH—

as the Holy Spirit might be pleased to direct. Before setting out Mr. Judson married. "You had better be a dog," some one has said who

spoke from experience, "than the wife of a literary man;" but what must it be to be the wife of a missionary! Nevertheless the spirit of self-sacrifice is not confined to the male sex. A noble, devoted, Christian lady—Miss Ann Haseltine—to whom Judson offered himself, joyfully consented to share the hardships and privations of his life, and they were married. Right faithfully did she fulfill her engagement, and in doing so paid the penalty of death.

The facilities of travel were then few, and delays unavoidable. It was not until June 17th, 1812, two years after the memorable meeting at Bradford, that the devoted missionary and his wife landed in Calcutta. During the voyage to India Mr. and Mrs. Judson changed their views about baptism, and they were re-baptized in Calcutta in the September following their arrival. That severed their connection with the Congregational Board, and threw them, for the means of support, on the Baptist churches at home. The latter responded promptly and generously to the appeal.

The missionaries were warmly welcomed at Calcutta, or rather at the adjoining Dutch settlement of Serampore, by the venerable Dr. Carey, who had gone out to India from England in 1793. So discouraging were the reports from Burmah that they decided to labor in India, but they were peremptorily forbidden to do so by the agent of the East India Company, who then was in supreme control. Thus deprived of choice in the matter, they went on board a rickety old vessel bound for Rangoon, a seaport of Burmah, where they arrived on the 13th of July, 1813, after a tedious and distressing passage which nearly cost Mrs. Judson her life. Thus God fixed the destination of His chosen servant by circumstances over which the latter had no control.

Burmah was at that time all ruled by a native king, who had his capital at Ava. A mission had been already set on foot there by the London Missionary Society, but it had made little progress. Mr. Carey, a son of Dr. Carey, of Serampore, was the only missionary in the country when Mr. Judson arrived. The religion of the country was Buddhism, and no native had yet embraced Christianity. A translation of the Gospel of Matthew and an elementary grammar, prepared by Mr. Carey, were the only helps to the study of the language. There existed no dictionary, and there was no interpreter who could do more than pronounce in Burmese the names of objects that were pointed to. Under these discouraging conditions Mr. Judson, supported by his God and by his devoted wife, settled down steadfastly to acquire the language, as the first means of making known the Gospel to the people of Burmah. The history of the next

THIRTEEN YEARS' WORK.

forms one of the most thrilling stories in the record of Christian labor, too full of heroic effort even for summary. Dr. Judson held daily conferences with Burmans of different classes who came to visit him, some of whom were partially convicted of sin, but were deterred by the fear of the king's anger from openly confessing Christ. He proceeded assiduously with the tremendous work of translating the Bible. His heart was gladdened by the arrival of new missionaries. He made a journey to Ava to present his cause before the king, and was received by his majesty with a *gorgeous display of barbaric splendor*, but was repulsed when he requested the king's favorable hearing of the Christian doctrine. On the 27th of June, 1819, after six years of unrequited labor, Dr. Judson had the joy of baptizing

THE FIRST BURMAN CONVERT.

and the number increased slowly to ten, including one woman and a man of distinguished learning. The latter made a very satisfactory confession of Christ, after a long and severe struggle with self-righteousness and with the wish to keep up his reputation as a teacher before his countrymen.

In 1824, when Dr. and Mrs. Judson were in

Ava, endeavoring to start a branch mission there, the first war broke out between Burmah and England, and Dr. Judson was made a prisoner on the suspicion of being a spy. Then follows the never-to-be-forgotten story of his *twenty-one months' imprisonment* in a wretched hovel, his ankles chained closely together with one, three, or five pairs of fetters, according to the mood of his jailers, and a bamboo passed between his legs and made fast to the wall, so that his feet were immovable, and he lay stretched out on the floor. He was starved, stripped, insulted, exposed to the noonday heat and the cold night chills, and left without help or comfort when attacks of fever racked his frame.

But for the greater part of all that time his wife devoted herself to the mitigation of his sufferings with a fortitude which has not often been surpassed. As often as she was repulsed by the brutal jail guards she returned and contrived, by persistence, by entreaty, and by such presents as her small means enabled her to give, to obtain access to her husband and minister to his wants.

A PRICELESS PILLOW.

One interesting incident of that imprisonment was the concealment of the manuscript translation of part of the Bible, upon which Dr. Judson had spent ten years' labor. When the doctor was arrested the native police searched his house and helped themselves to whatever of his and his wife's property they pleased. Every scrap of paper was especially regarded with suspicion, and Mrs. Judson, therefore, took pains to hide the invaluable manuscript, which she at length effectually did by sewing it up in a hard and dirty pillow, which would not excite the cupidity of the guards, and giving that to her husband to put under his head.

Mrs. Judson's care saved her husband's life, but it was at the cost of her own; for when the war came to an end in 1826, and Dr. Judson was released, he found his wife lying on a bed, reduced almost to a skeleton, and unable to stand. She rallied under the joy of seeing him free, and after some days they went down the river to Rangoon; but she died the same year at a place called Amherst, a new settlement that the British had formed.

Dr. Judson left other missionaries at Rangoon and established himself in the neighboring town of Maulmain, where he was absorbed in the

TRANSLATION OF THE BIBLE.

and lived a retired and thoughtful life. He used often to live alone for days in a little cottage *far in the woods*, spending the time in fasting and prayer, and seeing only those who came to him for religious instruction. He baptized more than a hundred converts, many of whom loved him with ardent devotion. He extended his operations to Promé, and to the wild Karen tribes. He brought to completion the Burmese Bible, a stupendous work, that puts this gifted man of God on a level with Jerome, Wycliffe, Luther, and two or three other men who have single-handedly undertaken and finished the translation of the entire Holy Scriptures from one language into another. He also took in hand the preparation of a Burmese dictionary, which would make easy for all his successors the acquisition of the language which had been such an indescribable task to himself.

After eight years of solitary labor, shut out from Christian companionship, Dr. Judson made the acquaintance of Mrs. Sarah H. Boardman, a widowed lady of eminent piety and remarkable mental gifts. She consented to share the lot of the devoted missionary, and in 1834 they were married. For eleven years she was the joy of his life, cheering him in his hours of weakness and helping him in his work. She rapidly learned the language, and under her supervision a volume of hymns in the Burman tongue was prepared, of which the larger part were her original composition, and the others her translation from the English. But such comfort was not to last long. Her health broke down in 1845, and in the hope of saving her val-

uable life Dr. Judson set out with her for a visit to his native land. He had not set foot on American soil for *thirty-three years*, and the need of rest, the longing for the preservation of Mrs. Judson's life, and the desire to have three of his children educated in America determined him to return for a brief period. One of his objects was frustrated before his arrival, for Mrs. Judson died on the voyage, and was buried on the island of St. Helena.

Dr. Judson remained only nine months in America, and in November, 1846, he was again at his post in Burmah. He resumed his labor on his dictionary, preaching and teaching with all his former vigor, though he was now nearly sixty years old. But though the spiritual force was unabated, the body was feeling the effects of the prodigious strain to which it had been subjected. In 1850 he caught a severe cold which developed into fever, against which his enfeebled constitution could not contend. The crisis passed, but the succeeding weakness alarmed his friends. The possibility of a sea voyage being beneficial was considered, and finally he was put on board a vessel bound for Mauritius. During the first days of the voyage he revived as the cooling breezes fanned his brow, but he sank again, and on Friday, April 12th, 1850, he died. His body was committed to the deep, but his spirit lives on, and the glory of his name will never die.

GENERAL PRENDERGAST.

The distinguished officer to whom was given the command of the expedition which the British Government despatched against the King of Burmah is Major-General Harry North Dalmrype Prendergast, V.C. His portrait appears on the right of the first page. He is an experienced general in Eastern warfare. He first attained prominence in 1857 while serving with the Madras Sappers and Miners in Persia. He wears the Victoria Cross, which is the coveted decoration of every man in the British army, as it is the only decoration not reserved for the aristocrats, but may be worn by the private soldier. It is given only for some specified act of valor. General Prendergast won it by saving the life of Lieutenant Dew, at the risk of his own, by attempting to cut down a Velaitee who had covered that officer with his piece from only a few paces to the rear. Prendergast was wounded by the discharge of the piece. He served also in the Abyssinian War, and was present at the action before Magdala. When the ultimatum was despatched at the beginning of last month to King Theebaw, and it was seen that war with Upper Burmah was inevitable, he was at once appointed to the command of the expeditionary force, and lost no time in despatching his troops to the frontier. On the King's refusal of the British terms being received General Prendergast issued a proclamation to the Burmese, informing them that the expedition was directed against the king, and not against the people; that the king had been false to his obligations and had broken solemn treaties, and assuring the people that no man need quit his farm or his business, but might proceed with either without fear of molestation. This proclamation had its effect on the people, for no attempt was made to defend the capital of the country against the British.

The only stand made by the Burmese was at a place called Minihla, where a fort was erected. It was easily captured after three hours' fighting, and the Burmese troops fled to the jungle. When, on November 26th, the British forces arrived at a distance of thirty miles from Mandalay, King Theebaw found that further resistance was hopeless, and that he could not rely on his army. He therefore despatched a vessel escorted by barges to General Prendergast's headquarters with a flag of truce. (See illustration on first page.) The natives appeared utterly careless, and congregated on the jetty to see the boats set out as if it was a holiday spectacle.

Prendergast simply demanded the surrender

of the king, and that his army should surrender their arms. This the king agreed to, and he and his queen and a few courtiers were sent to Calcutta, while the British representative took temporary control of the government. No opposition was made by the people. On the contrary, they manifested satisfaction that they were to be governed according to law, and no longer to be at the mercy of the caprices of a monarch whose fits of drunken fury were frequent and always fatal to some one, and often to many.

A curious feature to Western eyes of the expedition was the artillery department. It was carried by elephants. Every battery consists of four guns, each of which was carried on the back of an elephant, while eighteen other elephants carried ammunition, gun-carriages and tools. The illustration on the first page depicts a scene at a drill of an elephant battery, a very dangerous performance, in which lives are often lost, owing to the uncertainty of the tempers of the huge beasts. It is no uncommon thing for the animals, when they leave the water, to start off for the forest and to persist in their flight until by tact and coaxing they are induced to return.

INCIDENTS IN MR. NOBLE'S WORK.

A Toll-Gate Keeper's Warning.—A Man whom I knew as a reckless, drunken fellow was driving with a friend along Eltham Road before the toll-gate was removed. Both were partially intoxicated, and they made offensive remarks to people whom they met. When they came to the toll-gate they asked the man, "Are we on the right road for Eltham?" "Yes," said the man, "and to hell, too." The driver responded with a curse, and drove on. After a time he said to his friend, "I am annoyed by that fellow's insolence; I am going back to ask him what he meant by it." The horse's head was turned round, and they drove back. "What did you mean by what you said just now, my man?" the driver asked. "What I said," replied the man. "You keep on drinking and going on as you do, and you'll get to hell just as sure as you'll get to Eltham if you travel this road." "You are an impertinent fellow," said the driver, with a curse, and he turned round and pursued his journey. He continued grumbling all the way and fuming about the toll-gate keeper's insolence; but he could not forget it, and it stuck to him. It ultimately led to his conversion. I know him well. He is now one of the most successful evangelists in England.

"A Child Shall Lead Them."—A Godless man, a hard drinker, who used to work hard on Sunday than on any other day in the week, had a bright-eyed little son about nine years old, who used to go to Sunday-school. One day the child was seized with illness—fell down in the street, fainting from heart-disease. He lay ill for some time, and the physicians gave no hope of his recovery. When the boy knew that he must die, he called his father to his bedside and pleaded with him to give up the drink for his sake. The broken-hearted father promised, and went right down-stairs and smashed every bottle in the house, and let the contents run into the common sewer. A few days later, when death was evidently near, and the weeping parents were watching their dying child, the little one raised himself in bed and said, "Father, when I am dead won't you take mother to church?" The father promised, and the boy seemed pleased. He fell back on his pillow, and they thought he was dead; but in a few moments he opened his eyes again and said, "They are come." "Who are come?" asked the father. "The angels," said the boy, and he never spoke again. The parents came to the Hoxton Hall the very next Sunday and signed the pledge, and came regularly afterward. They have both been converted, and when the father testified he related this narrative.

Volume VII. of the Christian Herald, containing the Numbers for 1884, with complete index, bound in cloth, may be had from this office; price 3s., including postage. A few volumes of 1882 and 1883 are also for sale. We have none prior to 1882.

WINTER AND HOW TO MEET IT.

Dr. Talmage's Sermon, Preached Last Sunday Morning, December 20, 1885.

Pray ye that your flight be not in the winter."
—MATT. 21: 20.

A Time of Trial for the Morals—The Crash of Moral Shipwrecks—Winter Temptations—The Devil's Harvest Time—Fatal Parties—Temptations to Drink—Fair Tempters—The Pawnbroker's Spoils—Noble Altruism—The Brand on the Barrel—Public Amusements—Unattractive Homes—Despondent Parents—A Picture of the Devil—The Path Down—A River that Never Freezes.

THE inhabitants of the old cities were here told that they would have to fly for their lives. Such flight would be painful, even in the flush of spring-time, but superlatively aggravating if in cold weather; therefore they were told to pray that their flight be not in the winter.

A TIME OF TRIAL.

There is something in the winter season that not only tests our physical endurance, but, especially in the city, tries our moral character. It is the winter months that ruin morally and forever many of our young men. We sit in the house on a winter's night, and hear the storm raging on the outside, and imagine the helpless crafts driven on the coast; but, if our ears were only good enough, we could on any winter night hear the crash of a hundred moral shipwrecks. Many who came last September to town by the first of March will have been blasted. It only takes one winter to ruin a young man. When the long winter evenings have come many of our young men will improve them in forming a more intimate acquaintance with books, contracting higher social friendships, and strengthening and ennobling characters. But not so with all. I will show you before I get through that at this season of the year temptations are especially rampant, and my counsel is, Look out how you spend your winter nights!

THE DEVIL'S HARVEST TIME.

I remark, first, that there is no season of the year in which vicious allurements are so active. In warm weather places of dissipation win their timest triumphs. People do not feel like going, in the hot nights of summer, among the blazing gas-lights, or breathing the fetid air of assemblages. The receipts of most grog-shops in a December night are three times what they are in any night in July or August. I doubt not there are larger audiences in the casinos in winter than in the summer weather. Iniquity plies a more profitable trade. December, January and February are *harvest months for the devil*. The play-bills of the low entertainments then are more charming, the acting is more exquisite, the enthusiasm of the spectators more bewitching. Many a young man who makes out to keep right the rest of the year capsizes now. When he came to town in the autumn his eye was bright, his cheek rosy, his step elastic; but before spring, as you pass him you will say to your friend: "What is the matter with that young man?" The fact is, that one winter of dissipation has done the work of ruin.

FATAL PARTIES.

This is the season for parties, and if they are of the right kind our social nature is improved and our spirits are cheered up. But many of them are not of the right kind, and our young people, night after night, are kept in the whirl of unhealthy excitement, until their strength fails, and their spirits are broken down, and their taste for ordinary life corrupted; and by the time the spring weather comes they are in the doctor's hands or sleeping in the cemetery. The certificate of their death is made out, and the physician, out of regard for the family, calls the disease by some Latin name, when the truth is that they died of too many parties.

Away with these wine-drinking convivialities! How dare you, the father of a household, trifle with the appetites of our young people? Perhaps out of regard for the minister, or some other weak temperance man, you have the decanter in a side-room, where, after refreshments,

only a select few are invited; and you come back with a glare in your eye and a stench in your breath that show that you have been out serving the devil. The excuse which Christian men often give for this, is that it is necessary, after such late eating, by some sort of stimulant to help digestion. My plain opinion is that, if a man have no more control over his appetite than to stuff himself until his digestive organs refuse to do their office, he ought not to call himself a man, but rather to class himself among the beasts that perish. I take the words of the Lord Almighty, and cry: "Woe to him that putteth the bottle to his neighbor's lips!"

THE LIQUOR FIEND.

Young man, take it as the counsel of a friend when I bid you be cautious where you spend your winter evenings. Thank God that you have lived to see the glad winter days in which your childhood was made cheerful by the faces of fathers and mothers, brothers and sisters, some of whom, alas! will never again wish you a "Happy New Year" or "A Merry Christmas." Let no one tempt you out of your sobriety. I have seen respectable young men of the best families drunk on New Year's Day. The excuse they gave for the inebriation was that the ladies insisted on their taking it. There have been instances where the delicate hand of woman hath kindled a young man's taste for strong drink, who after many years, when the attractions of that holiday scene were all forgotten, crouched, in her rages and her desolation and her woe, under the uplifted hand of the drunken monster who, on that New Year's morning so long ago, took the glass from her hand. And so the woman stands on the abutment of the bridge on the moonlit night, wondering if down under the water there is not some quiet place for a broken heart. She takes one wild leap—and all is over!

THE PAWNROKER'S SPOILS.

Oh, mingle not with the harmless beverage of your festive scene this poison of adders! Mix not with the white sugar of the cup the snow of this awful leprosy! Mar not the clatter of cutlery at the holiday feast with the clink of a madman's chain! Stop and look into the window of that pawnbroker's shop. Elegant furs. Elegant watches. Elegant scarfs. Elegant flutes. People stand with a pleased look gazing at these things; but I look with a shudder, as though I had seen into a window of hell. Whose elegant watch was that? It was a drunkard's. Whose furs? They belonged to a drunkard's wife. Whose flute? Whose scarfs? Whose scarf? They belonged to a drunkard's child. If I could I would take the three brazen balls hanging at the doorway and clang them together until they tolled the awful knell of the drunkard's soul. The pawnbroker's shop is only one eddy of the great stream of municipal drunkenness.

NOBLE ALTRUISM.

Stand back, young man! Take not the first step in the path that leads there. Let not the flame of strong drink ever scorch your tongue. You may tamper with these things and escape, but your influence will be wrong. Can you not make a sacrifice for the good of others? When the good ship London went down the captain was told that there was a way of escape in one of the life-boats. He said: "No, I will go down with the passengers." All the world acknowledged that heroism.

THE BRAND ON THE BARREL.

Can you not deny yourself insignificant indulgences for the good of others? Be not allured by the fact that you drink only the moderate beverages. You take only ale, and a man has to drink a large amount of it to become intoxicated. Yes; but there's not in all the city to-day an inebriate that did not begin with ale. "XXX"—what does that mark mean? "XXX" on the beer barrels; "XXX" on the brewer's dray; "XXX" on the door of the gin shop; "XXX" on the side of the bottle. Not being able to find any one who could tell me what this mark means, I have had to guess that the whole thing was an allegory: "XXX"—

that is, thirty heart-breaks, thirty agonies, thirty desolated homes, thirty chances for a drunkard's grave, thirty ways to perdition. "XXX!" If I were to write a story, the first chapter would be "XXX," the last the pawnbroker's shop. Be watchful! At this season all the allurements to dissipation will be especially busy. Let not your flight to hell be in the winter.

PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS.

I also remark that the winter evenings, through their very length, allow great swing for indulgences. Few young men would have the taste to go to their rooms at seven o'clock and sit until eleven reading Motley's "Dutch Republic" or John Foster's "Essays." The young men who have been confined to the store all day want fresh air and sight-seeing, and they must go somewhere. The most of them have of a winter's evening three or four hours of leisure. After the evening repast the young man puts on his hat and coat and goes out. "Come in here," cries one foam of allurement. "Come in here," cries another. "Go," says Satan; "you ought to see for yourself." "Why don't you go?" says a comrade; "it is a shame for a young man to be as green as you are. By this time you ought to have seen everything."

Especially is temptation strong when business is dull. I have noticed that men spend more money when they have little to spend. The tremendous question to be settled by our great populace, day by day, is how to get a livelihood. Many of our young men just starting for themselves are very much discouraged. They had hoped before this to have set up a household of their own. But their gains have been slow, their discouragements many. The young man can hardly take care of himself. How can he take care of another? And, to the curse of modern society, before a young man is able to set up a home of his own, he is expected to have enough to support in idleness somebody else, when God intended that they should begin together and jointly earn a livelihood. So many of our young men are utterly discouraged and utterly unfit to resist temptation. The time when the pirate bore down upon the ship was when its sails were down and it was making no headway. People wish they had more time to think. The trouble is, in dull times, that people have too much time to think. Give to many of our commercial men the four hours of these winter nights, with nothing to divert them, and before spring they will have lodgings in an insane asylum.

UNATTRACTIVE HOMES.

I remark, further, that the winter is especially trying to the moral character of our young men, because some of their homes in winter are especially unattractive. In summer they can sit on the steps or have a bouquet in the vase on the mantel, and the evenings are so short that soon after gas-light they feel like retiring. Parents do not take enough pains to make these long winter nights attractive. It is strange that old people know so little about young people.

Many of you have the means—why do you not buy them a violin or a picture? or have your daughter cultured in music until she can help to make home attractive? There are ten thousand ways of lighting up the domestic circle. It requires no large income, no big house, no rich wardrobe, no chased silver, no gorgeous upholstery, but a parental heart awake to its duty. Have a doleful home and your children will not stay in it, though you block up the door with Bibles, and tie fast to them a million catechisms. I said to a man: "This is a beautiful tree in front of your house." He answered, with a whine: "Yes, but it will fade." I said to him: "You have a beautiful garden." He replied: "Yes, but it will perish." I found out afterward that his son was a vagabond, and I was not surprised at it. You cannot groan men into decency, but you can groan them out of it.

A PICTURE OF THE DEVIL.

"Pray ye that your flight be not in the winter." Arm yourself against the especial temptations of this season. Poets and painters have

represented Satan as horned and hoofed. If I were a poet I should describe him with manners polished to the last perfection; hair flowing in graceful ringlets; eye a little bloodshot, but floating in bewitching languor; hands soft and diamonded; step light and artistic; voice mellow as a flute; boot elegantly shaped; conversation facile, carefully toned, and Frenchy; breath perfumed until it would seem that nothing had ever touched his lips save balm and myrrh. But his heart I would encase with the scales of a monster, then fill with pride, with beastliness of desire, with recklessness, with hypocrisy, with death. Then I would have him touched with some rod of disenchantment until his two eyes would become the cold orbs of the adder; and on his lip would come the foam of raging intoxication; and to his feet the spring of the panther; and his soft hand would become the clammy hand of a wasted skeleton; while suddenly from his heart would burst in crackling and all-devouring fury the unquenchable flame; and in the affected lisp of his tongue would come the kiss of the worm that never dies. But, until disenchanting, nothing but myrrh and balm and ringlet and diamond and flute-like voice and conversation aromatic, facile, and Frenchy.

Oh, it is beautiful to see a young man living a life of purity, standing upright where thousands of other young men fall! You will move in honorable circles all your days, and some old friend of your father will meet you and say: "My son, how glad I am to see you look so well. Just like your father, for all the world. I thought you would turn out well when I used to hold you on my knee."

THE PATH DOWN.

But here is a young man who takes the other route. The voices of sin charm him away. He reads bad books, lives in vicious circles, loses the glow from his cheek, the sparkle from his eye, and the purity from his soul. The good shun him. Down he goes, little by little. They who knew him when he came to town, while yet lingering on his head was a pure mother's blessing, and on his lip the dew of a pure sister's kiss, now pass him and say: "What an awful wreck!" His eyes bleared with frequent carousals, his cheek bruised in the grog-shop fight, his lip swollen with evil indulgences. Look out what you say to him: for a trifle he will take your life. Lower down and lower down; until, outcast of God and man, he lies in the almshouse a blotch of loathsomeness.

Sometimes he calls out for God, and then for more drink. Now he prays, now curses, now laughs as fiends laugh, then bites his nails to the quick, then runs both hands through the slock of hair that hangs about his head like the mane of a wild beast, then shivers until the cot shakes with unutterable terror; then, with uplifted fist, fights back the devils or clutches the serpents that seem winding him in their coil; then asks for water, which is instantly consumed by his cracked lips. Going his round some morning, the surgeon finds him dead. Straighten the limbs. You need not try to comb out or shove back the matted locks. Wrap him in a sheet. Put him in a box. Two men will carry it down to the wagon at the door. With chalk write on the top of the box the name of the destroyed. Do you know who it is? That is you, O man, if, yielding to the temptations to a dissipated life, you go out and perish. There is a way that seemeth bright and fair, but the end thereof is death.

Devote these December, January and February evenings to high pursuits, innocent amusements, intelligent socialities, and Christian attainments. Do not waste this winter. We shall soon have seen the last snow-shower, and have passed up into the companionship of Him whose raiment is exceeding white as snow—as no fuller on earth can whiten it. To the right-hearted the winter nights of earth will soon end in the June morning of heaven.

The River of God, from under the Throne never freezes over. The foliage of Life's fair tree is never frost-bitten. The festivals and

hilarities and family gatherings of Christmas times on earth will give way to the larger reunions and the brighter lights and the gladder scenes and the sweeter garlands and the richer feasts of the great holiday of heaven.

THE TROUBLE IN MONKTON HOUSE.

(See Illustration on page 823.)

THERE was trouble in Monkton House, the home of the richest man in Fairmont, and, some said, the richest man in the county, if not in the whole State. Mr. Monkton was not at home, but Mrs. Wilder, his mother-in-law, was, and she ruled in his absence. Some people said she ruled when Mr. Monkton was at home, and perhaps she did, for he was an easy, mild-tempered man, who would sacrifice his own wishes and convenience readily for the convenience of anybody else. There were times, however, when he would not give way, when, as Mrs. Wilder said, he was "obstinate as a mule," and she could never tell when that would be; but when those times came he was master in his own house, and even Mrs. Wilder had to bow to his authority.

Mr. Monkton was a widower. Two years ago Mrs. Monkton died, leaving three children, and as "poor Mr. Monkton" knew nothing about managing a house, and there were "dear Angelica's three little angels" to be looked after, Mrs. Wilder, "dear Angelica's" mother, had volunteered to stay for a time and see to things. Mr. Monkton tacitly consented, though he did not seem as grateful as Mrs. Wilder thought he ought to have been, and she stayed on all the two years.

The trouble at Monkton House was about the children's governess, Miss Rachel Bruce. Mrs. Wilder summoned her into her own room, put certain questions to her about her former life, and, having received frank answers from the young lady, ordered her to quit the house without delay.

"Let me have a month's notice, Mrs. Wilder, if I must leave," Miss Bruce said. "You know I have done my duty here, and"—this with a sob—"my mother is a widow, and she has very little to live on but the money I send her. Give me a month, that I may get another situation before I leave this."

"Not a week, not a day," was Mrs. Wilder's reply. "I am horror-struck to think of the mischief those dear little angels may have suffered already. To think that I should have been so imposed upon! Why did you not tell me you had been on the stage?"

"You asked me nothing about those times. You asked me about my last situation, and I told you the truth. I gave up the theatre three years before. When I became a Christian I knew it was no place for me, and I became a governess at less than half the money I could earn on the stage. That is why my mother is so poor. We shall not have bread to eat if you turn me out to-day."

"I cannot help that; those dear children shall not run the risk of pollution an hour longer. Heaven knows how much mischief has been done already. Get your packing done, and then come to me for your money."

There was the greater reason for prompt action because Mr. Monkton was coming home that day, and he might be tempted to veto the discharge if it should not be consummated before he arrived. He was soft-hearted, and might be moved by Miss Bruce's tears and this story about the widowed mother depending upon her. And besides, Mr. Monkton had himself engaged Miss Bruce from among the applicants in reply to his advertisement. Mrs. Wilder did not wish him to advertise at all, as a friend of her own, an elderly maiden lady now engaged in evangelistic work, had kindly offered to devote a portion of her time to the training of the poor motherless children. But Mr. Monkton had shown himself stubborn, and insisted on selecting a governess himself. Now he would see how he had blundered, and would be more willing to be guided by herself in future. But it would be well for

Miss Bruce to have no opportunity of talking to him. So Mrs. Wilder hurried out to hasten matters, and even undertook to have Miss Bruce's trunk expressed to her, lest in waiting for a conveyance she might be found still in the house when Mr. Monkton returned.

So good-bys were said, and Miss Bruce set out, carrying her hand-bag and satchel, for her twomile walk to the station, and the remainder of her modest belongings were to be sent after her by express at Mrs. Wilder's expense.

It was a narrow escape, for in less than a quarter of an hour afterward Mrs. Wilder, looking from an upper window, saw Mr. Monkton ride up to the door. She waited to smarten up a little, and then descended to meet him with her sweetest smile, knowing that he must be propitiated before he heard about Miss Bruce's dismissal. She went from room to room, but could not find him. "Where is Mr. Monkton?" she asked one of the servants.

"I do not know, madam," was the answer. "When he came in he asked whose box that was in the hall. I said Miss Bruce's, and that she was gone. And he asked how long, and I told him; and then he just got on his horse again and rode away without a word."

By that time Miss Bruce was half way to the station. She was plodding wearily on, when she heard a horse's hoofs behind her, and without turning to see who it was riding so hard, she moved to the edge of the path to allow room for the rider to pass. But the horse was checked close to her, and she heard her own name pronounced. Looking up she saw her employer.

"What is the meaning of this nonsense?" he asked, tersely.

"Mrs. Wilder has discharged me, and she wished me to leave immediately."

"What have you been doing to bring that about?"

Then Miss Bruce explained that Mrs. Wilder had learned in some way that she had been on the stage, and that it was true; but that she had abandoned the profession a long time, and there had been no other cause of complaint.

"Give me that satchel," said Mr. Monkton, holding out his hand. "I can carry that, and you turn round and go right back to the house."

He took the satchel, and mounting, his horse, rode back home. On his arrival Mrs. Wilder, knowing nothing of what had occurred, opened her budget. Mr. Monkton listened quietly while she told the whole story, ending with, "I felt that I could not sleep another night in the house while she remained."

"Then, madam, it will be necessary for you to lose no time in packing, for Miss Bruce is going to remain. I have seen her, and have arranged with her to return."

Mrs. Wilder looked at him in amazement. "But the dear children," she said. "Think of the contamination!"

"Yes, I have thought of that. I have known about this stage matter for some time. About three months ago, having watched Miss Bruce narrowly since she has been here, and admired her sterling Christian character, I was at some pains to look up her record, with the intention, if I found it pure, of asking her to become my wife. I did find it pure, and I found that she had made great sacrifices for conscience, and that, in spite of temptation, she was blameless. Now I shall win her if I can."

"And you are going to put her in the place of my sainted Angelica?" And Mrs. Wilder raised her eyes to Angelica's portrait on the wall. "She to be a mother to Angelica's children! Then I had better go."

"Yes, madam, that is my opinion."

Mrs. Wilder did go, and there were no tears shed at her departure. Rachel Bruce changed her name, and Mrs. Wilder's fears of contamination proved unfounded. Neither her husband, nor the children, nor the servants suffered in the least. On the contrary, they seem to be drawn toward a religion that they see in active operation in the life of the kind and sympathizing lady who now reigns in Monkton House.

FOUR GREAT SIGNS

TO OCCUR NINE, EIGHT, SEVEN, AND SIX YEARS BEFORE THE END OF THIS AGE AND THE BEGINNING OF THE MILLENNIUM.

By Rev. M. Baxter.

The Sign Refused to the Jews—Four Revealed in the Apocalypse—I. The Metamorphosis of the States of the Roman Empire—Twenty-three Reduced to Ten—The Two Halves of the Empire—The Countries of the Western Half—The Make-up of the Eastern Half—II. The Rise of a Napoleon—III. His Covenant with the Jews—The End of the Age in Seven Years Afterward—IV. The Offering of Sacrifices in Jerusalem—The Literal and the Year Day Reckoning.

THE Jews asked Christ for a visible and notable sign in relation to His First Advent, but He refused it, saying, "There shall no sign be given you but the sign of Jonas the Prophet." What He refused to them He has granted to us, for He has foretold to us in Daniel and Revelation four great signs of His Second Advent, to occur respectively about nine, eight, seven, and six years before the End of this Age, and therefore by 1888, 1889, 1890, and 1891, if the End of this Age is to be in 1896 or 1897. The following points are all enlarged upon much more fully in the author's book, called "Forty Coming Wonders."

I. The first great sign will be the metamorphosis of the TWENTY-THREE States or Kingdoms now existing within the territories of Caesar's original Roman Empire into exactly TEN, as prefigured by the Ten Horns of Daniel's Wild Beast and the Ten Toes of Nebuchadnezzar's Prophetic Image (Dan. 7: 24; 2: 43, 44). There must be five of those ten kingdoms in each half of Caesar's Roman Empire, according to the emblem of five toes upon each foot of that Prophetic Image, as the two iron limbs are universally admitted to denote the eastern and western halves of Caesar's Roman Empire.

History informs us very clearly as to what were the countries and territories of Caesar's empire. Therefore we know that the necessities of geography and ethnology require that the FIVE KINGDOMS IN THE WESTERN HALF shall be: 1. Britain, separated from Ireland and its colonies at least to the extent of their having separate legislatures of their own. 2. France,

extended to its ancient boundary, the river Rhine, and consequently annexing to itself Belgium, Luxembourg, Rhenish Prussia, Switzerland, and part of Holland. This can only result from either a great socialist revolution in Germany, or a French conquest of Germany. 3. Spain, with Portugal added to it. 4. Italy, with perhaps Tripoli annexed to it. 5. Austria, losing Bohemia and its provinces north of the Danube, and Eastern Hungary, but extended to Belgrade and gaining Bosnia, Herzegovina, and part of Servia, and whatever of Southern Bavaria, Baden, and Wurtemberg that is not added to France. And

THE FIVE KINGDOMS IN THE EASTERN HALF shall be: 6. Greece, with Macedonia, Thessaly, and Albania added to it. 7. Egypt. 8. Syria, separated from Turkey. 9. Turkey, losing Syria. 10. Bulgaria and Roumania, and part of Servia and Eastern Hungary.

These alterations will necessitate a new map of Europe, and it is difficult to see what event can lead to these ten kingdoms becoming allied together in a confederacy (as foreseen by the ten horns and ten toes, each on one corporate body), except their mutual combination to resist some common foe, which can only be North Germany, or Russia, or both.

II. The second great sign will be the rise of a Napoleon (after the Ten Horns or kings shall all have become confederated in an alliance) as an eleventh little sovereign in or near Syria, as predicted in Dan. 7: 24 and 8: 8. He will presently become King of Syria, "King of the North," as foretold in Dan. 11: 21, 40, and will wax exceeding great toward the south and east and pleasant land, and will in the early period of his career "pluck up" or "subdue" three of

the ten-horn kingdoms, probably Syria, Turkey, and Greece.

III. A third great sign will be the making of A SEVEN YEARS' COVENANT between this Napoleon and many of the Jews for a term of seven years, as predicted in Dan. 9: 27—"He shall confirm a covenant with many for one week (seven years), and in the midst of the week he shall cause their sacrifices to cease, even until the Consummation." In the opinion of more than two hundred expositors this prophecy shows that, at the distance of seven years before the Consummation, or End, of this Age, there will be a seven years' covenant made between many of the Jews and this Little Horn, "the Prince that shall come," mentioned in the previous verse, and who, according to this prophecy, is to show himself as the great Antichrist in the midst of the seven years, and persecute the Jews until his destruction at Christ's descent on the earth, soon after the seven years.

Hence, the making of this covenant will show us when we have arrived within about seven years of the End of this Age. But as the Little Horn must have arisen as a Horn, or Sovereign, at least several months or a year before he makes this covenant, therefore his first rise as a Sovereign Horn must be not later than about eight years before the End of this Age. And still further, as he is distinctly foretold in Dan. 7: 24, to arise AFTER the Ten Horns, therefore the Ten Horns will probably be distinctly manifested several months or a year before this Napoleonic Little Horn's rise to sovereign power, and therefore about nine years before the End of this Age.

IV. A fourth great sign will be the restoration of the sacrifices in a Jewish temple in Jerusalem about eight months and ten days after the date of the covenant. This is foretold in Dan. 8: 14, where it is stated that the period of 2300 literal days is to elapse from the restoration of the daily sacrifices until the cleansing of the sanctuary, which latter event is, according to Dan. 12: 11, to be 1290 days after the midst of the seven years. Hence, the 2300 days must begin about 250 days—that is to say, eight months and ten days—after the commencement of the covenant seven years, in order to terminate 1290 days after the middle of the seven years.*

There is much reason for believing that a fifth great sign may be given on the self-same day that the 2300 days commence with the restoration of the Jewish sacrifices—namely, by a decree going forth to restore and build Jerusalem. If so, it will be the ultimate literal fulfilment of the prophecy in Dan. 9: 25: "From the going forth of the decree to restore and build Jerusalem unto Messiah the Prince shall be seven weeks and threescore and two weeks—i.e., literally, 483 days. And in such case it will show that the Second Advent of Messiah the Prince to raise to life the deceased saints, and to translate to heaven the 144,000 watchful Christians, will be about 483 days after the date of the going forth of that decree.

The 483 days are stated in Dan. 9: 24 to be "determined," or cut off, from the 2300 days mentioned in the vision in the previous eighth chapter, and consequently commence at the same time as the 2300 days, both in the future literal day as well as in the past year-day fulfilment, in which latter fulfilment they both commenced about 449 B.C., and the 483 year-days ended about A.D. 34 ("unto Messiah the Prince"), and the 2300 year-days ended about A.D. 1851, leaving only 45 year-days to elapse until the End of this Age, about A.D. 1896-97; for 45 is the prolongation of the 1335 beyond the 1290 in Dan. 12: 11, 12: "Blessed is he that waiteth and cometh to the end of the 1335 years"—in 1896-97. (Dan. 12: 12.)

The above-mentioned Napoleon will only be King of Syria until the third year of the seven

* The reason for this is simply because, by the Jewish reckoning of 360 days to a year, the seven years amount to 2520 days, and at the same time 250 added to 2300 equal 1250 (half 2500 years) added to 1290. Both these periods of 2300 and 1290 days simultaneously with the cleansing of the sanctuary.

years of the covenant week, but by the midst of the seven years he will be elected by the Ten Kingdoms (then become Communistic and Red Republican) to be Democratic Emperor of their Ten Red Republican rulers; and then during that latter three and a half years he will be practically monarch of the world, and will put to death millions of Christians, who will refuse to worship him, or his image, or to receive his mark, as fully described in Rev. 13. But Christ will descend and destroy that Antichristian Man of Sin at the battle of Armageddon, and will afterward reign over the converted nations of this earth during the Millennium of 1000 years, as fully described in Rev. 20.

ANECDOTES RELATED AT THE EVANGELISTIC MEETINGS IN SCOTLAND.

Prayer in Its Relation to the Purse.—At a recent meeting Mr. White related: "At a time of great depression in trade there was a father who at family worship always prayed for his starving neighbors. One night, after rising from their knees, his little boy went to him and said, 'Father, if you will give me your purse I will answer some of your prayers.' And how many are there, like this father, will pray for things but do not try to help in any other way."

A Pocket-Knife Refused by Nineteen Boys.—"I was at one time trying to explain to a class of twenty boys what faith is, and I drew from my pocket a knife, and going to the first boy I held out the knife and asked him to take it, but he drew back and would not take it, not believing that I meant it for him. I passed down to the next boy, and he also refused it. I went down the class until I came to the last boy, and the little fellow put out his hand and took the knife, and the other nineteen went away thinking what fools they had been not to take the knife when they could have got it just for the taking. How many will there be in the last day who will think what fools they were to miss the kingdom of heaven, when they could have had it simply for the taking."

A Question in the Midnight.—Mr. Ford, an evangelist who has been doing much successful work in Scotland, related: "About eighteen years ago I was travelling between two country districts in the North. It was nearly midnight, and all at once I stopped on the road and asked myself the question, 'What am I doing? Whither is my soul going?' These were serious thoughts, and they troubled me much. At the first opportunity I went to the minister under whom I sat and told him my condition, saying that I had a great many things against me. He went to his church book where the list of members was inserted, and looking up my name, he said: 'There is nothing written against you here; you are all right.' Disappointed, I turned from the house, for I saw he had misunderstood me. I next went to the house of a Christian friend whom I thought would sympathize and help me, and after I had told him my troubles he gave me the very best advice. He said, 'Go home and read your Bible and pray alone.' I went home, and throwing myself in the very dust before the Lord, I cried: 'O God, show me myself.' I then besought the Lord to have mercy upon me. Shortly after this I went to an evangelistic meeting, and at the close the speaker said, 'Who will decide for Christ to-night?' Rising to my feet, I cried: 'Praise the Lord, I will accept Christ to-night.' There, for the first time, I realized God's presence. God said to me, 'I will never leave thee nor forsake thee,' and He never has, although I have often left Him."

A Song Among Savages.—"The Rev. E. P. Scott, while laboring as a missionary in India, saw in the street one of the strangest-looking heathen his eyes had ever lit upon. On inquiry, he found that he was a representative of the inland tribes that lived in the mountain districts, and which came down once a year to trade. Upon further investigation he found that the Gospel had never been preached to them, and that it was hazardous to venture among them

because of their murderous propensities. He went to his lodging-place, and pleaded for divine direction. Arising from his knees he packed his handbag, took his violin, with which he was accustomed to sing, and started in the direction of the tribe. As he bade his fellow-missionaries farewell, they said, 'We shall never see you again. It is madness for you to go.' But he said, 'I must preach Jesus to them.' For two days he travelled without scarcely meeting a human being, until at last he found himself in the mountains and suddenly surrounded by a crowd of savages. *Every spear was instantly pointed at his heart.* He expected that every moment would be his last. Not knowing of any other resource he tried the power of singing the name of Jesus to them. Drawing forth his violin, he began with closed eyes to sing and pray,

All hail the power of Jesus' name!

Let angels prostrate fall;

Bringing forth the royal diadem,

And crown Him Lord of all.

On commencing the third verse he opened his eyes to see what they were going to do, when lo! the spears were all lowered and every man was listening intently. They afterward invited him to their homes. He spent two and a half years among them. His labors were so richly rewarded that when he was compelled to leave them because of impaired health to return home, they followed him for thirty miles. 'Oh, missionary,' they said, 'come back to us again!' After visiting America, he went back again to continue his labors till he sank into the grave among them. Who would face such dangers but a soldier of the cross? The love of Christ constraineth them."

MR. MOODY'S TALKS.

From His Recent Addresses in Association Hall, Brooklyn, N. Y.

BELIEF IN A FIRE.

"A MAN came to me one day and said: 'Moody, I cannot believe your doctrine.' I said: 'Why can't you?' 'Why,' said he, 'how is a man going to be affected by believing?' 'You cannot?' I returned; 'I can prove to you in three minutes what effect believing has on you. If a man should come in here and say that this place was on fire and you believed him you would get up and get out, wouldn't you?' He replied that he would. And now, my friends, drop that word 'try,' and look, look, believe, and be saved. Believe—now will you believe? If you were drowning and I threw you a rope you would grasp it and let me save you. Now I throw the rope of salvation out to you; grasp it and be saved. Let the cry go out to heaven.

EXCUSES ACCEPTED.

"I have chosen three men," said Mr. Moody, after reading Luke 14: 16-20, "and I think I can find those three men here to-night. The first had a poor excuse, the second one as bad as the first, and the third one the worst of the lot, for he had to *hide behind his new wife*. She would not run away from him. They made excuses, but they were dated away back to Adam's sin. You laugh at them, but if I should go to any one of you and ask why you are not a Christian, you would not have half as good an excuse. A better excuse was never offered. A good many men hide behind the Bible because there are so many hidden and mysterious things there, but when these men get before the throne at God they will be dumb, and will not be able to open their mouths. I tell you what it is, my friends, the Bible is a good book, and *this world would be mighty dark* without it. It is easy to talk about the Bible, but when you get before God you can't have that for an excuse. You cannot tell the Eternal God that you were not at the feast on account of the mysteries of the Bible. God says, 'Whosoever will.' Accept God and He will open the door. A man says it is hard to be a Christian. It is hard to do this before you are born of God, but when you are born of God the yoke is easy to bear. Lord Jesus Christ is not a hard Master, but the Lord

of this world is a hard master. Ask the drunkard, the harlot, or the libertine, when their hearts beat up to their throats, if their road is easy and their master the same. Oh, my friends, how awful hard it is! These excuses will not be given before the tribunal of God, because Jesus Christ has said, 'Follow Me.' My friends, *you can be excused if you want to.* Love will excuse you; but, my friends, for the love of Christ do not ask to be excused, for if you do your life will be a most awful dark one. God wants you and invites you there to-night. He gave His all for us—His only-begotten Son. Will you accept an invitation to be present at God's wedding-feast? Who of you will be there at the supper of the Lamb?

SATAN AT CHURCH.

"Some men say that they are Christians because they attend church and read Scriptures. Let me tell you that Satan is in church just as much as any one; he is there every Sunday. So you must not think that you are a Christian because you are here, for Satan will try and get a word in between you and me. He is not always down in these brothels. No! he has those men down there, and yet he is not satisfied. He wants to get you all. When a man's heart is right his hand is right and his head is right. If I strike a man in anger here to-night my hand will not be to blame, it will be my heart. Make the heart all right and the rest of your body will be good. A good many men are trying to make themselves better by throwing off one and another bad habit, while they still have bad hearts. They become no better. God must change their heart. They must let God create new hearts in them. Man must throw off his old Adam form and get a new one. It does no good to patch up Adam's nature, you must begin afresh.

I have the best of all reasons to be sure that I will go to heaven, for I read the Bible. You may have the same reason, my friends, if you will only read the Bible. You want to get God's nature in your body. If you do you will make yourself a child of God, and can go out in the world doing good. Young men, what are you going to do? Are you going to let sin get the best of you, or are you going to overcome sin? Are you going to be adopted into God's family and be happy? You cannot get the best of old Satan in any other way. He has been about for six thousand years, and is altogether too cunning for you. No man can ever become a Christian if he only says he will try. Drop the word 'try' and believe Him.

A BOAT TIED UP.

"There are three ways that keep men from God: Sin, our wills, and our thoughts. Man cannot get into heaven if he carries any sin. Men think that it is an intellectual difficulty. They don't like to admit they are bound by a sin, but they must admit it or they cannot get into heaven. There would be a great rush into the kingdom of God if a man could carry his sins with him. Bear in mind, friends, it is impossible for you to carry sin into heaven. A man must give up all sin or else he must give up heaven. You may laugh at the story of the drunken men who tried to row across the river when *their boat was tied*, but it is just this, and it relates to you—they had some sin holding them, and so have you. Probably some of you are now thinking of some gambling dive or harlot's home where you may be going to-morrow night, and even if I get your thoughts for the next twenty minutes, I believe you will say: 'I would like to be a Christian, but I hate to give up that sin.'

A FRIGHTFUL SIGHT.

"Why, if the sins of this whole assemblage were to be written on these walls—I don't believe the walls would be large enough—you would see the *biggest stampede you ever saw* in your life here. My friends, there are only two things to do, and those are to walk toward God or walk away from Him. You must give up your bad companions and bad habits, and if you will you will find it easy enough to walk right

into the kingdom of God. Mind you, fear is not repentance, but repentance is what you need to get into heaven. If I held a *pistol at a man's head* and told him he must be a Christian, he of course would say, 'I will, I will,' but as soon as I take the pistol away he would be the same man. It was fear which caused him to say that he would be a Christian. He did not repent. Repentance is turning from evil and toward God. If you do that you will do what is right. Education will not save a man. Why, I was told not long ago in a certain Young Men's Christian Association that they had had *thirty graduates* of Cambridge and Oxford—those two big colleges—there as tramps. Sin had caused their fall.

A GOOD-FOR-NOTHING.

"It is a good thing to get a man to think, and, my dear friends, that is just what I want to get you to do. That is probably what brought the prodigal son back to his father's house from the far-off country. He loved his father and his father loved him, and probably prayed oftener for him than he did for his other son at home. Ask the servants in that house or ask the older son about the young man who is away. They will tell you that he is wayward and a good-for-nothing. Ask the old man the same question and see what he will say. His story will be much different. May there be joy in heaven to-night from this meeting. God loves you all, no matter whether you are good or bad. He hates the sin, but loves you. You may think His commandments rigid, but He has made them so for your good. Do not, my friends, get a false view of God.

GRADUAL REFORMATION.

"Some men think that they have got to repent for so long a time—that they must do this and that for so long a time. My friends, there is nothing of the kind necessary. Now, suppose a man goes to one of these modern philosophers and tells him he wants to be converted. He will want to know what is your trouble. You have stolen from your employer. He will advise you to steal one half as much the next year, one half as much the next, and in four or five years you will not steal any at all from him. If your employer catches you, tell him you are being *converted in the new way*. My friends, that is not the way to get converted. You must do as the Bible says. You must stop stealing at once. The same way this modern philosopher will tell the drunkard to drink one half as much, and beat his wife one half as many times a year, and he will in time become a Christian. That is not the way; my friends, you must stop at once.

SUDDEN CONVERSION.

"A man cannot have a clean soul if he has any sin in it, and before he can get a clean soul he must confess his sins. Now, to whom are you going to confess them? If you do a man a wrong or an injury of any kind you should confess to him. If you sin against God, who under the sun else should you go and confess to? Look at the confession of the thief on the cross, who made such a grand confession to the Son of God when His disciples had all forsaken Him. Was not that glorious? Was it not a grand confession? and how good it must have felt to the ears of the Son of God, as He suffered on the Cross! Now, if he confessed—and his was a sudden confession, you will admit—why cannot you confess Christ the same way? How was it that this thief confessed Christ? Why, he had faith in Him. Look at his prayer: 'Lord, remember me when I Thy kingdom.' He saw the Lord in the distance, and his faith was firm. He *got more than he asked for*. He only asked to be remembered, but instead he was taken right into that kingdom. Now, my friends, why can't you pray the same as that thief did, and ask God to remember you? If you want God to save you, just ask Him to do so. You know that prayer is the wish and desire of the heart, and if it is your wish to be saved, pray to God that He will save you to-night. He will do it, and He will do it at once."

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CURRENT EVENTS.

A Pension for the Widow of General Grant was appropriately among the first measures taken up by the new Congress. On Friday last both Houses agreed almost unanimously in voting her a pension of five thousand dollars a year. It was contained in the first report of the Pension Committee of the Senate, and at the suggestion of the chairman the bill was put upon its passage at once, without going into the calendar. There was no vote in the negative. Although there was no committee in the House to consider the bill, it was immediately taken up by unanimous consent, and passed with only one dissenting vote. Nothing is needed except the signature of the President to entitle Mrs. Grant to receive the pension, and it is not doubted that this will be given promptly.

The Tendency to Increased Expenditure, which is in part rendered necessary by the rapid growth of the nation, is manifested in Secretary Manning's estimates for the expenses of the Government for the fiscal year ending June 30th, 1887. They make an aggregate of \$339,589,552, which is \$15,678,158 more than the sum called for in the estimates submitted last year, and \$50,826,710 more than the aggregate of appropriations for the present fiscal year. Of the excess, \$15,830,000 is for pensions, for which a total of \$75,830,200 is asked—over \$9,000,000 for the navy, and \$18,000,000 for public works including new post-offices in several leading cities, \$250,000 for a new Naval Observatory, and \$2,000,000 for the armament of fortifications.

A Temperance Debate in the Senate diversified the proceedings of that body on December 15th, though without practical result. Some significant statements were made, however, which deserve notice. In the course of the debate it appeared that, in spite of the Senate rules forbidding the sale of liquor, the keeper of the restaurant, who comes from Maine and was selected by Senator Frye, openly prints a list of wines on his bill of fare. It was proposed to repeal the rule which provides that no spirituous or malt liquors should be offered for sale, exhibited, or kept within the Capitol, or any room or building connected therewith, or on the adjacent public grounds. The rule makes it the duty of the Sergeants-at-Arms of the two Houses to enforce the prohibition, and dismissal was to follow its violation in any manner by any officer

or employé of either House. The proposed repeal was opposed by Mr. Saulsbury, of Delaware, who declared that liquor selling in the Capitol was a disgrace to the nation, and Senators should not suffer the Capitol to become a grog-shop. Then Mr. Crockrell, of Missouri, caused a sensation by asserting that he had never seen one half as much drunkenness among the Senate employes as among Senators on the floor, and he reminded them that on certain occasions the condition of some Senators had been such that other Senators found it wise to stop trying to transact business and adjourn. He said he could name Senators who had been drunk on the floor. Nobody asked him to do so. Mr. Frye offered what consolation and encouragement he could by declaring that matters were not so bad as they used to be.

A Distressing Mining Disaster Occurred at Nanticoke, near Wilkesbarre, Pa., on December 18th. While the men in Slope No. 1 of the Susquehanna Coal Company were at work the roof of the mine caved in. A large pond was over the part that subsided, and the water poured in on the sand and rubbish, which fell into the workings. One party of miners ran for their lives, but before they reached the shaft they were up to the neck in water. They were hauled up almost dead from exhaustion. Twenty-six other miners were unable to get to the shaft, and they are cut off from rescue by a huge rock and nearly forty feet of quicksand. Relays of workmen were immediately set at work digging for them, but only slight hopes are entertained of their being rescued alive.

The Death of General Robert Toombs on Tuesday, December 15th, removes a figure very conspicuous some years ago in national affairs. Three months ago he was stricken with paralysis, and since then his mind was somewhat clouded, but it was not until four days before his death that he became wholly unconscious. He was seventy-five years of age, having been born in 1810 at Washington, Ga., a town founded by his father. He was elected to the United States Senate in 1853, having previously served eight years in the House of Representatives. He was one of the foremost leaders in the Secession movement, and while still in the Senate gave expression to extreme Secession views. He was expelled on March 14th, 1861. For a short time he held the office of Secretary of State in Jefferson Davis's Cabinet, but soon resigned to accept a position in the field. After the war Robert Toombs persistently refused to take the oath of allegiance to the United States Government under the terms of the amnesty proclamation. He therefore was the only native-born white man in the country except Jefferson Davis who was debarred from the rights of citizenship for having been in rebellion.

The Question of Irish Home Rule was the paramount topic of public discussion in Great Britain last week. It appears to be realized by the politicians of both parties that in some form and with some restrictions self-government must be granted to Ireland. To such a pass has the astute generalship of Mr. Parnell reduced the British statesmen. It is true that Conservatives and Liberals by combining their forces could set the Irish leader at defiance; but party feeling and mutual jealousy stand in the way of such a combination. Mr. Parnell, by helping the weaker party in England, has brought the two so nearly to an equality that his casting vote can turn the scale in any contest. Each party is apparently desirous of securing his support if it can be purchased at a price that will not involve the loss of public confidence in England. Mr. Parnell has judiciously withdrawn himself from the public gaze, is holding no communication with the chiefs of the rival parties, and, like a victorious general, is waiting to receive any offer that may be made. It appears to be expected that the most liberal offer will come from Mr. Gladstone. A scheme of Irish self-government was put forward in his name last week, but after it was discussed Mr. Gladstone repudiated its authorship. It served, however, to test pub-

lic feeling, which was probably the purpose for which it was promulgated. The meeting of Parliament in February is awaited with intense anxiety.

The Attitude of the Irish Patriots is Defined in a conciliatory editorial from the pen of Mr. Dwyer Gray, M.P., a close friend of Mr. Parnell. In the course of it he observes: "We would impress the fact that a compromise in a matter of this kind may be necessary. That to hold out for everything to which we may consider ourselves entitled might risk all. That it would be better for the two countries to have a settlement now, even of a less complete character, than a complete settlement after a year or two, and so avoid a contest which no man can contemplate without misgiving. Eighty-six Irish representatives are a great power in Parliament, but 584 English representatives are a greater power. We cannot accept a settlement which will leave any vital question open and thus endanger its permanence. We cannot accept a settlement which will be based upon any false principle. We cannot accept a principle which will leave this country so impoverished as to render it impossible to raise her up from the condition of social and material misery in which she is now plunged. Short of this we are prepared to accept any settlement giving Irishmen the right to legislate for themselves."

A New President of the French Republic is to be elected next Monday. The duty of choosing M. Grévy's successor devolves on the Senate and Chamber of Deputies. It is remarkable that the election causes but little excitement, though the office to be filled is the most honorable and important in the nation. The political prophets predict the re-election of M. Grévy. Their reasons are significant. His strength as a candidate, they say, consists in his moderation and lack of ambition. A more brilliant man, or one of more commanding mental power, would be distrusted. The people and their leaders agree in placing confidence in a man content to be the servant of the nation, to do his duty, and to seek no personal glory. There is hope of the permanence of the Republic if the French people have really come to prefer a man of character to a man of genius.

The War in the Balkan Provinces had no new development last week. No confirmation arrived of the rumors of a Servian victory, said to have been gained on December 12th, and the report is now discredited. An Austrian journal states that King Milan has admitted that his invasion of Bulgaria was a blunder. He marched his troops into the hostile country with a force that was inadequate to the demand upon them. The King had expected to deal only with Bulgarians, and not to have an encounter with the troops of Bulgaria and Roumelia combined. Louis Kossuth, the Hungarian patriot, is reported to have said that Austria ought to promote the growth of independent States in the Balkans, and ought to cede Bosnia and Herzegovina to Servia, so that Servia might have no cause for jealousy of Bulgaria. He believes that a war between Russia and Austria will inevitably result from the present complications.

An Attempt to Blackmail the Prince of Wales resulted in the arrest of the plotters on December 18th. The Prince some time ago received notice that his assassination had been ordered by a secret society. It came in the form of a letter from a man who said that he had been deputed to execute the sentence of the society. He averred that he was reluctant to obey the mandate, but could not avoid doing so unless he could fly from the power of the society. If the Prince would give him \$3750 he would go to America, and forswear secret societies forever. No notice was taken of the letter, and others were received of similar purport. They were handed over to the police, who, by a ruse, caught the writer; his wife, who was assisting him, was also arrested. The police are now trying to ascertain if it was a mere vulgar attempt at blackmail, or if there is any basis for the secret society story.

Contributions to the Amount of Thirteen dollars were received last week to the fund for supplying colored ministers in the South with *THE CHRISTIAN HERALD*. They were as follows: From Readfield, Me., \$1; Leeds, Me., \$1; Brooklyn, N. Y., \$1; Latimore, Pa., \$9; Water Mill, N. Y., 50 cents; New Haven, Conn., 50 cents. The fund is now considerably larger than in any previous year. One of our subscribers has at various times sent no less than \$43 to it. Any of our readers who wish to consecrate to the Lord's service as a *New Year's offering* some portion of their income would do well to remember this fund. Every dollar contributed to it has a wide influence. The preacher, whose library is in many cases very limited, receives the paper every week for a year. If he reads nothing in it but the hundred and four sermons thus placed in his hands, his congregation cannot fail to benefit by the new thoughts suggested to him.

Mrs. M. Baxter and Mrs. Stroud Smith, of Douglas, Isle of Man, held a series of meetings in the First Baptist Church, Freeport, Ill., from Sunday, December 13th to Sunday, December 20th, inclusive. The meetings were held afternoon and evening. It pleased God to lead souls to Himself, and many believers into that glorious liberty wherewith Christ sets His people free. Many said they found a breadth, and depth, and reality in the Word of God which they never knew before, and not a few learned to cast all their care on Him who careth for them. Mrs. Stroud Smith will hold meetings during the afternoons of the Week of Prayer at Oak Park, Cook County, Ill. Mrs. M. Baxter will speak there, also, on Sunday, December 27th, and on the 28th will commence a series of meetings at Kalamazoo, Mich. She will speak in Toronto, Canada, Sunday, January 3d, and take part in Dr. Cullis's Convention, Newark, N. J., commencing January 17th.

Mr. Moody's Work at the Brooklyn Young Men's Christian Association is being actively carried forward by Mr. Wilkie, the indefatigable secretary of the Association, and a band of earnest workers. They took the addresses of the young men who evinced interest in the work and gave evidence that the Holy Spirit had applied the preaching of the evangelist to their hearts. On Friday last invitations were mailed to them to attend meetings to be held in the Association rooms on that evening and on Sunday. A very large number responded, and we are thankful to learn that the warm interest manifested by the workers in their welfare has made a deep impression on the young men which will, we pray, lead to blessed results.

Mr. Charles Herald, the Well-Known Singer whose services in Mr. Moody's Chicago church have been much blessed, has been called to Yankton, Dak., to engage in evangelistic labor with Rev. C. F. Clapp, pastor of the Congregational church at Yankton. Mr. Herald's many friends in Chicago will be sorry to part with him, but the Yankton people are to be congratulated. He begins his work January 15th.

The Central Union Mission in Washington D. C., is doing an excellent and much valued work in the city. Reports reach us continually of its beneficial influence, not only on residents, but visitors from other States to the national capital. During the past few weeks there have been over ninety conversions in the regular meetings. Of these many were drunkards, thieves, and other classes of criminals. It is expected that the services next week will be led by Major George A. Hilton, who has been conducting meetings in Indianapolis and Brazil, Ind.

A Conference on Medical Missions was held in Association Hall, New York, on December 13th. The Rev. Dr. Happer, of Canton, China, said there are now eighteen hospitals and twenty-four dispensaries in China which have been founded by medical missionaries, the oldest of which was established in Canton in 1835. He spoke of the great importance of the work done by missionary physicians which had opened the way for Christian teaching with the happiest

results. The Rev. Dr. Arthur Mitchell, Secretary of the Presbyterian Board, spoke of this work as being directly in the line of that of the Saviour, who went about healing the sick, ministering to the relief of the bodies as well as the souls of men. Mr. Studd, of London, Captain of the Cambridge University Eleven of 1883, who has been visiting the colleges of this country, gave an account of the remarkable religious movement among university students in England which followed Mr. Moody's labors, and told how his own brother, brother-in-law and five other graduates of the universities had given themselves for missionary work in China.

A Complaint About the Church Weather-vane was sent to the rector of Grace Church, New York, last week, by the guests of the St. Denis Hotel, on the opposite side of Broadway. The guests in a polite note called Dr. Huntington's attention to the fact that the vane had been indicating a south-westerly wind for several months, though during that period the wind had often been in the north and east. People who knew that the vane did not move were not deceived, but transient guests were liable to place confidence in it and go out on cold days without their wraps. Dr. Huntington, in his reply, courteously promised that the vane should be made to tell the truth in future, and apologized for its past faults by saying that he had been so busy that he had omitted to notice which way the wind was blowing. He also invited the attention of the friends who were keeping so keen an eye on the externals of the church to the work going on inside. It may be hoped that they will comply, and will pay as much attention to the preacher as they have done to the weather-vane. But they will do well to avoid the common mistake of expecting him to be a spiritual weather-vane, changing his teachings in compliance with the changing currents of modern thought (Eph. 4: 14, 15).

How a Young School-mistress Checked a prairie fire is told by the *Tribune* of Bismarck, Dak. It states that Miss Belle Franklin, a school-teacher in McHenry County, was recently awakened by the crackling noise of the prairie fire. Looking out across the plain, she saw the dancing flames skimming across the prairie. The brave girl knew that her neighbors were away from home, and the fire would soon envelop the house, barn, hay and grain. Jumping from her bed, she hurried away to the low log barn in which the farmer's extra team was tied. Harnessing the animals, she rushed them out to the plough, and before the fire had reached the premises she had turned several furrows and formed a fire-break which saved the property. "Miss Franklin," the journal says, "is now the heroine of the Missouri Slope." She could not put out the fire, but by destroying that on which it could feed she placed a barrier between it and the property. Her method may be commended to parents who dread, with good reason, the fierce fire of temptation to which their children will be exposed in the world. They cannot extinguish the fire, but they may do much by careful training to eradicate evil habits and propensities, through which it most frequently reaches its victims (Prov. 22: 6).

A Plan to Make Judges Sympathetic has been elaborated by an Assemblyman-elect of New York State. He and an Alderman elect appeared in Judge Duffy's court on Friday last to ask for the release of two young men who were serving out a term of ten days in default of payment of a ten-dollar fine which the judge had inflicted upon them for disturbing a Salvation Army meeting. They sent a note up to the bench, as the court was crowded and they could not get near. The little judge had the note read, and answered them openly before all the people. He said he owed it to the Salvation Army to keep the men in prison for the full term. The applicants could not afford to fail so soon after their election, so they paid the fines out of their own pockets. The Assemblyman said that when he got to Albany he would introduce a bill to have the judges elected every year,

which would insure their being men in sympathy with the people. If he secured the enactment of such a bill, it is doubtful whether it would have the effect he contemplates. Law-abiding citizens are aware that sympathy is not the only qualification needed for a good judge. Some of our modern preachers, who are anxious to get rid of the doctrine of eternal punishment, do not realize that fact, or they would tell their people that God is just, as well as that He is merciful (Rom. 11: 22).

A Triple Wedding Ring is Worn by a Lady in Richmond, Va. It was placed on her finger by her husband recently, on the celebration of their golden wedding. The pair were married in 1835, and the lady then wore an ordinary wedding ring. In 1860, when the silver wedding was approaching, the husband took off the ring and had a second ring welded to it, which he placed on her finger on the anniversary. This year the golden wedding was to be celebrated, and the double ring was removed and sent to a jeweller to have a third gold circlet attached. This the husband placed on his wife's finger the other day, and she now wears it proudly as a mark of her husband's love. She is not any more his wife now than she was when she wore the single hoop, but it is easy to understand the old lady's delight in the renewal of the pledge which each added circlet symbolizes. It is so with the believer; he enters at one step into union with his Lord, but as the years pass he is continually receiving new proofs of his Saviour's love (Hosea 2: 19, 20).

An Actress Expressed her Opinion of Theatre preaching in forcible terms recently in Chicago. It appears that the popular French actress, Mme. Judic, while in that city requested her company to attend the theatre on Sunday morning for rehearsal. Punctually at ten o'clock she drove up to the stage door, but finding it closed she went to the front of the house, where she saw people going in in large numbers to hear Dr. Thomas preach. Then she hurried to her manager's quarters for an explanation. He informed her that on Sunday mornings the theatre was engaged by the Rev. Dr. Thomas, of the People's Church. "What for?" asked the astonished comedienne. "To preach in," replied the manager. Mme. Judic uttered a little shriek, and exclaimed: "Well, this is the greatest farce I ever knew in my life—preaching in a theatre!" The word was not well chosen, though doubtless Mme. Judic is an authority on the merits of a farce. If she had attended the service she would have found it much too serious to be so described. It is nevertheless a sad truth that to many who listen to the Gospel it seems foolishness, and it has no more effect on their lives than has a theatrical performance (1 Cor. 1: 18).

The Value of an Eyelash is the Subject of a curious item of intelligence published by the *Washington Hatchet*. That journal states that a well-known financier was working, one evening recently after business hours, on an intricate set of accounts. The balance was wrong in some way, and he could not find out where. His books called for \$900 more than his cash. The addition was gone over again and again without detecting any error. The total came out persistently \$990, when it should have been \$6090. There was no way of detecting the error but by checking each item separately. In doing this he found that an item of \$1000 had been reckoned at \$1900, owing to an eyelash having fallen while the ink was still wet on the second figure, thus giving the cipher the appearance of the figure nine. Something like this often happens in estimating human values. Men are over-estimated because some title or distinction has fallen upon them, and their utterances and influence have a weight in the world to which they are not entitled. Young people especially, in these days, often speak slightly of the Bible, and quote some scientific man of great name as their authority. At the day of final account, when worldly titles fall off, it will be found that they have often given a false value to their wearers (John 9: 39).

THE ARAB'S DREAM.

A New Sermon by Pastor C. H. Spurgeon.

"And when Gideon was come, behold, there was a man that told a dream unto his fellow, and said, Behold, I dreamed a dream, and, lo, a cake of barley bread tumbled into the host of Midian," etc.—JUDGES 7: 13, 14.

Israel under a Cloud—The Deliverer Prepared—A Man of Faith—His Craving for Signs—Modern Gideonites—The Listeners in Camp—A Dream and its Interpretation—I. The Striking Providence—II. The Comfortable Trifle—III. The Cheering Discovery—Weakness of Bad Men—The Rationalists' Dread of Mr. Moody—IV. The Dream Itself—Mistakes about God's Way—The Cry of the Christian the Midnight Cry.

THE Midianites were devastating the land of Israel. These wandering tribes purposely kept away during the times of ploughing and sowing, and allowed the helpless inhabitants to dream that they would be able to gather in a harvest; but no sooner did there come to be anything eatable by man or beast than these Bedouin hordes came up like locusts, and devoured everything. Imagine a country like Israel, which had at one time been powerful, so greatly reduced as to be unable to keep off these desert rangers; brought so low that the cities and villages were empty, and the inhabitants were hidden in the hill-sides, in the water-courses, and in the huge caverns of the rocks.

In her extremity the guilty nation began to cry to Jehovah her God, and the answer was not long delayed. An angel came to Gideon and announced to him that the Lord had delivered Midian into his hand, and that he should smite them as one man. Gideon was a man of great faith; his name shines among the heroes of great faith in the eleventh chapter of the Epistle to the Hebrews; and you and I will do well if we attain to the same rank in the peerage of faith as he did. But, for all that, the best of men are men at the best; and men of strong faith are often men of strong conflicts; and so it was with Gideon.

MODERN GIDEONITES.

This man's great faith and great weakness of faith both showed themselves in a desire for signs. Once assure him that God is with him, and Gideon has no fear, but hastens to the battle, bravest of the brave. With a handful of men, he is quite prepared to go against a host of adversaries; but he pines for a sign. Again and again he asks it. The anxious question seems to be constantly recurring to him, "Is the Lord with us?" I have known many persons like this son of Josiah: they say, "Let me but know that God is with me, and my fear is gone;" but their repeated question is, "Is the Lord with me? Is Jesus mine, and am I His? Let me but know that I am a true believer, and I am sure that I shall not perish, for God will not forsake His own; but, then, am I a believer? Have I the marks and evidences of a child of God?" Hence the practice of severe self-examination, and hence also the weakening habit of craving for tokens and feelings. How many are crying, "We see not our signs," when they ought to say, "But we see Jesus!"

So it happened unto Gideon that the Lord, knowing his hunger for signs and yet knowing the sincerity of his faith, bade him, on the night of the great battle which was to rout Midian, go down as a spy into the camp with his servant, and there he should receive a token for good, which would effectually quiet all his fears.

I picture Gideon and his attendant creeping down the hill in the stillness of the night, when the camp was steeped in slumber. It was about the end of the first watch, when they were soon to change sentinels. The two brave men, with stealthy footsteps, drew near the pickets, and even passed them. From long habit they had learned to make no more sound with their footsteps than if they had been cats. As they move along they come near to a couple of men who are talking together, and they listen to their conversation. One of them told his fellow that

he had dreamed a dream, and he began the telling of it. Then the other ventured an interpretation, and Gideon must have been awestricken when he heard his own name mentioned, and his own success foretold. His assurance overflows, and motioning to his servant, they steal away through the shadows, and quietly ascend the hill to the place where the little band of three hundred lay in hiding.

They look down upon the sleeping camp, and Gideon cries, "The Lord hath delivered into your hands the hosts of Midian." Obedient to their leader, they descend with their trumpets, and with torches covered over with pitchers. At a signal they break the pitchers, display the lights, sound the trumpets, and shout, "The sword of the Lord and of Gideon." Imagining that a vast army is upon them, the tribes of the desert run for their lives, and in the darkness fall foul of one another. Midian is scattered: Israel is free.

I. The first thing that I shall bring under your observation is

THE STRIKING PROVIDENCE

which must have greatly refreshed Gideon. Just as he and Phurah stealthily stole up to the tent the Midianite was telling a dream, bearing an interpretation so appropriate to Gideon. It may appear to be a little thing; but an occurrence is none the less wonderful because it appears to be insignificant. The microscope reveals a world of marvels quite as surprising as that which is brought before us by the telescope. God is as divine in the small as in the stupendous, as glorious in the dream of a soldier as in the flight of a seraph. Now observe, first, the providence of God that this man should have dreamed just then, and that he should have dreamed that particular dream. Dreamland is chaos, but the hand of the God of order is here. What strange romantic things our dreams are!—fragments of this, and broken pieces of the other, strangely joined together in absurd fashion.

"How many monstrous forms in sleep we see."

That neither were, nor are, nor e'er can be!"

Yet observe that God holds the brain of this sleeping Arab in His hand, and impresses it as He pleases. The man must dream, must dream then and there, and dream that dream which should convey confidence and courage to Gideon. Oh, believe it, God is not asleep when we are asleep!

I think if I had been Gideon I should have said to myself, "I do not so much rejoice in what this dreamer saith as I do in the fact that he has told his dream at the moment when I was lurking near him; I see the hand of the Lord in this, and I am strengthened by the sight. Verily, I perceive that the Lord worketh all things with unfailling wisdom, and faitheth not in His designs. He that has ordered this matter can order all things else." Oh, child of God, when you are troubled it is because you fancy that you are alone; but you are not alone; the Eternal Worker is with you. Oh, for a little heavenly eye-salve to touch our eyes that we may perceive the presence of the Lord in all things!

II. But now, secondly, I want to say something to you about

THE COMFORTABLE TRIFLE

which Gideon had thus met with. It was a dream, and therefore a trifle, or a nothing, and yet he took comfort from it. He was soled by a dream, a gipsy's dream, and a poor dream at that. He took heart from an odd story of a barley bannock which overturned a tent. It is a very curious thing that some of God's servants do draw a very great deal of consolation from comparatively trivial things. We are all the creatures of sentiment as well as of reason, and hence we are often strongly affected by little things. But what a pity it is that we should need such little bits of things to cheer us up, when we have matters of far surer import to make us glad! Gideon had already received, by God's own angel, the word, "Surely I will be with thee, and thou shalt smite the Midian-

ites as one man." Was not this enough for him? Whence is it that a boy's dream comforts him more than God's own Word. Oh, child of God, how you degrade yourself and your Master's Word, when you set so much store by a small token! The Lord's promise—is that little in thine eyes? What surer pledge of love dost thou desire than the blood of Jesus spilt for thee?

III. I have been brief upon that point, because I want you to notice, thirdly,

THE CHEERING DISCOVERY.

Gideon had noticed a striking providence, he had received a comfortable trifle, but he also made a very cheering discovery; which discovery was, that the enemy dreamed of disaster. You and I sometimes think about the hosts of evil, and we fear we shall never overcome them, because they are so strong and so secure. Harken; we over-estimate them. The powers of darkness are not so strong as they seem to be. The subtlest infidels and heretics are only men. What is more, they are bad men; and bad men at bottom are weak men.

You fret because in this war you are not angels; be comforted to think that the adversaries of the truth are men also. You sometimes grow doubtful, and so do they. You half despair of victory; and so do they. You are at times hard put to it; so are they. You sometimes dream of disaster; so do they. It is natural to men to fear, and doubly natural to bad men. Behold the host of doubters, and heretics, and revilers, who, at the present time, have come up into the inheritance of Israel, hungry from their deserts of rationalism and atheism! They are eating up all the corn of the land. They cast a doubt upon all the verities of our faith. But we need not fear them; for if we heard their secret counsels we should perceive that they are afraid of us. Their loud blustering and their constant sneers are the index of real fear. Those who preach the cross of our Lord Jesus are the terror of modern thinkers. In their heart of hearts they dread the preaching of the old-fashioned Gospel, and they hate what they dread. On their beds they dream of the coming of some evangelist into their neighborhood. What the name of Richard was to the Saracens, that is

THE NAME OF MOODY

to these boastful intellects. They wish they could stop those Calvinistic fellows and those evangelical old fogies. Brethren, so long as the plain Gospel is preached in England there will always be hope that these brigands will yet be scattered, and the Church be rid of their intrusion. Rationalism Socinianism, Ritualism, and Universalism will soon take to their legs if the clear, decided cry of "the Sword of the Lord and of Gideon" be once more heard.

Those who follow after falsehood have a secret monitor within, which tells them that theirs is a weak cause, and that truth must and will prevail over them. Let them alone; the beating of their own hearts will scare them. The Lord liveth, and while He liveth let no man that trusteth in His Word suffer his heart to fail him; for the mountains shall depart, and the hills be removed, but the word of the Lord endureth forever. Our adversaries are neither so wise, nor so brave, nor so influential as we think them to be. Only have courage, and rely upon God, and you will overcome them.

IV. Lastly, and most important of all, let us think for a little of

THE DREAM ITSELF

and of its interpretation. The Midianite in his dream saw a barley cake. Barley cakes were not much valued as food in those days, any more than now. People ate barley when they could not get wheat; but they would need to be driven to such food by poverty or famine. Barley-meal was rather food for dogs or cattle than for men; and therefore the barley cake would be the emblem of a thing despised. A barley cake was generally made upon the hearth. A hole was made in the ground, and paved with stones; in this a fire was made, and when the

stones were hot a thin layer of barley-meal was laid upon them, covered over with the ashes, and thus quickly and roughly baked. The cake itself was a mere biscuit. You must not interpret the dream as having in it a large quarter loaf of barley bread, tumbling down the hill and smashing up the tent with its own weight. No, it was only a cake—that is to say, a biscuit, of much the same form and thinness as we see in the Passover cakes of the Jews. It may have been a long piece of thin crust, and it was seen in the dream moving onward and waving in the air something like a sword. It came rolling and waving down the hill till it came crash against the pavilion of the prince of Midian, and turned the tent completely over, so that it lay in ruins.

GOD'S MEANS.

Now, what we have to learn from it is just this: God can work by any means. He can never be short of instruments. For his battles he can find weapons on the hearth, weapons in the kneading-trough, weapons in the poor man's basket. Omnipotence has servants everywhere. For the defence of His cause God can enlist all the forces of nature, all the elements of society, all the powers that be. His kingdom cannot fail, since the Lord can defend it even by the cakes which are baking upon the coals. Gideon, who threshes corn to-day, will thresh the Lord's enemies to-morrow. Preachers of the Word are being trained everywhere. The point is to get beyond the instruments, to the God who uses the instruments. I think I have heard that a tallow candle fired from a rifle will go through a door; the penetrating power is not in the candle, but in the force impelling it. So, in this case, it was not the barley-biscuit, but the almighty impulse which urged it forward, and made it upset the pavilion. We are nothing; but God with us is everything. "He giveth power to the faint; and to them that have no might he increaseth strength."

Now I know how it is to-day; I men think that if the world is to be converted it must be done by learned men, men of noble family, or at least of eminent talent. *But is this the Lord's usual way?* Is there anything in the Acts of the Apostles, or in the life of Christ, that should lead us to look to human wisdom, or talent, or prestige? Does not everything look in the contrary direction? The lake of Galilee was Christ's apostolic college. Has not God always acted upon His own declaration that He hath hid these things from the wise and prudent, and hath revealed them unto babes?

UNEXPECTED.

Note, next, God uses unexpected means. If I wanted to upset a tent I certainly should not try to overturn it by a barley cake. If I had to cannonade an encampment I should not bombard it with biscuits. Yet how wonderfully God hath wrought by the very persons whom we should have passed over without a thought! O Paganism, thy gigantic force and energy, with Cæsar at thy head, shall be vanquished by fishermen from the sea of Galilee! God willed it so, and so it was done. Rome Papal met as signal a downfall from reformers rude of speech and poor in estate. Expect the unexpected. For souls to be saved is in itself remarkable; but for them to be saved by some simple child-like evangelist who can scarcely speak grammatically, this is the talk of the town.

But the dream hath more in it than this: God useth despised means. God loves to take men whom others despise, and use them for His glorious ends. "He is a fool," they say, "an uneducated man, one of the very lowest class of minds. He has no taste, no culture, no thought. He is not a person of the advanced school." My dear brother, I hope no one among you will be influenced by this kind of silly talk. The "mashers" in our churches talk in this fashion; but who cares for their proud nonsense? It is time that men who despise others should be themselves despised, and be made to know that they are so.

But, then, God ever uses effectual means. This cake of barley-bread came unto a tent and

smote it, that it fell, and overturned it, that the tent lay along. The Lord never does His work by halves. Even if He works by barley-cakes, he makes a clean overthrow of His enemy. A cannon-ball could not have done its work better than did this barley-cake. Friend, if the Lord uses thee for His own purpose, He will do His work by thee as effectually and surely as if He had selected the best possible worker. He lifts our weakness out of itself, and elevates it to a level of power and efficacy little dreamed of by us. Wherefore, be not afraid, ye servants of God, but commit yourselves into the hands of Him who, out of weakness, can bring forth strength.

STILL SUFFICIENT.

I have done when I have made an application of all this to certain practical purposes. Brethren, do you not think that this smiting of the tent of Midian by the barley cake, and afterward the actual overthrow of the Midianite hordes by the breaking of the pitchers, the blazing of the torches, and the blowing of the trumpets, all tends to comfort us as to those powers of evil which now cover the world? I am appalled sometimes as I think of the power of the enemy, both in the matter of impurity and falsehood. At this present moment you seem as if you could do nothing; you cannot get in to strike a blow. Sin and error have so much the upper hand that we know not how to strike them. *Two great parties in England, the Puritan and the Cavalier, take turn about, and just now the Cavalier rules most powerfully.* At one time sound doctrine and holy practice had sway; but in these days loose teaching and loose living are to the fore. But our duty clearly lies in sticking to the word of the Lord and the Gospel of our fathers.

God forbid that we should glory save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ. By this sign we shall conquer yet. Our weapon is the torch of the old Gospel, flaming forth through the breaking of our earthen vessels. To this we add the trumpet sound of an earnest voice. *Ours is the midnight cry, "Behold he cometh!"* We cannot get victory by any might or skill of ours, and yet in the end the foe shall be defeated, and the Lord alone shall be exalted. Were things worse than they are, we would still cry, "The sword of the Lord and of Gideon," and stand each man in his place till the Lord appeared in strength.

THE CAKE OF FAITH.

Another lesson would I draw from the text as to our inward conflicts. Dear friend, you are feeling in your heart the great power of sin. The Midianites are encamped in your soul; in the little valley of Esdralon which lies within your bosom there are countless evils, and these, like the locusts, eat up every growing thing, and cause comfort, and strength, and joy to cease from your experience. You sigh because of these invaders. I counsel you to try what faith can do. Your own earnest efforts appear to make you worse; try faith. Neither tears, nor prayers, nor vows, nor self-denials have dislodged the foe; try the barley cake of faith. Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ.

Once again, still in the same vein: let us, dear friends, try continually the power of prayer for the success of the Gospel, and the winning of men's souls. Prayer will do anything—it will do everything. It fills the valleys and levels the mountains. By its power men are raised from the door of hell to the gate of heaven. What is to become of London? What is to become of heathen nations? I listen to a number of schemes very visionary, and very hard to work out. But I put these aside. Let each man stand with the flaming torch of truth in his hand, and the trumpet of the Gospel at his lips, and so let us compass the army of the aliens. This is our war-cry—Christ and Him crucified! God forbid that we should know anything else among men but the death, the blood, the resurrection, the reign, the coming, the glory of Christ. Let us not lose faith in our calling nor in our God; but rest assured that the Lord

reigneth and His cause must triumph. Where sin abounded grace doth much abound. We shall see better and brighter days than these. God grant it, O Lord, for Thy Son's sake. Amen.

[The prayers of the readers of this Journal are requested for the blessing of God upon its Editors, and those whose sermons, articles, or labors for Christ are printed in it; and that its circulation may be used by the Holy Spirit for the conversion of many sinners and the quickening of God's people. Dr. Talmage and Mr. Spurgeon especially request prayer every Sunday morning on behalf of their labors.]

NEW BOOKS.

"THE SUN."

by Aimée Guillemin. Translated from the French by A. L. Phipson. During the past decade the sun has become, more than ever before, the chief centre of astronomical interest. The new volume of wonders opened to astronomers by the spectroscope has had something to do with this, but only so far as that it enabled them to gain light on problems which previously defied all attempts at solution. Though the world is dependent on the vast luminary for its life as well as its light, it is remarkable that so little is surely known about it, and that even at this date, with all our perfection of instrumental apparatus, we are obliged to speak of the "theory" of the sun-spots and of the sun's corona. Unscientific persons who want to know exactly what has been discovered about the sun, and what theories about what is unknown have been constructed on the basis of what is known, should read this volume of the series of Wonders of Science. M. Guillemin does not write for astronomers or philosophers, who, as he modestly says, know as much as he does on the subject, but for the common people of ordinary education. He explains how the sun is measured, how it is weighed, and how the intensity of its light is gauged. He then describes its rotation and its place and course among the stars. But the chapters which will be most interesting to the ordinary reader are those on its storms and tempests and spots. His explanations are rendered easy of comprehension by a large number of illustrations. Pp. 297; price, \$1. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons.

"RING AROUND A ROSY."

a volume of pictures and verses, by Mary A. Lathbury, is a treasure for the very little folks, to whom bright-colored pictures are the greatest charm a book can offer. The artist whose pencil has prepared this treat for the nursery has evidently been a close observer of little children, for the attitudes in which they appear on these pages are wonderfully natural. A dozen little girls in a variety of tasteful costumes are artistically grouped in the first picture, which represents them playing on a grassy knoll. A series of accidents all too common in infantile experience gradually reduces the ring through the series of thirteen full-page pictures, until at last one little girl sleeping sweetly in her bed is all that is left, save that her eleven companions in shadowed miniature flit around her in her dreams. The rhymes in which the events of the day's play are described are musical, and many a little one will doubtless gain credit not strictly due by reading them off by memory as she turns the pictures. Price, \$2. Published by R. Worthington, New York.

"BRIC-A-BRAC STORIES."

by Mrs. Burton Harrison, are old friends in a new dress. That is to say, each one is an old friend to some readers, but there is no reader, we should say, who can claim an acquaintance with them all. Mrs. Harrison has studied the folk-lore of many countries to gather materials for her book, and in the graceful style for which, as a writer for children, she has no rival, she has translated, re-written, condensed, or modified, as her taste and design suggested. The stories by an ingenious arrangement are grouped according to their nationality. The articles of bric-a-brac in the drawing-room of a Fifth Ave-



"Give me that Satchel," said Mr. Monkton. (See page 821.)



Rev. Jacob Freshman, the Jewish Evangelist.

nue mansion are all too familiar to the listless boy waiting in solitude the arrival of his brother at college who is to spend the Christmas at home. The governess is away with friends, papa is in the city, the servants are busy, and the little boy, between his frequent visits to the window to look out into the gloaming for Fred's arrival, wanders wearily among the objects of interest brought from countries, mysterious and far away, to ornament a New York drawing-room. Regi knows the names of the lands from which they come, but that is all. If the samovar from Russia or the paper-knife from Arabia could be changed into some old Russian peasant or grave Arab, what stories they might tell for a lonely boy's amusement on Christmas eve! There is the chateleine from Germany, too, if it could be endowed with the memory of the man who made it, and had speech, what a wealth of fairy-lore it could unfold! But the articles are all dumb until Regi is asleep; but in his dreams each one speaks to him and tells him some famous old story which is still current in the land from whence it came. How these myths originated, how it happens that in lands so widely separated from each other they are found so different, yet with the same family likeness, are problems Regi is not called upon to solve; but this he and the young readers who are fortunate enough to have Mrs. Harrison's book for a Christmas present will find in years to come; the fairy battles, the grim giants, the princes and princesses are types in their way of his manhood's experience, of his struggles and defeats and victories. The volume is full, as a fairy-book should be, of curious and quaint illustrations. Pp. 299; price, \$2. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons.

SUBSCRIBERS who have written to us respecting the volume of poems entitled "Stones for the Temple," noticed in these columns on November 19th, are informed that the book may be obtained by sending one dollar to the author, Mrs. Harriet W. Re Qua, Aurora, Ill.

BURMAH.

By Mr. Henry Soltau.

THE rapidity with which new countries are being opened up for the Gospel is extraordinary, and should be a great stimulus to all Christians at home rapidly to enter in and take advantage of these open doors on behalf of the Master.

For many years Christians in England, America and Asia have been praying to the Lord that He would open Upper Burma to the Gospel. Our prayers are now being answered, and, before we are ready for it, a province containing an area of about sixty-seven thousand square miles, provided with excellent water communication, and shortly to be supplied with railways, is placed in our hands, prepared for good works.

In Lower Burma there are now two railways—both starting from Rangoon, the port of arrival for the majority of vessels from England and India. One line leads to Prome, a large city on the Irrawaddy, half a day's journey by steamer from the frontier of Upper Burma; the other to Toungoo, along the valley of the Sittoung River, close to the south-eastern frontier of Upper Burma. Up the Irrawaddy River steamers ply between Rangoon and Mandalay, and between Mandalay and Bhamo, and towns of large and small population can be thus reached with ease and comfort. Towns and villages situated on the tributaries of this river can be reached by boat. The Burmese are good boatmen, and almost as much at home in the water as out of it.

The effects of English annexation of Upper Burma will be manifold and highly beneficial. In the first place, the inhabitants of the country itself will be released from a tyrannical and repressive government, for it must be remembered that "like king, like rulers." The smallest official is a miniature of his sovereign in that land. The people will now be able to till their lands in peace, to keep the money they have earned, to live at home, without being impressed for war, and to worship as they wish. The country will in time become quiet internally. The hordes of Dacoits will be exterminated, the majority of them, doubtless, returning again to their peaceable modes of life.

Immense numbers of immigrants will pour into the country; Chinese from Western and Southern China, natives of India from Madras and Bengal, Shans from the Independent States, and from Western China, and probably not a few merchants and manufacturers and engineers from England and other Western lands. New lines of communication will be made. Already we find railways are being talked of. Calcutta is to be connected with Mandalay, and Mandalay with Tai-li-foo in China. A highway will now be permanently opened, by which missionaries

and travellers will be able to reach China from the West, and the immense distance that has had to be traversed by those wanting to evangelize Western China and Eastern Tibet hitherto will be reduced by nearly one half, while the fatigue and danger will be lessened far more.

The mission field will be enormously enlarged; for, in addition to the Burmese and Burmese Shans of Upper Burma itself, the neighboring tribes will be accessible as never before—Shans, Paloungs, Khyins, Ka-Khyens, Chinese, and all the various tribes of each of these races will now be easily reached; and many of these will be wanting instruction. You will at once have a demand for knowledge of English and of Burmese, and hence an opening for mission-schools. As another result, trade will revive and flourish.

Merchants in China have only been waiting for a strong government in Burma to send their goods in much larger quantities into that country, and to receive in return Western goods. There is not the least doubt that when the border tribes of North-east Burma, who have been the great hinderers of trade, see that the English Government are in power beside them, they will cease their raiding, and let the trade flow through their hills and villages. And there is no doubt that it will flow through; for, in spite of the enormous obstacles in their way, the persevering Chinese have annually endeavored to push their caravans, of from one to four thousand animals, through to Bhamo every dry season.

The population of Upper Burma cannot be correctly ascertained, as no census has ever been taken. The land is fruitful, but the population comparatively small. A poor person is a very rare sight in Upper Burma. In ordinary times, and the country is capable of sustaining a very heavy population. An estimate has been made of twenty-five persons to the square mile, which would give a population of about one and three quarter millions. This does not include the independent, or semi-dependent, Shan States.

The religion of the country is Buddhism of a remarkably pure character. There is no doubt that the deposing of the king and the advent of the English will produce a decided effect upon this religion. The visible head of the religion disappears, and the halo of sanctity that surrounded the palace, in the eyes especially of the inhabitants of Lower Burma, will be dispelled. Moreover, their priests will no longer be able to

oppress the people as heretofore, and as they could still continue to do were Burmah merely a protected State. We have known them flog people for not offering food and other things to them; and they always take the place of officials and use the power of the civil officials for their own ends. All officials in Upper Burmah are under the eye of the priests, who communicate through the superior abbot or bishop direct with the court at Mandalay. This makes all the civil officials anxious to keep on good terms with the priests, and therefore places great power in the hands of the priesthood.

THE FIRST HEBREW-CHRISTIAN CHURCH IN AMERICA.

(See Picture on this page.)

At last converts from Judaism to Christianity have on this side of the Atlantic a house of worship set apart and consecrated to their use. The First Hebrew-Christian Church in America was dedicated to the Trinne Jehovah on Sunday, October 11th, 1885. Dedictory services were continued on the evenings of the following week, closing the succeeding Sunday. Leading ministers of the different evangelical churches took part in the services, and choirs from sister churches volunteered their aid. This church is situated at 17 St. Mark's Place, near Third Avenue, New York City. It is undenominational, or, as its pastor, the Rev. Jacob Freshman (*whose portrait appears on page 828*), prefers to express it, *all-denominational*.

Mr. Freshman is a son of the late Rev. Charles Freshman, D.D., a Jewish rabbi, who became a convert to Christianity and afterward entered the Christian ministry. Mr. Freshman has from early manhood been a regularly ordained and useful minister of the Gospel. Becoming deeply impressed with a sense of the spiritual needs of the eighty thousand Jews in New York City, he finally relinquished his pastoral work in Canada, and four years ago came to this city to seek entrance to the minds and hearts of his Jewish brethren, and bear witness to the Gospel truth of the coming of the Messiah in the person of the Lord Jesus Christ. Believing that an undenominational church, welcoming all Christians and ready to help converts to whatever denominational field of usefulness they might prefer, would do the most good, Mr. Freshman began and continues his work without the support of any particular denomination or organization. His Advisory Committee is composed of leading ministers in the different evangelical churches, who, however, are in no way responsible for the financial necessities of the work.

The first regular Sunday service was held on the first Sunday of January, 1882, in Room 24, at Cooper Union. At the end of two months a *Hebrew-Christian congregation* was formed, and the meetings were for nine months held in the lecture-room of the Fourth Avenue Presbyterian Church, Dr. Howard Crosby pastor. There were many obstacles to be surmounted, however, and for some time the infant work found weary journeying in the wilderness. Israelites were converted, however. Baptisms into the Christian faith were signs and seals that the Lord blessed the work. Saturday meetings conducted in the Jewish Mission Hall, in English and German, were crowded, and the Sunday-school increased in numbers. After many prayers that God would give a building for a permanent headquarters for the work Mr. Freshman was providentially led to purchase the building recently dedicated for that purpose. Seven times the work had been obliged to move and seek new quarters. Now, after the exercise of much faith and trust, the shelter of an established home was secured. The building was purchased for \$20,000, of which amount \$5,000



The First Hebrew-Christian Church in America.

was paid down, and at an expense of about \$4,000 more it was repaired and remodelled. A mortgage of \$15,000 was given to secure the remainder of the purchase-money. And not this burden alone, but the running expenses of the work also press heavily upon Mr. Freshman, who is not paid a salary, and has no reliance in his many necessities but the faithfulness of the God of Jacob. A paper called the *Hebrew-Christian* is published by Mr. Freshman; in it he acknowledges the receipt of money sent him for the Building Fund. Contributions for Mr. and Mrs. Freshman's use are marked "Personal" by the donors, and are acknowledged by letter. Contributions not designated in either of these ways are used for the running expenses of the work. Through Mr. Freshman's instrumentality four young Jewish converts have recently been placed in Christian seminaries to be prepared for Christian work. Incidents of the various departments of labor and testimonies of Israelites who have been converted would fill many columns. Many Christians find these Hebrew-Christian prayer and testimony meetings places for the renewal of their own spiritual life, and pronounce the work indeed the work of God.

There is just now a special need for the work Mr. Freshman is prosecuting. The Jews of New York and other large cities are abandoning their faith in considerable numbers. The ancient ceremonies and the dietary laws, and more than all, the loss entailed in observing Saturday as a day of rest, are all irksome to them. Some are becoming infidels who may be won to Christianity if they can be reached.

THE SILVER LINING.

A SERIAL STORY.

(Continued from page 815.)

A Timely Rescue.

"We have more light now, though not the kind of light we came to seek," said Dr. Arnold, as he and his daughter quitted the hospital after their interview with Mr. Greville.

"It is very welcome light, papa," said Kate. "It makes our duty easier and more pleasant. Even if Clare had been the guilty woman we had reason to fear, we must have sought her and tried to reclaim her; but it would have been very painful to show kindness to her in such a case. Now there will be none of that feeling, and we can welcome her with open arms."

"When we find her," said Dr. Arnold; "but we are not any nearer that than when we commenced. I presume that your next step in the campaign is the police headquarters?"

"Yes, papa, let us go there at once."

There was something very beautiful in the earnestness and energy with which this Christian girl threw herself into the search for her missing sister. It is this concern for the welfare of others that makes the difference between the real and the nominal follower of the Friend of sinners.

The stranger in any of our great cities, as he passes the Christian churches and sees the expensively dressed worshippers descending from their carriages and entering the splendid edifices in which Christianity is preached, is apt to ask himself the question how many of these nominal Christians realize the essential spirit which has given to the Gospel its tremendous power in the world. The seats are filled, the Scriptures are read, the paid choir make the buildings echo with sweet music, a sermon is preached, and the congregation disperses; but how many of those who have joined in the worship have learned the lesson which the Divine Founder of Christianity reiterated again and again? In this day we have, to a large extent, forgotten who are our neighbors. "I have lived in this city five

years," said a man. "I am not converted. I have been constantly in contact with Christian people, yet in all those years neither clergyman nor layman has ever asked me if I have a soul, or ever shown a spark of interest in my spiritual or temporal welfare. I have attended church regularly—sometimes the same church for a year or more—yet never once has a word of welcome been spoken to me, nor any indication given that my salvation was the concern of any one."

It was a terrible indictment, but its truth will not be questioned by any one who has made the experiment. The Pharisees compassed sea and land to make one proselyte, but they were condemned. In our day we do not make even that effort. Men enter our churches, meet us in stores and on the cars, and we never think of them as our neighbors in the sense Christ attached to the word. We know them by name: if they are well dressed we recognize them by a shake of the hand, and if they are poorly dressed by a patronizing nod; but they may be starving in soul and body, they may be fighting a fierce battle with temptation, or groaning under bitter woe, and no word of Christian interest or sympathy enters their ears. If they fall by the way the throng passes by on the other side. "I was sick and in prison, and ye visited me not; I was a stranger, and ye took me not in," will be the words of reproach that many a church-member of this nineteenth century will hear at the day of the great account. Well was it for this one poor stranger that into one heart the Master's teaching had fallen with practical power, and that she had one friend to pray and work for her rescue.

The police officer looked very grim and uninviting as Kate Arnold entered it, but she was ready to go into far worse places, if in no other way she could achieve her object of recovering the poor lonely wanderer.

"I have brought my daughter with me," said Dr. Arnold, as they were admitted to the presence of the official; "she will be able to give you a better description of the lady we seek than I could do yesterday."

The superintendent bowed courteously, and opened the book in which the verbal portrait was entered. He read it over, and Kate added such details as her memory suggested.

"We have found some traces of the lady," said the officer, "but they do not go far enough. We have learned that she applied for admission to several hotels, and was refused because she had no luggage nor could give satisfactory references. Since then all trace of her has been lost. She has not applied for letters, nor has she been recognized by any of our men."

"That is a very discouraging report," said Dr. Arnold. "Can you advise us how to proceed?"

"Perhaps Miss Arnold would not mind stepping into my private room for a few minutes; my clerk will show her our portrait album. There is a possibility of her recognizing one of the pictures."

Kate complied readily, and the superintendent, having closed the door of communication, said: "Dr. Arnold, this is a delicate matter to speak of before a lady, so I had to use a stratagem. My opinion is that you must look for this lady among the degraded sisterhood of the city."

"I think you are wrong there," said the doctor. "We have received information this morning which has changed my opinion of her. Yesterday I should have accepted your suggestion as the most probable one, but now I believe that she is in some decent way trying to earn an honorable livelihood."

"I hope so, I am sure. I did not intend to make any aspersion on the lady's character, for I know nothing of her. It is from the circumstances that I draw my conclusions. Just review them yourself. Here is a lady of some considerable beauty, without money, without shelter. Say that she tries to get work. What can she do? If she applies for a situation she can give no reference, and no one will employ her. She is homeless, has no friends, no influence, nor any knowledge of the city. You see that she cannot even obtain a room in a decent hotel. She is naturally in despair. Why, in such circumstances she is a ready-made prey. I tell you, sir, that even women with decent homes are tempted sometimes to leave them by the offers of dresses and jewels that wealthy debauchees dangle before their eyes. How must it be with a woman so beset as this one?"

Dr. Arnold's heart sank as he listened. It was all so sadly, so terribly plausible. "And if it be so," he said—"though God forbid it—what is the best way of rescuing her?"

"Ah! that I cannot tell you. I may help you to find her, but you will have to do the rescue work yourselves. My experience tells me that that is the most hopeless part of the business. The best way of finding her is for you to go to the places such women frequent. You may see her or hear of her. One of our men shall take you around any night you like to fix. You had better have the young lady along, but let her wait outside in a carriage. Do not take her into any place unless you discover the lady you want. If you should find her your daughter will be better able to win her over than you would. A man is seldom successful. I find, but another woman can do much."

"We will try it," said Dr. Arnold. "It is not a pleasant task, so we will get it over as soon as possible. We will be ready to-night, if that will suit you."

"Then I will send an experienced man for you at eleven o'clock. Have you recognized a picture, Miss Arnold?" This as Kate entered from the inner office.

"No, there is not one that bears any resemblance to her."

"Well, it was worth looking, because when we are in the dark we must try every plan there is. Sometimes we succeed by chance. I have proposed another scheme to your father which he will explain to you, and we shall need your help in that."

Punctually at eleven o'clock a well-dressed, genial man, who might have been taken for a merchant, or a doctor, or anything but the policeman he was, sent his card up to Dr. Arnold at his hotel, and a few minutes afterward ushered that gentleman and his daughter into a closed carriage, and they were driven across town. Broadway and other streets through which they passed were almost deserted, but presently the carriage stopped before a building brilliant with plate glass and electric lights. The detective and Dr. Arnold alighted, and the carriage was driven into a dark street opposite, and stopped at a place from which the driver could be signalled by the detective.

Dr. Arnold shivered with disgust as he was led through a bar to a large room in the rear, where hundreds of men of all ages, fashionably attired, sat around tables talking with women whose costly dresses and jewels proclaimed that in some stages of a sinful life money was lavishly bestowed. Liquors were on all the tables, the men were smoking cigars, many of the women were smoking cigarettes, and all seemed gay and merry. On a raised orchestra at the end of the room an excellent band was playing softly, while a woman in indecent costume was singing a French song.

"Look around carefully," said the detective; "no one will be surprised or think you impertinent."

Dr. Arnold did as he was directed, while the detective seated himself at a table and lit a cigar. "She is not here," he said, after he had surveyed the crowd.

"Then we will go. I will just say a word to the officer on duty as we go out."

"An officer?" said Dr. Arnold. "You do not mean to say that you give such a place as this police protection?"

"Oh, yes. The place is regularly licensed by the commissioners. Everything is according to law. We are bound to protect them."

"But it is a regular trap for the ruin of young men."

"Yes, thousands are ruined here every year, young men and older men; but it is licensed, all the same. Any new woman here lately, Murphy?" he said to the stalwart policeman standing near the door.

"No; no one in particular. No fresh ones, sir."

Entering the carriage again, they drove up-town, and at a corner, from which the roofs of three of the best-filled churches in the city could be seen, another halt was made. The detective and Dr. Arnold entered the lobby of a building of unpretentious appearance, paid an admission fee, and passed through swinging doors. The doctor started back in surprise. The dull, unattractive exterior had given no indication of the scene within. The floor was clear and brightly polished; magnificent chandeliers suspended from the ceiling lighted the spacious apartment, and around it, bright with mirrors and gilding, ran a gallery crowded with men and women. The sumptuous decorations, the pervading elegance and luxury amazed the English visitor, and he stood still in astonishment. A crowd was coming down each staircase from the gallery, and elegantly dressed women and men were taking their places on the floor for a quadrille.

"Now is your time, sir," said the detective. "Come up-stairs; you can see every one in the house from the gallery." They ascended, and Dr. Arnold looked over at the brilliant throng whirling in the dance. Then he was led through rooms opening out of the gallery, where at small tables parties of two or four sat at supper. "We will stay here for half an hour; we can

see the entrance from here, and they will be coming in by the hundred now."

"Is this place licensed too?" asked Dr. Arnold.

"Oh, yes. It is all regular. I wish there was nothing worse. I could take you to regularly licensed places below Grand Street where there are robberies every night, and murders are not uncommon. Now keep your eye on the door, and I'll go and talk to our man down-stairs."

In a side street within sight of the building in which Dr. Arnold and his guide were sitting, the carriage in which Kate Arnold waited was drawn up near the sidewalk. The houses on each side have brown-stone fronts and high stoops. Though it was midnight the outer doors were not closed, and from the inner doors a warm, hospitable light was cast by the hall lamps shining through the red curtains that covered the glass. All was quiet, save for the sound of a piano and the occasional opening or closing of a door when a visitor entered or quitted a house. It seemed to Kate, as she sat wearily waiting, that visitors were strangely numerous in that locality for such an hour, but they were decorous, respectable people, judging from their appearance, and there was no drunken noise and revelry.

She waited patiently, observing these things and praying that success might attend their mission; but it was very dull, and she, being unaccustomed to late hours, was falling into a doze, when she was startled by a piercing scream uttered within a few feet of the carriage. It was a cry in which terror and despair seemed to reach a climax. Instantly Kate was upon her feet and looking out of the carriage window. There was not much to see. Only a woman, her head covered by a shawl, apparently without a dress, for a white skirt fluttered in the gas-light, and her white feet showed that she was shoeless. She was trying to free herself from the grasp of a stout, powerful woman, who was trying to drag her toward one of the houses.

"Help! Help!" shrieked the victim, while her captor seemed to be covering her mouth to stifle her cries. The poor creature seized the iron fence and held to it with the clutch of despair, crying aloud with all her might. A crowd gathered with that astonishing rapidity which is seen in all populous cities, and a policeman forced his way through to where the two women were still struggling.

"Here, quit that," he said. "Wot's the matter, you two?"

"She has robbed me; she is running away; I only just caught her," said the stout female.

"Oh! no, it is not so. Oh! pray save me from going back there. Take me anywhere, but don't let her take me back!" and the fugitive laid her hand on the policeman's arm.

"Come, you go back quiet," he said. "I ain't going to have a row in the street, and, besides, you ain't decent going around like that. You go back and get sober and behave yourself."

"Kate could bear no more; she opened the carriage door and joined the throng on the sidewalk. 'What is it she has stolen?' she asked of the portly woman, whose coarse features were distorted with passion.

"What is that to you?" was the hoarse reply. "Mind your own business."

"Better not interfere, madam," said the policeman. "It's only a family quarrel. They'll make it up before morning, I guess. Come," he said, with an admonitory touch of his club to the shrinking woman still trembling in the grasp of her captor, "you get in and behave yourself."

"Oh, if you have a woman's heart," said the terror-stricken creature, turning to Kate with a beseeching gesture, "save me from that place. I would rather die than go back." In her sudden movement the shawl slipped from her head, and by the light of the gas-lamp Kate recognized her brother's wife.

"Clare!" she cried. "Can it be you, Clare? We have been seeking you everywhere."

"Yes, that is my name. I do not know you, but surely, if you recognize me, you will protect me."

"It's a plot," said the stout female. "I'm not going to be done," and she seized Clare's wrist in her powerful grasp.

"What's all this?" asked a new-comer in an authoritative voice.

The policeman turned, and recognizing the detective, briefly explained that it was a row between two women.

"Oh! papa," said Kate, joyfully, catching sight of her father at the detective's side, "here is Clare, and this woman insists on taking her back."

"She has robbed me," said the woman, sullenly.

"Then you know where to go with your complaint," said the detective, throwing open his coat and exposing his shield. "I will answer for this lady, and if you'll go around to the station in the morning we will settle this matter, and you can answer a few questions on your own account at the same time."

Before she could fully realize that she was delivered, Clare found herself in the carriage, and was sobbing out her gratitude on her sister's breast.

(To be concluded.)

JOSIAH AND THE BOOK OF THE LAW.
S. S. Lesson for Jan. 3, 11 Kings, 22, 23: 2-25.
Golden Text, 22: 13. By Mrs. M. Baxter.

A Child King—His Zeal in Reform—An Auegan Stable—The Courage Required—The Discovery in the Temple—The Dearth of Scripture Knowledge—Unused Bibles—The Book Given to the King—A Prophetess Consulted—The King Reading the Law—His Personal Consecration.

KING JOSIAH, the grandson of the wicked but afterward repentant Manasseh, was only a child of eight years old when he came to the throne. At the age of sixteen he gave evidence of a change of heart (11 Chron. 34: 3), and four years later, when only twenty years of age, he became

AN ACTIVE REFORMER,

and began to purge his kingdom from the abominations of idolatry. His next act, in the eighteenth year of his reign, was to repair the house of God. Let us consider the circumstances under which he was placed. For years, during Manasseh's reign, idolatry had prevailed; until the whole land was saturated with it; probably all the leading men, politically and ecclesiastically, upheld idolatry; all the public officers and government appointments were connected with it; for after Manasseh had repented at the end of his life Josiah's own father, Amon, when he came to the throne, had revived all the practices of evil which had previously obtained. It was, then, a bold thing that a young man, who came to the throne as a mere child, should have attempted and carried out such a reform. But God hath chosen the foolish things of this world to confound the wise, and He had put it into Josiah's heart, and was making him a witness for his God, a child of God without rebuke in the midst of a crooked and perverse nation, among whom he shone as a light in the world (Phil. 2: 15).

While the temple was under repair a discovery was made. The high-priest, Hilkiah, said to Shaphan, the scribe, "I have found the book of the law in the house of the Lord." What, then, was there no copy of the Scriptures extant which was in use among the people? Alas! no. The things which were done in the land could not bear the light of the Word of God upon them. Scripture would condemn them, and so the enemy of souls took good care to keep it out of sight. One is at a loss to conceive how utterly all the ordinances of God must have been forsaken. It was the duty of every parent to teach the law to his children. "These words which I command thee this day shall be in thine heart. And thou shalt teach them diligently unto thy children, and shalt talk of them when thou sittest in thine house, and when thou walkest by the way, and when thou liest down, and when thou risest up" (Deut. 6: 6, 7). Again, it was commanded when the children of Israel should set up a king over them, "And it shall

be, when he sitteth upon the throne of his kingdom, that

HE SHALL WRITE HIM A COPY

of this law in a book out of that which is before the priests the Levites: and it shall be with him, and he shall read therein all the days of his life; that he may learn to fear the Lord his God, to keep all the words of this law, and these statutes to do them." Such were the commands of God, such the provision for His people. But now, not only were the children ignorant of Scripture, but the parents also; not only were the people without the Bible, but the very high-priest did not know where to lay his hand upon a copy; and the king, whose first act should have been to write himself a copy of the law of God, did not so much as know of its existence!

It is strange to see, even in England, in which generally a Bible is to be found in every house, how little use people make of their Bibles! In many Christian homes only the one who conducts family worship has a Bible in hand, and the remainder of the family do not follow with open Bibles. Is it because they know their Bibles so well that they never are at a loss to find a passage, and so, having it all by heart, they do not need this help? Or is it from indifference? In numbers of churches of all denominations there are thousands who make no use of their Bibles during the service; they do not think of noting in their Bibles the connection of Scripture which the minister may bring out, so as to help them afterward in private Bible study. It is certain that those who are in the habit of carrying their Bibles to every service and meeting which they attend have always a knowledge of their Bibles which others have not. Our Scotch brethren, for instance, are, as a nation, the most intelligent Bible students on the face of the earth; they do not take things by hearsay, but you see them by hundreds in every meeting searching their Bibles to see if these things be so (Acots 17: 11).

When Hilkiah found the book of the law in the house of the Lord, he showed it to Shaphan the scribe, who first read it himself, and then came in and told the king of this great discovery; and then he "read it before the king." Josiah's heart was made ready; the Word of God took effect upon him. "It came to pass that when the king had heard the words of the book of the law, that he rent his clothes." But a mere feeling of grief, and nothing to follow, would have effected nothing. God wants

REALITY, NOT SENTIMENTALITY.

Josiah carried God's Word to God Himself. He commanded Hilkiah the priest, and Ahikam the son of Shaphan, and Achbor the son of Michaiah (or Micah, perhaps Micah the prophet), and Shaphan the scribe, and Asahiah, a servant of the king's, saying, "Go ye, inquire of the Lord for me, and for the people, and for all Judah, concerning the words of this book that is found." Had they been living in close communion with God, they would have gone to Him direct. There is no such blessing as when we take the written Word to the living Word, and inquire of Him what He has to say to us. Then He makes His Word spirit and life to us (John 6: 63), a something which is directly between Him and our own souls.

But this little band of messengers went to a simple woman, one who seemed to know more of God than did the high-priest, one who was a female evangelist of her time, "Huldah the prophetess the wife of Shallum the son of Tikvah." They communed with her, and so did God, and "she said unto them, Thus saith the Lord God of Israel, Tell the man that sent you to me, Thus saith the Lord," and then she confirmed all the predictions of evil which should come upon Jerusalem and the inhabitants thereof. But He who in wrath remembers mercy, added, "But to the king of Judah . . . Thus saith the Lord, Because thine heart was tender, and thou hast humbled thyself before the Lord, when thou heardest what I spake against this place, and against the inhabitants thereof, that

they should become a desolation and a curse, and hast rent thy clothes, and wept before Me,

I HAVE ALSO HEARD THEE,

saith the Lord. . . Thou shalt be gathered unto thy grave in peace, and thou shalt not see all the evil which I will bring upon this place."

What should be done; evil was coming, and could not be averted; why not, then, make the best of the present, and act in the spirit of the world, "Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die?" (1 Cor. 15: 32). This is the thought of the fatalist. But the king had it from the Lord that some years of peace would intervene between the present time and the dreaded judgments which were to follow; and Josiah made use of this time for God in seeking to win as many souls as he could. He gathered together a great convention, consisting of all the elders of Judah and Jerusalem, irrespective of their religious opinions, and "all the men of Judah, and the inhabitants of Jerusalem, both small and great; and he read in their ears all the words of the book of the covenant which was found in the house of the Lord." How he can have made them all hear is difficult to understand; it is possible that representatives of the people were with him in the temple, and that a great mass-meeting was gathered without, and that Levites and scribes went out and repeated the words which the king read to the multitudes.

But the king was not satisfied simply to read what God had said to them. He wanted their answer back to God. So he "stood by a pillar, and made a covenant before the Lord, to walk after the Lord;" thus beginning with a personal consecration. But he included the people, and they covenanted to walk after the Lord, and to keep His commandments, and His testimonies, and His statutes, with all their heart, and all their soul, to perform the words of this covenant that were written in this book. And all the people stood to the covenant; it was

A NATIONAL CONSECRATION MEETING, and something must, and did, come out of it. Public opinion was mightily influenced, a strong current of popular feeling was aroused for God and against idolatry. Josiah led the crusade in person. All which belonged to the worship of idols was brought out and burned in public. He took up the cause of social purity and broke down the infamous houses, and put down the unclean men. He left no stone unturned to purge the whole land from idolatry and from its polluting consequences. Altars, groves, images, without any regard to their artistic beauty, were condemned to destruction, and in the course of this utter cleansing of Jerusalem from idolatry he fulfilled the prophecy of the man of God in Bethel (1 Kings 13: 30, 31), and burned the bones of the idol priests upon the altar where Jeroboam had offered sacrifice. All the antiquities of the land which had the contaminating element of idolatry about them were mercilessly sacrificed. Traces of Solomon's idolatry, and of all his sinful successors who had turned away from the Lord, were done away. And then, when the city was cleansed, not till then, Josiah kept a passover in obedience to the book of the law which he had found. "Surely there was not holden such a passover from the days of the judges that judged Israel, nor in all the days of the kings of Israel, nor of the kings of Judah." Such is the effect of the Word of God received; the whole generation then living came under the blessing, and God was glorified.

The Prophetic News and Israel's Watchman (London) may be had from the office of this journal, 63 Bible House, New York, price, six cents, including postage. Annual subscription, seventy cents. The following articles among others are contained in the number for December:

Ireland's Approaching Separation from England.
The Servo-Bulgarian War.
Mr. Stead's Condemnation.
What are We Coming to? By an Onlooker.
The Period and the Phenomena of the Seventh Vial.
The Fifth Universal Monarchy.
Spiritualism in the Work of Demons. By the Rev. Miles Grant, of Chicago.
Our Lord's Restoration in Part. By Rev. Capel Molyneux, B.A.
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Passing Events Viewed from a Prophetic Standpoint.
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AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES.

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The Late WILLIAM H. VANDERBILT, the Richest Man in the World.

THE LATE W. H. VANDERBILT.

His Vast Wealth—Acrimonious Criticisms—Difficulties of Wealthy Men—Birth and Early Life—Marriage and Farming—Outwitting the Commodore—Why he Gave up Smoking—First Railroad Management—The Vice-Presidency of the Harlem Road—His Father's Lieutenant—His Inheritance—The Vast Fortune Doubled—His Charities.

MUCH has been said and written during the three weeks which have elapsed since his death about the life and character of Mr. Vanderbilt. It was natural that it should be so, for he occupied a very conspicuous place in the world. There was no such fortune in this or any other land in the control of one man as that which he possessed. Two hundred million dollars is a sum the imagination cannot realize. If piled up in silver dollars, coin upon coin, it would make a stack over three hundred miles high. If turned into paper dollars and put lengthwise it would put a girdle nearly round the earth at the equator. If invested as Mr. Vanderbilt knew how to invest it, the owner would have an income so large that he might spend twenty dollars every minute of his life, day and night, without reducing his capital. The possession of such a sum gave him a unique place in the world. Beside this, Mr. Vanderbilt was personally remarkable. In no pursuit are there so many competitors as in the pursuit of wealth, but he distanced them all. In 1877 he possessed one hundred million dollars; after eight years' work he had made it two hundred millions. Thus in two aspects Mr. Vanderbilt was remarkable, and he could not pass away from the scene of his triumphs and his supremacy unnoticed.

HARSH CRITICISM.

With much that has been said of him we have no sympathy. It has been represented that he was almost criminal in being so rich. There seems to be little basis for the imputation. Compared with other millionaires less successful than himself, Mr. Vanderbilt seems to have been singularly free from blame. The bulk of his money was made by serving the public for a consideration. The people wanted transportation; Mr. Vanderbilt gave it to them, and that he might get as large a remuneration as possible, he exerted himself to keep competitors from the field. The method may be condemned as selfish and greedy, but only indiscriminating persons will class it with the criminal methods by which some fortunes we could name have recently been built up. There are millionaires now living whose every dollar has been won by trickery. They skillfully manipulate the stock market until some guileless capitalists are tempted to invest, then there is another manipulation, and the victims depart stripped of their money. Or they weave a net about some financial enterprise that they may ruin it, and fill their pockets with the plunder that is scattered around in its fall. By the side of such methods Mr. Vanderbilt's operations were honorable.

The world has no just cause of complaint against Mr. Vanderbilt. He acted on its maxims, carried out its principles, used its weapons, and fairly gained its prizes. True, it is an anomaly that he should have had more money than he could spend, while other men are dying for want; but the world has insisted on following the devil's guidance and disregarding the laws of God, and necessarily it finds itself in a condition in which there are anomalies. What else could be expected? Mr. Vanderbilt did not pretend to be guided by the teachings of the Saviour; he did not even profess to be a philanthropist; he was simply a worldly man engaged in the world's pursuits, and he was consistent. It is the world that is inconsistent in condemning him. The players who sit around a gaming-table cast angry and envious eyes on the pile the winner is accumulating, but while he observes the rules of the game they raise no complaint against his winning. Sometimes, however, maddened by their losses, they do set upon him in unreasoning fury, and he

suffers in person and pocket. Something like that may happen to the millionaires when the patience of the poor is exhausted. People have scoffed at God's law, and have laughed at the teaching of Christ; they have yet to learn that in the Sermon on the Mount is the only ground on which society can be held together. If they were only wise they would learn the lesson now, and not wait to be driven to it by the preaching of the Gospel of dynamite.

A CASE FOR SYMPATHY.

We know of no position more trying than that of a Christian man to whom great wealth falls. As he reads the words of the Great Teacher, as he realizes that his possessions are only a trust, he comes to understand the compassionate remark of Christ: "How hardly shall they that have riches enter into the kingdom of God." The ordeal through which he must pass before he can do his duty is one that few men can endure. Multitudes have turned their back upon their Lord, and have gone away, "sorrowing because they had great possessions." The fact should lead us to a more temperate judgment than is generally uttered.

While, therefore, Mr. Vanderbilt's life is not one that can be held up as an example—for it was not a life of high purpose or noble achievement, nor can it be regarded as a warning—for it was successful in the end to which it was devoted, it was, nevertheless, a life in which much interest was taken by the people. A brief record of it will, consequently, we believe, be acceptable to our readers.

BIRTH AND EARLY LIFE.

William H. Vanderbilt was born on May 8th, 1821, at New Brunswick, N. J. He was therefore in his sixty-fifth year when he died on December 8th. His father, the old Commodore, was then keeping the inn at that place, which he had rent free. He had been married seven years when William was born. Three years before that time he had given up the occupation he had found very profitable of sailing sloops in the harbor of New York, and accepted service as captain of a small steamer plying between New York City and New Brunswick. Thomas Gibbons, the owner of the steamer, paid him \$1000 a year salary.

The Commodore had little esteem for education, and William, therefore, had few advantages of that kind placed within his reach. He was, when still a boy, placed in a ship-chandlery to work, but, on attaining his eighteenth year, a clerkship in the house of Drew, Robinson & Co. was secured for him. Bank clerks did not in 1841 get the salaries they now enjoy, and when he came of age Mr. Vanderbilt was receiving only twenty dollars a week. He thought that was sufficient to get married upon, and he succeeded in bringing to the same conclusion the young lady to whom he was engaged—Miss M. L. Kissam, daughter of the Rev. Samuel H. Kissam, a clergyman of the Dutch Reformed Church, then residing in Brooklyn. They were married; and, as Mr. Vanderbilt had not saved any money wherewith to furnish a home, they went to boarding in East Broadway, at sixteen dollars a week for the two. Shortly afterward Mr. Vanderbilt's health failed, and it became evident that if he continued his occupation at a desk he would die. The Commodore came to the rescue. He bought a farm of seventy-five acres of unimproved land near New Dorp, Staten Island, and gave it to William to do the best he could with it. The young man and his wife removed there, and worked hard, but found the product of the farm but a narrow provision for the family. The Commodore thought he had done enough to give his son a start when he put him in possession of the farm, and refused to supply him with money to develop it. William did his best, but found that money must be had, and he mortgaged the farm for \$6000. His father heard of it, and declared he would have nothing more to do with him, but the next day William received a cheque for \$6000 from the Commodore, with instructions to "go and pay that mortgage off right away."

THE COMMODORE OUTWITTED.

William did not stand high in his father's estimation as a business man. The old man liked his son, but thought him simple, and too "soft" to make much progress in the world. It was therefore a pleasure to the son, and secretly a delight to the father, though he professed himself exasperated, when William beat the Commodore with his own weapons. William needed some manure for his farm and applied to his father. "You can have it at the market-price, a dollar a load," said the old man. The next day the Commodore was surprised to find that his son had taken the whole hillock. He was still more surprised when William tendered him a dollar in payment. "What do you mean by this?" asked the Commodore, holding the dollar out contemptuously. "That was the price you fixed," said the son; "I took a load, and that is the money for it." That was true, but the load he took was a *scow-load*. It was noticed that afterward the old man thought better of his son's business smartness.

A few years sufficed to demonstrate to the satisfaction of even the distrustful Commodore that his son was at least a successful farmer. Year after year the boundaries of the farm were widened, until finally they included three hundred and fifty acres instead of seventy-five, and the produce which was sent from it into the New York market brought into the coffers of the farmer no less than \$12,000 annually above the cost of cultivation. Meanwhile the old Commodore was growing rich with unprecedented rapidity. His wealth was becoming enormous, and he watched his son narrowly to see if he could be safely trusted with the large fortune that must be bequeathed to some one, for the old man was proud of its bulk, and had no intention of dividing it up into small portions. His doubts were about William's shrewdness. He wanted to see him get "hard." Of his filial respect and dutiful disposition he had no doubt. One instance of it affected the old man deeply. It was when William

GAVE UP SMOKING.

The Commodore decided to take the whole of his family on a European trip, and built a steamer for the purpose. The trip lasted four months, and was one of the sensations of the year, not only in New York, but in all the ports at which the steamer stopped. One day, on the out-bound voyage, the Commodore and William were walking on the deck. The son had been fond of smoking since his youth, and as he walked with the Commodore he puffed blue clouds from his after-dinner cigar. "I wish you would give up that smoking habit of yours," said the Commodore abruptly. "I'll give you \$10,000 if you do it." "You need not give me any money. Your wish is quite sufficient," answered the son, throwing the cigar overboard.

FIRST RAILROAD EXPERIENCE.

Three years after his return from Europe Mr. Vanderbilt made a beginning in the career in which he was to become famous. There was a railroad thirteen miles long on Staten Island, and the Commodore, who was then closing out his steamboat interests to invest in railroads, owned most of the stock. The road was a failure, and went into bankruptcy. Young Vanderbilt was one of the most prominent men on the island, and he became, through the wishes of the stockholders, led by the Commodore, the receiver of the bankrupt road. It was a narrow sphere in which to demonstrate the possession of a talent for railway management, but it served to acquaint him with some of the practical details of railway operation. The receiver speedily mastered all the points of the situation, cut down the expenses of the road, stimulated travel over it by encouraging excursions, systematized the business of the road, and in two years had it out of bankruptcy and was rewarded with the presidency.

In 1864 Mr. Vanderbilt spent several months on the shores of the Mediterranean in attendance on his youngest brother, George, who, while fighting in the Union army in the Corinth

ampaign, was wounded, and contracted a fever which shattered his constitution. He was sent to Europe in the vain hope of saving his life, and William accompanied him. Consumption did its fatal work, and the elder brother returned alone.

HIS FATHER'S LIEUTENANT.

By this time the Commodore, who had been close observer of the Staten Island Railroad management, arrived at the conclusion that there was "something in Bill after all." He gave practical proof of the opinion by making him Vice-President of the Harlem Railroad, and his son thenceforth worked under his father's eye. He removed his family to New York. They occupied a substantial stone-front house at Thirty-eighth Street and Fifth Avenue, a gift from the Commodore to his son. In 1865 William was put into the Hudson River Board of Directors, the highest honor that could be conferred upon him, the old Commodore thought.

William was now secure in his father's confidence and good-will, and on the high road to fortune. The Commodore gave him all his real estate outright, paid him enormous salaries for the various railroad offices that he held, and let him into a share of all his successful investments and speculations. In half a decade the younger Vanderbilt was a millionaire, and at his father's death he was worth three or four millions in his own name.

HIS INHERITANCE.

Commodore Cornelius Vanderbilt died January 4th, 1877. The roads, with their perfect organization, passed from the hands of father to son without the slightest disturbance. Ninety-five of the hundred millions of the Commodore's property were given absolutely to his son. The rest of other heirs for a more equitable division of the estate is still fresh in the memory of all. A compromise was effected, and William remained in possession of his vast legacy. Little remains to be said of Mr. Vanderbilt's story in connection with his business enterprises. The father had gone through the more difficult task of building up the great system of nothing. He left it a piece of perfected mechanism. It was the son's part to keep the machinery in motion. That he did so ably and wisely is the universal testimony of all who had dealings with him. He extended his lines by lease and purchase, and became a large owner of telegraph stock and real estate. His colossal fortune grew of its own impetus, like a big orbball rolling down-hill. His income enormously exceeded his expenditures, and increased its capital year by year until now it is believed to be more than two hundred millions.

HIS CHARITIES.

Mr. Vanderbilt doubtless gave many sums of money to institutions and individuals of which the public never heard. Among those which were published was the \$100,000 he gave in 1880 to build a Theological Hall for Vanderbilt University at Nashville, Tenn., to which the old Commodore had given \$1,000,000. In 1881 he gave \$500,000 to the College of Physicians and Surgeons in this city. The loan of \$150,000 to General Grant, which Mr. Vanderbilt strongly urged the General to accept as a gift, is another well-known instance of his generosity. When Lieutenant-Commander Goringe found that the expense of bringing over the obelisk was \$150,000, \$50,000 more than he had contracted to transport it for, Mr. Vanderbilt paid the extra \$100,000, and added \$10,000 of his own motion. When this great railroad strike of 1877 occurred, he employed of the New York Central received \$100,000 for refusing to join the strikers. We have already mentioned in our news columns his gifts to religious and philanthropic institutions made in his will.

His disposition of his vast fortune is more equitable than was that of his father. One half his estate is divided between his two sons, Cornelius (who is Vice-President of the Young Men's Christian Association) and William K. The other hundred million is divided among her members of the family.

RETROSPECT OF THE YEAR.

The year 1885 will not appear in our national history as an eventful year. There have been many occurrences in it to render it memorable, but of startling events, such as arouse the whole community and change the current of national life, there have been none. While other nations have been disturbed by war and apprehension of war and by civil commotion, we have been mercifully preserved in peace with other nations and in internal tranquillity. Whatever may have been his individual experience during the year, the patriotic Christian will not fail this day, as he recalls the public events of the last twelve months, to thank the Giver of all mercies for His protecting care of his beloved land.

IN POLITICS

The most prominent event has been the transfer of executive power from the Republican to the Democratic party after a quarter of a century of Republican administration. That the change was made peaceably and easily, without friction, is a significant fact that cannot fail to have been noticed by European critics, who by this time should have grown tired of foretelling the collapse of our republican institutions. Our own citizens, too, should not forget it, especially those who allowed themselves to be alarmed by the predictions of the orators in the Presidential campaign. It is no trivial sign of stability when, in obedience to the vote of the people, a great party surrenders the highest office in the world, with all its power and patronage, and gracefully gives place to its rival. The inauguration of President Cleveland is an event which both political parties may remember with pride. It is also worthy of note that the cry raised during the campaign of "We want to see the books," with the doubt it expressed, has led to no disgraceful revelations. The books have been seen and have been found correct. The legislation of the year has not been important. Various measures, such as the National Bankruptcy law, were discussed in Congress, but without practical result. The only really important measure was a further reduction in postal charges, which permitted letters of an ounce weight to be mailed at the same rate as that previously charged for half an ounce. The most prominent subject of political interest has necessarily been that of the appointments. The fact that the President has incurred unpopularity in his own party by his slowness in making changes, indicates that to a very large extent there has been a change for the better in our system, and that the spirit of Civil Service Reform is making itself felt. Much still remains to be done before the offices are regarded as places to be filled by efficient officers, and not as sinecures for partisan workers, but it is gratifying to notice that we are moving in that direction.

THE PUBLIC WORKS

Of the year are worthy of recollection. Chief among them was the completion of the Washington Monument, which was first projected in 1783, and the erection commenced in 1848. It was formally dedicated on February 21st, and the reproach of ingratitude under which the nation lay was removed. A triumph of engineering skill, which, though local in situation, is of national interest, was the explosion of Flood Rock, in the vicinity of New York, on October 10th. Beneficent works of that character are milestones in the nation's advance in civilization. The rescue of Niagara from the hands of speculators, and the acquisition of its neighborhood as a public property, is a smaller matter; but, as the great cataract is annually visited by Europeans, its emancipation may do more than is perceptible at first sight to raise our national character in foreign esteem.

CRIME.

As usual, rears its head in any survey that we take of the year's events. This year, however, there have been few of those appalling outrages which have made other years memorable. Probably the most disgraceful on the list was the unprovoked outrage at Rock Springs, Wyoming, on September 2d, when five hundred

Chinese miners were brutally attacked, and fifty of them murdered. The shooting of O'Donovan Rossa by Mrs. Dudley, on February 2d, and the knifing of Captain Phelan in Rossa's office, on January 9th, were crimes that indicate the difficulties a nation has to confront when it becomes a popular place of refuge for discontented foreigners. Then, too, we had disturbances incidental to the antagonism of capital and labor, but, happily, they were characterized by less violence than in former years. The riots in Cleveland, O., in July, the car-drivers' disturbance in Chicago, in the same month, and in St. Louis in October, were among the most serious of these. Though the excesses were comparatively slight, there were signs which could not but cause uneasiness that the relations of capital and labor are still strained, and that the teachings of socialistic agitators are producing dangerous fruit. The

CALAMITIES

of the year have also been less shocking than those that have made other years a terrible memory. The fire in the Philadelphia Lunatic Asylum, on February 12th, in which sixteen demented creatures perished, the mining disaster at Wilkesbarre, on August 11th, in which twelve lives were lost, and that on December 18th, in which twenty-six miners were entombed, are among the most prominent of these sad events. There have been tornadoes, too, which this year have been very destructive. On June 12th, and again two days later, Iowa was visited by these dreadful storms, and the loss of life and property was deplorable. On August 3d, Philadelphia and Camden had a similar experience. On August 25th, Charleston, S. C., had a visitation, in which the shipping in the harbor was nearly annihilated, and property in the city of the value of a million dollars was destroyed. Washington Court House, a prosperous town in Ohio, was the next sufferer. The whole town was demolished, fifteen persons were killed, and over three hundred wounded. Another distressing calamity was the fire at Galveston, Tex., on November 15th, which burned sixty blocks of houses, destroyed property worth two million dollars, and rendered hundreds of families homeless. An appalling visitation of another kind was the epidemic of typhoid fever, in May, at Plymouth, Pa., caused by polluted drinking water. At one time sixteen hundred people were suffering from the scourge, and the deaths were numerous.

Turning to the

RELIGIOUS

history of the year, there is much cause for thankfulness. It has been a year of quickened spiritual life in all the churches, and many hitherto cold and lifeless have shaken off their apathy and given themselves to prayer and labor. The Conventions conducted by Mr. Moody at Northfield, Mass., Brooklyn, N. Y., Washington, D. C., Richmond, Va., and other cities, have been fruitful in stirring up slothful Christians to active service, and it seems probable that the changed method of operations adopted by the great evangelist will lead to results more extended and more sustained than even those in which he has spoken directly to the unconverted. A more striking manifestation of Christian activity is the *Advent Mission* in the Protestant Episcopal churches of New York, because heretofore that denomination has refrained more generally than other churches from special efforts of this character. The noonday services in Trinity Church, at which bankers and brokers attended in large numbers, were a feature of the mission full of interest to the Christian observer. The Conventions on Holiness and *Divine Healing* also are a prominent characteristic of the spiritual life of this year. A fervor and intense yearning for nearness to God has been manifested at the conferences, which has impressed even those who were sceptical about the doctrines advocated. One event, however, which will render this year conspicuous in the annals of the Christian Church, is the completion of the *Revised Bible*, which was given to the public on

May 21st, exactly four years after the Revised New Testament was issued. The new version of the Old Testament aroused less adverse criticism than did the New, the revisers having been more conservative than their colleagues in the great work. There are signs that the new version is growing in favor, and that as the older generation disappears it will continue to gain the confidence of the people.

IN CANADA

two causes combined to render the year memorable. One was the outbreak with unusual violence of the small-pox in Montreal; and the other the half-breed rebellion in the northwest in March. After inflicting serious losses, and causing the death of many worthy and brave citizens, the half-breeds were at length overcome, and Riel, their leader, was captured. Strong efforts were made to induce the Government to spare his life, but he was tried, condemned, and executed, much to the displeasure of the French citizens of the Dominion.

IN ENGLAND

the year has been one of turmoil, political excitement, uneasy apprehension, and social agitation. No sooner had the year opened than a dynamite outrage, the work of Irish miscreants, alarmed all London. That was in the underground railroad, but three weeks later—on January 24th—a more daring plot was successfully executed, and a portion of the Houses of Parliament was destroyed. Again, on April 23d, dynamite was employed, and one of the Government offices was wrecked. Beside this trouble, all England was distressed by dread of a calamity in the Sudan, where General Gordon was bravely holding out with a mere handful of troops against the hordes of the Mahdi. Mr. Gladstone and his colleagues left the Christian hero to his fate until the indignation of the people grew so intense that the Cabinet was threatened with loss of their offices. Then they sent an expedition badly equipped by a circuitous route to the relief of the city. The expedition performed prodigies of valor under cruel disadvantages. General Stewart, General Erle, Colonel Burnaby, and other distinguished officers and large numbers of men less distinguished, sacrificed their lives; and, when the expedition arrived at its destination, on January 28th, it found that Khartoum had fallen two days before, and Gordon had been killed.

The nation had not recovered from this calamity when it passed into a season of horrible dread of a war with Russia. Early in March it was announced that Russia was advancing on territory claimed by Afghanistan, and it appeared probable that Afghanistan itself would fall into its clutches. England, trembling for her Indian Empire, prepared to fight for the maintenance of the Afghan power, which is all that lies between English and Russian territory in Asia. Parliament voted \$5,000,000 as a war credit, the reserves were called out, and war seemed inevitable. It was not until June that the danger passed away and England once more breathed freely.

Treading close upon the heels of this excitement came a political crisis. Mr. Gladstone's followers were divided among themselves. Discontent was growing all the spring, and on June 8th, in a division of the House of Commons, Mr. Gladstone was outvoted and resigned. He was succeeded by the Marquis of Salisbury and a Conservative Cabinet. During this month a new House of Commons has been elected with a momentous result. Mr. Parnell, with a compact body of eighty-six Irish members pledged on their oath to obey him implicitly, now holds the balance of power. Neither Liberals nor Conservatives can pass a party measure without Irish aid, and it is in Mr. Parnell's power to paralyze public business.

Beside these weighty causes for public excitement there has been a painful social agitation. It has long been known to social reformers that wealthy aristocrats and men of social standing have been guilty of gross immorality, and have actually dealt at recognized agencies, where, by

paying a specified sum of money, young and innocent girls were supplied to them for immoral purposes. The social reformers for a long time agitated for the enactment of a law for the better protection of female children, but members of Parliament were among the sinners, and there being no public pressure, they refused to pass the law. In order to arouse public opinion the editor of the *Pall Mall Gazette* made a public exposure of the crimes, and immediately a storm was aroused which drove the members of Parliament to the performance of their duty. The Archbishop of Canterbury, Cardinal Manning, Mr. Spurgeon, Rev. Newman Hall, and other divines, indorsed the action of the journalist. Unhappily he suffered in the storm he had raised, and the vengeance of his enemies, whose backs were tingling from the strokes of his lash, fell upon his head. He was sent to prison for three months, and he is there now.

OTHER EUROPEAN NATIONS

have not escaped trial. The sudden rising in the Balkans is too recent to need detailed record here. Roumelia, on September 18th, threw off the Turkish yoke and united herself with Bulgaria, thereby setting Austria and Russia in antagonism that even yet may end in war. Greece, Turkey, and Germany watch the development of events with anxiety, and each stands with hand on sword ready to join in the fray. In France the elections have resulted in the downfall of the party organized by Gambetta, and society watches nervously the approach of a crisis in which the country will have to choose between a government by a monarchy or anarchy under the Commune. Spain has narrowly escaped a conflict with Germany. The latter Power seized one of the Caroline Islands to which Spain has a traditional claim, and the Spaniards for a few days were carried away by the war fever. Happily Germany agreed to submit the question in dispute to the arbitration of the Pope, and war was averted. Again, this year, Spain has suffered from an outbreak of cholera. It was more fatal than in previous years, and upward of nine thousand people died during the epidemic. Among other calamities reported from abroad was a disastrous inundation in China in September. The city of Canton was almost devastated, and upward of ten thousand persons were drowned. A second terrible visitation was an earthquake in Cashmere, which overthrew seventy thousand houses and killed upward of three thousand persons.

DEATH

has been busy during the year on both sides the Atlantic, and many whom the world revered have passed away. Foremost on the list of our own losses is the name of General Grant. In February, the country was shocked by the announcement that its most distinguished citizen was suffering from cancer of the throat. The whole people sympathized with him in his agony, and admired the patience and fortitude which he exhibited. All that medical skill could do for him was done, but without avail. On July 23d he died, and at his funeral the surviving generals who had fought under him, and those who had fought against him, met in friendly companionship in sorrow as they followed his remains to the tomb. Among other prominent men who have passed from our midst this year are: Vice-President Hendricks, General George B. McClellan, Frederick T. Frelinghuysen, Schuyler Colfax, Lieutenant Goringe, Robert Toombs, and W. H. Vanderbilt. The Church has lost the venerable Dr. Stephen H. Tyng, Dr. S. Irenæus Prime, Dr. Noah Schenck, Dr. Whedon, and many other loved and useful men.

Across the Atlantic the obituary list contains the names of the Earl of Shaftesbury, Earl Cairns, Lord Houghton, and Bishops Fraser, Moberly, Woodford and Jackson. The philanthropic Jewish centenarian, Sir Moses Montefiore, also at last passed away. On the Continent, too, there were several men of great name laid low. Victor Hugo, Frederick Charles, the Red Prince of Germany, and the King of Spain were the most prominent of death's victims.

THE MANGER.

Dr. Talmage's Sermon preached last Sunday Morning, December 27, 1885.

"Ye shall find the babe wrapped in swaddling clothes, lying in a manger. And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host."—LUKE 2:12, 13.

The Music from the Gallery of the Sky—What was Born that Night—I. Encouragement for All the Poorly Started—Most of the World's Deliverers Born in Poverty—Luther, Shakespeare, Columbus—II. Good-Will to Men—The Effect of the Paradise Catastrophe—Reversed in the Manger—III. Sympathetic Union with Other Worlds—A Star Harnessed to a Manger—IV. The Offender's Hope—The Two Doors of Christ's Life—Christmas Reunion in Heaven—The Door the Angels Forget to Shut—The Raft in Mid-ocean—The Ship of Perfection—Merry Christmas.

At midnight from one of the galleries of the sky a chant broke. To an ordinary observer there was no reason for such a celestial demonstration. A poor man and wife—travellers, Joseph and Mary by name—had lodged in an outhouse of an unimportant village. The supreme hour of solemnity had passed, and upon the pallid forehead and cheek of Mary God had set the dignity, the grandeur, the tenderness, the everlasting and divine significance of motherhood.

But such scenes had often occurred in Bethlehem, yet never before had a star been unfixed, or had a baton of light marshalled over the hills winged orchestra. If there had been such brilliant and mighty recognition at an advent in the House of Pharaoh, or at an advent in the House of Caesar, or the House of Hapsburg, or the House of Stuart we would not so much have wondered; but a barn seems too poor a centre for such delicate and archangelic circumstance. The stage seems too small for so great an act, the music too grand for such unappreciative auditors, the window of the stable too rude to be serenaded by other worlds.

It is my joy this morning to tell you what was born that night in the village barn; and as I want to make my discourse accumulative and climactic, I begin, in the first place, by telling you that that night in

THE BETHLEHEM MANGER

was born encouragement for all the poorly started. He had only two friends—they His parents. No satin-lined cradle, no delicate attentions, but straw, and the cattle, and the coarse joke and banter of the camel drivers. No wonder the mediæval painters represent the oxen as kneeling before the infant Jesus, for there were no men there at that time to worship. From the depths of that poverty He rose until to-day He is honored in all Christendom, and sits on the imperial throne in heaven.

What name is mightiest to-day in Christendom? Jesus. Who has more friends on earth than any other being? Jesus. Before whom do the most thousands kneel in chapel and church and cathedral this hour? Jesus. From what depths of poverty to what height of renown! And so let all those who are poorly started remember that they cannot be more poorly born, or more disadvantageously, than this Christ. Let them look up to His example while they have time and eternity to imitate it.

Do you know that the vast majority of the world's deliverers had barnlike birthplaces? Luther, the emancipator of religion, born among the mines. Shakespeare, the emancipator of literature, born in an humble home at Stratford-on-Avon. Columbus, the discoverer of a world, born in poverty at Genoa. Hogarth, the discoverer of how to make art accumulative and administrative of virtue, born in an humble home at Westmoreland. Kitto and Pridaux, whose keys unlocked new apartments in the Holy Scriptures which had never been entered, born in want. Yea, I have to tell you that nine out of ten of the world's deliverers were born in want.

I stir your holy ambitions to-day, and I want

to tell you, although the whole world may be opposed to you, and inside and outside of your occupations or professions there may be those who would hinder your ascent, on your side and mistled in your behalf are the sympathetic heart and the almighty arm of One who one Christmas night about eighteen hundred and eighty years ago was wrapped in swaddling clothes and laid in a manger. Oh, what magnificent encouragement for the poorly started!

II. Again, I have to tell you that in that village barn that night was born

GOOD WILL TO MEN,

whether you call it kindness, or forbearance, or forgiveness, or gentility, or affection, or love. It was no sport of high heaven to send its favorite to that humiliation. It was sacrifice for an rebellious world. After the calamity in Paradise, not only did the ox begin to gore, and the deer to sting, and the elephant to smite with its tusk, and the lion to put to bad use tooth and paw, but under the very tree from which the forbidden fruit was plucked were hatched out war and revenge and malice and envy and jealousy, and the whole brood of cockatrices.

But against that scene I set the Bethlehem manger, which says, "Bless rather than curse, endure rather than assault," and that Christmas light puts out vindictiveness. It says, "Sheathe your sword, dismount your guns, dismantle your batteries, turn the warship Constellation, that carried shot and shell, into a grain ship to take food to famishing Ireland, hook your cavalry horses to the plow, use your deadly gunpowder to blasting rocks and in patriotic celebration, stop your lawsuits, quit writing anonymous letters, extract the sting from your sarcasm, let your wit coruscate but never burn, drop all the harsh words out of your vocabulary—"Goodwill to men."

"Oh, you say, 'I can't exercise it; I won't exercise it until they apologize; I won't forgive them until they ask me to forgive them.' You are no Christian then—I say you are no Christian, or you are a very inconsistent Christian. You forgive not men their trespasses, how can you expect your Heavenly Father to forgive you? Forgive them if they ask your forgiveness, and forgive them anyhow. Shake hands I around. "Good-will to men."

Oh, my Lord Jesus, drop that spirit into all our hearts this Christmas hour! I tell you

WHAT THE WORLD WANTS

more than anything else—more helping hands, more sympathetic hearts, more kind words that never die, more disposition to give other people a ride, and to carry the heavy end of the load and give other people the light end, and to ascribe good motives instead of bad, and to find our happiness in making others happy.

Out of that Bethlehem crib let the bear and the lion eat straw like an ox. "Good-will to men." That principle will yet settle all controversies, and under it the world will keep on improving until there will be only two antagonists all the earth, and they will side by side take a jubilant sleigh-ride intimated by the prophet when he said, "Holiness shall be on the bells of horses."

III. Again, I remark that born that Christmas night in the village barn was *sympathetic* UNION WITH OTHER WORLDS.

Move that supernatural grouping of the cloud kings over Bethlehem, and from the special aims that ran down to the scene I find that our world is beautifully and gloriously and magnificently surrounded. The meteors are with us, and one of them ran to point down to the birthplace. The heavens are with us, because at the thought of our redemption they roll hosannas to the midnight sky.

Oh, yes, I do not know but our world may be better surrounded than we have sometimes imagined; and when a child is born angels chime it, and when it dies angels take it, and when an old man bends under the weight of his angels uphold him, and when a heart aches angels soothe it. Angels in the hospital take care of the sick. Angels in the ceme-

tery to watch our dead. Angels in church ready to fly heavenward with the news of repentant souls. Angels above the world. Angels under the world. Angels all around the world.

Rub the dust of human imperfection out of your eyes, and look into the heavens and see angels of pity, angels of mercy, angels of pardon, angels of help, angels crowned, angels charioted. The world defended by angels, girded by angels, cohorted by angels—clouds of angels. Hear David cry out, "The chariots of God are twenty thousand. Even thousands of angels." But the mightiest angel stood not that night in the clouds over Bethlehem; the mightiest angel that night lay among the cattle—the Angel of the new covenant.

As the clean white linen was being wrapped around the little form of that Child Emperor, not a cherub, not a seraph, not an angel, not a world but wept and thrilled and shouted. Oh, yes, our world has plenty of sympathizers! Our world is only a silver rung of a great ladder at the top of which is our Father's house. No more stellar solitariness for our world, no other friendless planets spun out into space to freeze, but a world in the bosom of divine maternity. *A star harnessed to a manger.*

IV. Again, I remark that that night born in that village barn was

THE OFFENDER'S HOPE.

Some sermonizers may say I ought to have projected this thought at the beginning of the sermon. Oh, no! I wanted you to rise toward it. I wanted you to examine the cornelians and the jaspers and the emeralds and the chrysalis before I showed you the Kohinoor—the crown jewel of the ages. Oh, that jewel had a very poor setting! The cub of bear is born amid the grand old pillars of the forest, the whelp of lion takes its first step from the jungle of luxuriant leaf and wild flower, the kid of goat is born in cavern chandelied with stalactite and pillared with stalagmite. Christ was born in a bare barn.

Yet that nativity was the offender's hope. Over the door of heaven are written these words: "None but the sinless may enter here." "Oh, horror," you say, "that shuts us all out!" No. Christ came to the world in one door, and He departed through another door. He came through the door of the manger, and He departed through the door of the sepulchre, and His one business was so to wash away our sin that after we are dead there will be no more sin about us than about the eternal God. I know that is putting it strongly, but that is what I understand by full remission. All erased, all washed away, all scoured out, all gone. That undergirding and overarching and irradiating and imparading possibility for you, and for me, and for the whole race that was given that Christmas night.

Do you wonder we bring flowers to-day to celebrate such an event? Do you wonder that we take organ and cornet and youthful voice and queenly soloist to celebrate it? Do you wonder that Raphael and Rubens and Titian and Giotto and Ghirlandajo, and all the old Italian and German painters gave the mightiest stroke of the painters to sketch the Madonna Mary and her boy?

Oh! now I see

WHAT THE MANGER WAS.

Not so high the gilded and jeweled and embroidered cradle of the Henrys of England, or the Louis of France, or the Fredericks of Prussia. Now I find out that that Bethlehem crib fed not so much the oxen of the stall as the white horses of Apocalyptic vision. Now I find the swaddling clothes enlarging and emblazoning into an imperial robe for a conqueror. Now I find that the star of that Christmas night was only the diamonded sandal of Him who hath the moon under His feet. Now I come to understand that the music of that night was not a completed song, but only the stringing of the instruments for a great chorus of two worlds, the bass to be carried by earthly nations saved, and the soprano by kingdoms of glory won.

Oh, heaven, heaven, heaven! I shall meet you there. After all our imperfections are gone, I shall meet you there. I look out to-day, through the mists of years, through the fog that rises from the cold Jordan, through

THE WIDE OPEN DOOR

of solid pearl to that reunion. I expect to see you there as certainly as I see you here. What a time we shall have in high converse, talking over sins pardoned, and sorrows comforted, and battles triumphant!

Some of your children have already gone. I have buried some of them, and though people passing along the street and seeing white crape on the door-bell may have said: "It is only a child," yet when the broken-hearted father came to solicit my service, he said: "Come around and comfort us, for we loved her so much."

What a Christmas morning it will make when those with whom you used to keep the holidays are all around you in heaven! Silver-haired old father young again, and mother who had so many aches and pains and decrepitudes well again, and all your brothers and sisters and the little ones. How glad they will be to see you! *They have been waiting.* The last time they saw your face it was covered with tears and distress, and pallid from long watching, and one of them I can imagine to-day, with one hand holding fast the shining gate, and the other hand swung out toward you, saying:

"Steer this way, father, steer straight for me; Here safe in heaven I am waiting for thee."

Oh those Bethlehem angels, when they went back after the concert that night over the hills, *forgot to shut the door!* All the secret is out. No more use of trying to hide from us the glories to come. It is too late to shut the gate. It is blocked wide open with hosannas marching this way, and hallelujahs marching that way. In the splendor of the anticipation I feel as if I were dying—not physically, for I never was more well—but in the transport of the Christmas transfiguration.

What almost unmanly me is the thought that it is provided for such sinners as you and I have been. If it had been provided only for those who had always thought right, and spoken right, and acted right, you and I would have had no interest in it, had no share in it; you and I would have stuck to the raft mid-ocean, and let the ship sail by, carrying perfect passengers from a perfect life on earth to a perfect life in heaven.

Oh! I have heard the commander of that ship is the same great and glorious and sympathetic One who hushed the tempest around the boat on Galilee, and I have heard that all the passengers on the ship are sinners saved by grace. And so we hail the ship, and it bears down this way, and we come by the side of it and ask the captain two questions: "Who art Thou? and whence?" and He says: "I am Captain of Salvation, and I am from the manger." Oh, bright Christmas morning of my soul's delight! Chime all the bells.

MERRY CHRISTMAS!

Merry with the thought of sins forgiven, merry with the idea of sorrows comforted, merry with the raptures to come. Oh, lift that Christ from the manger and lay Him down in all our hearts! We may not bring to Him as costly a present as the Magi brought, but we bring to His feet and to the manger to-day the frankincense of our joy, the prostration of our worship.

Down at His feet, all churches, all ages, all earth, all heaven. Down at His feet the four-and-twenty elders on their faces. Down the "great multitude that no man can number." Down Michael, the archangel! Down all worlds at His feet and worship. "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good-will to men!"

Seven per cent Secure Investment: The sum of \$2000 is wanted for a term of three years or longer, on mortgage, on a brick church with stone foundation (now permanently occupied), with accompanying land, which cost altogether about \$400, in the midst of a prosperous town. Collateral security will also be given. Address Trustee, Christian Herald Office, 63 Bible House, New York.

THE YOUNG WOMEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION.

(See Illustration on page 845.)

In our issue of December 10th we reported the laying of the foundation-stone of the new building being erected in East Fifteenth Street, near Fifth Avenue, New York, for the use of the Young Women's Christian Association. This week, on another page, is a picture of the edifice as it will appear when completed. It is in the Queen Anne style of architecture, with a facade of rough-hewn stone and pressed brick, and will be five stories high. It will cover almost the entire plot owned by the Association, which is 75 feet by 103 feet. It will contain a large library and reading-room, a parlor, an employment office, and educational and industrial class-rooms, and will cost, with the furnishing, \$125,000. No little skill has been displayed by the architects in the design of the building to render it suitable for the purposes of an association engaged in many and various forms of usefulness. It will be a substantial edifice, commanding in appearance, severely plain, as becomes an institution whose funds are needed for its Christian work, yet tasteful and elegant, as a building consecrated to God's service ought to be.

The need of such a building has long been severely felt. When Christian people give themselves to work for the Lord, and especially when they do not limit their efforts to the conversion of the souls of their fellow-creatures, but, following the Saviour's example, seek to help them in their temporal affairs, they always find abundant opportunities for labor. Religion and philanthropy are well-mated sisters, or, rather, when Christ's Spirit is rightly understood philanthropy is the offspring of religion, and the world is deplorably in need of both. There are no bounds to the beneficent work they can do, and that fact has been realized by the ladies of the association. Their philanthropy has been of the best and wisest kind. It did not consist in doling out money to the indigent, though in cases of sickness and misfortune, when a temporary pecuniary gift is needed, it has not been withheld; but the great object was to help the needy to help themselves. The ladies of the association organized free classes in phonography, type-writing, commercial arithmetic, writing, book-keeping, machine and hand sewing, cutting and fitting, photo-coloring, drawing, etc., established a library and reading-room, organized a bureau for obtaining situations, and another bureau for the employment of seamstresses, and in many other ways intelligently arranged for the promotion of the temporal well-being of the young women of the city.

It is not surprising that the association rooms became a busy place. There are thousands upon thousands of young women who need the assistance and counsel of such an association, and the vast army is ever increasing. Already the disproportion in the male and female population in New York is marked as it is in Massachusetts, and the young women of the country, like their brothers, are still thronging to the city. Young girls are here, some of them only fourteen years of age, wholly or partially dependent on their own exertions for their bread, and all alone among the temptations of a great city. At the association they found help, comfort, virtuous companionship, and good advice, and they went there in crowds. Last year instruction was given to 683 girls, 17,679 volumes were loaned from the library, 1225 positions were secured, and \$1805.52 were paid to seamstresses, and this was only part of the year's work which was carried on.

How so much work was accomplished in so small and inconvenient a place as that hitherto occupied, it is difficult to understand. It must have been done under serious disadvantages, and it is sad to think that many who sought to participate in its benefits had to be refused for lack of room. The small class-rooms, ill-ventilated and sadly inadequate to the needs of both teachers and pupils, tried health and eyesight,

In the overcrowded library and reading-room many a weary seeker after rest and refreshment failed to find a place. There was only an apology for a reception-room, and no hall large enough for a public lecture. It was painful to have to refuse the earnest appeal for help from the young girls who had to be excluded from the classes, which already filled the rooms almost to suffocation. Last year, during the month of September alone, nearly six hundred of such applicants had to be turned away for lack of room and means.

Thus, a new building became a necessity, and at length sufficient funds were in hand to justify the managers in commencing the work. We understand that in all between thirty and forty thousand dollars was secured before a stone was laid. A large sum still remains to be raised, but it should not be a difficulty in a city so wealthy as New York. A more useful or a more Christ-like work cannot be imagined. It is a purely beneficent work, unselfish and undenominational, a work that appeals to every man, religious or irreligious, who has opportunity of knowing in his own home the blessing of pure and virtuous womanhood, and contrasting it with the degraded creatures who have fallen before temptation. If the Christian men of this city who are desirous of elevating its moral tone once realize that the most efficient means to that end is to befriend and Christianize its large female population, and if they then give to this agency in the ratio of their means and its merits, the treasurer, Mr. James Talcott, 108 Franklin Street, will soon be able to announce that the deficiency has disappeared and the treasury is full.

JABEZ INWARDS.

(See Portrait on page 844.)

PROMINENT in the ranks of temperance reformers must be placed the name of Mr. Jabez Inwards, who was born in the year 1817, and who died December 21st, 1880, at the age of sixty-three years. He was for the first twenty-one years of his life a "moderate drinker." He signed the pledge at Dunstable, England, in 1838. His first lecture was given on February 10th, 1840.

As a lecturer he was deservedly popular, making no compromise with the enemy—strong drink—but denouncing its manufacture and use in the strongest terms. Indeed, his audiences could not fail to be impressed with the fact that he was terribly in earnest. His style was peculiar to himself, highly figurative and flowery, and at times towering above the reach of some of his hearers. He had a commanding appearance, a portly form, a genial face, surrounded by a long flowing beard, giving him the appearance of a full-grown lion; but the lion could be roused, and his voice heard, and power felt, when he had to meet with opposition or annoyance.

Mr. Inwards was a lay preacher among the Baptists, to whose tenets he was much attached. He is well known in the literary world, several volumes and pamphlets from his pen having been published, his last work being "Memorials of Temperance Workers." His style as a speaker and author may be gathered from the following extracts from "Alcohol, a Prisoner at the Bar":

"He is a thief, inasmuch as he has robbed England of her national glory; for, by his influence, she is known throughout civilized nations as one of the most drunken countries in the world, and though we are prepared to censure the vices of our fatherland, we will not give way to any one for the love we bear to our country. With one of our best poets we can say—

'England, with all thy faults, I love thee still.'

Yes, England has given birth to some of the brightest characters, whose names are enshrined in the literature of the world. What a pity that a country so fine, so populous, so powerful, should be straitened in its resources, and cramped in its efforts by this great destroyer. As we love our country we hate Alcohol; for

where is the city, the town, or the hamlet where this poisoner has not poisoned the people? England's glory has been tarnished, her great men have fallen, her orators have been found in the gutters, her poets have been turned into sots, her pulpits have been disgraced, her sanctuaries defiled, and from the hearts of millions the song of praise has been hushed, and religion dethroned. Alcohol has not only deprived us of our national glory but has robbed us of our health! Oh, what a precious boon is health! Under its influence how harmoniously do all the wheels of the physical system revolve, and how pleasingly are all the senses of the system exercised. When the eye is healthy, how pleasant is the light? When the brain and the ear are right, how beautiful and melodious are sounds? How easily we can listen to the music of creation, the hum of the city, and the warblings of the denizens of the forest. How free is thought; the mind becomes etherealized, and the range of its vision extended. Body, blessing and mind-expanding health! To preserve thee, how careful we are! We build our houses, make our clothes, and rigidly adhere to the prescriptions of the professional and the learned, and yet, strange to say, while we are doing all these things we expose ourselves to the attacks of Alcohol, and by his influence millions are robbed of health, and are laid prostrate by his power."

THE EASTERN QUESTION AND PROPHECY.

By the Rev. H. Grattan Guinness.

(Continued from page 809.)

The Days of Daniel Symbolize Years—The Appointed Time of the Gentiles 2520 Years—The First Step Toward Jewish Restoration in 1866—The Lunar Year the Proper Prophetic Measure—Jerusalem to be Liberated in 1889—The Closing Scenes.

To the statements made in the previous article, each of which is absolutely unquestionable, I add two more, universally and unhesitatingly admitted by the greater number of those who have studied the predictions of Scripture in the light of history, including Sir Isaac Newton and a host of other eminent men.

(1) That the days in Daniel's prophecy are symbols for years, "time, times, and a half," or three and a half years, or 1260 days, meaning 1260 years, and 1290 days similarly meaning 1290 years.

(2) That twice 1260 years, or 2520 years, are the appointed length of "the times of the Gentiles," or the interval between the commencement of the Babylonian captivity in the days of Jehoakim and the still future deliverance of Israel. This period is the great "seven times" of prophecy, the lifetime, if I may so say, of the fourfold image of Gentile monarchy, shown to Nebuchadnezzar. It is the period spoken of by our Lord in the passage, "Jerusalem shall be trodden down by the Gentiles, until the times of the Gentiles" be fulfilled.

To adduce proof of these two last statements would, of course, be impossible here. For the present I take these positions for granted, as they are indorsed by the wisest and most learned prophetic interpreters.

THE 1260 YEARS

of the prophecy we are considering is the latter half of this great week of years. It measures in Scripture prophecy and in actual history various great episodes of Jewish and Church history, extending from several different starting-points to several corresponding termini, as I may perhaps show in another article. In the prophecy we are now considering (Dan. 12) it leads up to the conclusion of the scattering of the power of the holy people; while with the addition of thirty years, making it 1290, it brings the deliverance of Jerusalem from "the abomination that maketh desolate" (Dan. 12:7, 11).

We have seen that the Year 1860 witnessed the first stage of the removal of Mohammedan power from Syria, and the formation of the "Universal Israelite Alliance." It may con-

sequently be regarded as the first commencement of the reconstitution of the Jewish nation. It marks the first close of "the scattering of the power of the holy people," and the first loosening of the grasp of the Mohammedan conqueror on the Holy Land. It may be regarded consequently as in a sense the era of incipient Jewish restoration.

Now the question arises, How is this year, 1860, related chronologically, first, to Nebuchadnezzar's capture of Jerusalem in the days of Zedekiah, and, secondly, to the Mohammedan capture of Jerusalem in the time of the Caliph Omar? The answer is solemn, and profoundly interesting.

It is separated from A.D. 637—the date of the Omar capture by exactly 1260 lunar years, and it is separated from B.C. 587, the date of the Zedekiah capture, by precisely double that interval, 2520 lunar years, or "seven times" on the lunar scale. In other words, the Saracenic conquest of Jerusalem, A.D. 637, exactly bisects

THE 2520 YEARS

of the great week of "the times of the Gentiles," reckoned on the lunar scale. Any one can prove this by making the requisite calculations for himself, remembering that 1260 lunar years are only 1222½ solar, and that in adding A.D. to B.C. periods one year must always be subtracted.

Add the Omar date, A.D. 637, to the Zedekiah date, B.C. 587 (fifth month), subtracting one, and the result is 1222½; add a second 1222½ to the central Omar date, and it brings you to the incipient restoration date, A.D. 1860. This year, 1860, is therefore removed by "seven times" lunar, from the completion of Jewish desolation, in the eleventh year of Zedekiah; and it is "time, times and a half" from Omar's capture of Jerusalem.

INTENTIONAL MYSTERY.

It is owing to the fact that it is the lunar year which has been divinely employed in the chronological prediction that its fulfilment is not more commonly recognized. The Mohammedans, however, use the lunar year. Their calendar is exclusively lunar, as is well known. Hence it was appropriate that the lunar year should be used in chronological statement as to their history. Its employment is, moreover, one means by which a veil of intentional mystery has been thrown over the subject. This prophecy itself distinctly asserts that its own chronological statements were not intended to be clearly understood at the time it was given, nor for long afterward: "The words are closed up and sealed until the time of the end," and only godly students were ever to understand it. "None of the wicked shall understand, but the wise shall understand," i.e., in "the time of the end."

But to proceed. An addition of thirty years, or a prophetic month, to the main period of 1260 is, according to this prophecy, to end the reign of the final desolator of Jerusalem, to bring to a close Mohammedan rule in Syria. Now 1860, plus thirty lunar years, is 1889, four years from the present time. In that year, 1888-89, consequently, we may expect to see Jerusalem liberated from Turkish power, though it is impossible to say at present by what means or with what direct and immediate result.

The prophecy does not state that the full restoration of Israel will take place at that date, nor is it likely so to do;

THE RENAISSANCE

of a nation does not take place in a year nor in a decade. Like the fall of a nation, it has many stages, and it may stretch over a considerable time. The renaissance of Israel has already been going on for one hundred years or more; the removal of civil disabilities by emancipation bills passed by all the governments of Europe since the French Revolution; the consequent advance of the Jews in power, wealth, and learning, in numbers, influence, and social status, are proofs of the fact.

Much, however, remains to be done before a revived Jewish nation will be seen in Palestine;

but events move quickly in these days, and great changes come about in short periods. We say nothing here, be it observed, as to the date of the restoration of Israel—that great event will not probably have any date—it will mark an era, not a year, and that era is undoubtedly the nineteenth century. *Jewish restoration has begun*, and will go on with ever-increasing velocity. But the fact to which I call attention in connection with the present crisis is that an event which must have a material influence on Jewish restoration—the liberation of the Holy Land and Jerusalem from Moslem tyranny—seems, according to prophecy, due to take place in 1888-89.

THE FUTILE BRITISH PLEDGE.

In a Prophetic Conference convened by the Rev. M. Baxter last May in Exeter Hall, London, I pointed solemnly to this fact, and indicated 1889 as a probable year of crisis in the overthrow of Turkish power in Syria, in order to the restoration of the Jews. I pointed out that Lord Beaconsfield's "Anglo-Turkish Convention" treaty could not stand, because it was in opposition to the counsels of God. In it he pledged England to uphold the Turkish power in Asia, including, of course, Syria and Palestine. The omnipotent God, on the other hand, had determined that Palestine and Jerusalem should be freed, and freed speedily from Moslem domination; and what are statesmen that they should withstand God? The treaty is already broken, and no effort to maintain Turkey will be of any use.

It will be intensely interesting to Bible students to watch the development of the next few years. That we are living in the rapids of the last days no intelligent Christian can doubt. The final prophecies of Scripture are year by year fulfilling before our eyes; the sceptical generation which boldly denied the occurrence or possibility of miracle in the world of matter, is thus confronted with what is even more wonderful miracle in the world of mind; miracle in the realm of history. It is witnessing the fulfilment of predictions, made twenty-five centuries ago, by "holy men of God, who spake as they were moved by the Holy Ghost."

ANECDOTES RELATED AT THE EVANGELISTIC MEETINGS IN SCOTLAND.

A Lady's Impressive Dream.—At a Recent Gospel service an incident was related of a lady who was the subject of a remarkable and impressive dream. She thought she saw an awful thunderstorm, which quickly passed away, and the moon shone forth with great brilliancy upon the then cloudless sky. As she gazed with wonder at the sudden change, the moon appeared to assume a variety of forms, eventually taking the shape of a hand, which she thought was the hand of God. It held a large pen, and wrote upon the face of the heavens her name, with the solemn words, "Prepare to meet thy God." Filled with terror she awoke, glad to find it was only a dream; but though a dream, it became in the hands of the Spirit of God as a nail fastened in a sure place. Wherever she went the words seemed to stand out before her. She felt God must be met, she knew not how soon, and she was unprepared; but in her distress, as thousands have done before, she flew to Jesus, the one appointed Saviour, and in Him found the true preparation for meeting God.

Advised to Burn the Bible.—A Young Woman came into our Gospel tent. She was very desirous of becoming a Christian, but her great difficulty was how to believe in Christ. When I asked her how she could not believe, "I do not know," was her answer. "I try to believe, but cannot do it." "Do you believe that Christ came into the world to save sinners?" "Yes." "Is He willing to save every one but you?" "No; I believe He is willing to save me." Then she asked, "Do you think Christ has given me a heart to believe? Do you not think He has taken His Holy Spirit from me?" "No," I said; "the very fact that you are anxious is a sure sign that He has not taken His Holy Spirit from

you." After prayer she went home. Next night she was at the service again, and on speaking to her I found her exactly in the same condition as before. I said, "Well, you had better go home and burn your Bible." "Why?" she asked, with a look of astonishment. "Well, it does not appear to me that there is any use in you keeping it longer; for of all the truths and promises which God has given in it, none seem to be for you." "Oh, but I could not dare to do that," she said, bursting into tears; and then, rising from her seat, she went away home crying. Curiously enough, this proved to be the grand turning-point. Next night she came again, and it needed but a glance to see that a great change had taken place in her experience. She told me how much my words about burning her Bible had troubled her.

A Nun's Discovery.—The Rev. Mr. Gault said: "In a London church one of the most earnest and exemplary members is a lady who in her youth lived in a convent for a number of years. She had been placed there by her parents when very young, and therefore had never heard anything of the true salvation. But she somehow got hold of a book which told of Christ's sufferings for her, and the thought entered her mind, 'If Jesus loved me and shed His blood for me, why could I not go right to Him myself, instead of getting an angel or a saint to intercede for me?' Her whole mind was filled with this new idea, and when the priest came to visit her, she informed him of what she had been thinking, when he angrily commanded her to banish the thought at once; that it was only a temptation from the devil. She did not let it rest here, but went to another priest about it; he also told her that it was a wrong idea, and that it was sinful to entertain such a thought. But still, being a young lady of a determined will, she did not rest until she was expelled from the convent. She went to her father's house, but was turned from the door, being told that she was a disgrace to the family. Her faith in her new belief did not weaken, and having a good education, and being gifted with an energetic mind, she battled the world with no earthly friend; but God was her helper. She married a God-fearing man, and now both are devoted members of a Christian church."

A Rebellious Father's Dream.—Mr. Cruikshanks observed: "I knew a man who was very wealthy, and had all the comforts and enjoyments that money could procure or this life afford. But for all the material blessings that were showered upon him he was a hardened sinner. A little and much loved child was taken from his side. Instead of this bereavement drawing or driving him to God, he became very angry, and had harder thoughts of God than ever. When his friends tried to soothe him he angrily replied, 'Do you mean to tell me that God is a God of love? I do not believe it.' The memory of his child so much occupied his thoughts by day that he dreamt about her by night. He dreamt one night that he was pacing about his room in an angry and rebellious mood against God, and leaving the house, he walked to the edge of a stormy river. As he stood looking into the water he seemed to hear the voice of his departed child speaking to him through the storm. In gentle accents she called from the other side, 'Come right this way, father; it is beautiful over here.' He looked around in wonder, expecting to behold his child, but nothing was to be seen but the stormy billows and the bleak beach. Again he heard the voice calling to him, 'Come right this way, father; it is beautiful over here.' The poor father was almost distracted. How could he reach his child? He did not know the way; he could not find a bridge to take him across, and as he stood wondering what he should do the voice of Christ whispered in his ear, 'I am the Way, the Truth, and the Life.' He awoke and found it was only a dream, but it was the grand turning-point of his life. He found the bridge that would carry him across the stormy river of life to his child."

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NOTICE.

NEW subscribers who may not know the rules adopted by the CHRISTIAN HERALD are informed that it does not take advantage of the law regulating newspaper subscriptions. When the term expires for which a subscription has been paid, the name of the subscriber is dropped from the list unless a renewal has been received. Experience teaches that this system is a saving of trouble both to subscribers and the office. The first number of the new year will, however, be sent to all, as some who intend to renew but are prevented by the engagements of the holidays might otherwise fail to secure that number.

CURRENT EVENTS.

A Bitter Attack on the President and Secretary Manning was made on December 21st, in the Senate, by Senator Beck, of Kentucky. It was based on a motion made by the Senator instructing the Finance Committee to inquire whether the laws regarding the use to be made of coin received for duties on imported goods had been heretofore obeyed, and if not to report such measures as would secure their enforcement. The Kentucky Senator surprised his colleagues by making the assertion that three fourths of the business troubles of the country were due to the fact that the laws on the statute books were not enforced by the officers of the Treasury Department. The Senator was evidently referring to the silver policy of the Administration, on which there is a direct antagonism of opinion; but the piquancy of hearing a Democratic Senator denounce the Democratic President and Secretary evoked manifestations of delight from Republican Senators, who on this particular question agree with the President rather than with his opponent.

A Stringent Measure for the Suppression of polygamy was reported from the Judiciary Committee of the Senate last week by Senator Edmunds. It provides that in prosecutions for polygamy, the lawful wife of the accused may be required to testify; that every marriage ceremony in the Territories shall be certified in writing, the certificate to be signed by each of the parties and by the officer or priest performing the ceremony; that all records of marriages kept by officiating functionaries shall be subject to inspection by United States officials, and refusal to permit this is punishable by fine and im-

prisonment; that it shall not be lawful for any female to vote in any election hereafter held in the Territory of Utah; that the President shall appoint fourteen trustees to regulate the Mormon Church, who are to report what property is illegally held by that Church, and the Attorney-General is directed to institute proceedings for the forfeiture of such property, which is to be disposed off, and the proceeds applied to the purposes of education.

A Report Confirmed by Authorities Belonging to both political parties circulated last week is an encouraging sign that the President is attempting to secure Republican assistance in exercising his power of appointing to office. It is to the effect that he asked the Republican Senators who have called upon him to give him any good reasons they may have for rejecting his appointments, in order that he may withdraw any nominations that are not proper to be made. The Senators appear disposed to meet the President frankly, and to co-operate with him in preventing bad men getting into office.

A Disastrous Attack on United States Troops by an Apache ambush was made on December 10th. A company of the Eighth Cavalry, numbering thirty-five men in all, were quietly marching through a rocky defile in the mountains at about two o'clock in the afternoon, when suddenly, without a note of warning, the report of a dozen rifles from the rocks above echoed along the mountains. The Indians had secreted themselves behind high rocks, and there laid in wait for the unsuspecting soldiers. The attack was so sudden, so well directed and timed, that the troops were thrown into a state of great disorder. Their horses became unmanageable, and the little cavalcade got away from the spot as quickly as possible, leaving the dead behind. Scarcely an Indian was to be seen, and only the smoke of their rifles told where the Apaches lay hidden. The survivors returned later, but found that the Indians had fled after firing without waiting to mutilate the bodies. Two officers and four troopers were killed, and two officers dangerously wounded.

The Miners Entombed in the Nanticoke Mine were not found last week. The rescuing party, on December 21st, had a narrow escape of their lives. An immense mass of sand and water fell near to them, and they had to run for their lives. Had it fallen ten minutes earlier one hundred and fifty-five men would have been killed instantaneously. The majority of the miners have abandoned hope of rescuing their comrades. It appears that they cannot be dug out. New obstructions fall as fast as the first are removed. The only means of reaching them is to sink a shaft from the surface as near as possible over the spot where they are supposed to be. The company have offered the relatives of the entombed men \$40,000 on condition that they consent to have the search abandoned and the mine walled up. There is, however, still a demand for the shaft to be made, as the men may be alive. They have good air, and if they were able to kill a mule its flesh would supply them with food. There are twenty-eight men entombed.

The Temperance Party at Atlanta, Ga. Secured another victory in the courts last week. Twice the liquor-sellers have obtained a temporary injunction delaying the declaration of the result of the recent contest. The first injunction was dissolved, and on Thursday last the second came up before Judge Clarke, of the State Supreme Court, who refused to extend it. The result was, therefore, declared. It stated the majority in favor of Prohibition at 228. Judge Clarke's decision was sufficiently emphatic. He said: "The Court has no power to interrupt an election, which is one of the most sacred rights of the people. This is a Government of the people, and the benefit of any doubt should be in favor of the vote of the people. Eight thousand people spoke their wishes in this county on the 25th of last month, and it is a matter of the gravest moment for any court or power to attempt to set aside that expression."

The liquor-sellers intend carrying the question to the Supreme Court. A statement which reads like a joke on the liquor men is that Judge Pardee, of the Federal Circuit Court, who was to try the suit to have the election declared void, has appointed Judge McCay to hear the case for him. Judge McCay has already decided it once.

Distinguished Honors are being Paid to Lieutenant Greely in England. On December 21st he delivered a lecture before the Royal Geographical Society, and was enthusiastically received. The Marquis of Lorne presided, and among the attendants were the Princess Louise, United States Minister Phelps and Mrs. Phelps, Sir Leopold Clendinning, Captain Sir George Nares, Captain Clements Markham, and Captain Sir Allen Young, the distinguished Arctic explorers; the Rev. George Rawlinson, the historian, and others well known in literary and scientific circles. Captain Sir George Nares eulogized Lieutenants Lockwood and Brainard, of the Greely expedition, who succeeded in planting the Stars and Stripes further north than had ever before been reached by man. Sooner or later, he said, England would reconquer the first honors in Arctic discovery. The Marquis of Lorne spoke in a similar strain, and said that England was as proud of Greely as if he was an Englishman.

A Statement of Mr. Parnell's Demands for Ireland, differing in several important respects from any heretofore promulgated, has been sent to the New York Times under some appearance of authority. It is based on the model of Canada. It was supposed that the Governor-General would be the first official whose place would be declared vacant, but this statement makes it appear that a Governor-General as a representative of, and a channel of communication with, the British Government is desired. An Irish statesman like Lord Dufferin is wanted. The Irish Parliament to consist of one House only, elected by the people, and to have control of the police and taxation. The veto power to be vested in the English Parliament, not in the crown. England to maintain at her own cost such garrisons as she chooses on the coast for the defence of the country from foreign foes. The chief point of difficulty is that Ireland wants the loan of sufficient money to buy the landlords out. There is no demand for representation in the English Parliament. This scheme is believed to be one which Mr. Gladstone would indorse. The Conservatives are now opposed to any concessions.

A Renewal of the Truce between Servia and Bulgaria has been arranged by the International Commission appointed to demarcate the frontier line. The same mediation has secured the evacuation by the Servians of Pirot, the town taken at the commencement of hostilities. A press correspondent who visited the Servian lines reports that a startling lack of discipline is shown by the army, and that an outbreak among the troops is not at all improbable. The life of King Milan, the correspondent adds, is constantly threatened. Prince Alexander entered Sofia on Saturday at the head of six regiments of infantry, one regiment of cavalry, and three batteries of artillery. He was received with great enthusiasm by the inhabitants. The city was gaily decked with flags and at night brilliantly illuminated. Many banners bearing patriotic inscriptions were displayed at various points along the line of march. One of these read, "Honor and glory to the victors of Slivnitsa, Dragoman Pass, Tsaribrod, and Pirot." The Czar of Russia has resumed friendly relations with Prince Alexander, and the probability of the maintenance of the union between Bulgaria and Roumelia is thus increased. The only fears entertained are that Austria will take up arms, being convinced that sooner or later a conflict with Russia is inevitable.

Wanted: A Sub-Editor for a Weekly Religious Paper. Must reside in Toronto, Canada, and give testimonials as to decided religious character and ability. State whether a short-hand writer. Address *Trumpet*, 38 Queen Street West, Toronto, Canada.

Christmas Contributions to the Fund for supplying colored ministers in the South with **THE CHRISTIAN HERALD** were received last week to the amount of \$9.50. They were as follows: From Ishpeming, Mich., \$1.50; South-bridge, Mass., \$2; Lockport, N. Y., \$2; New Milford, Ill., \$1; Deadwood, Dak., \$2; Sheldon, Ont., \$1.

The Blackmailer of the Prince of Wales was held for trial on December 23d. His wife was discharged. In the letters read at the preliminary examination the prisoner said that his co-conspirators were Irish-Americans, bound under oath to assassinate the prince. He offered to betray them and give evidence against them at their trial if the money demanded was paid him. The man is reported perfectly sane, and the movements of the police indicate that they place some credence in his story. He will be tried next month.

A Treaty of Peace between France and Madagascar has been finally concluded. The Queen informed the French commander that she would never consent to a French protectorate of the island. M. Freycinet thereupon sent a revised draft of a treaty which did not contain the offensive clause. That, with some modifications, Queen Ranavaloa accepted. The treaty recognizes the Queen as sovereign over the whole island, and she agrees to pay an indemnity to foreign residents for their losses. The French pretensions in Madagascar were to the effect that under one of the treaties said to have been made in 1841 with a Sakalava chief, France had a right of protectorate over the northern portion of the island from sixteen degrees south latitude.

Mrs. M. Baxter and Mrs. Stroud Smith have been conducting meetings in Freeport, Ill., in which the first Methodist and the Baptist congregation united. It pleased God to bless the word to many. Souls were saved, believers quickened, and some also obtained physical healing. Mrs. Baxter and Mrs. Smith held meetings three times a day on Tuesday and Wednesday, December 22d and 23d at Aurora, Ill., in the Galena Street Methodist Episcopal Church. The last meeting was very much of a praise meeting, and the testimonies to blessing received during their visit were very numerous and blessed. Several of the ministers of various churches in Aurora attended the meetings, and expressed their gratitude for the work which God had been doing. Mrs. Baxter has been preaching at Kalamazoo, Mich., this week, and will assist in Dr. Cullis's Convention in Newark, N. J., commencing January 7th.

Mr. Noble's Meetings at Dayton, Ohio, were much blessed. A convention under the auspices of the W. C. T. U. and the Woman's Christian Association was held in the United Presbyterian Church on December 17th and 18th, in which Mr. Noble took part, and the clergymen of the city and prominent laymen delivered addresses. On December 19th a children's service was held in the rink. Mr. Noble spoke each evening in different churches in the city. On Sunday, December 20th, he addressed large audiences in the rink. The *Dayton Religious Telescope* says that Mr. Noble's addresses were full of good sense, underlying them and filling them was a profound strength and plan, and a depth of real sympathy of thought and utterance which touched the hearts of men.

The Cincinnati Young Men's Christian Association held a meeting of rejoicing on December 17th. It celebrated its thirty-seventh anniversary on that day. But a still more important occasion for rejoicing was the fact that the heavy debt which had rested so long upon their property has been removed. Within the preceding two weeks, through the munificent generosity of Mr. David Sinton, the property has come into the possession of the association with a clear and unincumbered title. Already the officers and managers are contemplating the purchase of a more desirable property in a better location. The association now numbers over one thousand members, is in the best of spirits,

and was never before better equipped for aggressive work. During the whole of its existence it has never before been clear of debt. It now owns a fine building, which is already growing too small for its work.

A Mysterious Lady has Excited Considerable curiosity lately in Newburg, N. Y. On December 17th she presented herself at the poor-house, and asked to be admitted. She was very beautiful, was decently dressed, well educated, and willing to work. She was received, and easily earned the cost of her board as a seamstress. As she firmly refused to disclose her identity, efforts were made to find her family and friends. It was not until December 23d that the mystery was solved. It was found that, though only eighteen years old, she was the wife of a man of fifty, a respectable farmer, to whom she was married in October last. When the farmer took her to his home after the marriage, the wife objected to his keeping a favorite dog, of which she was in dread. As the farmer would not part with his dog, the young wife left him, and having no home went to Newburg and took refuge in the almshouse. Evidently the man could not have loved his wife much or he would have parted with his dog for her sake. We are naturally surprised that he did not, yet every day we see men brought near to a union with the Saviour which is never consummated, because there is something they treasure and ought to give up, but will not (Matt. 19: 22).

A Poisoned Mustache Has Caused a Death in Ohio. The *Cleveland Plain Dealer*, recording the recent death of a well-known grain-operator at Toledo, O., states that he died from a lingering sickness which puzzled his physicians. After his death many of his acquaintances, who had not seen him after he was taken ill, were surprised to notice that his hair and mustache were almost white. The man during his life had been noted for the glossy blackness of both. Looking closely at the hair, it could be seen that it had been dyed, and evidently he had been for years in the habit of dyeing it. A search led to the discovery of the hair-dye, and it was found to be a deadly poison. The symptoms which had puzzled his physicians were at once explained. He was in the habit of drinking large quantities of hot tea and coffee, and every cup strained through his mustache carried to the stomach minute portions of the poison with which it was saturated. The symptoms were precisely those the poison always produced when taken in small quantities. It was a fearful penalty to pay for the pleasure of looking younger than he was. A far worse penalty is often involved when men seek to give a false impression of their character. Some of these appeared in the early Church, as they appear in greater numbers in our day. The apostle warned them that they were in danger of death eternal (1 Cor. 11: 29, 30).

A Life Was Saved by Two Telegraph Operators on December 19th. Early in the morning of that day a young lady residing at Big Indian, N. Y., swallowed by mistake a large dose of laudanum. The parents of the girl went at once to the railway station to telegraph the nearest physician, who lives three miles off, to come quickly. The operator working the Big Indian wire in the main office of the Western Union Telegraph Company in New York, having overheard the message summoning the physician, asked the Big Indian operator about the case. Learning the situation of affairs, and appreciating the necessity of immediate medical treatment, he consulted with two brother operators on duty at the time, who had graduated from a medical college in New York. These two operators then told the Big Indian operator what remedies should be applied, and gave full directions as to treatment. Following their directions, powerful emetics were administered, which proved effective. They also prescribed vigorous rubbing to keep the girl awake. The physician, who arrived an hour later, said the girl's life could not have been saved had not the New York operators prescribed for her. It was prob-

idental that the operators did not belong to the class of people who are averse to meddling with matters outside of their calling. Had they been like some Christians, who leave the work of saving souls to the clergy, the girl would have died (Num. 11: 29).

A Fortune Was Offered for a Wink of the eye, and rejected by a conscientious official some time ago. A contemporary, in the course of an article on finance, mentions that a broker heard a rumor that two great companies were negotiating an amalgamation. He perceived that an immense sum of money might be made by the purchase of shares at that day's rate if the amalgamation should be carried through. He knew a poor clerk in the employ of one of the companies who would know the exact truth about it, and he went to him, and telling him what he had heard, asked if it was true. "I cannot tell you without betraying my trust," said the clerk. "You need not tell me," said the broker. "If it is so, just wink your eye. I can make \$300,000, and I will give you half." The clerk replied: "I cannot give you the information in any way," and the broker went away in a rage. A few days later the amalgamation was announced, and the broker, furious at having missed a good thing, reproached the clerk. "I did my duty," was the reply, "and my conscience approves. That is enough for me." In these days, when so many are ready to sell their very souls for money, it is impossible to think too highly of a man so conscientious (Matt. 16: 26).

How Patience May be Acquired was Explained recently by a dying hospital nurse. One of the New York Charity Commissioners was making his round at Bellevue Hospital, when he came to the bedside of a man dying of consumption, who for eighteen years has ministered to the wants of patients in that institution in a way to merit the commendation of all his superiors. He was considered one of the most expert "bandagers" in the world, and was often called upon to give instructions to the doctors and others in this work. In conversation with the Charity Commissioner the dying orderly said: "I feel that I have always done pretty well with the patients that have come under my charge, but now that I am stricken down myself I think that perhaps I did not have patience enough with them. If those in charge of sick people in hospitals knew what it was to be sick themselves I think they would deal more gently and leniently with those whom they have to tend." How many times has the principle underlying the dying man's words encouraged souls wounded and bleeding from sin. The great High Priest can be touched by the feeling of their infirmities (Heb. 2: 17, 18).

A Curious Old Legend is Narrated by a Citizen of Montreal, who says that it was popularly believed among the uneducated superstitious inhabitants of the city in his boyhood. He heard it from his nurse, who in that way accounted for the high winds which rage around the parish church in Notre Dame Street. She said that Satan, in person, was one day walking along Notre Dame Street with a clergyman, boasting of the extent of his power in that neighborhood. As they disputed they came to the church. "Come in," said the preacher, "and I will show you that here you will lose all your power." The devil consented, but as he was accompanied by a wind, he turned to the latter, and said: "You stay there till I come out." As the devil has not made his appearance, the wind has been hanging about there ever since. The legend does not say how it was that Satan did not return, and the believer is left to surmise that he was there stripped of his power, or that he found an absorbing occupation within that has kept him busy ever since. The latter would probably be the reason if there were any truth in the legend and if that church is like other churches. The Gospel seed, wherever sown, is fatal to Satan's power, and he is too crafty to let it germinate without making an effort to uproot it promptly (Matt. 13: 19).

BEATITUDE.

A New Sermon by Pastor C. H. Spurgeon.

"Blessed is the man that endureth temptation; for when he is tried, he shall receive the crown of life, which the Lord hath promised to them that love him."—JAMES I: 12.

Happiness and Blessedness—A Contrast—Who are the Blessed?—I. The Blessed Man in the World—He Endures Temptation—Not from Policy—Sins that Kill each other—He is Humble—Fearless—The Back Door of Hell—II. The Blessed Man After Death—He Receives a Crown—The Crown of Life—The Olympian Crowns—A Central African Bulb.

THE text is a Beatitude. It begins with blessed. We should all like to be blessed. What a more than golden word that "blessed" is! It begins the Psalms of David; there is sweetest poetry in it. It begins the sermon of the Son of David; it is the end of all holy teaching. "Happiness" is the earthly word; "blessedness" is the heavenly one. Happiness may prove to be a superficial appearance; but blessedness is deep as the abyss. Happiness ripples like a flowing brook; but blessedness is a springing well. Happiness may be wholly human; but blessedness hath the divine element in it. Happiness is transient; blessedness is eternal. Happiness may lie in our own conception of things; blessedness is God's verdict. God's truthful statement of a man's condition. Happiness may prove but tinsel; blessedness is solid gold. Oh, to be blessed! Blessed of the Lord which made heaven and earth!

WHERE ARE THESE BLESSED MEN?

There are such still upon the earth, for the text saith, "Blessed is the man;" it speaks not of a phantom, but of a man; it treats not of an ideal man, but of one who is tried and made to endure temptation. I hear in this verse the echo of the music of many a psalm which was chanted by the saints hundreds of years before. James took pen in hand concerning blessed men, and of the like persons David long before had sung, as of men well known to him.

Where are these blessed men? Can we be of their number? Is there any way by which we can enter their ranks and become members of their glorious peerage? Blessed men! Henceforth we will not rest until we are initiated into this sacred fellowship.

Great mistakes are made as to the persons who are happy and blessed. Some suppose that the wealthy must be blessed; but if their lives were written, it could be proved to a demonstration that some of those who have had the largest possessions have had the very least of blessedness, especially when those possessions have brought with them the curses of the oppressed and the wailings of the down-trodden. It must be an awful thing to have tons of cankered gold and silver pressing upon the soul, and burying the true life beneath the accursed load. Ay, and when wealth comes justly it often brings such care, such burdensomeness with it, that it is well described in the Scriptures as a load of thick clay. No; look

NOT IN GOLD MINES

for blessedness, for it gleams not among the nuggets. It cannot be gotten for all the treasures of the miser, or the wealth of nations.

But, surely, it is to be found in positions of eminence and power. These are greatly coveted, and men will sell their souls to win them; but I suppose from what I have read of history that if I were to select the most unhappy set of men beneath the vault of heaven one would only have to select statesmen, emperors, and kings. Surely on the day of his installation the great man may well say, "Farewell peace!" Not the high but the holy are blessed; not those who sit with the great, but those who serve with the good are marked out of the Lord as blessed.

Nobler natures feel no greed for gold, and pine for no distinction of rank; but they count those blessed who know, and are stored with wisdom. Surely to pry into the secrets of nature, and read the pages of philosophy must

be pleasure of a lofty kind. Hence ambitious youth burneth the midnight oil, and the oil from the marrow of life as well, hoping that in search and study the mystery of blessedness will be discovered. But is it so? Doth he that increaseth knowledge increase joy? Doth he not the rather add to his sorrow? In another school than that of Plato we must learn in whatsoever state we are therewith to be content. If you want blessedness, hear Him speak who knows. That is, hear the Holy Ghost speak by the mouth of His servant James: "Blessed is the man that endureth temptation." The subject for to-night shall be the blessed man in his worldly state, and, secondly, the blessed man in the world to come.

BLESSED MEN IN LIFE.

I. We are going to find him out first in this present world, and consider him in this present life. Let us behold the blessed in this life. "Blessed is the man that endureth temptation." It does seem very startling at first sight that the blessed man should be described in this way. Notice, it does not say, "Blessed is the man that is tempted," nor "Blessed is the man that is beset by temptation." No. "Blessed is the man that endureth temptation." That is to say, the man who bears up under it, survives it, is not led aside by it, but endures it as gold endures the fire.

Look, sirs, suppose we are professing Christians to-night, and, as such, think that we have genuine faith in Christ; that we have a bright hope of heaven; that we have a pure and fervent love to God; that we have in ourselves received the gifts and graces of the Holy Spirit, and that we are certainly the children of God; this is a flattering belief, and tends greatly to our present comfort; but suppose none of these have been tried. It would be a very presumptuous and unwise thing for us to pronounce ourselves blessed; for when such trial shall come—and come it will to us all in life or in death—suppose all our happy signs and cheering tokens should fail us. We cannot say that we are blessed till our graces have been tried and proved; and when they have been tried and proved, and we have endured the test in God's great proof-house, then are we blessed, but not till then. Untried faith is questionable faith. Is it faith at all? Was there ever in this world a believer altogether without trouble, or a grain of faith which had undergone no trial?

TEMPTATIONS COMMON.

Every need to have a religion which is tested every day in the week, and which stands up in good stead because it can endure the test. You are blessed if you have a religion which God gives, which God tries, which God sustains, which God accepts. As an uncultivated garden is no garden, so untrod godliness is no godliness. A faith that will not bear strain and test is no faith. A love that cannot endure a temptation is no love to God at all. See, then, he is not blessed who is screened from temptation, but he is blessed whose faith, and hope, and love, and every grace will bear the trial.

In these times, we need not wish for more temptations, for they are all around us. Men who live in London need not go across the street to meet the devil. The very atmosphere of a great city is close and hot with the reek of sin. As flies in summer, so will temptations torment you, go where you may. Men of business, you need not ask for temptations; they are thick in every trade; they multiply like gnats. They swarm in the factory, the counting-house, the exchange, and the shop. The Christian man in public need not sigh for temptations; they will not be ashamed to solicit him in the open streets. This age tests the backbone of every Christian. A man had need be a man at such an hour as this. We must not be dwarfs nor spiritual consumptives now. We have come into the very thick of the fight, and woe to that man who cannot endure temptation; but blessed is the man who can bear it even to the end.

And they are blessed among other things for

this reason: because they have endured temptation through their love to God. Read the text again, "Blessed is the man that endureth temptation: for when he is tried, he shall receive the crown of life, which the Lord hath promised"—to them that endure temptation? No, "to them that love Him." So that those who endure temptation rightly, endure it because they love God. They say to themselves, "How can I do this great wickedness, and sin against God?" They cannot fall into sin because it would grieve Him who loves them so well, and whom they love with all their hearts. To abstain from sin for any reason is, so far, good; but yet, you may abstain from sin from a motive which will lend no virtue to your abstinence. Some abstain from sin from fear of men, or from hope of gain; as the thief is honest when he sees the policeman, and the beggar becomes pious when a dole is to be had at church. One sin will often kill another sin, as the miser shuns profligacy because he is too mean to spend his money riotously. But to abstain from sin because you love God—ay, that is the thing. After the tried man has stood against temptation, God says of him, "Now I know that thou fearest Me," as He said concerning Abraham after He had tried him. "Now I know that thou fearest God." This approval of God breeds a holy delight in the soul. The soul becomes conscious of the approbation of God; and I venture to say that any man who has felt that approbation in his heart knows the beginning of heaven.

HE IS THANKFUL.

There comes a number of things to help to make such a man blessed; for he has great thankfulness in his soul. "O God," he says, "I thank Thee that I have been kept while passing through those temptations." He is as glad as one who has been taken out of a burning house. I have known what it is to escape from a strong temptation without falling into it, and I think that I have felt as grateful to God as a man would be who had seen a shark after him, and had been almost between its jaws, and had just slipped away as he heard the monster close his mouth with a snap. I remember standing under a building which was in course of erection and seeing a mass of stone fall from a great height just in front of me. What a thud it made! How narrow was my escape! How I started! But what joy filled my heart! So it is when one is delivered from temptation—from temptation which began to overpower the heart. As David said, "My feet had almost gone; my steps had well-nigh slipped."

Besides, another feeling comes over him—that of deep humility. "Oh," says he, "what a wonder of grace I am! However is it that I have escaped such peril? With such a base nature as mine, how have I been kept from destruction? I shall to-morrow perish and fall unless the Lord Himself be still my helper." Putting his trust in God, that sense of his own nothingness, accompanied with a sense of his perfect security in God, makes him feel exceedingly happy. A little rabbit, hunted and pursued, rushes through a narrow crevice under the rock and enters the place where he has his burrow. How quiet he is when he is once there! He hears many noises, but he knows that he is quite safe; not because he is so big or so strong, but because he is so little and so weak, that he has been able to stow himself away under the rock where nobody can get at him. Such a feeling is blessedness to the child of God—to be nothing, but for Christ to be everything to him; to be weak to the last degree, but for God's strength to be his everlasting security. Hence such a man who has been hunted by temptation and driven into the cleft of the rock Christ Jesus, enjoys a very singular and remarkable blessedness.

And, once more, he enjoys a fearlessness of heart. It must be an awful thing to go about the world and feel, "I fell under that temptation the other day, and I would not have it known for all the world. I fell into that vile

deed on such and such an occasion; and if it were known, where should I be?" A guilty conscience is the back door to hell. But he that knows that, before God, he has stood though tempted, and that though often assailed he has never been vanquished, can walk through the world and care for no man. He stands like a rock in the midst of the raging billows, for God has given him steadfastness of soul; and is not that blessedness? If it is not, I cannot tell what is. Young men beginning the Christian life, pray that you may be helped to endure temptation, for in that endurance lies blessedness, like a pearl within a rough oyster-shell.

So ready are we to sin, that to prevail over one temptation is a great joy; to have overcome many temptations is a multitudinous blessedness; to have overcome them all will be an infinite heaven. The poet Spenser seems to anticipate that we shall all be overcome if the battle last long enough; just as a famous politician was wont to say that every man has his price. At any rate, it will be a great rapture to fight out the last conflict and conquer in it. Oh to be victorious in our last Armageddon! It will be a joy worth worlds to disprove the Spenserian stanza which I have alluded to, which may well make the boldest tremble.

"But all in vain; no fort can be so strong,
No fleshly breast can armed be so sound,
But will at last be won with battery long,
Or unawares at disadvantage found.
Nothing is sure that grows on earthly ground,
And who most trusts in arm of fleshly might,
And boasts in beauty's chain not to be bound,
Doth soonest fall in disadvantageous fight,
And yields his caitiff neck to victor's most despite."

With this dark prophecy ringing in our ears, we can truly call him blessed who endures right on, and never starts aside, let the test be what it may.

THE BLESSED MAN AFTER DEATH.

II. Just a few words on what the blessed man is to be by and by. "When he is approved, he shall receive the crown of life, which the Lord hath promised to them that love Him."

He shall receive a crown. Of course the allusion is to the Grecian games. See how the man runs! Every muscle is strained. There is not a part of his body but what is violently exercised. He tries to pass his fellows. He flies to the goal; he reaches it; and then he receives a crown. A crown of laurel, or of ivy, or, perhaps, of parsley, was put upon his head. It had no value in itself. The Greeks were so little honest that a man could not have kept his crown in his house if it had been worth a penny. Strong rooms and iron safes had not then been dreamed of, and therefore they gave the athletic Greek a crown of fading leaves; and yet many men threw away health and even life to gain that paltry wreath. Though it was intrinsically worthless, it had about it a meaning which made each leaf inexpressibly precious to him who labored for it and obtained it. Now, if we live by God's own grace through faith in Christ, a life that shall be full of purity and holiness, God will give us a crown, not of laurel, nor of parsley, nor even of gold and rarest gems, but a "crown of life" that He has promised to them that love Him." Very wonderful, is it not, that God should reward our poor endeavors? Yet so He will.

There is a crown for me. Does it make you laugh? I trow I seldom think of it without beginning to laugh. Shall you and I wear crowns? Shall it even be that our poor limplings will yet win the race—that our staggering struggles will yet overcome, and that we shall be crowned? Oh you dear Christian people that live in poverty and obscurity, I have a reverence for your heads which are already anointed with grace, for your heads that are yet to be crowned with glory. You run—often run better than the greatest and most observed of your fellow-Christians; and you shall not miss your reward. There is a crown laid up, not only for Paul, but for all them that love our Lord's appearing."

Now go an inch farther in the text: "A crown

of life." What must that be! What is a crown of life? Life does not mean existence. Why, they say that when God promises eternal life to Christians, it means that they shall eternally exist. They always must eternally exist, because God has made their souls immortal; but there is no blessing in eternal existence; on the contrary, it may curdle into a curse. The blessing is in eternally living; and what is living? It is not mere existing. In fact, existence, though it be essential to life, does not enter into the meaning of life, nor so much as come near it. To live means to be in health, to be in vigor, to be in force, to be in joy, to be in right and fit condition, to have one's whole self in order, and to enjoy all that surrounds you with all that is within you. God will give to all His people by and by such a crown of life. Life shall crown all. All your life shall be crowned; and all the crown shall be life! "A crown of life."

THE CROWN.

Does it not mean, however, as well—is it not a sort of Hebraism for a living crown? The crown they gave in the Olympic games soon faded. That bit of parsley, or olive, or laurel, was soon turned into faded leaves. But you shall have a living crown; that is to say, it shall never be taken from you, nor you from it. When you sun grows pale with weariness; when his bright eye grows dim with age; when yonder moon shall reddens into blood as her brightness is overshadowed, then shall your crown be as resplendent as ever. When time itself shall cease to be, and visible things shall die, and death itself shall be swallowed up, yet you shall not cease to be blessed, for you shall receive a living crown—a crown of everlasting life, which cannot know an end.

But listen once more. Did you ever try to indulge a speculation as to what the crown of life shall be? I mean this: You have a bulb in your hand of an unknown plant. I have had several lately from Central Africa. The missionary said, "Put it in your stove-house;" and I did. It did not look to me worth a half a farthing; it was an uncomely root. But it has developed large green leaves; it is growing rapidly; and "it doth not yet appear what it shall be."

I am speculating upon the color of the flowers, and the form of the fruit. I guess by the delicate velvetness of its leaves that it is going to turn out something very remarkable; but I cannot prophesy what it will be. Man by nature is that uncomely bulb. When he dies, you know what a poor dried-up bulb he seems to those who lay him in his coffin. Yet even here, when God gives spiritual life, what a beautiful thing the Christian is!

THE REAL EVOLUTION.

You gentlemen who believe in evolution, as I do not, tell us what a man will come to when God has sanctified him fully by His grace, and he has passed through ages of blessedness. What will he be when his life develops into the crown of life? We make poor guess-work of it. But I will tell you what I mean to do. I pray you follow me therein. *I mean to go and see what this crown of life is like.* We do not know what we shall be, but we have heard a soft whisper say, "When He shall appear, we shall be like Him, for we shall see Him as He is."

Come, let us go to Jesus. First, let us haste away to His cross, and unitedly look up, and say, "We trust Thee, Jesu." Then, from His cross let us come down and take His yoke upon us, and learn of Him, and say, "Jesu, we will follow Thee." Then, let us go with Him into the thick throng of temptation, where Satan shall try us with wealth and honor, or with necessities even unto hunger, as he tried our Lord; and there let us stand and say, "We will wrestle with temptation, O Lord Jesus, even as Thou didst." O Lord, when we have thus done, we will die with Thee; and if Thou comest not soon, we will lie asleep in Thee; and when Thou sayest, "Awake," we will answer, "Here we are." We will live with Thee for-

ever and forever; and Thy joy shall be that crown of life which the Lord has promised of His own free, rich, sovereign grace to them that love Him.

May every person in this congregation wear that crown! May you soldiers in your red coats over yonder win this crown, and wear it forever! May you all be more than conquerors, for Jesus Christ's sake! Amen.

AN OPEN-AIR SERVICE INTERRUPTED.

(See illustration on page 844.)

"I was down in the Rookery last night, said a young man, talking to two others as they came out of church one Sunday evening. 'It was a dreadful place. I never saw in my life so many drunken men in one neighborhood. The language was awful.'"

"Yes, I've heard it is a pretty tough quarter," said another of the trio. "I never went there. It's best to avoid such places, I think. They're always got some kind of fever, or pest of one sort or another, among them."

"You're right," said the third; "there's no good to be done. You only get ridiculed if you speak of religion, and some of those fellows have a ready wit that is difficult to stand against."

"I was thinking whether some of us might not go there on a Sunday morning and try to hold some kind of service," said the first speaker, a youthful looking fellow, an honest workman, only recently come up from a country village, whose clothes were evidently the work of a tailor of original mind not under the constraints of fashion. He was a young convert full of zeal, and, as his companions thought, not overburdened with discretion.

"I should not like to go," said each of the others.

The young man dropped his subject, but he thought a great deal about it afterward and all that week. He tried to persuade others of his Christian friends to undertake the work, or to assist him, but in vain. The place had a bad name, and no one felt drawn to it. He prayed about it a good deal, and finally, the next Sunday morning he went alone. With some difficulty he borrowed a chair and began to sing. A crowd soon collected, and when he had finished the hymn he commenced an address, wisely opening it with an anecdote. It was a plain, simple speech, but it was listened to without interruption, until a shoemaker with his apron still on, showing that Sundays and week-days were alike to him, shouldered his way through the crowd.

"Sing us a song, boy," he said, in a voice thick with many potations. "Sing a song; we don't want preaching here."

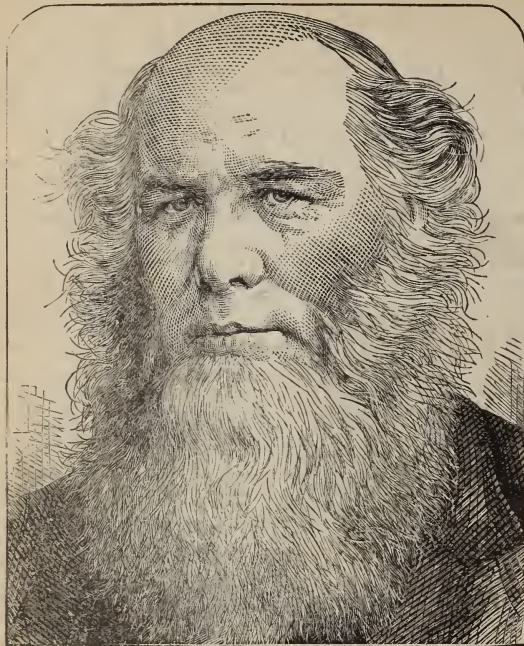
"I've been singing, and I'll sing again presently," said the young preacher, breaking off his discourse to meet the interruption.

"No, sing now. 'Let's have a song. You won't, eh?' noticing a shake of the young man's head. "Then I'll sing," and extending his hand and starting a ridiculous jig with his feet, he commenced a rollicking bar-room song in an unsteady voice.

A general laugh went round the crowd, and there were a few cries of "Shut up!" but as the people did not go away the preacher held his ground. The song was soon over, and then the preacher claimed his turn.

"That's fair," said one of the men. "Go home, Charley, and sober up."

But Charley would not go home. He was more disposed to resent the insinuation of his being drunk, and a fight was soon impending. That was too serious to be allowed, so, as a diversion, the young preacher started the hymn, "We sing of the realms of the blest." The drunken shoemaker at once turned around and looked at him intently. The man seemed puzzled. The preacher watched him closely, not knowing what he might do next. But what was his surprise when, at the end of the third verse, Charley took up the chorus and sang, "But what must it be to be there?" with power and feeling, if not with sweetness.



The Late Jabez Inwards, the Temperance Orator. (See page 838.)



An Open-Air Service Interrupted. (See page 843.)

"Say, where did you learn that hymn?" Charley asked, when the young preacher, after a few parting words of prayer, descended from the chair and carried it to the owner. "I used to know it. My poor old mother taught it me."

The soft place in Charley's heart was found. The young man walked home with him, and heard a great deal about Charley's mother. There were other hymns he could sing that the shoemaker remembered, and before the young man went away he had received and accepted an invitation to come again. Services are now being held in Charley's house.

THE SILVER LINING.

A SERIAL STORY.

(Continued from page 831.)

Two Disciples.

It was scarcely possible for Clare to realize that she was rescued. For many days she lay prostrate with nervous fever, during which in her disordered fancy she lived over again the period of her captivity. Mrs. Arnold and Kate sat by her bedside, and from her incoherent words learned something of what she had endured. At times she failed to recognize them, and would plead with them in piteous accents to let her leave the house. It was saddening to think that such pleadings were but repetitions of the words she had uttered to hardened women from whom all trace of the glory of womanhood had departed. "I am not what you think me," she would say. "Let me go; I would rather die than become vile." Her paroxysms became distressing whenever the soothing mixture which Dr. Arnold prescribed for her was offered to her. "Never," she said, "I will never taste it. You tried to drug me before." Then Kate would call her by her name, and lay her hand gently on the throbbing brow, and soothe her as she would a child.

As she gathered strength of mind and body she was able by degrees to relate her story. It was a story that hundreds of women in New York tell to-day who did not receive help in

time, as Clare did. She shuddered as she told how the restaurant-keeper visited her and made his shameful proposals; how, day after day, heedless of her indignant refusals, he came again and again; how her clothing was taken from her that she might not escape, and rich, gaudy apparel was supplied to her; how, at length, failing to overcome her by arguments and threats, the coarse woman who kept the house tried to drug her into insensibility, and only failed because Clare's nervous strength—the strength of a woman struggling for what was more precious to her than life—was greater than the other's mere brute force. And finally of her resolve to escape, even if she lost her life in the attempt.

It was not until she was able to sit up that she was told of the events that had taken place. She knew nothing of her husband's imprisonment and death nor of Mr. Greville's injuries and danger. Gradually and cautiously, for Dr. Arnold was apprehensive of the relapse another shock might produce, she was informed of the sad occurrences and of her own widowhood. She sat and wept silently during the recital, and did not speak for some time after it was ended. She was evidently thinking deeply, and was not without self-reproach.

"I wonder you do not hate me," she said at last. "It is all my doing; this great sorrow would not have fallen upon you if it had not been for my impatience. I could not bear Frank's words, and I thought that I could earn a living for myself and be a burden to him no longer. But I was foolish and ignorant; I should have been patient with him, for he was very worried, and perhaps he did not mean all he said. Can you ever forgive me?"

"We do forgive you," said Kate, to whom was intrusted the task of telling her. "We love you."

"How is that? I do not deserve your love. It would have been better, far better for you, if Frank had never seen me. I have brought you nothing but trouble."

"Indeed, we love you, dear Clare," said Kate again. "You must grow well and strong to go

back with us to England. I am expecting you to be my sister, for I shall be very lonely now."

"I can never forget how you saved me," Clare said with a shudder, grasping Kate's hand. "But for you I should have been carried back to that dreadful place, to worse than death. I owe you my life. Why did you seek for me so untiringly?"

"Dear Clare, I could not give up the search; I could not forget that you might be miserable, though I never had an idea how miserable you really were."

"But still I do not understand. If I knew of people being miserable, I would help them if I could, but I should not feel called upon to go out of my way to do it, or put myself to much inconvenience. You must be made of very different material."

"No, dear, just the same. God has been very good to me in showing me how His Son came to the world to live and die, that He might save us from eternal death. That is the difference between us. You cannot realize that without being compelled to forget yourself for others. What Jesus did for us we can never do for any one, but there is much that we all can do, and when we see an opportunity, we do it for His sake. You said you owed me your life. You don't; but I know what you meant. You thought that if ever I should be in such danger that you could save me only by giving your own life for mine, it would be your duty to give it."

"Yes, I meant just that, and I would give it," said Clare, earnestly, throwing her arms around Kate's neck and kissing her.

"I believe you would," said Kate, returning the caress. "That is how you will feel when you understand how Jesus has loved you, and with infinitely better reason."

"You speak of Jesus as though you had known Him. It is all strange to me. I scarcely ever thought of Him in that way. I am very ignorant, dear, but you will teach me, will you not? Of course I read the Bible when I was at school, and we had to go to church regularly; but it was all a form to me. Jesus seems to me

like Socrates and Plato and Galileo and other far-away men. I admired Him as I admired them, but He was not any more to me than they."

"That is because you do not see how His life and death concern you. If He had come to you in that dreadful house and taken you out and made you happy for all your future life, you would have loved Him with all your heart. He would have been more to you than a great Teacher then. But He did far more than that for you, and He waits now for you to understand that, and He will be your Friend and Protector forever."

Clare sat lost in thought, unable to realize the truth, so simple, yet to the unenlightened heart so incomprehensible. It was not possible for her to grasp it at the moment, but the seed was sown, and the days of Clare's thoughtlessness and frivolity could never more be repeated. Henceforth she must seek the light until she found it, and that light would be her guide until death. No more could be said then, for Dr. Arnold entered the room, and with him, leaning upon his arm, a gentleman to whom, as he said, neither of the ladies needed an introduction.

Both ladies rose and gave Mr. Greville a warm greeting. It was the first time he had been allowed to leave the hospital, and his steps were still weak and uncertain. He was distressingly feeble, and only the fact of Dr. Arnold's medical skill being recognized at the hospital, and his promise to devote himself to the care of the patient, sufficed to procure Mr. Greville's discharge. He was now to reside in the hotel with Dr. Arnold and his family, and if sufficiently strong when the time for their departure arrived, he would accompany them to England.

The arrangement suited the young man on other grounds than those disclosed to the hospital authorities. There were still working in his breast the thoughts which had so strangely moved him on the night when he was struck down. His was a wasted life so far, as he told himself over and over again. With abundant income, with health and strength, and with a mind of above the average capacity, he was doing nothing that would stand. A life passed in the gratification of self, in frivolous enjoyment, and what are called innocent pleasures, was a barren life, as he saw, and he wished to do something better. The strong, practical mind of Dr. Arnold had exercised a charm over him which he could not but see was healthful, and he was possessed with the conviction that in him he would find a wise guide. So, when the doctor proposed that he should spend some time with him in the combined capacities of patient and guest, he accepted with alacrity.

The party had nothing to do now but to await the arrival of Helen and her lover, who, with their aged friend, were now daily expected to land at San Francisco. The time was spent pleasantly and profitably. It was to Dr. Arnold a congenial task to discuss with his young friend the problems which were exercising his mind, and to show him the true and only way of making his life a blessing to the world. Greville was an earnest inquirer, and, unlike his former self, he was gentle and teachable as a child. On only one point did he show firmness, or, as Dr. Arnold called it, obstinacy. He was resolved that he would not prosecute his assailants whose



New Building for the Young Women's Christian Association in N. Y. (See page 838)

brutality had so nearly cost him his life. The police were sanguine of arresting them with Greville's assistance. Two suspicious characters, frequenters of the cigar store at which he stopped on the night of the outrage, were known to be well supplied with money, which the police had reason to believe was the money taken from Mr. Greville's pockets when he was struck insensible. But Greville refused to identify them, and even shrank from speaking on the topic at all. He was shutting the past out from him, and desired nothing more than to forget it and all its sad associations.

Of the future he would gladly talk, and always with the same object—how to make the best of his life. Dr. Arnold was delighted to have so earnest a seeker under his care, and hour after hour he would sit listening to Greville's questions, and answering them as God led him. He insisted on Greville reading the four gospels attentively, and it was upon those and the effect the teaching of Christ would have upon the world, if it became the law of the world, that the conversation generally turned. To the young man the Sermon on the Mount seemed an impracticable philosophy, but to the physician it was the only hope the world had of existence.

"What do you think, Miss Arnold?" Greville asked one day suddenly of Kate, who had been a silent listener to one of the discussions.

"You are already overmatched, Mr. Greville," Kate said. "You show temerity in inviting another antagonist into the field, even one so weak as I."

"I thought I was inviting assistance," he said. "Oh, no! To my mind there is nothing so grand, so noble, as a life of self-sacrifice. I agree with Papa. Self-assertion and contention for one's own rights and one's own dignity do not demand half the strength that it does to

sacrifice them. The man who takes Christ's teaching as the law of his life is the noblest man on earth, and when all the world so accepts it, we shall have the paradise of which the evolutionists dream."

"Ah! I see I shall get no help from you," said Mr. Greville, in mock despair. But afterward he thought that there might be the best of all help for him to be gained from Kate. The perfect frankness and the clear, earnest conviction with which she spoke, made a deep impression on him. He saw that she had by her own intuition, or in some other way, reached a sublimity of life to which all his philosophy had failed to help him. "What," he asked himself, "might it not be possible for a man to accomplish who had at his side through life a woman so grandly devoted as this?"

Not many days afterward the expected arrivals came, and after a day or two of rest the whole party were on shipboard, homeward bound. There is probably no better way of becoming thoroughly acquainted with a friend than on a sea voyage. The very monotony and the strangeness of the surroundings show what are the inward resources a traveller possesses. Leslie Raymond stood the test well, and before the vessel arrived at Liverpool he had secured Dr. Arnold's willing consent to his marriage with Helen. They would be near to Ralph and Jean in their Australian home; and though it was a disappointment to the good physician and his wife

that their daughter would not live in England, it was pleasant to think of the little family colony on the other side of the world. So consent was given, and in the old home where the good physician had lived his life of usefulness, and which was endeared to his children by long years of happiness, preparations for the marriage were commenced.

But it came about that the preparations must be duplicated. Kate sought her mother a few days after their arrival, and blushing told her that Mr. Greville was then closeted with her father, and the rest of the confidence was whispered in ears that had always been the receptacle of Kate's joys and sorrows.

So there were two marriages instead of one, and the old house would have been dull indeed after the birds had flown had it not been that in Clare the good physician and his wife found a daughter whose every thought seemed to be occupied with schemes to promote their happiness. It could not but be that the vicissitudes of their lives should leave their mark upon both of them. They were older for their trials, yet their confidence in God, and their thankfulness to Him for all the mercies of the way by which He had led them were unabated.

As fellow-travellers at the close of a day's march talk over the incidents of their journey, and recall their setting out in the gray dawn, their vigorous progress while they were still untired, their faintness under the noonday sun, the rain and wind and storms, the rough and broken places over which their feet had stumbled, and the peaceful evening when, weary and foot-sore, they came to a place where they would sleep, so the Christian physician and his devoted wife looked back over their lives. It had not been all pleasant. Sorrow and bereavement, anxiety and disappointment, had fallen to them

as they fall to all of Adam's race, but in their old age they looked back with thankfulness. God's promises had never failed them; in every trouble they had looked to Him and He led them; in every sorrow He had supported and comforted them; every night of weeping had been followed by a morning of joy, and in every cloud that had overshadowed them they had been able to see that God had put a silver lining.

THE END.

JEREMIAH PREDICTING THE CAPTIVITY.

S. S. Lesson for Jan. 10, Jer. 8: 20-22, 9: 1-16. Golden Text, 8: 20. By Mrs. M. Baxter.

The Weeping Prophet—Abundant Cause for Sorrow—The Christian's Place for Weeping—Suffering's Valuable Fruit—The Last Hope Gone—Bearing the Burden of the Guilty—No Place for Despair—The Good Man Powerless—Christ's Tears Over Jerusalem—A Picture of National Corruption—The Yearning Father—His Despaired Warnings.

JEREMIAH was truly a weeping prophet. He began to prophesy in the days of the wicked Amon, who succeeded Manasseh; ceased during the blessed days of Josiah, and recommenced in Jehoiakim's days. The evil of the king's life, joined with the fulfilment of God's predictions of judgment, called again for his peculiar ministry of weeping at a time when faith could claim no longer that the wrath of God against His people should be averted, and Jeremiah, like the Lord Jesus six hundred years later, could only sit down over against the city and weep for what he could not hinder. There is

A PLACE FOR WEEPING

in the Christian's life; a real fellowship with Christ's sufferings. Not a sentimental weeping, not a got-up feeling which ends in nothing but a taking God's side and feeling with Him how much rather He would have spared the rod if He could. This cannot hinder us from always rejoicing, if we are seeing things in God's light. The deepest blessings lie hidden under visible judgments. We may sorrow deeply when a poor criminal has brought upon himself the judgment of the law, has been convicted, and committed to prison. Yet in how many cases has the Lord answered a mother's prayers for her prodigal, and saved him within the walls of a prison! In all the mourning of Jeremiah he never once ventured to say that God was in the wrong; "Righteous art Thou, O Lord, when I plead with Thee, yet let me talk with Thee of Thy judgments" (Jer. 12: 1). And how much can we, who look back, see to rejoice over in the captivity of the children of Israel! More was done for the evangelizing of the then known world by the faithful testimony of Daniel and his companions, and the conversion of Nebuchadnezzar, than had been done during all the ages of Jewish history! Let us therefore be careful that when we sorrow we may not sorrow "even as others which have no hope" (1 Thess. 4: 13).

There was a tone of utter despair about the prophet's cry: "The harvest is past, the summer is ended, and we are not saved." The last chance had been lost, Josiah had indeed served the Lord faithfully, a reprieve had been obtained, the evil should not come in his days. If his successor had followed God as faithfully as he, would not the Lord, who spared Nineveh, have repented of the evil? Surely yes. But now this last

HOPE WAS GONE,

and Jeremiah saw the people of God delivered into the hand of unbelievers, the worship of the temple, God's only witness in the world, suspended, the land which God had promised to Abraham and his seed forever, if they would obey His voice, now subject to the caprice of a Gentile and idolater, and the prophet's heart sank within him; he saw all as lost, he saw no hope for Israel; "the harvest is past, the summer is ended, and we are not saved." The prophet had no personal fears, he knew he was a child of God; but he understood how he

could not disunite himself from Israel. If "one member suffer, all the members suffer with it" (1 Cor. 12: 26). "For the hurt of my people I am hurt; I am black; astonishment hath taken hold on me." The shame which the king, the priests, and the people ought to have felt was keenly felt by Jeremiah; he was alive and sensitive to very much to which the children of Israel were utterly callous. Jeremiah saw the dignity of their position in the world as God's witnesses, and it tore his heart-strings to have that post vacated, and that there should be no national recognition of God in the wide world. Jeremiah felt as Eli and his daughter-in-law did when the ark of God was taken (1 Sam. 4: 18, 21), or as Ezekiel in his vision when

THE GLORY OF THE LORD DEPARTED, first from the temple, and then from the city of Jerusalem (Ezek. 10: 18; 11: 23). Who can picture the sorrow of his heart when he cried out, "Is there no balm in Gilead [testimony] is there no physician there? Why, then, is not the health of the daughter of my people recovered?"

Thank God, we can never be in the hopeless despair of the prophet Jeremiah, for "Christ hath redeemed us from the curse of the law" (Gal. 3: 13); we may be "perplexed, but not in despair" (1 Cor. 4: 8) so long as we are trusting in Jesus. There is, thank God, a balm in Gilead. Jesus is the remedy for every trouble, the Way out of every difficulty. Really placed in His hands, and trusted to Him, there is nothing He cannot cure. Thank God, we have a Physician for spirit, soul, and body. While we were under the law we might well weep and despair with Jeremiah, yet, under the Gospel, we see Christ condemning sin in the flesh, *that* the righteousness of the law might be fulfilled in us, who walk not after the flesh, but after the Spirit. While, under the broken law, nothing but impossibility, despair, and judgment stands before us, in Christ we see everything possible, everything full of hope, and death itself lit up with resurrection. We see Jesus, instead of condemning us, coming when we are willing, to cleanse us from all sin and to repeat His own holy life in us by dwelling in us.

But Jeremiah knew nothing of this; it did not belong to the dispensation under which he lived, and so he continued his ministry of sorrow. When God makes us alive to that which grieves His heart, it is that we may bear it to Him to be remedied; but this resource was denied to Jeremiah. God commanded him: "Pray not thou for this people, neither lift up a cry or prayer for them; for I will not hear them in the time that they cry unto Me for their trouble." "Pray not for this people for their good. When they fast I will not hear their cry; and when they offer burnt-offering and an oblation, I will not accept them" (Jer. 9: 14; 14: 11, 12). There was nothing left him but to weep, and he cried: "O that my head were waters, and mine eyes a fountain of tears, that I might weep day and night for the slain of the daughter of my people." No wonder Jeremiah felt thus when Jesus Himself, the "mighty to save," yet found Himself in Jerusalem "as

A MIGHTY MAN THAT CANNOT SAVE"

(Jer. 14: 9); and so he sat down over against the city, and wept over it, saying, "If thou hadst known, even thou, at least in this thy day, the things which belong unto thy peace! but now they are hid from thine eyes. For the days shall come upon thee, that thine enemies shall cast a trench about thee, and compass thee round, and keep thee in on every side, and shall lay thee even with the ground, and thy children within thee; and they shall not leave in thee one stone upon another; because thou knewest not the time of thy visitation" (Luke 19: 42-44).

The prophet's heart was bitter, his eye was upon the evil which he could not remedy, and he felt it was utterly unbearable; he wanted to go away anywhere; "Oh that I had in the wilderness a lodging place of wayfaring men (the humblest accommodation); that I might leave my people, and go from them!" What was it

that ground down his heart as with a millstone weight? Moral depravity! "For they be all adulterers, an assembly of treacherous men. And they bend their tongues like their bow for lies; but are not valiant for the truth upon the earth, for they proceed from evil to evil, and they know not me, saith the Lord." What a picture of the state of things in professedly Christian England—adultery, fornication, lying, patronized by Government; and justice "not valiant for the truth, but persecuting those who are

VALIANT FOR THE TRUTH!"

Surely England's downfall must be at hand, for the foundations of national morality and uprightness are out of course. God told the prophet the sad story which he knew already: "Thine habitation is in the midst of deceit; through deceit they refuse to know Me, saith the Lord." And then, as though taking counsel with His confidential servant, He says, "How shall I do for the daughter of My people? . . . Shall I not visit for these things? saith the Lord: shall not My soul be avenged on such a nation as this? But the Lord's visitation and His vengeance is so different from that of man; it is not the avenged party indulging his personal feeling in the humbling of his enemy. Oh, no; for God loves His enemies. He is the grieved Father yearning over the rebellious child. He says: 'Behold I will *visit* them and *try* them.' His judgments are like the fire to the gold, not destroying, but bringing to light all which is precious. There is the deepest love in His greatest severity." Judgment is, indeed, "His strange work" (Isa. 28: 21), and yet He must execute it upon His rebellious children.

In Lev. 26 and Deut. 28 He had declared, if His people would not hearken to His voice, "I will scatter you among the heathen, and will draw out a sword after you; and your land shall be desolate and your cities waste. Then shall the land enjoy her Sabbaths as long as it lieth desolate, and ye shall be in your enemies' land; even then shall the land rest, and enjoy her Sabbaths," and thou shalt be "removed into all the kingdoms of the earth." God's Word must be fulfilled; His people had rebelled, and Jeremiah must be the mouthpiece of God in foretelling that this was at hand; he must say at the command of God, whatever it cost him: "I will make Jerusalem heaps, and a den of dragons; and I will make the cities of Judah desolate, without an inhabitant." But God pauses lest one should come under judgment who has not provoked it, and asks: "Who is the wise man, that may understand this? And who is he to whom the mouth of the Lord hath spoken that He may declare it?" If there is one exception—one hearkening ear, the Lord will find it out. But there could be no longer excuse for delay; the word must go forth, the die was cast, and the judgment pronounced: "Because they have forsaken My law which I set before them, and have not obeyed My voice, neither walked therein; but have walked after the imagination of their own heart, and after Baalim, which their fathers taught them. . . . I will scatter them also among the heathen, whom neither they nor their fathers have known; and I will send a sword after them, till I have consumed them." It is a sad lesson, one for every rebellious child of man; for God must yet be just where men will not accept His mercy.

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